

**THE LONDON  
LITERARY GAZETTE  
AND JOURNAL OF  
BELLES LETTRES,  
ARTS, SCIENCES, ...**

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P570.5



For index See 1821 volume p.47-

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THE  
**LITERARY GAZETTE;**

AND  
**JOURNAL**

OF  
**Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.**

FOR THE YEAR

**1820.**

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COMPRISING

ORIGINAL ESSAYS ON POLITE LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES;

A REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS;

POETRY; CRITICISMS ON THE FINE ARTS, THE DRAMA, &c.

**Biography;**

CORRESPONDENCE OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS;

ANECDOTES, JEUX D'ESPRIT, &c.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS;

PROCEEDINGS OF PUBLIC AND LITERARY SOCIETIES;

POLITICAL SUMMARY, LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, &c. &c.

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**1820.**

P 270.5



TO OUR READERS.

It is the custom of periodical works to say something to their Readers at stated periods ; such as the close of the year, the end of their volumes, the commencement of a new series, or the completion of a century's publications. As we hardly expect, *personally*, to enjoy the last mentioned opportunity, we are prone to seize the occasion of our attaining to the fifth year of our age, most cordially to thank our friends for nourishing us into so stout and vigorous a constitution, as to leave little doubt upon our minds, that this centenarian delight will be experienced, *literarily*, by our heirs and successors. To them we shall bequeath it, in trust, to dilate upon the influence their labours have had in diffusing a taste for literature, and in promoting, with letters, the dearest interests of Society ; in encouraging all the beneficent arts of Peace and Civilization ; in propagating a knowledge of Science ; and in spreading over the mass of mankind a love for those pursuits which refine, and ennoble, and bless humanity. Ours is a humbler duty. Through the kindness of our public reception, we have established this *new species of literary production* in a degree of reputation which our most sanguine hopes could not have anticipated for any thing in the lowly form of a weekly journal, and invested it with a weight and importance which we can without presumption declare is felt through almost every ramification of the subjects embraced by our plan, at home and abroad. Convinced that nothing could have obtained for us this enviable distinction, but the strictest devotedness to truth in all we write, we have made truth the basis of our labours : and in *Truth*, the indispensable principles of *Independence* and *Impartiality* are comprehended. Thus, at the end of four years, no readers of the *Literary Gazette* can say that it ever deceived them, by its report or misrepresentation of any fact.

Our Index for 1820 (to be given in an early Number) will best exemplify our zeal and diligence in providing for the general gratification of our subscribers : our success attests that our exertions have not passed unnoticed nor unrewarded : and we shall only add, that as we grow in time our strength increases, and our sphere enlarges so much, that we can now with ease accomplish what was wont to be difficult or impossible. We therefore look forward to the possession of a power which may extend our utility and enhance our value : and as proof that we are not inclined to slacken in our career, we shall only observe, that within the last two months, Original Letters from Paris, the admired essays entitled *Wine and Walouts*, the first accounts of Discoveries in the Arctic and Antarctic Circles, the important Experiments on Galvanism, Magnetism, and Polarity, the only details of the Royal Society of Literature, and many other matters of great general interest, have appeared in our columns.

We trust we may take leave, without imputation of egotism. In this stirring commercial country, every dealer, to obtain even due notice, must describe his wares, and adopt means to make them known. Beyond this, we despise effort ; and resting on the character of the *Literary Gazette*, bid our Readers 'Farewell !'

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we beg to recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 154.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Travels in Nubia; by the late John Lewis Burckhardt. Published by the Association for promoting the Discovery of the Interior of Africa. London. 1819. 4to. pp. 543.*

Burckhardt has excited an interest in the British public only inferior to poor Mungo Park; and has been so very often the subject of articles in the *Literary Gazette*, that our readers must be familiar with the leading features of his life and pursuits. This would induce us to dwell very briefly on these points at present, even were we not influenced by another consideration of more irresistible temporary importance. It is, and we have reason to anticipate will continue to be, a marked characteristic of our Review (from the superior access to the novelties in literature with which we are favoured,) to be at least the earliest reporter of the cases of new publications. In executing this task, we trust it will be readily allowed to us, that any defects in our first notice of a work, should be pardoned in consideration of the speed with which we bring it before the general tribunal, and show, if not immediately preceding, contemporaneously with its appearance, of what kind and nature it is. As this highly valuable volume, therefore, is only published to-day, we hope that extracts rather than an epitome will be accepted from us as efficient service.

The life and travels of Burckhardt occupy 92 pages; next follows a journey along the banks of the Nile, from Assouan to Mahass, to the frontiers of Dongola; then a description of a journey from upper Egypt through the deserts of Nubia to Berber and Souakin, and from thence to Djidda in Arabia; and the whole concludes with an appendix, containing an itinerary from the frontiers of Bornou, by Bahr el Ghazal, and Darfour, to Shendy—some notices of Souدان—vocabularies of the Borgho and Bornou languages—and a translation of the notices on Nubia in Mukrizi's History of Egypt: the whole illustrated with maps and other elucidations.

We shall make our selections from the travelling narratives, without much attention to order. Leaving Scras, in Nubian journey from Assouan, VOL. IV.

which took 35 days to perform on dromedaries, to Mahass and back again, the author says—

In two hours and a half we came to a plain on the top of the mountain, called Akabet el benat, the rocks of the girls. Here the Arabs who serve as guides through these mountains have devised a singular mode of extorting small presents from the traveller: they alight at certain spots in the Akabet el benat, and beg a present; if it is refused, they collect a heap of sand, and mould it into the form of a diminutive tomb, and then placing a stone at each of its extremities, they appraise the traveller that his tomb is made; meaning, that henceforward, there will be no security for him, in this rocky wilderness. Most persons pay a trifling contribution, rather than have their graves made before their eyes: there were, however, several tombs of this description dispersed over the plain. Being satisfied with my guide, I gave him one piastre, with which he was content. \* \* \*

*March 15th.* The eastern mountains again approach the river, and consist here, as at the second Cataract, of graminet. We followed the narrow shore in an easterly direction, and passed several of the villages of Mahass. The houses are constructed only of mats, made of palm-leaves, fastened to high poles, the extremities of which rise considerably above the roof. The countenances of the people are much less expressive of good nature than those of the Nubians; in colour they are perfectly black; their lips are like those of the Negro, but not the nose or cheek bones; numbers of the then go quite naked, and I even saw several grown up girls without any thing whatever round the middle. The Nubian language here has certainly superseded the Arabic, which none of the peasants understand.

In approaching the place where the Nubian governors were encamped, I found several of the villages deserted; their former inhabitants had preferred abandoning their cotton-fields, and their prospects of a harvest, to submitting to the oppressive conduct of the followers of the governors, whose horses and camels were now feeding amidst the barley, while the mats of the deserted houses had been carried off to the camp, to serve as fuel. After a ride of four hours, we reached the camp of Mohammed Kashef, opposite the Wady Tinareh, a cluster of hamlets, situated round the brick castle of that name, and the chief place in Mahass; here was the termination of my journey southwards. I had told my guide to be cautious in his answers to Mohammed Kashef, and if he should be questioned respecting me, to say that he had been ordered by Hassan Ka-

shaf to accompany me, but knew nothing of my business; which was really true; for I had never allowed him to see me taking notes during our journey.

The two brothers, the Kashefs Hosseyn and Mohammed, had come to Mahass, in order to besiege the castle of Tinareh, which had been seized by a rebel cousin of the King of Mahass. The latter being Hosseyn Kashef's father-in-law, the Kashef was bound to come to his aid, and had accordingly brought with him about sixty men, with whom I found him encamped, or rather hutted on the western side of the river, close under the walls of the castle, while his brother Mohammed had possession of the eastern bank, with an equal number of men. They had been here for several weeks, and had often summoned the castle, to no purpose, although the garrison consisted only of fifteen men. They at length conceived the idea of cutting off the water from the besieged, by placing close in shore, just below the castle, a vessel, which they had sent for from Argo, and on board of which they put some men armed with muskets, who were protected from the fire of the garrison by a thick awning formed of the trunks of date trees thrown across the deck; these men, by their fire, having effectually prevented the besieged from obtaining water from the river, the garrison was under the necessity of making proposals for peace; pardon, and safe conduct were promised them, and the castle was surrendered on the evening preceding my arrival.

When I reached the camp of Mohammed Kashef, he was not present, but occupied with his brother, in taking possession of the castle. His people crowded round me and my guide, desirous to know what business had brought me among them, and supposing that I belonged to the suite of the two Mamelouk Begg, of whose arrival at Derr they had already been apprized. Shortly afterwards Mohammed came over from the opposite bank with his suite, and I immediately went to salute him. Born of a Darfour slave, his features resembled those of the inhabitants of Souدان, but without any thing of that mildness which generally characterises the Negro countenance. On the contrary, his physiognomy indicated the worst disposition; he rolled his eyes at me like a madman; and, having drank copiously of palm-wine at the castle, he was so intoxicated that he could hardly keep on his legs. All his people now assembled in and around his open hut; the vanquished rebels likewise came, and two large goat skins of palm wine were brought in, which was served out to the company in small cups neatly made of calabashes; a few only spoke Arabic; the Kashef himself could scarcely make himself understood; but I clearly found that I was

the topic of conversation. The Kashaef, almost in a state of insensibility, had not yet asked me who I was, or what I came for. In the course of half an hour, the whole camp was drunk; mosquitos were then brought in, and a feu-de-joie fired with ball, in the hut where we were sitting. I must confess, that at this moment I repented of having come to the camp, as a gun might have been easily levelled at me, or a random ball have fallen to my lot. I endeavoured several times to rise, but was always prevented by the Kashaef, who insisted upon my getting drunk with him; but as I never stood more in need of my senses, I drank very sparingly. Towards noon, the whole camp was in a profound sleep; and in a few hours after, the Kashaef was sufficiently sober to be able to talk rationally to me. I told him that I had come into Nubia to visit the ancient castles of Ibrim and Say, as being the remains of the empire of Sultan Selim; that I had had recommendations from Esne to himself and his two brothers, and that I had come to Mahass merely to salute him and his brother, conceiving that I should be guilty of a breach in good manners, if I quitted Say without paying my respects to them. Unfortunately, my letters from Esne, addressed to the three brothers, were in the hands of Hussien Kashaef, who would not return them to me when I quitted Derr, saying that I should not want them, as he had not given me permission to go beyond Sukkot. My story was, in consequence, not believed: "You are an agent of Mohammed," said the Kashaef's Arabic secretary; "but, at Mahass we spit at Mohammed Aly's head, and cut off the heads of those who are enemies to the Mamelouks." I assured him that I was not an enemy of the Mamelouks, and that I had waited upon the two Begs at Derr, who had received me very civilly. The evening passed in sharp enquiries on one side, and evasive answers on the other; and the Kashaef sat up late with his confidants, to deliberate what was to be done with me, while I took post with my camels, under cover, behind his hut. No one had the slightest idea that I was an European, nor did I, of course, boast of my origin, which I was resolved to disclose only under the apprehension of imminent danger.

He is compelled by these rude governors of Nubia to change his route.

The inhabitants of Mahass pretend to be descendants of the Arabs Koreysh, the tribe to which the prophet Mohammed belonged, and who, as is well known, were partly Bedouins, and partly husbandmen. It is the tradition of Mahass, that a large party of Koreysh took possession of the Wady at the same period when numerous Bedouins from the east invaded Egypt and Nubia. The chief, or king of Mahass, is of the family of Djama. He collects the revenue of his kingdom, and pays tribute to the governors of Nubia, who receive, annually, from each of the six principal places in his dominions, five or six camels, as many cows, two slaves, and about forty sheep, besides making extraordinary requisitions. I had the honour

of seeing the king of Mahass, a mean looking black, attended by half a dozen naked slaves, armed with sticks and lances. From hence, along the Nile to Semmar, about thirty-five days journey, there are upwards of twenty kings and kingdoms, every independent chief being styled Melek. The power of each of these petty sovereigns is very arbitrary, as far as relates to exactions upon the property of his own subjects, but he dares not put any of them to death, without entailing upon his own family the retaliation of blood by that of the deceased. All the respectable inhabitants of Mahass are merchants; they buy slaves in Dongola, Berber, and in the country of the Sherga, and dispatch a caravan to Cairo twice a year; Mahass is the nearest place in the black country, from whence slave traders arrive at Cairo; the distance is about a thousand miles. A male slave in Mahass is worth from twenty-five to thirty Spanish dollars, a female from thirty to forty. At Cairo they sell at a profit of one hundred and fifty per cent.; and the merchandize taken in return produces from two to three hundred per cent., or even more under the present circumstances, as the Mamelouks are eager purchasers.

Bornon is said to be 25 or 30 days distant from Mahass, with but little water on the road—

Dongola is noted for its breed of horses, great numbers of which are imported by the people of Mahass; they are chiefly stallions, the natives seldom riding mares. The breed is originally from Arabia, and is one of the finest I have seen, possessing all the superior beauty of the horses of that country, with greater size and more bone. All those which I have seen had the four legs white, as high as the knee, and I was told that there are very few of them without this distinctive mark. Prime stallions bear a high price, from five to ten slaves being paid for one. These horses do not thrive in northern climates, not even at Cairo, though Mohammed Aly has lately sent one as a present to the Grand Signior, for which he gave 750 Spanish dollars. The greater part of them are fed for ten months in the year merely on straw, and in the spring, upon the green crops of barley. The Mamelouks, since their irruption into Dongola, are all mounted upon these horses.

There are no elephants in Dongola; but the hippopotamus is very common in the river. Its Arabic name is Baruk, or Farass-el-Bahr; the Nubians call it Ind. It is a dreadful plague on account of its voracity, and the want of means in the inhabitants to destroy it. It often descends the Nile as far as Sukkot: the peasants, as I passed, told me that there were three of them in the river between Mahass and Sukkot. Last year several of them passed the Butn el Hadjar, and made their appearance at Wady Halfa and Derr, an occurrence unknown to the oldest inhabitant. One was killed by an Arab, by a shot over its right eye; the carcass at the flesh, and the skin \* and teeth

\* The whips known in the East under the

were sold to a merchant of Siout. Another continued its course northward, and was seen beyond the cataract at Assouan, at Derran, one day's march north of that place.

The remainder of our quotations here are from the general remarks on Nubia, with which Mr. Burckhardt concludes his first narrative.

Nubia is divided into two parts, called Wady Kenous, and Wady el Nouba (often named exclusively Sayd); the former extending from Assouan to Wady Schona, and the latter comprising the country between Schona and the northern frontier of Dongola. The inhabitants of these two divisions are divided by their language, but in manners they appear to be the same.

According to their own traditions, the present Nubians derive their origin from the Arabian Bedouins, who invaded the country after the promulgation of the Mohammedan creed, \* the greater part of the Christian inhabitants, whose churches I traced as far as Sukkot, having either fled before them or been killed; a few, as already mentioned, embraced the religion of the invaders, and their descendants may yet be distinguished at Tafa, and at Serra, north of Wady Halfa.

At present, the political state of the country may be said to be, nominally at least, the same as when Hassan Coosy (a leader of some Bosnians, sent by the Grand Signior to Nubia and, in short, what the Normans were to England) took possession of it. The present governors, Hosseyn, Hassan, and Mohammed, are his descendants; their father was name Soleyman, and had acquired some reputation from his vigorous system of government. The title of Kashaef, assumed by the three brothers, is given in Egypt to governors of districts. The brothers pay an annual tribute of about 120*l.* into the treasury of the Pasha of Egypt, in lieu of the Miry of Nubia, for which the Pasha is accountable to the Porte. In the time of the Mamelouk this tribute was seldom paid, but Mohammed Aly has received it regularly for the last three years. The three Kashaefs have also one hundred and twenty horsemen in the service, consisting chiefly of their own relations, or of slaves; these troops receive regular pay; presents are made to them occasionally, and they are considered to upon duty only when their masters are upon a journey. Derr is the chief residence of a governor;† but they are almost continuous

name of Korboj, are made of the skin of hippopotamus, and form an article of commerce with the Semmar and Darfour caravans.

\* The greater part of the Egyptian peasantry of Beniisouf have the same origin: they are the descendants either of Moggrebyen Arabian tribes. In Egypt I have even met the descendants of Syrian Bedouins.

† When the Turkish troops, under Ibrahim Beg, after driving the Mamelouks into eastern mountains, occupied Nubia as far as Wady Halfa, the three princes retired with their followers into Dongola, and remained there till the Turks withdrew towards Assouan, when they returned to Derr.

more about, for the purpose of exacting the taxes from their subjects, who pay them only on the approach of superior force. During these excursions, the Kashes commit acts of great injustice, wherever they fall that there is none to resist them, which is frequently the case. The amount of the tribute is shared equally amongst the three leaders; but they are all very avaricious, extremely jealous of each other, and each rules despotically as much as he can. I estimate their annual income at about 10000 each; or from 8 to 10,000, in the whole. None of them spends more than 1000 a year. Their principal wealth consists in dollars and slaves. In their manners they affect the haughty manner and deportment of Turkish grandees; but their dress, which is more than what a Turkish soldier would like to wear, ill accords with this assumed dignity.

The following is a curious method which the governors of Nubia have devised of extorting money from their subjects. When any wealthy individual has a daughter of a marriageable age, they demand her in marriage; the father seldom dares to refuse, and sometimes feels flattered by the honour; but he is soon ruined by his powerful son-in-law, who extracts from him every article of his property under the name of presents to his own father. All the governors are thus mar-

ried to females in almost every considerable village; Hussein Kasha has above forty sons, of whom twenty are married in the same manner.

The Nubians purchase their wives from the parents: the price usually paid by the Kenos is twelve Madoons, or thirty-six piastres. They frequently intermarry with the Arabs Ababde, some of whom cultivate the soil like themselves; an Ababde girl is worth six camels: these are paid for her father, who gives back three to his daughter, to be the common property of her and her husband; if a divorce takes place, half the value of the three camels goes to the latter. In Upper Egypt, when a wife insists upon being divorced, her husband has the right to take all her wearing apparel from her, and to shave her head: nobody will then marry her till her hair be grown again. The Nubian is extremely jealous of his wife's honour: and on the slightest suspicion of infidelity towards him, would carry her in the night to the side of the river, lay open her breast by a cut with his knife, and throw her into the water, "to be food for the crocodiles," as they term it. A case of this kind lately happened at Assouan.

I found the Nubians, generally, to be of a kind disposition, and without that propensity to theft, so characteristic of the Egyptians, at least of those to the north of Siout. Suffering indeed is almost unknown amongst them, and any person convicted of such a crime would be expelled from his village by the unanimous voice of its inhabitants; I did not lose the most trifling article during my journey through the country, although I always slept in the open air in front of the house where I took up my quarters for the night. They are in general hospitable towards strangers, but the Kenos and the people of Sukkot are less so than the other inhabitants. Curiosity seems to be the most prominent feature in their character, and they generally ask their guest a thousand questions about the place he comes from, and the business which brings him into Nubia.

If the government were not so extremely despotic, the Nubians might become dangerous neighbours to Egypt; for they are of a much bolder and more independent spirit than the Egyptians, and ardently attached to their native soil.

The Arabs on the mountains between Nubia and the Red Sea, are an extraordinary race.

The Bisharye, who rarely descend from their mountains, are a very savage people, and their character is worse even than that of the Ababde. Their only cattle are camels and sheep, and they live entirely upon flesh and milk, eating much of the former raw; according to the relation of several Nubians, they are very fond of the hot blood of slaughtered sheep: but their greatest luxury is said to be the raw marrow of camels. A few of these Arabs occasionally visit Derr or Assouan, with Saana, sheep and ostrich feathers, the ostrich being common in their

mountains; and their Saana is of the best kind. In exchange for these commodities they take linen shirts and Diourra, the grains of which they swallow raw, as a dainty, and never make it into bread.

Crocodiles seem hardly less dreaded in some parts than the Hippopotamus in others.

Crocodiles are very numerous about Shendy. I have generally remarked that these animals inhabit particular parts of the Nile, from whence they seldom appear to move; thus, in Lower Egypt, they have entirely disappeared, although no reasonable cause can be assigned for their not descending the river. In Upper Egypt, the neighbourhood of Ahmim, Dendera, Ommet, and Elfein, are at present the favourite haunts of the Crocodile, while few are ever seen in the intermediate parts of the river. The same is the case in different parts of Nubia towards Dongola. At Derr no body is afraid of encountering crocodiles in the river, and we landed there very often, swimming out into the midst of the stream. At Shendy, on the contrary, they are greatly dreaded; the Arabs and the slaves and females, who repair to the shore of the river near the town every morning and evening, to wash their linen, and fill their water-skins for the supply of the town, are obliged to be continually on the alert, and such as bathe take care not to proceed to any great distance into the river. I was several times present when a crocodile made its appearance, and witnessed the terror it inspired; the crowd all quickly retiring up the beach. During my stay at Shendy, a man who had been advised to bathe in the river, after having escaped the small-pox, was seized and killed by one of these animals. At Senaar crocodiles are often brought to market, and their flesh is publicly sold there. I once tasted some of the meat at Esm, in Upper Egypt; it is of a dirty white colour, not unlike young veal, with a slight fishy smell; the animal had been caught by some fishermen in a strong net, and was above twelve feet in length. The Governor of Esm ordered it to be brought into his courtyard, where more than an hundred balls were fired against it without any effect, till it was thrown upon its back, and the contents of a small swivel discharged at its belly, the skin of which is much softer than that of the back.

Next to Senaar, and Cabbé (in Darfour) Shendy is the largest town in eastern Soudan, and larger, according to the report of the merchants, than the capitals of Dongola and Kordofan. It consists of several quarters, divided from each other by public places, or markets, and it contains altogether from eight hundred to a thousand houses. It is built upon the sandy plain, at about half an hour's walk from the river; its houses are similar to those of Berber; but it contains a greater number of large buildings, and fewer ruins. The houses seldom form any regular street, but are spread over the plain in great disorder. I nowhere saw any walls of burnt bricks. The houses of the chief, and those of his relatives, contain court-yards

on November 1813, Mohammed Kasha entered Esm, in his way to Siout, for the purpose of visiting Ibrahim Pasha, the governor of Upper Egypt, who, it is well known, entered hostile designs against Nubia. Being anxious to conciliate the Pasha, he had brought with him presents of slaves, domesticated animals, and horses; but the chief object of the Kasha's journey was to complain against Hussein, his eldest brother, who had lately invested in two districts sons, Daoud and Khaili, with a view of the government of Nubia, and had sent his two brothers to divide the revenue equally with their nephews, thus creating five enemies of the country. At Esm, Mohammed met a troop of about one hundred soldiers, who had been dispatched by Ibrahim Pasha against Hussein, deeming it useless therefore to proceed further, he returned towards his home with the Turks, at whose approach the two brothers fled to the island of Oskase, beyond the second cataract of Wady Halfa, notwithstanding every promise of safety. The Turks pursued their march as far as Wady Halfa, collecting from every tribe in the name of Ibrahim Pasha, the land-tax of which they allowed Mohammed Kasha a twelfth of the whole amount, for his own subsistence. It was evidently the object of his ambition to seize the persons of all the governors; but in this it failed. After staying some years in the country, in the course of which they collected the land-tax from the summer and winter, the Turks returned to Upper Egypt. In 1815, the Turks again visited Nubia, and compelled the peasants to furnish the amount of the imposts in camels, instead of money; as soon as they withdrew, the Kashes moved to Derr, and, in their turn also exacted the land-tax from their subjects, who exposed both to the rapacity of the Turks and to their own governors, all equally meriting, owing to the uncertain duration of their native powers.



twenty feet square, inclosed by high walls, and this is the general description of the habitations of Shendy. The government is in the hands of the Mek; the name of the present chief is Nimr, i.e. Tiger. The reigning family is of the same tribe as that which now occupies the throne of Sennaar, namely the Wold Adjil, which, as far as I could understand, is a branch of the Funny. The father of Nimr was an Arab of the tribe of Djalein, but his mother was of the royal blood of Wold Ajib; and thus it appears that women have a right to the succession. This agrees with the narrative of Bruce, who found at Shendy a woman upon the throne, whom he calls Sittina (an Arabic word meaning our Lady). The Mek of Shendy, like the Mek of Berber, is subject to Sennaar; but, excepting the purchase money paid for his Government, on his accession, and occasional presents to the king and vizier \* of Sennaar, he is entirely independent, and governs his district, which extends about two days' journey farther to the south, quite at his own pleasure.

Gold is the second article in the Sennaar trade. It is purchased by the merchants of Sennaar from the Abyssinian traders; but I have not been able exactly to ascertain in what province of western Abyssinia it is found. The principal market for gold appears to be Ras el Fil, a station in the caravan route from Sennaar to Gondar, four days' journey from the former. This route is at present much frequented by Sennaar traders, as well as by that class of Abyssinian merchants called Djebert, who appear to be the chief slave and gold traders of that country.

The name of Noubia is given to all the Blacks coming from the slave countries to the south of Sennaar. The territory of Sennaar extends, as far as I could learn from the merchants of the country, ten days' journey beyond the city, in a south and south-east direction, and is inhabited exclusively by free Arab tribes, who make incursions into the more southern mountains, and carry off the children of the idolaters. These Noubia slaves (among whom must also be reckoned those who are born in the neighbourhood of Sennaar, of male Negroes and female Abyssinians; and who are afterwards sold by the masters of the parents) form a middle class between the true Blacks and the Abyssinians; their colour is less dark than that of the Negroes, and has a copper tinge; but it is darker than that of the free Arabs of Sennaar and Shendy. Their features, though they retain evident signs of Negro origin, have still something of what is called regular; their noses, though smaller than those of the Europeans, are less flat than those of the Negroes; their lips are less thick, and the cheek-bones not so prominent. The hair of some is woolly; but among the greater part it is similar to the hair of Europeans, but stronger, and always curled. The palm of their hands is soft, a

circumstance by which they particularly distinguish themselves from the true Negroes, whose hands, when touched, feel like wood.

Persons from the Hedjaz and from Egypt sometimes pass by Shendy on their way to Sennaar, in search of young monkeys, which they teach to perform the tricks so amusing to the populace in the towns of Arabia, Syria, and Egypt. I was repeatedly asked whether I had not come in search of monkeys, for that my equipments appeared too shabby for those of a merchant. These monkey-hunters are held in great contempt, because, as the Negroes say, they pass their whole lives in making others laugh at them.

The people of Shendy know little of musical instruments, however fond they may be of songs. The lyre (Tamboura) and a kind of fife with a diurnal sound, made of the hollow Dhoorra stalk, are the only instruments I saw, except the kettle-drum. This appears to be all over Soulan an appendage of royalty; and when the natives wish to designate a man of power, they often say the Nôgâra beats before his house. At Shendy the Mek's kettle-drums were beaten regularly every afternoon before his house. A favourite pastime of the Negro Arabs, and which is also known among the Arabs of Upper Egypt, is the Syredje, a kind of draughts; it is played upon sandy ground, on which they trace with the finger chequers of forty-nine squares; the pieces, on one side, are round balls of camel's dung, picked up in the street, and on the other those of goats. It is an intricate game, and requires great attention; the object is to take all the antagonist's pieces, but the rules are very different from those of Polish draughts. The people are unanimously fond of the game, two persons seldom sitting down together without immediately beginning to draw squares in the sand. The Mek himself will play with the lowest slave, if the latter is reputed a good player. If a bye-stander assists one of the parties with his advice, it gives no offence to the other; sometimes they play for a gourd of Bouza, but not usually. Chess is not quite unknown here, but I never met with any one who played it.

(To be continued.)

#### PEAK SCENERY.

*Or Excursions in Derbyshire: made chiefly for the purpose of Picturesque Observation. Illustrated with Engravings by G. Cooke, &c. from Drawings made by F. L. Chantrey, Esq. Sculptor, R. A. By E. Rhodes. Part II. Large 4to. pp. 120.*

The first part of this pleasing work was published about a year and a half ago, and reviewed in the Literary Gazette of May 9th, 1818. We there did justice to its beauty as a specimen of the fine arts, and to its agreeable qualities as a literary composition. The present continuation is in the same style of excellence, in so far as regards the taste of

the designs and the fine execution of the engravings: the letter-press descriptions, however, appear to us to be more sentimental and less amusing. It is not easy for a person who feels the—

boundless store

Of charms which nature to her votary yields,  
The warbling woodlands, the resounding shore,  
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields;  
All that the genial ray of morning glows,  
And all that echoes to the song of even;  
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,

And all the dread magnificence of heaven—

to continue writing on the picturesque, without becoming more and more inspired with the subject; and, probably, there is no species of authorship in which it is so difficult to communicate emotions, as that wherein an active reveller in the profusion of nature endeavours to transfuse his refined sensations into the mind of a mere passive reader. That which causes him to exclaim with rapture, "Lo! what a goodly fabric is here;" that which throws him into ecstasies; that on which he dwells with ineffable delight;—the cloud-capt mountain, living stream, and fairy dell, come all upon our numbed sense, with a force not much greater than a dream, or twice-told tale vexing the dull ear of a sleepy man. We are, therefore, willing to divide the slight censure we have passed on this volume, and to ascribe part of our languor to our own state of inaptitude, and only the remainder to that sort of exaggerated sensibility in Mr. Rhodes, which, it appears to us, is rather of a Gallic than a British character; and sometimes excites a smile instead of sympathy. But we ought to add to this, that all the remarks contained in the work, are simple, judicious, and impartial; and that, generally, we are carried along with the author in his glowing pictures of sweet and romantic scenery.

This Excursion begins at Tidwell, and embraces Buxton with its baths; the Valley of the Wye; Haddon, the ancient baronial seat of the Rutland family, and the still more ancient Vernons and Peverils; Chatsworth, the princely abode of the Duke of Devonshire; and most of the remarkable villages, views, &c. in this interesting part of Derbyshire.

The Plates are seven in number, viz.—Shirbrook Dell; the Wye from Priestcliff Monsul Dale; Rustic Bridge, *ibid.* Cross in Bakewell Church-yard; Haddon Hall, and Chatsworth House. Of these, Shirbrook Dell is singularly beautiful, and extraordinary for its natural features, which resemble a mighty portal into an Arcadia beyond the view of the Wye is also a remarkable landscape, and, with all the improvement of modern engraving, curiously reminds us of the Art in its rudest infancy; but our fi

\* The vizier of Sennaar, of the Adelan family, is said to be the real master there, while the king has a mere shadow of authority.

very little piece is the Rustic Bridge, the spirit, and grace, and fidelity of which, constitute a model for the ornamenting of publications, where the aid of the arts is required. Every one knows the trouble and difficulty of procuring works from engravers, the most eminent of whom are eminently tardy and careless in completing the subjects committed to their charge; inasmuch, that a finished quarto seems often to be a more easily attainable matter than a finished frontispiece to adorn it. Plates like this last, however, which do not need so much labour, are, in our opinion, admirably calculated to illustrate almost every species of writing; and, except in rare instances, we earnestly advise the adoption of a manner at once so full of effect, and so perfectly adequate to convey the impression of any object whatsoever.

The plate of Chatsworth is also very finely executed.

With regard to the literary portion of this production, a few extracts will best display it; and we select them with only a view to the variety of their topics. The following is a fair example of the author's descriptive powers.

At Blackwell-Mill, where the river is spread out into considerable breadth, the tide expands and assumes a different character. Here the stupendous rocky scenery of the Wyre subsides, and a series of deep dales succeeds, which are formed by high sloping hills, that are thinly covered with verdure, and in some places crested with craggy knolls and broken rocks. Within the hollow of these mighty hills which here prescribe the course of the river, lies Blackwell-Mill. Topley Pike, broad at its base, and lifting high its pointed summit o'er all surrounding objects, is here a giant's feature in the landscape. Along the side of this magnificent hill the new road from Bakewell to Buxton has been carried: one would almost wonder at so bold an attempt, but what cannot the talent and perseverance of man achieve?

While I was in the dale below, contemplating the steep acclivity of Topley Pike, I was startled from my reverie by the sound of a coachman's horn, which came gently upon the ear, when I was least prepared to expect such a greeting. Shortly a stage-coach appeared, which seemed actually to issue from the clouds, and I observed it pass rapidly along the side of the hill, where the eye could scarcely discern the trace of a road, and where to all appearance a human foot could with difficulty find a resting-place. Had I supposed this vehicle to have contained in it beings like myself, I might have shuddered with apprehension, but the coach, from its great height above me, looked so like a child's toy, and the sound of the horn was so soft and unobtrusive—so unlike the loud blast of a stage-coachman's hucle—and altogether the place was so unfitted for the intrusion of such an object, that it appeared more like a fairy scene, or a picture of imagination, than any thing real and substantial.

The feelings here are naturally ex-

pressed; and by reversing the picture, a very different order might be indulged. We have looked from the height of a mountain down upon the grandest procession of pomp and royalty; and it is not in language to denote how mean and trifling the little puppet-show looked when thus connected with the stupendous glories of the surrounding scenery. The figures in Chinese-ombres afforded the only parallel.—If the wilds of Derbyshire possess the sublime in landscape, rather than the splendour of mortal equipments, they seem also rich in another point, which has, heaven knows how often untruly, been considered a blessing in life.

As we entered Taddington (says Mr. R.) which is one of the meanest villages in Derbyshire, we visited the church-yard, or rather the open grass field in which the church stands, where we observed an old stone cross, the shaft of which is ornamented with various devices on every side, but all inferior in execution to those at Eyam and Bakewell, and altogether different in form, manner, and character. If long life may be regarded as a blessing, the inhabitants of Taddington appear to have been peculiarly blessed: the grave stones in the church-yard are not numerous, yet we observed more than an usual proportion that were inscribed to the memory of those who had died at a good old age. From eighty to one hundred years seems here the common term of existence. The parish clerk shewed us the new register, which commences with the year 1813. In the first page only, in the short space of six months, are recorded the deaths of four individuals, whose united ages amounted to three hundred and seventy-nine years; the oldest of these venerable personages attained the age of one hundred and seven, and one of the four has a sister now living in Taddington who is ninety-eight years old. These instances of longevity are extraordinary in so small a village, and they shew that the reputation Taddington has obtained for the healthfulness of its situation and the salubrity of its air, rests on a good foundation. Well might the old woman at Ashford, who, when she had weathered seventy-eight years of existence, and found the infirmities of old age approaching, express an anxiety to remove her residence and live at Taddington, observing, at the same time, that "folk did no die there so young as she was."

We copy another notice respecting the marbles at an adjoining village:

Ashford has been long celebrated for its marbles, which are obtained from the hills that afford it shelter, and are cut into form and polished at the mills originally erected by the late Mr. Henry Watson, of Bakewell, who obtained a patent to secure to himself the advantages of his mechanical skill and ingenuity. The grey marbles dug from the quarries in the vicinity of Ashford are less esteemed than formerly, and the works where they are sawn into slabs and polished, are

sinking into disuse and decay. This may be regretted, as the numerous shells and the great variety of figures which they contain, when cut transversely, exhibit an infinite variety of vegetable and animal remains, that are not less curious than beautiful. The black marble here procured is not surpassed, perhaps not equalled, in any part of the world; its deep, unvaried colour, and the compactness of its texture, fit it to receive the highest polish; a mirror can hardly present a clearer or a more beautiful surface: hence it is highly esteemed, but being difficult to work, it is too expensive for common occasions.—In Chatsworth House there are some columns of this marble, which are used as pedestals for busts, and some ornamented vases of exquisite beauty. Mr. White Watson, in his *Delineation of the Strata of Derbyshire*, mentions this material under the denomination of "Bituminous Fetid Limestone," and he intimates "that its colour is owing to Petroleum, with which it abounds." He farther observes, "this limestone is subject to decompose, in which operation the calcareous particles are disengaged and escape, and their interstices are occupied by water, the same still occupying the same space, bulk for bulk, as before; but on being squeezed, the water comes out as from a sponge. On being exposed to the air, by laying it in the grass (which it destroys, and sweeter herbage springs up in its place) till perfectly dry, the water evaporating leaves a very light impalpable substance, called Rotten Stone, much esteemed for polishing metals, &c." To those who are acquainted with the peculiar use of this substance, I need offer no apology for this short extract from Mr. Watson's account of its formation. The subject is treated more largely in pages 45 and 46 of his work; and I gladly refer to his interesting detail of that curious operation of nature by which Rotten Stone is produced, and I do this more freely as I understand the correctness of his theory has been disputed. Dirlow Moor, near Bakewell, where the surface is very wet, has the reputation of furnishing the best specimens of this very useful article.

At Bakewell there is an ancient ruin in the Church-yard; but its modern tombs afford us more curious matter.

On a black marble tablet, which is inserted on a grave-stone near the east end of the church, there is the following inscription to the memory of a child aged two years and eight months. As a specimen of country church-yard poetry it has a claim to more than common consideration.

"Reader! beneath this marble lies  
The sacred dust of Innocence;  
Two years he blest his parents' eyes,  
The third an angel took him hence;  
The sparkling eyes, the lisping tongue,  
Complaisance sweet and manners mild,  
And all that pleases in the young,  
Were all united in this child.  
Wouldst thou his happier state explore?  
To thee the bliss is freely given;  
Go, gentle reader! sin no more,  
And thou shalt see this flower in heaven."

Near the same place, on the contrary side of the pathway, there is an epitaph of a different character, in which the writer has enlivened the very extraordinary vocal powers of the parish-clerk. Some of the rhymes are managed with a Hindu-like felicity, and on reading the inscription I was induced to give it a place in my note-book. This person's name was Hoo; his father filled the situation of parish clerk before him, and if his grave-stone flatters not, with equal ability, it tells us in humble prose, that "the natural powers of his voice in clearness, strength, and sweetness, were altogether unequalled;" a commendation which is reiterated in verse on the neighbouring tomb-stone.

"The vocal powers here let us mark,  
Of 1732 p., our late parish-clerk,  
In church none never heard a layman  
With a clearer voice say "AMEN!"  
Who now with halcyon's sound,  
Like him can wake the roofs rebound?  
The choir lament his choral tones,  
The town so soon here lie his bones."

At the west end of the church, on a table monument, another inscription occurs still more amusing, if I may be permitted to use a phrase so little in harmony with those feelings which generally accompany a contemplation of the last resting-place of those who have gone before us to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." An old man and his *two wives* occupy this tomb, where undisturbed by the jealous cares of life, they sleep together lovingly, so says the legend which nearly covers one side of the tomb—

"Know, posterity, that on the 9th of April,  
in the year of Grace 1757, the rambling remains  
of the above-said John Hale were in the 66th  
year of his pilgrimage laid upon his two wives.  
"This thing in life might cause some jealousy,  
Here all three sleep together lovingly.  
Here Sarah's chiding John no longer hears,  
And old John's rambling Sarah no more fears;  
A period's come to all their toilsome lives,  
The goodman's quiet—still are both his *wives*."

We shall now conclude with a brief allusion to Haddon Hall, which it seems might have served for the study of Cedric's residence in Ivanhoe.

The gallery, which occupies nearly the whole of the south part of Haddon, is a noble apartment; its style of architecture fixes the date of its erection in the time of Elizabeth, in whose reign this venerable structure passed from the Vernons into the possession of Sir John Manners, who was the second son of the first Earl of Rutland. In the windows of the gallery are the arms of both families in stained glass, and the boar's head and the peacock, their respective crests, liberally ornament this part of the house. This room is one hundred and ten feet long and seventeen wide, and the whole of the floor is said to have been cut out of one oak tree, which grew in the park. In the dining hall there is an elevated platform, a general construction in ancient halls, which is still retained in many colleges, wherein the high table is placed, at which the lord of the mansion presided at the head of his household and his guests. A gallery, which

on festive occasions was appropriated to mirth and minstrelsy, occupies two sides of this apartment. On the window-seat, near the principal entrance, we observed an iron fastening of a peculiar structure, which was large enough to admit the wrist of a man's hand, and which we were informed had been placed there for the purpose of punishing trivial offences. It had likewise another use, and served to enforce the laws and regulations adopted among the servants of this establishment. The man who refused duly to take his horn of ale, or neglected to perform the duties of his office, had his hand locked to the vainest somewhat higher than his head, by this iron fastening, when cold water was poured down the sleeve of his doublet as a punishment for his offence. One of the old servants of the family, who attended upon strangers when I first visited Haddon, when pointing out the uses to which this curious relique of former times was applied, facetiously remarked, "that it grew rusty for want of use."

Mrs. Anne Halciliffe, who was a native of Derbyshire, often visited Haddon Hall, for the purpose of storing her imagination with those romantic ideas, and impressing upon it those sublime and awful pictures which she so much delighted to portray: some of the most gloomy scenery of her "Mysteries of Udolpho" was studied within the walls of this ancient structure.

These passages furnish grounds for a competent judgment upon the *Second Part of Peck Snemery*; and, united with the excellence of the plates, we have no doubt, will cause the two remaining parts to be looked for with avidity.

*Travels of the Persian Prince, Mirza Aboul-Taleb-Khan, through Asia, Africa, and Europe; written by himself, translated into French by M. Charles Mela.*

(Revised from a French Journal.)

"This Persian Prince, whose portrait still decorates the print-shops of the Boulevards, excited extraordinary interest during his late visit to Paris. Our ladies were all anxious to gain introductions to him, and they would have thought him the most charming Ambassador in the world, could he have been prevailed on to bring his *Fair Circassian* to the Opera. It appears, however, that he visited Europe on a former occasion. About twenty years ago, having unexpectedly forfeited the favour of the Persian Court, he set out on his travels, as it were, by way of revenge. Prince Mirza had been betrothed to the niece of a *Nalabi*; he had been appointed to the office of *amildar*, which signifies superintendent of direct and indirect taxes; finally, he had been created a general, for in Asia, the art of levying taxes is very much like the art of war; and in a great victory he had had the honor to kill a *Rajah*. In spite of all these titles to public esteem, he was hurled from his exalted rank; but, instead of retiring to the country, or writing

for the opposition Journals, as our disagreeable European statesmen do, he bade adieu to the banks of the Ganges, and embarked on board of a European vessel, without caring whether he went; and, as he himself says, "in the hope that some accident might put a period to his life and his sorrows."

"Prince Mirza arrived in England. The he was enchanted by a thousand new objects. He forgot his political disasters, and observed and described every thing from Winds Castle to the humblest cottage, from a English kitchen to the institution of a jury. England became his favourite count. However, the Oriental observer is far from approving all the customs of the three Kingdoms. The English, he says, have two vices or defects:—They are haughty, vain, and, he thinks, insolent, choleric, and van they are atheists, gourmands, spendthrifts, egotists, and libertines; and they affect sovereign contempt for the customs of other nations. But this condemnation is succeeded by an enumeration of the good qualities of the English; which are, hospitality, delicacy, philanthropy, respect for their superiors, and above all, their profound respect for fashion. "This arbitrary law obliges the rich to change every year, not only the form of their dress, but also the household furniture. A lady of taste would consider herself disgraced, if her drawing room retained the same furniture for two years in succession. However, this extravagance encourages industry; and the low classes of the people may procure at a very cheap rate, those articles of which the rich are thus obliged to rid them-selves."

"But our traveller enters upon observations of a more important nature. In his quality of ex-*amildar*, he examines the state of the English finances, calculates their prodigality, and estimates the ways and means like a man of business; and, all things considered, he declares that England must, ere long, be not adopted, sink under the weight of her national debt. Prince Mirza observes, that only one mode of liquidation can save England. This expedient, it is true, has something oriental about it, which might naturally startle our European Statesmen. He proposes *bankruptcy*. The word is harsh, but the effect of the measure would be admirable. One party would pay less taxes, the other would have less revenue; every one would be satisfied, and would be the hour when the grand *amildar* of England set foot in England."

"The English ladies particularly are in the admiration of the Persian Prince. He was enchanted with the beauty of its features, the elegance of their forms, their graceful deportment: he styles them angels, celestial horrors, tulips, and Damascus roses. He wrote Persian odes to the English fashionables, in which he complimented on the *toba* and the *sudrak*—offence to the *Shah of Mecca*), and length the poor Ambassador, the *amildar*, the ex-minister, and dismissed general, so far lost his senses, so far from his misfortunes and Mahomet, that he claims in one of his odes:—"Fill my

with the juice of the grape! I do not hesitate to forswear the religion of my fathers."

"Judging from this poetical licence, it may naturally be supposed that all the admiration of Prince Mirza was exhausted on England. When he arrived in France, like an unhappy lover, he observed everything with eagerness and ill-humour. Perhaps some of his condemnations may be attributed to the effects of indigestion. Our *flâneur*, he says, gave him the heart-ache; our meat was always dried and burnt up; we are, in his opinion, barbarians in the art of cookery. The English excel in the pleasures of the table. But our ladies, our fair Parisians, displeased the Ambassador almost as much as our dinners. He had before told us, that they wanted the modesty and graceful manners of the beauties of Britain—he now tells us, that they have the habit of painting; that their head-dresses resemble those of Indian dancers; and that their short-waisted dresses give them the appearance of being hump-backed. He examined them closely, in the ball-room, the theatre, the public gardens; but not one ever made the slightest impression on him;—and yet, (he says,) I am naturally amorous, and easily captivated." It was doubtless in consequence of these reflections, that the Ambassador deemed it advisable, on his second visit to France, to bring with him a Circassian Slave, and thus to travel with a fragment of his Harem. Had our ladies perused this important book six months ago, they certainly would not have clapped so heartily whenever Prince Mirza-Aboul-Taleb-Khan appeared in public. To say the French ladies are hump-backed, and to compare the English ladies to the roses of Damascus! O, the abominable Persian!

"After such outrages, national honour compels me to close the book. We abandon the traveller to his fate:—he may visit the south of France and Italy;—he may go to Constantinople, and relate his adventures to his good friends the Turks;—in a word, he may finish his travels by passing through Moscow, Bagdad, Bassora, and Bombay—we care nothing about him. We are only sorry to be obliged to confess, that the narrative is instructive and entertaining; that the translation is executed with talent, and that the work has already come to a second edition."

*Anastasius; or Memoirs of a Greek.*  
3 vols.

(Continued.)

Our reluctance to part with Anastasius, is shown by the exception which the pleasant and profligate hero has caused us to make from our general rule, of closing the subjects of the year within the last Number of our annual volume. Our apology follows.

When released from the Bagnio, the destitute but pliant Greek has to seek for means to sustain life; and he happily gets employment as an interpreter in the European quarter. His introduction

to this situation is very humorously related; and nail as the diplomatic anecdotes which follow are curious illustrations of the genuineness of the work, we quote the whole passage.

Absorbed in this weighty consideration (how to subsist) I slowly walked down the hill of St. Demetrius, when I fancied I discerned at a distance a caravan of travellers, who, with a slow and steady pace, were advancing towards Pera, the residence of the Franks at Constantinople. I mechanically quickened my pace, in order to survey the procession more closely.

First in the order of march came a clumsy calash, stowed as full as it could hold of wandering travellers; next came a heavy araba, loaded with as many trunks, portmanteaus, parcels, and packages, as it could well carry; and lastly led up the rear, a grim-looking Tartar, keeping order among half a dozen Frank servants of every description, joggling heavily along on their worn out jades. At this sight the Drogmanian blood began to speak within me. "These are strangers, Anastasius," it whispered: "be thou their interpreter, and thy livelihood is secured." I obeyed the inward voice as an inspiration from Heaven, and, after smarting myself up a little, approached the first carriage.

"Welcome to Pera, excellencies!" said I, with a profound bow, to the party within. At these words up started two gaunt figures in night caps, with spectacles on their noses and German pipes in their mouths—whose respective corners still kept mechanically puffing whiffs of smoke at each other. The first action which followed was to lay their hands on the blunderbusses hung round the carriage: but seeing me alone, on foot, and to all appearance not very formidable, they seemed after some consultation to think they might venture not to fire, and only kept staring at me in profound silence. I therefore repeated my salute in a more articulate manner, and again said: "welcome, Excellencies, to Pera, where you are most anxiously expected. As you will probably want a skilful interpreter, give me leave to recommend a most unexceptionable person,—I mean myself. Respectable references, I know, are indispensable in a place where every one is on the watch to impose upon the unwary traveller; but such I think I can name. As to what character they may give me; that,"—added I with a modest bow,—"it becomes not your humble servant himself to state."

At so Christian-like a speech, uttered in the very heart of Turkey, the travellers grinned from ear to ear with delight. It produced another short consultation; after which the two chiefs cried out in chorus: "*Oui cher pacha!*" and bade me mount by their side. This enabled me, after a little complacent on Germany their birth-place, and on their proficiency in the French idiom, immediately to enter upon the duties of my office—for which I thought myself sufficiently qualified by the squibs which I had heard the Drogman of the Porte, Morosi, let off in company with my patron at the diplomatic camps of Pera.

"This edifice," said I, pointing to the first building of note in the suburb which we met on our way, "is the palace of the Ich-Oglans—the Sultan's pages. It is the most fruitful seminary of favourites, of Pashas, and of Sultan's husbands. In that direction lives that most respectable of characters the Imperial intendant—the Baron Heribert; who, with all the shrewdness of a thorough-paced minister, combines all the playful simplicity of a child. Further on dwells the French ambassador Monsieur de Choiseul-Gouffier—a very great man in little things; and opposite him lives his antagonistic taste, politics, and country, the English envoy Sir Robert Ainslie—of whom the world maintains exactly the reverse. Quite at the bottom of the street, likewise facing each other, live the envoys of Russia and of Sweden. The former I feel bound to respect, whatever be his merit; the latter really possesses much. He is an Armenian, who writes in French a history of Turkey. Lately he has made with his bookseller an exchange profitable to both,—he having given his manuscript, and the other his daughter: that is to say, the Armenian a single voluminous work, and the Frenchman a brief epitome of his whole shop. Wedged in between the palaces of Spain and Portugal is that of the Dutch ambassador, whose name, *Vaudeuildeken-totgelder*, is almost too long for these short autumn days; and whose head is thought to be almost as long as his name: inasmuch as he regularly receives, twice a week, the *Leyden Gazette*; which renders him beyond all controversy the best informed of the whole Christian *Corps Diplomatique*, in respect of Turkish politics. You see, gentlemen, the representatives of all the potentates of Christendom, from Petersburg to Lisbon and from Stockholm to Naples, are here penned up together in this single narrow street, where they have the advantage of living as far as possible from the Turks among whom they come to reside, and of watching all day long the motions of their own colleagues, from their most distant journeys to the sublime Porte, to their most ordinary visits to the recesses at the bottom of their gardens."

These little specimens of my *arroi-dire* seemed to please my German friends. They immediately noted them down in their huge memorandum books, which, no more than their short pipes, ever were left idle an instant. Scarce had the party stepped into the inn, which I was allowed to recommend, when they engaged me for the whole fortnight which they meant to devote to the survey of the Turkish Capital.

My travellers were of the true inquisitive sort. Every body used to fly at their approach; a circumstance highly favourable to my interest. Under the notion of always applying for information at the fountain-head, they would stop the earliest Turk they met, to ask why Moslemen locked up their women. One day they begged the Imperial minister, at his own table, to tell them confidentially whether Austria was to be trusted. They were very solicitous to know from the Russian envoy the number of Catherine's lovers; and they pressed hard for an anti-

ence of the Kislar-Aga, only to enquire whence came the best black eunuchs. Had they been in company with the Grand Mufti, they certainly would have asked his honest opinion of the mission of Mohammed; and they would scarce have neglected the opportunity, had it offered, of enquiring of the Sultan himself, whether he was legitimate heir to the Caliphate, as he asserted. In consequence of this straight-forward system, I was every moment obliged to interfere, and to pledge myself for the guiltless intentions of our travellers. The statistics of the empire, its government, politics, finances, &c. indeed, they troubled themselves little about. All such things they thought they could learn much more competently at home from the Leipzig gazetteer; but the botany and mineralogy of the country were what they studied both body and soul. Every day we brought home from our excursions such heaps of what the ignorant chose to call hay and stones, that the wags whom we met on our way used to ask whether these were for food and lodging; while the more fanatical among the Turks swore we carried away patterns of the country, in order to sell it to the infidels; and one party, by way of giving us enough of what we wanted, was near stoning us to death. Hereupon, to elude observation, my cunning travellers determined to dress after the country fashion: but this only made bad worse; for they wore their new garb so awkwardly, that the natives began to think they put it on in mockery, and were frequently near stripping them to the skin; in lieu of which, whenever they went out, they got so entangled in their shakshoos and trousers, their shawls and their papooshes, that our progress might be traced by the mere relics of their habiliments which strewed the road. Sole manager both of the home and foreign department, I however tried to give all possible respectability to their appearance, and never would suffer their dignity to be committed by paltry savings; at the same time that, to shew them how careful I was of their money, I took care sometimes to detain them an hour or two in driving a close bargain about a few paras,—especially when I saw them in a hurry. Accordingly, if they had any fault to find with me, it was for my over scrupulous economy. That failing alone excepted, they thought me a treasure; and so I certainly found them.

The fortnight of their intended stay having elapsed, they were all impatience to depart. Out of pure regard for science, I contrived to prolong their sojourn another fortnight, by various little delays, which with a little industry I brought about in the most natural way imaginable, but which I joined them in lamenting exceedingly; and when at last they set off—which I saw with my sincere regret—I was left by them in possession of a most flattering written testimonial of my zeal and fidelity. As to their behaviour to me, its liberality might be sufficiently inferred from the change in my appearance. I looked a different person.

The continuation of this course affords us a droll, and we dare say, not very in-

correct account of an adventure in which one of our own countrymen figured. Anastasius proceeds—

This first experiment gave me a taste for the Terghumian life. It also increased my means of success in that line. Until I took up my residence at Pera, I had little intercourse with that odd race of people yelet Franks, except through the stray specimens that now and then crossed the harbour, on a visit of curiosity or business to Constantinople. I now got acquainted with their ways, while they became familiarised with my person. This gradually procured me the advantage of seeing and serving in my new capacity, samples of almost every nation of Europe. Thus I formed a sort of polyglot collection of certificates of my own ability and merits, which I filed very neatly according to the order of their dates; and to a sight of which I treated every new comer whom I thought worthy of that distinction.

Once, however, the lofty manner and the imperious tone of an English traveller, newly arrived, completely deceived me. From his fastidiousness I made no doubt I was addressing some great Mylord. It was a button maker to whom I had the honour of bowing. He came red hot from a place called Birmingham, to shew the Turks samples of his manufacture. Unfortunately Turks wear no buttons, at least such as he dealt in; at which discovery he felt exceedingly wroth. My ill-fated back was destined to feel the first burst of his ill-humour. After spending nearly two hours in spelling every word of every one of my certificates—"this then," said he in a scarce intelligible idiom, which he fancied to be French, "is the evidence of your deserts?" "It is," answered I, with an inclination of the head. "And I am to make it the rule of my behaviour?" "If your Excellency be pleased to have that goodness," replied I smiling most agreeably. "Very well," resumed the traitor, never moving a muscle of his insipid countenance, "My Excellency will have that goodness." And up he gets, gravely walks—without uttering another syllable—to the door, turns the key in the lock, takes a little bit of a pistol scarce five inches long—also from Birmingham I suppose—out of his pocket, snatches up a cudgel as thick as my wrist, and turning short upon me, who stood wondering in what this strange prelude was to end, holds the pistol to my throat, and lays the cane across my back.

This operation performed to his satisfaction: "It was No. 5," coolly said the mercant, "whose contents I thought it right to comply with first; as being written by one of my countrymen, and because I make it a rule, in every species of business, to get the worst part over first. Had you understood our language—as an interpreter by profession ought—you might have known the certificate in question to be a solemn adjuration to all the writer's countrymen, to treat you as I have had the pleasure of doing; and all that remains for you to perform, is to give me a regular receipt, such as I may have to shew."

The pistol was still ticking my throat, I,

jammed up against the wall, and the button maker six feet high, and as strong as a horse. All therefore I could do in the way of heroism would have been to have let him blow out my brains at once—after which, adieu my turn, at least here below! I therefore signed, had the satisfaction of seeing the receipt neatly folded up and deposited in a little red morocco pocket-book with silver clasps, was offered a sequin for the exercise I had afforded, took the money, and, leaving the button maker to write home what mean rascals the Greeks were, departed fully impressed with the usefulness of learning languages.

Almost every evening the man of buttons used to walk from Pera, where he had his lodgings, to a merchant's at Galata, from whence he frequently returned home pretty late at night, without any escort; trusting to his small pocket instrument, and to his own colossal stature, for his safety. A dexterous thrust, at an unexpected turn, might easily have sent him to the shades below; but this would not have sufficed to assuage my thirst for just revenge. I wished to inflict a shame more deep, more lasting, than my own, and which, like Prometheus's vulture, should keep gnawing the traitor's heart while he lived. His great ambition at Constantinople was to boast the good graces of some Turkish female,—young or old, fair or ugly, no matter! On this laudable wish I founded my scheme.

Muffled up in the feridje which entirely covers the figure of the Mohammedan fair, and the veil which conceals their faces, I went and seated myself, immediately after dusk, on one of the tomb-stones of the extensive cemetery of Galata, where my traveller had to pass.

He soon arrived, and, as I expected, stopped to survey the lonely fair one, whose appearance seemed to invite a comforter. The hat took. My friend, on his nearer approach, aware that his pantomime was more intelligible than his idiom, had recourse to the universal language: he held up a sequin,—his regular fee on all occasions,—and my acceptance of which encourages my shepherd to become more enterprising. He now wishes to unveil me. I resist:—but by way of compromise for keeping concealed my features, I shew my necklace, my bracelets, my girdle. In an infantine manner I slip the manacles from my own wrists over those of my companion, and, before his suspicions are aroused, have the satisfaction to see him fast bound in chains, not only of airy love, but of good solid brass; and with a soft lip wish him joy of being at once handcuffed and pinnioned. It was now I shewed my face, and drew out my handjar. Seeing him disposed to remonstrate, "No noise," cried I, "or you die; but return me the receipt." Unable to stir, my prisoner in a surly tone bade me take it myself. I did so, and thanked him; "but," added I, "as we have not here—as with you—all the conveniences for writing, accept the acknowledgement of the poor and illiterate:" saying which, I drew the holy mark of the cross after the Greek form, neatly but indelibly, with the button-maker's own sequin, on his clumsy forehead;

poured into the wound some of the gunpowder out of his pouch; and, apologizing for the poorness of the entertainment, bade him good night and walked off.

A troop of Calcondyses of my acquaintance, reeling home from a tavern, happened to come up just as I retired, and took all that I had left. The next morning the man of buttons departed from Constantinople without sound of trumpet, before sunrise; and never since has been heard of in the Turkish dominions.

(To be continued.)

#### ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS FOR AUGUST:

Art. IV. Travels in various Countries of the East, by Sir William Ouseley. Vol. 1. 4to.

We have had of late such frequent occasion to direct our attention to Persia, in noticing the travels of Mr. Morier, Lieutenant Col. Johnson, &c. that in the great press of other matter, we have hitherto omitted to notice the present important work.

Sir Gore Ouseley, the author's brother, having been appointed Ambassador Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Russia, it was natural that Sir William Ouseley, who had applied himself for many years to the study of the language and literature of Persia, should take this opportunity of visiting a country the history and antiquities of which were the constant objects of his meditations. He was, consequently, attached to the Embassy as private secretary to Sir Gore Ouseley. We shall pass over the descriptive part of the voyage, and merely say that this first volume terminates with the arrival of the Embassy at Schiraz.

This volume is divided into six chapters: 1st. from England to Madeira, Rio de Janeiro, and Ceylon. 2d. From Ceylon to the coasts of Malabar and Bombay. 3d. On the Persians and Guebres, the worshippers of fire. 4th. Voyage from Bombay to the Persian Gulph and Buschire. 5th. Encampment of the Embassy near Buschire. 6th. Journey from Buschire to Schiraz.

The nature of the antiquarian and erudite researches founded on the travels of Sir W. O., and which, according to the author's intention, were to constitute its chief merit, appears in the first chapter, in the notes by which it is accompanied. The ancient name of Taprobana, the other ancient and modern names of Ceylon, the principal productions of that island, the commercial intercourse of the ancients with China, inquiries relative to the situation of Ophir, an ancient expedition of a Persian monarch against the inhabitants of Ceylon, romantic adventures of Alexander, the visit of that prince accompanied by the philosopher Belinas to Adam's Peak, and many other accessory objects, are treated of, either in the text or the notes of this first chapter. What is most curious in these researches, are the quotations from a great number of oriental writers, always given in the original language, and translated with great accuracy. We have, however, observed

one passage, in which the author seems to have made a singular mistake.

Sir W. Ouseley, when speaking of the isle of Ceylon and its productions, and referring to a curious passage of the *Nochat alholoub*, a work by Hamd-Allah Kazwini, frequently quoted by the name of the Persian Geographer, employs a long note on the mineral substance called in Persian *Sunbadh*. Our author having quoted what we find in the *Tarhang Djekanguir* and in the *Burhan huti*, on the *Sunbadh*, or Emery, adds: "These notions appear to be partly borrowed from Hamd-Allah Kazwini, who in that part of his work which relates to mineralogy, describes the *Sunbadh*, as a sandy rough stone of which the lapidaries make use to pierce hard stones, and 'when pulverized and rubbed on beads that have decayed through age, it serves to restore them.' The meaning of the original is this: 'It is reduced to powder, and applied to inveterate wounds, and it cures them.' This property of emery is certified by the Greek physicians; and the whole passage of Hamd-Allah appears to be borrowed from Dioscorides, whose text signifies, however, to want some correction. (Dioscor. de Med. Mat. lib. V. cap. 166.) Sir W. Ouseley has been led astray by the double meaning of the original word, which signifies both wound and beard.

The second chapter contains the voyage from Ceylon to Bombay, the stay made in the last place, the visit paid by the traveller to the ancient monuments of Kineri, in the island of Salsette, and to the subterranean temple of Elephanta. The text of this chapter appears to us to elicit nothing new; but the notes, as in the preceding, contain various learned researches: for instance, on the loves of Joseph and Zuleika, which is a subject handled by many Persian poets; on the Banian tree; on the similarity that has been observed between the divinities of India and those of the Egyptians and the Greeks; on the period to which the monuments of Elephanta belong, &c. At the end of the second chapter, Sir W. mentions the Perses or fire worshippers, to whom, and their religion and customs, the whole third chapter is employed. Sir W. is of opinion, that the Trinity of God was at all times a principal point in the religion of the Persians; but if we examine the affair with full impartiality, I fear we shall find some exaggeration in the favorable idea which Dr. Hyde, and after him Sir W. Ouseley, have conceived, of the religion of the Perses. When speaking of the Perses, Sir W. takes occasion to do full justice to the labours of Mr. Anquetil du Perron, and expresses much regret that Sir William Jones did not perceive the value of the services rendered to literature by the learned Frenchman.

In the fourth chapter the author resumes the thread of his narrative, from the departure of the Embassy from Bombay, to their landing at Buschire. The most interesting part of this chapter, on the historical and geographical details relative to Ormuz, and the other islands in the Persian Gulph; and also to the maritime city of Siraf, which under the reign of the Abbassides was the

centre of the commerce of the Arabs with India and China. The notes on this chapter, though very interesting to the lovers of oriental literature, are not susceptible of analysis.

The remaining part of this volume will be examined in another article.

Art. V. *Tresor des Origines*, et *Dictionnaire raisonné de la langue Française*, par Ch. Pougens. Specimen. 4to.

We shall not enter into an examination of this specimen of the immense labours of Mr. Pougens, but merely state some circumstances relative to them. Mr. P. intends to publish, 1st. a *Tresor des Origines*, &c. in six volumes in folio; 2d. an abridgement of the same work, in 3 vols. 4to. and 3d. a great Dictionary of the French Language. These three lexicons will contain the results of the learned researches in which the author has employed upwards of forty years. When we are informed that Mr. Pougens has been wholly deprived of his eye-sight since the age of twenty-three, we must still more admire the extent of his labours, and the powers of his memory. We can hardly conceive how he could collect and so happily distribute so many facts, testimonies, and words of all languages, in his *Tresor*, and so many classical texts in his grammatical dictionary. The number of authors consulted to compose his *Tresor*, is above 4200. This specimen cannot but increase the eagerness of the learned to be soon in possession of these most important works.

Art. VI. *Esprit, Origine et Progrès des Institutions judiciaires, des principaux pays de l'Europe*, par S. D. Meyer. Tome Ier.

A highly important and interesting work, to which we may probably return when the subsequent volumes are published.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### ASIATIC LITERATURE.

*St. Petersburg, 30th November.*—The literary collection of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg has been enriched, this summer, with a treasure which deserves particular mention in the annals of the Academy, not only on account of its novelty and value; but also of its importance, and the great influence which it may have in future, or the cultivation of a department of science which has long been neglected in Russia.

A collection of near five hundred Persian, Arabic, and Turkish MSS. has been added at once to the treasures already possessed by the Asiatic Museum of the Academy. They were collected in Syria, Mesopotamia, and Persia, by a person versed in those languages, namely, M. Bousseau, formerly the Consul General of France at Aleppo, and since at Bagdad, and taken to France, where they were immediately purchased for Russia, before any competition arose from other countries. His Majesty the Emperor has now made a present of them to the Academy of Sciences. It deserved to be acquired for Russia, and the first learned institution of the empire may be proud of having this treasure

confided to its care. Its Asiatic Museum, which was already distinguished by its fine collection of Chinese, Japanese, Manchou, Mongol, Kalmuck, and Tungusian writings, as well as of Oriental coins and antiquities, has by this sudden and great addition of Muselman MSS. gained in utility as much as it has acquired in higher rank among similar collections in foreign countries. For this new collection contains, in each of the three languages, and in almost every science, a number of the most distinguished and classical works of Islamism, which it would be in vain to look for in the whole continent of the Russian empire, in the libraries of the most learned Mollahs among its Mahometan inhabitants. Professor Froehn has published, in an extraordinary Supplement to the St. Petersburg Gazette, a valuable report upon this measure, of which the above is the introduction.

#### THE ORPHAN HOUSE OF LANGENDORFF IN SAXONY.

Mr. Editor.—The importance of ameliorating the education of the people becomes every day more evident: all governments are sensible of the necessity of it, but most of them are still far from placing this object in the first rank, as they will probably be obliged to do sooner than they are aware. That valuable time may not be lost, it is to be desired, that till governments give the efficacious aid which they alone can give, the friends of humanity may not relax in their endeavours to prepare the way. In England, it is true, benevolence does not want a spur when any plan is brought forward which affords even but a plausible prospect of relieving the distress of our fellow-creatures. But we are so used to do things on a large scale, that we are, perhaps, not sufficiently aware of the good that may be done with very limited means, and how often a single seed, planted in confidence of the blessing of heaven, has been gradually reared into a stately tree, producing the noblest fruits. The following is a remarkable example, and will doubtless interest your readers.

Christopher Bucher, a Saxon by birth, had from his youth felt an irresistible inclination to devote himself to the education of children. His benevolence was particularly directed to orphans. Serving as hostler at the inn at Weissenfels, he took pleasure in teaching some poor children, and often went to talk upon subjects of education with the clergyman of his village, who encouraged him to follow his impulse. One day he was at Leipzig, without money and without means to procure any. In his distress he retired into a corner of the stable, and throwing himself on his knee, implored the divine assistance. Finding himself strengthened by this pious act, he went to take a walk out of the gates of the town. A paper, containing some pieces of money, which a passenger had dropped, caught his eye: the sum was sufficient to relieve him from his embarrassment; he made inquiries, but in vain, to discover the owner; and thought he saw in this combination of circumstances a manifest sign

of divine protection. Some time had elapsed, when he found that he had acquired by his industry the sum of a hundred florins (about ten pounds), two carts, and three horses. He happened to break a wheel in the village of Langendorf: this accident appeared to him to be an invitation from providence to begin in this place the execution of his favourite project. The plan for building an Orphan-House was soon fixed upon. Two workmen who assisted him in building, were the first benefactors to the intended establishment, one giving twelve groschen (eighteen-pence) and the other ten groschen. A gardener of the name of Dunkel joined in this good work; he put the garden in order, and planted a vine.

It was with such slender means, but with confidence in God, that Bucher commenced what he had long considered as the object of his existence in this world. In 1712 he took up his abode here with four orphans.

*Prayer and work:* this was his principle: according to this he regulated the habits of his pupils, that they might, above all things, imbibe the fear of God; and then that they might learn to provide themselves for all their wants. Instruction, according to him, should tend to give to man the knowledge and the use of his own powers.

These principles, which he exemplified by practice, produced the happiest effects. Poor, but ardent in the cause of truth, persevering in the conviction that he had found it, Bucher made his enterprise succeed. In 1720 his pupils amounted to fifty-one; and he then received some assistance from the Duke of Weissenfels, and a hundred crowns per annum, with exemption from certain taxes, from the Elector of Saxony. Dunkel the gardener remained faithful during his life to his first resolution, and bequeathed to the establishment the fruits of his savings.

Bucher died in 1729. The simple and just ideas which had guided him, were abandoned after his death. It was desired to do better: the Directors introduced the study of the dead languages, and the school of Langendorf suffered by it. It was not till the year 1811, that the spirit of the founder resumed its influence. At this period the orphans of Langendorf were united with those of Torgau, and the two combined establishments were placed under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Wurker.

The number of pupils is now a hundred and sixty: ninety-eight boys and sixty-two girls. The former cultivate a piece of ground of 130 acres, and make their own clothes and most of the instruments which they use: the girls are employed in the internal economy, and in the labours belonging to their sex. This education is directed by the influence of the good examples which they receive from their superiors, and give to each other, without any emulation but that which proceeds from the desire of doing well, having neither rewards nor punishments. Idleness is represented to them as the most dangerous enemy to man; and this is a maxim which they soon comprehend, because all the pro-

duce of their labour is employed in increasing their own comforts. They are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, with a little history and geography. Religious instruction is particularly attended to. Most of the teachers are former pupils in the establishment, assisted in their functions by the eldest of the present pupils, who, together with the directors, keep the books, and make the reports to the government. At the age of fifteen they may quit the house, and choose themselves a profession; but they still continue their connection with the director, who pays for their apprenticeship on account of the establishment. † The girls are put out to service in good families, and keep up, until they are of age, a correspondence with the director, a highly respectable man, and indeed their father; it is by this name that the teachers as well as the pupils call him. The merit of having brought back to its true destination, an establishment so interesting in its origin—a truly Christian charity; a great deal of simplicity, which does not exclude firmness of character; great talents, and indefatigable activity, tempered by a patience which is proof against every trial, eminently distinguish the Rev. Mr. Wurker.

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES.

##### OXFORD, Dec. 25.

The whole number of Degrees in Michaelmas Term was—D. D. three; B. D. one; B. C. L. two; M. A. thirty; B. A. sixty-five. Matriculations ninety-five.

##### CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 24.

There being two of Sir William Browne's Medals, (the one for the Latin Ode, and the other for the Greek and Latin Epigrams,) which have not been disposed of in former years, it is the intention of the Vice-Chancellor to give them to such resident Undergraduates as shall produce the best compositions of the above description; viz. one medal for the best Latin ode in imitation of Horace, and one medal for the best Greek and Latin epigrams, after the manner of the Antologia, and after the nature of Martial, respectively.

Subject for the Latin ode:

Χρυσία Φέρμιυξ.

For the Greek epigram:

Εἰς Ἀγάλας

τῆς μακαρίτης Καρολίνης;

Γενεθλίου καὶ τῆς Βριτανικῆς Ἀρχιεπισκοπῆς.

Θεοῦ τιμῆς.

For the Latin epigram:

"Optimus nos esse dum infirmi sumus."

• It seems singular that natural history is not included among the branches of instruction to initiate children into the secrets of nature in creases their reverence for the Creator; and, for those who labour in the fields, it renders agriculture doubly interesting; and consequently tends to make them love the station which God has assigned them. Proofs of this truth, if needed them, might be found at Hovey.

† At Hovey, they remain in the establishment till the age of twenty-one years, serving their apprenticeship before they quit the sphere where the good results of their education may be the best consolidated.

The subject of the Hulsean prize dissertation for the present year is—*The Importance of Natural Religion.*

## FINE ARTS.

## FRESCO PAINTINGS.

We translate the following from a respectable Italian Journal.

Frequent attempts have been made to separate Fresco Paintings from the walls on which they are executed, in order to rescue them from the destructive effects of time and weather; but all have been unsuccessful.

Antonio Contri, of Ferrara, was the first who made a public attempt in the beginning of the 18th century at Mantua. He succeeded in taking several heads of Giulio Romano from the wall, and transferring them to canvas; these were sent to the Imperial Court of Vienna. But this work required long and difficult preparations, which were hardly only calculated for even walls, and he taking off smaller paintings. To this it must be added, that the labours of Contri, as well as the later trials in France and other countries, were confined with more or less success to transferring paintings, piece by piece, from walls or linen to new linens, and never to pannels. Such attempts have lately been renewed in Naples, Modena, and other places; but the result has not yet proved fully satisfactory. Subsequently, the mode of sawing the paintings from the wall was adopted; this method, however, which was always attended with danger, was only applicable to pictures of a small size. Stefano Barezzi, a native of Milan, has the honor of having been the first to render an essential service to the Arts, in transferring to pannels, by a most simple, expeditious, and safe process, Fresco Paintings of whatever size from the wall, whether level or not, without doing the least damage to the original design.

His method consists in laying a piece of prepared linen against the wall, which extracts the painting, in such a manner, that the artist, with a sure and uniform motion, can draw off the linen in a perfect state with the painting, so that the wall itself remains quite white. This linen is then stretched upon a pannel, and again drawn from this, so that the painting itself remains fixed upon the pannel without sustaining the smallest injury.

Mr. Barezzi has in this manner already transferred several paintings of Luino and Marco d'Oggione, which are exhibited to connoisseurs for their inspection. The Roman Government, in consideration of the importance of this discovery, has come forward to animate the efforts of this artist, by assigning him the Church della Pace, (now shut up) where he can apply his method to some greater paintings of Marco d'Oggione. By this discovery, it is to be hoped that we shall see the last supper of Leonardo da Vinci, the remains of which are in the treasury of the monastery of della Grazie,

protected from total destruction, and this master-piece of human genius preserved.

## PETRARCH'S MONUMENT.

The monument erected to the memory of Petrarch at the fountain of Vaucluse, consists of a column about thirty feet high. It was begun in 1804, under the direction of M. Bourdon de Vetry, then prefect of the department, and was finished by M. Delatre, his successor. It cost between three and four thousand francs. In any other situation it might be viewed with pleasure, for it is well executed, and in good taste. But, standing as it does, in the deepest extremity of a narrow valley, overhung by a mountain seven hundred feet high, it is regarded by nearly all who have visited the celebrated fountain, as a mean and almost ridiculous monument.

It is therefore intended to erect another monument in its stead; yet it is thought advisable to fix the plan for the new one before the old is destroyed.

It has been suggested that a pure inscription would be sufficient: if this plan be adopted, the task of selecting one will devolve on the Royal Academy of Belles-Lettres. (French Paper.)

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF A RELATIVE AT TRICHINOPOLY.

Death, thou art fearful; she we lov'd is gone!  
No mortals' tears could stay the fatal blow;  
And the pale mourner must return alone,  
Without the partner of his woe and woe.

For him the land, and friends from childhood dear  
She left for ever—'twas a powerful spell—  
Ev'n then might hope have check'd the rising  
tear;

And yet she wept—it was her last farewell.

The years flow'd on in peace, and she was blest  
In wedded love,—her husband and her boy  
Shared ev'ry thought within her faithful breast,  
Sooth'd ev'ry care, and brighten'd ev'ry joy.

Still her soul panted for her native home,  
And chid the time which could her wish defer:  
Counting the glad days which indeed might come,  
Might come to all she lov'd—but not to her.

Shall I not grieve o'er thy untimely end?  
Shall I not mourn thee, stranger, as thou art?—  
A second parent to my earliest friend,  
Claims a warm place in this devoted heart.

And, gentle sister, tho' we'll hope thy gaze,  
Now fix'd on brighter scenes, thy first grief fled:  
Shall I not even at these distant days,  
Weep o'er the grave o'er which thy tears were shed?

Thy loss is stern—yet how to bear'n's high will;  
'Twere wrong to murmur at its least decree:  
A cherish'd partner left—be grateful still—  
She did not die when she was all to thee.

Belov'd, remember that the last death peal,  
Smote on a heart more fearfully bereft;  
Which felt more deeply than ev'n thine could  
feel,

Was left more lonely than e'en thine was left.

One fatal blow dissolv'd the bond of years;  
Yet sweet to think, tho' one was call'd to die,  
No self-upbraiding cans'd the mourner's tears,  
Or mingled with the parting spirit's sigh.

She died far from the land so lov'd, so fair,  
Far from the guardian of her early years;  
Her death—pangs lighten'd by no mother's care,  
Her cold grave water'd by no mother's tears.

That parent's life was fragile,—yet there came  
A beam of hope to light her aged eye;  
One tie still bound to earth her shatter'd frame,  
That tie is broken—she will weep and die.

She pray'd for lengthen'd life—she did not know,  
That lengthen'd life, would be but lengthen'd  
care:

That boon 'twas heav'n's dread pleasure to bestow,  
Which heav'n has granted—but with life—despair!

Would it were ours, to know for what we pray,  
That we might check presumptuous hopes and vain,  
Nor dream of pleasure in the distant day,  
Which heav'n has destin'd to be mark'd with pain.

Yet life must linger on thro' scenes like this,  
To find its glorious recompense above;  
To feel misfortune brighten into bliss—  
The love that wept on earth—eternal love.

Dec. 25, 1819. H.E.R.

## [By Correspondents.]

## SONNET.

"Thus rolls the restless world beneath the moon."  
DREYMOND.

Vain thoughts, vain hopes, and fond desires are fled,

Which curl flutter'd round my infant heart,  
And like fell dew's their baneful influence shed—  
More poisonous still when least we feel their smart.

My youth a dream, a fleeting cloud—is gone,  
Like that which passeth o'er a summer's day;  
Or this—when night recedes from opening morn,  
And with it bears the vapour false away.

But what is now the waking dream I find?  
Life's dull reality and sickly scene;  
Alas! if we but knew for what we pined,  
Scant our desires for such a world I ween—

A world; a joyless waste where wretches weep,  
And pain and sorrow their black vigils keep.  
J. H.

## LIGHT.

One after one appearing thro'  
The blissful sky's ethereal blue,  
The stars by their Creator given,  
Salute the earth and light the heaven.

High o'er the mountain tops afar,  
The moon rolls in her silent car,  
And rivers underneath her light  
Glide brightly thro' the hours of night.

Thousands, by Sleep's soft pow'r, have gleams  
Of happiness in healthy dreams;  
And Fancy's dear illusions give  
Scenes in which Love could ever live.

How happy those whom Care forsakes,  
Whom Sleep endears, whom Fancy takes;  
For such Night sweetly dies away,  
And gives the world another Day.

Islington. MARIA.



VERS SUR LA MORT D' ATTILA.

*Dieu ! renversez pour moi le sort de ce vaillant  
Qui recut dans la gloire, et mourut dans l'amour.*  
COREBAU.

IMITATED.

Of Attila, so famed in story,  
The opposite, oh ! let me prove :—  
Victorious, he lived with glory,  
And, all possessing, died in love.

W. J.

## BIOGRAPHY.

F. W. ELLIS.

The information of the death of Mr. Ellis at Madras is confirmed by the *Gazettes* received from that Presidency. The Editor of the *Madras Courier*, in speaking of this event, says: It is with unfeigned concern that we announce the death of Francis Whyte Ellis, Esq. of the Honorable Company's Civil Service, and Collector of Madras. It is unnecessary, and indeed it would be out of place, for us to eulogise the merits of a gentleman so generally known, and where known so greatly loved and valued, as the deceased. In our obituary we trust we shall have to record from some able pen the great loss sustained by the government and the public. The general acquirements and learning of Mr. Ellis were very respectable; but the object of his chief and unwearied pursuit was oriental literature, in the knowledge of which he was equalled by few. We believe we may say, without fear of being accused either of partiality or exaggeration, that no European gentleman was ever so well acquainted with the science of Hindoo law, and with the theology, habits, customs, and general literature of the Hindoos. Many of our readers will remember with pleasure the learned and interesting lectures delivered by him lately to the Literary Society of Madras; and we mention with regret, that at the very time when his melancholy death took place, he was actively engaged in researches to enable him further to elucidate the subjects which those lectures embraced. He has been cut off in the prime of life, and in the midst of his literary labours, many of which we know to be highly curious and interesting, and in an unfinished state.

The Editor of the *Madras Government Gazette* notices that this melancholy event took place at Rannad, on the morning of the 10th of March. This writer adds: In Mr. Ellis was united, with great activity of mind, an uncommon versatility of genius. The pursuits with which he was unceasingly occupied, were various and often dissimilar; but on whatsoever his talents were employed, whether the subject was enjoined by duty or prompted by inclination, he manifested the same ardour and the same happy sufficiency. Even his failures exhibited a mind fraught with intelligence and information. With the languages and literature of the Hindoos (particularly the nations of Southern India) he was eminently conversant, and of their institutions, civil and religious—of the habits and modes of thought—of all, in short, that

enters into the composition of national character, his knowledge was singularly accurate and extensive. As a public servant, he was always found more than equal to the duties with which he was charged, and always earned the meed of praise from those who were most capable of discerning merit.

Though possessed of social virtues, and of a kind and benevolent disposition, Mr. Ellis did not maintain a general intercourse with his own countrymen; but by those who knew him, he was loved and esteemed, and by the mild and intelligent natives of India, with whom he intimately associated, his name will long continue to be held in the most grateful and respectful remembrance.

A fatal accident suddenly terminated his valuable life in the 41st year of his age.

*Calcutta Journal.*

## THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—On Monday the annual dose for the edification of London shopmen and apprentices, George Barnwell, was discarded from this theatre, and the Dramatist substituted in its stead. As we never conceived the effect of Mr. Barnwell's profligacy and hanging to be of a decidedly moral tendency, we can part with this lesson without regret: but, we think, that another tragedy, rather than a comedy, should take its place. Considering the composition of the audience at this holiday period, and not forgetting the pretty general addiction to noise and oranges, and munching and drinking; we are of opinion (we urge the point with all the humility its dubiety and importance impose,) that a deep, deep tragedy is the thing; and for these reasons: *Primo*, because a large proportion of the visitors would rather pay their money to see princesses and heroes in distress, than persons nearer their own acquaintance in the world, bustling about in the midst of common and likely occurrences; *secundo*, because obnoxious interruptions spoil a comedy entirely, but very little, if at all, injure a tragedy; *tertio*, because tragedy contrasts much better with, and is, therefore, better adapted to set off the succeeding pantomime; *quarto*,—but, we need not go on; three reasons are enough for any thing on earth, and at least two more than can usually be produced for the nearest affairs in private, or the most vital measures in public life. To return to the Dramatist—it was acted with great spirit, that is to say in plain English, *en farce*. The burlesque of comedy would have been highly reprehensible at any other season, and we trust that if performed after twelfth day, the play will be subdued into that true comic tone, which Elliston, Dowton, and Russell know how to appreciate and how to assume. It must be acknowledged, however, that the piece itself is of the buffoon genus: Vapid, is throughout a character inadmissible into the circle of society; Ennui has nothing but his yawns to recommend him; Florville, little besides his drunkenness; and Lord Scratch, nothing at all. To these parts Elliston, Harley, Russell, and Dowton were appoint-

ed; while Mrs. Edwin, Mrs. Harlowe, and Mrs. Robinson, personated the ladies, Marianne, Louise, and Lady Waitfort, in a commendable manner.

JACK AND THE BEAN STALK—the pantomime at this house, is the best they have had for some years; no great compliment, by the way, and so we must mend it by adding, that it is a very passable production as matters of that kind are to be estimated. For the information of such as may not be acquainted with the fact, we shall mention, that Jack the Giant Killer, is a nursery story of considerable antiquity and celebrity in this land of learning. An author of "machinery, tricks," &c. could hardly take a more famous model; and it is but rendering justice to the present work to say, that it proceeds upon one of the most dignified, romantic, interesting, and perilous narratives of adventures within the whole compass of early literature. Whether it may or may not be sufficient to determine the question between the Aristotelian and chivalrous dramas, so eruditely carried on at this time by the greatest scholars in Germany and France, it is impossible to anticipate; but it does seem to us to combine so much of historical truth with the wild and poetic of imagination, and so much unity of action with the want of all regard to the other unities, as to offer a powerful argument in support of the theories of Messrs. Schegel. With regard to the plot, it is simply consistent with the ancient history; except that the renowned Jack mounts the bean stalk, which reaches to the skies, and on the top of which is the wicked Giant's castle, only once, instead of the mystic three, and owes his preservation not to Mrs. Ogre, but to a waiting maid upon that illustrious personage, called Janetia, who is kept for a *bonne bouche*. The hero kills the Ogre and becomes Harlequin, and Janetia, Columbine, under the auspices of a good Fairy of the Harp: while the Ogress raises two evil spirits, Pantaloon and Clown, to pursue them for the murder of her bulky husband. Then follows the usual train of adventures. Of the changes and mechanism, the most amusing are the growth of the bean; the animation of a sculptor's warehouse, whence issue gigantic legs, arms, torsos, and various classical figures; the wild-boats at Exeter Change let loose from their cages; and the transformation of a tea-equipage into a brilliant display of fire-works, in which the Clown and his senior partner are whirled round, to the infinite delight of the young and the old. The best scenes are the Gates of the Ogre's Castle (Dixon); the interior of the same (Marinari); and a Sea-view (Andrews.) There is rather a sameness in some of the tricks, such as the return of an inscription wherever any of the harlequinades vanish; and the counter-changes depending on puns, or *jeux de mots*, of a steam-shaving apparatus into a lawyer (close shaver); a Daniel's life-preserver into Death, and again into roast beef and porter, the true life preservers, &c. There is also some what too much of fine singing. The Ogre was represented in the grandest style by Mr. Hudson, a genuine giant we believe, for we

see what a little boy near us called "a big fellow," among the crowd in the Menagerie scene. Bologna was an active Harlequin; Miss Tree a so-so Columbine; Mr. Elliott a very good Pantaloon, which, viewing his tumbles, whirls, and other sufferings, we would not be for a hundred pounds a night; and Southby a strong, clever, and effective Clown, especially in feats of bodily marvels. He performed one practical joke of indecency on the tailor's inexpressibles, which we hope has been retrenched.

COVENT GARDEN. The Christmas treat at Covent Garden is founded on the adventures of the redoubted Don Quixotte, and his faithful Squire. These are very ably dramatized, or rather pantomimized, and ingeniously adapted to the purposes of this species of representation. It is rather a superior thing of the kind, and both in conduct and ornament rises above the common level. The incidents selected from Cervantes are well chosen, and the transparencies (painted by Wright), which illustrate the origin of romance, are beautiful. The general order of pantomime is indeed disturbed, if not reversed on this occasion. The Knight and Sancho retain their characters throughout, and Pantaloon (the housekeeper,) is attached to them. Instead of the lovers being persecuted, they are the persecutors, for the wand works all the mischief to the Don, and all the pummellings and misadventures to his faithful follower. By this magical instrument, the Windmill is turned into a real giant, oppressing forlorn sacks of corn transformed into damsels, and again into its original form; the flocks of sheep do become soldiers, and revert to mutton; and all the other incidents, even to the tossing of our old friend Panza in the blanket, are dependent, more or less, upon its "charmed touch." The scenery is pre-eminently entitled to admiration. The Spanish Inns, Sierra Morena, and Realmus of Romance, (by Griever), are wonderfully fine; and Whitmore and Pugh have also several excellent and characteristic scenes. This splendour of decoration is well diversified by the humorous mishaps of the Governor of Barataria, whose wife and daughter are happily introduced to augment the fun. The wonderful ape is also a prominent actor in the affair of the *Shewman*; and the whole piece, including *Romance*, *Dapple*, &c. &c. a very satisfactory entertainment for the rising generation. We therefore especially recommend it to the Managers to perform it after some short and pleasing drama, for three nights in the week, so that children may enjoy it, without enduring the pre-fatigue of a five-act play.

MARY STUART. This tragedy which we hardly expected to see again, was revived on Wednesday, with many judicious alterations and curtailments. Though much improved by these, it is still deficient in force and interest. With the exception of the final scene, there is really nothing of tragic importance: in this, Mary, through a door in the centre of the stage, ascends the scaffold thrown impressively into gloom, and covered with iron soldiery: it is shut, and Leicester returns for a few minutes in an agony of self-

reproach and despair; and when opened again, only a fearful and appalling void is visible, and the curtain drops upon the wretched favourite. Another scene, between Mortimer and Leicester, should also be exempted from the charge of general insipidity; but all the rest is unimpassioned and dull. The death of Mortimer, who, we hear, stabs himself in prison, is huddled over in a singularly insignificant manner, and the entire absence of any feature which could impart that dramatic effect to the Scottish Queen, which she enjoys even in sober history, is an objection fatal to this play. On the contrary, the bosom of Elizabeth appears to be most torn and lacerated by deep emotions; and there is such a diffusion over all the characters, of what ought to be concentrated, whether of pathos, of grandeur, of grief, or of suffering, that we care for all pretty nearly alike, and very little for any. Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth Castle affords an opportunity for one of those gorgeous spectacles in which this theatre delights, and is so unrivalled. The dresses are appropriate and magnificent, and the acting unimpeachably, except perhaps in Mary, now performed by Miss Foote, whose face and form are better fitted for the character than her mental endowments; but we must still come to our past conclusion, that the tragedy is not possessed of vigour to promise it any length of nights. We observed in the declamation, that the language was not very correct: "unspotted blood," for example, was one of the phrases; and we fear that the German author, therefore, has not been improved by his translator.

## VARIETIES.

ANECDOTES.—"Why did Adam bite the apple?" said a school-master to a country boy. "Because he had no knife," said the boy.

One of the Paris opposition papers has revived the following anecdote.—"A minister is sick. His colleague, M. P., to induce him to take the medicine presented by the physician, said, 'Take it, I intreat you; I'll be hanged if it does not do you good.' 'Take it,' added the doctor; 'after the assurance that Monsieur has given you, you must be convinced that, *one way or other*, the remedy must have a good effect.'"

An epidemic disorder broke out in • • which carried off many inebriates in a short time. "Thank God!" said the countess of L—, when the names of several of the victims were mentioned in a company, "The nobility are spared; none die but the vulgar."

THE REWARD OF MERIT.—On the 17th of November, the King of France conferred the decoration of the Legion of Honour on sixteen of the persons, whose productions at the late exhibition of French industry seemed most to merit the distinction. We should like to see something of this kind in England; for though in our country public opinion is the sovereign power to which all appeal, it would still be gratifying (as on the present occasion at Paris) were chemists,

printers, manufacturers, engineers, artists, potters, &c. rewarded and encouraged by some mark of honour from their monarch, especially when the throne is filled by a prince possessed of so fine a judgment as the Regent.

Among Canova's recent models at Rome, statues of a Magdalene, an Endymion sleeping with a hound by his side, and a Nymph reclining on a Tiger's skin, are much spoken of.

A remarkable effect of Lightning.—About twenty years ago, during a violent thunder storm, the lightning struck a pane of glass in a house door, so that the mistress of the house, who was in the hall behind the door, was cast several paces backwards, and thrown on the floor. She however received no injury, nor was the pane of glass broken. The electric fluid had however left upon it a beautiful painting, (if we may so express it,) resembling, on the whole, a head, which was formed of numerous smaller heads. From that time, this pane of glass was never wet with the dew, and never froze, though the other panes were affected by the weather as usual. Great care was taken of this remarkable pane, till some days since it was broken by carelessness; when it appeared that the lightning had split it, making two panes out of one, and leaving in the middle the traces of the electric fluid. Before it was broken no one could see that there was a division. The panes, which are not much broken, were collected as carefully as possible.

The French Journals state that M. Noel de la Morinière, who is about to proceed to Lapland, will be accompanied by his son, a young officer of infantry, who has obtained leave of absence for that purpose.

Another traveller, the Chevalier Gamba, is on the point of departing for Asia and the banks of the Caspian Sea, to fulfil a mission interesting to the arts and sciences; he will be accompanied by his son, an officer of cavalry. M. M. Harnt, Plee, and Godefroy, the naturalists, who are on the point of departing from Rochefort, are to be accompanied by their brothers, who will afford them considerable assistance in their investigations.

The ancient Danes were distinguished for their contempt of death; and this is well put by one of their writers, describing the close of a hero's life in few words,—"Agnar fell, laughed, and died."

A confessor advised a dying man to recommend him to his patron saint, as his time was come, and he must soon appear in the presence of his Maker. "As that is the case," replied the invalid, "I will save my friend the trouble, and carry my recommendations myself."

In 1762, a Lieut. Campbell, of the Middlesex militia, condemned for forgery, on the eve of his exit, sent invitation cards to many of his brother officers. "Lieut. Campbell's compliments to . . . , he requests the pleasure of his company to-morrow morning to take a cup of chocolate, and do him the honour to accompany him to Tyburn, to be present at his execution."

## LITERARY NOTICES.

An Inquirer is informed, that there are copies of the *MONUMENTUM PACIS*, which was described in our Number 151, to be seen at Ackermann's in the Strand.

We have had more than one occasion to express our very favourable opinion of the works of Mr. James, whose naval and military elucidations of the occurrences of the late American war, possessed all the merit belonging to productions of their class—patient research, diligent comparison, and sound reasoning on well established facts. It is therefore with pleasure that we observe an announcement, from the same pen, of an entire Naval History of Great Britain, commencing in the year 1793, and brought down to the present period. We have no doubt it will do credit to the author, to our brave sailors, and to the country.

**IMPROVEMENT IN MODERN GREECE.**—Mr. Theocles Pharmacies, one of the editors of the Greek Mercury, has published a very useful work, containing extracts from most of the ancient Greek authors, and accompanied with very excellent new Greek notes, under the following title: "Elements of the Greek Language, for the use of Greek Schools," 4 parts, in 12mo. Every volume contains a very convenient vocabulary.

A valuable work has just been completed at the Madras Commercial Press. It is the New Testament, translated from the original Greek into Telugoo, by Mr. Pritchett, a learned Missionary. It is in two volumes, comprising 888 pages octavo. The Telugoo types have been principally cast by Mr. Urquhart, of the Commercial Press, by whom the work has been printed, in a manner very creditable to that establishment. Mr. Urquhart, with a laudable zeal, is now actively employed in casting Canarese types for another edition of the work in that language.

*Maximes et Pensées du Prisonnier de Ste. Helene*, a MS. found among the papers of Las Cazes, is the title of a forthcoming work, announced a few days ago in Paris.

## ADDRESS

TO THE PUBLIC.

Were it not that custom demands something from us at this season, we should be glad to waive our privilege; for though we are not so ungrateful, as not most heartily to feel the great kindness and encouragement which has been bestowed upon our labours, it is always so painful to fall into egotism, (or as editors should say, *nosism*) that we could gladly compromise our expression of thanks into the mere wishing of a happy new year to all our friends, rather than be obliged to tell what we have done, and mean to do, in order to merit public favour. Yet we are conscious of standing on such pleasant terms with our readers, that it is an easy matter to perform this annual task,

with good-will on their side, and sincerity on ours.

The Literary Gazette has continued to succeed beyond our anticipations, and is now seen, not only throughout Britain, and in many places on the Continent, but in the East and West Indies, America, and distant settlements where we had not hoped to establish ourselves till after years of longer probation. This is the best proof we can offer of its being generally liked, and of its having faithfully performed its promise, to afford a "complete analysis of the literature of the age; a comprehensive view of the progress of art and science; an entertaining miscellany of light reading; and an instructive repository of general knowledge." We should indeed be ashamed to repeat these large conditions on which we set out, if we could not with honest pride place our hands upon our three volumes already published, and boldly ask, whether or not, they have been fulfilled. And this we may, with the less impeachment of our modesty, do, because we claim no praise, but that of extreme diligence, and refer the truly valuable of our contents to the contributions which have been poured upon us by the most distinguished individuals of the age, who have been pleased to think that a work of this kind was eminently calculated for the promotion of British arts, bibliography, and science, and the diffusion generally of taste, literature, and instruction.

There is only one feature in the Literary Gazette to which we shall particularly allude, as having undergone considerable improvement: we mean the branch of Reviewing. At a period when so many admirable works issue from the press, it can hardly fail to be considered a recommendation, that we have extended our facilities in this respect, and provided to be, almost invariably, the earliest publication from which an acquaintance with new books can be obtained. Thus in No. 153, there was a long review of Ivanhoe, anterior to its appearance; in No. 152, *Tobin's Life*, under similar circumstances; in the few preceding Numbers, Southey's *Brazil*, Macculloch's *Western Isles*, *Anastasius*, &c. &c.; and in this, *Burckhardt's Nubia*; none of which could have been seen before the favour of their publishers, in compliment to the service which this sheet by its fair notices, and immediate and wide circulation renders the general cause of letters, enabled us to submit their claims, and explain their nature, to the literary

world. As these books are from eminent authors and booksellers, we venture to presume, that few volumes of great attraction will henceforth appear without an immediate contemporary, and often anticipatory description in the Literary Gazette.

Having trespassed much longer than we intended on this subject, we beg to conclude, with briefly stating, that "Sketches of Society" will very soon be regularly resumed; and that in every other department, our augmented means will be superadded to that exertion which has procured success to our past course.

\*. Volumes, parts, and most of the single Numbers, from January 1817, are now to be had at our office, or by giving the order to any bookseller or news-vender in town or country.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

DECEMBER, 1819.

*Thursday*, 23.—Thermometer from 45 to 52.

Barometer from 29, 45 to 29, 52.

Wind W.N.W. 3, and 1.—Morning cloudy,

the rest of the day generally clear.

Rain fallen, 1.25 of an inch.

*Friday*, 24.—Thermometer from 24 to 36.

Barometer from 29, 56 to 29, 50.

Wind S.W. 3.—Morning clear; the rest of the day generally misty.

*Saturday*, 25.—Thermometer from 25 to 35.

Barometer from 29, 52 to 29, 64.

Wind N.N.W. 1, and 2.—Generally clear; clouds passing. A  $\frac{1}{2}$  halo formed at times in the evening.

*Sunday*, 26.—Thermometer from 21 to 32.

Barometer from 29, 60 to 29, 70.

Wind S.W. and S. 1.—Morning clear; the rest of the day foggy and cloudy.

*Monday*, 27.—Thermometer from 22 to 23.

Barometer from 29, 66, to 29, 67.

Wind E. b. S. 3.—Generally clear till the evening, when it became rather hazy, and a fine halo was formed from about 6 o'clock.

*Tuesday*, 28.—Thermometer from 26 to 35.

Barometer from 29, 67, to 29, 72.

Wind N.E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Cloudy; a little snow or sleet fell in the afternoon about 4.

*Wednesday*, 29.—Thermometer from 25 to 32.

Barometer from 29, 74, to 29, 84.

Wind N. 1.—Morning cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.

On Monday, the 3d of January, 1820, at 4 hours, 53 minutes, 15 seconds (clock time), the second Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

On Friday, the 7th, at 5 hours, 12 minutes, 23 seconds (clock time), the first Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

Lat. 51. 37. 32. N.

Lon. 0. 3. 51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor wishes to send a letter to I. L. of *Manchester*.

# Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

British Institution for promoting the Fine Arts  
in the United Kingdom.

## NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.

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ciliology; Histoire des Plantes Grasses, 2 vols.; Patch's  
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No. 155.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1820.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Memoirs of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, and of his Sons Richard and Henry. Illustrated by Original Letters and other Family Papers.* By Oliver Cromwell Esq. a Descendant of the Family. With portraits from original pictures. London, 1820. 4to, pp. 733.

The season for active publication having now arrived, new works pour in upon us in such abundance, as to afford but short time for critical deliberation. It is therefore well for our rapidly revolving periodical, especially at this productive period, that it professes generally, in the language of Bayle, "to be a reporter, and not a judge." We can state facts, where it would be hazardous to deliver opinions; and it requires much less time to be enabled to describe what a book is, than to tell what we think of it.

This volume is of massive size, and has some fine plates: so much for externals. It is sensibly written, displays ample research, and furnishes some original documents, from family papers, touching the private life of the extraordinary man whose biography, inseparably linked as it is with one of the most eventful epochs of English history, it places in the full light of record. It also contains interesting particulars relative to his children: so much for internals; at least, en masse.

The work may, perhaps more correctly than in the title page, be designated a Historical Essay on the era between the accession of Charles I and the death of Cromwell, and a Defence of the latter against all the imputations which have been thrown upon his memory. In this respect it proves, or attempts to prove, as far as our hasty judgment goes, far too much; and, certainly, nothing can be more loose than many of the arguments, nor more inconclusive than many of the inferences drawn from them. But in other cases, the Lord Protector seems to be satisfactorily exculpated from charges brought against him after the restoration, and as currently credited as repeated, down to the present day. It is thus impossible

VOL IV.

to view the performance in any other light, than as an acceptable addition to our stock of literature, both as a specimen of eminent biography and of British History.

It is a rather curious circumstance, to notice the difference between the usurper Cromwell and the usurper Buonaparte: both men wonderfully exalted, both lauded to the skies, and both painted as fiends. But Cromwell died in the full possession of the authority which he attained; and in this displayed greater genius than his follower, who arrived at much wider power only to afford an instance of that madness which success creates to wreck its minion. In the latter case a new philosophy performed the service which in the former was done by a renovated religion: infidelity did the work of fanaticism. When we spoke of the difference between these personages, however, we rather contemplated what was connected with literature than with politics. More than a century and a half has elapsed since the death of the famous Oliver, and it is only now that a historian of his race comes forward to vindicate his character. Not so with Napoleon; he, in his solitary banishment, is his own annalist, his own vindicator, his own eulogist. And then, the multitude of his other panegyrists, French, Polish, Flemish, Italian, and even English!... Surely this affords a very singular and striking proof of the strength and liberty effects upon the condition of society which must be operated by that prodigious engine.

But we will not detain our readers longer from such examples from this volume as our limits permit us to make; only premising, that from its nature it is little susceptible of that species of elucidation, and that there is not a single aspersion upon Cromwell which it does not endeavour to refute, from that of having a chief concern in the king's murder to that of being unamiable in private life.

Nothing has appeared to be more firmly established, than that Cromwell was originally a brewer; after showing that he belonged both paternally

and maternally to good and ancient families, the following is the author's testimony on this head.

The same writer (Mr. Noble), from the writers of those times, describes Cromwell's father as (having a small fortune) carrying on a large brewing business, the accounts whereof, he says, were wholly attended to by his wife; who, after his decease, continued to carry it on; whereby she was enabled to give her daughters sufficient fortunes to marry them into genteel families. Dr. Harris gives the same account from Dugdale and other authorities, and very justly adds, that, if true, it could not be deemed discreditable to the family, the young brothers of the best families in this country engaging in trade, and thereby raising themselves to fortune and independency. It has been also said that Cromwell himself was engaged in the same business for his support. All this has been said by Cromwell's enemies, for the purpose of degrading him; but no evidence to be relied on is produced in support of these assertions. The truth is, nothing certain is likely to be known of his early life, or the pecuniary circumstances of his parents. But it should be observed, that Cromwell, in his speech to his parliament, of 12th September 1654, says, "I was by birth a gentleman, neither living in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity;"—and that he had been called to several employments in the nation, and to serve in parliaments. This account of himself, publicly given in the face of the nation, open therefore to contradiction if not true, is surely a sufficient confutation of all the stories of his and his family's narrow circumstances, and their engagements in trade in consequence. Lord Clarendon, in his anxious desire to lower Cromwell's consequence, would not have omitted to avail himself of these circumstances, had he credited them. In Peck's *Memoirs of the Life and Actions of Cromwell*, are three panegyrics of Cromwell, supposed by Peck to have been written by Milton, upon different occasions; in the third of which he describes him as grown rich at home. [Does not this look like trade? A man with a large family and small estate was not likely to become so, without some such means.] The time of his birth is ascertained to have been upon the 25th April, 1599, and it appears to have been at Huntingdon. That his father, during his life, and his mother, after his father's death, were careful of his education, is probable; but his being first under the tuition of one person and then of another; his propensity or non-propensity in learning; his aspiring, stubborn, obstinate temper, incurring severe correction; and the



accounts of the boisterousness of his disposition rendering him a terror to the neighbourhood; and, above all, the incredible story of his disagreement with and giving the King's son, the then Duke of York, afterwards King Charles, a blow, when at play at Hinchinbrooke; also his supposed dream of his future greatness, and his acting in the comedy of *Lingus*—there must be the fabrications of the different writers after the Restoration, who chose to suppose there must be something marvellous and criminal in the very earliest moments of this extraordinary man's life. Indeed, it is quite improbable that all, or any of the trifling incidents of his childhood and youth, should have been noticed, and then preserved during a period of between fifty and sixty years; nor was it very likely that the witnesses to these things should have been then living, and in possession of memory and mental powers sufficient to have accurately remembered and related them. [They might however have been handed down from sire to son, and it is very likely that many true as well as false anecdotes of a person who had risen so high would be thus preserved.] Lord Clarendon mentions Cromwell's supposed dream, and relates, that during his deliberation respecting the proposed taking upon himself the office of King, he revolved in his mind this dream or apparition, that had at first informed and promised him the high fortune to which he was then already arrived; which, he says, had been generally spoken of even from the beginning of the troubles, and that he remembered that it had only declared that he should be the greatest man in England, and should be near to be King, which seemed to imply, that he should be only near, and never actually attain the crown. How his Lordship should thus acquire the knowledge of Cromwell's inmost thoughts is not conceivable: had he for a moment indulged in his own mind a thought upon so silly a subject, he would probably have been ashamed to communicate it to his nearest friend. Sir Phillip Warwick mentions this dream. He relates that, after the rendition of Oxford, (which was in June 1646), he was frequently with his wife's sister, near Huntingdon, where he had occasion to converse with Cromwell's physician, Dr. Simcott, who assured him, that for many years, he (Cromwell, his patient) was a most splenic man, and had fancies about the cross in that town; and that he had been called up to him at midnight, and such unseasonable hours, very many times, upon a strong fancy, which made him believe he was then dying. Sir Phillip then adds, "And there went a story of him," that, in the day-time, lying melancholy upon his bed, he believed that a spirit appeared to him, and told him that he should be the greatest man (not mentioning the word King) in this kingdom; which his uncle, Sir Thomas Steward, told him was traitorous to relate. This must be the same story that Lord Clarendon relates; but, it is very evident, from Sir Phillip's change of expression, that this story of the dream made no part of the doctor's relation, and that it was mere common report. Sir Phillip does

not say when Cromwell was in this low splenic state. Had Cromwell had such a dream, the doctor must have heard it in his attendance upon him in the state of mind he describes him, most likely to produce unpleasant or extraordinary dreams; and, in his relation of his complaints, he could not have forgotten one so extraordinary. There can be no doubt that this dream was a fabrication after the event, and probably after the Restoration, when every idle story to his prejudice met with a welcome reception.

This is a fair specimen of the writer's mode of reasoning: and it will, we presume, confirm the idea we have thrown out respecting it. We quote a few other passages on the same subject.

At the time of the King's forementioned first visiting Hinchinbrooke, in his way from Scotland, which was in 1603, Cromwell was not more than four years old; and in 1616 and 1617, when the King is said again to have visited Hinchinbrooke, he must have been between seventeen and eighteen years of age, and the prince one year older than him; and the two latter times, Cromwell must have known better than this to conduct himself, supposing nothing to have prevented him. At college, he is described by different historians,—one, to save the trouble of examination, following another,—as living a dissolute and disorderly course of life, being more famous whilst there for foot-ball, cricket, cudgelling, and wrestling, than for study, and as being of a rough and blustering disposition, acquiring the name of Royster. Some writers say, he continued at college one year, others two: upon the strictest search and enquiry at the college, no trace is to be found there of the time of his quitting, and it is not likely that there should be any other authentic source of information, after the lapse of forty years to the Restoration. [Is not this an unsupported assumption?] No ground, therefore, of belief is left that he quitted the college before the usual time of quitting, or that he misbehaved himself whilst there. The discipline may be presumed to have been very strict, and consequently the youth kept very orderly, to afford Archbishop Land, then bishop of London, cause to complain (as he does in his considerations, presented by him to the King in the year 1628, for better settling the church-government) of this college and of Emanuel being the nurseries of puritanism. Al! therefore, that is related of Cromwell's dissipated life at college, and his short continuance there, must be wholly invention, for the purpose of vilifying him, and rendering him odious and contemptible from the very outset of his life. In the pursuit of this object, he is supposed to be sent by his mother to Lincoln's-inn, soon after his return from Cambridge, where his mind is said to have been ingrossed by the juice of the grape and the charms of the fair, with a habit of gaming, instead of attending to his law studies. For the purpose of carrying on the story, he is then described as returning to Huntingdon a finished rake, where he followed his vicious

courses,—the tavern and the dissipated residence; but this is a monstrous behaviour proven, as equals consorting with him. This conduct, it is added, with forgetting to pay his reckoning, made him an unwelcome visitor, even to the publicans; nor were the young women less fearful of him, from the rude invectives they received from him. This climax is reached by the relation of a story of his filthily bedaubing his cloaths, and dancing in that state at a Christmas festival given by his uncle Sir Oliver Cromwell; and by other irregularities, whereby he is said to have forfeited his uncle's good opinion. The stories of his successes whilst in town, in Lincoln's-inn, must fall to the ground, because he never was there. The most diligent search has now been made, and his name is not found in its records; and Sir James Burrows, in his anecdotes and observations relating to Cromwell and his family, also says, that upon search his name does not there appear. Nor is it likely that in those days, a youth of eighteen or nineteen years of age should be sent to an inn of court. His son Richard was certainly of that society. To conclude the subject of the supposed vices and follies of Cromwell's early life,—the short time allowed for their commission, presents a powerful obstacle to the belief of them. Some of them do not belong to the early age of sixteen or seventeen; nor was he, during his father's life, likely to be guilty of excesses of any sort. If he remained only one year at college, he would be eighteen years of age when he quitted it; and he must have been married before he was twenty-one, his first child appearing to have been baptized in the year 1621, when he could not be more than about twenty-two; so that three years must have been the utmost of the vicious part of his life: but no evidence to be relied on, is afforded of his having improperly quitted his college, or of his having resided in town, or of his having there or elsewhere lived a licentious life: his early marriage is a circumstance in favour of his previous sobriety.

This is rather better logic than what precedes it; but it is worthy of remark that the author, while he refuses an credit to assertions made after the Restoration, calls upon us to believe that written during the Protectorate. We attach equal value to the flatteries of power, and the calumnies on fallen greatness. We extract another illustrative passage:

In Thurloe's State Papers is a letter from Bevering, the Dutch deputy in England, Jongestall, at the Hague, dated August 12-22, 1653, wherein he says, "Last Saturday I had a discourse with His Excellency Cromwell above two hours, being without a body present with us. His Excellency spoke his own language so distinctly, that I could understand him. I answered again in Latin." Mr. Nolle says he (Cromwell) answered, which is a mistake. Bevering writes to the same effect to Nieupoort, on t

June 24 of August. Although Cromwell did not here speak Latin, yet he must have well understood the language, as he could not then have had an interpreter with him, nobody being present at the meeting besides Cromwell and the writer: who, though he appears to have understood the English language when clearly and distinctly spoken to him, did not sufficiently understand it to converse in it; he therefore preferred carrying on the conversation in Latin, in which Cromwell must have been well versed to be able to continue it for more than two hours. Hence, it also appears that Cromwell spoke his own language well and correctly, and expressed himself clearly and intelligibly, and not in the confused manner generally attributed to him.

Whitlock, in his account of Cromwell's reception of the Swedish ambassador in 1655, when Protector, says, the ambassador spoke in the Swedish language, and that after he had done, being but short, his secretary did interpret it in Latin; and that after the interpreter had done, the Protector stood still a pretty while, and putting off his hat to the ambassador, with a carriage full of gravity on his face, he answered him in English. That his speech was not interpreted, because the ambassador understood English; and that after it was done, the ambassador gave copies of his speech in Swedish and in Latin to the Protector. This is surely a further proof of Cromwell's familiar acquaintance with the Latin tongue, in which he would probably have answered the ambassador, had he not understood English. The same year, in his journal of his Swedish embassy in the year 1653 and 1654, also says, that at dinner at Grocer's Hall, in the city of London, Cromwell discoursed in Latin with a Swedish ambassador.

It is conceived, has been said in derogation of the common assertion of Cromwell's deficiency in the knowledge of the Latin language, and of his own tongue, and it is supposed early loss of time in idleness and dissipation.

May we consider it no very important matter now, whether Cromwell understood Latin well or ill; but to those who attach any interest to the point, it will be evident that the foregoing goes much farther to prove that he was as indifferent than a tolerable Latin.

His not speaking Latin in answer to the Dutch Deputy using that language, is a very strong fact towards the conclusion; and even the Swedish language is a negative argument the other way; and although the author suggests the admission "distinctly," by a foreigner, into "well and correctly," as applied by a native (expressions of extremely different meanings) he entirely fails in convincing us of the point he labours to demonstrate. It is subjoined is infinitely more to the point.

All Cromwell's supposed excesses are, it is observable, confined to the years preceding his coming of age; because then he is to be produced in a state of repentance preparatory to his marriage, which is supposed to have been brought about by his relations, the Hampdens and the Barringtons; and then, it is said, that his settling part of his paternal estate upon his wife, is a proof that he had not spent it, as some imagined, adding, that there had not been time for it.

Then comes a charge of a very serious nature, of his endeavouring to mend his supposed broken fortune, by annexing the estate of his maternal uncle, Sir Thomas Steward, to his own, by representing him as a person unfit to govern it, and petitioning to His Majesty for a commission of lunacy, which the King refused. But, most extraordinary to relate, this same uncle, for the purpose of reconciling this story with his uncle's will in his favour, is supposed to have been prevailed upon to forgive him, and to leave him his estate. This supposed attempt to deprive his uncle of his estate, would have been so atrocious and unpardonable, that the reasonable conclusion must be, that this disposition in favour of Cromwell proves the falsehood of the story. Mr. Noble, in his third edition, gives a copy of this will, which is dated January 29, 1635, by which he gives all his landed property to his nephew, Oliver Cromwell. He desires to be buried in the cathedral church of Ely, in the tomb of his grandfather.

In continuance of these farcical representations, Cromwell is now, upon his marriage, to become too good: the strictness of his manners, it is said, had recommended him to the notice of the austere non-conformists, who viewed him from the established church, and he became sometimes a preacher amongst them. This is not likely to be true; all his children appear, by the foregoing registers, to have been baptized according to the rites of the established church; nor are the above grants to him of the leases by the dean and chapter of Ely, an inconsiderable proof that he had not yet become a non-conformist, which was at that time a hated character. Nor does he appear to have been considered by the then government as its inveterate enemy, although he had opposed some of its measures in the parliament of 1627; for, in the sixth year of the reign of the King (1631), it appears, in the records of Huntingdon, that by the charter then granted to that town, Thomas Beard, D. D., Robert Barnard, Esq., and Oliver Cromwell, Esq., burgesses for their lives, together with the high-steward, the recorder, the mayor, the senior alderman, and the chamberlain for the time being, were created justices for that borough.

The author follows his famous ancestor from his residence at Huntingdon to St. Ives—denies that he was profligate during the few years he lived there—and thence to Ely. His more public transactions are too well known to tempt us to dwell on the parts which treat of them; and we therefore conclude our

present notice with three of his letters, which will afford very accurate grounds for judging of the style of that time, and of the writer's manner in addressing his nearest relatives.

The following is a copy of an original letter, in the British Museum, from Cromwell to his daughter Iretton, given by Dr. Harris: it is dated, London, 25th October, 1646, and is addressed to her at Combury, the general's head quarters.

"Deere Daughter,"

"I write not to thy husband, partly to avoid trouble; for one line of mine, begitts many of his, wch I doubt makes him sitt up too late; partly because I am myself indisposed at this tyme, havinge some other considerations. Your friends at Ely are well; your sister Clapole is (I trust in mercye) exercised with some perplexed thoughts: she sees her own vanitye and carnal minde, bewailinge it; she seeks after (as I hope alsoe) that wch will satisfie; and thus to be a seeker, is to be of the best sect next a finder; and such a one shall ever faithfullye humble seeker be att the end. Happie seeker, happie fuder. Whoever tasted that the Lord is gracious, without some sense of self-vanitie and badnesse? Who ever tasted that graciousnesse of his and could geesse in deier and lesse then pressinge after full enjoyment. Deere hart, presse on; lett not husband, let not any thinge cool thy affections after Christ. I hope hee will be an occasion to inflame them. That wch is best worthy of love in thy husband is, that of the image of Christ he beares; look on that, and love it best, and all the rest for that. I pray for thee and him: doe soe for me. My service and deere affections to the generall and generallnesse; I heere she is very kind to thee; it adds to all other obligations. My love to all. I am thy deere father.

OLIVER CROMWELL."

The following is a copy of an original letter in the possession of the Cromwell family. It is dated 13th Aug. 1649, and is addressed, "For my beloved daughter Dorothy Cromwell (Richard Cromwell's wife) at Hurslye, theise.

"My deere Daughter;

"Your letter was very welcome to mee. I like to see any thinge from your hand, because indeed I stick not to say I doe entirelye love you, and therefore I hope a word of advise will not be unwelcome nor unacceptable to thee; I desire you both to make it above all things your business to seeke the Lord, to be frequently calling upon him that Hee would manifest himselfe to you in his Sonne, and be listeninge to what returns Hee makes to you, for Hee will be speakinge in your care and in your hart, if you attend thereunto, I desire you to provoke your husband likewise therunto. As for the pleasures of this life and outward businesse lett that bee upon the by, bee above all these things by faith in Christ and then you shall have the trewe use and comfort of them, and not otherwise. I have much satisfaction in hope your spirit is this way sett, and I desire you may growe in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord



and Saviour Jesus Christ, and that I may heere thereof, the Lord is very near wch wee see by his wonderfull workes, and therefore Hee looks that wee of this generation draw neere him, this late great mercye of Ireland is a great manifestation thereof. Your husband will acquaint you with itt, wee should bee much stirred up in our spirits to thankfulness, wee much need the Spirit of Christ to enable us to prayse God for soe admirable a mercye: the Lord blesse thee my deere daughter.

"I rest thy lovinge father,  
"O. CROMWELL."

"I heere thou didst lately miscarrie: prithe take heede of a coach by all means; borrowe thy father's nagge when thou intendest to goe abroad."

The following is also a copy of an original letter in the possession of the Cromwell family. It is date (Carricke, 2d April 1550; and is addressed "For my beloved Sonne Richard Cromwell, Esq., at Hurstly, in Hampshire."

"Dick Cromwell;

"I take your letters kindlye: I like expressions when they come plainely from the heart, and are not strayned nor affected. I am perswaded it's the Lord's mercye to place you where you are; I wish you may owne itt and be thankfull, fulfilling all relations to the glory of God. Seeke the Lord and his face continually, lett this bee the businesse of your life and strength. And lett all things bee subservient and in order to this. You cannot finde, nor behold the Face of God but in Christe, therefore labor to knowe God in Christ, wch the Scriptures makes to bee the sum of all, even life eternall. Because the true knowledge is not littell or speculative, but inward, transforminge the minde to itt, its unitinge to, and participating of the Divine nature. (2 Pet. i. 4. Its such a knowledge as Paul speaks off. Phillip. the 3d. 8, 9, 10. How little of this knowledge of Christ is there amongst us! My weake prayers shal be for you, take heede of an unactive vaine spirit. Recreate yourselve wth Sir Walter Ralpheys Historie; it's a bodye of historie, and will add much more to your understandinge then fragments of storie. Intend to understand the estate I have settled: its your concernment to knowe itt all, and how itt stands; I have heerefore suffered much by too much trustinge others; I know my brother Maior will be helpfull to you in all this: you will thinke (perhaps) I need not advise you to love your wife. The Lord teach you to how to doe itt, or else itt will be done unfavourably. Though marriage bee noe instituted sacrament, yett where the undefiled bed is, and love, this union aptly resembles Christ, and his church. If you can truly love your wife what doeth Christ beare to his church and every poore soule therein, who gave himselfe for itt and to itt. Commend mee to your wife; tell her I entirely love her and rejoyce in the goodness of the Lord to her. I wish her every way fruitfull. I thanke her for her lovinge letter. I have presented my love to my sister and cozen Ann, etc. in my letter to my brother Maior.

I would not have him alter his affaires because of my debt. My purse is as his, my present thoughts are but to lodge such a sum for my two little gyrls: its in his hand as well as any where. I shall not be wantinge to accommodate him to his minde. I would not have him sollicitous. Dick, the Lord blesse you every way. "I rest,

"Your lovinge Father,  
"O. CROMWELL."

Altogether, this is more a useful, than a literary work, and its defect is, that of being too much studied for the Cromwell family.

*Observations, Anecdotes, and Characters of Books and Men.* By the Rev. Joseph Spence. Arranged with Notes by the late Edmund Malone, Esq. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 302.

This work, as originally announced, was to consist of two volumes; but it now appears, and very carelessly done too, in one only. "Arranged" it can hardly be called; and whoever has had the task of editing what Malone threw together from Spence, has bestowed very little pains upon the subject. It seems as if many parts of Spence's common-place book had been transcribed without order or reference; and the only thing like classification into the three heads, of "Popiana," "English Poets and Prose Writers (and a few Foreign Writers)," and "Miscellaneous," is disregarded in every division. Irregularity and confusion are the consequences; and not only are the same anecdotes, &c. repeated in substance, but frequently in words. Of this, pages 144 and 148, 153 and 155, where we find the identical notices (one of them even reprinted verbatim the third time,) which we have perused in the preceding Popiana.

Notwithstanding this very reprehensible inattention, there are a good many amusing and curious matters in this publication; and though the far greater proportion of its contents wants the recommendation of novelty, it will pass muster as a pleasing parlour companion.

Spence (says the advertisement) lived in an age when taste first appeared amongst us, and literature first began to diffuse itself among the nation. By his habits a man of letters; by his skill a classical and elegant critic; and by the sweetness of his manners and perpetual curiosity, Spence was well adapted to promote, as well as to record the many conversations he has preserved for posterity. Pope was "the god of his idolatry," for Pope was the creator of an epoch in our literature. This period was a transition from one age to another. The immortal writer had to open an

age of taste and correctness, and to develop the arts of composition; he had to teach us to learn to think; he had to escape from our native but undisciplined invention, and to restrain our prurient imagination in conception and expression; and to polish a diction colloquially feeble or unskillfully perplexed. Literature assumed a new form; the triumphs and the factions of literature arose with the interests they excited in the public feelings, but the progress of his own works was an object, not only of his egotism, but of the curiosity of other men, and the delight of the retentive fondness of Spence.

Some indulgence may however be claimed for one portion of Spence's anecdotes; in the literary class, the reader will find many with which he is not unacquainted; but if they appear to him as twice-told, he must recollect that Spence was the first teller.

The first period in this extract is a very bold, inconsiderate, and unfounded assertion; taste and literature were both of earlier birth than last century. "To teach us to learn to think," is another strange passage, which, if it is not nonsense, is a fallacy; and as for the concluding sentence, some regard to weeding out the most trite and well known anecdotes, would have been a wiser course than such an apology for reiterating them.

We select, without further preface or remark, the most striking and novel extracts.

In the Moral Poem I had written an address to our Saviour, imitated from Lucretius's compliment to Epicurus; but omitted it by the advice of Dean Berkley. One of our priests, who are more narrow than yours, made a less sensible objection to the Epistle on Happiness: he was very angry that there was nothing said in it of our eternal happiness hereafter; though my subject was expressly to treat only of the state of a man here.—*Mr. Pope.*

When I was looking over some things I had brought from Italy, to pick out what might be of use to his grout, and came among the rest to some bonds and medals that had been blest at Loretto, he laid them gently aside, and said "these would be good presents for a papist."—*The same.*

I endeavoured (says he smiling) in this poem to collect all the beauties of the great writers into one piece: there was Milton's style in one part, and Cowley's in another; here the style of Spenser imitated, and there of Statius; here Homer as Virgil, and there Ovid and Claudian. "I was an imitative poem then, as your other exercises were imitations of this or the story?" "Just that."—*The same.*

On Lord Hyde's return from his travel his brother-in-law, the Lord Essex, told him with a great deal of pleasure, that he had got a pension for him. It was a very handsome one, and quite equal to his rank. A Lord Hyde's answer was, "How could you

tell, my lord, that I was to be sold; or, at least, how could you know my price so exactly?"—*The same.*

Mr. Pope never flattered any body for money in the whole course of his writings. Alderman Barber had a great inclination to have a stroke in his commendation inserted in some part of Mr. Pope's works. He did not want money, and he wanted fame. He would probably have given four or five thousand pounds to have been gratified in this desire; and gave Mr. Pope to understand as much. Mr. Pope would not comply with such a baseness; and when the alderman died he left him only a legacy of a hundred pounds, which might have been some thousands if he had obliged him only with a couplet.—*Mr. W.*† [who had it from Mr. Pope, and I have been assured of it by others who knew both Mr. Pope and the Alderman very well.]

The list for prose authors, from whose works such a dictionary should be collected, was talked over several times. There were eighteen; of them named by Mr. Pope, but four of that number were only named as authorities for familiar dialogues and writings of that kind.—*The same.*

Should I not write down Hooke and Middleton? Ay; and I think there's scarce any more of the living that you need name.—*The same.*

The list of writers that might serve as authorities for poetical language was begun upon twice, but left very imperfect. There were but nine § mentioned, and two of those only for the burlesque style.—*The same.*

Here am I, like Socrates, distributing my morality among my friends, just as I am doing.—*Mr. Pope* [on sending about some of his ethic epistles as presents, about three weeks before we lost him.]

There is so much trouble in coming into the world, and so much uneasiness in going out of it, that—it is hardly worth while to be here at all! *Lord Bolingbroke.* [His lordship's melancholy attitude that morning (the 21st), leaning against Mr. Pope's chair, and crying over him for a considerable time with more concern than can be expressed.]

Ah! great God, what is man?—*The same.* [Looking on Mr. Pope, and repeating it several times, interrupted with sobs.]

When I was telling his lordship that Mr. Pope, on every catching and recovering of his mind, was always saying something kind—

• It was on this account that Mr. Pope complimented him with that passage—

— "d disdain what Cornbury disdaineth."  
† *Mr. W.* here quoted as an authority about Alderman Barber, was probably Warburton.—*M.*

• Lord Bacon, Hooker, Hobbes, Ben Jonson, Lord Clarendon, Barrow, Tillotson, Dryden, &c. Wm. Temple, L'Estrange, Locke, Spratt, Atterbury, Congreve, Addison, Vanburgh, Swift, Lord Bolingbroke.

† Ben Jonson, Congreve, L'Estrange, Vanburgh.

• Spencer, Shakspeare, Fletcher, Waller, Butler, Milton, Dryden, Prior, Swift.

• Butler and Swift. Fletcher was mentioned only as an authority for familiar dialogue and the lighter kinds of writing.

ly either of his present or absent friends, and that this in some cases was so surprising, that it seemed to me as if his humanity had outlived his understanding, Lord Bolingbroke said, "it has so!" and then added, "I never in my life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or a more general friendship for mankind."

I have known him these thirty years, and value myself more for that man's love and friendship, than—(sinking his head, and losing his voice in tears.)—*The same.*

I am so certain of the soul's being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me as if it were by intuition.—*Mr. Pope.*

When a friend asked him whether he would not die as his father and mother had done, and whether he should send for a priest, he said, "I do not suppose that it is essential, but it will be very right, and I heartily thank you for putting me in mind of it."—*The same.*

In the morning, after the priest had given him the last sacraments, he said, "there is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue."

Mr. Pope died the 30th of May, 1744, in the evening; but they did not know the exact time, for his departure was so easy, that it was imperceptible even to the standers-by.

Lord Dorset used to say of a very good-natured dull fellow, it is a thousand pities that man is not ill-natured, that we might kick him out of company.—*The same.*

Wycherly was a very handsome man. His acquaintance with the famous duchess of Cleveland commenced oddly enough. One day as he passed that duchess's coach in the Ring, she leaned out of the window, and cried out, loud enough to be heard distinctly by him, "Sir, you're a rascal; you're a villain." Wycherly from that instant entertained hopes. He did not fail waiting on her next morning; and with a melancholy tone begged to know how it was possible for him to have so much disoblighed her grace? They were very good friends from that time; yet, after all, what did he get by her? He was to have travelled with the young duke of Richmond. King Charles now and then gave him a hundred pounds—not often; and he was an equerry.—*Mr. Pope.*

Rowe was first bred at Westminster, and then at the Temple. He had about 300*l.* a year and his chambers there. His father was a serjeant at law. He was of a pretty personage, and a very pretty sort of man.—*Mr. Lewis.*

Frowd for his precious soul cares not a pin—a. For he can now do nothing else but Cinn—a. was an epigram made by Mr. Rowe on Phil. Frowd's uncle, when that gentleman was writing a tragedy of that name.—*Mr. Pope.*

A little after Dr. Young had published his Universal Passion, the Duke of Wharton made him a present of 2000*l.* for it. When

• Dennis says, he was equerry to the duke of Buckingham, as Master of the Horse to the king. Letters, p. 219.

a friend of the duke's, who was surprised at the largeness of the present, cried out, "What! two thousand pounds for a poem!" The duke smiled, and said it was the best bargain he ever made in his life, for it was fairly worth four thousand.—*Mr. Raelin.*

When the Doctor was very deeply engaged in writing one of his tragedies, that nobleman made him a very different present. He procured a human skull, and fixed a candle in it, and gave it to the Doctor, as the most proper lamp for him to write tragedy by.—*The same.*

Sir Isaac Newton, a little before he died, said, "I don't know what I may seem to the world; but as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."—*Ramsay.*

'Tis not at all improbable that Sir Isaac Newton, though so great a man, might have had a hauntering after the French prophets. There was a time, I can assure you, when he was possessed with the old fooleries of astrology; and another when he was so far gone in chemistry as to be upon the hunt after the philosopher's stone.—*Lockier.*

When the Bishop of Rochester was in the tower, upon its being said in the drawing-room, "What shall we do with the man?"—Lord Cadogan answered, "Fling him to the lions." The Bishop was told of this, and soon after in a letter to Mr. Pope, said that he had fallen upon some verses by chance in his room, which he must copy out for him to read. These were four extreme severe lines against Lord Cadogan.

By fear unmoved, by shame unaw'd,  
Offspring of hangman and of bawd!  
Ungrateful to the ungrateful man he grew by,  
A bold, bad, boisterous, blust'ring, bloody booby.

*Ann.*

The Jews offered my Lord Godolphin to pay five hundred thousand pounds, (and they would have made it a million) if the government would allow them to purchase the town of Brentford, with leave of settling there entirely, with full privileges of trade, &c. The agents from the Jews said, that the affair was already concerted with the chief of their brethren abroad; that it would bring the richest of their merchants hither, and of course an addition of above twenty millions of money to circulate in the nation. Lord Molesworth was in the room with Lord Godolphin, when this proposal was made; and as soon as the agent was gone, pressed him to close with it. Lord Godolphin was not of his opinion. He foresaw that it would provoke two of the most powerful bodies in the nation, the clergy and the merchants; he gave other reasons too against it; and, in fine, it was dropped.—*Lockier.*

When Henry the Fourth of France was reconciled to the church of Rome, it was expected that he should give some remarkable testimonial of his sincerity in return—

ing to the true faith. He accordingly ordered a cross to be erected at Rome, near the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, with this inscription, *In hoc signo vinces*, on the principal part of it. This passed at first as very catholic, till it was observed that the part in which the inscription is put is shaped in the form of a canon, and that he had really attributed only to his artillery what they had taken to be addressed to Heaven.—*Piccolini*, at (Rome.)

Dante's poem got the name of *Comedia* after his death. He, in that piece, had called Virgil's works tragedies (or sublime poetry), and, in deference to him, called his own comedy (or low); and hence was that word used afterwards, by mistake, for the title of his poem.—*Dr. Cœchii*.

*Second Tour of Doctor Syntax in search of the Picturesque, a Poem, in Eight Monthly Numbers. No. I. 2vo. pp. 32.*

A poem written by the same author (Mr. Coombe, we believe), and ornamented by the same artist, Mr. Rowlandson, as the first highly popular tour of this imaginary and eccentric divine. As the first number of such a work must be rather introductory, than in the full flush of a writer's power for entertainment, we shall be very concise in our remarks upon the renewed setting out of our old and amusing favourite. As there is no emblem of pretence in his escutcheon, it provokes no severity of criticism; and we are well enough pleased to go ambling, sometimes hobbling along, with a sort of versification, which resembles the parson's nag in its paces, never hunter-like attempting a stile, but varying a steady walk with an occasional halt, or an easy canter. As for the story: the doctor loses his beloved wife, at a moment of paternal expectancy; and after remaining some time at Squire Worthy's, finding no cure for his melancholy, again sets out on a journey for relief in search of the picturesque. These incidents, and the parish gossip respecting them, occupy the pages of number one. The three designs represent the Doctor lamenting the loss of his wife, the funeral, and the departure; none of them well calculated for a display of the good comic or humorous talent of Rowlandson. A death-bed is too serious for a joke; and though Hamlet is a good authority for grave pleasantry, we are not very partial to that subject for jesting. The commencement of the journey—but we anticipate that these are the least laughable of the prints which we may look for in the remaining publications.

It is worthy of a notice, *en passant*, that the excellent head of Syntax is a plagiarism from that of "My Uncle," by Dagley, in D'Israeli's amusing book, "Elm Flams."

A short extract or two will illustrate the poetry; and we take them before and after the melancholy catastrophe we have stated,

After a long clouded day,  
The sun broke forth with genial ray,  
And mild prosperity display'd  
Its welcome form in smiles array'd;  
Each virtue woo'd, each duty done,  
Time on swift pinions travels on,  
Nor fears of future evil lour  
To dim with care the present hour.  
—Thus Syntax and his darling wife  
No longer knew domestic strife;  
And since it was their lot to bide  
By Keswick's Lake's admired side,  
They might have claim'd, or I'm mistaken,  
With conscience clear, the flitch of bacon;  
A symbol that is known to prove,  
The perfect state of married love;  
And which, when thus enjoy'd, is given  
As the first boon on this side heaven.

Madam, who now had thought to fret her,  
Of all her whims had got the better;  
Among her higher neighbours, she  
Receiv'd and gave the frequent tea,  
And every stated feast that came  
Display'd the hospitable dame;  
While from the poor, in parish pride,  
She ne'er was known to turn aside.  
As in the millenary art  
She loved to be a little smart,  
The doctor, too, in better station,  
Hath somewhat chang'd his form and fashion;  
Nay, to describe him *à la lettre*,  
His outward show was rather better,  
Than when he liv'd by pedant rule,  
A curate with an humble school:  
His coat was not to thread-bare worn,  
His hat had not that squeeze forlorn,  
And his queer wig would now unfold  
Something that might be call'd a curl:  
Besides, his Dolly's pride, I ween,  
Took no small pains to keep him clean.  
—With eloquence and learning fraught,  
He preach'd what his Great Master taught:  
But no grave airs his hours molest,  
Joy was the inmate of his breast.  
Which, in its various forms, he found  
The way to scatter all around.  
Sage with the learned, with the 'Squire  
He told his tale by water's fire;  
Or 'mid the pipe's surrounding smoke  
He never fail'd, with pleasant joke,  
To animate the social hour,  
When summer forms her verdant bowers.  
Nor from contentious pride,  
Was his old fiddle laid aside:  
 Oft did its sounding strings prolong  
The jocund air and merry song.  
His pencil too perform'd its duty  
In sketching many a landscape beauty:  
 Scarce rose a cot within the bound  
 That his dominion did surround,  
 Whose witen'd walls did not impart  
 Some bounty of the Doctor's art.  
—The parents to his Reverence bent,  
 The children smiled where'er he went:  
 Of grateful praise the warm acclaim,  
 Ne'er fail'd to wait upon his name.  
 Syntax was by the 'Squire careen'd  
 And oft exclaim'd, my lot how blest!

While Madam Worthy would commend—  
 His Dolly as her fav'rite friend.  
 In short, as sister and as brother,  
 Their doors were open to each other.

'Twas thus four fleeting years were past,  
 In happiness not made to last;

A month at least was gone and o'er,  
 But Syntax was not as before;  
 For thus, on serious thoughts intent,  
 He had not found his merriment.  
 He did all duties, it is true,  
 With the same care he used to do;  
 But, in his daily parish walk,  
 He seem'd to have forgot to talk;  
 Was silent where he always spoke,  
 And nodded where he us'd to joke.  
 'E'en with the Ladies and the 'Squire  
 His thoughts had lost their wonted fire;  
 His tongue assum'd a lower tone,  
 Spoke but few words and soon had done.  
—Since the last sad and solemn scene,  
 He had not to the Vic'rage been,  
 But just to see th' old woman granted  
 All that the living creatures wanted:  
 For his dear Doll took great delight  
 In Bantam-fowl, and num'rous flight  
 Of chosen doves, none such were found  
 In all the various dove-cotes round.  
 The people watch'd him as he oft  
 Sat on the gate and look'd aloft:  
 They thought that a superior ken  
 Was given to all such learned men,  
 And that they saw with their keen eye,  
 Strange shapes and figures in the sky,  
 Which oft, as they believ'd, were given  
 To mark the destitute of heaven.  
 But his was no prophetic view,  
 As the birds in their circles flew,  
 He saw as his dear Doll had done,  
 Their plumage glist'ning in the sun;  
 And shaw'd, in melancholy measure,  
 The memory of her former pleasure.

The last is rather a pleasing specimen, and we cannot do better than close with it.

*Burchard's Nubian Travels, 4to.*  
(Continued.)

This interesting volume which we introduced and largely extracted from in our last Number, has since issued from the press; and, as far as our observation goes, seems to fulfil the expectations of those who looked for much intelligence from this quarter, as well as the general public, with which Burchard's untimely fate has in a manner consecrated his adventurous exertions in the cause of African Discovery: It comprehends all his information upon the north-eastern parts of Africa, and is the prelude to the further publication of his remarks on other countries, especially on Arabia, into which he crossed the Red Sea (at so low a latitude as from about 10° to 21°) when he left the valley of the Nile at Shendy, and crossed the river Athara (Astabaras) and the district of Taka, \*

\* At Col. 2, Page 3, in our last.—The proce-

to Souakin, whence he sailed to Jidda, on the Asiatic side.

Pursuing the extracts in our last, we retrograde a little down the Nile from Shendy to Berber.

When they sleep they generally spread a carpet made of pieces of leather sown together, stretching themselves out upon this, and preferring, according to the general custom of the Arabs, to sleep without any pillow, and with the head lying upon the same level with the rest of the body. In the store-rooms Dhourra is kept, either in heaps upon the floor, or in large receptacles furnished of mud, to preserve it from rats and mice. Swarms of these animals nevertheless abound, and they run about the court-yards in such quantities that the boys exercise themselves in throwing lances at them, and kill them every day by dozens. Besides the Dhourra, the store-rooms generally contain a few sheepskins full of butter, some jars of honey, some water-skins for travellers, and if the proprietor be a man in easy circumstances, some dried flesh. The inner court is generally destined for the cattle, camels, cows, and sheep, and it has a subdivision, where are preserved the dry Dhourra stalks, which becomes the usual food of the cattle, when the summer heats have dried up all the verdure which the inundation had produced. The outer court in the generality of houses, contains a well of brackish water, fit only for cattle; here the male inhabitants of the house and strangers sleep, during the hot season, either upon mud benches adjoining the rooms, or upon *Angareys*, or upon the ground; here the master's favourite horse is fed, and here all business is transacted in the open air. I have already mentioned a room of public women, often met with in these habitations. Indeed there are very few houses of people called here respectable, where such women are not lodged, either in the court-yard itself, or in a small room adjoining the yard, but without its gate; in the house where I lodged, we had four of these girls, one of whom was living within the precincts, the three others in contiguous apartments. They are female slaves, whom their masters, upon marrying or being tired of them, have set at liberty, and who have no other livelihood but prostitution, and the preparation of the intoxicating drink called *Bouza*. Female slaves are often permitted to make a traffic of their charms before they are at liberty, in order that they may acquire a sufficient sum of money to purchase it.

In marrying, the bride's father receives, according to the musselman custom, a certain sum of money from the bride-groom, for his daughter, and this sum is higher than is customary in other parts inhabited by Arabs. The daughters of the Mek are paid as much as three or four hundred dollars,

which the father keeps for them as a dowry. Few men have more than one wife, but every one who can afford it keeps a slave or mistress either in his own or in a separate house. Kept mistresses are called companions, and are more numerous than in the politest capitals of Europe. Few traders pass through Berber without taking a mistress, if it be only for a fortnight. Drunkenness is the constant companion of this debauchery, and it would seem as if the men in these countries had no other objects in life. The intoxicating liquor which they drink is called *Bouza*. Strongly leavened bread made from Dhourra is broken into crumbs, and mixed with water, and the mixture is kept for several hours over a slow fire. Being then removed, water is poured over it, and it is left for two nights to ferment. This liquor, according to its greater or smaller degree of fermentation, takes the name of *Merin*, *Bouza*, or *Om Belbel*, the mother of nightingales, so called because it makes the drunkard sing. Unlike the other two, which being fermented together with the crumbs of bread, are never free from them, the *Om Belbel* is drained through a cloth, and is consequently pure and liquid. I have tasted of all three. The *Om Belbel* has a pleasant prickly taste, something like Champagne turned sour. They are served up in large roundish gourds open at the top, upon which are engraved with a knife a great variety of ornaments. A gourd (*Bonuma*) contains about four pints, and whenever a party meet over the gourd, it is reckoned that each person will drink at least one *Bonuma*. The gourd being placed on the ground, a smaller gourd cut in half, and of the size of a tea-cup, is placed near it, and in this the liquor is served round, to each in turn, an interval of six or eight minutes being left between each revolution of the little gourd. At the beginning of the sitting, some roasted meat, strongly peppered, is generally circulated, but the *Bouza* itself (they say) is sufficiently nourishing; and, indeed, the common sort looks more like soup or porridge, than a liquor to be taken at a draught. The *Fakirs* or religious men, are the only persons who do not indulge (publicly at least) in this luxury; the women are as fond of it, and as much in the habit of drinking it, as the men.

The effects which the universal practice of drunkenness and debauchery has on the morals of the people may easily be conceived. Indeed every thing discreditable to humanity is found in their character, but treachery and avidity predominate over their other bad qualities. In the pursuit of gain they know no bounds, forgetting every divine and human law, and breaking the most solemn ties and engagements. Cheating, thieving, and the blackest ingratitude, are found in almost every man's character, and I am perfectly convinced that there were few men among them or among my fellow travellers from Egypt who would have given a dollar to save a man's life, or who would not have consented to a man's death in order to gain one. Especial care must be taken not to be misled by their polite protestations, and fine professions, especially when they come to

Egypt: where they represent their own country as a land inhabited by a race of superior virtue and excellence. On the contrary, infamous as the eastern nations are in general, I have never met with so bad a people, excepting perhaps those of Souakin. In transactions among themselves the *Meyrefab* regulate every matter in dispute by the laws of the strongest. Nothing is safe when once out of the owner's hands, for if it happens to be the weaker party, he is sure of losing his property. The Mek's authority is slighted by the wealthier inhabitants; the strength of whose connections counterbalances the influence of the chief. Hence it may well be supposed that family feuds very frequently occur, and the more so, as the effects of drunkenness are dreadful upon these people. During the fortnight I remained at Berber, I heard of half a dozen quarrels occurring in drinking parties, all of which finished in knife or sword wounds. Nobody goes to a *Bouza* hut without taking his sword with him; and the girls are often the first sufferers in the affray. I was told of a distant relation of the present chief, who was for several years the dread of Berber. He killed many people with his own hand, upon the slightest provocation, and his strength was such, that nobody dared to meet him in the open field. He was at last taken by surprise in the house of a public woman, and slain while he was drunk. He once stripped a whole caravan, coming from Daraua, and appropriated the plunder to his women. In such a country it is of course looked upon as very imprudent to walk out unarmed after sun set; examples often happen of persons, more particularly traders, being stripped or robbed in the village itself. In every country the general topics of conversation furnish a tolerable criterion of the state of society; and that which passed at our house at Ankheyr gave the most hateful idea of the character of these people. The house was generally filled with young men who took a pride in confessing the perpetration of every kind of infamy. One of their favourite tricks is to bully unexperienced strangers, by enticing them to women who are the next day owned as relations by some *Meyrefab*, who vows vengeance for the dishonour offered to his family; the affair is then settled by large presents, in which all those concerned have a share. The envoy whom Ibrahim Pasha sent in 1812 to the king of Sennar was made to suffer from a plot of this kind. Upon his return from Sennar to Berber, he was introduced one evening to a female, at whose quarters he passed the night. The Mek of Berber himself claimed her the next morning as his distant relation. "Thou hast corrupted my own blood," said he to the envoy, and the frightened Turk paid him upwards of six hundred dollars, besides giving up to him the best articles of his arms and baggage.

Nearly at Shendy, the most southern point to which Burchhardt penetrated, the various routes converge of Bruce in 1772, of Poncet in 1669, and of Du-Roule in 1775. It is far to the West of the latter (after following the same route

and subsequent extracts, relating to the valley of the Nile in Nubia, between the southern frontier of Upper Egypt, and the northern frontier of Dongola, the brief description of the Arab Tribes is quoted, and the word "*Nubia*," I, 15 from the bottom, should be "*Shendy*."

to Selima) that the track of Browne, 1793-6, through the Kubbabish Arabs, unto Darfour, stretches. Of all these travellers, Bruce got farthest to the South; his journey into Habesh, or Abyssinia, being more than three hundred miles beyond Burckhardt, and nearly a hundred beyond Poncet, whose ultimate stage was Gondar, whereas Bruce went to the source of the Blue River, and round the immense Lake of Denbea.

As the most novel part of Burckhardt's route, and not the least interesting of his descriptions, occur where he traverses the country between Shendy on the Nile, and Souakin on the Red Sea; we shall at present confine ourselves to that portion of his journey, which occupied about six weeks. He set out on the 17th May, with a caravan, described us follows—

The caravan consisted of at least two hundred loaded camels, twenty or thirty dromedaries, carrying the richest traders, without any other loads; about one hundred and fifty traders, three hundred slaves, and about thirty horses, destined for the Yemen market; they were led the whole way by the slaves. The greater part of the loads consisted of tobacco, which the Souakin people had themselves brought from Sennar, and of Damour, from the same place. The caravan was under good care. Its chief was one of the principal men among the Arabs of Souakin, connected by marriage with the first tribes of the Bisharee and Hadendola Bedouins, through whose territory our road lay; but notwithstanding this, I clearly perceived that there was a constant dread of the Bisharein. The people yielded without reluctance to the orders of the chief in every thing that related to the march of the caravan. The only strangers who had joined the Souakin merchants were a party of Tekayrne (sing. Tekoury) or black traders, consisting of five masters, ten camels, and about thirty slaves. I joined this party, as we were all strangers, and glad of each other's assistance; I encamped near them during the whole of the journey to the coast, separating myself from the Souakin traders, who were also divided into many different parties. I soon became tolerably familiar with my companions: they rendered me many little services, of which no one stands more in need than a caravan traveller, and I was never backward in returning them; so that we continued to be upon good terms: I cannot say a friendly footing, for nobody, even in the Negroe countries, is inclined to form an intimacy with a poor man.

Of these Tekayrne one was from Darfour, another from Korlofan, and three had come originally from Bornou, from whence, many years ago, they had travelled with the caravan to Fezzan, and from thence to Cairo. The principal among them, who became the head of our mass, Hadji Aly el Bornaway, had travelled as a slave-trader in many parts

of Turkey, had been at Constantinople, had lived a long time at Damascus, (where many Tekayrne serve as labourers in the gardens of the great), and had three times performed the Hadj: he was now established at Korlofan, and spent his time in trading between that place and Djidda. His travels, and the apparent sanctity of his conduct, had procured him great reputation, and he was well received by the Mekas and other chiefs, to whom he never failed to bring some small presents from Djidda. Although almost constantly occupied, (whether sitting under a temporary shed of mats, or riding upon his camel upon the march,) in reading the Koran, yet this man was a complete bon vivant, whose sole object was sensual enjoyment. The profits on his small capital, which were continually renewed by his travelling, were spent entirely in the gratification of his desires. He carried with him a favourite Borghio slave, as his concubine; she had lived with him three years, and had her own camel, while his other slaves performed the whole journey on foot\*. His leathern sacks were filled with all the choice provisions which the Shendy market could afford, particularly with sugar and dates, and his dinners were the best in the caravan. To hear him talk of morals and religion, one might have supposed that he knew vice only by name; yet Hadji Aly, who had spent half his life in devotion, sold last year, in the slave market of Medinah, his own cousin, whom he had recently married at Mekka. She had gone thither on a pilgrimage from Bornou by the way of Cairo, when Aly unexpectedly meeting with her, claimed her as his cousin, and married her: † at Medinah, being in want of money, he sold her to some Egyptian merchants; and as the poor woman was unable to prove her free origin, she was obliged to submit to her fate. The circumstance was well known in the caravan, but the Hadji nevertheless still continued to enjoy all his hallowed reputation.

On the 22d of May they reached the river Atbara.

The luxuriant vegetation which now surrounded us filled with pleasure even the stony hearts of the slave traders; one of whom, alluding to the dreary tract we had passed, exclaimed: (Baud el moult el Djenna), "After death comes paradise." We marched for about a quarter of an hour among high trees, from the boughs of which we had much difficulty in disentangling the camels' loads. There was a greater variety of natural vegetation here than I had seen any where on the banks of the Nile in Egypt. I observed different species of the Mimosa, Down trees of the largest size, whose luxuriant clusters of fruit excited the wishes of the slaves; the Nebek tree, with its fruit ripe; the Aloë, of the size of the Nebek, besides a great

number of others, unknown to me; to these must be added an abundance of wild herbage, growing on a rich fat soil, similar to that of Egypt. The trees were inhabited by great numbers of the feathered tribe, whose song travellers in Egypt very rarely hear. I saw no birds with rich plumage, but observed small ones of several different kinds. Some sweet notes struck my ears, which I had never before heard, and the amorous cooings of the turtle doves were unceasing. We hastened to the river, and eagerly descended its low banks to allay our thirst. Several camels, at the sight of the water, broke the halters by which they were led, and in rushing or stumbling down the banks, threw off their loads, and occasioned great clamour and disorder.

We remained but a short time at this place, and then continued our route along the banks of the river for about an hour, for the most part among the date trees, which line the borders of the desert. These trees were larger than any I had seen in Egypt. At the end of one hour we forded the river, without any difficulty, as the water hardly reached above the knees of the camels. In less than half an hour from the opposite bank, we came to the village of Athara, so named from its vicinity to the river. As the caravan was to remain here some days, the first care of every one was to choose a proper halting-place. The Souakin merchants alighted on an open ground in front of the village, where they formed several parties among themselves. The Tekayrne and myself took possession of some thick thorny bushes on one side of the village, within which, after a few hours labour with the axe, each cut a small birth just large enough to contain himself and his baggage, while the slaves were ordered to sleep before the entrance. We thus secured our goods from pilferers, and by spreading a few mats over the bushes, procured a comfortable shade.

The tribe of Bisharein Arabs, the population of these parts, are of the most infamous character; treacherous, cruel, avaricious, and revengeful: and the author observes—

The inhospitable character of the Bisharein would alone prove them to be a true African race, were it not put beyond all doubt by their language. Not a drop of milk could be had without purchasing it, and the women obliged us to pay for the use of some old earthen pots which we were in need of during our stay; no one would even interpret between us and such of the people as were ignorant of Arabic, without exacting at least a handful of Dhouira for his trouble. This avaricious spirit is conspicuous in all their actions, and it is not merely caravan passengers, from whom it is natural for them to extort some profit, that are thus treated: the poor negro pilgrims who pass this place in their way to Taka complain bitterly of the pitiless inhabitants of the banks of the Atbara.

Dhouira, and a small quantity of Loubie or kidney-beans, are sown in the wood close to the river, without any previous pre-

\* Several of the Souakin merchants had concubines with them, whom they always carry with them on their travels.

† In all the Musselman countries the female cousins can be demanded in marriage by the males of the family.

paration of the ground. Water-wheels are unknown. The extent of fertile soil is equal on both sides of the river; but nothing is cultivated on the left bank, on account of the depredations of the Djalein on that side. In years when the river does not overflow the banks, they draw all their supplies from Taka. The same trees grow near the village which I saw on the west bank; the Nebek was the most common; its fruit is so abundant that the camels are sometimes fed upon it. The Oshour occupies the intervals between the larger trees, and leaves but little space for the growth of the Dhourra. A great number of turtle-doves and pigeons flew about; they have numerous enemies in a species of eagle, which is very little larger than the eagle Rakkham of Egypt; the body is quite black, the head bald, and of a deep purple red, like that of the turkey. The Bisharein say that tigers abound in the woods, and that very large serpents are sometimes seen; but though I crossed the woods every day to bring water from the river, I never saw any quadrupeds, except innumerable hosts of rats, of the largest size, running among the Dhourra stubble, great numbers of which the slaves killed, and were delighted to eat. The large ants, which are said to be extremely obnoxious in Kordofan and Darfour, are never seen any where to the east of the Nile. During high water crocodiles are found in the river, but no hippopotami. The rhinoceros is unknown here.

The cattle of the Bisharein are very fine, and in great abundance. Their camels had just been sent to the nearest mountains, where some rains had fallen, to feed upon the fresh herbage, while those in our caravan were driven every morning into the woods to feed upon the twigs of the acacias.

The flocks of sheep and goats were following the camels to the mountains; we bought two large sheep for one dollar's worth of Dammour. The chief and some of his relatives keep horses, and wear coats of mail; there are a couple of asses belonging to every tent.

The river Athara joins the Mogren at about two days from this village, beyond which the united stream bears the latter name.

(To be continued.)

Anastasius; or *Memoirs of a Greek*. 3 vols.

The picture of a French tourist, to whom the revenge detailed in our last Number, recommended him, is as well-drawn as that of the Germans.

His object in undertaking the long journey to Turkey seemed to be to play on the guitar, and to compose French love songs. Twice a week a messenger of the embassy was dispatched to Paris, with M. de Vial's effusions, in order that his friends at home might see how he employed his time abroad. *Par contre*, he had determined as soon as he returned to France, and found himself at leisure, to write a detailed account of Turkey—rather however as it ought to be, than as it

was. For M. de Vial disapproved of the Ottoman system in toto; and hence he deemed it sheer loss of time to visit the curiosities of its capital. The only thing he could have liked—had he not been too busy learning the *romekia*—was an *affaire de cœur* with the favourite Sultana; and for a long while he continued exceedingly anxious to give the ladies of the imperial Harem a fête on the Black Sea; but that project failing, from their sending no answers to his notes, he wondered who could bear the dowdies of Constantinople, that had seen the *Trois Sultanes* of Marmontel at the Paris opera. In truth, M. de Vial had no patience with the barbarians. Their language was a gibberish, *où l'on n'entendait rien*; and they had so little *savoir vivre*, that they let their heads be chopped off like cabbage tops. Desirous however of treating them to a sight of the last Paris fashions, he decked out his nether man in pea-green coloured cloth, and got himself chastised by a hot-headed Emir, for thus profaning the forbidden colour—almost too sacred with the Turks for the head itself.

In his turn M. de Vial sent the cousin of Mohammed a challenge, with which the Emir lit his pipe. At last, after a whole day uselessly employed in ogling the Sultana mother through a huge telescope, from the tower of Galata, the chevalier felt seized with a desperate fit of ennui, laid in a reasonable stock of embroidered handkerchiefs, to throw to the Paris belles after a Turkish fashion which the Turks know nothing of, and determined to bid adieu to Persa.

We shall not follow our hero through the rest of his Terjumanian career; but proceed to a truly oriental amour with Esmé, the young wife of an aged Turkish Effendi of rank. The lady and her situation are thus described by an old Jewess, the go-between on the occasion.

If the lady, by whom I have the honour of being employed, were one of your ordinary women, on whom the wind blows as freely as on the weeds of the desert, all would be easy enough. Females who go out at all hours to the bath, and to the market place, and to the Bezesteen, or to visit their friends, do whatever they please. But *adieu Esmé* is none of those, I'll warrant you. This exalted fair one has in her own apartment baths of marble and gold; twenty slaves are always ready at her nod to execute whatever whim may cross her fancy; the richest goods of every country are all spread out before her at her toilet; her own chamber opens on gardens whose roses make those of Sheeraz look pale. In short—poor thing!—she can find nothing to want abroad, and when she does go out, it seems rather for the purpose of seeing how superior is all that she leaves at home. Then she generally only travels alone in a close carriage. Her visits are confined to two or three of her near relations; and she so seldom finds an excuse for stirring out on foot, that the day you met her was the first time these six months she had stepped across her own threshold. Even when she indulges in a little excursion of the

sort, she only moves, as you see, accompanied by a swarm of servants, or rather, of spies.

The intrigue which ensues has a fatal termination—

For when (says Anastasius) long impunity had made me so daring as to invade the Effendee's own roof; when suspicions arose in the husband's mind, which he resolved to verify; when on he rushed to his harem; when right and left flew the women's slippers, placed as a spell at its threshold; when open burst the door of the sanctuary, and jealousy carried its search into the inmost recesses of the gynæceum; when what became of the hapless Esmé, Heaven, the Effendee, and the Black Sea alone can tell,—not a hair of my head received the smallest injury. That very impetuosity of my enemy which seemed to doom me to certain and immediate destruction, proved the means of my preservation. In the very act of making my escape, the door which turned back upon its hinges turned back upon my person, and concealed the intruder behind its friendly screen, until the Effendee and his troop had passed by. I then slipped away unperceived by any creature within. Some slaves, however, who kept watch on the outside, seeing me run, and in evident confusion, set up a hue and cry. Finding they gave me chase, I darted into a mosque, whose open gate seemed to invite my entrance. All I wanted was to throw my pursuers off the scent. A few old Moslemen were in the djamee, mumbling their evening prayers; and while the mob outside howled after the adulterer, the congregation within began to scream at the Yaour. Thus placed between two fires, all hopes of escape forsook me. I felt as if I must—but for some special miracle—soon be torn to pieces!

One human measure only remained to save my life. I drew my dagger, threw my cloak over my face, leaped my back against the mihrab, and cried, "I am a Moslem!"

Thus protected all his perils vanish, and a new course is opened to the proselyte.

(To be continued.)

#### ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Art. I. Bowdich's Mission to Ashantee.  
Art. II. Shepherd's Life of Poggio Bacciolini.

This work having been published in 1802, is of course entirely out of the sphere of our criticism. No translation of it having before appeared in France, the present volume will be an acquisition to French literature. It is by the same gentleman who translated Adams' Roman Antiquities, and is equally to be commended for its perfect faithfulness, and for the correctness and elegance of the style. The translator has added some valuable notes.

Art. III. Sir Charles Morgan's Philosophy of Life.

On the first publication of this work, we did not fail to take due notice of it. Mr. Abel Remusat gives a copious, and we think

impartial review of the book, differing, however, from the author's opinions in many important particulars.

#### EUSEBIUS.

Art. IV. Eusebii Pamphili Chronicon Canonum Libri duo, &c. 1 vol. 4to. Published by J. Zohrab and Angelo Mai, Milan.

Few works have excited before their publication such general interest as this which we now announce to our readers. The discovery of an Armenian version of the Chronicle of Eusebius, made at a time when this Chronicle still existed entire, and from an original which has been so long lost to us, promised to fill up one of the greatest blanks in ancient history. The learned world expected to find in it, not only the complete system of the Chronology of Eusebius, but also, what was of much greater importance and authority, the original testimonies of more ancient authors, which that learned and laborious writer was supposed to have preserved entire, as there are so many examples in his *Evangelical Preparation*, a work filled with so much erudition both sacred and profane. We hoped to see at length, rescued from the night of ages, the long series of those ancient monarchs of the East, whom the same jealous reil, which concealed them from the gaze of their subjects, seems to have hidden also from us; or at least, we hope to learn the opinion of the ancients themselves on these famous dynasties, respecting which we possessed hardly any thing but insulated testimonies, and modern systems.

After some farther preliminary observations, in which Mr. Raoul Rochette pays a just tribute to the literature of the Armenians, he proceeds to give an exact analysis of this work, shewing what are the new facts, which it adds to our knowledge of ancient history. We shall not in this place go into this analysis, which it would be necessary to translate entire; first, because the work having found its way to this country, our learned readers will not fail to refer to it themselves; and, secondly, because we wish to subjoin to this article, a communication which we have received from another quarter, and which we have hitherto kept back for the purpose of being employed in this place. We subjoin, however, part of the conclusion of M. R. Rochette's review.

"Such is the faithful and rapid sketch of the first twenty-two chapters of this Chronicle, which certainly add very little to our knowledge, in comparison to what we thought we might expect from it; happily the second part will offer us some indemnity, and the expectation of the learned world will not be wholly deceived. I terminate this article, with two observations; first, that the greater part of the original testimonies collected in the Chronicles of Eusebius, had been preserved to us by Synellus; and, secondly, that the Greek extracts published by Scaliger, at the end of his edition of Eusebius, really belong to the *Chronicle*, since they are exactly translated in the Armenian Version." The following is the communication, to which we alluded above.

VENICE.—The long expected edition of

the two books of the Chronicle of Eusebius, has at length appeared, from the press of the Armenian Convent, in the Island of St. Lazarus, with great typographical splendor.

This fine edition does great credit to these learned monks, natives of the East, venerable for their way of life, appearance, learning, and costume, distinguished by their philanthropy, their zeal for the sciences, and by their institution for the education of young Armenians. It cannot but be a great mortification to those worthy men, to see the Chronicle of Eusebius, on which they have bestowed all possible care and expence, published in an unworthy manner at Milan, and this by the unfaithfulness of one of their own brethren, Dr. Joh. Zohrab, who without their knowledge clandestinely took a MS. to Milan, where he joined Mr. Angelo Mai, who was, most probably, wholly unacquainted with the nature of the transaction. That nobody may be deceived by the highly respectable name of the learned and indefatigable Mai, who has performed such important services to literature, it is a duty to set the affair in its true light; and setting aside the unfairness of the proceeding, to warn the public against the Milan edition, published with the names of Mai, and Zohrab, in 2 vols. 4to., after a comparison with the edition published here; and the more so, as the Bibliotheca Italiana, and other highly respectable journals, have spoken of the Milan edition as a work of merit. But now the original edition is published, there can be no doubt of their respective merits, whether we consider the sources, or the manner in which the editors have performed their task. As for the first, the highly deserving Jo. Bapt. Ancher, to whom the convent entrusted the editing of the work, has fully detailed in the preface the history of the discovery. The Armenian MS. was brought during the last century, from Jerusalem to the Library of the Armenian Seminary at Constantinople: it is on parchment, and of the 12th century, as appears from the characters of the writing, and from the seal of an Armenian Patriarch, named Gregory (though there were several of this name), affixed to the 152d Olympiad, and engraved in this edition. By the desire of the monks of this convent, the learned Armenian, George Resch, at Constantinople, made a copy, and sent it hither in 1790. But in doing this, he improperly proceeded in the arbitrary manner which Scaliger adopted in putting together the Chronicle of Eusebius, and altered his copy accordingly: he at the desire of Ancher again copied the work in 1794, with the greatest fidelity, and sent it by Joh. Zohrab, who was just returning from Constantinople to Ancher, he communicates in the preface the correspondence which took place on the subject. The MS. is consequently the property of the convent; and the boast of Zohrab, as if he had had it copied, is vain, since he was no more than the bearer. But the source of his edition, is the first interpolated MS. on which he made, in a hurry, some small corrections, from the second true copy, and took it to Milan. The careful Ancher, on the contrary, during his second year's residence at Constantinople, compared the second co-

py with the original, and found that it perfectly corresponded with it, with the exception of a few errata, which he corrected.

If the sources of the Milan edition, upon which every thing depends, are corrupt and unauthentic, the manner of editing it will be found equally unsatisfactory. The Armenian text, which ought surely to be given with the first edition, is omitted; here it is printed in the most elegant characters. Mai, who is unacquainted with the Armenian language, has translated it into Latin, with the help of Zohrab; \* here Joh. Bayet, Ancher, who is versed in both languages, has translated (what was especially necessary), word for word, so that in these passages, where the corresponding Greek fragments are preserved, the difference of the readings is evident. In the Milan edition there are few, and unimportant remarks, here very copious ones, with a good register. The former is a work done in a hurry; the latter is executed after long preparation and expence. With what caution Ancher proceeded is evident from his delay in publishing, because he hoped to receive another MS. from the East, though the work was ready for the press in 1795, as appears from the licence (printed in the preface) of the Censor of the *Riformatori dello Studio di Padova*. Then came the years of war and revolution, unfavourable to the publication of such works. Ancher went as Armenian Missionary to Constantinople, did not return till 1815 to Italy, and remained then three years at Rome. On his return the edition was announced and commenced; and when he heard of what was doing at Milan, he descended but without success to offer to publish an edition in common.

In the same convent, a Latin translation will be published, of the work of Philo of Alexandria, 'On Providence,' which has been preserved only in an Armenian translation.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE PERSIAN AMBASSADOR.

The Persian Ambassador is, say the Newspapers, surprized and angry at the review of the "Travels of the Persian Prince Mirza Aboul-Taleb-Khen," which appeared in the Literary Gazette last week, from the French, and was copied by a Morning paper under the title of "Tour of His Excellency the Persian Ambassador;" and we can assure his Excellency that we had no desire to insult sentiments to him which neither were his nor such as he approved. Neither did we so directly designate him, as was done by the change of title which our copyists adopted for the sake of passing the article of an originally their own; though it is evident that the French critic has, from the similarity of names, fallen into an error as to the identity of his highness. It seems that the whole of the extracts are a selection from the Travels of MIRZA ABUL TALIB KHAN, an Indian, of Persian extraction, who never resided in Persia, and who travelled in Eu-

\* Who, says Mr. Raoul Rochette, appears not to be familiar with the Latin.—Ed.

some 20 years ago. The Ambassador keeps a Journal, but no part has yet been translated or published in any European language.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—As I have observed you have occasionally favoured your readers with specimens of monumental inscriptions, I beg leave to hand to you the enclosed, which seems to me to be a model for compositions of this sort. The inscription is copied from the tomb in All Saints Church, Hertford, and is from the classic pen of Lord John Townshend. If it meets with your approval, its insertion in the Literary Gazette would I think be acceptable to your numerous readers, and much oblige

Yours, &c. R. R.

To the Memory of

Isabella Georgiana Townshend,

Third daughter of Lord John Townshend and

Georgiana Ann his wife:

She died the 17th of September 1811, aged 20.

Oh! gone for ever! loved, lamented child!  
So young, so good, so innocent, and mild,  
With winning manners, beauty, genius, sense,  
Fond filial love, and sweet benevolence,  
The softest, kindest heart, yet firmest mind,  
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd.  
Never—oh never yet a fairer bloom  
Of opening virtues found an early tomb.  
How hard thy trials, how severe thy woes,  
She, she alone, thy sorrowing mother knows;  
Who three long years with sad foreboding heart,  
Bankrupt of every hope from human art,  
Still wept and watch'd, and still to heav'n for aid

Her fruitless vows, with meek devotion paid;  
But thou! pure spirit! fled to endless rest,  
Dear child! my heart—dread Bella! thou art blest:

And oh! the thought that we again may meet—  
Oh! not another gleam of hope so sweet  
Dawns on thy father's breast with welcome ray,  
To soothe his grief and cheer his closing day.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### PRINTED MAPS.

The celebrated Mr. Firmin Didot is now employed in engraving the dies for moveable types for printing maps, which will, it is affirmed, equal those engraved on copper, and which invention seems to be exclusively his own. Many attempts have already been made to print maps with moveable types, among which the specimens from the press of Messrs. Haas of Basil, and Periaux of Rome (who exhibited in the Exhibition of Arts this year, a beautiful map of the department of the lower Seine) are particularly distinguished; but they do not satisfy the expectations of connoisseurs: it is therefore hoped, that Mr. Firmin Didot, by his talent and zeal, will succeed in conquering the difficulties which have hitherto opposed the complete success of this important branch of typography.

We must observe, that the art of printing maps with moveable types, is originally a German invention: It is well known that one of the earliest printers, Conrad Sweynbreyer or Schweinhelm, introduced this art

into Rome, in company with Arnold Panartz, on the occasion of printing the twenty-seven maps for the cosmography of Ptolemy. He died before the work was quite finished, and it was therefore executed by another German, Arnold Buckinck (Bürking) at Rome, in October 1478. The practice was continued for some time in the 16th century, but afterwards abandoned, probably because it was too difficult and tedious, till the second half of the 18th century, when two Germans, almost at the same time, and without knowing any thing of each other, renewed the attempt. The first who published a specimen was Augustus Gottlieb, a Prussian, deacon at Carlsruhe, and who corresponded with the celebrated printer William Haas of Basil, that he might cut types for him on a certain plan, to be used in map-printing. His first attempt was made in 1776. It anticipated Breitkopf in the publication and execution of his ideas, and was called typometry. In the same year, however, appeared the *Environ*s of Leipzig, by Breitkopf, as a specimen; and his second attempt, in 1777, in which, and also in succeeding essays which were not made public, he constantly endeavoured to improve his invention.

Mr. Didot will now probably find some method to facilitate the very troublesome process. That may be, *Nam inventis facile est addere.*

### DISCOVERY OF AN ARABIAN ANTIQUE IN POLAND.

Some months ago, there was found in making a road near Brielany in Poland, a brass tablet, on which was delineated the celestial globe, with an Arabian inscription. The Society of the Lovers of the Sciences, begged from Mr. Chiarini, Professor of Oriental Languages to the university of Warsaw, an explanation of this antique. He was of opinion, that the tablet formed a part of an astronomical instrument made by an Arabian. Soon after this, another such astronomical instrument, with similar tables and inscriptions, was found in the convent of the Friars at Warsaw. Mr. Chiarini read a treatise on this subject, on the 24th of November, at the sitting of the Society, and stated, that the brass tablet which had been found, constituted, as it appeared to him, part of an Arabian Astrolabe. The instrument at present in the hands of the Friars, came from Italy about two centuries ago with the first Friars. The inscriptions on it mentioned the cities of Almeida, Toledo, Cordova, and Seville in Spain. The inscription on the fragment which was found near Brielany mentions the cities of Cairo and Medina.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 31.

The Hulsean prize for the present year is adjudged to the Rev. Edward White, B.A. of Corpus Christi college, for his essay on "*The fitness of the time when Christ came into the world.*"

## FINE ARTS.

### EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM ROME.

Nov.

The Barbarini Faun is at last released and sent off to Munich, where a Saloon of the new collection of Statuary will be named after it. Besides the desire of keeping in Rome works of art of this importance, a law-suit gave rise to the delay which has taken place. It is well known that this statue ornamented the Tomb of Adrian, and was found in erecting the new fortifications of the castle of St. Angelo.

While the old private collections are gradually decreasing, the discoveries in Quintiliolo near Trivoli show how much the bosom of the earth still cowers. A very beautiful fragment of the statue of a Youth, and a Nereid, are added to those already mentioned; and I hope that these discoveries will remain undivided, and fill a room in the Borgheese Museum.

The great patron and introducer of the English Father Taylor, formerly a Dominican Monk, died lately, and will certainly console himself in the other world for the curses of the laqueus, and the whole tribe who impose upon strangers. He wrote last year a very circumstantial letter on the prices, drink-money, tariffs, &c. in Rome. This was—whether with or without his consent, I do not know,—printed in London, and the idea suggested that every Englishman travelling to Italy ought to take a copy with him. As all articles are set down on the most economical scale, as a Roman Abbé is accustomed to buy, it is natural that such a book be considered as a real act of treason to the state, by the inhabitants of the Spanish place, the coachmasters, &c. Many Englishmen, indeed, make shift with the plan of the city, without any leavings.

The Church of San Paolo *f. l. m.* will now undergo the repairs of which it is so much in need; several parts which are wanting in the folding doors (very clumsily cast in the middle ages at Constantinople), are to be repaired by the ingenious Prussians, as Messrs. Hopfgart and Jollage are called here. Another attempt is making in the Colosseum, to drain off the subterraneous waters into the Circus Maximus. The incurable disorder of the architect Mr. Stern, and that of the public treasury, which is at least difficult to be remedied, leave the Campo Vaccino, the Arch of Titus, and the Temple of Peace, in the same ruinous condition. Count Blacas intends to continue the excavations of her grace the Duchess of Devonshire, near the pillar of Phocas. Naro's law suit, on account of a sepulchral Monument of which he has taken possession, will be determined in a few days.

The whole affair of the fishery in the Tiber has, like all inconsiderate attempts to effect something of importance, done more harm than good.

Belzoni, says another of our letters from Rome, has happily returned from Egypt, and will proceed from Venice, where he is at present performing quarantine, to England, to receive payment for the antiquities he



has discovered. Several Englishmen have lately made excavations in Cyrene. They discovered several beautiful statues and other interesting antiquities, and sent them off to London.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## A FAMILIAR STORY.

It was a winter morning. I had turned into a shop to buy some glittering thing for poor Cecilia: many a golden toy, Crusted with diamonds and gems lay there, And he who sold them, with obsequious look, Watch'd every motion, and commended much His wares, their workmanship and rare device, The water of each stone, its size and hue. I stood there undetermined, when a man Came slowly in. He shook the rain away, And wip'd the blinding sleet from off his eyes, (I thought I saw a tear) and in a voice Of proud, yet hesitating address, told The master of the house, he wish'd to sell Some trifles—for a friend. The fellow scowled, And, in impatient utterance, bade him wait. The colour mounted to the stranger's cheek; But quick subsiding, left a paleness there— More visible than before; and then he sigh'd Like one who must endure the sharp neglects And scoffs of this money-getting world. I could not suffer this: I am not wont (You know it) to heap weights upon the fallen, So gave up my precedence. I mark'd well The stranger's look: It was the face of one Who had spent a life in study,—deeply mark'd As if the lightning of the passions had Been there and marr'd it. On his lips there sat a melancholy smile. Shyly he glanced Around, then softly whispered his demand. It was too much—the tradesman's look replied. 'You cannot then?' he spoke—then, with a sigh, And such a look as man gives when he parts With all he loves for ever, did he thrust His shaking hand into his breast, and pluck'd A bauble thence—a picture, as I thought: He held the thing in silence for a time, Clench'd hard—at last, relaxing from his grasp, He seem'd to venture on a glance, and wip'd The dimness from the glass, and laid it down, Pointing toward it, "Dead Victoria," (He shuddered as he spoke) "the last is gone, The last memorial now has passed away. Must it be thus?—and yet, what matters it?— Art thou not writ upon my heart for ever?— If thou canst bear me from thy starry home, Thy home amongst the angels, pity me, And pardon that I here do give thee up.— (Thy likeness)—sell thee, beauty, to defray The bitter world's necessities. Not for me, Not for my wretched self, abandon'd, lost. Oh! I could stare upon misfortune still With a bold front, and bid my grief be dumb; For I have been accustom'd long to face The biting winds of winter—man's neglect— Injustice, hate, bitter and freezing want,— Without a hope, save one—beyond the grave."— He push'd the picture from him, and beseech'd The man to keep it for a time—perhaps He might redeem it. But let me end my tale: I made a friend and sav'd him; and when I Sat in darkest anguish by my dying bride, And rav'd and curs'd the world, and bid adieu Heav'n and its mighty mercies, he did tend (This stranger) like a ministering spirit round My couch, and saved me from a bloody death. He soothed my anguish, and did lead my thoughts

Upwards, and taught me—hope. At last he died: And now there's not one left, but thee my friend, My old acquaintance, unto whom my friend Turns with a full confiding. Never 'till now Didst thou or any other hear me tell How first I knew De Lacy: aye, he was The desolate stranger of that winter's day.

O.

## [By Correspondents.]

## THE VENUS DE MEDICIS.

Array'd in nought but her own loveliness  
She stands, a being of celestial mien;  
Such as, 'tis said, the gods did once caress;  
In form—in grace, the type of beauty's queen.  
'Twould seem that genius once, with soaring wing,  
On nature's privacy had stol'n so near,  
That, as her hand was sweetly fashioning,  
A faultless being for some brighter sphere,  
He bore the image in his eye away,  
And, swift descending to his native earth,  
With one impassion'd touch impress'd that clay,  
And gave the paragon of beauty birth.  
*Camden Town.* H. A. D.  
30th Dec. 1819.

## IMITATION OF BURNS.

The sun's a lowin' i' the sky,  
The laverock is a' croon,  
Heard ye not the curlew cry,  
They wauken'd him sae soon.  
Fresh dighted is the swaird wi' dew,  
And draps are on the bushes,  
The morn, my Jeanie, 's like to you,  
Wi' tears as well as blushes.  
Then up, how can ye sleeping hide  
To hear the burdie's sang,  
When we have mony a mile to ride,  
And a weary way to gang.  
Up, up, or the glazied pane 'll be brak,  
Dinna ye hear me rappin',  
Deil's i' the lassie, winna she wake,  
I'll be na langer stappin'.

EVAN.

## LINES,

Written at an Inn within sight of Conobro's Castle,  
Yorkshire.

## (A Scene in the Romance of Ivanhoe.)

Here lofty Conobro's rears his crest sublime,  
Tho' full of years, yet unshaded by Time:  
As some proud chief, still destined to command,  
In feudal pomp o'erlooks the prostrate land.  
His ample form with vernal honours graced,  
Whose sheltering beauty hides wide Havoc's  
waste.

The smiling Vale that peaceful rests below;  
The gliding stream meandering in its flow,  
In fitful flash reflecting beams of light,  
As windings give it to the dazzled sight,  
Save when it wanders on in sombre mood,  
Beneath the margin of the darkening wood.  
The grey smoke wafted by the gentle gale,  
That scarce with motion stirs the slacken'd sail;  
And high the splashing mill a mingled sound  
Is heard to rise mysteriously profound,  
As if some dire Enchanter's magic spell  
Escap'd in echoes from his secret cell.  
 Ofttimes upon the breeze soft notes ascend,  
But soon in harsher strains discordant end.

Vainly the passing stranger seeks the cause,  
In some portentous change of nature's laws:  
• He learns that, fashion'd for the work of death,  
The cannon's bore is heard upon the heath.

The charm now fled, no more with placid mien  
Or softest beauty swells the sylvan scene.  
Old Conobro's awful brow thick clouds o'er-  
spread,

And angry seems to rise his time-crown'd head;  
And as imagination holds her power,  
She rules the impulse of the varied hour †.

D.

• The works of the Messrs. Walker of Rotherham, for the boring of cannon.

† These lines were written, and many sketches of the sylvan scenery in which Ivanhoe is laid, were taken as singularly beautiful, by the artist from whose pen they came, many years ago. This shows how fine an eye the author of that romance has for nature, and how accurate, as well as picturesque, are his descriptions. Of the effect of this book we could cite no higher instance than that of a gentleman, who after reading the account of the Tournament, and rising to go out, called his servant to bring *his Armet*, instead of *Ast*. The general power of these novels has never been more highly and happily expressed than by a literary lady, who is so enthusiastic an admirer of them, as to say, "It is a happy thing to live in this age, were it only for the pleasure of reading them."

## HODGE.

The wild winds blow,  
Fast falls the snow,  
And Nature looketh drear:  
The fields and trees  
The shepherd sees  
Deck'd in their wintry gear.  
The gobbling ducks,  
The hen that clucks,  
And cock that struts so bold:  
The loving cows,  
And heaving ewes,  
Seem pinched by the cold.  
The toiling steed  
Regrets the mead  
Where he was wont to browse;  
The lazy hog  
Grunts at the dog  
That keeps him from the house.  
But Grey-malkin,  
All snug within,  
Enjoys the blazing fire;  
And sleek and fat,  
Doth graily pat  
The mouse that dares her ire.  
Now Hodge returns!  
The faggot burns,  
The sparkling ale goes round;  
The brown nuts too  
Appear in view,  
And mirth and glee abound.  
The rosy maid,  
Of man afraid,  
Refuses to be kist;  
And matrons grey  
Fling care away,  
To play at loo and whist,  
Such are the joys—  
No care annoys  
The happy countryman;  
The winter howls,  
The north with snows—  
Wedge higher fills his can!

He heedeth not  
The storm a jot,  
Whilst all around is warm :  
The hail may fall,  
The wind may howl—  
These give him no alarm.

His barton's full,  
The cow and bull  
Shew Hodge's thrifty care ;  
And more than this,  
His men I wiss  
The farmer's kindness share.

No churl is he,  
But lythe and free—  
He hears a gen'rous heart ;  
And those that are  
In fortune spare,  
Acknowledge his desert.

Now I will show  
What mickle woe  
Attends a town-led life ;  
And eke repeat  
What seemeth meet,  
Or single or with wife.

The air is thick,  
The mud doth stick,  
And clog up all the way ;  
The busy crowd,  
So dull and proud,  
Wear out the dingy day.

At night they roam  
Are seldom home,  
But in the tavern meet :  
With throat like drum  
His wife doth come,  
A bitter shrew and quean.

"What, at your pot,  
You lazy sot !"  
She says in frantic fret :  
But she, poor thing,  
Gets a drab-bing,  
Which sure none can regret.

The single man  
Looks pale and wan,  
Th' effect of early riot :  
It moves my ruth  
To see the youth  
So lost to health and quiet.

For, ere he be  
Full six times three,  
By vile debauch he's undone ;  
And friends lament  
In discontent  
The wickedness of London.

The maidens flaunt  
And gallivant,  
Bedizen'd out so fine ;  
To church they run,  
But never one  
To list to the divine.

'Tis but to see  
A certain he—  
To plan how to deceive :  
Mim, pert and vain,  
Looks with disdain  
On those that Love believes.

In each new face  
She finds a grace  
Which her old lovers lack ;  
And then, God wot,  
She heedeth not,  
But stuns ye with her clack.

Thus have I shown,  
That in the town  
The people do not well :  
But honest Hodge  
Doth Fortune dodge,  
And gives and lives himself'.

His ruddy cheek  
And pimply beak  
Shew little woe or care ;  
He's early up  
Then takes a cup,  
And wends to field or fair.

Meanwhile the cit  
Sees visions flit  
Of contracts, stocks, and loans ;  
Thrice cent per cent  
He grasps content—  
He starts—awakes, and groans !

J. H.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL THEODORE REDING  
VON BIBEREGG.

Commanding the Swiss troops in the service of  
Spain.

(Extracted from the Journal of a German  
Officer in the Spanish service at the battle  
of Baylen.)

I cannot refrain (says the officer) from relating an anecdote, which throws such a pleasing light on the character of the immortal Don Theodore Reding, a man who by his intrepidity, personal valour, and sound judgment in the military art, greatly contributed to the success of that day. On the evening before the battle, several dragoons of one of our most distant pickets of cavalry brought bound into the camp, about twenty Andalusian peasants, who were conducting a number of mules and asses loaded with water, by a secret road, to the French, when they were seized by our people. The heat was so excessive, that persons of eighty years of age remembered nothing to equal it. The peasants trembling awaited their sentence, before the General's tent, well knowing that death was the consequence of their crime. At last the commander appeared. Curiosity had drawn together some young officers, to whom Reding said : "Gentlemen, form a circle. These men, (continued he, addressing us with great seriousness,) were conveying to the enemy, who are, we know, suffering for want of water, that necessary article ; now determine their punishment—I will collect your votes." The gallows according to the Laws of War," said the first, the second, and the third. The peasants turned pale. Some voted for shooting them ; the most compassionate for drawing lots and punishing every fifth man. "But do not let us," said the General, "decide too hastily in a case of such importance ; which of you, gentlemen, can know how many of us may survive to-morrow? What induced you, (turning to the peasants,) to act in this manner? You ought to contribute to our success ;—you, whose interest it is to do the French all possible harm, even you bring provisions to the enemy's camp !"

"General, we have done wrong, (said one

of the peasants,) but have some excuse to offer. Our huts and our corn were a prey to the flames. We are all fathers of families, and no prospect but starvation remained to us for the approaching winter. We knew very well that the French paid two reales for a glass of water,—with this money we hoped to relieve ourselves from want. Our sons are here in the army, and we also are prepared to die fighting for our country. A part of this very money was intended for powder, as we are too poor to procure our ammunition, as is required of us." Tears sparkled in the eyes of the Hero. He went into his tent, came out with a purse in his hand, and gave every peasant a piece of gold worth five ducats, saying, "Divide the water among your countrymen, and leave the French to me ; to-morrow they will have something to drink." He would not stop to receive their thanks, but immediately after this noble action withdrew. It is remarkable, that in this battle Swiss were seen fighting against Swiss, who here murdered each other for the pay which they received from foreign nations. The French Swiss regiments, who wore a red uniform, were called by ours the Red Swiss, and they were in fact not a little inveterate against each other. Two Redings commanded Spanish troops, and one a French Brigade. Don Theodore would not see this latter, Don Carlos Reding, when he was made prisoner.

## THE DRAMA.

Our return of the drama this week is *nil* ; novelty has been produced at either of the great houses, and we are not so much in love with theatrical antiquities, as to compose an essay upon them. The pantomimes continue their attractions. The Bean-Stalk seems to be productive ; and Grimaldi having exchanged his squire's for a clown's dress, is more at home than ever in the blanket, wherein he is so happily, since by proxy, tossed.

NEW DRAMA.—A Musical Drama, taken from the popular novel of the Antiquary, is in rehearsal at Covent Garden Theatre. Liston is to represent Oldbuck the Antiquary ; Emery, Ochiltree ; and the principal musical characters by Duruset, Miss Stephens, and Miss Tree.

## THEATRE DU VAUDEVILLE.

*La Somnambule*, a Vaudeville in 2 Acts.—Nina went mad for love ; but Cecile, the heroine of the new Vaudeville, merely becomes a *sleep-walker* because her lover has forsaken her through unfounded jealousy. Cecile, in revenge, resolves to bestow her hand on another admirer. Every thing is arranged for the wedding ; and the intended bridegroom arrives, accompanied by Gustave, the faithless lover, of whose adventure he is ignorant. Gustave sees the fair phantom during the night, and some words which Cecile utters in her sleep convinces him that his suspicions of her were groundless. The author, it would appear, takes it for granted

that a woman necessarily speaks truth in her sleep; though many a fair dreamer might be inclined to dispute the principle.

Be that as it may, Gustave, too generous to destroy his friend's happiness, determines to set off on the following day; but Cecile's shawl, which is found in his chamber, explains the whole affair to Frederick, and he renounces the hand of his intended bride, in favour of her former lover. This, it must be allowed, was the most prudent course that could be adopted by a gentleman about to marry a *sleep-walking wife*.

#### THEATRE DE LA PORTE SAINT MARTIN.

First representation of *Les Petites Danaïdes*, ou *Les 99 Victimes*.—This is a parody on the Tragedies and Operas that have been founded on the story of the Danaïdes. M. Sourniois, a restaurateur, takes place of King Danaus. He has fifty daughters, who are married to their fifty cousins. Cupid is irritated that Hymen should thus deprive him of so many subjects, and he deposes a dream of M. Sourniois, which gives him the nightmare; and informs him that one of the bridegrooms intends to send him *ad patres*. Terrified at this warning, Sourniois, who has not been made acquainted with the name of the *delinquent*, thinks the surest way is to dispatch all his sons-in-law at once.

He summons his daughters to meet him in the evening in the cellar. Cupid, who is also in attendance, examines the casks, and finds in one of them fifty knives, which he transforms into fifty daggers.

Sourniois' daughters range themselves in circles round the barrels. "My little angels," says the father, "you must perform me an act of service: do me the favour to kill your husbands this evening." Forty-nine swear to execute the barbarous orders, and they conceal the daggers in their ridicules. M. Sourniois, however, observes that Madeline has not sworn like the rest; he suspects that she intends in *petto*, to save M. Pincoff, her husband; and he reproaches her for her weakness.

This scene resembles one in Gombauld's tragedy of the Danaïdes: when Danaus exhorts his daughters to murder their husbands, one of them seriously asks:—

"Pourriez-vous donner la mort, comment les prendrons-nous?"

"Il faut les enlever!"—

replies Danaus. Hypermnestra then observes that her husband never sleeps, and that the strongest wine cannot intoxicate him. In this instance the tragic poet is at least as burlesque as the author of the parody.

Madeline prevails on her dear Pincoff to fly. The forty-nine bridegrooms retire to rest, and soon meet their fate. Their ghosts are seen rising to heaven, with their cotton night caps; and Sourniois and his daughters are hurled to the infernal regions, where they are doomed to endure endless grotesque torments.

The piece was received with warm approbation.

#### VARIETIES.

There have been, for the last few days, several spots visible on the sun's disc; some of them very large. It is remarkable that these spots change their figure and position, and disappear and re-appear with unusual rapidity.

Rousseau could not endure spoiled children. One day, as some children were playing in the gardens of the Tuileries, Bernardin observed to him; "These are beings whom you have rendered happy; your advice has been followed." Rousseau replied, "I spoke against those who tyrannize over children; but now it is the children who lord it over their governesses and tutors."

Among the advertisements of the present period, are several of "*Finishing Academies*."

A countryman stepped up to Mr. — a bookseller at Doncaster, who was standing at his own door, and enquired if this were the Green Dragon? Mr. — led him gently out to the middle of the street, and pointing to his sign, the *Bible and Crown*, said, "Is that like a Green Dragon, friend?" "I do not know," replied Hodge, not in the least disconcerted for I never seed one."

A discussion respecting oysters, at present occupies public attention in Belgium and Holland. A bank of oysters has recently been discovered in the neighbourhood of Antwerp. These oysters, it appears, do not agree with the Belgians; but the Dutch, on the contrary, are very fond of them and hence a serious dispute has arisen in the journals of the two countries. The Batavians say the oysters are not *English*; but the Belgians like them the better for that, and pride themselves in giving the preference to their own native oysters; the moderates, who may be said to belong to the stomach faction, eat both impartially. Thus political feeling attaches itself to every thing! Where will party spirit next find a niche—since it has penetrated even into oyster-shells!

A child of little more than seven years of age, named Faustin Hingues, is at present the object of enthusiastic admiration at Naples, for his extraordinary performances on the violin.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

*Contents of the Journal des Savans for December 1819*.—Baoul Rochette Deux Lettres à mylord d'Aberdeen.—Reviewed by M. Letronne.

Mlle Vauvilliers Histoire de Jean d'Albert, Reine de Navarre.—M. Dauou.

Feroozabad. 'The Kimoos or the Ocean.—M. Silvestre de Sacy.

George Reinbeck, Dramatic Works (in German).—Mr. Vanderbourg.

P. Basile de Glemont. Supplément au Dictionnaire Chinois-Latin.

BURNING OF WIDOWS.—About a year ago, Bykuntanth Banoojee, Secretary to the Brahmyu or Unitarian Hindoo community, published a tract in Bengali, a translation

of which has been made into English, wherein he not only maintains that it is the incumbent duty of Hindoo Widows, to live as ascetics, and thus acquire divine absorption, but expressly accuses those who bid down a widow with the corpse of her husband, and also use bamboos to press her down and prevent her escape, should she attempt to fly from the flaming pile, as guilty of deliberate woman murder. In support of this charge, as well as of his declaration of the illegality of the practice generally, he has adduced strong arguments founded upon the authorities considered the most sacred. This treatise has excited a strong sensation in India, where the horrible custom against which it is directed is still lamentably prevalent.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

DECEMBER, 1819.

Thursday, 30.—Thermometer from 21 to 33.  
Barometer from 29, 72 to 29, 62.

Wind S.W. and S. 4.—Cloudy and hazy, most of the day. A fine coloured halo formed about 10 o'clock this morning, and continued for about an hour.

Friday, 31.—Thermometer from 18 to 24.

Barometer from 29, 57 to 29, 52.  
Wind N.E. 4 and S.W. 4.—Early part of the morning clear; the rest of the day hazy.

JANUARY, 1820.

Saturday, 1.—Thermometer from 13 to 29.

Barometer, from 29, 60 to 29, 72.  
Wind N. 4, and W. by S. 4.—Morning clear; the rest of the day foggy and cloudy.

Sunday, 2.—Thermometer from 17 to 40.

Barometer from 29, 60 to 29, 66.  
Wind S. 4.—Foggy and cloudy; with rain at times.

Monday, 3.—Thermometer from 33 to 25.

Barometer from 29, 67, to 30, 15.  
Wind N. 3 and 4.—Morning cloudy, with a little snow, the rest of the day clear.

Rain fallen .375 of an inch.

Tuesday, 4.—Thermometer from 19 to 29.

Barometer 30, 26 stationary.  
Wind S.W. 4.—Generally hazy.

Wednesday, 5.—Thermometer from 14 to 24.

Barometer from 30, 31 to 30, 35.  
Wind S.W. 4.—Generally hazy.

Rime particularly thick in the morning.  
On Tuesday the 11th, at 5 hours, 35 minutes, 54 seconds (clock time), the third Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

Lat. 51. 37. 32. N.

Lon. 0. 3. 51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. R.'s communications are received with acknowledgments.

Y. is a more accurate than liberal critic, on the adverb "only" being, certainly loosely and erroneously, placed before instead of after the words "inferior" and "published," in the first col. of our last Number. The sense requires the latter; and it was sheer haste in preparing for Saturday a review of a quarto volume, not seen till Thursday afternoon, which caused the careless blunders. Erratum.—In our last Number, in the review of Sir W. Osney's *Travels*, col. 2, p. 9, line 52, for "Trinity" read "Unity" of God.

Miscellaneous Advertisements,  
(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

British Institution for promoting the Fine Arts  
in the United Kingdom.  
NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.

THE Pictures, &c. intended for Exhibition  
in the British Gallery, the ensuing season,  
will be sent there for the inspection of the Committee,  
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# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

### POISONING OF FOOD.

*A Treatise on Adulterations of Food, and Culinary Poisons; exhibiting the Fraudulent Sophistications of Bread, Beer, Wine, Spirituous Liquors, Tea, Coffee, Cheese, Pepper, Mustard, &c. &c. &c. And methods of detecting them.* By Frederick Accum, &c. London, 1820. pp. 372.

As we may safely prognosticate that this volume will soon be as widely diffused as its curious and vitally important character merits, we seize the earliest opportunity of making it known to our readers, since in a very few weeks the original would supersede, in every hand, our claim to novelty. We have heard at various times of this and that fraud, in the substitution of spurious and often deleterious articles for the necessities of life; but never could we conceive so frightful a picture of imposition and villainy as thus bringing the poisonous ingredients into one point of view presents. One has laughed at the whimsical description of these cheats in Humphrey Clinker, but it is really impossible to laugh at Mr. Accum's exposition. It is too serious for a joke to see that in almost every thing which we eat or drink, we are condemned to swallow swindling, if not poison—and that all the items of metropolitan, and many of country consumption, are deteriorated, deprived of nutritious properties, or rendered obnoxious to humanity by the vile arts and mercile's sophistications of their sellers. So general seems the corruption, and so fatal the tendency of most of the corrupting materials, that we can no longer wonder at the prevalence of painful disorders, and the briefness of existence (on an average) in spite of the great increase of medical knowledge, and the amazing improvement in the healing science, which distinguish our era. No skill can prevent the effects of daily poisoning; and no man can prolong his life beyond a short standard, where every meal ought to have its counteracting medicine. Had Shakespeare written now, in London,

VOL. IV.

he surely would have altered the exclamation of Jacques,—

"As I do live by food I met a fool;"

for to be german to the matter, he should say:—

"As I do die by food, I met a fool."

In short, Mr. Accum acts the part of Dionysius with us; only the horse-hair by which he suspends the sword over our heads allows the point gradually to enter the flesh, and we do not escape, like Damocles, with the simple fright: yet it is but justice to acknowledge, that in almost every case he furnishes us with tests whereby we can ascertain the nature of our danger; and no man could do more towards enabling us to mitigate or escape from it.

Advising our readers to abstain from perusing the annexed synopsis till after they have dined, that they may have one more meal in comfort ere they die, we proceed to the various heads under which the author ranges his dread array.

Of all the frauds (says he in his preliminary observations) practised by mercenary dealers, there is none more reprehensible, and at the same time more prevalent, than the sophistication of the various articles of food.

This unprincipled and nefarious practice, increasing in degree as it has been found difficult of detection, is now applied to almost every commodity which can be classed among either the necessities or the luxuries of life, and is carried on to a most alarming extent in every part of the United Kingdom.

It has been pursued by men, who, from the magnitude and apparent respectability of their concerns, would be the least obnoxious to public suspicion; and their successful example has called forth, from among the retail dealers, a multitude of competitors in the same iniquitous course.

To such perfection of ingenuity has this system of adulterating food arrived, that spurious articles of various kinds are every where to be found, made up so skillfully as to baffle the discrimination of the most experienced judges.

Among the number of substances used in domestic economy which are now very generally found sophisticated, may be distinguished—tea, coffee, bread, beer, wine, spirituous liquors, salad oil, pepper, vinegar, mustard, cream, and other articles of subsistence.

Indeed, it would be difficult to mention a

single article of food which is not to be met with in an adulterated state; and there are some substances which are scarcely ever to be procured genuine.

Some of these spurious compounds are comparatively harmless when used as food; and as in these cases merely substances of inferior value are substituted for more costly and genuine ingredients, the sophistication, though it may affect our purse, does not injure our health. Of this kind are the manufacture of factitious pepper, the adulterations of mustard, vinegar, cream, &c. Others, however, are highly deleterious; and to this class belong the adulterations of beer, wines, spirituous liquors, pickles, salad oil, and many others.

There are particular chemists who make it a regular trade to supply drugs or nefarious preparations to the unprincipled brewer of porter or ale; others perform the same office to the wine and spirit merchant; and others again to the grocer and the oilman. The operators carry on their processes chiefly in secrecy, and under some delusive firm, with the ostensible denotements of a fair and lawful establishment.

These illicit pursuits have assumed all the order and method of a regular trade; they may severally claim to be distinguished as an *art* and *mystery*; for the workmen employed in them are often wholly ignorant of the nature of the substances which pass through their hands, and of the purposes to which they are ultimately applied.

To elude the vigilance of the inquisitive, to defeat the scrutiny of the revenue officer, and to ensure the secrecy of these mysteries, the processes are very ingeniously divided and subdivided among individual operators, and the manufacture is purposely carried on in separate establishments. The task of proportioning the ingredients for use is assigned to one individual, while the composition and preparation of them may be said to form a distinct part of the business, and is entrusted to another workman. Most of the articles are transmitted to the consumer in a disguised state, or in such a form that their real nature cannot possibly be detected by the unvary. Thus the extract of *cochlear indicæ*, employed by fraudulent manufacturers of malt-liquors to impart an intoxicating quality to porter or ales, is known in the market by the name of *black extract*, ostensibly destined for the use of tanners and dyers. It is obtained by boiling the berries of the *cochlear indicæ* in water, and distilling, by a subsequent evaporation, this decoction into a stiff black tenebrous mass, possessing, in a high degree, the narcotic and intoxicating quality of the poisonous berry from which it is prepared. Another substance, composed of extract of quassia



and liquorice juice, used by fraudulent brewers to economise both malt and hops, is technically called *nutrum*.

The quantities of *cochlearia indicus* berries, as well as of black extract, imported into this country for adulterating malt liquors, are enormous. It forms a considerable branch of commerce in the hands of a few brokers: yet, singular as it may seem, no inquiry appears to have been hitherto made by the officers of the revenue respecting its application. Many other substances employed in the adulteration of beer, ale, and spirituous liquors, are in a similar manner intentionally disguised; and of the persons by whom they are purchased, a great number are totally unacquainted with their nature or composition.

An extract, said to be innocent, sold in casks, containing from half a cwt. to five cwt. by the brewers' druggists, under the name of *bittern*, is composed of calcined sulphate of iron (copperas), extract of *cochlearia indicus* berries, extract of quassia, and Spanish liquorice.

During the long period devoted to the practice of my profession, I have had abundant reason to be convinced that a vast number of dealers, of the highest respectability, have vended to their customers articles absolutely poisonous, which they themselves considered as harmless; and which they would not have offered for sale, had they been apprised of the spurious and pernicious nature of the compounds, and of the purposes to which they were destined.

The baker (he continues) asserts that he does not put alum into bread; but he is well aware that, in purchasing a certain quantity of flour, he must take a sack of *sharp wheats* (a term given to flour contaminated with a quantity of alum,) without which it would be impossible for him to produce light, white, and porous bread, from a half-spoiled material.

The wholesale mealman frequently purchases this spurious commodity, (which forms a separate branch of business in the hands of certain individuals,) in order to enable himself to sell his decayed and half-spoiled flour.

Other individuals furnish the baker with alum mixed up with salt, under the obscure denomination of *stuff*. There are wholesale manufacturing chemists whose sole business is to crystallise alum, in such a form as will adapt this salt to the purpose of being mixed in a crystalline state with the crystals of common salt, to disguise the character of the compound. The mixture called *stuff*, is composed of one part of alum, in minute crystals, and three of common salt. In many other trades a similar mode of proceeding prevails.—Potatoes are soaked in water to augment their weight.

The practice of sophisticating the necessities of life, being reduced to systematic regularity, is ranked by public opinion among other mercantile pursuits; and is not only regarded with less disgust than formerly, but is almost generally esteemed as a justifiable way to wealth.

It is really astonishing that the penal law

is not more effectually enforced against practices so inimical to the public welfare. The man who robs a fellow subject of a few shillings on the high-way, is sentenced to death; while he who distributes a slow poison to a whole community, escapes unpunished.

Thus devoted to disease by baker, brewer, grocer, &c. the physician is called to our assistance; but here again the pernicious system of fraud, as it has given the blow, steps in to defeat the remedy.

Nine tenths of the most potent drugs and chemical preparations used in pharmacy, are vended in a sophisticated state by dealers who would be the last to be suspected. It is well known, that in the article of Peruvian bark, there is a variety of species inferior to the genuine; that too little discrimination is exercised by the collectors of this precious medicament; that it is carelessly assorted, and is frequently packed in green hides; that much of it arrives in Spain in a half-decayed state, mixed with fragments of other vegetables and various extraneous substances; and in this state is distributed throughout Europe.

But as if this were not a sufficient deterioration, the public are often served with a spurious compound of mahogany saw-dust and oak wood, ground into powder mixed with a proportion of good quinquina, and sold as genuine bark powder.

Every chemist knows that there are mills constantly at work in this metropolis, which furnish bark powder at a much cheaper rate than the substance can be procured for in its natural state. The price of the best genuine bark, upon an average, is not lower than twelve shillings the pound; but immense quantities of powder bark are supplied to the apothecaries at three or four shillings a pound.

It is also notorious that there are manufacturers of spurious rhubarb powder, ipecacuanha powder, James's powder, and other simple and compound medicines of great potency, who carry on their diabolical trade on an amazingly large scale. Indeed, the quantity of medical preparations thus sophisticated exceeds belief. Cheapness, and not genuineness and excellence, is the grand desideratum with the unprincipled dealers in drugs and medicines.

Those who are familiar with chemistry may easily convince themselves of the existence of the fraud, by subjecting to a chemical examination either spirits of hartshorn, magnesia, calcined magnesia, calomel, or any other chemical preparation in general demand.

Indeed, some of the most common and cheap drugs do not escape the adulterating hand of the unprincipled druggist. Syrup of buckthorn, for example, instead of being prepared from the juice of buckthorn berries, (*rhamnus cathartica*) is made from the fruit of the blackberry bearing alder, and the dogberry tree. A mixture of the berries of the buckthorn and blackberry bearing alder, and of the dogberry tree, may be seen pub-

licly exposed for sale by some of the vendors of medicinal herbs.

Instead of worm-seed (*artemisia antonica*) the seeds of tansy are frequently offered for sale, or a mixture of both.

A great many of the essential oils obtain from the more expensive spices, are frequently so much adulterated, that it is easy to meet with such as are at all fit for use: nor are these adulterations easily detectable.

Most of the arrow-root, the ferula of Maranta arundinacea, sold by druggists, is mixture of potatoe starch and arrow-root.

The same system of adulteration extends to articles used in various trades and manufactures. For instance, linen tape, and various other household commodities of this kind, instead of being manufactured of lin thread only, are made up of linen and cotton. Colours for painting, not only those used by artists, such as ultramarine\*, carmine†, a lake‡; Antwerp blue§, chrome yellow and Indian ink¶; but also the coarsest colours used by the common house-painter: more or less adulterated. Thus, of the latter kind, white lead\*\* is mixed with carbonate or sulphate of barytes; vermilion with red lead.

Soap used in house-keeping is frequently adulterated with a considerable portion of fine white clay, brought from St. Stephen in Cornwall. In the manufacture of printing paper, a large quantity of plaster of Paris is added to the paper stuff, to increase the weight of the manufactured article. The selvage of cloth is often dyed with a permanent colour, and artfully stitched to the edge of cloth dyed with a fugitive dye. Frauds committed in the tanning of skin and in the manufacture of cutlery and jewelry, exceed belief.

It is so horribly pleasant to tell how we are in this way be-swinded, be-trayed, be-drugged, and be-devil that we are almost angry with Mr. Cum for the great service he has done the community by opening our eyes to the risk of shutting our mouths for ever.

\* Genuine ultramarine should become deep of its colour when thrown into concentrated nitric acid.

† Genuine carmine should be totally soluble in liquid ammonia.

‡ Genuine madder and carmine lakes should be totally soluble by boiling in a concentrated solution of soda or potash.

§ Genuine Antwerp blue should not be deprived of its colour when thrown into chlorine.

¶ Genuine chrome yellow should not re-verse with nitric acid.

‡ The best Indian ink breaks splintery, a smooth glossy fracture, and feels soft, gritty, when rubbed against the teeth.

\*\* Genuine white lead should be completely soluble in nitric acid, and the solution remain transparent when mingled with solution of sulphate of soda.

†† Genuine vermilion should become volatilised on being exposed to a red heat; it should not impart a red colour to wine, when digested with it.

His account of water is so fearful, that we see there is no wisdom in the well; and if we then fly to wine, we find, from his analysis, that there is no truth in that liquid: bread turns out to be a crutch to help us onward to the grave, instead of the staff of life; in porter there is no support, in cordials no consolation; in almost every thing poison, and in scarcely any medicine, cure. But we proceed to particulars.

**WATER.**—It is to the presence of common air and carbonic acid gas that common water owes its taste, and many of the good effects which it produces on animals and vegetables. Spring water, which contains more air, has a more lively taste than river water.

Hence the insipid or rapid taste of newly boiled water, from which these gases are expelled; fish cannot live in water deprived of those elastic fluids.

100 cubic inches of the New River water, with which part of this metropolis is supplied, contains 2.25 of carbonic acid, and 1.25 of common air. The water of the river Thames contains rather a larger quantity of common air, and a smaller portion of carbonic acid.

Rain water collected with every precaution as it descends from the clouds, and at a distance from large towns, or any other object capable of impregnating the atmosphere with foreign matters, approaches more nearly to a state of purity than perhaps any other natural water. Even collected under these circumstances, however, it invariably contains a portion of common air and carbonic acid gas. The specific gravity of rain water scarcely differs from that of distilled water; and from the minute portions of the foreign ingredients which it generally contains, it is very soft, and admirably adapted for many culinary purposes, and various processes in different manufactures and the arts.

Some rivers, however, that do not take their rise from a rocky soil, and are indeed at first considerably charged with foreign matter, during a long course, even over a richly cultivated plain, become remarkably pure as to saline contents; but often fouled with mud containing much animal and vegetable matter, which are rather suspended than held in true solution. Such is the water of the river Thames, which, taken up at London at low water mark, is very soft and good; and, after rest, it contains but a very small portion of any thing that could prove pernicious, or impede any manufacture. It is also excellently fitted for sea-store; but it then undergoes a remarkable spontaneous change, when preserved in wooden casks. No water carried to sea becomes putrid sooner than that of the Thames.

Whoever will consider the situation of the Thames, and the immense population along its banks for so many miles, must at once perceive the prodigious accumulation of animal matters of all kinds, which by means of the common sewers constantly make their way into it. These matters are, no doubt,

in part the cause of the putrefaction which it is well known to undergo at sea, and of the carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen gases which are evolved from it. When a wooden cask is opened, after being kept a month or two, a quantity of carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen escapes, and the water is so black and offensive as scarcely to be borne. Upon racking it off, however, into large earthen vessels, and exposing it to the air, it gradually deposits a quantity of black slimy mud, becomes clear as crystal, and remarkably sweet and palatable.

It might, at first sight, be expected that the water of the Thames, after having received all the contents of the sewers, drains, and water courses of a large town, should acquire thereby such impregnation with foreign matters, as to become very impure; but it appears, from the most accurate experiments that have been made, that those kinds of impurities have no perceptible influence on the salubrious quality of a mass of water so immense, and constantly kept in motion by the action of the tides.

Some traces of animal matter may, however, be detected in the water of the Thames; for if nitrate of lead be dropped into it, "you will find that it becomes milky, and that a white powder falls to the bottom, which dissolves without effervescence in nitric acid. It is, therefore, (says Dr. Thomson) a combination of oxide of lead with some animal matter."

There are a great many other excellent observations on the various sorts of water, and the modes of conveying and preserving them for use: it appears generally that leaden pipes and cisterns, and copper vessels are highly dangerous; but we must refer to the book for the details.

**BREAD.**—We have already given a taste of this subject, but the adulteration of so important a necessary, demands further notice.

This is one of the sophistications of the articles of food most commonly practised in this metropolis, where the goodness of bread is estimated entirely by its whiteness. It is therefore usual to add a certain quantity of alum to the dough; this improves the look of the bread very much, and renders it whiter and finer. Good, white, and porous bread, may certainly be manufactured from good wheaten flour alone; but to produce the degree of whiteness rendered indispensable by the caprice of the consumers in London, it is necessary (unless the very best flour is employed), that the dough should be *bleached*; and no substance has hitherto been found to answer this purpose better than alum.

Without this salt it is impossible to make bread, from the kind of flour usually employed by the London bakers, so white, as that which is commonly sold in the metropolis.

The best flour is mostly used by the biscuit bakers and pastry-cooks, and the inferior sorts in the making of bread. The bakers' flour is very often made of the worst

kinds of damaged foreign wheat, and other cereal grains mixed with them in grinding the wheat into flour. In this capital, no fewer than six distinct kinds of wheaten flour are brought into market. They are called fine flour, seconds, middlings, fine middlings, coarse middlings, and twenty-penny flour. Common garden beans, and pease, are also frequently ground up among the London bread flour.

From experiments, (continues the author, after describing the process of baking at length) in which I have been employed, with the assistance of skilful bakers, I am authorised to state, that without the addition of alum, it does not appear possible to make white, light, and porous bread, such as is used in this metropolis, unless the flour be of the very best quality.

Another substance employed by fraudulent bakers, is subcarbonate of ammonia. With this salt, they realise the important consideration of producing light and porous bread, from spoiled, or what is technically called *sour flour*. This salt, which becomes wholly converted into a gaseous state during the operation of baking, causes the dough to swell up into air bubbles, which carry before them the stiff dough, and thus it renders the dough porous; the salt itself is, at the same time, totally volatilised during the operation of baking. Thus not a vestige of carbonate of ammonia remains in the bread. This salt is also largely employed by the biscuit and ginger-bread bakers.

Potatoes are likewise largely, and perhaps constantly, used by fraudulent bakers, as a cheap ingredient, to enhance their profit. The potatoes being boiled, are triturated, passed through a sieve, and incorporated with the dough by kneading. This adulteration does not materially injure the bread. The bakers assert, that the bad quality of the flour renders the addition of potatoes advantageous as well to the baker as to the purchaser, and that without this admixture in the manufacture of bread, it would be impossible to carry on the trade of a baker. But the grievance is, that the same price is taken for a potato loaf, as for a loaf of genuine bread, though it must cost the baker less.

I have witness, that five bushels of flour, three ounces of alum, six pounds of salt, one bushel of potatoes boiled into a stiff paste, and three quarts of yeast, with the requisite quantity of water, produce a white, light, and highly palatable bread.

Such are the artifices practised in the preparation of bread.

**WINE.** It is sufficiently obvious, that few of those commodities, which are the objects of commerce, are adulterated to a greater extent than wine. All persons moderately conversant with the subject, are aware, that a portion of alum is added to young and meagre red wines, for the purpose of brightening their colour; that Brazil wood, or the husks of elderberries and bil-

+ There are instances of convictions on record, of bakers having used gypsum, chalk, and pipe clay, in the manufacture of bread.

berries &c. are employed to impart a deep rich purple tint to red Port of a pale, faint colour; that gypsum is used to render cloudy white wines transparent; that an additional stringency is imparted to immature red wines by means of oak-wood sawdust\*, and the husks of filberts; and that a mixture of spoiled foreign and home-made wines is converted into the wretched compound frequently sold in the town by the name of *genuine old Port*.

Various expedients are resorted to for the purpose of communicating particular flavours to insipid wines. Thus a *nuttty* flavour is produced by litter almonds; factitious Port wine is flavoured with a tincture drawn from the seeds of raisins; and the ingredients employed to form the *bouquet* of high-flavoured wines, are sweet-brier, oris-root, clary, cherry laurel water, and elder-flowers.

The flavouring ingredients used by manufacturers, may all be purchased by those dealers in wine who are initiated in the mysteries of the trade; and even a manuscript receipt book for preparing them, and the whole mystery of managing all sorts of wines, may be obtained on payment of a considerable fee.

The sophistication of wine with substances not absolutely noxious to health, is carried to an enormous extent in this metropolis. Many thousand pipes of spoiled cyder are annually brought hither from the country, for the purpose of being converted into factitious Port wine. The art of manufacturing spurious wine is a regular trade of great extent in this metropolis.

The particular and separate department in this factitious wine trade, called *crusting*, consists in lining the interior surface of empty wine bottles, in part, with a red crust of super-tartrate of potash, by suffering a saturated hot solution of this salt, coloured red with a decoction of Brazil-wood, to crystallize within them; and after this simulation of maturity is perfected, they are filled with the compound called Port wine.

Other artisans are regularly employed in staining the lower extremities of bottle-corks with a blue red colour, to appear, on being drawn, as if they had been long in contact with the wine.

The preparation of an astringent extract, to produce, from spoiled home-made and foreign wines, a "genuine old Port," by mere admixture; or to impart to a weak wine a rough austere taste, a fine colour, and a peculiar flavour; forms one branch of the business of particular wine coopers: while the mellowing and restoring of spoiled white wines, is the sole occupation of men who are called *refiners of wine*.

Casks are crusted as well as bottles; but—

The most dangerous adulteration of

\* Dried blubberies are imported from Germany, under the fallacious name of *berry-dye*.

\* Sawdust for this purpose is chiefly supplied by the ship-builders, and forms a regular article of commerce of the brewers' druggists.

wine is by some preparations of lead, which possess the property of stopping the progress of accecence of wine, and also of rendering white wines, when muddy, transparent. I have good reason to state that lead is certainly employed for this purpose. The effect is very rapid; and there appears to be no other method known, of rapidly recovering ropy wines. Wine merchants persuade themselves that the minute quantity of lead employed for that purpose is perfectly harmless, and that no atom of lead remains in the wine. Chemical analysis proves the contrary; and the practice of clarifying spoiled white wines by means of lead, must be pronounced as highly deleterious.

Lead, in whatever state it be taken into the stomach, occasions terrible diseases; and wine, adulterated with the minutest quantity of it, becomes a slow poison. The merchant or dealer who practises this dangerous sophistication, adds the crime of murder to that of fraud, and deliberately scatters the seeds of disease and death among those consumers who contribute to his emolument.

Perhaps the following extract on this subject will convey information to the majority of our readers, though unconnected with the poisoning practice.

When the must is separated from the husk of the red grape before it is fermented, the wine has little or no colour: these are called *white wines*. If, on the contrary, the husks are allowed to remain in the must while the fermentation is going on, the alcohol dissolves the colouring matter of the husks, and the wine is coloured: such are called *red wines*. Hence white wines are often prepared from red grapes, the liquor being drawn off before it has acquired the red colour; for the skin of the grape only gives the colour.

All wines (besides brandy, or alcohol,) contain also a free acid; hence they turn blue tincture of cabbage, red. The acid found in the greatest abundance in grape wines, is tartaric acid. Every wine contains likewise a portion of super-tartrate of potash, and extractive matter, derived from the juice of the grape. These substances deposit slowly in the vessel in which they are kept. To this is owing the improvement of wine from age. Those wines which effervesce or froth, when poured into a glass, contain also carbonic acid, to which their briskness is owing. The peculiar flavour and odour of different kinds of wines probably depend upon the presence of a *volatile oil*, so small in quantity that it cannot be separated.

BEER. If from wine we descend to beer, we learn that we run still greater risks.

"Malt liquors, and especially porter, the favourite beverage of the inhabitants of London, and of other large towns, is amongst those articles, in the manufacture of which the greatest frauds are frequently committed.

"The statute prohibits the brewer from using any ingredients in his brewings, except malt and hops; but it too often happens that those who suppose they are drinking a nutritious beverage, made of these ingredients only, are entirely deceived. The beverage may, in fact, be neither more nor less than a compound of the most deleterious substances; and it is also clear that all ranks of society are alike exposed to the nefarious fraud."

In the reign of Queen Anne, an act was passed prohibiting the use of cocculus indicus, or any other unwholesome ingredients in brewing; but it was not till our time that the adulteration of this beverage became so general and pernicious.

"The fraud of imparting to porter and ale an intoxicating quality by narcotic substances, appears to have flourished during the period of the late French war: for, if we examine the importation lists of drugs, it will be noticed that the quantities of cocculus indicus imported in a given time prior to that period, will bear no comparison with the quantity imported in the same space of time during the war, although an additional duty was laid upon this commodity. Such has been the amount brought into this country in five years, that it far exceeds the quantity imported during twelve years anterior to the above epoch. The price of this drug has risen within these ten years from two shillings to seven shillings the pound.

"It was at the period to which we have alluded, that the preparation of an extract of cocculus indicus first appeared, as a new saleable commodity, in the price-currents of *brewers' druggists*. It was at the same time, also, that a Mr. Jackson, of notorious memory, fell upon the idea of brewing beer from various drugs, without any malt and hops. This chemist did not turn brewer himself; but he struck out the more profitable trade of teaching his mystery to the brewers for a handsome fee. From that time forwards, written directions, and receipt-books for using the chemical preparations to be substituted for malt and hops, were respectively sold; and many adepts soon afterwards appeared every where, to instruct brewers in the nefarious practice, first pointed out by Mr. Jackson. From that time, also, the fraternity of brewers' chemists took its rise. They made it their chief business to send travellers all over the country with lists and samples exhibiting the price and quality of the articles manufactured by them for the use of brewers only. Their trade spread far and wide, but it was amongst the country brewers chiefly that they found the most customers; and it is amongst them, up to the present day, as I am assured by some of these operators, on whose veracity I can rely, that the greatest quantities of unlawful ingredients are sold."

The author relates the origin and progress of Porter brewing, and gives a curious account of the "Entire Butt Beer," as it is called. From observing this "Entire" on all publicans *signs*, one would fancy that it was the *ne plus ultra* of admirable porter!

"It consists of some beer brewed expressly for the purpose of keeping: it likewise contains a portion of return from publicans; a portion of beer from the bottoms of vats; the beer that is drawn off from the pipes, which convey the beer from one vat to another, and from one part of the premises to another. This beer is collected and put into vats. Mr. Barclay also states that it contains a certain portion of brown stout, which is twenty shillings a barrel dearer than common beer, and some bottling beer, which is ten shillings a barrel dearer; and that all these beers, united, are put into vats, and that it depends upon various circumstances, how long they may remain in those vats before they become perfectly bright. When bright, this beer is sent out to the publicans, for their entire beer, and there is sometimes a small quantity of mild beer mixed with it.

"The present entire beer, therefore, is a very heterogeneous mixture, composed of all the waste and spoiled beer of the publicans—the bottoms of butts—the leavings of the pots—the drippings of the machines for drawing the beer—the remnants of beer that lay in the leaden pipes of the brewery, with a portion of brown stout, bottling beer, and mild beer."

But disagreeable as this, the beer, is, there is below the lowest depth a lower still.

"A more easy, expeditious, and economical method has been discovered to convert any sort of beer into entire beer, merely by the admixture of a portion of sulphuric acid. An imitation of the age of eighteen months is thus produced in an instant. This process is technically called to bring beer forward, or to make it hard.

"The practice is a bad one. The genuine, old, or entire beer, of the honest brewer, is quite a different compound; it has a rich, generous, full-bodied taste, without being acid, and a vinous odour; but it may, perhaps, not be generally known, that this kind of beer always affords a less proportion of alcohol than is produced from malt beer. The practice of bringing beer forward, it is to be understood, is resorted to only by fraudulent brewers."

"If, on the contrary, the brewer has too large a stock of old beer on his hands, recourse is had to an opposite practice of converting stale, half-spoiled, or sour beer, into mild beer, by the simple admixture of an alkali, or an alkaline earth. Oyster-shell powder and subcarbonate of potash, or soda, are usually employed for that purpose. These substances neutralise the excess of acid, and render sour beer somewhat palatable. By this process the beer becomes very liable to spoil."

One would think that this were enough; but no!

"These sophistications may be considered—

\* Mr. Barclay has not specified the relative proportions of brown stout and of bottling beer which are introduced at such an augmentation of expense.

† Mr. Child, in his Treatise on Brewing, p. 23, directs, to make new beer older, use oil of vitriol.

ed, at first, as minor crimes practised by fraudulent brewers, when compared with the methods employed by them for rendering beer noxious to health by substances absolutely injurious.

"To increase the intoxicating quality of beer, the deleterious vegetable substance, called *cocculus indicus*, and the extract of this poisonous berry, technically called *black extract*, or, by some, *hard maltum*, are employed. Opium, tobacco, *nux vomica*, and extract of poppies, have also been used.

"This fraud constitutes by far the most censurable offence committed by unprincipled brewers: and it is a lamentable reflection to behold so great a number of brewers prosecuted and convicted of this crime; nor is it less deplorable to find the names of druggists, eminent in trade, implicated in the fraud, by selling the unlawful ingredients to brewers for fraudulent purposes."

"That a minute portion of an unwholesome ingredient, daily taken in beer, cannot fail to be productive of mischief, admits of no doubt; and there is reason to believe that a small quantity of a narcotic substance (and *cocculus indicus* is a powerful narcotic), daily taken into the stomach, together with an intoxicating liquor, is highly more efficacious than it would be without the liquor. The effect may be gradual; and a strong constitution, especially if it be assisted with constant and hard labour, may counteract the destructive consequences perhaps for many years; but it never fails to shew its baneful effects at last. Independent of this, it is a well-established fact, that porter drinkers are very liable to apoplexy and palsy, without taking this narcotic poison."

To this appalling description, we shall only add, that many other vile ingredients, wormwood, quassia, capsicum, grains of paradise, &c. are used for similar purposes, and defy chemical skill to detect them; and, finally, that even the froth or cauliflower head, is produced by a deleterious mixture called "beer-heaving," composed of common green vitriol, (sulphate of iron), alum, and salt.

TKA. This substance has been so fully before the public of late, that we shall not enter into Mr. Accum's details, founded on the examination of *Twenty-seven samples of imitation leaves*!!

"All the samples of spurious green tea (he tells us) (nineteen in number) which I have examined, were coloured with carbonate of copper (a poisonous substance), and not by means of verdigrise, or copperas."

COFFEE, is counterfeited by an equal extent, principally by means of pigeon's beans and peas.

Respecting SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS there are some interesting facts. Besides the tricks played on the subject of Proof—

"The mode of judging by the taste of spirituous liquors is deceitful. A false strength is given to a weak liquor, by infusing in it acid vegetable substances, or by adding

\* Mr. Twining, an eminent tea merchant, asserts, that the leaves of spurious tea are boiled in a copper, with copperas and sleep's dung.

to it a tincture of grains of paradise and Guinea pepper. These substances impart to weak brandy or rum, an extremely hot and pungent taste.

Brandy and rum is also frequently sophisticated with British molasses, or sugar-spirit, coloured with burnt sugar.

"The flavour which characterises French brandy, and which is owing to a small portion of a peculiar essential oil contained in it, is imitated by distilling British molasses spirit over wine lees; but the spirit, prior to being distilled over wine lees, is previously deprived, in part, of its peculiar disagreeable flavour, by rectification over fresh-burnt charcoal and quicklime. Other brandy merchants employ a spirit obtained from raisin wine, which is suffered to pass into an incipient ascendency. The spirit thus procured partakes strongly of the flavour which is characteristic of foreign brandy.

"Oak saw-dust, and a spirituous tincture of raisin stones, are likewise used to impart to new brandy and rum a ripe taste, resembling brandy or rum long kept in oaken casks, and a somewhat oily consistence, so as to form a durable froth at its surface, when strongly agitated in a vial. The colouring substances are burnt sugar, or molasses; the latter gives to imitative brandy a luscious taste, and fulness in the mouth. These properties are said to render it particularly fit for the retail London customers.

"The following is the method of compounding or making up, as it is technically called, brandy for retail:

	Gallons.
"To ten puncheons of brandy ..	1081
Add flavoured raisin spirit .....	118
Tincture of grains of paradise ..	4
Cherry laurel water .....	2
Spirit of Almond cakes .....	2

1207

"Add also 10 handfulls of oak saw-dust; and give it complexion with burnt sugar."

Arrack is imitated by adding a small quantity of pyroligneous acid, and some flower or acid of benzoic to rum; and gin is doctored in a variety of fraudulent ways, which often render it expedient to fine it with a solution of sub-acetate of lead—a practice, "highly dangerous, because part of the sulphate of lead produced, remains dissolved in the liquor, which it thus renders poisonous. Unfortunately, this method of clarifying spirituous liquors, I have good reason to believe, is more frequently practised than the preceding method, because its action is more rapid; and it imparts to the liquor a fine complexion, or great refractive power; hence some vestiges of lead may often be detected in malt spirit.

"The weakened spirit is then sweetened with sugar, and, to cover the raw taste of the malt spirit, a false strength is given to

\* Wine lees are imported in this country for that purpose: they pay the same duty as foreign wines.

† This operation forms part of the business of the so-called brewers' druggists. It forms the article in their *Price-Currents*, called *spirit for colour*.

it with grains of paradise, Guinea pepper, capsicum, and other acrid and aromatic substances."

Good Heavens! we think we hear it exclaimed, is there no end to these infamous doings? does nothing pure or unpoisoned come to our tables, except butcher's-meat, which has been rendered far less nutritive than formerly by new methods of feeding? Why, we must answer, hardly any thing: for our author proceeds to shew that *Cheese* (Gloucester he mentions) has been contaminated with red lead, a deadly poison mixed with the colouring saffron, when that article was scarce: that *Pepper* is adulterated with factitious pepper-corns "made up of oil-cakes (the residue of lin-seed, from which the oil has been pressed), common clay, and a portion of Cayenne pepper, formed in a mass, and granulated by being first pressed through a sieve, and then rolled in a sack;" and further, that "ground pepper is very often sophisticated by adding to a portion of genuine pepper, a quantity of pepper dust, or the sweepings from the pepper warehouses, mixed with a little Cayenne pepper. The sweepings are known, and purchased in the market, under the name of P. D. signifying pepper dust. An inferior sort of this vile refuse, or the sweepings of P. D. is distinguished among vendors by the abbreviation D. P. D. denoting, dust (dirt) of pepper dust."

As we read on, we learn the method of manufacturing adulterated vinegar, adulterated cream, adulterated lozenges, adulterated mustard, adulterated lemon acid, poisonous Cayenne, poisonous pickles, poisonous confectionary, poisonous catsup, poisonous custards, poisonous anchovy sauce, poisonous olive oil, poisonous soda water; and, if not done to our hands, of rendering poisonous all sorts of food by the use of copper and leaden vessels. Suffice it to record, that our pickles are made green by copper; our vinegar rendered sharp by sulphuric acid; our cream composed of rice powder, or arrow root in bad milk; our comfits mixed of sugar, starch, and clay, and coloured with preparations of copper and lead; our catsup often formed of the skins of distilled vinegar with a decoction of the outer green husk of the walnut, and seasoned with all-spice, cayenne, plumato, onions, and common salt—or if fouled on inshrooms, done with those in a putrefactive state remaining unsold at market; our mustard a compound of mustard, wheaten flour, cayenne, hay salt, radish seed, turmeric, and pease flour; and our citric acid, our lemon-

† The common white pepper is factitious, being prepared from the black pepper in the following manner:—The pepper is first steeped in sea water and urine, and then exposed to the heat of the sun for several days, till the rind or outer bark loosens; it is then taken out of the steep, and, when dry, it is rubbed with the hand till the rind falls off. The white fruit is then dried, and the remains of the rind blown away like chaff. A great deal of the peculiar flavour and pungent hot taste of the pepper is taken off by this process. White pepper is always inferior in flavour and quality to the black pepper.

ale, and our punch, to refresh or to exhilarate, usually cheap tartareous acid modified for the occasion.

Against all these, and many other impositions, Mr. Accum furnishes us with easy and certain tests: his work, besides, contains many curious documents and useful recipes; and it is replete with intelligence, and often guides to the right while it exposes the wrong. We should have been glad if he had sometimes afforded us his own experience, rather than the loose statements of newspapers; but, upon the whole, with its facts, tables, lists, and inquiries, we never met a publication more likely to be deservedly and universally popular.

*Country Neighbours, or The Secret: Tales of Fancy.* By S. H. Burney, Author of *Clarentine*, *Traits of Nature*, &c. Vols. II. and III. 12mo. London, 1820.

We have been disappointed by nothing in this novel, but the name, which led us to anticipate a production of a different kind from that before us. *Country Neighbours*, we thought, would have been country folks; but they are rather fashionable, living near each other in the country. Not to speak of preceding publications from the same hand, the popularity of the first volume of these tales, entitled "The Shipwreck," at a period when the excellence of works of this class dooms all mediocrity to oblivion, was a pledge of merit in the author, and led us to expect, what we have received, very considerable delight from her renewed labours. Her forte in this instance appears to be accurate observation on life and manners, and lively delineation of character. There is also much spirit in the dialogues; and nothing can be more strictly moral and instructive to youth than the incidents, conduct, and denouement of the story. The style, we would say, was generally good; but we have an utter dislike to scraps of French and Italian, and still more to Italics, in order to procure emphasis on words:—if the sense does not point out this necessary adjunct, a writer has but little to hope for, from the aid of the type-founder.

It is not our intention to let out "the Secret," and we shall not therefore go into Miss Burney's details. Two families, the Stavordales, and the Tourbervilles, both headed by ancient baronets, are the principal country neighbours; and among the surrounding satellites, a

country surgeon and his wife, a village curate, a sort of Will Wimble, besides trusty servants, &c. &c. figure on the canvass. Blanch, the heroine, is rather an original portrait, and all prudence and perfection at sixteen—a licence allowable rather to a novelist, than to a student of nature: Sir Reginald Tourberville is a proud, unrelenting, but worthy man, unhappy in his offspring, but blest with a paragon of a nephew, Mr. Trenayne, the hero. But the chief strength of drawing is in the Stavordales. Sir Geoffrey is sketchy, but very natural. His lady is a more elaborate, and perfect picture, exceedingly shrewd, clever, and observant. The elder daughter, Anne, the relator of the story, of a certain age, amiable and kind hearted—one might suppose drawn from that intimacy of knowledge which is called self. Isabella, the next sister, verging towards the days of increased hopelessness, but a fine woman, and an inveterate coquette of the *Trappist* order. She lays herself out for all comers, is a little envious of younger attractions, and after high aims is in the end gratified, with the Will Wimble to whom we have alluded. Martha, the youngest daughter, is a disagreeable animal, but a thorough likeness from the life, we will be bound for it.

As we have denied ourselves the privilege of going into the fable, in order that our curious readers might not justly accuse us of being always *Marplots*, our grounds for amplification are much narrowed; and, probably, with the honest eulogy which we feel entitled to pronounce on *Country Neighbours*—that of being seldom dull, and always to the purpose, with a vast balance of clever and entertaining matter—we may be excused further illustration beyond an example or two.

Mr. Trenayne has been severely hurt, and his mother, a sentimental lady of quality, comes to see him at Sir G. Stavordale's.

"With something like returning composure, after the alarming incidents of the day, we were all assembled in the evening at tea, when the trample of horses, and the sound of wheels caught our attention; and the next moment a ring (which would have been as loud as it was impatient, but for the precaution which had been taken of muffling the bell) was heard at the gate; and even before the summons could be answered, the steps of a carriage were let down, the hasty advance of some person up the gravel-walk could be distinguished,—and, the instant the house-door was opened, Lady Earlsford rushed into the hall, and thence, with looks of wild perturbation, into the room where we were sitting:—

"My son, my son!" she exclaimed, "guide me to him! Shew me where lies my unaged, agonizing son!"

"My dear Lady Earlsford," began my mother, in a gentle, but expostulating tone.

"Attempt not to oppose me!" interrupted our strange visitor, with yet increasing vehemence, "drive me not mad by further resistance! Oh, I have waited for this moment of freedom with an intenseness of solicitude which no language can describe! My brother—my cruel, inflexible brother, has watched all my movements—kept guard over me throughout the day—condemned me to torture, hour after hour, the horrors of suspense without the slightest touch of pity!—and now, when at length the blessed period of deliverance from restraint so inhuman is arrived, when at last, even his vigilant tyranny is eluded, think you, Lady Stavordale, I will be withheld by your usurped authority? No, no!—Shew me to my poor Florence's room, or be assured, that I will explore every corner of your house, till I find him."

"We all stared at her with amazement. Her looks were as unsteady as her language was extravagant; and my dear father mistaking what he heard, either for temporary derangement, or authoritative insolence, marched up to her, and, as is generally the case with a placid man, when provoked, going way to more anger than was useful, he cried:—

"Are you in your right senses, Madam? Do you know what you are saying? Where you are? and to whom you are speaking?—I beg we may have no more of these tragedy rants!—Your own whilst he is under my roof, shall not be disturbed without the permission of his medical adviser. You are in no state of mind, Heaven knows, to see him with impunity to himself! He has taken a composing medicine; and I tell you again, Lady Earlsford, positively and absolutely, you shall not break in upon him!"

"There—there's your placid man for you!" whispered my mother—"stop him who can, when once set off!"

"Whilst my father had been speaking, the features of Lady Earlsford assumed successively an expression of boundless surprise—of indignant haughtiness—and finally of hysterical agitation.—She sunk upon a seat, her chest heaving, her hands clenched together, her eyes rolling in vacancy, and every vein in her throat swelled almost to bursting! I was extremely terrified; and flew to her, to loosen the collar of her dress, and to open the window near which she was seated; whilst my mother tried to make her swallow some hartshorn and water; and Philippa came forward with a smelling-bottle. But all these attempts to assist her were without avail. At last, the strongest with which I ever saw any one assailed, came on, and whilst it lasted, her struggles, her cries, her convulsive distortions were dreadful. We were forced to call in the assistance of two of the nurses to hold her; for my father's heart, compassionate as it usually is, seemed just then quite hardened; and, as he walked up and down the room, shaking his head, and mut-

tering to himself:—"Crack-brained sentimental!—Passionate fool!—Disgusting highflyer!"—he now and then stopped a moment, and regarded her with such looks of dislike and impatience, that had she come to herself whilst undergoing so ungallant an inspection, I verily believe she would have started up to load him with reproaches. But luckily for us all, before she entirely recovered her consciousness, Mr. Crosby, dear, useful Mr. Crosby, came in. The fit told its own nature, though not its origin; and he, of course, ascribed it to material sensibility, delicate nerves, and all the refined and amiable feelings for which Lady Earlsford is so celebrated.—My father smiled disdainfully, and left the room; and my two sisters and Blanch followed him; and our new patient, when sufficiently restored to observe who remained, felt rejoiced, no doubt, at the absence of her barbarous host. The tremor and debility caused by the violence of so recent an attack, deprived her, for above an hour, of all power to stir from the sofa on which she had been extended. Mr. Crosby, during this time, remained in patient attendance upon her, administering alternate doses of sympathy and camphor-julep, which, by degrees, so effectually revived her, that she was able to apologize to my mother for the trouble which she had occasioned; and once again to renew her importunity for leave to see her son.

"Mr. Crosby being present, we gladly left to him the task of refusing, or the responsibility of complying, with a request, which we had hoped would not have been re-urged. He negatived the application with a firmness which we had scarcely ventured to expect; but managed the matter so skillfully, that, far from incurring her displeasure, he rather soothed her wounded feelings by the arguments to which he had recourse. • •

"When they were gone, my mother sat down, and laughed so immoderately at the recollection of the whole scene, that I could not entirely forbear participating in her unexpected risibility. Yet, I anticipated consequences from what had passed, which she either did not, or would not, foresee.

I hinted at these apprehensions, expecting that their justice would, in some degree, be allowed; but the only effect which they produced upon my mother, was that of rebounding her mirth:

"That a quarrel," she cried "a *toute courance*, such as you prognosticate, should arise between my dear, peaceable Sir Geoffrey, and the only decidedly romantic, soft, heroine-like fine lady within fifty miles circumference, is so comical a violation of all probability, that I shall never be able to compose my countenance when I think of it! Why, it will be something akin to there being an inveterate feud between the lamb and the dove! I have not the least idea how your father will accommodate himself to the novel dignity of having an irascible character to support. The danger is, that he will forget his cue in three days' time, and should they chance to meet, will amble up to the lady, with an offer of his arm to lead her down to dinner, as if they were the best friends in the world! He

may puff and strut to night; and cry pooh! and phaw! as much as he pleases; but I defy him to bear malice for eight and forty hours together, against any human being!"

"But can we, my dear madam, rely with equal confidence upon the speedy placability of Lady Earlsford?"

"Except to herself, that is a matter of no moment," replied my mother. "Her rancour, it she chooses to harbour any, cannot possibly do Sir Geoffrey the smallest injury. So much of 'the milk of human kindness' is known to abound in his composition, that if she venture to speak harshly of him, she will be universally scouted. He has now lived several years upon this estate; he has rendered himself accessible to every description of persons; he has allowed himself to be cheated by the low; elbowed by the upstart; and teased by the litigious; yet has never been seen with a frown upon his brow, nor ever been heard to address a petulant sentence to either hour, squire, man or woman. The duce is in it, my dear Anne, if, after serving so long an apprenticeship to the art of governing his temper, he may not permit himself, for once, the indulgence of bouncing a little at a half-crazy Viscountess, without danger of incurring universal odium!"

"I saw no use in pursuing the subject further, and readily assented to my mother's proposal of joining the rest of the family in the library."

"My father, when we entered the room, either was, or affected to be, exceedingly busy, looking over and arranging a number of papers, which lay upon the table before him. Blanch was quietly reading; Philippa copying some music, and Martha,—for want of better amusement, was gone to bed. The supper-tray stood at a little distance; and my mother, going up to it, and helping herself to a biscuit and a glass of wine, asked my father whether she might have the pleasure of pouring out one for him."

"It will cheer your spirits, my dear," added she, "which have seemed unusually depressed to night."

"My father took off his spectacles; and looking up with the most perfect good humour: "my dear," said he, "pray use no ceremony. I fully expect a little castigation for my recent misdeemeanor, and as I cannot but allow, that I sufficiently deserve it, I am entirely resigned to the necessity of listening to the lecture which you, no doubt, are prepared to give me."

"Not I, in good truth, Sir Geoffrey!—I have, on the contrary, been plying most ably the dismal forebodings of your daughter Anne, who, from the wholesome little breeze of this evening, anticipates the total blight and destruction of all the pretty little promising blossoms of friendship just beginning to expand between the three houses of Earlsford, Tourberville, and Stavordale: Now I have far different expectations; and flatter myself that, on hearing you have exerted sufficient spirit to reduce a fine lady—determined to *have her will* or *have her fit*—to the latter alternative, the farmers, and cottagers, and sportsmen, and

other impertinents in this neighbourhood, who have so long taken advantage of the easiness of your temper, will learn to perceive that you are not so wholly divested of gall as they had imagined; and will begin,—dating from this memorable evening,—to hold you in higher respect than they ever have done before."

In a few days the Lady is permitted to satisfy "the sentiment" and, the relation concludes:—

"She now sees him daily; and, I am told, behaves with tolerable composure. Clavering, however, says, that she still would be better any way else; for that nothing can be more awkward than her occasional attempts to play the part of *maecæ*. She mistakes one medicine for another, bringing him drops when he ought to take powders; if he asks for drink she gives it to him scalding hot; always forgets which arm was injured; takes every thing to the wrong side of the bed; hurts him, when she means to assist him in sitting up; and, as Clavering expresses it, *figlets* about him so much more than is necessary, that 'were she any body but his mother, ma'am, I do think, I should be apt to turn her out of the room and lock the door!'"

This is as perfect an example as we could offer of the author's skill and talent for judicious observation. It belongs to the highest order of novel writing; and we are sorry to mention immediately after it, one of her grossest oversights. Blanch is painted as a beautiful character; the daughter of an Italian mother, and the ideal belle of feminine loveliness in face and person, but by nothing so distinguished as by her firm integrity and adoration of simple truth. Anne Stavorale partakes of these qualities; and Miss Burney is anxious to exemplify the measureless value of perfect sincerity. Yet in the very page where this good lesson is taught, she is guilty of the sin she is endeavouring to shun. Tremayne wants to seem worse to his mother than he really is, in order to remain longer near Blanch, and he asks Lady Stavorale, Anne, and Blanch to countenance his deception. Against this (when he has left them) the young lady resolutely, virtuously, and uprightly protests, and both the elder ladies become converts to the principle, which they had not so strictly maintained before, that candour and truth instead of equivocation and duplicity, should be observed towards Lady Earlsford. Anne especially holds out for the open course, and yet in pursuing it, she is guilty of a mean subterfuge: for when Lady E. expresses her surprise that Tremayne should have walked out while pretending to be so very ill, and knowing that he did this and had prevailed on her (Anne) tacitly, to do it, to blind his mother, she answers the following question in the following manner.

"But how odd," observed the viscountess, [that he should never have mentioned this walk to me?]"

"He thought, probably, that *see* had informed you of it; and we left to *him* the pleasure of surprising your ladyship with the news."

We are aware that this may be called a

slight perversion; but in matters of vital principle, no departure from the strictest rule is slight, and Miss Burney committed a great mistake in allowing the most trifling example of the worst, to creep into an otherwise admirable enforcement of the best, of doctrines. Lest, however, we should be thought to be more severe than is requisite on a writer whose moral feelings we greatly admire (if we did not, we should not have touched on this passage), we shall offer another short extract from her Country Neighbours, which should reconcile the most fastidious to its inculcations.

Blanch has left the Stavorales on a visit.

"Yet (says Anne), my mother and I, in the course of the day, often looked round with feelings of regret amounting almost to dejection, and missed our bright-eyed, heart-cheering young inmate even more than we had ourselves anticipated. Though she is not prone to utter fond professions, still, those whom she really loves, see it in her looks,—know it by her alacrity to oblige—feel it in her sympathy with their pains or pleasures. Her laugh exhilarates—her seriousness soothes—her conversation interests all who approach her. She is, as my mother expresses it, "original without being queer;"—independent without being self-sufficient;—and her sacred love of truth is so inseparably blended with every other quality of her nature, that it at once inspires confidence, animates attention, and secures attachment. Ah, well may she so enthusiastically reverence the incomparable mother to whom she owes the early development of such invaluable rectitude! I have heard her say, that in her childhood she had, from possessing high spirits, and an active imagination, a strong propensity to indulge in romancing, to invent fantastical dreams, and to embellish every trivial incident with the glaring colours of fiction. Her mother took alarm at these infantine flights of fancy, and never relaxed in her endeavours to root out a habit which she justly deemed so dangerous. Her labours, accompanied by no personal severity, but unremittently directed to the great object of awakening the child to the voice of conscience, were blessed with such complete success, that Blanch adds: "I have my dear mother's own authority for saying, that, since I was eight years old, she never knew me deviate in a single instance from the strictest veracity; and whatever I told her, how improbable soever it might seem at first, she would, after looking earnestly in my face a moment, smilingly declare that she implicitly believed, because her little Bianca had said it!" Happy child to be in such wisely plastic hands! and happy mother, to have so docile a subject to mould!"

Upon the whole this is a work which, whether for amusement or advantage, we can most fearlessly recommend. It is equally honourable to the heart and head of the author, and few superior works of the class to which it belongs, could be put into the hands either of young or old.

*Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters of Books and Men. Collected from the*

*Conversations of Mr. Pope, and other eminent Persons of his Time. By the Rev. Joseph Spence. Now first published from the original Papers, with Notes, and a Life of the Author. By Samuel Weller Singer. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 501.*

This is a publication similar to that, under nearly the same title, noticed in our last. Both, we understand, spring from the same source, and we owe their separate appearance to some misunderstanding among the editors and publishers. After the death of Mr. Spence, his memoranda were gratefully sent in a compliment to the Duke of Newcastle, from the repositories of whose successor the volume which we have reviewed was derived. But it now seems, that the above compliment consisted of only a copy of the original papers, or rather of a part of them; and it is from the latter that the work before us is drawn.

It contains, as will be seen from the number of pages, more matter than Malone's edition; and is upon the whole better arranged. Still there is a great deal that might have been advantageously omitted, not merely anecdotes, on account of their being well known, but also hints and observations on subjects and countries, which are familiar to our era, though the best scholars a hundred or seventy years ago were uninformed respecting them. There were even some points which their native want of value should have excluded.

The editor, Mr. Singer, is the author of the "Researches into the History of Playing Cards," &c. which issued from the press a few years since; and his present labour is calculated to revive a favourable recollection of that curious and entertaining work. Part of his Biographical Sketch is rather inelegantly written; as for instance, where he says "Spence's benevolence was most liberal and unconfined; distress of every sort, and in every rank of life, never preferred its claim to his attention in vain;" but his narrative is candid and judicious. Of Spence and his Polymetis, which Gray slighted, we at present know little. Lempriere has consigned the former to oblivion, and Time done nearly as much for the latter. Dr. Johnson described him as "a man whose learning was not very great, and whose mind was not very powerful;" but he acknowledges that his criticism was commonly just, that

what he thought, he thought rightly, and that his remarks were recommended by coolness and candour. He lived in intimacy, however, with distinguished persons, and his common-place book was enriched with many entries of uncommon interest. These have by degrees slipped into public; and now that we have the original in a whole form, it boasts less of novelty than it at first possessed. Spence seems also to have been an amiable and pleasant man: perhaps more to be esteemed than some of the magnates who undervalued him. As Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and travelling Tutor to two noblemen of the highest rank (Lords Middlesex and Lincoln), as the intimate friend of Pope, Lowth, Young, Warton, &c. he must have been a man both of talent and worth. He died in 1768, in the 70th year of his age, and was buried at Byfleet.

We copy, without regard to order, from the volume before us, what appears to be the most striking, and least (if at all), known passages. Like the work itself, they may form an amusing Canto.

Each of the four columns that support the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, takes up as much ground as a little chapel and convent, in which one of the architects employed in that work lived: and yet they do not appear big to the eye, because every thing is great about them.—They were designed by Michael Angelo, and he insisted earnestly that nothing should be added or altered in his design. Bernini afterwards undertook to make a staircase within each of these columns; just as they had hollowed and prepared the inside of one of them\*, the whole building gave a crash; (and the Italian tradition says it was as loud as thunder). They put up the stairs in that, but would not attempt any more of them.—*Ramazz.*

Mareschal Turénue was not only one of the greatest generals, but one of the best-natured men too, that ever was in the world.—Among several other little domestic examples he gave the following. The general used to have a new pair of stockings every week; his gentleman, whose fee the old ones were, had taken them away in the evening, and had forgot to put any new ones in their place. The next morning the Marshal was to ride out to reconnoitre the enemy, and rose earlier than usual. The servant whose business it was to dress him, was in a great deal of confusion at not finding any stockings. "It's very odd," says the Marshal, "that I should be allowed no stockings; but 'tis very lucky that I am obliged to ride out! Here, give me my boots, they'll do as well, nobody will see whether I have any on or not."—*R.*

\* There was originally a well for a staircase, and Bernini only put up the stairs in it.—*Mr. L.* from one of the workmen at St. Peter's in 1751.

[There is scarce a genteel family at Avignon, but has the pictures of Petrarch and Laura in their houses. A lady of that country, who piques herself much on being descended from Laura, took it very ill of Mr. R. that he should say, "Petrarch's love for Laura was only Platonic." Ramsay was obliged to recant the heresy; and wrote a satire against Platonic Love.—*R.*

[Dr. Swift lies a-bed till eleven o'clock, and thinks of wit for the day.—*Dr. Lockier.*

In the coffee-house yesterday I received a letter, in which there was one word which consisted of but one syllable, and that syllable of but one letter, and yet the fellow had contrived to have three false spellings in it.] *Dr. L.*

Where we translate it, "the Lord set a mark upon Cain," the original signifies a token; and in the Hebrew, to set a token upon any thing, and to preserve it, are equivalent expressions.—*Dr. L.*

The same word in Hebrew signifies blessing and cursing, as they say in Italian: "tu è benedetto;" you are a cursed rascal.—Where we make Job's wife advise him to curse God and die; it should be, Bless God and die, bless him for the good you have hitherto received; and die, to avoid the evils that are now come upon you.—*Dr. L.*

To call by their names was an expression among the Hebrews, equivalent to the being master or having dominion over any thing. Thus God is said to call the stars by their names; and Adam to have given names to all animals.—*Dr. L.*

In all thy travels I never met with any one Scotchman but what was a man of sense: I believe every body of that country that has any, leaves it as fast as they can.—*Dr. L.*

No one will ever shine in conversation, who thinks of saying fine things: to please, one must say many things indifferent, and many very bad.—*Dr. L.*

This large statue of Pompey, was probably the very same, at the feet of which Caesar fell; for it was found on the very spot where the senate was held, on the fatal day of March: They discovered it in clearing away the ground to make some cellars, for a house that now stands there. The greatest part of the statue lay under that house, but the head of it reached under the ground belonging to their next neighbours. This occasioned a dispute between the two proprietors, which was at last decided by Cardinal Spada. He ordered the head to be broken off, and given to the latter; and the body to the former: you may now see the mark where they were joined again. This decision was not made out of a whim, but very prudentially. From the first, that cardinal had a great desire to get the statue into his own possession, and by this means, he got it much cheaper than he could otherwise have done: for after this division of it, the whole cost him but five hundred crowns.—*Ficoroni at the Palazzo Spada in Rome.*

That arm, behind the Laocoon, was begun by Michael Angelo, and he left it unfinished, "because," (as he said), he found he could do nothing worthy of being joined to so admirable a piece." It lies there as a testimony of the

superiority of the best ancient artists over the modern; for, of all the modern sculptors Michael Angelo is universally allowed to be the best.—*F.* at the Belvedere in the Vatican.

There are three sorts of Egyptian statues: First, Those that are good without any mixture of their bad taste; and this manner is very ancient, before they were conquered by the Greeks. Secondly, After they were conquered, and their spirits debased, they made the figures of their deities frightful, on purpose to keep the people in awe; and this was the cause of their bad taste, some parts out of nature and some in. Thirdly, As every thing is apt to degenerate and grow worse and worse when once fallen, they at last, in many of their figures, deserted nature entirely; and made every part monstrous and out of all proportion.—*F.*

It was Sixtus the Fifth that began the palace on Monte Cavallo, and placed the two large equestrian statues there, from whence it has its name. They were found in Constantine's baths, and were brought originally to Rome from Alexandria. The names of Phidias and Praxiteles on the bases are certainly fictitious, and some of the antiquarians say, that they were put there by the people of Alexandria.—*F.*

There are ten thousand six hundred pieces of ancient sculpture of one sort or other now in Rome (reliefs, statues, and busts). And six thousand three hundred ancient columns of marble. What multitudes of the latter sort have been sawed up for tables, or wainscoting chapels, or mixed up with walls, and otherwise destroyed! And what multitudes may there yet be undiscovered under ground! When we think of this altogether, it may give us some faint idea of the vast magnificence of Rome in all its glory.—*F.*

The first four hundred years of the Roman History are supposed to have been fabulous by Senator Bionarotti, and he gives several good reasons for his opinion. He suspects that Rome, in particular, was built by the Greeks; as Tarentum, Naples, and several other cities in Italy were.—*Dr. Cocheri.*

There is a book of immense erudition, which is almost unknown: it is called *La Crusca Provenzale e Catalana*: in two volumes, in folio. It was written by a Spanish Abbe at Rome; and he proves in it, that the Tuscan is absolutely derived from the old Catalan language. He left Rome soon after publishing it; and carried almost all the copies with him into Catalonia.—*Storck.*

I wonder how they came not to find out printing sooner? (We had been just speaking of the manner in which the emperors of Rome impressed their names with seals or stamps on their grants and letters.) This method was so common that their very shepherds impressed theirs on their sheep and cattle. It was in fact a sort of printing, and it would have been as easy to impress a whole line as two words, and a page as a whole line. Had they gone but these two easy steps farther, it would have been just what the Chinese printing is now.—*S.*



At the Court of Tulous, the officer said, "My lord is the best of masters; but alas! he grows very old, and, I fear, can't last long; I would with all my heart, give ten years out of my own life to prolong his if it could be done."—Upon seeing us affected by what he had said; he added: "that this was no great merit in him; that most of his fellow servants, he believed, would be willing to do the same: that the goodness of their master to them, and the greatness of their affection for him, was so remarkable and so well known, that a friend of the Count's once said to him; I don't know what it is you do to charm all the people about you; but though you have two hundred servants, I believe there is scarce any one of them that would not die to save your life."—That may be, (replied the Count), but I would not have any one of them die, to save it!

There was a God called Pennus, much worshipped, on the great St. Bernard, some remains of his temple, and I think of his statue, are still to be seen there.—*Count Riché.* [Pen signified high or chief. Hence the *Alpes Pennine*, and the *Apennines* in Italy. And with us the *Pen* or *pen*, near High Wycomb in Buckinghamshire: the old *Pennocrisium* or *Penkridge* in Staffordshire: *Pendennis* in Cornwall: *Pennmenawr*, and many others in North Wales.—*Spence.*]

The side Oratories at St. Paul's were added to Sir Christopher Wren's original design, by order of the Duke of York: who was willing to have them ready for the popish service; when there should be occasion.—It narrowed the building, and broke in very much upon the beauty of the design. Sir Christopher insisted so strongly on the prejudice they would be of, that he actually shed some tears in speaking of it; but it was all in vain. The Duke absolutely insisted upon their being inserted, and he was obliged to comply.—*Mr. Harding.*

There was a Lord Russell who, by living too luxuriously, had quite spoiled his constitution. He did not love sport, but used to go out with his dogs every day, only to hunt for an appetite. If he felt any thing of that, he would cry out, "Oh, I have found it!" turn short round, and ride home again, though they were in the midst of a fine chase.—It was this Lord, who, when he met a hagar, and was entreated by him to give him something, because he was almost famished with hunger, called him "a happy dog!" and envied him too much to relieve.—*Pope.*

From what are designated "Supplemental Anecdotes from Mr. Spence's Papers," and of later date, we select the following.

Sir Isaac Newton, though he scarce ever spoke ill of any man, could hardly avoid showing his contempt for virtuous collectors and antiquarians.—Speaking of Lord Pembroke once, he said, "let him have but a stone doll and he is satisfied. I can't imagine the utility of such studies: all their pursuits are below nature."—*Fr. Chute.*

"How could the Duke of York make my mother a papist?" said the Princess Mary

to Mr. Burnet.—"The Duke caught a man n-bred with her, (said the Doctor,) and then had power to make her do any thing."—The Prince, who sat by the fire, said, "Pray, madam, ask the Doctor a few more questions."—*Dean of Winton.*

Monsieur de Montesquieu, the author of the Persian Letters, is now with Lord Waldegrave, and is come to England with him: He says there are no men of true sense born any where but in England.—*Mr. Brandereth.*

Monsieur de Voltaire says, that "the English plays are like the English puddings: nobody has any taste for them but themselves."—*Fanshawe.*

Mr. Pope said one day to Mr. Saville: "If I was to begin the world again, and knew just what I do now, I would never write a verse."

Reynolds of Exeter, when at Eton, dreamed that his father was dead, and that he was walking in the meadows very melancholy; when a strange woman came up to him, who told him that she was his mother, who died soon after he was born.—She said to him, "Yes, your father is dead, and your mother-in-law has had too much influence over him: he has left all his property to the younger sons: but there is an estate which he had no right to leave away from you: the writings are in Mr. . . . 's hands, go to him, and you may recover it."—Reynolds having no news from home of this kind, soon forgot his dream. About a year after, he goes down to his friends, and finds his father very well: but he had been, at the very time of Reynolds's dream, extremely ill, and recovered beyond expectation.—The friends, to whom he related his dream, when he described to them the person of the woman who appeared to him, said they who had been well acquainted with her, could not have described his mother's person more exactly. About a year after, his father fell ill again, died, and left all to his younger children.—Upon this Reynolds's dream came again into his mind: He goes to the gentleman named to him by his mother in that vision, and finds that it is exactly as he had been told, recovers the estate mentioned, and enjoys it at this day.—*The Dean of Christchurch, 1726.*

Tonson and Lintot were both candidates for printing some work of Dr. Young's.—He answered both their letters in the same morning, and in his hurry misdirected them.—When Lintot opened that which came to him, he found it began, "That Bernard Lintot is so great a scoundrel, that, &c."—It must have been very amusing to have seen him in his rage, he was a great sputtering fellow.—*Dr. Young.*

"Why do you refuse the wine to the lady?"—Why, in process of time it was found that there were several inconveniences in allowing it to them, (spilling the wine giving some offence, &c.) which our Saviour did not foresee, at the time of its institution: and so the church was forced to remedy it afterwards. *The Cure \* \* \*, at his Bastide near Nice.*

Sir Isaac Newton's house at Colworth is a handsome structure.—His study boarded round, and all jutting out. We were in the room where he was born. Both of us melan-

choly and dismal an air as ever I saw. Mr. Percival, his tenant, who still lives there, says he was a man of very few words; that he would sometimes be silent and thoughtful for above a quarter of an hour together, and look all the while almost as if he was saying his prayers: but that when he did speak, it was always very much to the purpose.—*May 14, 1755.—Spence.*

The Duchess of Portsmouth, when she was in England in 1699, told Lord Chancellor Cowper, that Charles the Second was poisoned at her house, by one of her footmen, in a dish of chocolate.—*Dean Cowper.*

Mr. Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day, when his nephew, a Guinea trader came in. "Nephew, (said Sir Godfrey), you have the honour of seeing the two greatest men in the world."—"I don't know how great you may be, (said the Guinea-man), but I don't like your looks: I have often bought a man, much better than both of you together, all muscles and bones, for ten guineas."—*Dr. Warburton.*

What a singular book is "The business of the Saints in Heaven," by Father Lewis Henriquez: printed at Salamanca in 1631. He attempts to prove, in the twenty-second chapter, "That every saint shall have his particular house in heaven; and Christ a most magnificent palace: That there shall be large streets, and great piazzas, &c."—He says in the twenty-fourth chapter, that there shall be a sovereign pleasure in kissing and embracing the bodies of the blessed; that there shall be pleasant baths, and that they shall bathe themselves in each others sight. That they shall swim like fishes; and sing as melodiously as nightingales, &c."—He affirms, in the forty-seventh chapter, "That the men and women shall delight themselves in masquerades, feasts, and ballads;—and in the fifty-eighth, "That the angels shall put on women's habits, and appear to the saints in the dress of ladies, with curls and locks, waistscoats and faringales, &c." See the "*Moral practice of the Jesuits*," by the doctors of Sorbonne: it has been translated into English, and published in 1671.—*Spence.*

Ambrose Phillips was a neat dresser, and very vain.—In a conversation between him, Congreve, Swift, and others, the discourse ran a good while on Julius Caesar. After many things had been said to the purpose, Ambrose asked what sort of person they supposed Julius Caesar was? He was answered, that from medals, &c., it appeared that he was a small man, and thin-faced.—"Now, for my part," said Ambrose, "I should take him to have been of a lean make, pale complexion, extremely neat in his dress; and five feet seven inches high:" an exact description of Phillips himself. Swift, who understood good breeding perfectly well, and would not interrupt any body while speaking, let him go on, and when he had quite done, said; "And I, Mr. Phillips, should take him to have been a plump man, just five feet five inches high: not very neatly dressed, in a black gown with pudding-sleeves."—*Dr. Young.*

There is an interesting Appendix of

letters from Mr. Spence, and to him, written by eminent persons, of which we shall give an example in our next.

*Burckhardt's Nubian Travels, 4to.  
(Continued.)*

The next tribe whose territory the caravan crossed, was the Hadeudou, who seem to be only less infamous, but not less odious than their neighbours.

On the 1st of June they passed Om Daoud, a large encampment of the tribe of Nefidjab of the Bisharcin; this is the most southern boundary of the Bishary dominions, and the beginning of the territory of the Hadeudou, a very powerful tribe, of which I shall again have occasion to speak; the son of their Shikha had come with us from Shendy, and we had therefore little to fear, except from their pilfering habits. The caravan halted near the village, and I walked up to the huts to look about me. My appearance on this occasion, as on many others, excited an universal shriek of surprise and horror, especially among the women, who were not a little terrified at seeing such an outcast of nature as they consider a white man to be, peeping into their huts, and asking for a little water or milk. The chief feeling which my appearance inspired I could easily perceive to be disgust, for the Negroes are all firmly persuaded that the whiteness of the skin is the effect of disease, and a sign of weakness; and there is not the least doubt, that a white man is looked upon by them as a being greatly inferior to themselves. At Shendy the inhabitants were more accustomed to the sight of not of white men, at least of the light brown natives of Arabia; and as my skin was much sun-burnt, I there excited little surprise. On the market-days, however, I often terrified people, by turning short upon them, when their exclamation generally was: "Owcz bilahi min es-sheytan erradjim!" (God preserve us from the devil!) One day, after bargaining for some onions with a country girl in the market at Shendy, she told me, that if I would take off my turban and shew her my head, she would give me five more onions; I insisted upon having eight, which she gave me; when I removed my turban she started back at the sight of my white closely shaven crown, and when I jocularly asked her whether she should like to have a husband with such a head, she expressed the greatest surprise and disgust, and swore that she would rather live with the ugliest Darfour slave.

*June 2d.*—We travelled this morning about four hours, in a south-east direction, over a plain of cultivable soil, though distant several miles from the river. No mountains were any where visible. We rested during the mid-day hours in a grove of Nebek, Syale, and Alothe trees. I here observed several unknown birds; one was of the size and shape of a black-bird, with a long tail striped with white. I saw some large crows with a white neck. The Bisharcin seemed to have no names in their language for these different birds; amongst them it is a great scandal to

eat the flesh of birds, and I several times heard them sneeringly call the Egyptians "bird-eaters." On resuming our journey we entered the sandy desert in the direction of S. E. b. E. In the afternoon the Souakin traders chased with their swiftest dromedaries a wild beast which they desecrated at a distance; they called it in Arabic, *Homar el Wahsh*, which means the wild ass. It did not come near enough to be distinctly seen; but they say it is of the size of a Hyena, with a head and tail much resembling those of an ass: it has no horns. In the Arabian deserts they speak of an animal to which they give the same name; whether it is really the same animal I am not certain. The ground was covered in every direction with innumerable footprints of the Gazelle species, some of which appeared to belong to animals of a much larger size than any I had yet seen.

Next day an unexpected sight struck our traveller's eyes, and we felt deeply his regret at not being able to explore the object thus mentioned.—

In approaching the river, I saw at a distance, two insulated hills close to each other in the plain, and at a short distance from the river; and when we drew nearer to them, I was extremely surprised to see upon the summit of the largest a huge fabric of ancient times. Being naturally short-sighted, and my vision having been further impaired by two attacks of ophthalmia while I was in Upper Egypt, I could not trust my eyes, and therefore asked my companions what it was that appeared like a building upon the hill. "Don't you see," they replied, "that it is a church?" (Kenise, a name often applied by the Egyptians to their ancient temples, which they ascribe to the Christians) "and no doubt the work of infidels." We continued to approach the hill, and encamped at about half an hour's distance from it. As soon as we had alighted, and placed our baggage in order, I started for the hills, in great eagerness to examine those Ethiopian remains; but a loud cry from the Souakin people brought me back. "The whole country," they said, "is infested by the peasants of Goz Radjeb; you will not be able to move a hundred paces alone, without being attacked." Indeed several suspicious looking persons were seen lurking among the trees that lined the banks of the river farther on. My companions added, that the hill was inhabited by Hadeudou robbers, who lived in caverns in it, and were at war with all their neighbours. As they could have no interest in deceiving me, I readily believed them, and returned, but with the intention of abandoning my design, but in the hope of being able the next day to concert measures with some of the country people who might come to barter with us, for their accompanying me to the ruins, which I was then fully determined to visit, whatever might be the consequences. Unfortunately I was deceived in my expectations; and I shall never forgive myself for the momentary irresolution which prevented me from examining the most interesting object which occurred during my journey.

The account of Taka is highly curious —

Taka is as celebrated for its herds of cattle as for its Dhourra; they are very numerous; the cows are particularly handsome, and have all humps on the back, like those on the Nile; they serve as in Darfour and Kordofan, for a medium of exchange. The price of a large fat cow was four pieces of Damour, or ninety-six Mouds of Dhourra, which is equivalent to about two Erdeybs, or thirty bushels. The price of a strong camel is one fourth more. As it was now the hottest part of the year, just before the period of the rains, when the ground is quite parched up, I saw few cattle. According to the annual custom, the herds had been sent several months before to the Eastern desert, where they feed in the mountains and fertile valleys, and where springs of water are found. After the inundation, they are brought back to the plain. The camels of Taka are highly prized, from an idea that the young shoots of the acacia trees, on which they feed in the woods, render them stronger than camels fed with other food. The people use the skin of the long neck of the camel, sowed up on one side, and left open on the other, as sacks to transport their grain in when travelling; their form is very convenient for loading. The quantity of cattle would be even greater than it is, were it not for the wild beasts which inhabit the forests, and destroy great numbers of them; the most common of these are lions, and what they call tigers, but which I suppose to be leopards or panthers. I never saw any of these animals, but I heard their howlings every night. The flocks of the encampment, near which a few sheep are always kept, are driven in the evening into the area within the circle of tents, and the openings in the thorny enclosure already described, are filled up with a heap of thorns. No one dares stir out of this entrenchment during the night; it is sufficiently strong to be impenetrable to the wild beasts, which prowls about it the whole of the night, filling the air with their dismal howls, which are answered by the incessant barking of the dogs within. It rarely happens that either lions or tigers are killed in these countries; when such an occurrence happens, it is in self-defence; for the inhabitants having no other weapons than swords or lances, have little chance of conquering the king of the forest, of which this district appears to be a favourite haunt. Some of the Shikhs, but very few, have lions skins in their tents; they appeared to be of middling size; but if the testimony of the Hadeudou may be credited, a lion here sometimes reaches the size of a cow. Persons are frequently killed by them. In the woods wolves, gazelles, and hares abound; and the Bedouins relate stories of serpents of immense size, which often devour a sheep entire. The fiercest animals, however, that inhabit these

• The Souakin merchants are equally unused to fire-arms. A few Arabians sometimes pass this way armed with matchlocks, in company with the Souakin caravans, on their road to Shendy or Sennaar.

woods are the Bedouins, or nomadants of Bedja, themselves. Great numbers of asses are kept by all these Bedouins. In the mountains of Negrey, the Giraffa is said to be very numerous. I saw a piece of the skin of one in the tent of a Hadendoa. Locusts are always seen in Taka, which seems to be their breeding-place, from whence they spread over other parts of Nubia. However innumerable their hosts may be, they appear to be incapable of destroying the verdure of this country, as sometimes happens in Egypt and Syria. Those I saw were of the largest size, with the upper wings of a red, and the lower of a yellow colour. The trees are full of pigeons, and crows in large flocks. I do not remember having seen any birds remarkable for their plumage. From the acacia trees gum arabic is collected, which is sold at Souakin to the Djidda merchants; from Djidda it finds its way to Egypt; but it is of an indifferent quality, owing, probably, to the moisture of the soil: for the best gum is produced in the driest deserts.

The encampment where we remained consisted of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred tents, divided into four Douars, or circles; these were separated from each other by fences lower than the general thorny enclosure, by which the whole were surrounded. In every settlement in Taka, as at Shendi and Atbara, there are several Bouza huts, and many public women, with some of whom even the most respectable of the Souakin merchants took up their quarters. These women seemed to me to be more decent in their behaviour than those of the same description in the countries on the Nile; at least they seldom appeared abroad during the day, whereas the others were seen walking about at all hours. Both sexes wear the common Nubian dress, a Damour shirt, and a cloak of the same stuff thrown over the shoulders. I observed one peculiarity amongst the women, that of wearing brass or silver rings on their toes; many of them wear leathern aprons, instead of the Damour cloth which the Nubian women generally wrap round the middle; the same custom prevails amongst the Bedouins of the Hedjaz. In their tents they suspend various ornaments of white shells (Woda), from the Red Sea, intermixed with black ostrich feathers. All the women go unveiled, and the most respectable think it no shame whatever to receive a man in their tent, and to be seen chatting with him during the husband's absence. This, however never happened to me, for whenever I presented myself before a tent, the ladies greeted me with loud screams, and waved with their hands for me to depart instantly. Nothing astonished them more than my beard and mustachios; for the beards of the Bedouins never grow long or thick, and they cut their mustachios very short, it being a disgrace amongst them to wear them long, and considered as great a mark of slovenliness as an unshorn beard amongst Europeans.

Treachery is not considered here as criminal or disgraceful, and the Hadendoa is not ashamed to boast of his bad faith, whenever it has led to the attainment of his object.

The Souakin people assured me that no ostrich can bind a man of Taka; that which alone they hesitate to break is when they swear, "By my own health." A Hadendoa seldom scruples to kill his companion on the road in order to possess himself of the most trifling article of value, if he entertains a hope of doing it with impunity; but the retaliation of blood exists in full force. Amongst the Hallenga, who draw their origin from Abyssinia, a horrible custom is said to attend the revenge of blood; when the slayer has been seized by the relatives of the deceased, a family feast is proclaimed, at which the murderer is brought into the midst of them, bound upon an Angareg, and while his throat is slowly cut with a razor, the blood is caught in a bowl, and handed round amongst the guests, every one of whom is bound to drink of it, at the moment the victim breathes his last. I cannot vouch for the truth of this, although several persons asserted it to be a fact, and I heard no one contradict it.

Their own quarrels, and their national enmity to the Bisharein, with whom they are never known to be at peace, have rendered the people of Taka a warlike nation. They use the same weapons as the inhabitants of the Nile countries; bows and arrows are unknown amongst them. Their chiefs keep horses, and arm themselves with coats of mail. They are said to be brave, but I never saw scars on any part of their bodies except the back. The same remark applies to all the people of Nubia, where I have never seen any individuals with scars upon their breasts, while the backs of most of the men bear the marks of large wounds, in which they seem to pride themselves. The shield is said to protect the sides from blows. I found a custom here, which in my journey towards Dongola I had been told of, as existing amongst the Bisharein; when a young man boasts of his superior prowess, in the presence of another, the latter draws his knife and inflicts several flesh-wounds in his own arms, shoulders, and sides; he then gives the knife to the boaster, who is bound in honour to inflict still deeper wounds upon his own body, or yield for ever in reputation to his antagonist. They are certainly a strong and hardy race of men; and are more robust and muscular than any Bedouins I ever saw. During winter they live almost wholly upon flesh and milk, tasting very little bread; and it is to this they attribute their strength.

The principal article sold by the foreign merchants at Taka, is tobacco, as well the product of Sennaar as of Persia and the Yemen: that which comes from the latter countries is called here Suratty, and is the yellow leaved sort called Tombac in the Hedjaz and Egypt, and which is smoked in the East in the Persian pipe or Nargyle; being much stronger than the Sennaar tobacco, it is preferred in Taka principally for the manufacture of snuff, of which the people are very fond; the snuff is prepared by mixing natron or salt with the pulverised tobacco. No man or woman is seen without a small gourd, the size of a goose's egg, in

which they carry their snuff. The Souakin traders sell here also natron, which they bring from Shendi: all kinds of spices, especially cloves, which are in great demand among the Hallenga; incense, beads, and hardware; but the chief articles are tobacco, Damour, and clothes. Dhoura is taken in exchange for all these articles, and is the main object with the merchants from Souakin, because that place depends solely upon Taka for its supply of this necessary of life, none, or very little, being cultivated in its neighbourhood.

(To be continued.)

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

The operations for the season commenced with great vigour in Albemarle Street on Tuesday, when Mr. Millington began a course of lectures on Experimental Philosophy, to be continued twice a week. The plan he has marked out for himself seems to be one of infinite importance; and when we consider the clearness of his arrangements, and the extent of his information, we are led to anticipate a most luminous and interesting development of the subject undertaken. Mr. Brande of course resumes his chemical illustrations; but the most novel and attractive feature in the programme for this year, is a series of lectures upon Poetry by one no less competent to perform the task admirably than Mr. Thomas Campbell. A course of lectures on Botany, by Sir J. H. Smith and another on Architecture by J. Soane, Esq. complete the whole; and if we reflect on the great and various talent engaged, we must say that the present bids fair to be the most distinguished era of this valuable Institution.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

By Correspondents.

### SONNET.

The sun has sunk behind the western hill,  
O'er whose dark summit comes the evening gray;  
The murky mists which ope the valley fill,  
Hang like the pall of the departed day.  
The monsters sleep with each its head reclined  
Beneath the shelter of its downy wing;  
No sound is floating on the peaceful wind,  
Save the soft murmurs of the bubbling spring.  
But hark! I hear the distant village chime,  
Breaking the silence of his lower sphere.  
It jostly warns me of the lapse of time,  
In accents smooth and soothing to my ear,  
Telling that years roll on, nor wait for me,  
Till all be lost in dark eternity.

London, Jan. 8.

W. H. T.

## CONSOLATION.

Hush'd is that voice that whisper'd peace,  
And gone that lovely smile,  
That grief alway'd, bade sorrows cease,  
And rais'd my hopes the while.  
No more shall beam th' entrancing ray,  
That shot from Mary's eye;  
Her bed is now the cold, cold clay—  
I saw her droop and die.

The world, with all its busy crowds,  
Is solitude to me;  
And o'er my spirit grief's dark clouds  
Are gathering heavily.

But ah! a thought comes o'er my mind,  
Oh grief away, away,  
Is day her soul is not confin'd,  
But soars to realms of day.

Then will I hope that after death,  
Our souls shall mingle there;  
And such e'en with my dying breath  
Shall be my constant pray'r.  
Lewis, Jan. 8. W. H. T.

## "Sweet Cell,

Where Joy is felt like Sadness, and our Grief  
A Melancholy pleasant to be borne"—WILSON.

There is gloom in the air, "and my spirit within  
Is rapt and heavy with care;  
For I leave the charm'd light of an eye that  
could win

A soul from the shroud of despair.  
To him who in loneliness dreams o'er the past,  
And glides o'er the present in fashionless  
peace,

How bright are the fugitive visions that cast,  
A awe-thrilling flash o'er the shadowy waste,  
Where he slumbers in fancied release!

Yet what hath "the world," save that gleam, to  
console

The slave of its spurious delights—  
What bliss at his heart, or what beam in his  
soul?

His weary associate requies?  
Sate to soar on the pinion of fame is denied,  
Oh grant me in honour'd seclusion to dwell;  
And well could I deem that my fate were sup-  
plied.

If sympathy but'd some dear form to my side,  
To grace and enliven my cell!  
Jan. 2. C.

## EAST INDIA THEATRICALS.

At Calcutta there is a Theatre, called *The Chowringhee Theatre*, which has for the last five years been under the direction of an Amateur Dramatic Society. It is principally supported by subscription; and in July last, its general report was so satisfactory, that the proprietors renewed the management in the same hands for five years more. Thanks were voted to the amateur performers; and about a week before, one of these gentlemen spoke an address, which was introduced in the Government Gazette.

The theatrical amusements at Chowringhee on Friday last, were honoured by the presence of the Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings. Her Ladyship was received by the audience with enthusiasm, and in a manner that strongly marked the hearty welcome with which her return to India is hailed. When the curtain drew up, the following appropriate address was delivered by one of our most distinguished ana-

—When in those walls the Drama reared its head,  
And kindling radiance from its cradle shed;

To cheer the dulness of our Indian day,  
And chase the foggy mist of spleen away,  
Who—in the van of taste and feeling came,  
To aid his struggles into life and fame?  
Who—deigned to smile upon its infant course,  
And teach its efforts confidence and force?  
Oh, need the muse its patroness proclaim,  
When every heart is swelling with the name!  
A name a thousand thoughts at once connect,  
With all we love, we boast of, and respect!

Yes, from the loftier claims that asked her care,

The hours that rank for Charity could spare;  
The leisure ever prompt to seek distress,  
To soothe affliction and despair repress;  
E'en from the luxury of doing good,  
The Muse, a London once not vainly wooed  
To listen to the lighter strains—designed  
To mend the manners and to raise the mind,  
And grace with Ennvy's gems and flowery strife,  
The graver attributes of human life,

Propitious winds across the willing main,  
We t'wixt her presence to these realms again;  
And now again she comes once more to cheer  
The Muse her fostering favour helped to rear;  
And shall that Muse be mute? What though no  
fire

From inspiration caught, her strain inspire;  
What though her measured phrase too faint ap-  
pear,

To bid such lofty worth a welcome here!  
Still shall her voice be raised, secure, around  
A prompt spontaneous echo will be found,  
From every bosom and from every tongue  
To aid that feeble voice—that welcome to pro-  
long!

## BIOGRAPHY.

## ALY BEY (OR BADIA).

The author of the celebrated *Travels in Africa*, is thus described in Burkhardt's *Travels*. Another traveller of a singular description passed here two years ago. He called himself Aly Bey, and professed to be born of Tunisian parents in Spain, and to have received his education in that country. Spanish appears to be his native language, besides which he spoke French, a little Italian, and the Magrebeyn dialect of Arabic, but badly. He came to Aleppo by the way of Cairo, Yafia, and Damascus, with the strongest letters of recommendation from the Spanish Government to all its agents, and an open credit upon them. He seemed to be a particular friend of the Prince of the Peace, for whom he was collecting antiquities; and from the manner in which it was known that he was afterwards received by the Spanish Ambassador at his arrival in Constantinople, he must have been a man of distinction. The description of his figure and what he related of his travels, called to my recollection the Spaniard Badia and his miniature in your library (this letter is addressed to Sir J. Banks). He was a man of middling size, long thin head, black eyes, large nose, long black beard, and feet that indicated the former wearing of tight shoes. He professed to have travelled in Barbary, to have crossed the Libyan Desert between Barbary and Egypt, and from Cairo to have gone to Mekka and back. He travelled with eastern magnificence, but here he was rather shy of show, and

himself out of doors; he never walked out but on Fridays to the prayers of noon, in the great Mosque. One of the before mentioned dervishes told me that there had been a great deal of talking about this Aly Bey, at Damascus and Hamar; they suspected him of being a Christian, but his great liberality and the pressing letters which he brought to all people of consequence, stopped all further enquiry. He was busily employed in arranging and putting in order his journal during the two months of his stay at Aleppo.

## THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—Last Saturday Rossini's Comic Opera of *Cinderella, La Cenerentola*, was produced at this theatre; and a Signor Torri made his debut as the Prince of Salerno. The story differs from the original in making the Prince visit the abode of Cinderella's father, Don Magnifico, (Ambrogetti) changing characters with his valet, Dandini (Piacchi); in other respects we have the proud sisters, the ball, and the marriage of Cinderella (Bellocchi). The opera went off extremely well. The music is, in general, very good, and the overture beautiful. The new singer has a pleasing tenor voice, and acquitted himself so as to give entire satisfaction. He has a great deal of the manner of Braham; but is by no means equal to him either in power or discrimination. In such comparisons he must indeed be content with the praise of a second rate artist; and especially when his style, as it sometimes does, resembles that of a pupil rather than a master. His acting is above the usual stamp of musical performers: his last song was finely executed and encoored, and he sang it better the second time than the first—a proof that diffidence might be the cause of his not fully displaying his abilities. Madame Bellocchi was in high voice and sang charmingly. Ambrogetti was great in his part. Romero, who personated a pilgrim, is but an indifferently actor, and a worse singer. Miss Mori gains ground in every new character; and Mrs. Gatti's voice and action were well suited to the other sister, Thibide. We have no doubt that the opera will improve much on repetition; and in that expectation content ourselves with this short notice of its first representation.

COUNT GARDEN.—On Tuesday the "ever pleasing ever new" play, *As you like it*, introduced to the public an aspirant for dramatic honours, hitherto unknown upon the stage. The newspapers state her to be a Miss Wensley, and of respectable family in Somersetshire; and indeed, her lady-like appearance and manners, allowing for the embarrassment of her situation, seem to justify the report. The part chosen for her debut was Rosalind, removed, undoubtedly, by several of its later occupants, from the perilous and trying difficulty of its preceding contrast, but still an arduous and hazardous undertaking. To counterbalance this, as well as the timidity which the occasion naturally creates, there was a very benevolent disposition to applause in a marked number of the

audience; besides the common feeling by which all must be actuated at the sight of a handsome young female, for the first time, facing thousands of eyes all fixed on her, and attempting to perform a novel task, requiring great talent and perfect self-possession. We notice this, not invidiously, but as entirely disapproving of unwise, exaggerated, partial plaudits, instead of leaving a British Theatre to the free expression of sentiments which we firmly believe would be much warmer and much more auspicious to the party, were not an opposite current excited by injudicious and rather dogmatical predilection. That genuine public to which, after all, both plays and players must look for support, will, especially in matters like the present, if left to itself, take up the cause of merit with sufficient zeal; but it becomes cold even to merit, which seems to have so many friends as not to need its patronage; and the unlucky object of this ostentatious sustentation, being of necessity soon deprived of its aid, sinks unregarded to a level probably below its real desert. Miss Wensley has a pretty countenance, and a fine person, inclining to *emboupoint*. She displayed a neck of some prominence, and rather calculated to serve as a heaving index to the female agitations of the Debutante, than to comport with the male attire of Ganymede. On her performance in the first two acts, it would be severe, perhaps unjust, to speak in plain terms; for being almost overpowered by her terror, it may be believed that she did not fairly exhibit the extent of her abilities. It seemed however, that her voice was weak, and ill adapted to the expression of pathos. A foreign friend, with us, not moved by her tender scenes, declared that she wanted the power of physis, meaning thereby, (heaven mend his English!) physical power; but much of this may be attributable to tremulous apprehension and nervous sensibility. In the after-scenes she gained more command, and became more playful and spirited. The cuckoo song, that John Bull test, was sung in an arch and captivating manner; and, in conclusion, the attempt ended more successfully than it began, being neither a triumph nor a failure. Mr. Macready played Jacques, for the first time. His portraiture was altogether of a masterly order. The description of the wounded deer not so exquisitely touching as we have heard it delivered; but the celebrated passage, "all the world's a stage," given in a style of excellence, such as we can most truly say we never witnessed before, even in Kemble or Young, admirable as they were in this speech. Its effect was acknowledged by bursts of applause, hardly restrained till the actor finished.

### VARIETIES.

¶ Marshal d'Aluxelles was considered to be a misanthrope, which his answer to a person who rallied him on his celibacy seems to justify—"I never," said he, "saw a woman whose husband I should have liked to be; nor a man, of whom I would have chosen to be the father."

**POTATOES.**—According to the most recent inquiries, naturalists declare Lima to be the true country whence potatoes were propagated. They are worth all the mines at Peru.

**BOX NOT.**—The Chevalier Duplessis, a very middling poet, author of a bad opera called *Pizarro*, used to indulge himself in the bitter satire against other poets. Once, as he affirmed with great vehemence in the theatre in Paris, that he did not know a worse lyric poet than Guillard, Chéron, a very witty actor, said to him, "Ah, Chevalier, you forget yourself."

Sir W. Congreve has, we hear, invented a gun, which will discharge conical shot with a precision hitherto unattained in gunnery.

The plans drawn by M. Delbret, the Architect, for the construction of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, in the Rue des Petits Augustins, have been approved, and the foundation of this interesting building will be laid next spring. (*French Papers*).

On the 5th ult. M. Pons of Marseilles observed the comet which was discovered on the 28th of November by M. Blanpain, Director of the Observatory of Marseilles. On the 11th of December, the new comet ascended in a direct line to the north, and having crossed the constellation of Virgo, it apparently took a direction towards *Berenice's Comb* and the bounds of *Bootes*; so that with the aid of good telescopes it may be visible for some time to come.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

**Curious Manuscript.**—A very interesting piece of literary intelligence is the discovery of the Life of the celebrated Duguesclin, in MS., written in verse, on parchment, and in folio, with twelve neat miniature paintings representing his battles with the English. Another MS. of the twelfth century, likewise in folio, contains pretty fables and moral tales. Among many other very important MSS., concerning Charles VII. and Francis I. there is also the Journal of Charles V. which was written by his secretary Vandenesse. He was inseparable from this monarch from 1514 to 1559; he wrote in French. Robertson and the other historians of Charles V. were not acquainted with it; in the Royal Library we find proofs that the learned Meermann intended to copy it.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JANUARY, 1820.

Thursday, 6.—Thermometer from 19 to 36.

Barometer from 30, 25 to 30, 32.

Wind S.W. 4.—Morning generally clear, the rest of the day cloudy and hazy.

Friday, 7.—Thermometer from 26 to 32.

Barometer from 30, 40 to 30, 62.

Wind E. b. N. 2.—Clear about noon, the rest of the day generally clear.

Saturday, 8.—Thermometer from 23 to 30.

Barometer from 30, 30 to 30, 78.

Wind N. E. 2.—Morning clear, the rest of the day cloudy, with a little snow in the morning.

Sunday, 9.—Thermometer from 20 to 30.

Barometer from 30, 86 to 30, 67.

Wind N. E. 2, and N. b. W. 3.—Clouds generally passing; clear at times.

Monday, 10.—Thermometer from 17 to 32.

Barometer from 30, 67, to 30, 61.

Wind N. E. 4.—Morning clear, the rest of the day cloudy.

Tuesday, 11.—Thermometer from 23 to 33.

Barometer 30, 15 to 29, 56.

Wind S.W. 4.—Cloudy; snowing most of the day.

Wednesday, 12.—Thermometer from 17 to 28.

Barometer from 30, 15 to 30, 33.

Wind E. b. N. and N. E. 4.—Cloudy, with a little snow at times, till the evening, when it became clear.

Lat. 51. 37. 32. N.

Lon. 0. 3. 51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE LAST YEAR, 1819

WINDS.	N.	S.	E.	W.	N.E.	S.E.	N.W.	S.W.	Days.	WINDS.	N.	S.	E.	W.	N.E.	S.E.	N.W.	S.W.	Days.
PLUVIA.	2.17	2.625	1.39125	2.10	2.725	2.25	2.25	2.25	2.25	2.25	2.25	2.25	2.25	2.25	2.25	2.25	2.25	2.25	2.25
MEAS.	36.25	36.25	36.25	36.25	36.25	36.25	36.25	36.25	36.25	36.25	36.25	36.25	36.25	36.25	36.25	36.25	36.25	36.25	36.25
Thermometer.	24	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21
Highest.	47	55	62	74	75	75	75	75	75	75	75	75	75	75	75	75	75	75	75
Barometer.	29.950	29.800	29.800	29.800	29.800	29.800	29.800	29.800	29.800	29.800	29.800	29.800	29.800	29.800	29.800	29.800	29.800	29.800	29.800
Highest.	30.75	30.75	30.75	30.75	30.75	30.75	30.75	30.75	30.75	30.75	30.75	30.75	30.75	30.75	30.75	30.75	30.75	30.75	30.75
Month.	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUG.	SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* In order to make room for our review of *Acme's* book, which is of such universal interest as to render it expedient to take the subject *en bloc*, we have abridged and postponed our articles. *Anastasia* will be resumed in our next, and other interesting matters taken up.

The lines signed W. B. are too irregular for insertion; the following thought is however prearranged—

Farwell!—the repetition

Of this word seems but poorly to express Affection of the heart; like the church-bell So often tolled for funerals, that at length Solemnity and death seem obsolete.

# Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

## Distortions.

**DR. Weatherhead** commences his Winter Course of Lectures on the Distortions and Dis- cures of the Bones and Joints, on Thursday the 24th Inst. Particulars to be had of Dr. W. at his house No. 16, Upper Montagu St. Montagu Square.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

*The London Magazine* (Second Edition.)  
**MESSRS. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy** did not at first think it necessary to notice publicly a charge which has been brought against them, very wantonly at least, to use no harsher word, of having mislaid the title of their new periodical work from the Prospect of a contemporary Magazine. Some of our friends however have suggested, that respect for the Public requires them, once for all, to contradict what they flatter themselves, their previous reputation had sufficiently prevented from being believed. They can prove incontrovertibly that their present enterprise, including its Title, as it now stands, and all its other arrangements, was fixed so long ago as the Spring of 1819. Warn, on the 18th of November, Messrs. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy first saw the announcement of the new-ly being a slinking name, they immediately sent to its Publisher a printed Copy of their Prospectus, which had been circulated several Weeks before. The coincidence is unpleasant: on their part it is accidental. It is, however, there be any superior claim to the Title assumed, perhaps it will be considered to belong to that illustrious predecessor carried on *The London Magazine* for half a Century; a Circumstance, in fact, which originally suggested the Continuation of the Name.

Handsomely printed in 8vo, price 12s.  
**CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE OF FRENCH LITERATURE**, consisting of interesting Extracts from the Classic French Writers, in Prose and Verse, with Biographical and Critical Remarks on the Authors and their Works. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. Prose.  
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"A few copies to be had in Royal 8vo, price 18s."  
The French Language, whether considered as a study of ornament or utility, is of equal importance. As a branch of polite education, it opens the most valuable sources of intellectual enjoyment; while its utility must be universally acknowledged, when, without exaggeration, it may be pronounced the language of the library. The above work is not only designed for the library of the scholar, but for the amusement and instruction of youth. It may be safely placed in the hands of the students, to guide his course of reading, and to stimulate him to explore those treasures which an attentive perusal of the most celebrated French authors will open to his view. Nothing has been admitted, however distinguished for ability, that can possibly give offence either to morals or to religion; for genius is all claim to respect when it basely descends to mislead the judgment or to corrupt the heart." *Préface.*

Price 1s. 6d.  
**SPEECH OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL**, in the House of Commons, on December 14th, 1819, on moving Resolutions relative to Corrupt Boroughs, with Extracts from the Evidence on the Grandpound Bribery Indictments. London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster Row; and J. Ridgway, Piccadilly.

In 12mo, price 6s. 6d. 2ds.  
**AN HISTORICAL EPITOME OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS**; in which the events are arranged according to Chronological Order. By a MEMBER of the CHURCH of ENGLAND, for the use of Schools. Printed for G. and W. B. Whitaker, 18, Ave-Maria Lane, London.

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In this important undertaking, no exertion has been spared to produce a memorial of the exploits of our gallant countrymen truly worthy of them; to transmit to posterity a record, which may be consulted with conscious exultation—which the future historian, who shall recount these immortal deeds, may examine with confidence—and which the living who partook of all the toils, dangers, and the glories of them, may turn to as the authentic monument of their own exploits.

The Plates illustrate not merely the field of battle, but all the intermediate country from Brussels to Charleroi, proceeding in regular succession; so that the reader may, as it were, actually walk over the ground which our army trod, from the moment it quitted Brussels till the battle of Waterloo was fought. They form in a manner one vast picture, so consecrated throughout, that what appears in perspective in the first plate is represented in the foreground of the second, and so through the whole series.

To military men, and especially to those who were in the battle, these Graphic Illustrations must be peculiarly valuable and interesting, as they will be enabled to ascertain almost the very spots where themselves stood—where their brave comrades were killed or wounded—where they sustained the shock of the enemy—where they repelled his onset—and where they at last so gloriously conquered. London: printed for Henry Colburn and Co. Conduit Street, and T. Egerton, White-hall.

The following works are preparing for publication by John Miller, Burlington Arcade, and will appear early in February.

**THE SKETCH BOOK**, by GEOFFREY CRAYON, Gent. The first American Edition with alterations and additions, by the Author. In one handsome vol. 8vo.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Annual Biography and Obituary, for the year 1820.*—Vol. IV.—London, 8vo. pp. 408.

We can so entirely appreciate the difficulties attendant upon editing this annual volume, that it affords us more than ordinary pleasure to notice how very able they have been, in general, surmounted. When the only sources of intelligence are loose rumour, or the partial report of friends, it is no easy matter to steer in the mid-channel of truth, between the barren coast on one hand, and the flowing current on the other. In the work before us there is, at least, an evident desire to do this; and, in the desire itself, lies its accomplishment to a considerable extent. The memoirs of Admiral Sir R. Calder, Almeran Combe, Sir R. Musgrave, the Irish political writer, John Palmer, Esq. the inventor of the mail-coach system, Patrick Brydson the traveller, G. W. Meadley, Mrs. Billington, Col. Tatham the Anglo-American projector, Sir P. Francis, Major Scott Waring, Dr. Wolcott, the eccentric H. C. Jennings, Professor Playfair, J. Watt, and Aaron Graham, Esq. are severally given in an agreeable, and, as far as practicable, an impartial manner. Having ourselves previously obtained biographies of some of these parties for the *Literary Gazette*, and, in so doing, consulted the best authorities to which we could have access, we are the better enabled to speak to the diligence and skill of the Editor of the *Obituary*. In some instances, Mrs. Billington, for example, he does not tell us all the truth; but, upon the whole, his views are not inaccurate, though possibly they do not go far beneath the surface. The account of Mr. Jennings being most original, we shall quote from it, as a specimen. The latter years of the life of this singular person are thus described:

From this time, but few particulars of his life are known to me, until he settled at Chelsea, where I first became known to him. This was about the year 1803, at which period he must have been near 72 years of age. On presenting myself at his door, a man serv-

vant, with but one eye, and apparently maimed in other parts of his body, announced the name of his visitor. I at first thought my conductor might be an out-pensioner of the neighbouring hospital; but I soon learned that he was a victim, not to war, but to science, having been nearly destroyed in the service of his master. On announcing a message from a common friend, I was received with open arms; and, from that moment, all his treasures were subject to my frequent inspection.

As he was sometimes shy of strangers, many applied to me for an introduction; and, among others, I had the pleasure to carry to Lindsay-Row some gentlemen belonging to the British Museum. They were chiefly desirous to see and examine the fine collection of shells; and on our retiring, we took a turn on Battersea-Bridge, where, on my demanding their value, they agreed, "that in time of peace, and under favourable circumstances, they might sell for 9000 pounds or guineas."

It was not difficult to discover Mr. Jennings was a good Latin scholar, and in his collection he possessed fine copies of all the classics; some of these, indeed, were magnificent, both as to printing and binding. He himself was generally accustomed to read those in *usum Delphini*.

Although his house commanded a fine view of the river, he never once deigned to look at the charming prospect. Indeed it would have been difficult, if not impossible, had he been inclined to regale his eye with such a noble object, for his windows were so dirty as to bid defiance to all distinct vision; and indeed they seemed to realise the poetic idea of "darkness visible." This mansion, which had been formerly the residence of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, his school-fellow at Westminster, was occupied in the following manner:—In the front parlour was an immense Arctic Bear, of a white colour, and, if I recollect aright, a winged animal, greatly decayed, which might once have been an eagle. The garden, either before or behind, bore no marks of the spade, the rake, or the pruning-knife; the very walls appeared in a state of complete ruin; the shrubs were allowed to grow wildly luxuriant; while the labours of man never seemed to have been applied to the deserted mould, which was covered with a yellowish moss, and exhibited every mark of desolation.

In the rear were the offices of all kinds, and from the kitchen sallied forth, at the approach of a stranger, his housekeeper, a married woman of about thirty years of age, accompanied by a number of ragged children, of whom, as if anxious for the character of her who sat before him, his only

servant, he was accustomed to declare on honour, "that he was not the father."

On the left-hand side of the drawing-room door was to be seen himself—a very old and decrepid man, generally clothed in a brown suit of coarse cloth, with immense large silver buttons awkwardly fastened to the breast of his coat. He constantly wore a small hat, both at home and abroad, and possessed both a white and a black beaver, the former of which was always selected for great occasions. Sitting in an immense arm-chair, lined with carpet; his body was mechanically placed in a reclining position, approaching nearly to the horizontal. This was effected by invariably reposing his legs and feet on a Roman *Trichinium*, which he valued greatly. According to him, "the ancients ought to have known something of health and comfort after a civilization of so many centuries! while, as to us, so lately barbarians, we had not been above a thousand years out of the woods."

This venerable figure, with a sharp and croaking voice, saluted the visitor, whom he recognised by means of a mirror; and to whom he scarcely deigned to turn his head. He appeared to sit enthroned in all the majesty of *Vertù*, amidst his books, his pictures, and his shells; and never willingly arose, but to gratify himself and his guest, by exhibiting some or all of these. Among his portraits he had a Mary Queen of Scots; and he boasted that no profane pencil had ever been suffered to retouch it since finished. A painter, however, showed me where it had been evidently mended; and on this, as on many other occasions, Mr. Jennings was most assuredly the dupe of the dealers. The picture of the children of Charles I. (Charles II. and James II. &c.), with a fine large mastiff in front, was much praised and valued by him, as *unique*; the original, however, is at Windsor Castle. A landscape, with a rainbow, and some good figures in the foreground, was estimated by its owner sometimes at 2000*l.*, sometimes at 3000*l.*, according to the state of his purse, on account of the shepherds, which were said to have been painted by Rubens. It was knocked down, at the sale, as well as I can recollect, for 40*l.* There was a picture by a young but celebrated Italian artist, of a Venus awaiting the arrival of Mars, surrounded by Cupids blowing conchs and playing on warlike instruments. This he once promised to a gentleman, who had undertaken to consume his body to ashes, by means of fire, and deposit the remains in a sepulchral urn.

The shells, which must be allowed to have exhibited a most superb assemblage, were chiefly arranged in mahogany cabinets, with a sliding glass-top to every separate box.



To procure some of these he had made immense sacrifices, both in respect to the mode of obtaining the money and the sum actually paid. They were placed in due series, so as to exhibit every possible size, from early youth to extreme old age, on the part of the animals inhabiting them. In one, which he highly prized, the volute happened to be inverted. To the formation of others some obstruction had been given, and a new process, and sometimes new colours were resorted to. On asking him one day what had been the *maximum* price, he placed three in my hand, for which he had given 90*l.* to the daughters of a late celebrated physician; and one alone, his many-ridged harp, cost him 120*l.*

Among his other treasures, our *virtuoso* possessed two specimens of the *Gambonica*, an indifferent one of which was disposed of for 45*l.* at the Duchess of Portland's sale.

Mr. Jennings valued himself greatly on his Venus's slipper, for which he had paid 60*l.*, and I deemed it exquisite till I beheld one in the botanic garden at Paris. It had been obtained during the expedition in search of D'Entrecasteaux, and was presented to Josephine. It is *unique* of its kind.

After admiring these, you were ushered by the happy owner into an anti-room, but not until he had carefully locked his cabinets and his door.

You were finally admitted into the *sanctum sanctorum*, through a passage, to the right of which were carelessly piled up a valuable collection of English, French, and Latin books. Their appearance and value wonderfully contrasted with the slovenly manner in which they were thrown together. Of most the leaves were gilded; others exhibited the finest specimens of binding, both British and German; while many in *milk-white vellum* covers, would have dignified the principal shelves of the *amateurs*.

The apartment to which this led was no other than his own chamber, the bed in which exhibited the most dreary and comfortless appearance; in short, it would have chilled the blood of any but a regular antiquary, who slept here, surrounded by the rarest, choicest, and most precious objects of his ambition.

Here, besides some pictures, &c. was an immense *Beryl*, which, as he frankly owned to me, in his own emphatic language, "he had often pawned for 300*l.*" was an object of considerable curiosity. Perhaps within a foot of this rare gem was deposited, what he was pleased to term his *antediluvian pig*. This was a concave segment of a stone of considerable magnitude and ponderosity, formerly appertaining to the collection of Sir Ashton Lever. It appeared *retrocurv*, and represented, as through a glass, the bowels, fat, and even the bristles of a porker, in the most natural order possible; and with a verisimilitude, that could not fail to strike, and to amuse the most careless observer. According to his theory, it was a production evidently anterior to the flood of Noah, and had taken some thousand years

to harden into, and assume its present form and appearance.

The exhibition always very properly closed with a view of its chief ornament. This was the figure, or rather the bust of a goddess in *bronze*; but as the materials were said to consist of gold, silver, tin, &c. the appellation, perhaps, of "Corinthian brass," would be rather more correct and appropriate. This ever had been, and still was with him, an object of high esteem, approaching, indeed, to adoration. He permitted none but those he termed "presentable people" to gaze on it; he, himself, approached the iron chest, in which his divinity was enshrined, with an apparent degree of awe, and after brandishing the key in a peculiar manner, applied it to the lock with a certain degree of reverence. On being questioned as to the name of the artist, "Praxiteles" was uniformly honoured with mention; and the date of between three and four thousand years, assigned as the epoch of execution, or rather of *creation*. I had almost omitted to mention, that Mr. Jennings valued himself greatly on the possession of one other article: this was the rouge box of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, queen of France. The inside was intirely of gold, and the vermilion or *sfard* appeared to have been put on by means of a camel's-hair pencil, with a handle of the same metal. The royal arms of France were designated on the rich cover, the whole forming a square of the ordinary size of a snuff-box. Of the originality of this article, there can be no manner of doubt; and, to enhance the interest of the spectator, its delighted owner was always accustomed to conclude by observing, "that it had been taken out of her Majesty's pocket immediately after her head was cut off by the executioner."

Mr. Jennings wished always to be particularly exact as to the measurement of time, and in the course of his life had a series of *chronometers* constructed for him by the most eminent watchmakers of the day. His last was at least equal to any of the former, in point of workmanship, although perhaps inferior as to price, being inclosed in silver instead of gold cases.

But he valued himself still more on an appendage to it. This was a seal very plainly, but handsomely set, which he bought at Naples for a single *Paï* (a pontifical sixpence). It bore the consular insignia, with this singular motto:

"CÆSARI IMPERATORI  
LIBERTATE LANGVESCENTE."

He was pleased to consider this as a real *antique*, engraved in the camp, with a diamond, and without the aid of a wheel, a little before the fatal battle of Philippi.

Our *virtuoso* addicted himself at one period to chemistry, and was accustomed to make experiments in his laboratory, until he had nearly become a victim to his love of science. On one of these occasions, like Dr. Watson, Bishop of Landaff, while professor at Cambridge, he was actually blown up! His valet, who acted as an assistant, and to whose reference has been already made, lost an eye, and he himself received several

wounds in his leg. He was accustomed to boast, "that notwithstanding this mishap, with his usual punctuality, he kept an engagement to dinner that very day."

In respect to exercise, he was not only a great advocate for it, but he practised it to a degree scarcely credible for upwards of half a century. He possessed a long and ponderous wooden instrument, capped with lead at both ends, in the management of which he was such an adept, that he boasted of having disarmed the best "small-arm ordnance in Italy;" and even now, give him but fair play, he "would not be afraid of five or six English housebreakers." Every night, before bed-time, as has been already hinted, he exercised himself with this formidable weapon, until he acquired a comfortable warmth, which enabled him to retire to rest with a genial glow. In the morning, according to his own account, he got up between seven and eight o'clock; and, in his own express words, "flourished his broad-sword exactly 300 times; I then," adds he, "mounted my chaise-horse, composed of leather, and inflated with wind like a pair of bellows, on which I take exactly 1000 gallops!" He then retired to enjoy what always appeared to me to be a most miserable and uncomfortable breakfast.

After this meal, he employed himself, when no sale of curiosities was expected in town, chiefly in reading.

After a scanty dinner, which shall be described hereafter,—for our antiquary seldom walked out for exercise,—he still retained possession of his arm-chair and his tricornium, and folding the purple mantle of dyed flannel over his legs and feet, took a nap, which he termed his *ciesto*, a custom he had first been taught to indulge in during his residence in Italy. After this, either his books or his cabinets, occupied his attention until night. At all times of the day, however, he might be occasionally seen adjusting, arranging, and placing his shells in due order; but his choicest and most grateful employment was to *clean, purify, and polish* them, on their first arrival from their respective countries. He himself, in former times, has not unfrequently gone on board East and West India-men, for the purpose of buying these and other rare productions, exactly in the state in which they were torn from their native beds. Of late years, however, he was obliged to purchase at second-hand, and an enhanced value, from the dealers.

I have beheld him, with a green baize apron before and a wet towel in his hand, enjoying the most exquisite delight, after contemplating these in "the rough," applying his brushes to every part, with an unwonted display of vigour. A preparation of spirit of sea-salt having almost instantaneously produced a gentle effervescence, the outward surface began to disappear. Here all the skill of the shell-fancier was displayed; for if the *eff* happened to be too strong, the precious specimens might be damaged, perhaps ruined; and if not sufficiently powerful, the operation proved ineffectual.

Next comes the polish: and what were "his dear delights," when the colours began

to brighten ;—when the exact form, and shape, and size, were disclosed ;—and above all, when any adventitious circumstance happened to heighten the value of the acquisition ! At length, the pearl-lined *Nautilus*, the radiant *Bucciella*, or the superb *Terebra*, appeared in all its meridian splendour, and the connoisseur, who had found these ugly and hideous objects but an hour before, was now almost ready to fall down and worship them, after the sudden and brilliant change effected by the magic of his own workmanship.

Mr. Jennings had a great attachment to wax candles, which proceeded partly from foreign travel, and partly from frequenting genteel houses in the early period of his life. In 1808, he laid in a supply to the amount of 21l. ; partly because the maker, who, according to him, excelled in this manufacture, might either die or become a bankrupt ; and partly with a view to prevent trouble, " as he thought they might last long enough to burn an old man out of this world." In order to enable him to consume the last half-inch of the wick, and prevent the least particle of the wax from being wasted, he made use of a silver *save-all* : this consisted of a fine Queen Anne's half-crown piece, in excellent preservation. A Queen Anne's farthing, which is infinitely more valuable, or even an Otho, would have been used on a similar occasion, had it been deemed more convenient for the purposes of economy : this, like the rod of Aaron, swallowed up all other competitors.

After noticing many of Mr. J.'s eccentricities, the memoir says—

Death usually puts a conclusion to all singularities ; yet in his case, he determined to prove singular even then. Abhorring the idea of his corpse being consigned to the cold earth, he resolved to have recourse to the ancient rite of *cremation*. This was a circumstance so generally known, that his neighbours supposed he had an oven within his house, for the express purpose of reducing his body to ashes.

Having pitched upon a gentleman in the vicinity, he frankly opened his mind to him ; and demanded if he had courage enough, despising all vulgar prejudice, to stand by and see his body publicly consumed by fire ? " Yes," replied his neighbour, " I will burn your corpse on the centre arch of Battersea bridge, if you so desire ; and that, too, in spirit and in sight of all the proprietors." " How is that possible ?" demanded Mr. Jennings. " Nothing more easy," rejoined the other, " it is only placing your corpse in a car, dressed in a pitched shirt, and surrounded by combustibles—I myself shall apply the match soon after the body leaves the place of your present abode, and when you arrive mid-way, between the two toll-houses, I intend to pull out the linch-pins. You can then consume at leisure, and without danger, notwithstanding it is a wooden bridge."

This whimsical proposition was instantly agreed to in the presence of myself, and his views was to be the reward. But a coolness

between the parties afterwards ensued ; and the mother of love being seized in execution, was actually sold for a vile price, in the presence of the indignant legatee.

His goddess has been already mentioned, but it remains to be told, that for the first six months after obtaining possession of such a prize, she was constantly seated, during dinner, at the head of his table, with two footmen, in laced liveries, behind ; while the most costly viands were placed in succession before her, by way of oblation to her immortal charms !

He died in the rules of the King's Bench, and the narrative thus concludes—

The fate of Mr. Jennings has been eminently singular, and the flux and reflux, the ever-varying ebbs and flows of his fortune appear so strange as to be almost paradoxical. At an early period of life we behold him mingling in the crowd of wealthy pilgrims who repaired to Italy about half a century ago, to pay their devotions at the shrine of taste and *certa*. He returned at length, like old *Tradesant*, with shells, statues, minerals, gems, and the finest specimens of natural history in his train.

After keeping company with foreign princes and princesses he associates with the first nobility in his native country, and then, by a fatal reverse, spends some years of his life, partly within the walls of a provincial, and partly of a town goal. Recovering as if by magic, from his embarrassments, we next behold him emerging above the horizon of distress, and throwing away a second fortune at Newmarket, where he becomes the dupe of titled and untitled jockeys.

Sudden and inevitable ruin now seems to overtake him, and he is apparently lost for ever ; but lo ! in the course of a very short period, he once more revisits the circles of fashion, and sits enthroned in a temple, surrounded by the most rare and brilliant productions of nature, with pictures, and statues, and gems, and shells, and books, and goddesses, perpetually before his eyes ! Again the scene changes : the wand of some envious necromancer seems to be waved over his venerable head ; and the acquisitions of ages, the wreck of his estates, every thing most precious in his eyes ; his very " household goods," are all seized by the unholty hands of vile bailiffs ; and he himself, after languishing for two or three years in a prison, at length dies unheeded, unattended, and almost unknown, within the purlieus of the King's Bench.

*The Sceptic ; a Poem.* By Mrs Hemans. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 38.

Of this lady's poetical talents the public has several proofs before it. Her " Tales and Historic Poems," " Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy," " Modern Greece," and " Wallace's Invocation to Bruce," have been more or less approved by criticism and the voice of fame. The present produc-

tion is not likely to diminish the reputation of the fair author ; for though we cannot say that it is distinguished by any of the higher and most striking attributes of poetry, it is sufficiently raised above the mass of ordinary didactic pretensions, by a sweetness of versification, a purity of thought, and a piety of sentiment, which recommend it to our warmest regard. Every work tending to promote the cause of morality and true religion, ought in these days to be welcomed with kindness ; and Mrs. Hemans's muse, even did she breathe less of *gæus*, should be cherished for her beauty and virtue. We select a few passages to illustrate the subject, which generally sets the inextinguishable value of a faith in hereafter, against the fear, misgivings, and dreadful doubts of scepticism.

But thou ! whose thoughts have no blest home  
above,  
Captive of earth ! and canst thou dare to love ?  
To nurse such feelings as delight to rest,  
Within that hollow'd shrine—a parent's breast,  
To fix each hope, concentrate every tie,  
On one frail idol,—destined but to die.  
Yet mock the faith that points to worlds of light,  
Where sever'd souls, made perfect, re-unite ?  
Then tremble ! cling to every passing joy,  
Twin'd with the life a moment may destroy !  
If here be sorrow in a parting tear,  
Still let " *for ever* " vibrate on thine ear !  
If some bright hour on rapture's wing hath flown,  
Find more than anguish in the thought—" 'tis gone !"

Go ! to a voice such magic influence give,  
Thou canst not lose its melody, and live ;  
And make an eye the lodest star of thy soul,  
And let a glance the springs of thought controul ;  
Gaze on a mortal form with fond delight,  
Till the fair vision mingles with thy sight :  
There seek thy blessings, there repose thy trust,  
Lean on the willow, idolize the dust !  
Then, when thy treasure best repays thy care,  
Think on that dread " *for ever* "—and despair !  
Oh ! what is nature's strength ? the vacant eye,  
By mind deserted, bath a deadly prey !  
The wild delirious laughter of despair,  
The mirth of frenzy—seek an answer there !  
Turn not away, tho' pity's check grow pale,  
Close not thine ear against their awful tale.  
They tell thee, reason, wandering from the ray  
Of Faith, the blazing pillar of her way,  
In the mid-darkness of the stormy wave,  
Forsook the struggling soul she could not save !  
Weep not, and moralist ! o'er desert plains,  
Strew'd with the wrecks of grandeur—mould-  
ering fæces

Arches of triumph, long with weeds o'ergrown,  
And regal cities, now the serpent's own :  
Earth has more awful ruins—one lost mind,  
Whose star is quenck'd, bath lessous for man-  
kind,

Of deeper import than each prostrate dome,  
Mingling its marble with the dust of Rome.

——He that hath beheld

The parting spirit, by its fears repell'd,  
Cling in weak terror, to its earthly chain,  
And from the dizzy brink recoil, in vain,  
He that hath seen the last comparative there  
Dissolve the union form'd and clo'd in woe,

Well knows, that hour is awful.—In the pride  
Of youth and health, by sufferings yet untried,  
We talk of Death, as something, which 'twere  
sweet

In Glory's arms exultingly to meet,  
A closing triumph, a majestic scene,  
Where gazing nations watch the hero's mien,  
As, undismay'd amidst the tears of all,  
He folds his mantle, regally to fall!  
Hush fond enthusiast!—still, obscure, and lone,  
Yet not less terrible because unknown,  
Is the last hour of thousands—they retire  
From life's throng'd path, unnoticed to expire,  
As the light leaf, whose fall to ruin bears  
Some trembling insect's little world of cares,  
Descends in silence—while around waves on  
The mighty forest, reckless what is gone!  
Such is man's doom—and, ere an hour be flown,  
—Start not, thou trifler!—such may be thine  
own.

We shall add but one more extract—  
that with which the Sceptic concludes  
after a pathetic tribute to the memory  
of our late Princess, and asserting the  
altar as the ark of our national safety.

For! in the hour when storm-pursuing skies,  
Call on the watchers of the land to rise,  
To set the sign of fire on every height,  
And o'er the mountains rear, with patriot might,  
Prepar'd, if summoned, in its cause to die,  
The banner of our faith, the cross of victory!  
By this hath England conquer'd—field and flood  
Have own'd her sovereignty—alone she stood,  
When chains o'er all the scepter'd earth were  
thrown,

In high and holy singleness, a one,  
But mighty, in her God—and shall she now  
Forget before th' Omnipotent to bow?  
From the bright fountain of her glory turn,  
Or bid strange fire upon his altars burn?  
No! sever'd land, mid rocks and billows rude,  
Thron'd in its majesty of solitude,  
Still in the deep asylum of thy breast,  
Shall the pure elements of greatness rest,  
Virtue and faith, the tutelary powers,  
'Thy hearths that hallow, and defend thy towers!  
Still, where thy hamlet-vales, O chosen isle!  
In the soft beauty of thy verdure smile,  
Where yew and elm emerald the lowly fane,  
That guard the peasant's records and remains,  
May the blest echoes of the Sabbath-bell,  
Sweet on the quiet of the woodlands swell,  
And from each cottage-dwelling of thy glades,  
When starlight glimmers through the deepening  
shades,

Devotion's voice in choral hymns arise,  
And bear the Land's warm incense to the skies.  
There may the mother, as with anxious joy,  
To Heaven her lessons consecrate her boy,  
Tench his young accents still th' immortal lays,  
Of Zion's bards, in inspiration's days,  
When Angels, whispering thro' the cedar's  
shade.

Prophetic tones to Judah's harp convey'd:  
And, as, her soul all glistening in her eyes,  
She bids the prayer of infancy arise,  
Toll of his name, who left his Throne on high,  
Earth's lowliest lot to bear and sanctify,  
His love divine, by keener anguish tried,  
And fondly say—“My child, for thee He died!”

*Germany and the Revolution.* By Pro-  
fessor Goerres, late editor of the Rhe-  
nish Mercury. Translated from the  
German, by John Black.  
1820. 8vo. pp. 336.

This is the work of one of the most able  
and distinguished of the German reformers;  
but as we do not allow much of our review  
to native political publications, it will not be  
expected from us to occupy any considerable  
space with a foreign subject of that nature.  
Indeed, we have a great distaste for German  
politics, and a great dislike of German mo-  
rality; and it is only in consideration of the  
importance attached to Mr. Goerres' writings  
on the continent that we notice this translation  
at all. Of its literary merit we shall merely say  
that it appears to be faithfully and forcibly  
rendered into English: of its peculiar tenets,  
that it is a fiery essay in favour of a reform  
in the constitution of the Empire; and of its  
general character, that it throws a good deal  
of light upon the present state of Germany,  
though transmitted through a medium of the  
strongest factions colouring. The translator's  
assertion is, that “it contains a masterly  
review of the conduct of the different  
governments, from the overthrow of Napo-  
leon down to the present time, and of the  
sentiments and opinions of the different par-  
ties, during the same period.” This, of  
course, will be denied by the other side, and  
we only quote it as an opinion given, *con amore*, by a partizan, and on the statements  
of a man who has been accused of being a  
French agent to the year 1813. As we are  
more interested in Hanover than in any other  
state visited by Mr. Goerres' pen, we shall  
give, as an example of his performance, a  
passage relating to that kingdom.

“In Hanover, the new and unruly spirit of  
the times had not yet been in action a suf-  
ficient length of time to break up, along with  
the old manners, the tracks and paths of the  
mighty aristocracy of that country, and they  
soon succeeded in taking possession of the  
whole circle of powers which they formerly  
filled. The return of the aristocracy to au-  
thority and influence was accompanied by the  
return of the old government, which pos-  
sessed a kindred spirit. This government  
was regular, equitable, and well-intentioned,  
but at the same time heavy, helpless, and  
punctilious to excess. It could not so much  
be said to resist the claims of the age, as  
(what is still a great deal worse) to be wholly  
ignorant of them, like its own university,  
which, with a high air of beggarly pride,  
affects an ignorance of the new spirit that  
has shed its refreshing influence on science,  
as if what we have not taken any notice of  
were wholly extinguished and renounced by  
the world. An assembly of estates which  
withdrew itself from publicity, in which the  
various elements were bound together in a  
species of satiety, and a *via inertia* alone  
prevailed, was little calculated to convert an  
essentially oscillatory into a progressive  
movement, and to infuse spirit into the stag-  
nant life of this people, who, accustomed in  
so many things to a slavish imitation of the  
ruling islanders, cannot, however, adopt  
their activity. Yet, impelled by that spirit  
to which no one, however refractory, can  
ever be wholly insensible, many a salutary  
and praise-worthy object was promoted; an  
economical administration of the ecclesiastical  
possessions still remaining, and a conscien-

tious application of them to the wants of  
the church and the advancement of educa-  
tion; the abolition of exemptions from tax-  
ation, a measure, no doubt, tending solely to  
benefit the public treasury, as the rate of  
taxation was not thereby, in any degree,  
lowered; an equalisation, as far as possible,  
of the various parts of the country, with  
respect to land-tax; the allowing a diet for  
the seven lordships of East Friesland, and  
the restoration of the magistrates in the prin-  
cipal towns of that province; the abolition  
of the torture and the oath of purification;  
the deliberating on a proposition for the in-  
troduction of juries; all these proceedings,  
though defective wherever practical dexte-  
rity and ability were requisite for their ex-  
ecution, and wherever extent of view and  
clearness of conception were necessary in  
their plan, are still entitled to thanks as a  
praiseworthy commencement.”

The following remarks on the atrocious  
murder of Kotzebue, will let our readers  
more into the spirit of the author.

“The deed struck the people like light-  
ning. Since the years of our rising, nothing  
had taken place which they could compre-  
hend; but what had long remained unintel-  
ligible, and struggled for meaning, now found  
a language. A bloody deed had again become  
the point in which the thoughts of all were  
collected, and opinion was soon agreed re-  
specting this event. Disapprobation of the  
act with approbation of the motives, a re-  
newed feeling of the presence of eternal jus-  
tice in all human things, a clear light thrown  
over the condition of the country, and a keen  
interest in public affairs, were the results  
of the general agitation which followed in a short  
space. Public opinion had passed a grand  
climacteric; a profound seriousness came  
over the age, which, up to that period, had  
entered into public affairs with less earnest-  
ness.

“To this blow, which agitated men's  
minds so profoundly, another speedily fol-  
lowed, fearful and alarming from the very  
rapidity with which it succeeded. A young  
man, to whom the Machiavelian system, in  
which his native province was entangled, had  
long been an abomination, possessed of a  
good-natured and composed, but moody and  
close disposition, was also instigated by the  
bitter rage which burned within his bosom,  
to adopt the determination of tearing asunder  
the net by an act of violence. He selected  
the President Ibhl, whom he considered  
as the author of that system, for a sacrifice.  
But to obtain, by an overbearing energy, a  
tyranny over the multitude, who, by legal  
ways, may defend themselves from slavery  
even though means of an unjustifiable nature  
may have been resorted to, is, by no means,  
a crime deserving of death. A people can  
only enjoy so much freedom as they know  
how to deserve; and violent actions can  
never supply the deficiency of merit. This  
was the second error of the young man, in ad-  
dition to that which he shared with Sax-  
and he atoned for both with his life. Be-  
the angel of death passed by the object

• Loehning. Trans.

his attack. It darted, however, a furious look at him; and it is to be hoped that this look was understood. May the dreadful catastrophe tend to the welfare of his soul.

"Thus then, the destiny with which they had so long amused themselves on the stage, advanced with terror into the midst of them, when the levity gave place to alarm, and a profound dread of its obscure power. Having renounced the God of Christians, the old Jehovah again descended; "a jealous God, a revenger, full of anger, and of great power, whose ways are in storms and tempests, before whom a douring fire goeth forth, while darkness is under his feet, and who thunders with his thunder, and doeth great things, and yet is not known." The hour in which the first blood is shed in civil dissensions, and in which the first sacrifices fall, is a dreadful and decisive hour. It is the hour that gives birth to a whole ominous future, which takes its shape from the influence of the good or evil stars, at that time predominant. It is still a sign, therefore, basking happiness, and a pledge that Heaven is still merciful to Germany, that the signal was not in this, as in so many other cases, given by cold and naked atrocity; but that an act of violence was executed in the error of the heart, by hands in other respects pure. The two-fold character of this act therefore leaves two ways still open for our choice, the way of light and the way of darkness."

This is to us a fearful perversion of reasoning. Heaven keep England from these German doctrines, and cause us to look still in wonder at all its naked atrocity. We will instance but one passage more as illustrating the doctrines of this new school, and leave the judgment to our country's sound sense and good feeling.

"In the mean time the religious sense will again escape from its present quality, and men will once more acknowledge universally that religion is not an old woman's tale told to the nations in their infancy, but the tie which binds minds together, the word of the creating Spirit of the world, pronounced in human language: that even nature unconsciously celebrates her mysteries; that the state is merely the ground-floor of the church; and that public life and the cultivation of the sciences are divine worship. From the moral purity which still generally characterises the Catholic clergy in Germany, the higher sense and the enthusiasm calculated to dissolve the present deadness and numbness, and to communicate to forms their forgotten contents, may with great reason be expected to flourish again in that body. They will perceive that a dull and heavy conservatism, which, in its foolish zeal, would persecute the light, the noblest gift of God, will not lead to this end. This would be an insult to wisdom, which has every where victoriously maintained its ground, which a confused knowledge only can disturb, and which a complete and thorough knowledge will always secure and preserve. It would be an insult to that freedom which God has granted to man, which, when only partially enjoyed, leads occasionally

to error, but when fully developed sets bounds and measure to itself, when accompanied only by sincerity of heart. Let the Catholic clergy then kindle the torch in the sanctuary itself, which will disperse along with darkness the frivolity in which alone infidelity has ever struck root. The Protestant clergy will aid this endeavour by making a proper use of their freedom, and by ceasing to confound the self-willed and capricious doctrine that comes and goes with men with the eternal truth, which is suitable to all ages. Guided by the Scriptures, they will, in their peculiar manner, deduce, from the relations of finite personality, the relations of the infinite. But they must first purify the scriptures from all the accessions of bigotry, selfishness, and worldly passions, that through the clear water of the precious stone the higher light may penetrate, which haughtiness and pride, by agitating the mud of human conceit, too often obscure and cloud.

"The Sciences, if not pursued as a mere mechanical trade, dragging the cultivator down to the wretchedness of the earthly existence, but withdrawn, in the manner of ancient times, to the contemplation of the highest mystery, in philosophy as well as religion, will no longer drag down the striving spirit with a heavy weight, but assist in bearing it aloft to its higher destination."

*Travels in Italy, Greece, and the Ionian Islands. In a series of Letters, descriptive of the Manners, Scenery, and the Fine Arts. By H. W. Williams, Esq. With engravings from original drawings. Edinburgh and London, 1820. 8vo. 2 vols.*

This work contains more valuable information on the subject of the fine arts, than any book of the kind which we have seen: on other points, we have seen tours superior to it, though it possesses an agreeable character throughout, and may always be taken up with pleasure—sometimes, we are sorry to say, it may be laid down with the same feeling. This is owing to several Edinburgh peculiarities; the talent of lugging in contemporaries to bepraise them, and an occasional prolixity on matters not so interesting as others which are more lightly passed over. Mr. Williams is nevertheless a very observant and a very intelligent traveller. He has trod upon beaten ground, and yet contrived to produce an acceptable publication, by describing in a novel manner what has been described before; by giving brief but sensible critiques on works of art, to which his attention seems to have been particularly directed; and by treating whatever objects struck him as worthy of remark, generally, in a lively and entertaining way. The engravings

are neat, and their subjects well chosen: among them are the Elbesc residence of Buonaparte, a fac simile of a sketch (a soldier) by the ex-emperor, sketch from the scull of Raphael, the Castle of Otranto, Greek Melodies, Costumes, &c. &c.

As we have so recently and so minutely explored the regions of Greece with several able writers, we shall limit our illustrations of the present work to its Italian and incidental relations, although it is only the extent into which its remarks on painting and sculpture would carry us, which prevents our entering, at an adequate length, into its disquisitions on these heads. Still we shall begin with an extract connected with the fine arts. At Perugia—

In the Academy Della Bella Arte are several of the first attempts in painting of Pietro Perugino, and of Raphael, his immortal scholar. They appear to be but a step beyond the works of Giotto or Cimabue: one of Guido's earliest works, too, of a Boy peering an Apple, is hung with them, and certainly does not indicate his future excellence; it is painted on a panel at least three inches thick, and primed with stucco. The innumerable instances which we have of early paintings on stucco grounds, on panels, shew, that the departure from fresco or absorbent grounds was not altogether sudden; and that the final adoption of oil grounds was the result of time and much experience."

The first attempts of the great masters are certainly encouraging, and much information may be derived from them; but they are surely a dangerous collection for young practitioners to study. It is true, they shew the first glimpses of genius and improvement, but they shew no more. Taste is ill defined, apparently accidental, and not sufficiently under rule to guide an inexperienced mind. Yet the students of this academy draw and paint from these early pictures, and from great cartoons, after the extraordinary and singular figures in the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo. The masters of these subordinate academies should be careful, lest they lead the youthful mind astray. I have seen no good productions of any of the pupils; and I am now convinced, that making enormous and elaborate finished drawings in chalk, is little better than a waste of time. The Academy have few paintings, except by Giotto, Cimabue, Albert Durer, Perugino, and Raphael's early works; all of which seem to be painted by receipt.

Respecting the petrifying spring, not far from this city, the author has collected a curious detail.

A learned gentleman, who has lately visited the celebrated baths of San Philippo, about fifty miles from this ancient city, has

• This, to a certain degree, coincides with the opinion we lately gave on the subject of painting in oil.—Ed.

shewn us several casts, which are remarkable for their sharpness and peculiar beauty.

They are produced from a petrifying spring, which is applied to the formation of cameos and various ornaments. Our friend, imagining the process might be interesting, has obligingly favoured us with an account of it, which is as follows.

The spring issues from Monte Amiato, about four miles from Radicofani, on the route between that town and Siena, and is situate about half a mile from the road side. The water is in such quantity as to form a large torrent, and so hot that it cannot be borne by the human body, at its source. Very anciently baths were established there, and are still kept up. They are called *Bagni de San Filippo*. The water is perfectly transparent, but holds in solution a considerable quantity of sulphur, and an immense portion of carbonate of lime. Soon after the escape from the mountain, the sulphur is first deposited, and then the earthy matter, in such quantity as to have formed itself into a small mountain some hundred feet high, and nearly half a mile in length. This constant deposition of fresh earth is continually changing the place of the spring, and gradually approaching it nearer its source in the mountain. Of this petrifying water, advantage has been taken to form casts, somewhat in the following manner:—An impression of the medal is first taken in sulphur, or, what is still better, on glass, and the impressed figure or mould is then placed in the course of the stream, to receive the deposited matter. As, however, it is desirable that the dissolved earth be deposited in a certain state and condition, a series of three or four pits are sunk in the earth at a short distance from each other, and communicating by means of tubes. In these pits, deposition to a certain extent is successively made, till the water at length arrives at the last stage, refined, as it were, and charged only with its desired portion of earth. It is then made to fall through a tube on two pieces of board, two or three inches broad, placed crosswise thus +, the effect of which is to break the stream, and throw off the water in all directions. Beneath this crossed piece is another similar one, and a third still lower; but all of them crossing in different directions, the more completely to break and disperse the column of water that falls on them. These crossed pieces are then surrounded by frame work of wood, of a pyramidal form, within which are arranged the impressed sulphurs or glass, previously touched with a solution of soap, to smooth the surface, and facilitate the subsequent separation of the cast. They are disposed all round the pyramidal case, and placed somewhat obliquely forward, opposite the several series of crossed sticks, and at the distance of about a foot from their extremities. In this position they receive a continual and equable dash of the water, which deposits its earthy matter on the impressed surface, and which matter takes with the greatest fineness and precision the figure of the body on which it consolidates. The cast, thus obtained, may be made of any thickness, but in small figure; it is

commonly from one-eighth to one fourth of an inch. The time employed in its formation, is ten or twelve days. The pyramidal frame is of use, not only for disposing the moulds in the manner described, but also for guarding against all currents of air which might disturb the process of deposition; it is not designed, however, to exclude the entrance of air.

This manufactory was established by the late Peter Leopold, who so magnificently patronized all the sciences and arts. It is at present under the direction of Signor Pagliari, an artist of great ingenuity, who readily explains and exhibits all the stages of his process. His charges are in proportion to the dimensions of the cast.

For a cast of 1 inch diameter, 1 Paul, or 5d. English. 2½ inches, 1 Paul and a half; 4 inches, 3 Pauls; 5 inches, 6 Pauls; 6 inches, 9 Pauls; 7 inches, 10 Pauls; 8 inches, 20 Pauls; one foot 6 inches, 30 Pauls.

By an ingenious variation of the process, he is able to form a cast of differently coloured marbles, so as to present a white figure in relief on a blue or yellow ground, and vice versa. This is done by first forming the cast white as usual, then separating from it all the parts not projecting in relief, and exposing it as before to a second process of deposition, from water previously coloured. The coloured carbonate attaches itself to the white figure, and this forms a ground on the stratum of coloured matter on which the white matter rests; but in a manner so as to form one solid and continuous substance.

I know not whether the petrifying springs in Scotland or in Derbyshire, are sufficiently strong to produce casts in so short a time as ten or twelve days, but I should think the experiment might be tried with probable success, in small and delicate cameos, which would not require any great degree of thickness.

At Rome, Mr. Williams visits the studi of Canova and Thorvaldsen; and we remark that his opinion of the latter fully corroborates the statements concerning him, which will be found in our *Biographical Sketch*. \* He declares that—

For an accurate knowledge of the beau ideal, or the perfection of nature, whichever you please to call it, united with a keen discriminating eye for the beauties of the antique, yet still preserving originality, Thorvaldsen, especially in his basso-reliefs, is superior to Canova, who sometimes appears to copy himself. In examining the works of the former, the mind is led to ancient days of greatness, and seems to catch a portion of that sacred light, which sprang from the genius of Phidias, Praxiteles, and Cleomenes; the latter, on the other hand, presents to you the choicest views of nature, with less acquired knowledge from ancient sources, and perhaps with less refinement of sentiment and delicacy.

Omitting the amusing accounts of the Anglo-introductions to the Pope, and many other attractive particulars,

\* Postponed for want of room.

we shall present our readers with the view of the Buonaparte residents at Rome.

"The members of the Buonaparte family at Rome consist of the Princess Pauline, married to Prince Borghese; Louis Buonaparte, the ex-king of Holland; Lucien, the Prince of Canino, and his family; and lastly, the mother of Napoleon Buonaparte. The first of these personages was the favourite sister of the ex-emperor, and during his residence in Elba, he was in the habit of placing her close to him when they were in company; he would sometimes turn round while at dinner, and desire one of his officers to compose some quatrain in honour of the princess's charms, and to recite it to her at the table. One of those officers, who accompanied him to Elba, shewed a friend of mine several verses that had been composed by himself in obedience to his master's injunctions.

The princess lives separate from her husband, but she is allowed to occupy the splendid building of the Borghese palace at Rome. At present the prince resides at Florence. Napoleon, during his supremacy, had endeavoured to bring him forward in some public capacity, but the attempt is said to have failed; his inattention rendering it necessary to withdraw him from the situations to which he was appointed. The Princess Pauline is fond of society; she is, indeed, said to display much of the coquetry and vanity of a French woman of fashion. Canova has executed a statue of her, the symmetry and luxurious attitude of which is much admired. One evening she issued invitations for a large rout; the form of the invitation expressed her hope, that she should have the company of such and such persons, "to see the statue by Canova lighted up."

Persons sufficiently well acquainted, by the length of their intercourse, with the Buonaparte family, to describe the characters of the different members of it, gave the reputation of superior amiableness to two other sisters of Napoleon, Madame Baciocchi and Madame Murat; the former is always mentioned with particular respect.

Lucien carefully abstains from shewing himself in public, though he admits such English society as are introduced to him. He never touches on political subjects, or can be betrayed into conversing upon them when introduced by others, who are desirous of learning his opinion. He affects an occasional air of frivolity in conversation, probably as a veil to the serious designs, with which he has been said to be occupied respecting his brother. However, that may be, it is said to be a difficult matter to draw him out into giving his opinions on any subject, whether political or not. He had commenced farming, partly after the English manner, at his country villa La Rutinella, supposed by some to stand on the site of Cicero's Tusculan villa. His passion for agriculture had, however, much cooled, and was succeeded by a passion for astronomy. He is in possession of a fine telescope, and

some other optical instruments by Dolland, but I learned that he was sickle in all these different pursuits, and soon abandoned them. His dwelling in Rome is sufficiently handsome, and he has often small parties in the evening for music, or dancing: two of his daughters play and sing prettily, and express a partiality for Scotch music, especially that published by Mr. George Thomson, of Edinburgh: one of their favourite airs is, "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled." His eldest daughter (the fruit of his first marriage) was married to a Roman nobleman. Her uncle had, at one period, designed her to become the spouse of Ferdinand, the present king of Spain, but afterwards altered his plan, thinking that something more was necessary to secure the full dependence of Spain upon his own power.

The mother of Napoleon, formerly dignified by the title of Madame Mere, resides, together with her brother Cardinal Fesch, in the Palazzo Falcone. She lived in seclusion, and was even said to have become a devotee. Only one of her former ladies of honour remains with her; she occupies, however, a full suite of apartments, very handsomely furnished, and with a greater attention to comfort than is usual in Italian houses. She affects none of the reserve of Lucien on certain subjects, but speaks with tears in her eyes of the ex-emperor, displays the feelings of a mother in her language respecting him, and laments that he has not written to any of his family since his being at St. Helena, fondly cherishing the hope, (which appears to prevail among the adherents of Buonaparte,) that the English government would finally set him at liberty; and generally concludes with some strong expressions on the character of the English nation, with the generosity of which she declares herself well acquainted. Madame Mere has evidently been a very fine woman; at her advanced period of life she still looks well, through the aid of her toilette; her manners are even dignified. She appears a queen, and refutes, as do her daughters, those notions of the vulgar manners of the ladies of the Buonaparte family, which were so easily accredited in Britain. In one of the rooms in Lucien's palace is a bust of Niccolò Buonaparte, the father, which exhibits a countenance of remarkable expression; finer, indeed, than that of Napoleon, or any of the family.

Rome, at this time, 1817, is the residence of other princely families. The abdicated king of Sardinia, the ex-queen of Etruria, and the former king of Spain, Charles. The first of these personages lives pretty closely the life of a devotee; but the king of Spain intermixes with his religious offices a very tolerable attention to the pleasures of the table.

The prince of Peace retains with Charles that influence which has been fatal to his interests and those of Spain; the minion still of Charles's queen, his presence is considered necessary to the royal happiness. "I could not support existence without that fine man," was the expression of king Charles to a Roman physician, from whom

we had the anecdote. The prince possesses a fine palace, with a collection of pictures, said to be very valuable: he has recently married his natural daughter advantageously to a Roman nobleman.

From Rome, the author pursued the usual route to Naples, and of course, Herculaneum, Pompeii, &c. were visited. After a short notice of the former, we have a very picturesque description of the latter.

Pompeii, which was entombed in a softer substance, is getting daily disencumbered, and a very considerable part of this Grecian city is unveiled. We entered by the Appian way, through a narrow street of marble tombs, beautifully executed, with the names of the deceased plain and legible. We looked into the columbari below that of Marius Arius Diomodes, and perceived jars containing the ashes of the dead, with a small lamp at the side of each. Arriving at the gate, we perceived a centry-box, in which the skeleton of a soldier was found with a lamp in his hand: proceeding up the street beyond the gate, we went into several streets, and entered what is called a coffee-house, the marks of cups being visible on the stone: we came likewise to a tavern, and found the sign (not a very decent one) near the entrance. The streets are lined with public buildings and private houses, most of which have their original painted decorations fresh and entire. The pavement of the streets is much worn by carriage wheels, and holes are cut through the side stones, for the purpose of fastening animals in the market place; and in certain situations are placed stepping stones, which give us a rather unfavourable idea of the state of the streets. We passed two beautiful little temples; went into a surgeon's house, in the operation room of which surgical instruments were found; entered an ironmonger's shop, where an anvil and hammer were discovered; a sculptor's and a baker's shop, in the latter of which may be seen an oven and grinding mills, like old Scotch-queens. We examined likewise an oilman's shop, and a wine shop lately opened, where money was found in the till; a school in which was a small pulpit with steps up to it, in the middle of the apartment; a great theatre; a temple of justice; an amphitheatre, about 220 feet in length; various temples; a barrack for soldiers, the columns of which are scribbled with their names and jests; wells, cisterns, seats, tricliniums, beautiful Mosaic; altars, inscriptions, fragments of statues, and many other curious remains of antiquity. Among the most remarkable objects was an ancient wall, with a part of a still more ancient marble frieze, built in it as a common stone; and a stream which has flowed under this once subterraneous city, long before its burial; pipes of Terra Cotta to convey the water to the different streets; stocks for prisoners, in one of which a skeleton was found. All these things incline one almost to look for the inhabitants, and wonder at the desolateness of the place.

The houses in general are very low, and

the rooms are small, I should think not above ten feet high. Every house is provided with a well and a cistern. Every thing seems to be in proportion; the principal streets do not appear to exceed 16 feet in width, with side pavements of about 3 feet; some of the subordinate streets are from 6 to 10 feet wide, with side pavements in proportion; these are occasionally high, and are reached by steps. The columns of the barracks are about 15 feet in height; they are made of tuffa with stucco: one third of the shaft is smoothly plastered, the rest fluted to the capital. The walls of the houses are often painted red, and some of them have borders and antique ornaments, masks and imitations of marble, but in general poorly executed. I have observed, on the walls of an eating room, various kinds of food and game tolerably represented; one woman's apartment was adorned with subjects relating to love; and a man's with pictures of a martial character. Considering that the whole has been under ground upwards of seventeen centuries, it is certainly surprising that they should be as fresh as at the period of their burial. The whole extent of the city, not one half of which is excavated, may be about four miles. It is said that Murat employed no less than 2000 men in clearing Pompeii, and that Madame Murat attended the excavations in person every week. The present government have not retained above 100.

We shall add but one more extract, upon a subject of infinite classical importance.

The unfolding of the Papyri discovered at Herculaneum is extremely curious and interesting. From the frailty of the material, the process is extremely slow: perhaps not more than half an inch is unfolded at a time, and is fixed upon gold-beater's leaf. In appearance, the Papyri might be mistaken for parts of calcined branches of trees, the circular folds seeming like the growth of the wood. In looking at these black and indurated masses, it requires an effort to believe them to be full of human knowledge. The number of the rolls is very great; only two volumes of them, however, have as yet been published; the last contains fragments of a work of Epicurus, and a Latin poem in hexameters, very much mutilated, apparently descriptive of the contest for empire between Anthony and Octavius. In the next volume will be published a treatise of the philosopher Chrysippus concerning Providence. I believe there was found rolled up in his works a burlesque inscription of Epicurus, which may, perhaps, form a standard for identifying the different heads of that philosopher.

These examples will speak for the volumes just published; of which we shall only further say, that their lucubrations in Greece, Ionia, &c. are of equal interest.

*Chefs-d'œuvre of French Literature, consisting of Interesting Extracts, from the Classic French Writers, in prose and*

verse; with Biographical and Critical Remarks on the Authors and their Works. Vol. I. Prose. London. 1820, 8vo. pp. 392.

Though unfit for extract, we are induced to notice this volume for its excellence. The biographical sketches are so spiritedly executed as to hold competition with Mr. T. Campbell's recent beautiful work in our own language, and the whole design is filled up in a manner to give us entire satisfaction. We do not, therefore, hesitate to recommend this publication to students of French, to families, and to teachers. It is a most interesting and instructive book, calculated equally for the school and the juvenile library; and not, from being the latter, as is too often the case, unworthy of mature and general reading. Among the principal authors quoted are, D'Alembert, Barthélemy, Bayle, Bosquet, Buffon, Crébillon, Diderot, Fénelon, Florian, Fontenelle, La Harpe, Marmontel, Montaigne, Montesquieu, Pascal, Raynal, Rollin, Rousseau, Le Sage, Sévigné, Voltaire, &c. &c. &c.

*Spence's Anecdotes &c.* By S. W. Singer.

In our last we promised an example of the epistolary matter contained in the appendix to this volume, of which promise we acquit ourselves by the insertion of the following entertaining letter from Mr. Spence to his mother when travelling.

TO MRS. SPENCE.

Turin, Dec. 2, 1739.

Dear Mother,

Soon after I came to this place, as I was walking one Evening under the Portico of the Street of the Po, I saw an Inscription over a great Gate; which, as I am a very curious Traveller, you may be sure I did not miss reading. I found by it, that the House belong'd to a set of strollers, and that the Inscription was a bill of the play that they were to act that Evening. You may imagine how surpris'd I was to find it conceiv'd in the following words: "Here under the Portico of the Charitable Hospital for such as have the Venerable Disease, will be represented this Evening, *The Damned Soul*: with proper Decorations." As this seem'd to be one of the greatest Curiosities I could possibly meet with in my Travels, I immediately paid my three-pence; was shew'd in with great civility; and took my seat among a number of people, who seem'd to expect the Tragedy of the Night with great Seriousness.

At length the Curtain drew up; and discover'd the *Damn'd Soul*, all alone, with a melancholy Aspect. She was (for what reason I don't know) dress'd like a fine Lady; in a gown of Flame-colour'd Satin. She held a white Handkerchief in her hand, which she apply'd often to her eyes; and in this attitude, with a lamentable Voice, began a prayer (to the Holy and ever Blessed Trinity) to enable her to speak her part well: afterwards she address'd herself to all the good Christians in the Room; beg'd them to attend carefully

to what she had to say; and heartily wish'd they would be the better for it: She then gave an account of her Life; and, by her own confession, appear'd to have been a very naughty woman in her time.

This was the First Scene. At the Second, a back curtain was drawn; and gave us a sight of our Saviour and the Blessed Virgin: amidst the Clouds. The poor Soul address'd herself to our Saviour first, who rattled her extremely: and was indeed all the while very severe. All she desired was to be sent to Purgatory, instead of going to Hell: and she at last beg'd very hard to be sent into the Fire of the former, for as many years as there are drops of water in the sea. As no favour was shown her on that side, she turn'd to the Virgin and beg'd her to intercede for her. The Virgin was a very decent Woman: and answer'd her gravely, but steadily; "That she could do nothing for her Son so much, that she could do nothing for her:" and on this, they both went away together.

The Third Scene consisted of three little Angels, and the Damn'd Soul. She had no better luck with them: nor with St. John the Baptist, and all the Saints in the Fourth: so, in the Fifth, she was left to two Devils; seemingly to do what they would with her. One of these Devils was very ill-natur'd and fierce to her; the other, was of the droll kind; and for a Devil, I can't say but what he was good-natur'd enough: tho' he delighted in vexing the poor Lady rather too much.

In the Sixth Scene, matters began to mend a little. St. John the Baptist (who had been with our Saviour I believe behind the Scenes) told her, if she would continue her Entreaties, there was yet some Hope for her. She on this again besought our Saviour and the Virgin to have compassion on her: The Virgin was melted with her Tears, and desir'd her Son to have pity on her; on which it was granted, that she should go into the Fire, only for sixteen or seventeen hundred Thousand years; and she was very thankful for the mildness of the Sentence.

The Seventh (and last) Scene, was a Contest between the two Infernal Devils above mentioned, and her Guardian Angel. They came in again; one grinning, and the other open-mouth'd to devour her. The Angel told them, that they should get about their business. He, with some difficulty, at last drove them off the Stage; and handed off the good Lady; in assuring her that all would be very well, after some hundreds of thousands of years, with her.

All this while, in spite of the excellence of the Actors, the greatest part of the Entertainment to me was the countenances of the people in the Pitt and Boxes. When the Devils were like to carry her off, every body was in the utmost consternation; and when St. John spoke so obligingly to her, they were ready to cry out for Joy. When the Virgin appear'd on the Stage, every body looked respectfull; and on several words spoke by the Actors, they pull'd off their Hats, and cross'd themselves. What can you think of a People, where their very faces are Religious, and where they are so

Religiously receiv'd? May you be the better for reading of it, as I was for seeing it!

There was but one thing that offended me. All the Actors, except the Devils, were women; and the person who represented the most venerable character in the whole Play, just after the Representation, came into the Pitt; and fell kissing a Barber of her Acquaintance, before she had chang'd her Dress. She did me the honour to speak to me too; but I would have nothing to say to her.

It was from such a Play as this, (call'd Adam and Eve) that Milton, when he was in Italy, is said to have taken the First Hint for his Divine Poem of Paradise Lost. What small beginnings are there sometimes to the greatest things! I am ever (with all Services to all Friends,)

Your Dutiful and Affectionate,  
J. SPENCE.

*Anastasis; or Memoirs of a Greek.*  
3 vols.

(Continued.)

Anastasis, now Selim, so specially converted to Moslemism, as we have recorded, of course required instruction in his new faith. His instructor is—

The gravest of the whole grave body of doctors of law—the very pink and quintessence of true believers; one who would not miss saying his namaz regularly four times a day, three hundred and sixty days in the year, for all the treasures of the Devas; who, to obtain the epithet of hafeez, had learnt his whole koran by heart unto the last stop; and who, not satisfied with praying to God like other people, had linked himself to a set of dancing Drwishes, for the sole purpose of addressing the Deity with more effect in a sugar-loaf, and twisting round the room like a top; a personage who, in a devout fit, would plump down upon his knees in the midst of the most crowded street, without turning his head round before he had finished the last reekath of his orison, if all Constantinople were trembling in an earthquake; who, considering all amusements as equally heinous, made no difference between a game of chess or mangala, and illicit attentions to one's own great-grand mother, and once, in his devout fury, with his enormous chaplet positively demolished Karagheuz in the midst of all his drollery; a personage who, at the end of the Ramadan, looked like a walking spectre, and the very last time of this fast absolutely doubled its length, only for having snuffed up with pleasure, before the hours of abstinence were over, the fumes of a kiebap on its passage out of a cook-shop; a personage who had an absolute horror of all representations of the human figure—those of Saint Mark on the Venetian sequin only excepted; a personage, in fine, who already was surnamed in his own district the Wely or Saint; and whom all his neighbours were dying to see dead, only that they might hang their rags round his grave, and so get cured of the ague.

When this reverend Moollah first made his appearance, his face was still bedewed



with tears of sympathy, occasioned by a most heart-rending scene of domestic woe, which his charitable hand had just assuaged. In an adjoining street he had found, stretched out on the bare pavement, a whole miserable family,—father, mother, brother, sister, together at least with a dozen children of tender age,—in a state of complete starvation. The very description of such a piteous sight harrowed up my soul. Lest however the holy man should incur a suspicion of having been betrayed into a weakness so reprehensible as that of pity for the human species—for which he felt all the contempt it deserved, and which he never presumed to solace under any of the visitations inflicted by providence,—I should add that the wretched objects of his present compassion were of that less criminal sort, the canine species! They belonged to those troops of unowned dogs whom the Turks of Constantinople allow to live in their streets on the public bounty, in order to have the pleasure of seeing them bark at the Christians whom their Frank dress betrays. To these, and other beings of the irrational genus, were entirely confined the benefactions of my tutor; and if his own species have few obligations to acknowledge from him, he was recorded as having purchased the liberty of three hundred and fifty canary birds in cages, granted pensions to the baker and butcher for the maintenance of fifty cats, and left at least a dozen dogs, whom he found on the *parc*, handsomely provided for in his will.

No sooner was my venerable instructor comfortably seated on his heels in the angle of my sofa, than looking around him with an air of complacency, as if he liked my lodgings, he told me to my infinite satisfaction, that, provided he only took his station there for two hours every day, he pledged himself before the end of the first year to instruct me thoroughly in all the diversities of the four orthodox rituals,—the Hanefy, Schafey, Hanbaly, and Maleky; together with all that belonged to the ninety-nine epithets of the Deity, represented by the ninety-nine beads of the chaplet. In the space of another twelvemonth he ventured to hope that he might go over with me the principal difference between the two hundred and eighty most canonical Muffessirs or commentators on the Koran, as well as the two hundred and thirty-five articles of the creed, on which theologians entertain a difference of opinion; and in the third year of our course, he promised to enable me completely to refute all the objections which the Alewys and other dissenters make to the Sunnee creed; and to have a general idea of the tenets of the seventy-two leading heretical sects, from that of Ata-bakem-el-Mookanna, or the one-eyed prophet with the golden mask, to Khand-Hassan, the fanatic who eat pork and drank wine in the public market place like any Christian: so as through dint of so much diligence on the fourth and last year to have nothing to do but to go over the whole again, and imprint it indelibly on my memory. By way of a little foretaste of his method of instruction, he took up one of the controversial points; first raised his own objections

against it; and then,—as he had an undoubted right to do with his undisputed property,—again completely overset them by the irresistible force of his arguments; after which—having entirely silenced his adversary, he rose, equally proud of the acuteness of his own rhetoric, and charmed with the sagacity with which I had listened.

The truth is I had fallen asleep; wherefore, when I suddenly awoke on the din of his argumentation ceasing, I shook my head with a profound air, and by way of shewing how much in earnest I meant to be, with a very wise look said I could not give my unqualified assent, until I heard both sides of the question. Thus far I had heard neither.

This determination rather surprised my doctor, who seemed to have relied on my faculty of implicit credence. "Hear both sides of the question!" exclaimed he in utter astonishment. "Why that is just the way never to come to a conclusion, and to remain in suspense all the days of one's life! Wise men first adopt an opinion, and then learn to defend it. For my part I make it a rule never to hear but one side; and so do all who wish to settle their belief."

After various adventures at Constantinople, our hero sets out to claim his mother's estate at Naxos, for his change of religion gave the right to the younger brother. On his voyage, one of his fellow passengers, he tells us, was—

A personage with whom I had made acquaintance on board the Turkish fleet, during the expedition to the Morea. Never had we met since the failure of the attempt on Mayno. The marine therefore felt great pleasure in boasting of the more successful one against the same nest of pirates, undertaken the ensuing year. The delight with which he described how the Moohasil of the Morea forced the little peninsula by land, and the Capitan-pasha blockaded it by sea; and how the inhabitants, driven by the one out of their strong holds, fell with their boats into the clutches of the other, could only be exceeded by the rapture with which he painted the males all hanged, and the women and children all drowned, in order to reconcile them to the Turkish yoke. "You" he concluded, "who are going to take possession of your estates, mean henceforth I suppose to lead a sober country life, and have done with all such frolics. May you prosper! For my part, I hate innocent amusements, and want a little vice to season my pleasures!" Tenedos now being near, my friend called for the boat, and got himself rowed ashore; while I wished him at parting a great deal of pleasure with all manner of vice.

(To be continued.)

Burckhardt's Nubian Travels, 4to.  
(Continued.)

From Taka Mr. Burckhardt was tempted to make his way southward into Abyssinia, through the land of the Arabs Omran, and the Hallengas; but he tells us—

Great animosity seems to prevail between the Hallengas and the Abyssinians, the latter never being mentioned by them without some opprobrious epithet, the mildest of which is Kafer. I had heard in Upper Egypt, and at Berber, that caravans sometimes depart from the Hallengas for Massouah; and I was afterwards told at Djidda, by some Massouah merchants, that Hallengas were sometimes seen at that place with cows for sale; but I could hear of no such intercourse during my stay at Taka. The Hallengas have a slight commercial intercourse with the Abyssinians of the province called Walkayt. Had I seen the least probability of making my way towards Massouah, I should have attempted it, for that part of the country appeared to me to be very interesting; it would have led me through the dwellings of many tribes who form the links of the chain by which the Abyssinians are connected with the Arabs, and whose manners, no doubt, present striking originalities; but after what I observed of the character of the people of Taka, I did not think that I should have the smallest chance of being able to protect my little property after quitting my companions the Souakin merchants; and from what I saw of the hospitality of these people, I was certain that if once stripped I should perish of want. To have engaged one of these savages as a guide would have been of little avail, had he even proved faithful, as he could not have ensured my safety for more than one day's journey, or as far as the limits of his own tribe. I should then have fallen among strangers, all intent upon plundering me of whatever I possessed, while I should have had nothing to offer in my defence, and could hardly have made myself understood, very few people in those parts speaking Arabic. I hope, therefore, I shall not be blamed for abandoning this project, while, on the other hand, I had reasonable hopes of reaching Souakin in safety. I heard at Taka that Souakin and Massouah were at equal distances from the Hallengas.

Obliged to relinquish this project, Mr. Burckhardt went on towards the Red Sea, between which and the Nile, he was now nearly mid-way. His remarks retain the same character as hitherto: he relates very extraordinary things with the utmost simplicity, and seems to forget that they are not the less astonishing on account of having become somewhat familiar to him. The caravan started from Taka on the 15th June, and proceeded N. E. by N; and the annexed account of pilgrim routes to Mecca is exceedingly interesting to African geography.

June 16th.—We continued in the direction of N. E. by N. We had now with us eighteen or twenty of the Tekayrre, or Negroe pilgrims. The appellation is bestowed on all Negroes who come from the west, in search of learning. They do not call themselves by this name of Tekroury, which many assured me they had never heard till they reached the



limits of Darfour. All these pilgrims can read and write a little; and they all belong to the class styled Faky (plur. Fakihah). I never found any of them quite illiterate. After making some progress in the schools of their country, (schools being met with in all the Mohammedan countries of Africa,) they proceed to Mekka for the Hadj, or in order to study the Koran and the commentaries upon it, in that place and Medina; or to Cairo, for the same purpose; but the greater part go for the Hadj; at present there are not more than twelve in the mosque El Azhar at Cairo, and I did not find above double that number in the great mosque at Mekka; where they are occupied chiefly in learning the Koran by heart, in the belief, that they can never forget a chapter which they have once learnt in the Beit ullah (house of God). The greater part of the Tekayrne who visit Mekka, come from the schools of Darfour, the principal of which are at Koudjara, in the neighbourhood of Kobbé. Those from the most western countries, who pass this road, are from Bahr el Ghazal and Bagerine. All the Black Hadjis from the countries to the west of Bagerine, from Bournou as far as Timbuctou, either travel with the Fezzan, or great Moggrehyn pilgrim caravan, or proceed by sea from the coast of Barbary.

Some of the Tekayrne of Darfour and Kordofan are possessed of considerable property, and trade during their journey. At Djidda, I met with a man from Darfour, with three or four female attendants, and half a dozen female slaves, which formed his household, besides the slaves he carried with him for sale; but the greater part of them are quite destitute, and find their way to Mekka, and back to their own country, by begging, and by what they can earn by their manual labour on the road. The equipments of all these pilgrims are exactly alike, and consist of a few rags tied round the waist, a white woollen bonnet, a leathern provision sack, carried on a long stick over the shoulder, a leathern pouch, containing a book of prayers, or a copy of a few chapters of the Koran; a wooden tablet, one foot in length, by six inches in breadth, upon which they write charms, or prayers, for themselves or others to learn by heart; an inkstand, formed of a small gourd; a bowl to drink out of, or to collect victuals in from the charitable; a small earthen pot for ablution; and a long string of beads hanging in many turns round the neck. The Tekayrne seldom travel alone, at least they never set out alone upon their journey; they generally form parties of about half a dozen, and as opportunity offers, join some caravan on the road, or proceed by themselves. Their usual route to Mekka is by Siout, by Sennar, or by Shendy. Those from the most western countries meet at Darfour; after which, such only as can afford to travel with the Darfour caravan, (which requires capital sufficient to buy camels and provisions for the journey through the desert), repair to Siout, from whence they proceed to Djidda, by the way of Kosseir. The pilgrims who go by Sennar come from Kordofan, and

pursue their journey by three different routes: viz. 1, through the interior of Abyssinia, by Gondar and Axum, to Massouah; 2, along the Nile from Sennar to Shendy; and, 3, from Sennar to Taka, by the way of Ras el Fil, and from thence to Hallenga, by which they escape the journey through the desert. Those who travel by the first route complain of being ill-treated by the Christians of Abyssinia, of never being allowed to enter any house, or even courtyard, and of being fed like dogs (as they express it) before the threshold. They, however, always obtain a copious evening meal. At Massouah they remain a few weeks, till they earn by their labour sufficient to pay their passage-money by sea either to the nearest coast of Yemen, which is one dollar, or to Djidda, which is two dollars. Their usual rendezvous is Hodeyda, the sea-port of Yemen, from whence they proceed to Mekka, by land, passing through the hospitable tribes of Bedouins in the mountains of the Hejaz. I estimate the number of Negroe pilgrims who pass by this route annually to Mekka at about one hundred and fifty, or two hundred. Many Tekayrne are settled in the sea-ports of Yemen, as well as at Djidda and Mekka. The third route is preferred by all pilgrims who are able to make a common purse in order to buy a camel for the transport of water and provisions; and they are sure of finding at Taka, after a short stay, some merchants from Souakin, in whose company they can proceed to that place.

It will readily be conceived that the danger and fatigue incident to the journey prove fatal to great numbers of the pilgrims; perhaps one-sixth fall victims to their zeal; the greater part of the diseases by which they are attacked on the road, arise from their being almost destitute of clothing; many perish in the deserts through want and fatigue, and others are murdered; but as all who die on the road are looked upon as martyrs, these contingencies have little effect in diminishing the annual numbers, or in diverting others from their purpose. Although the greater number of the pilgrims are stout young men, yet it is not rare to see women following their husbands to the Hadj; and, almost incredible as it may seem, one of the men who joined our caravan at Taka was blind.

Some of the Tekayrne are men of power and wealth in their own country, but travel as paupers, in order to escape the dangers attendant on riches, in the journey. During our encampment in the plain near Souakin, I saw a young Tekroury sleeping in a lonely spot, while another, kneeling by him, kept off the flies from his face. On enquiry, I learnt from the other negroes, that he was the son of a great chief in Dar Saley, who had been educated with the Fakys, and had set out upon this journey, with a camel, and one servant only. At Shendy he had exchanged the camel for an ass; the servant had become his friend and companion, and both mixed in the crowds of the poorest pilgrims. It is principally owing to a few examples such as these, that the generosity of

the inhabitants of the countries through which the pilgrims pass, are so uncharitable and cruel to them; they think that every Tekroury is a king of Soudan in disguise, with abundance of gold about him.

In Africa as well as in Arabia, the country people, wherever the black Fakys pass, are eager to procure amulets of their writing, which are supposed to possess greater virtue than those of any other class of pilgrims. There lives at present, in Cairo, near the Kara-Meydan, a Tekroury, who has been for many years famous for his amulets, and who makes large sums of money by writing them.

(To be continued.)

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS,  
FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER 1819.  
(Concluded.)

#### HISTORY OF VENICE.

Art. V. Histoire de la République de Venise, par P. Daru, de l'Académie Française, 7 vol. 8vo.

The review of this work being now concluded, we proceed, according to our promise, to give an account of it.

While reading this important work (says the reviewer,) in which the author gives us a complete history of an illustrious republic from its origin to the revolution, which in our days has overthrown its ancient institutions and its government, I had constantly in my mind the fine verses of Sannazarus.

Viderat Hadriens, . . . . .

Sine lago Hydrum pretera urbem aspice utramque;

Ilam homines dicēs, hanc possidere Deos.

The Venetians, it is said, called their city 'Opus Excelsi,' the work of the Most High.

The city still exists, but the institutions, the government, the political rights which rendered the Venetians an independent people, the origin of which was coeval with the most ancient monarchy of Europe, have ceased, perhaps for ever. I employ the expressions of the historian of the Republic. "It has perished in that great revolution, which has overthrown so many states. A caprice of fortune has raised again the thrones which had been subverted. Venice, almost alone, has irrevocably disappeared; its people are erased from the list of nations."

The author has been in a situation in which it was more easy for him to describe with entire impartiality the annals of this republic, revealing, without inconvenience and without injustice, the springs of a mysterious government, which has been by turns blamed and admired, but which, at least, long excited with glory. From research into the Archives of Venice, which were formerly secret; by indefatigable zeal and patience in examining all the great libraries, this work of Count Daru's affords results, and contains disclosures, which would distinguish it, even in this respect, from all those very numerous productions, hitherto published, whether by Venetians, or by authors not belonging to the Republic.

The Veneti, a people of ancient Italy, descended, according to some, from the Veneti of Armorica, and according to others, from the Heneti of Paphlagonia, inhabited the country on the shores of the Adriatic, between the Julian Alps and the river Po. On the irruption of the Barbarians into Italy, and principally at the time of the arrival of Attila in 452, the Veneti took refuge on several little islands, formed by the mouth of that river. They chose at first a popular government; each of these islands elected annually a tribune, who was charged with the government and the administration of justice, and these magistrates were responsible to the general assembly. In 697 it was judged necessary to appoint a supreme magistrate by the name of Doge. The Doges soon became ambitious to transmit their office to their sons, or their relations; factions arose, feuds became hereditary. To secure the office in their family, the Doges generally associated a son or a brother in the power, during their own life.

The island of Rialto, surrounded by many little islands, was the most considerable; the Doge Angelo Participatio, united them by bridges, and surrounded them with a rampart in 809, and then it was that the city took the name of VENICE.

This republic had already had to defend itself against foreign attacks. Pepin and Charlemagne had turned their arms against it: its commerce had prospered; and either through ambition or necessity, it had engaged in various wars with its neighbours. As Venice had increased her power, the causes of civil dissension had increased in the same proportion. Towards the end of the 10th century the Doge Peter Ursuolo I. afflicted by these discords, secretly left the palace, and retired into a monastery near Pergipian, where he assumed the monastic habit, and died in 997.

Dominic Ursuolo having formed a faction to obtain the office of Doge, to which he thought he had a title, as a relation of the preceding Doge, a fundamental law was passed, prohibiting the nomination of a successor to a Doge, during his life time. The observance of this law was one of the principal causes of the stability of the government of Venice. Count Daru employs the whole 39th book in describing it. This part of his work is of great merit, and highly interesting besides, from its containing several details, now published for the first time.

The Crusades, which ruined other states, contributed to increase the commerce and the power of the Venetians. After the taking of Constantinople, they received their share of the spoils of the empire of the East, and the Doge added to his titles, that of "Lord of a Quarter and a Half of the Roman Empire."

One of the most honourable epochs in the history of Venice, is undoubtedly, that from 1379 to 1381. Count Daru calls it the War of Chiozza. This part of the work fills up the whole 10th book. The republic, reduced to the last extremity, struggled with equal courage and courage, against the jealous powers and nations, united against it in a

league, at the head of which were the Genoese, animated by an implacable spirit of rivalry, which aimed at nothing less than the destruction of Venice. The author has, in this part, culminated the glory and nobleness of his subject. We regret that we cannot quote some pages, which would enable our readers to appreciate the merit of the style, the art with which the author has employed dramatic forms, and the warmth with which he has painted the exalted sentiments, the generous devotedness of the Venetians during the reverses of their country, and in the presence of the imminent dangers over which they finally triumphed.

The taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II., the invasions of Italy by the French, the discovery of the New World, and of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, had a very great influence on the foreign policy, and the commerce of the Venetians. Being obliged, according to circumstances, to change her friends and enemies, during the expeditions of Charles 8th, Louis 12th, and Francis 1st, Venice at length enjoyed an uninterrupted peace from 1540 to 1570, and it is remarkable that this peace was concluded by the authority of the council of ten, which had given instructions and powers more ample than those of the government itself. In the 17th and 18th centuries the Venetians took a less active part in the affairs of Europe. They remained neuter in the war of the Spanish succession; but their neutrality was more injurious than advantageous to them. In 1719, the peace of Passarowitz seemed to have fixed the destinies of Venice; for after that peace the republic suffered no loss, made no acquisition, or exchange, and avoided taking part in the wars for the succession of Parma and Tuscany, and that of the Emperor Charles VI.

The Venetians then taking less part in the affairs of other powers, were more engaged with their own government. A great competition arose between the various powers, which successively attacked each other. It was under these circumstances that the French revolution surprized the Venetians, who were rendered supine by a peace which had continued above seventy years.

Count Daru describes the various and numerous incidents which preceded and brought on the catastrophe, which terminated the political existence of Venice. This part of his work is entirely new; it contains very curious details, and very interesting circumstances, which we do not dwell upon, because every body is acquainted with the principal events, and the fatal result.

Another very interesting part of this work is the account of the differences between Venice and the Court of Rome, in which the Venetians gave numerous proofs of a spirited and enlightened opposition to the pretensions of the papal see.

If we examine the political institutions of Venice, and the spirit of its government, we admire and shudder at the terrible means which served to found and to maintain this ancient aristocracy.

One of the institutions to which Venice

was indebted for the public tranquillity, which it consolidated without ceasing at the expense of individual security, was that of the state inquisitors whose origin Mr. Daru fixes in the year 1454. Historians had hitherto been ignorant of the attributes, the means, and the forms of this formidable tribunal, or had not dared to disclose them. The part of Count Daru's book which treats of them, is a real historical conquest, which therefore merits peculiar attention. We see by the regulations which he has published, that this tribunal had in its pay, spies among all classes of the inhabitants, to keep a constant watch over the magistrates, the citizens, the ambassadors. All the machinations, all the perjuries of the civil inquisition, are laid open in this code. If, for instance, among the patricians chosen to offices, any one does not possess the entire confidence of the inquisitors, he is to be surrounded with spies, who are to tempt him by making him mysterious proposals against the government; and if he does not immediately come and give an account of these proposals, he shall be inscribed on the list of suspected persons. The ambassadors of Venice at foreign courts, held a correspondence with the inquisitors, in which they communicated certain discoveries of which they were not to speak in their dispatches to the Senate. We quote some of the articles.

Art. XVI. When the tribunal shall have judged the death of any one necessary, the execution shall never be public; the person condemned shall be privately drowned by night in the canal Orfano.

Art. XXII. Every two months the tribunal shall have the mail of the courier to Rome brought to it, and the letters shall be opened, in order to discover the correspondence which the papalists may keep up with that court.

Art. XXV. The tribunal shall authorise the generals commanding in Cyprus or in Candia, in case there should be in the country some patrician, or other person of consequence, whose conduct makes it desirable that he should not remain alive, to have him put to death secretly, if in their conscience they judge this measure indispensable, and can answer for it before God.

This mode of proceeding, barbarous as it was, had at least the pretext of the safety of the state, and the public interest. But what shall we say to

Art. XXVI. If a workman carries to a foreign country any art, to the detriment of the republic, his relations shall be thrown into prison; if he does not return, measures shall be taken to put him to death, wherever he may be; and after his death his relations shall be set at liberty.

Art. XXXV. relates to the nobles, who express their opinions in the senate. "If he proceeds to discuss the authority of the council of ten, and wishes to infringe upon it, he shall be suffered to speak without interruption, then he shall be immediately arrested and brought to trial, to be punished according to the crime; and if this means does not succeed he shall be secretly put to death."

Art. XXXIX. A discontented noble, who

shall speak ill of the government, shall be cited, and twice warned to be more circumspect; the third time he shall be forbidden to shew himself for two years in the councils and public places; if he does not obey, if he does not keep strictly in retirement, or if, after the expiration of those two years, he is guilty of new indiscretions, he shall be drowned, as incorrigible.

These quotations will give a sufficient idea of the other numerous articles drawn up in the same spirit; and which are the corollaries of the principles laid down by the tribunal.

Of the 40 books which compose the history of Venice, there are some, in which the nature of the subject has permitted the author to shew a very superior talent; such are the 4th and 5th, in which he relates the taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders, and the consequences of that great event; the 6th, which contains an excellent essay on the governments of Italy in the 14th century; the 10th, on the war of Chiozza; the 19th, on the commerce and marine of the Venetians; the 21st, on the differences of the republic with Paul V.; the 31st, on the conspiracy of 1618, in which the author, after a most luminous and convincing discussion, comes to the conclusion, that there was no conspiracy against Venice; that the Marquis of Bedemar had never formed or favoured any hostile project against the republic; and that it was the Duke of Ossuna, viceroy of Naples, who with the design of seizing on the kingdom of Naples, with the secret assent and aid of Venice, had kept up a private negotiation with the Venetian government, the subaltern actors in which were first the dupes, and then the victims, when the plan of the Duke having failed, it was found necessary to treat as conspirators, agents who were to have been the auxiliaries of the Duke of Ossuna.

To these we add the 35th book, which gives the picture of the republic towards the end of the last century; the 36th, 37th, and 38th, which include the fatal epoch from the commencement of the French revolution till the overthrow of the Venetian republic; the 39th, which describes its government; and the 40th, which gives the picture of the state of literature, of the sciences, and the arts, among the Venetians.

Five volumes contain the history, properly so called; and it will not appear diffuse if we recollect, that the history of the republic by the Abbé Laugier is in 12 vols. without notes, without justificatory documents, and that it ends in 1750; that is previous to the events which excite the most interest, and require the most development, in the work of Count Daru.

Two volumes contain the justificatory pieces, and the indication of the numerous MSS. which the author has consulted. Readers not accustomed to literary researches, will not easily form an idea of those which have been necessary for the composition of this great work, which will henceforth be the only one, in which we can completely study the history of a republic, of which

nothing remains but illustrious and terrible recollections.

Lastly, several maps and plans give an additional value to this great and excellent work, which on many accounts deserves to be ranked among the number of good histories, which do honor to our literature.

Art. VI. Count Orloff's Memoirs of the Kingdom of Naples. 2 vols. 8vo.—As we have in our 150th Number given an extract from this work, and in Number 151 a letter from Mr. Blaquiere, announcing his intention of preparing an English translation of it, we shall refrain from further notice of it, till Mr. B. shall have fulfilled his promise.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW BRITISH SETTLEMENTS IN AFRICA  
AND ASIA.

(From a foreign Journal.)

We learn from a correspondent in London, that since the years 1812, 1813, and 1814, Lord Valentia has been commissioned by the English government, to examine the coasts of Melinda and Abyssinia, and have surveys made by engineers, (while a draughtsman, Mr. Sein, is travelling through the interior of that country and of Nubia) in order to found new commercial establishments on the remains of the Portuguese industry. All the anchoring places and entrances are already fortified. By these means the access to the Red Sea is closed as much as that to the Gulph of Venice; and it is probable that no nation except the English will henceforward venture to visit the seas near the Island Socotora, of which they have already taken possession.

The Gulph of Persia is in the same situation as the Red Sea: it is commanded by the English batteries; establishments having been formed upon the islands lying on the north coast of that Gulph. The English ship Favourite, Captain Ashley Maudie, surveyed the coasts of these islands in July, 1816; they are eight in number, and this captain took possession of them in the name of his sovereign, on the pretext that they had never been marked in any chart engraved at London, though they were formerly visited by the Portuguese. The islands have the following names:—Aff, Yarnin, Arzenie, Ahny, Syr-hon-yass, Déluze and Cheraroon. They are situated on an immense bank of pearl oysters, which extends nearly two hundred English miles from North to South.

They were taken possession of to facilitate the pursuit of the Wechabite pirates; but they would be of importance if Persia should be obliged to give up the island of Bahrein to Russia.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, Jan. 15th.

The days appointed for congregations for the purpose of granting Graces and conferring Degrees, in the present Term:—viz. January, Friday, 14th; Thursday, 27th; Fe-

bruary, Thursday, 8th; Saturday, 12th; Tuesday, 15th; March, Thursday, 2d; Thursday, 16th; Monday, 27th.

Yesterday, the first day of Lent Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Rev. Charles Henry Watling, fellow of Jesus College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—Thomas Jeffery Bumpstead, Esq. Queen's College, grand compounder; William Day, Esq. Brasenose College, grand compounder; Edward Wuestall, Queen's College; Charles Buck, St. Edmund Hall; John Baron, Henry William Buckley, Peter Hordern, and Francis Stonehever Newhold, Brasenose College.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

TO SOPHIA.

Though thou art lovely, and arrayed  
In all the graces of thy kind,  
Those charms, alas! are but displayed  
To raise a tumult in my mind.  
Thou canst not love, nor canst thou tell,  
How I adore, may dot on thee;  
Where'er I go, where'er I dwell,  
Thy form lives in my memory.  
Then fare thee well! I would not leave  
The thought of one so fair as thou,  
Until thy death should bid me weave  
A cyprus wreath to deck my brow.  
And e'en in that much dreaded hour,  
If fate should will I live so long,  
Thy gentle shade shall haunt my bower,  
Thy lovely name shall grace my song.

Leeds, Jan. 8th, 1820. H. W. T.

## RELIGION.

From the lone watch-tower by the howling deep,  
Where winds and waves their midnight revels keep,

The feeble taper gleams along the tide,  
And haptly provides the wand'ring seaman's guide.  
So o'er the turbid flood of changeable life,  
Even whose deepest calms are deadly strife,  
Religion's light reflects a cheering ray,  
To guide poor mortals on their dang'rous way.  
When reason fails, and hope is well nigh o'er,  
And close at hand impends th' eternal shore;  
She's the last refuge—she alone appears  
To calm their woes, and dissipate their fears;  
She's the sheet anchor, which at length they cast,  
And in the haven safe they ride at last.

Leeds, Jan. 8th. H. W. T.

## MALVYN.

A Fragment.

A stilly youth was Malvyn, yet he knew,  
His silliness as well as those who chid,  
Nor for that knowledge were his faults less few,  
But on he went, and neither check'd nor hid,  
Nor deign'd to think of what was false or true,  
Or right, or wrong; as impulse away'd, he did;  
He was unto himself, God, king and friend,  
Such was his whim, nor reck'd he where 'twould end.

He was a villain, so he would confess,  
Tho' no one ask'd; and strange delight he took

To expatiate with the utmost carelessness  
Upon himself; and read, as from a book,  
Vices too black, and should one strive to trace,  
Aught that might have belied such in his look,

It was a stinging glance of scorn he threw,  
To mock the eye that sought to read him  
through.

But yet so bold and openly he wore

The black distorted features of his soul,  
None would believe them real, tho' he swore,  
But deem'd them as a mask at his control,  
Which for strange pride or bluntness he drew  
o'er

His nature, as he scorn'd t'enrol  
Himself with man, but to be other strove,  
And car'd not, if below him, or above.

There was some truth in this, at least as far  
As his unwillingness to herd with man;  
For he was to them, as a self-lit star,  
That shines on all, tho' never shone upon;  
And if he ever mingled in their jar,

'Twas but to laugh at all, and laugh with none,  
Or to collect fresh food for silent scorn—  
Such was his appetite, and copious was his horn.

He was the child of humour, and she gave  
A softer tone at times, and on him then  
Camest fell, as the hail-drops on the wave,  
That splashes first, then gently melteth in,  
Giving one hope, that something yet might save—

But he would shake the dew-drops from his  
mane,

And with a bitter playfulness conceal  
The callousness he loath'd, but yet was proud  
to feel.

Seldom and sudden were those quails of feeling,  
And slight the grief that wrought upon him  
no,

Yet worlds of grief beyond all words revealing,  
When the soul weeps, but tears do never flow,  
And sudden with a mental wring concealing  
'Neath abrupt jest and mirth his inward woe,  
As the chill, icy lake, congeals the while,  
It clothes itself in Heav'n's own azure smile.

No sympathy had he, yet selfishness

In him assum'd a bearing boldly great;  
He scorn'd all, nor yet was loved the less—  
For grandeur hovers round the desolate  
Of men and things—"Alone" doth more express  
Of the sublime, than poets can create—

This, Malvyn oft has said, and in a tone  
So deep and heart-sent, doubly was it lone.

EWORC.

## THE DRAMA.

**THE BEASTS.**—The dramatic circles are big with expectation, as two new performers are announced at Drury Lane, such as, 'tis said, have not appeared since the age of Roman spectacle. His Grace of Devonshire's tame Elephant, and his Honour Mr. Kean's tame Lion, intend taking each a part in the pantomime; and no doubt is entertained, that they will by their exertions revive the languishing attractions of Jack the Giant-killer in the month of February, and enable that classic and sensible piece to run further into the season, to the great improvement of the young, and the information of the old.

**DRURY LANE. GALLANTRY.**—This theatre on Saturday, furnished an example of the meeting of extremes; a new comedy was performed, and, differing in every thing else, the author and manager on one side agreed entirely with the audience on the other, that there was nothing

comic in the evening's entertainment. The play seemed to be a compilation made with no other view than to get every man and woman belonging to the Drury Lane company of comedians, and capable of acting, upon the stage; no matter whether with or without a purpose. "They had their exits and their entrances;" and in this lay the strength of the piece. From the second title, "*Adventures in Madrid*, we had a right to expect some plot or incident; but, perhaps from not understanding *Spanish*, we could detect nothing of either kind. The majority of the visitors being in the same state of blessed ignorance, it soon became evident that all the gallantry of the drama could not save it. Indeed, it met with a decided and deserved condemnation; and the manager a little forgot his cue when in an address signifying acquiescence in the sentence, he ventured to hint that the difficulty of judging between a good comedy and a bad one was rather above the comprehension of the audience on a single representation. This is a sort of insinuation, which had better be retained in the breasts of our theatrical purveyors—for we are sure that mercy and candour, rather than severity and critical justice, are the characteristics of the public on these occasions. The plain and obvious fact is, that the failure of this play contradicted green-room opinion; because the public considers the whole, whereas in the green-room, every actor considers but his own part.

If Messrs. A, B, C, and Mistresses D, E, F, think the characters drawn for them will afford an opportunity for displaying what they deem their forte, presto! the play is pronounced admirable and got up accordingly; while infinitely better productions, which do not hit the egotistical fancies of actors and actresses, are dismissed with contempt. Of the latter the public has no means of judging; but of the former, we will venture to assert, its judgement is ninety-nine times in a hundred correct—and this piece preferred no ground for exception. It is the system to which we have alluded—the preparation of plays for particular persons rather than on the legitimate principles of dramatic composition, that is the foundation of much of the inferiority of the modern stage, and we pray Mr. Elliston to reflect on this point, rather than arraign the taste and ability of his patrons.

This gentleman has generously assigned the profits of one night's representations to the charity for relieving the wretched in the city. We trust that his house has largely afforded the means of consolation to the homeless, and that his charity on this occasion will not be forgotten when the doors are opened on his own account.

**COVENT GARDEN. MR. NATHAN.**—A person of this name, known to the musical world as a composer and teacher, attempted the part of Guy Mannering in the opera so entitled, on Saturday last. He was very unfortunate; and it soon appeared that what his namesake, perhaps an ancestor, said to the king of Israel, might be reversed in application to his acting and singing, for nothing could be more evident than that Nathan was

not the man—to succeed upon the stage. His efforts, indeed, reminded us of the old story of a candidate for histrionic honours, who because he drawled like one eminent actor, stutted like a second, limped like a third, and squinted like a fourth, &c., maintained that he who concentrated so many qualities which were seen in popular favourites, ought of course to receive in his own person the aggregate of the applause which rewarded them severally. Thus Mr. Nathan, whose person is of indifferent proportions, whose gesticulation is awkward, whose countenance is theoretically inexpressive, and whose voice is effete, seemed to calculate on imperfections and deficiencies; and, like his prototype above described from Mr. Joseph Miller, was utterly rejected. His condemnation was accelerated by the very injudicious encore of his first song by a multitude of rash friends; and in this respect another instance added of the impolicy of a practice which we have so frequently censured. The noble air "*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*," was so hopelessly given, that all chance of escape vanished, and the sentence of banishment from "these boards" was loudly and unanimously pronounced. But even without being brought into comparison with the mighty powers of Braham, Mr. N. proved himself to have entirely mistaken his talent, when he sought fame as an opera performer.

## FOREIGN DRAMA.

**PARISIAN DRAMATIC REVIEW OF 1819.**—One hundred and thirty-four new pieces have been brought out during the last year: 1818 produced one hundred and forty-nine; and though 1819 has been less fertile in births than the year which preceded it, yet the deaths have been no less numerous. The Academie Royale de Musique confined its labours to the revival of Tarare, and the new opera of Olympia. The Theatre Français, on the contrary, has evinced great activity, and nine new pieces have been produced, among which are three tragedies and a comedy. Thus the first theatre of the French metropolis has this year spared no exertion; and certainly the managers of the second have not shewn themselves remiss. The most brilliant success attended their first production. All Paris thronged to see the *Vépres Siciliennes*. The company of the Odeon have been less fortunate; we merely recollect the titles of M. Daigrieux, Crispin Diogene, and a few other unsuccessful pieces produced at the Theatre Savans. Notwithstanding several decided failures, the Opera-Comique has not forfeited public favour. Several judicious revivals, and the charming little piece of *Edmond and Caroline*, have compensated for the submersion of the *Ile de Babylone*, and the loss of the *Battle of Poltowa*. During its nine years existence, the Italian Opera has produced nine pieces. The rival of the two *Barbers*, (Pacsiello's and Rossini's) did not produce the expected success; one was too antiquated for the *delectanti*, and the other too modern for the less impassioned spectators. However, the divine *Agnese* has proved universally attractive, and fashion has in this instance been in unison with taste.

The Vaudeville, which was wont to produce a new piece every week, brought out but twenty-three during last year. Among those that have been crowned with success are *Un Dimanche à Passy*, *Caroline*, and the charming *Sonnambule*, whose laurels prevent all the Vaudevillistes from sleeping.

The Theatre des Variétés has endeavoured to compensate for the loss of Potier; by the production of twenty-seven novelties. *Donnera et Calais*, *Angeline*, and *les Bolivars*, are among the best. The Gaieté has certainly drawn fewer tears than usual from its visitors; and the brilliant success of *la Fille de l'Esprit*, and *Bouton de Rose*, may be attributed in a great measure to the taste of the decorator.

The Ambigu-Comique enjoys the happy privilege of attracting all susceptible minds, to weep for the misfortunes of *Talas*. The extraordinary success of this piece banishes all recollection of the light failures that have taken place during the year. There have been but few misfortunes among the melo-dramas of the Port Saint-Martin. *Prociade*, and *le Tailleur de Jean Jacques*, furnished characters for Potier; and the *Petites Danaïdes* bids fair to parody the success of the originals.

The Cirque-Olympique has produced only six pieces this year. The *Death of Kleber*, and *Pontiatouche*, have been particular favourites.

Upon the whole, 1819 cannot be styled a barren year for dramatic literature, since it has produced three such tragedies as *Jeanne d'Arc*, *Louis IX.*, and the *Vépres Siciliennes*.

## VARIETIES.

A brilliant collection of the productions of Sévres, Beauvais, the Gobelins, and the Savonnerie, were lately exhibited at the Musée in Paris. The King, who went to view the collection, purchased a number of articles for Christmas presents to the various members of the royal family.

Madame Murat has sold to the Austrian government, her fine collection of Medals, among which are many scarce Greek, for, it is said, 100,000 florins.

Baron Paykull has given his collection of Natural History to the King of Sweden. It contains 1,300 species of birds; and now forms part of the Museum of the Academy of Sciences, at Stockholm.

Prince Leopold has presented the family of the late Mr. Bird, R. A. with a purse of one hundred guineas, and also given the artist's picture of the 'Surrender of Calais,' in his Royal Highness's possession, to be disposed of for the benefit of the family. This picture was presented to the lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales, when Mr. Bird had the honour of being appointed Historical Painter to her Royal Highness.

(Daily Papers.)

A show-caravan is at present traversing the London streets, with the following cu-

rious example of orthography:—"Triumph & Palace." q. Triumphant Palace—for such is the exhibition.

A gentleman, rather sharp in his character, who had lost one of a pair of beautiful carriage horses, experienced much difficulty in replacing him. One day that his coachman returned from a long hunt, he cried, "Well, John, have you succeeded?" "Aye," quoth John, joyfully, "but it was a d—d hard thing to meet with your watch."

A worm of a very curious nature has been found by the cook of the King's Arms, Plymouth, on opening a cod-fish, destined for an entertainment. It is about four inches long, and shaped like a seal; with a mouth apparently intended to act as a sucker. But what renders it more remarkable is, a cloathing of the most dazzling green feathers, equal in brilliancy to those of the peacock, on the back, which gives it a very singular aspect. Between the feathers are sharp quills, resembling those on the porcupine, but comparatively smaller. The animal would seem too large to feed on the cod, but might rather be considered as a parasite, which is a frequent attendant on the fish species. Those who have seen it, many of whom are nautical persons, cannot call to their recollection any creature of a similar kind.—*Packet.*

Report says that a copy of the pretended St. Helena MS. has been found among the papers of Madame de Staël; but the fact seems improbable.

An officer, with a glass eye, on undressing at an inn, gave it to the servant, who was assisting him, to put upon the table—the lad continued to wait—"What the devil are you stopping for?" cried the officer: "for the other eye," said the simpleton.

M. Bosio, the French Sculptor, has received a commission from the Minister of the Interior, to execute a statue of Henry IV. as a child, with the marble of the Pyrenees, now introduced with considerable expectations, into the Parisian arts.

LITERARY SUICIDE.—Mr. Fridrick, known by many works which he has published, and particularly by his Satires, has disappeared from Hamburg, leaving behind him a letter in which he declares his purpose to terminate his existence. It is thought that he has thrown himself into the Elbe, and that his corps is covered by the ice.

MALESHERBES' MONUMENT.—The Emperor Alexander has subscribed 2000 franks towards the monument of Malesherbes at Paris.

The cold at Hamburg in the night preceding the 11th of January, was at 21° Reaumur, 47½° Fahrenheit, below the freezing point. 15½ below 0.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

Some portion of Buonaparte's Memoirs, whether genuine or not we cannot tell, have appeared in Germany. The writer affects the style of Cæsar.

A Newspaper is now published at Rio Janeiro: it is called "Gazeta de Janeiro."

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.—In Russia, Mr. Guedilich, under-librarian at Peterburgh, is engaged in a translation of Homer into Russian hexameters. Since 1814, six volumes of Plutarch's Lives, of fourteen, of which the work is to consist, have appeared. The *Noctes Atticæ* Aulus Gellius, and *Cornelius Nepos*, have also been translated into Russian. Mr. Alexander de Stourdza last year published a manual of the Greek language for the use of his young compatriots.

Mr. de Becker, Extraordinary Professor of History at Abo, has begun with the new year a national newspaper in the Finnish language, under the title of "Turun Wikkö Sanomat."

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JANUARY, 1820.

Thursday, 13—Thermometer from 9 to 29.

Barometer from 30, 29 to 30, 36.

Wind N.E. 4.—Cloudy till the evening, when it became clear; a little snow about noon.

Friday, 14—Thermometer from 17 to 29.

Barometer from 30, 39 to 30, 29.

Wind N.E. 4.—Cloudy; a little snow about noon; a steady northerly light in the N.W. about 11 in the evening.

Saturday, 15—Thermometer from 1 to 26.

Barometer, from 30, 04 to 29, 87.

Wind S.W. 4.—Morning and noon clear, the rest of the day cloudy.

Sunday, 16—Thermometer from 17 to 32.

Barometer from 29, 87 to 29, 94.

Wind N. 4.—Generally clear till the evening, when it became hazy.

Monday, 17—Thermometer from 17 to 37.

Barometer from 29, 86, to 29, 74.

Wind S.W. 4.—Cloudy.

Tuesday, 18—Thermometer from 26 to 35.

Barometer 29, 61 to 29, 36.

Wind N.E. 4.—Morning sunny, afternoon and evening raining, particularly hard in the evening.

Wednesday, 19—Thermometer from 26 to 48.

Barometer from 29, 03 to 29, 17.

Wind S.W. 4 and 5.—Cloudy; the sudden thaw of yesterday, accompanied with rain, caused the waters to be much out.

Rain fallen, 9/25 of an inch.

Lat. 51. 37. 32. N.

Lon. 0. 3. 51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS

Error.—In Number 154, line 1 of the Meteorological Journal, for "45 to 52" read "52 to 36."

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. B. L.'s Song needs correction.—We thank J. H. for his favour, but are sorry to observe that it also requires revision, which, not having the original by us, we cannot give it.

A "Friend and Subscriber," will oblige us by retaining the latter character alone; for we really cannot preserve the former at the price of forwarding his productions.

From the favours of X Q we desire to be X Q 2 and as for the answer he requires, there are three letters for his two.

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

#### Books and Stationery.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

### BONAPARTE.

*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Vie privée, du Retour, et du Règne de Napoléon, en 1815.* Par M. Fleury de Chaboulon, ex-Secrétaire de l'Empereur, et de son Cabinet, &c. &c. Tomes II. 8vo. London, 1819.

[From this remarkable work, the translation of which has not yet appeared, and the French edition of which has just issued from the press, we can only at present extract details ascribed to a deceased Colonel Z. the person whose visit to Elba induced Buonaparte to take, perhaps, the most important step in his life. It places this momentous transaction in a new light; and the dialogue is so singularly characteristic, that we have transgressed our usual bounds to place it entire before our Readers. We have no room now for discussion: the author, after relating his previous arrangements with the Buonapartes in Paris, and the difficulties of his journey to Elba, thus describes his interviews with the Monarch of that Isle:—]

Half an hour afterwards the Marshal desired me to proceed as quickly as possible to the Emperor's garden-gate; the Emperor, would come there, and speak to me without appearing to know me. I went accordingly: the Emperor, according to his custom, was walking with his hands behind his back. He passed several times before me without lifting up his eyes; at last he looked at me: he stopped, and asked me in Italian what countryman I was. I answered in French that I was a Parisian; that business had called me to Italy; and that I could not resist the desire of seeing my old sovereign.—"Well, Sir, talk to me about Paris and France,"—and as he finished these words he began to walk again. I accompanied him; and after he had put several indifferent questions to me aloud, he desired me to enter his apartments: he then ordered Bertrand and Drouot to retire, and forced me to sit down by his side. Napoleon began in a reserved and silent manner: "The grand Marshal tells me that you have just arrived from France."—"Yes, Sir."—"What do you want here?"—"Sir, I wish to offer my services to you; my conduct in 1814—" Napoleon interrupting me,—"Sir, I do not question but that you are a very good officer, however I have so many officers with me already, that it will be very difficult for me to assist you; yet we will see: it appears that you know M. X. . . ."—[A fictitious

letter, to designate a partizan of much power.]—"Yes, Sir."—"Has he sent a letter for me by you?"—"No, Sir."—"Napoleon, interrupting me, "I see he forgets me just like the rest; since I have been here, I have not heard a word of him or of any body."—"I interrupted the Emperor in my turn, "Sir, he has never ceased to entertain those sentiments of devotion and attachment towards your Majesty which are still cherished by all true Frenchmen; and—" Napoleon, with disdain;—"What, do they still think of me in France?"—"Never will they forget you."—"Never! that is a wrong expression; the French have another Sovereign, and they are commanded both by their duty and their tranquillity to think on him alone." This answer did not please me: "The Emperor, thought I to myself, is out of humour because I have not brought him any letters; he mistrusts me: it was not worth while to come so far for the sake of an ungracious reception. Napoleon, continuing,—"What do they think about me in France?"—"There, your Majesty is universally deplored and regretted."—"Yes, and there, also, they manufacture all sorts of lies concerning me. Sometimes they say that I am mad, sometimes that I am ill, and you may see (here the Emperor looked at his *embonpoint*), if I look like an ailing man. It is also given out that they intend to transport me either to St. Helena or to Malta. I would not advise them to try. I have provisions for six months, and brave followers to defend me: but I cannot think that Europe will be so dishonourable as to rise in arms against a single man, who has neither the power nor the inclination of hurting others. The Emperor Alexander has too much love for posterity to lend himself to such a crime. They have guaranteed the sovereignty of the isle of Elba to me by a solemn treaty. Here I am in my own home; and as long as I do not go out to pick a quarrel with my neighbours, they have no right to come and disturb me. . . . have you served in the grand army?"—"Yes, Sir, I had the felicity of distinguishing myself under your Majesty's eyes in the plains of Champagne; your Majesty appeared to take such particular notice of me, that I had dared to hope that your Majesty would recollect me."—"Why, yes; I thought, somehow, that I knew your face when I saw you, but I have only a confused recollection of you."—"Poor mortals! thought I to myself, go and expose your lives for the sake of kings, go and sacrifice your youth, your repose, your happiness for their sake!"—"In what affairs have you distinguished yourself?"—"Sir, at . . . , and at . . . . Marshal Ney there presented me to your Majesty, saying, 'Sir, here is the intrepid S. . . . P. . . . of whom I have spoken to your

Majesty.' . . . Ah! ah! I really do recollect—yes, I was very well pleased indeed, with your behaviour at . . . and at . . . ; you showed much resolution, much strength of character. Did I not 'decorate' you on the field of battle?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Napoleon, with greater warmth and confidence, "Eh bien! how are they all treated in France by the Bourbons?"—"Sir, the Bourbons have not realized the expectations of the French, and the number of malcontents increases every day."—"Napoleon, sharply;—"So much the worse, so much the worse: but how, has not X. sent me any letters?"—"No, Sir; he was afraid lest they might be taken from me; and as he thought that your Majesty, being now compelled to be vigilant, and to distrust all the world, might distrust me also, he has revealed several circumstances to me, which are only known to your Majesty and to himself; thus enabling me to give a proof that I am worthy of your Majesty's confidence."—"Let us hear them," I began my detail, but he exclaimed, without allowing me to finish, "That's enough; why did you not begin by telling me all that? there is half an hour that we have lost." This storm disconcerted me. He perceived my confusion, and resumed his discourse with mildness.—"Come, make yourself easy, and repeat to me, with the greatest minuteness, all that has passed between you and X. . . . I then related the circumstances which had induced me to have an interview with Monsieur X. . . . I repeated our conversation word for word. I gave him a complete account of all the faults and excesses of the royal government; and I was going to draw the inferences which had occurred to Monsieur X. . . . and me. But the Emperor, who, when he was affected, was incapable of listening to any recital without interrupting it, and making his comments at every moment, stopped my mouth. "I thought so, too," said he, "when I indicated, that the Bourbons, instructed and disciplined by adversity, would not fall again into the errors which ruined them in 1793. I thought that the king would govern you

\* Napoleon usually liked to intimidate and disconcert those who approached him. Sometimes he feigned that he could not hear you, and then he would make you repeat in a very loud tone what he had heard perfectly well before. However, he was really deaf in a slight degree. At other times he would interrogate you with such rapid and abrupt interrogatories, that you had not time to understand him, and were compelled to give your answers in confusion. He then then to laugh at your embarrassment; and when he had drawn you out of your present state of mind and confusion, he amused himself at your expense. . . . Note of the course of the work.



*en bon homme.* This was the only way by which he could obtain a pardon from you, for having been put upon you by foreigners. But since they have stepped into France, they have done nothing but acts of madness. Their treaty of the 23d of April, (raising his voice,) has made me deeply indignant: with one stroke of the pen they have robbed France of Belgium, and of all the territory acquired since the revolution. They have deprived the nation of its docks, its arsenals, its fleets, its artillery, and the immense *matériel* which I had collected in the fortresses and the ports which they have ceded. Talleyrand has led them into this infamous business: he must have been bribed. Peace is easy upon such terms. If, like them, I had consented to the ruin of France, they would not now be on my throne: (with energy.) I would sooner have cut off my right hand. I preferred renouncing my throne rather than to retain it by staining my glory, and the honour of the French nation. . . . A degraded crown is an intolerable burthen. My enemies have published every where, that I obstinately refused to make peace. They have represented me as a wretched madman, eager only for blood and carnage: this language answered their turn. When you wish to hang your dog, you give out that he is mad: *Quand on veut tuer son chien, il faut bien faire accroire qu'il est enragé.* But Europe shall know the truth: I will let the world know all that was said and done at Châtillon. I will unmask the Austrians, the Russians, and the English, with a powerful hand. Europe shall judge: Europe shall say who was the rogue, and who was wishing to shed human blood. If I had been roused for war, I might have retired with my army beyond the Loire, and I might have enjoyed mountain warfare to my heart's content. I would not; I was tired of carnage. . . . my name, and the brave fellows who remained faithful to me, yet made the allies tremble, even out of the capital. They offered Italy to me as the price of my abdication: I refused it. After once reigning over France, one ought not to reign anywhere else. I chose the Isle of Elba. They were too happy to give Elba to me. This position suited me. I can watch France and the Bourbons. All that I have done has been only for France. It is for her sake and not for mine that I wished to render her the first nation in the universe. My glory is made for myself. . . . If I had only thought of myself, I would have returned to a private station, but it was my duty to retain the imperial title for my family and my son. . . . Next to France, my son is the dearest object in the world to me."

During the whole of this discourse, the Emperor continued striding up and down, and appeared violently agitated. He paused a little while, and then he began again. They (i. e. the emigrants) know too well that I am here, and they would like to assassinate me. I discover new plots, new snares

every day. They have sent to Corsica one of the assassins of Georges, a wretch whom the English journals themselves have pointed out to Europe as a blood-thirsty assassin; but let us be on the alert. If he misses me, I won't miss him. I shall send my grenadiers after him, and he shall be shot as an example to others.

After a few moments of silence, he said, "Do my generals go to court? they must cut a sad figure there." I waited for the end of this digression, in order to resume the thread of my discourse. As I was convinced that I could not possibly lead the conversation, I resolved to let the Emperor have it according to his own way, and I answered, "Yes, Sir, and they are furious to see themselves superseded in favour by emigrants who have never heard the sound of a cannon."—"The emigrants will never alter. As long as they were only required to dance attendance in my anti-chamber, I had more than enough of them. When it was necessary to shew any heart, they slunk away like . . . I committed a great error, when I recalled that anti-national race into France. If it had not been for me, they would have died of starvation abroad; but then I had great motives. I wanted to reconcile Europe to us, and to close the revolution. . . . What do my soldiers say about me?"—"The soldiers, Sir, talk constantly about your immortal victories. They never pronounce your name but with respect, admiration, and grief. When the Princes give money to the soldiers, they drink it out to your health, and when they are forced to cry *Vive le Roi!* they add in a whisper, *de Rome.*"—"And so they still love me?" (smiling).—"Yes, Sir, and I may even venture to say, more than ever."—"What do they say about our misfortunes?"—"They consider them as the effect of treachery; and they constantly repeat, that they never would have been conquered, if they had not been sold to their enemies. They are particularly indignant with respect to the capitulation of Paris."—"They are right: had it not been for the infamous defection of the Duke of Ragusa, the allies would have been lost. I was master of their rear, and of all their resources; not a man would have escaped. They too would have had their twentieth bulletin. Marmont is a wretch; he has ruined his country, and delivered up his sovereign. His convention with Schwartzburg would alone suffice to dishonour him. If he had not known when he surrendered, that he compromised my person and my army, he would not have found it necessary to make stipulations in favour of my liberty and life. This piece of treachery is not the only one. He has intrigued with Talleyrand to take the regency from the Emperor, and the crown from my son. Caulincourt, Macdonald, and the rest of the marshals, have been cheated and gulled by him in the most shameful manner. All his blood would not be sufficient to expiate the harm which he has done to France. . . . I will devote his name to the execration of posterity. I am glad to learn that my soldiers retain the feeling of their superiority, and that they

attribute our great misfortunes to the right authors. I collect with great pleasure, from the intelligence which you have brought, that the opinion which I had formed respecting the situation of France, is correct. The family of the Bourbons is not fit to reign. Their government may be good for priests, nobles, and old-fashioned countesses: it is good for nothing for the present generation. The revolution has taught the people to know their rank in the state. They will never consent to fall back into their former nullity, and to be tied up by the nobility and the clergy. The army can never belong to the Bourbons. Our victories and our misfortunes have established an indissoluble tie between the army and myself. It is only through me that the soldiers can earn vengeance, power, and glory. From the Bourbons they can get nothing but insults and blows. Kings can only retain their power by the love of their subjects or by fear. The Bourbons are neither loved nor feared. At last they will throw themselves off their throne: but they may yet retain their position for a long time. Frenchmen do not know how to conspire."

In pronouncing these words, the Emperor continued walking hastily, and using many gestures. He rather appeared to be soliloquizing than addressing any one else; he then continued, looking at me aside, "Does M. X. . . . think that these people can stand much longer?"—"His opinion on this point is exactly conformable to the general opinion that is to say, it is now the general impression and conviction, that the government is hastening to its fall. The priests and the emigrants are its only partisans; every man of patriotism or soul is its enemy."—"Napoleon (with energy). Yes, all men in whose veins any national blood is flowing must be its enemies; but how will all this end? I thought that there will be a new revolution!"—"Sir, discontent and irritation prevail to such an extent, that the slightest partial enforcement would inevitably cause a general insurrection, and nobody would be surprised if it were to take place to-morrow."—"But what would you do were you to expel the Bourbons: would you re-establish the republic?"—"The republic, Sir! nobody thinks about it; perhaps they would create a regency."—"Napoleon (with vehemence and surprise). A regency! And wherefore? I lead?"—"But your absence. . . ."—"My absence makes no difference. In a couple of days I would be back again in France, if I had time to be so."—"The Emperor turned away his eyes, and I could easily remark, that in this question he attached more importance than he cared to manifest, and that he expected my answer with anxiety. "Sir, I dare not personally tempt to answer such a question, out. . . . Napoleon (abruptly). That's not what am asking you: answer yes or no."—"Well, Sir, yes."—"Napoleon (with tenderness). You really think so?"—"Yes, Sir, I am convinced, and so is M. X. . . . the people and the army would receive you as their deliverer, and that your cause would

\* *Ma gloire est faite a moi mon nom vitra autant que celui de Dieu.*

be embraced with enthusiasm."—Napoleon (appearing agitated and impatient). "Then X... advises me to return?"—"We had foreseen that your Majesty would make inquiries on this point, and the following is literally his answer. You will tell his majesty that I would not dare to decide so important a question, but that you may consider it as a positive and incontrovertible fact, that our present government has wholly lost the confidence of the people and of the army; that discontent has increased to the highest pitch, and that it is impossible to believe that the government can stand much longer against the universal dislike. You will add, that the Emperor is the only object of the regret and hope of the nation. He, in his wisdom, will decide what he ought to do."

The Emperor became silent and pensive; and, after a long meditation he said, "I will reflect upon it; I will keep you with me. Come here to-morrow at eleven o'clock."

At eleven o'clock I attended, to present myself to the Emperor. They made me wait in his saloon on the ground floor. The striped silk hangings were half worn out and faded; the carpet was threadbare, and patched in several places; a few shabby arm chairs completed the furniture of the apartment. I thought upon the splendour of the imperial palaces, and I drew a deep and melancholy sigh. The Emperor arrived: he had assumed a degree of calmness in his manner, which was belied by his eyes. It was easy to see that he had been violently agitated. "Sir," said he, "I declared to you yesterday, that I retained you in my service. I repeat the same to you to-day. From this instant you belong to me, and I hope you will fulfil your duties towards me like a good and faithful subject: you swear that you will—is it not so?"—"Yes, Sir, I swear."—"That's right." After a pause, "I had foreseen the crisis to which France would come, but I did not think that things were so ripe. It was my intention not to interfere any longer in political affairs. The intelligence which you have brought to me has changed my resolutions. I have caused the misfortunes of France; therefore I must remove them: but before I commit myself, I wish to have a thorough knowledge of the state of our affairs. Sit down: repeat to me all that you told me yesterday; I like to hear you."

Re-assured by these words, and by a look full of kindness and benignity, I abandoned myself without reserve to all the inspirations of my heart and soul. The picture which I drew of the sufferings and hopes of the nation, which I presented to the Emperor, was so touching and so animated, that he was astonished. "You are a noble young fellow," said he, "are you truly the son of a Frenchman; but are you not carried away by your imagination?"—"No, Sir; the recital which I have made to your Majesty is quite faithful. I may have expressed myself with warmth, because I cannot express my feelings otherwise; but all that I have told you is exact and true. Under such important circumstances, I should have

thought it a crime to substitute the inspirations of my imagination in the place of truth."—"You therefore think that France awaits her redemption from me; that I shall be received as a deliverer."—"Yes, Sir; I will even say more: the royal government is so exceedingly hateful and disgusting to the French, the government weighs so very heavily on the nation and the army, that not only your Majesty, but any body else who would endeavour to liberate the French would find them disposed to second him."—Napoleon (with dignity). "Repeat that to me again."—"Yes, Sir, I do repeat it. The French are so wearied, and degraded, and incensed, by the anti-national yoke of the emigrants and the priests, that they are ready to join any one who will promise to deliver them."—"But if I were to disembark in France, is there not reason to fear that the patriots may be massacred by the emigrants and the chouans?"—"No, Sir, I do not think so; we are the most numerous and the bravest party."—"Yes, but they may heap you in the prisons, and cut your throats."—"Sir, the people will not let them do that."—"I hope you may not be deceived; to be sure, I shall get to Paris so speedily, that they won't have time to consider where they are to hide their heads. I shall be there as soon as the news of my disembarkation.... Yes," the Emperor continued, after taking a few steps, "I have resolved.... It was I who gave the Bourbons to France, and it is I who must rid France of them.... I will set off.... The enterprise is vast, it is difficult, it is dangerous, but it is not beyond me. On great occasions fortune has never abandoned me.... I shall set off, but not alone; I won't run the risk of allowing myself to be collared by the gens-darmes. I will depart with my sword, my Polanders, my grenadiers.... all France is on my side. I belong to France; and for her I will sacrifice my repose, my blood, my life, with the greatest joy." After this speech, the Emperor stopped; his eyes sparkled with hope and genius: his attitude announced energy, confidence, victory; he was grand, he was beautiful, he was adorable!—he resumed his discourse, and said, "Do you think that they will dare to wait for me?"—"No, Sir."—"I don't think so, either: they will quake when they hear the thunder of my name; and they will know that they can only escape me by a speedy flight. But what will be the conduct of the national guards? Do you think they will fight for them?"—"I think, Sir, that the national guards will remain neutral."—"Even that's a great deal; as to their 'gardes du corps,' and their red regiments, I am not afraid of them: they are either old men or boys: they will be frightened by the mustachios of my grenadiers. I will make my grenadiers hoist the national flag; lifting up his voice and his hand: "I will appeal to my old soldiers; I will speak to them. None of them will refuse to hear the voice of their old general.... It is certain that the soldiers cannot hesitate to choose between the white flag and the tricoloured flag: between me, by whom they have been covered with rewards and

glory, and the Bourbons, who wish to dishonour them.... And the Marshals, what will they do?"—"The Marshals, who are full of money and titles, have nothing to wish for but repose. They would fear to compromise their existence by embracing a doubtful party; and perhaps they will continue merely spectators of the crisis. Perhaps even the fear lest your Majesty may possibly punish them for their delinquency or treason in 1814 may induce them to adhere to the king."—"I will punish no one. Do you take me rightly? Tell me.... clearly, that I will forget every thing. We have all reason to reproach each other."—"Sir, I will tell him so with the greatest joy. This assurance will completely gain all opinions over to your side; because even amongst your partisans there are men who dread your return; lest you should revenge yourself."—"Yes, I know that it is thought that I am revengeful, and even sanguinary; that I am considered as a kind of ogre, as a tyrant. They are mistaken: I will make every one do his duty, and I will be obeyed; and that's all. A weak sovereign is a calamity to his subjects. If he allows criminals and traitors to fancy that he does not know how to punish, there is no longer any security either for the state or for individuals. More crimes are prevented than repressed by severity. A sovereign must govern by his head, and not by his heart. Yet, tell X... that I except Talleyrand, Angereau, and the Duke of Ragusa, out of the general pardon. They caused all our misfortunes. The country must be revenged."—"But why exclude them, Sir? Is there not reason to fear that this exclusion may deprive you of the fruits of your clemency, and may even raise doubts as to your sincerity in future?"—"It would be much more exposed to doubt were I to pardon them."—"But, Sir...."—"Don't you trouble your head about it.... what is the strength of the army?"—"Sir, I do not know; I only know that it has been much weakened by desertion and by discharges, and that few of the regiments consist of more than three hundred men."—"So much the better; those who are good for nothing have probably left the army; the good soldiers will have remained. Do you know the names of the officers who command the maritime districts, and the eighth division?"—"No, Sir."—"Napoleon (out of temper). "Why did not X... give you that information?"—"Sir, both M. X... and myself were far from supposing that your Majesty would immediately embrace the glorious resolution of re-appearing in France; besides which, he might believe, according to the common report, that your agents did not allow you to remain in ignorance of any circumstance, which might interest you."—"I do know that the newspapers gave out that I had agents.... It is an idle story. It is true that I sent some of my people to France, in order to learn what was going on; but they stole my money, and only treated me with the gabble of the emalle. C... has been to see me, but he knew nothing. You are the first person from whom I have as-

certained the situation of France and the Bourbons under all its extensive bearings. Had it not been for you, I should never have known that the hour of my return had struck. Had it not been for you, they would have left me here to dig in my garden. I have received—I do not exactly know from what quarter—the description of certain assassins, hired against me; and one or two anonymous letters besides—all from the same hand, in which I was told to remain quiet, that the embroideries were coming into fashion, and other nonsense in the same style; but that's all. It is not upon such data that one is induced to attempt a crash. But how do you think foreigners will like my return: there is the great question?" "Foreign nations, Sir, have been compelled to confederate against us, in order to protect themselves; allow me to say it...." "Speak out, speak out." "In order to protect themselves against the effects of your ambition, and the abuse of your strength. Now that Europe has recovered her independence, and that France has ceased to be dangerous, foreign powers will probably be unwilling to run the risk of a new war, which may end by restoring to us that ascendancy which we have lost." "If the allied sovereigns were at home in their capitals they would certainly consider the matter twice before they would take the field again; but they are yet face to face; and it is to be feared that you may become an affair of vanity. Do you think it is true that they are on ill terms with each other?" "Yes, Sir, it appears that discord reigns in the congress; that each of the great powers wishes to seize the largest share of the booty." "It appears, also, that their subjects are discontented: is it not so?" "Yes, Sir; kings and people, every thing seems to unite in our favour. The Saxons, the Genoese, the Belgians, the inhabitants of the banks of the Rhine, the Polanders, all refuse the new sovereigns to whom they are to be given. Italy, tired of the avarice and the grossness of the Austrians, pants for the moment of withdrawing from their sovereignty. Experience has taught the King of Naples that you are his surest protector, and he will assist the rising of the Italians whenever you wish it. The princes of the confederation of the Rhine, warned by the example of Saxony, will become the allies of your majesty after the first victory. Prussia and Russia will sit quiet, if you will only allow them to retain their new acquisitions. The Emperor of Austria, who has every thing to fear from Russia and Prussia, and nothing to hope for from the King of France, will easily consent, if you only guarantee Italy to him, to allow you to do what you think best with the Bourbons. In short, all the powers of Europe, England only excepted, are more or less interested in not declaring themselves against you; and before England can have corrupted, or raised the continent, your Majesty will be so firmly fixed on the throne, that your Majesty's enemies may try in vain to shake you totter."

Napoleon (shaking his head) "All this

is very fine;...however, I consider it as certain, that the Kings who have fought against me are no longer guided by the same unity, the same views, the same interests. The Emperor Alexander must esteem me: he must be able to estimate the difference which exists between Louis XVIII. and myself. If he were to understand his policy rightly, he would rather see the French sceptre in the hands of a powerful sovereign, the relentless enemy of England, than in the hands of a weak sovereign, the friend and vassal of the Prince Regent. I would give him Poland, and a great deal more, if he wished it; he knows that I have been always more inclined to tolerate his ambition than to restrain it. If he had continued my friend and my ally, I would have made him greater than he ever will be now. Prussia, and the petty Kings of the Rhenish confederation, will follow the lot cast by Russia. If I had Russia on my side, she would secure me all the second-rate powers. As to the Austrians, I do not know what they would do: they have never treated me candidly. I suppose I could keep Austria in order by threatening to deprive her of Italy. Italy is yet very grateful to me, and much attached to me: if I were to ask that country for an hundred thousand men, and an hundred millions, I should have the men and the money. If they were to force me to make war, I could easily revolutionize the Italians; I would grant them whatever they might wish, independence or Eugene. Mejean and some others have done him harm, but, in spite of that, he is warmly loved, and highly esteemed: he deserves to be so; he has shown that he possesses a noble mind. Murat is ours. I have had great reason to complain of him. Since I have been here he has wept for his errors, and has done his utmost to repair the injuries which he has inflicted upon me. He has regained my friendship and my confidence: his assistance, if I were engaged in war, would be very useful to me. He has little brains; he has nothing but hand and heart; but his wife would direct him. The Neapolitans like him tolerably well; and I have yet some good officers amongst them who would keep them in the right way. As to England, we should have shaken hands from Dover to Calais, if Mr. Fox had lived; but as long as that country continues to be governed by the principles and passions of Mr. Pitt, we must always be as hostile as fire and water....From England, I expect no quarter, no truce....England knows that the instant I place my foot in France, her influence will be driven back across the seas....as long as I live I will wage a war of extermination against her maritime despotism. If the continental powers had seconded me; if they had not been afraid of me; if they had understood my ambition, their flags would have floated from the mast-head throughout the universe, and the world would have enjoyed peace. All things considered, foreign powers have great reasons to declare war against me; whilst there are also great reasons to induce them to remain at peace with me. It is to be

feared, as I have already said to you, that they may turn the war into an affair of vanity, or that they make it a point of honour. On the other hand, it is possible that they may renounce their coalition, which has now no longer any object, in order to watch their subjects; preserving at the same time an armed neutrality, until I shall have given them sufficient guarantees.

"Their determinations, whatever they may be, will not influence mine. France speaks, and that is sufficient for me. In 1814 I had to deal with all the powers in Europe, but they should not have laid down the law to me if France had not left me to wrestle alone, against the entire world. Now the French know my value; and, as they have regained their courage and their patriotism, they will triumph over the enemies who may attack them, just as they triumphed in the good days of the revolution. Experience has shown that armies cannot always save a nation; but a nation defended by the people is always invincible.

"I have not settled the day of my departure: by deferring it I should have the advantage of allowing the congress to run out; but then, on the other hand, I should run the risk of being kept here as a close prisoner by the vessels of the Bourbons and of the English, if, as every thing appears to indicate, there should be a rupture amongst foreign powers. Murat would lend me his navy if I wanted it; but if we do not succeed he would be compromised. We must not be anxious about all these matters: we must allow some room for destiny to come into play.

"I think we have considered all the points upon which it was important that I should be settled, and that we should understand each other. France is tired of the Bourbons; she demands her former sovereign. The people and the army are for us: foreign powers will be silent. If they speak, we shall be able to reply: this, in short, is the state of the present time and of the future.

"Depart. Tell X... that you have seen me, and that I have determined to expose myself to every danger for the purpose of yielding to the prayers of France, and of ridding the nation of the Bourbons....Say also that I shall leave this place with my guard, on the first of April—perhaps sooner. I pardon every thing. I will give to France and to Europe all the guarantees which can be expected or demanded of me. I have renounced all my plans of aggrandizement, and I wish to repair the evils which war has caused to us, by a permanent peace.

"You will also tell X... and the rest of my friends to nourish and strengthen the good disposition of the people and the army by all possible means. Explain to X... that if the excesses of the Bourbons should hasten their fall, if the French should drive them out before my disembarkation, then will not allow of a regency, or any thing of the shape of it; but let them establish provisional government, composed of... of.... of.... and of.... Go, Sir, hope that we shall soon meet again." "Sir, where shall I land?" "—"

must proceed to Naples; here is a passport of the island, and a letter for \*\*\*. Pretend to place great trust in him, but do not trust him with anything. You will give him a loose account of the French news; and you may tell him that I send you there to explore the soundings, and settle some concerns of moment. I have directed \*\*\* to furnish you with a passport, in order that you may be able to return to Paris without meeting with any obstacle or danger."—"Your Majesty has then determined to send me back to France?"—"It must absolutely be so."—"Your Majesty knows my attachment, and that I am ready to prove it in any way which may be required. But, Sir, deign to consider, both for your interest and for that of France, that my departure has been remarked, and that my return will excite still more notice, and that it may give rise to suspicion, and perhaps induce the Bourbons to put themselves on their guard, and cause them to watch the coasts and the Island of Elba."—"Bah! do you suppose that fellows of the police know every thing, and can foresee every thing? More is invented than is discovered by the police. The agents of our police were decidedly as good as those of the present people, and yet they frequently knew nothing of what was going on but at the end of a week or a fortnight; and then they found it out only by chance, or incaution, or treason. I don't fear that any disclosures will be obtained from you by any of these means. You are clever and decided, and, if they were to work upon you, you would easily get clear. Besides, when you once arrive at Paris don't show yourself; creep into a corner, and nobody will think of ferreting you out. I could certainly confide this mission to some of the people who are about me; but I do not wish to make any additional confidant; you are trusted by X\*\*"; I trust you; and, in one word, you are exactly the man whom I want. Your return is certainly exposed to objections, but they are as nothing when compared to its advantages. All that we have said about the Bourbons, and about France, and about myself, is mere talk, and talk won't overturn a throne. In order that my enterprise may not be rendered abortive, it must be seconded, and the patriots must prepare to attack the Bourbons on one side, whilst I shall occupy them on the other. And, above all, it is necessary that they should know that they may depend upon me; that they may know my sentiments, my views, and the resolution which I have made of submitting to every sacrifice, and exposing myself to every danger, for the purpose of saving the country." The Emperor stopped to look at me. He certainly thought that I was one of those men who only appear reluctant to obey, in order to enhance the price of their services; so he said, "Money is always wanted in travelling; I will order them to pay you a thousand Louis, and then you may set off."—"A thousand Louis!" I exclaimed, with indignation. "Sir, I must answer your Majesty in the words with which the sol-

dier answered his general. 'These actions are not performed for pay.'—"That's very right; I like to see pride."—"Sir, I am not proud, but I have a soul; and if I thought that your Majesty could believe that I embraced your Majesty's cause for the sake of filthy lucre, I should request your Majesty to cease to rely on my services."—"If I had believed that to be the case, I should not have trusted you. No person ever received a more honourable and splendid proof of my confidence, than that which I am now bestowing upon you, in deciding, merely on the strength of your word, to quit the isle of Elba, and in directing you, as my precursor, to announce my speedy arrival in France. But do not let us talk any more on that head; and tell me if you recollect fully all that I have told you."—"I have not lost one of your Majesty's expressions. They are all engraven on my memory."—"Then I have only to wish you a pleasant journey. I have directed that every thing should be got ready for your departure.

"This evening, at nine o'clock, you will find a guide and horses at the gate of the town: you will be taken to Porto Longone. The commandant has been authorized to furnish you with the necessary quarantine documents. He knows nothing; say nothing to him. At midnight a felucca will leave the port, by which you will reach Naples. I am sorry to have hurt your feelings by offering money to you, but I thought you might be in want of it. Adieu, Monsieur; be cautious. I hope we shall soon meet again, and I shall acknowledge, in a manner worthy of your merits, your exertions in favour of the country and of myself."

Hardly had I gone down to the town, when he sent for me again. "I have considered," said he, "that it is desirable that I should know what regiments are stationed in the eighth and tenth military divisions, and the names of the commanding officers. You will undertake to procure this information during your journey, and transmit it to me without the slightest delay. Write triplicates of your letters. Send one by way of Genoa, the second by Leghorn, and the third by Civita Vecchia. You will take care to write this name legibly (here he gave me a memorandum containing the name of an inhabitant of the island). Fold your letters in a business-like way. In order that the secret of your correspondence may not be discovered, should any accident happen, you will put your intelligence in the shape of commercial transactions, and you will imitate the usual style of bankers. I will suppose, for example, that between Chambéry and Lyon, going by the way of Grenoble, there are five regiments. You will write to me... in my way I have seen the five merchants whom you mentioned; their views continue the same: your credit is increasing daily. The concern will turn out well... do you understand me?" "Yes, Sir; but how am I to send the names of the colonels and the generals in command?"—"Transpose the letters of their names, and nothing will be more easy. There is not a single colonel or general whom I do not know, and I shall soon be able to

recompose their names."—"But, Sir, the anagrams which I shall make will perhaps be so uncouth, that it will be seen at the post-office, that the names are disguised on purpose."—"Do you think, then, that they amuse themselves at the post-office by opening and reading all the letters of business which pass through? They could not get through them. I have attempted to unravel the correspondence carried on under the disguise of banking transactions, but I could never succeed. The post-office is like the police, only fools are caught; yet think of any other method: I shall have no objection."

After I had considered a little while, I said to the Emperor, "Sir, there is a method which perhaps will do. Your Majesty has the imperial calendar."—"Yes, sure."—"Well, Sir, the calendar contains the lists of the general officers and colonels of the army. Now, I will suppose, for example, that the regiment quartered at Chambéry is commanded by Colonel Paul. I look into the calendar, and I find that Paul stands forty-seven in the list of colonels. I will also suppose that, between ourselves, 'bill of exchange' means 'colonel' or 'general.' Then I shall write to your Majesty, I have seen your correspondent at Chambéry; he has paid me the amount of your bill of exchange, No. 47. Your Majesty will turn to your Majesty's calendar, and then your Majesty will see, that the 47th colonel who commands the regiment of Chambéry, is called 'Paul.' And, lastly, in order that your Majesty may be able to tell when I speak of a colonel, a general, or a marshal, I shall take care to indicate the rank of the officer by one, two, or three dots, placed after the 'No.' The colonel will have one dot. No.; the general two. No. . . .; &c."—"Very good, very good. Here is a calendar for you. Bertrand has one which I will take."

The calendar given to me by the Emperor was richly bound, and stamped with the imperial arms. I tore off the binding. The Emperor kept walking up and down, and saying, as he laughed, "It is really excellent; they will never be able to see through it." When I had finished, he said, "One thought brings on another. I have asked myself how you would manage to write to me, if you should have any thing of unexpected importance to communicate. For instance, suppose any extraordinary event should make you think that my disembarkation ought to be accelerated or retarded; if the Bonapartes were to be on their guard; in short, I know not what." He remained silent, and then began again. "I only know one way to provide for it: the confidence which I place in you ought to be unbounded. I will give you the key to a cipher which was composed for my use, in order that I might employ it in corresponding with my family under the most important circumstances. I need not tell you that you must keep it with care: always carry it about you, lest it should be lost; and if the smallest danger arises, I turn it to test it at the slightest suspicion. With this cipher you may write any thing to me which you like. I would rather that you should use it, than be under the necessity of

coming back, or of sending any messenger to me. If they intercept a letter written in my cipher, it will take them three months to read it; whilst the capture of an agent might ruin all in an instant." He then went and looked out his cipher; he made me employ it under his eyes, and delivered it to me, exhorting me not to use it unless all other modes of communication should become insufficient."

The Emperor continued, "I do not suppose that you will have occasion to return here before my departure, unless the sudden overthrow of our projects should force you to seek an asylum here. In such a case, apprise me of your intended return, and I will send for you to any place which you may name. But we must hope that victory will declare for us. She loves France.... You have not spoken to me about the affair of Exechmans; if such a thing had happened in my time, I should have thought myself lost: when the authority of the master is not recognised, all is over. The more I think upon the matter (here he displayed a sudden emotion), the more I am convinced that France is mine, and that the patriots and the army will receive me with open arms."—"Yes, Sire, I swear to you, upon my soul, the people and the army will declare for you as soon as they hear your name, as soon as they see the caps of your grenadiers."—"Provided the people do seek to do themselves justice before my arrival, a popular revolution would alarm foreign powers: they would dread the contagion of example. They know that royalty only hangs by a thread, that it does not agree with the ideas of the age; they would sooner see me seize the throne, than allow the people to give it to me. They have re-established the Bourbons in order to convince the people that the rights of sovereigns are sacred and inviolable. They have blundered. They would have done more for the cause of legitimacy by leaving my son there, than by re-establishing Louis XVIII. My dynasty had been recognised by France and by Europe; it had been consecrated by the Pope. They ought to have respected it. By abusing the rights of victory, it was in their power to deprive me of the throne; but it was unjust, odious, impolitic, to punish the son on account of the wrongs of his father, and to deprive him of his inheritance. I was not an usurper; they may say so as long as they like; nobody will believe them. The English, the Italians, the Germans, are now too enlightened to allow themselves to be crammed with old ideas, with antiquated notions. In the eyes of nations, the sovereign who is chosen by the entirety of the nation, will always be the legitimate sovereign.... The sovereigns who sent their ambassadors to me with servile solemnity; who placed in my bed a girl of their breed; who called me their brother, and who, after doing all this, have stigmatized me as an usurper, they have spit in their own faces by trying to spit at me. They have degraded the majesty of kings. They have covered majesty with mud. What is the name of an Emperor? A word

like any other. If I had no better title than that, when I shall present myself to future ages they would scorn me. My institutions, my benefactions, my victories—these are the true titles of my glory. Let them call me a Corsican, a corporal, an usurper... I don't care... I shall not be less the object of wonder, perhaps of veneration, in all future time. My name, new as it is, will live from age to age, whilst the names of all these kings, and their royal progeny, will be forgotten before the worms will have had time to consume their carcases." The Emperor stopped, and then continued; "I forget that time is precious; I will not detain you any longer. Adieu, Monsieur; embrace me, and depart; my thoughts and good wishes follow you."—Two hours afterwards I was at sea.

*Miscellanies*: by the Rev. Richard Warner, Rector of Great Chalfield, Wilts, &c. &c. Bath and London, 1819. 12mo. 2 vols.

As the principal papers of this *Miscellany* have been published in various periodical works, of considerable or limited circulation, and are now only presented in a collected form, we shall do little more than notice the contents, and transcribe a specimen.

The first volume consists of *Essays on the Decay of Intellect*; the *Admiration of Learning and Talent*; *Reason and Insanity*; the *Sceptic Reclaimed*; an account of Mr. Hamard, a French Emigrant; and an *Historical Sketch of the Book of Common Prayer*: the second comprises—*The Story Teller*, with *Anecdotes*; the *Jokes of Hierocles*; and a *Biographical Memoir of the Rev. Wm. Gilpin*. From these truly miscellaneous pieces, we shall select examples of the grave and of the gay; and first from the *History of the Compilation of the Book of Common Prayer*. After a judicious exposition of the conduct of our Eighth Henry, on his rupture with the Pope, respecting his divorce, the author says—

Happily for the interests of true religion, Henry was at the time of this quarrel, surrounded by wise and good men, who had long ardently wished for a reformation of the national faith. Of these, the venerable Cranmer, and the active Cromwell, were the leading characters; who wisely availed themselves of Henry's indignation, and of the influence they at that time possessed in his esteem and opinion, to confirm his resolution of throwing off the Papal yoke, and to render this freedom from superstitious thralldom the means of diffusing a purer religion over their own country. With the King's sanction, therefore, (and it should seem) assentance also, these able friends of the Reformation compiled without delay, both in

English and Latin, published and circulated, a small volume of devotional tracts, entitled *the King's Primer*; calculated to do away many of the erroneous notions, and to soften many of the superstitious prejudices, with which Popery had filled the minds of the people; as well as to infuse into them a knowledge of the simple truths and spiritual doctrines of the gospel, and of the duties and obligations necessarily resulting therefrom. So ardent and general was the desire for religious information, that the first impression of *the King's Primer* was speedily disposed of; and in the year 1535 another edition, on a larger size, and enriched with many valuable additions, was put forth to gratify the public impatience for this popular manual. Of this second edition the contents are as follows:—a godly preface; an exposition of the commandments, and of the creed; a confession; directions concerning prayer; an exposition of the Lord's prayer; a prayer to our Creator; prayers for various states of men; an office for all states; a dissertation on good works; an exhortation to expect the cross, and to bear it patiently; matins or morning service; lauds, or acts of praise; evensong; the seven penitential psalms; the litany; a contemplation on psalm li.; a prayer to our Saviour; the history of Christ's passion; a practical discourse on the passion; instructions for children; a catechetical dialogue; prayers against blindness and hardness of heart; various prayers and thanksgivings; the *Dirige*, or office for the souls of the dead; commendations; and the collects, epistles, and gospels, throughout the year, with expositions of them. This volume may be considered as the parent of our present *Book of Common Prayer*; for although, during the times of Popery in this country, the forms of the Liturgy had always been in the hands of the laity, under the names of *breviaries*, *missals*, and *rituals*; yet these being written in Latin, (an unknown tongue to the bulk of the community) and being full of idolatrous prayers, and superstitious services, were neither intelligible to the laity, nor could have furnished them with sound doctrine, nor led them to right practice, had they been generally understood. The royal authority enjoined either the public or private use of the volume of services called "*the King's Primer*." But this sanction was perhaps unnecessary for ensuring its free and general circulation; as the people themselves were sufficiently prepared for its favourable reception; a fact that was clearly evinced by its rapid sale; very many

\* *Breviaries* contained *matins*, or morning service; *lauds*, or acts of praise; and *evensong*. *Missals*, or mass-books, contained the communion service, with the collects, epistles, and gospels, to be used throughout the year. The *Rituals* contained the occasional services; baptism, matrimony, visitation of the sick, form of burial, &c. These books of liturgical services differed frequently from each other in the forms and arrangement of their contents, in different places. Those chiefly in use in this kingdom were the *Breviaries*, *Missals*, and *Rituals* of Sarum, York, Lincoln, Hereford, and Bangor.

ditions being called for in the course of a few years.

In 1535 the Bible, translated into English, was first given to the public: and in the year ensuing the original of the thirty-nine Articles, which were finally settled in 1662.

The year 1537 was marked by fresh endeavours of the reformers to accomplish their great and salutary work. Cranmer, Latimer, and other prelates (nominated as a committee for that and other purposes, by the convocation held in 1536,) drew up and published a compendium of religious instruction called, "*The Institution of a Christian Man, containing the Expoyation or Interpretation of the Commune Crede, of the Seven Sacraments, of the Ten Commandments, and of the Pater Noster, and the Ave Maria, Justification, and Purgatory.*" This treatise, consisting of rules of faith and practice, (having been revised and corrected by the king, and again reviewed by Cranmer, in 1540,) continued to be in general request and use till the year 1543; when it was superseded by an enlarged and improved edition of the same work, altered, however, in matter and arrangement, and bearing the new title of "*A necessary Doctrine and Erudition for any Christian Man, set forth by the King's Majesty of England, &c.*" It was called the "*King's Book*," and designed for a standard of Christian belief, and contained the following articles or treatises:—"*The Declaration of faith. The articles of our belief, called the Creed. The seven Sacraments. The Ten Commandments of Almighty God. Our Lord's Prayer, called the Pater Noster. The salutation of the angel, called the Ave Maria. An article of free-will. An article of justification. An article of good works. Of prayer for souls departed.*" In the year following the publication of this book, another step was made in the progress of reformation, as well as a small advance in the introduction of a *new liturgy*; namely, the printing and circulating of a *form of procession*, drawn up in the English tongue, entitled, "*An exhortation to prayer, thought meet by his Majesty and his clergy, to be read to the people; also a litany with suffrages, to be said or sung in time of the processions.*"

We have seen above, that some steps had already been taken for providing the people with intelligible religious services, by the publication of the *King's Primer*, the *Form of Procession*, and the *Necessary Doctrine and Erudition for any Christian Man*; but these did not amount to the establishment of a general and uniform liturgy, nor were they attended with any compulsory injunction to ensure their exclusive use. Much had hitherto been left to the discretion of the officiating clergy, who, in the performance of public worship, seem either to have continued the use of the popish services, without making any alteration in them, or to have adopted only partially the new ones proposed by the reformers. A committee,

therefore, was appointed to draw up in English a book of services for the general use of the church; which consisted of Archbishop Cranmer; Thomas Goodrich, bishop of Ely; Henry Hollache, alias Rades, bishop of Lincoln; George Day, bishop of Chichester; John Skip, bishop of Hereford; Thomas Thirlby, bishop of Westminster; Nicholas Ridley, bishop of Rochester; Dr. William May, dean of St. Paul's, London; Dr. John Taylor, dean (afterwards bishop) of Lincoln; Dr. Simon Heynes, dean of Exeter; Dr. John Reithmay, master of Trinity College in Cambridge; Dr. Richard Cox, dean of Christchurch in Oxford; and Mr. Thomas Robertson, archdeacon of Leicester. These divines entered with such ardour upon this business, and continued it with such perseverance, that in a few months they had prepared for public use all the offices for morning and evening prayer, for Sundays and holidays; as well as the forms for baptism, confirmation, matrimony, burial of the dead, &c. &c. The book being completed, it was by Cranmer presented to the young king, (Edw. VI.) who received it with every mark of delight. Parliament immediately (viz. at the close of the year 1548) confirmed its authority, and enjoined its general use, under the title of "*The Book of Common Prayer, and Administration of the Sacraments, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church; after the Use of the Church of England.*"

A new and corrected edition, under the name of the *New Service*, was published in April 1552.

The alterations of most importance adopted in this new edition were as follow. The appointment of the *sentences, exhortation, confession, and absolution*, to be read at the beginning of the morning and evening services, which in the first Common Prayer Book began with the Lord's Prayer; the rejection of *prayers for souls departed*, both in the communion office, and in that for the burial of the dead; of the *invocation of the Holy Ghost*, in the consecration of the Eucharist; of the *prayer of oblation*, that fol-

• The commissioners assembled in the month of May, 1548, and came immediately to the unanimous resolution, that, setting aside all prejudice, they would reject nothing of what was already done by their hand, merely through love of change; but only endeavour to restore the primitive to the simplicity of the service of the primitive church, by abolishing the superstitious errors and ceremonies with which Popery had encumbered the worship of God. The commissioners, therefore, entered upon an examination of the Breviaries, Missals, and Rituals, in general use, as well as the book of offices; and scrupulously comparing them with ancient liturgies, and the ritual compositions of the early fathers, they adopted whatever had the authority of scripture, and the sanction of pure ecclesiastical antiquity on its side; and rejected whatever was contrary thereto, or which was in itself trifling, idle, or superstitious. Dr. Benner has made a curious calculation of that proportion of our present offices which has been borrowed from Popish liturgies, and states it as not exceeding one fourteenth part.

lowed it; of the *rubrick* that ordered water to be mixed with the sacramental wine; of the use of *oil in baptism*; and of the *unction* of the sick. Certain hymns also were introduced after the lessons; and some occasional prayers at the end of the litany were added, and different rubrics were inserted. The ten commandments were appointed to be read after the collect, in the beginning of the communion service, and the short petition which follows each commandment was inserted. The *habits* of the officiating minister prescribed by the former book were, by the present one, ordered to be laid aside; and a rubric was added at the end of the communion service to explain the reason of *knelling* at the sacrament.

In 1553 Cranmer drew up "*A Short Catechism*," which was adopted; but in the reign of Mary the labours of reform were buried in the graves of Martyrs. On the accession of Elizabeth—

Mary's act of repeal was reversed; and measures were taken, and commissioners appointed, for another review of Edward's Book of Common Prayer. The commissioners were, Dr. Parker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury; Dr. Guest, Dean of Canterbury; Dr. Cox and Dr. May, (commissioners for a similar purpose in Edward's time; Dr. Grindal, bishop of London; Dr. Sandys, afterwards bishop of Worcester; Dr. Whitehead; Dr. Bill; and Dr. Pilkington, afterwards bishop of Durham. These learned and pious men commenced their task in December, 1558, and completed it in the ensuing April, when Parliament ratified the review, with one amendment only, that of enjoining the communicants to *knell*, instead of standing, when they received the elements of bread and wine. With this amendment the new book was commanded to be received into public use on the festival of St. John the Baptist, 1559. Amongst some other alterations of a trifling or verbal nature, the following were suggested by the commissioners, and adopted in the Book of Common Prayer now under consideration. The place in which the morning and evening service should be read (which hitherto had been the chancel) was left to the appointment of the ordinary. *Proper first lessons* were now appointed for Sundays; for hitherto those for the day of the month had been regularly used on the Lord's day. The very harsh and objectionable deprecation in the litany was omitted: "*From the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome, and all his detestable enormities, good Lord deliver us.*" The intercessions for the Queen were incorporated into the same service; and towards the conclusion of it, "*A Prayer for the Queen's Majesty*" was introduced; together with that for "*the Clergy and people*;" and the beautiful collect which commences with these words, "*O God, whose nature and property is ever to have mercy and forgive.*" The *habits* of the officiating ministers, enjoined by the first book of King Edward, and prohibited by the second, were ordered again to be adopted. The rubric, which was added at the conclusion of the communion service,

in the second hook of King Edward VI. denying Christ's *corporeal* and *real* presence in the holy sacrament, was now left out; and in order still further to conciliate the Roman Catholics, and unite the nation in one faith and mode of worship, the royal injunctions expressly commanded, that the sacramental bread, which the rubric only enjoined to be of the finest wheaten flour, should be made of a *round form*, similar in shape to the *vaffer* used in the Romish mass.

Under the house of Stuart the Puritans and Presbyterians endeavoured to introduce other changes; but the Church Commissioners, on a review, adopted only a few slight typographical and verbal alterations; by which our Book of Common Prayer, as it now exists, was definitively settled, as we have above stated, in 1692.

We have thought that these historical particulars, in a condensed shape, might be agreeably quoted, especially as, though well known to Divines and Scholars, they are scattered over so many large works, as to be far from familiar to the general reader. We shall now close with a few examples of the Story Teller, and Jokes of Hierocles, from the second volume.

Smuggling, it appears, is not an exclusive characteristic of the English nation. Our neighbours the French are *up to all the tricks and artifices* of the system, and play off upon John Bull a variety of impositions in the line of contraband trade. A short time after the restoration of intercourse between France and England, a countryman of ours who was travelling through the Netherlands and Flanders, on his Paris, made a purchase at Brussels of 100*l.* worth of lace, which he intended to convey home, free of duty, as a present to his wife. According to the present regulations on the continent, a heavy impost is paid, at the frontier towns, on all articles of Flemish manufacture, which are brought from thence into France. Of this the gentleman was not aware; and of course when he reached the frontier town, his lace was seized by the officer of the customs. He tried every means to regain the packet from the harpy, but without success. He was given to understand that no compromise could be made; and that the duty, which was a heavy one, must be paid. Unwilling to lose what he had already advanced, and at the same time exceedingly disinclined to pay a considerable additional sum for an article, which, after all, was of no essential importance, he was balancing in his mind whether he should relinquish or redeem it; when he received a packet from the custom-house containing the object of his anxiety; and a note, informing him, that the officer begged to return his lace, with an apology for having seized it: "for that, on a close inspection, it was discovered that the article was of *English* and not Brussels manufacture; and therefore not liable to the duty."

When Sir John Sinclair moved in the

House of Commons, in the year 1795, for a reward of 1000*l.* to be granted to Mr. Elington, whom he stated to be *the best artist for draining the country*; Mr. Jekyll, who sat next to him, whispered in his ear, "you forget the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Germany; who have shewn themselves infinitely more successful artists for draining the country, and have already been much better paid for it."

Few persons are more remarkable for those sprightly coquets in conversation, which, by a strange misnomer, are called *good things*, than the Rev. S—y Sm—th. An acquaintance of his some time since expressing his doubts, whether he would find a residence upon his country living altogether accordant to his taste, or rural pursuits suited to a man of London habits; the witty clerk replied, "You are entirely mistaken, Sir, the situation is precisely what *I* could wish. I have always had a little *green spot* in my heart, and ever looked forward with pleasure to the *future in Rus*."

David, the painter, was a monster of cruelty. He was intimately acquainted with Robespierre, whom he much resembled in character; and was accustomed to say, "If I love blood, it is because nature has given me that disposition." He attended the execution of his friends Danton and Camille Desmoulins, as a spectacle connected with his improvement in the art of painting; and at the time of the massacre of the prisoners at La Force, in September 1792, he was compositely making sketches from the dying and the dead. Rebonl asked him what he was doing? "I am catching," said he, "the last convulsions of nature, in these scoundrels."

The old Grecian has furnished many a modern wit with matter.—*ex. gr.*

A \* Pedant, meeting his friend, thus addressed him, "In a dream the other night, I spoke to you." "I crave your pardon," returned the other, "for *not attending to you*."

A Pedant visiting a sick man, asked how he was? The patient being too far gone to answer, the other cursed him, and exclaimed, "I wish I were *ill myself*; that I might treat you with the *same incivility*, when you inquired after my health."

A Pedant having dreamt one night that a nail had run into his foot, and given him great pain, put a bandage round the part. A friend accidentally met him, and learning the cause of his limb being swathed, inquired how he could think of sleeping without shoes?

A Pedant had carefully sealed the head of a cask of excellent wine which belonged

\* The original word is Σχολαστικὸν a word to which we have no corresponding single term in the English language. It does not so much convey the idea of a pedant, or dull, learned coxcomb, as that of a man whose mind has been completely absorbed, and time entirely engrossed, by books, or rather, by the trifling disputes of the schools, to the exclusion of all observation of the world's manners, and all experience of the common affairs of life.

to him, in order to secure its contents from being purloined. One of his slaves, however, perforated the vessel at the bottom, and drew off part of the wine. The pedant, expressing his surprise at the decrease of the liquor, a friend recommended him to examine the lower part of the cask. "Block-head," replied the pedant, "it is not the *bottom* but the *top* of my wine which I have lost."

One Pedant meeting another said to him, "Why I heard that you were dead." His friend replied, "you see, however, that I am alive." "So you say," returned he, "but the man who gave me the account was more worthy of credit than yourself."

A Pedant, wishing to cross a ferry, entered the boat on horseback. On being asked his reason for so doing; "That I may make haste," said he.

These may suffice for the illustration of the Rev. author's production; and we have only to add, that the seeming incongruity of subject is not so observable when divided into separate volumes, as when thus brought together in our review.

*The History and Antiquities of the Metropolitan Church of York; illustrated by a series of Engravings, of Views, Elevations, Plans, and Details of the Architecture of that Edifice; with Biographical Anecdotes of the Archbishops.* By John Britton, F. S. A. London, 1819, 4to. pp. 96.

In our Volume for the year 1818, will be found (at page 503,) an account of Mr. Britton's immediately preceding volume, the History of Winchester Cathedral. The praises bestowed on that beautiful performance, are equally merited by the present, which possesses the same antiquarian research dwelling on the instructive rather than on the controversial; the same admirable illustrations of the subject by snubber engravings; and the same means of pleasing the mind and eye by its composition and ornaments. The public is, indeed, much the author's debtor for this elegant and useful work; and it is with regret we observe it stated in the preface, that a pursuit of such national concernment is persevered in, to the detriment of its able and zealous follower. Besides Winchester, Salisbury and Norwich have already been described and delineated; and we see it announced that the histories of other Cathedrals are in the forward state of preparation:

+ This puts us in mind of an anecdote told of our good King George the 11d.; who, being overtaken by a violent tempest on his passage to Holland, exclaimed, with great agitation, "Dis-*ble my guard*."

we trust that encouragement and reward will accelerate their appearance in the literary horizon.

The See of York was founded by Edwin the Saxon king of Northumberland, early in the seventh century; and the first Church, or more temporary structure, erected about the year 627, after his majesty's baptism there by Paulinus. This Paulinus was at no great distance of time, consecrated by Honorius, and became the first Archbishop of York. The minster, now standing, was built after the year 1171, all those before it, having been destroyed by various accidents; and the author thus characterizes it—

That York Cathedral is a noble, a magnificent, and even a sublime structure, will be readily allowed by the impartial and discriminating antiquary:—that it is peculiarly imposing and impressive as a whole must also be admitted, and that it presents many beautiful features and details, few persons will have the temerity to deny. The Cathedral of Lincoln has, however, many local and individual beauties, which command admiration; and which, on comparative examination, may appear to excel the corresponding parts of York. It would be bordering on superciliousness and fully to pronounce in general terms on the preeminence of either. Each has its own and its exclusive beauty; each is entitled to the careful study of the architect and antiquary; and each has its peculiar monuments, architectural details, and history.

As a distant object, this edifice assumes a lofty and imposing aspect. Its three towers are seen preëminent above the city houses, and the parochial churches; whilst the numerous crocketed pinnacles, at the west end and gables, display at once intricacy, variety, and picturesque beauty. Though this church has not the advantage of a lofty, or scarcely so elevated acite, yet it appears very high by comparison with its neighbouring buildings; and is seen like a noble forest tree amidst a shrubbery from every approach to the city. It is difficult to point out any single spot that commands it to the greatest advantage, yet from the rampart between Micklegate and the water tower, it may be regarded as peculiarly magnificent and fine. Hence the three towers, with their pinnacles, open parapets, and bold sculpture, are seen to rise sublimely above the houses. Indeed, it may be compared to a mountain starting out of a plain: and thus attracting all the attention and admiration of a spectator. The petty, humble dwellings of men appear to crouch at its feet; whilst its own vastness and beauty impress the observer with awe and sublimity. It aspires heavenwards, and thus denotes its pristine appropriation. From the station now alluded to (see Plate XII.) is seen a congregated mass of houses, with the parish hall, and two or three towers, to the right of the cathedral; whilst in the middle distance is presented the busy traffic of the navigable Ouse; to the left the eye is pleasantly relieved and soothed by an open lawn, with the picturesque ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, beyond which is a peep into a distant

tract of country. The foreground is both curious and picturesque. On the brow of a high bank, with a deep scarp and counter-scarp, is an embattled wall, with a terrace walk of communication on the inside: at irregular intervals are projecting bastions, for the purpose of enfilading the wall\*. This fortification extended round the whole city, excepting at the places where the river intersected it. On the opposite banks, at these points, there were fortified towers, from which chains formerly extended across the river.

The approaches to the Cathedral are all unfavourable.

There is nothing remarkable among the monuments in this cathedral; and of its relics we notice none worthy of particular remark, save one.

The most important, as well as the most curious ancient relic, is a large *iron horn*, which was formerly handsomely adorned with gold, and suspended by a chain of the same metal; an inscription on it states that the horn was given to the Cathedral by Ulphus, Prince of West Deira, with all his lands and revenues. Being lost, Henry Lord Fairfax at length restored it. The Dean and Chapter ornamented it anew, A. D. 1675.

Camden mentions this horn, and cites an ancient author, who thus describes the donation of which it served as a token. "Ulphus governed in the western part of Deira, and on account of an altercation between his elder and younger sons, about the succession to his domains after his death, he presently made them both fairly equal. For he repaired immediately to York, and filling the horn, from which he usually drank, with wine, and kneeling before the altar, he gave all his lands and rents to God and Saint Peter, prince of the apostles." By this horn the church holds several lands of great value, not far from York on the east, and which are still called "de Terra Ulphi."

Before we dismiss the literary portion of this publication, we must take the liberty of advising greater terseness and precision to the writer, in his future productions. The second period in his book is a proof of bad taste, in these respects; and the same meaning would

have been infinitely better expressed had he left out several of the words which are tautological, and rather confusing than strengthening to the sense. The italics in our quotation will designate the blemish.

Our more immediate purpose is the Cathedral or Minster; the history of which is so blended and combined with other collateral and coincident subjects, of a provincial and ecclesiastical nature, that we occasionally advert to them.

Of the plates we can hardly say too much. Accurate details, imposing general views, excellent selection, and infinite skill in execution, are their distinguishing features. The Crypt under the Altar, by J. Scott, is solemn and sublime: the South Transept by J. Le Keux, exquisitely touched, and full of sweet effect; the centre doorway to the west front, by the same, similarly beautiful; the Minster from the Ramparts, S. Rawle, eminently fine; the View from N. to S. transept, one of the prettiest interiors we ever saw; and the Capitals, plate XXXI. forcible and rich. There is a strange apparent want of proportion from the obliquity of several of the views; but we presume that this is consistent with the rules of perspective: otherwise the change of shape, and departure from relative position, which it introduces, might be advantageously avoided.

We shall merely add, that there were 83 Archbishops of York, from 625, to the present day, and 63 deans from the time of Wm. II. The Crypt under the Choir is the most ancient part, viz. 1171; then the S. Transept 1227; the North a few years later; the Chapter House 1291 to 1330; the Nave and Ailes of the same date; the Choir 1361 to 1405; the Central Tower 1370; and the Western Tower 1402.

There are in all 36 engravings, and every one finished in a masterly style.

#### Burckhardt's Nubian Travels, &c. (Concluded.)

From the geographical details respecting the routes of African pilgrims, in our last, we again turn with pleasure to the personal travels of our interesting author.

June 17th.—In riding along a gravelly plain, thickly covered with thorny trees, we started several female ostriches, which are known from the males by the darker colour of their plumage; they at first ran off, without appearing to be much frightened; but followed the caravan for upwards of an hour, at the distance of about two gun shots.

The author mentions in a former part, that black ostrich feathers were

\* As the fortified Walls of York constitute not only a peculiar, but a highly interesting historical feature to the city, it is truly lamentable to witness the wanton and vulgar dilapidation to which they are daily subjected. Instead of being cautiously protected and preserved by those persons whose duty it is to guard and uphold them, and who are invested with an annual income for that purpose, they are suffered gradually to moulder away. Indeed they are sometimes battered down for the materials to be appropriated to a hog-stye, or for some other equally trivial purpose. The four ancient fortified gates, or bars, are also fast approaching to ruin. One of these, Monk-Bar, is probably the most curious and perfect specimen of this sort of architecture in the kingdom: and therefore is very interesting to the antiquary and architect.



articles of traffic; the white being sold privately to Souakin merchants. They now began to ascend the mountains. On the 10th, he continues—

After a march of nine hours, (the general direction N. N. E.) four of which had been occupied in ascending, we came to a spot where the valley, having reached the summit, becomes level for about five hundred yards; here we encamped. We had met with several Hadendoa families near the pools of water; and, as they are reputed to be great thieves, we determined to continue our march thus far, as we thought they would follow us no farther in the woods. One of the men asserted, that in coming up the valley he had seen a monkey among the trees, and I was informed that these animals are not unfrequently met with in this place, and that they are very common on the western road to Souakin, which leads over the same chain of mountains. We saw many gazelles, and several hares. The heat of the day, which had become particularly oppressive in the lower plain, between the high mountains, was here succeeded by a chilling cold. We lighted many fires, and the fear of robbers kept us awake the greater part of the night. I killed a scorpion just by my fire.

The climate here is delicious and invigorating.

Notwithstanding the steepness of the mountain, there are trees to its very summit, exhibiting an interesting and novel sight to me, who had seen nothing like it since I quitted Syria. There are numberless ravines, through which the torrents are precipitated into the plain during the rains, when they must form so many cascades boiling over the rocks, and presenting altogether a grand spectacle. Many Sedar trees grow in the plain. Here again the slaves caught locusts, which they roasted over the fire, after taking out the entrails. From Wady Moez we continued over even but rocky ground, four hours farther, when we halted.

June 23d.—The country before us presented a valley (called Wady Osyr) of at least four hours in breadth, bordered on the east side by low hills. We continued our route close to the high western chain; the whole plain is full of trees and shrubs, and in every low ground was herbage, now parched up. We passed another encampment of Hadendoa, with large herds of camels; they appear to live here in perfect security from any surprise by their enemies. We also met a travelling party of Hadendoa, with their women and tents; the women were seated upon the camels, on high saddles, fantastically decorated, with three or four poles sticking out in front, beyond the animal's head, having the extremities ornamented with large bunches of black ostrich feathers. The African, like the Arabian Bedouins, seem to display elegance of equipment in the decorations of their women only: leathern tassels of different sizes, small bells, and whites bells, from the Red Sea, contributed to the ornament of the harness and saddles of the camels. None of the women

passed me without uttering a loud shriek, and then laughing. After marching two hours and a half, we halted under a thick cover of acacia trees, in low ground, called Wady Shenkera. The slaves had to bring water from an hour's distance in the mountain.

We now close this journey with the arrival at Souakin.

June 25th.—We set out soon after midnight, and travelled over a rocky plain. When the sun rose, we saw the sea about five hours distant. The soil now began to be strongly impregnated with salt; a bitter saline crust covering its surface in many places to the depth of several inches. The atmosphere arising from this soil, rendered still more saline by the sea breezes, had made the branches of all the trees as black as if they had been charred; and it was with difficulty that the herds of camels of forty or fifty together, could find out a few green leaves. I had never seen the camel so nearly approaching to a wild state. Whole herds are here left to pasture without the care of either men or dogs; the Hadendoa keep them almost entirely for their milk and flesh, very few being employed as beasts of burthen; they appeared to be frightened at the approach of men and of loaded camels, a circumstance I had never witnessed before. In the Arabian and Syrian deserts, the camels when grazing, come running and frisking towards any strange camel which they perceive at a distance, and they easily obey even the call of strangers, provided they are Bedouins, like their own masters. The herds of camels which we saw this day were, like those of Nubia, in general of a white colour. The acacia trees in this plain are stunted, owing to the violent winds to which they are exposed. I observed a parasitic species of cactus growing upon all of them, and completely covering some of them like a net.

After marching four hours, we took the direction of N. by E. and approached a mountain branching into the plain, from the main chain of Dyanb. It is called the mountain of Gangerab, and is inhabited by families of Hadendoa, who supply Souakin with butter and milk during the summer, when no cattle is to be found near that place. We encamped during the mid-day hours at some distance from the mountain, and were much distressed for water, having taken a very small supply on the 23d. The Souakin merchants, who knew the country well, hired, without our knowledge, an Arab, who brought them several camel loads of water from the mountain, which we in vain treated them to share with ourselves and slaves. No idea can be formed by Europeans of the quantity of water necessary for drinking, cooking, and washing during a journey through these countries, but more particularly to allay the thirst of the traveller, whose palate is continually parched by the effects of the fiery ground and air, who has been confined perhaps for several days to a short allowance of water; and who lives upon food which, consisting of farinaceous pre-

parations and butter, is calculated to excite thirst in the greatest degree. It is a general custom in the caravans in these parts, as well as in the Arabian deserts, never to drink, except when the whole caravan halts for a few minutes for that purpose; the time of doing this is, in the slave caravans, about nine o'clock in the morning, and twice during the afternoon's march, namely, about four and six o'clock. In the forenoon also, every one drinks at the halting of the caravan, and again after the meal; and the same rule is observed in the evening. To drink while others do not, exposes a man to be considered effeminate, and to the opprobrious saying, that "his mouth is tied to that of the water-skin."—(Fomoh marabout alâ khoshin el gerbé), and it is otherwise imprudent, as the opening of the water-skin at an unusual time subjects the traveller to importunities which it is not always prudent to reject; but none thinks of asking such a favour when the whole caravan halts to drink. Those who have many slaves fill the large wooden bowl in which dinner is served up, and place it on the ground, when the slaves kneel down and drink out of it half a dozen times, as cattle do out of a trough; this is done to prevent the waste of water that would be occasioned by each having a separate allowance. Travellers in these journeys drink a great quantity of water when it is plentiful; I do not exaggerate when I say that I have often drank in the afternoon, at one draught, as much as would fill two common water-bottles. To drink three or four times a day is considered short allowance; few Blacks and Arabs, when water is abundant, drink less than six or seven times daily; but when the S. E. wind blows no quantity is sufficient to keep the mouth moist, and one wishes to drink every quarter of an hour.

The number of houses in Souakin is about six hundred, of which two thirds are in ruins, for the madrepore with which they are built soon decays, unless constantly kept in repair. The only public buildings in the town are three mosques. In the suburb El Geyf, are a few houses of stone, built rather in the Soudan than Arabian style, having large court-yards; the other dwellings are formed of mats, like those of the Nubian Bedouins.

There are many other parts of this work which deserve extract and eulogy: but the variety of the demands upon our attention precludes us from conveniently adding further to this review without encroaching on other duties.

#### ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS FOR OCTOBER, 1819.

##### PERSIA.

Art. I. Sir William Ouseley's Travels in Persia, vol. I. (2d Article).

In a preceding article we took a survey of the contents of this interesting volume, which has we hope given our readers a general idea of its value. Mr. de Sacy, in this second part of his review, goes far more into

detail than we can afford room to do; and we must content ourselves with a few extracts from it.

"We have observed (says he) in our notice of the second Journey of Mr. Morier, that according to that traveller, some of the sculptures at Schapour, represent the triumph of Sapor over the Emperor Valerian. The author is also of this opinion, and shews that the taking of Valerian, and his shameful captivity, were not unknown to the oriental historians. The carved monuments of Schapour and of its environs cover vast areas, and have a great number of figures. Several of these pictures, if I may be allowed the expression, form parallelograms forty feet in length by twenty in height. The number of these monuments, their size, and the multitude of figures, cause the pencil to fall from the hand of the traveller, who can scarcely give a few hours to the superficial inspection of so many curious objects, and perhaps, many a European will still visit them, as Sir W. Ouseley has done, before one will be found to have the courage, or the time, to do for these antiquities, what Comte de Bruyn and Niebuhr have done for those of Persepolis.

Our traveller does not think that any of the monuments which adorn the ruins of Schapour are of a more remote period than that of the Sassanide Prince whose name the city bears; yet if we may believe the oriental historians, Schapour has taken the place of a much more ancient city, named *Dindia*, or *Dindader*, the origin of which belongs to the reign of Talmouiras, surnamed *Diaberd* ('Conqueror of the *Dires* or evil geni'), that is to say, the fabulous ages of the ancient empire of the Persians. The destruction of *Dindader* is ascribed to Alexander.

Sir W. Ouseley, speaking of the different superstitions prevalent in Persia, mentions one in particular, which consists in a peculiar kind of worship paid to certain trees, which are called *dirakhi-i-fazel*, that is, excellent tree, and to which fragments of stuffs, of every kind and every colour, are suspended by way of vow or offering. Sir W. Ouseley has convinced himself that this sort of conversation is quite independent of the species, the age, the shape, or the beauty of the trees, and is very frequently owing to some purely accidental, and even trivial circumstance. This kind of superstition, traces of which are to be found in all countries, among all nations, and at all periods of history, he has made the subject of special investigation. Not to interrupt his narrative, he has placed the result of his researches in the Appendix, Number 9: it will certainly be read with much interest, though the facts collected by the learned traveller have not always very much connection with the excellent trees of the Persians. Chardin speaks of this superstition in several parts of his travels, and thought that it always respected trees remarkable for their size or their age. Sir W. Ouseley proves, that these two conditions are not necessary to raise a tree to the rank of *dirakhi-i-fazel*, and he thinks that this title may very well signify *Tree of the Genius*, or *Tree inhabited by a Genius*.

He relates some anecdotes on this subject, and the whole may be considered as a dissertation equally instructive and curious.

At a short distance from the city of Schiraz, the embassy had to pass over a piece of ground, which served but a short time ago for the exercise of the game called *tchougan* or tennis on horseback. This is the subject of another dissertation, which Sir W. Ouseley has likewise placed in the appendix, Number 6. This game, which has been described by many travellers, and is continually alluded to by the Persian writers and poets, was formerly the most usual amusement of the princes and great men. Sir W. Ouseley, profiting by the researches of Du Cange, who had noticed the striking resemblance of the French word *chicane*, (game of tennis on horseback) with the barbarous Greek, *τσανγκισ* and *τσανκανισ* . . . . recognises the origin of both the French and the Greek words, in the Persian *tchougan*, which properly signifies the instrument or crooked stick, with which the ball is thrown. Sir W. Ouseley has engraved several of these instruments, of divers forms, taken from paintings which adorn ancient MSS.: he has also had engraved from a MS. of the poems of Hafiz, the representation of two horsemen playing at this game; lastly, he has quoted several Persian authors, who enumerate among the talents of distinguished princes their dexterity in managing the *tchougan*. I have dwelt a little on this subject, to have an opportunity to state, that M. Etienne Quatremere, in a memoir read to the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, above a year before the publication of Sir W. Ouseley's Travels, had entered into the same comparisons, and had drawn the same inferences from them. He intends to publish this memoir in the *Mémoires* of the East.

### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

#### CICERO'S LOST BOOKS DE REPUBLICA.

We have frequently had the pleasure of being the first to make our readers acquainted with the important discoveries of ancient MSS. made by the learned Mr. Mai, in the Ambrosian Library. He has been appointed by the Pope Librarian of the Vatican, where, besides the discoveries of which we shall have occasion to speak hereafter, he has found a most splendid MS. on vellum, in magnificent capitals, of the best age, and quite legible, though covered with later writing, containing the *Lost Books of CICERO DE REPUBLICA*, on three hundred folio leaves, in double columns. The name of Cicero is at the head of the MS. and the titles of the chapters in the margin. Mr. Mai is preparing for the immediate publication of this most important MS. from which politics, ethics, history, jurispru-

dence, philosophy, archaeology, and philology, may expect to derive numerous advantages.

### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

#### CURIOUS ANTIQUITIES.

Wiesbaden, Jan.

There are at present in our city two very remarkable objects, of the highest antiquity, namely, a cylinder of red jasper, with winged human figures, birds, and an inscription cut on it, apparently of exquisite workmanship. Learned antiquarians, who have seen it, are of opinion that it is of the time of the ancient Persian Kings, from about 5 to 600 years before the birth of Christ. The cylinder which is hollow, measures 1 inch  $10\frac{1}{2}$  lines in height, and 10 lines in diameter. The characters of the writing are said to be what are called simple Babylonian cuneiform.

The second is a Tibetan MS. on a dark blue coloured silk paper, 2 feet in length. The characters are inscribed in gold, and the paper written upon on both sides. Though this MS. bears the traces of high antiquity in many places, it may be considered as in an excellent state of preservation. The characters seem to have much similarity with the Sanscrit, and may probably authorise us to infer a common origin.

The possessor of the stone and the MS. the Counsellor Dorow, has given permission to have them printed, with additions, by Professors Heeren, Grotefend, and others.

### FINE ARTS.

#### BRITISH GALLERY.

We have been favoured with a view of the exhibition about to be opened in Pall Mall; and rejoice to say, that it is not only meritorious, but brilliant. Besides several pictures by Mr. West, mostly in his best manner, and others which we have seen before, including Gandy's Temple of Jupiter Pluvius, Jones's View of Abbeville, Stewardson's Aladdin, the whimsical pelling of the supposed invisible Italian poet, &c. there are three fine Wilkies, a Highland Still at work, an Old Soldier, and a Bacchanalian scene, in quite a new manner, combining the styles of Poussin and Rubens; a grandly conceived Macbeth and Witches, by Martin; Dogs of St. Bernard rescuing a frozen traveller, Ed. Landseer; the Battle of Waterloo, painted for the Institution, by Jones, (noticed, when in progress, in a former Literary Gazette); the Day before the Wedding, Mr. W. Sharpe, and in his happiest mood; a charming lady portrait, with a curious black cap, and other heads, by Jackson; fine portraits, &c. by Shee; a Venetian Curiosity Shop, and a Drowning Female, Mrs. Ansley; delightful views, Edinburgh, and Greenwich, by G. Vincent; Edinburgh and others, by Hoffman; a Grave, by Starke; landscapes, by Samuel Wilson, and Fielding; a Moonlight, by Leslie; various and clever pieces by Chalon, Burnett, Cooper, Davison, Craig, Crome, Childs,

Stephanoff, Strutt, G. Watson, Deese, &c. &c. &c.

The whole, together, have an admirable effect; and we are of opinion, that examined in detail, they will be found to do honour to the British school.

#### THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS,

*Painted by Mr. F. Wilkins, and now exhibited at Spring Gardens.*

We remember some very beautiful drawings from the old masters by this artist, for Buchanan's work, to illustrate them by engravings; and were not unprepared to see him come before the public, though we confess that we did not anticipate his appearance in so imposing a form as that of the painter of a historical picture, worthy, singly, of being made the subject of an exhibition. On the pretensions of this picture, it would be harsh to speak severely, as its author has certainly put it forward with a modest preface: still, however, he ought to recollect the high ground which he has attempted to take; how; and by whom previously occupied; and how vast a measure of talent it requires to fill it with any degree of success. It is a *first* production in the class to which it belongs; and without yielding too much to the critical softening of this claim upon indulgence, we may say that there are some parts of good execution and much promise. We are not sure that the proportions of Harold are strictly natural, but the limbs are well disposed, and the whole figure, were it anywhere else, deserving of much praise. The horses are well painted, but they attract more attention than the human characters. The pencilling is too smooth, and the whole too clean for a battle piece. There is also a great want of repose, principally in the colouring and the *claro oscuro*; thus all relief is denied, and the whole glitter in the foreground, with a dull monotony in what there is of distance. We do not admire the expression of the Conqueror; nor can we speak in very flattering terms of the general conception. But, as we have said, the eye of the amateur will descry partial merits in this extensive canvas, which, though not brought together very happily, are sufficient to warrant an expectation that Mr. Wilkins may hereafter be able to present something more worthy of public attention.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### ANACREONTIC.

1.

Fill the wine high, and quaff it down:  
Think not on what may chance to-morrow:  
Wisdom ordains that man should drown,  
No matter how, each thought of sorrow.

2.

Fill the wine high: a sparkling glass  
Not one amidst this band refuses:  
Let every toast proclaim a lass,  
And each man toast the lass he chuses.

3.

And—since in wine bright joys are found,  
'Tho' woman yields the purer pleasure;  
Let's press each blushing lip around,  
And drink another sparkling measure.

W.

[By Correspondents.]

#### IMITATION OF BURNS.

I'm like a wean without a light,  
Takin each glimmer o' the night,  
For girnin o' some eldritch sight  
Or awfu' kelpie;  
Wi sic it is na dounce to fight,  
An' nae to help ye.

I ba' na heart to raise a whistle,  
An' I ha' a rough sough and rustle,  
Deel a hair but 'gins to bristle,  
As aye we awine.  
My pow's just like a gude Scotch thistle,  
Or porcupine.

Leeze me on him, O! were he aigh me,  
I ken a crony wad stan by me,  
Nor let thae bogles terrify me  
In sic a way;  
Whiskey! thou'rt the lad wad gie me  
The spunk o' twa.

De'el is in me, an I leave the ingle,  
While I ha' a bawbie to jingle,  
Or the gude wife a drap to mangle—  
I'll hae my mell—  
And then defy on cliff or dingle  
Auld Nick himsel'!

EVAN.

#### THE POET AND HIS MUSE.

My Muse is such a wayward thing,  
'I know not what to do, sir;  
For when my thoughts wish to take wing,  
Why she don't wish it too, sir;  
And so betwixt us both, you see,  
The Poet and his Mistress  
Are just as Poets like to be—  
Inspir'd, and yet in distress.

Now what the D—— shall I do—  
Which course shall I pursue, sir?  
I've tried her both with threat and sue,  
And neither way will do, sir.  
She swears that all her maudlin airs  
She'll keep up—I don't doubt her:  
And so you see, 'twixt you and me,  
I'll try and do without her.

R.

#### THE DRAMA.

##### DRURY LANE.

KEAN: CORIOLANUS.—This play has been got up in a paradoxical sort of style at Drury Lane. They have restored the old reading and arrangements, and they have assigned the principal part to an actor who makes it quite a *new* character. Neither change is an improvement; for though the former is advantageous in several instances, it is not effective upon the whole; and the latter is, in our judgment, founded on an utter misconception of the original, or the result of an entire want of dramatic requisites for its copy. Mr. Kean's general manner is so distinct from what the attributes of Coriolanus demand, that we preconceived it would be very difficult for him to divest himself of the dissonant peculiarities, so as to convey any accurate idea of the illustrious Roman; but we did expect that he would have dismissed the causticity of Richard, and the snarl of Bajazet, from a cast to which they are so ill adapted, and have endeavoured

ed to substitute dignity for furious brawling in his passion; the spurning of a haughty spirit for cynical sneering, in his rebukes of inferior men; high impatience for tetchiness in his anger; and a stooping as it were to nature from his superhuman elation, for the mere stage tricks, denoting the common workings of feeling in those scenes where his heart is moved by what he almost deems the frailties of his species. Mr. Kean, if he thought these deviations from his usual acting necessary, failed to render them obvious. There was no dignity in his scolding, no superiority in his reproofs, no mind in his rage, and no conflict with pride in his humanity. His Coriolanus was a successful rather than an exalted general, and neither the hero of his party, nor the demigod of his own fancy. No one sank before the lightening of his eye and the majesty of his demeanour: he was on a level with the herd, except in being more fiercely and loudly vehement; and even the Tribune of the people, Holland, that "Triton of the Minnows," had as good of the day as he had (if not the better from his coolness), when they rated each other before the multitude. We make no remark on the personal deficiencies which disqualify Mr. Kean for this character. Had his talents lain the way which could have surmounted them, the imagination of the audience might have clothed him with all the grandeur of mien and commanding port befitting the most distinguished warrior of an athletic race, in whose single arm was the strength of battle—who, *alone*, flustered the Volscians within their own walls; who, in a desert, would be a match for forty. All these ascriptions were ridiculous towards the new Coriolanus,—and though he gave several half lines with fire and energy, displaying great powers, they were yet, either misplaced if viewed with reference to the supposable genius of the part (whether from reading the play or seeing it performed), or lost amidst the heavy gloom of that pervading error which denuded Shakspeare's model of sublime pride and Roman severity of all its finest touches, to make it the very example of waywardness, vulgar rage, and fretful affection by all the petty troubles of mortal life. Mr. Kean has, therefore, as we think, done most unwisely in attempting Coriolanus, in which the brilliant hits of some of his other personations, are only blemishes; and his whole performance such, as never for an instant to confirm the scenic illusion of its being the terrible victor whom we see before us. We add, with regret, because it is got up with considerable magnificence, that the other persons of the drama were so badly represented as to complete the dullness of the play. Mrs. Glover was quite at odds with Volumnia, and so addicted to whining and tears, which the part does not need, and which if it did it is out of her line to give it, that the high-souled matron was converted into the blubbering woman. As a proof we may notice, that when she goes off the stage, telling Virgilia to cease her sorrow, and mourn with her in *anger* like Juno, she bursts into a passion of grief, and *sings* crying—"like Juno"! Mrs. Robinson's Virgilia was pretty, and she did as much as the insig-

ulcance of the part allowed. Mr. Penley's Audius was endued with the most pragmatic sternness; and this rough warlike soldier was so coxcombical that we could only wonder how, with such a hero at their head, the Volcians had stomach to fight at all, or could resist any attack. Gattie was hardly respectable in Menenius; and the rest—hears rest them!

The applause, on the second night, was extremely partial; but at the end, when Penley came forward to announce the next performance, some dozen "voices" raised the shout for Kean, who had just been carried off the stage in a very painful position, with his head hanging down. It is strange, that this senseless cry should ever be listened to;—if the imagination has been affected by the performance, it destroys the vision; and the best that can be done with regard to these injudicious friends of a tragic actor, who do him real injury by their favour, when they insist on such a call, is for the public to treat them with the obloquy and contempt bestowed upon other resurrection men.

COVENT GARDEN. On Saturday, a Mrs. de Jersey Beaumont, originally an actress of some celebrity in the North and West of Scotland, but recently from Philadelphia, attempted to sustain a leading tragic character on the London boards, and performed Isabella in the Mourning Bride. We have heard that the deserts and misfortunes of this lady in private life, obtained for her the trial of her powers in the metropolis, and are therefore grieved to say that they do not seem to be adequate to the situation. There was a want of pathos in her whole performance; and notwithstanding a marked strain—ing after effect, she produced no sensation in the audience. Apathy, more fatal than censure, attended her exertions; and as she has not youth to encourage any hopes of improvement, we fear the effort must be set down as a failure.

#### THE ANTIQUARY.

Our limits prevent us from going into any detail respecting this new musical drama, which was produced with complete success on Tuesday, and repeated every night this week. It is taken, with some alterations so as to bring on the denouement earlier, from the celebrated novel of the same name. Mr. Pocock, who has shown so much taste and judgment in productions of this stamp, is the author; and we believe that the skill and experience of Mr. Terry have been employed to give the finish in adapting the piece for the stage. The music, chiefly Scotch, is very pretty; and what is new, including a melody to words taken from *The Literary Gazette* (without an acknowledgement), not incongruous to the beauty and spirit of what has been selected. The performers do justice to the characters, and shall be mentioned more particularly hereafter. The scenery surpasses all precedent for correctness and beauty: one scene, representing the fearful rising of the tide upon the stage, is inconceivable to those who have not seen it, and baffles description. The house also overflows, and the Antiquary bids fair to run some time before it is thought antiquated.

The first night of this drama was for the Charity in the city; and we ought, perhaps, to record, that both here and at Drury Lane an address was spoken, said to be poetry and suited to the occasion, but seemingly sad trash, and suited to no good purpose.

#### FOREIGN DRAMA.

THEATRE DE LA GAITE.—First representation of *Bouton de Rose* a melodrama in three acts.

Deille de Sales, the author of the *Philosophy of Nature*, left behind him a fairy tale, but little known, entitled *Sige de Myrte et Bouton de Rose*, from which the author of the new melodrama has borrowed one half of his title, and some ideas. *Bouton de Rose* is a sprite endowed with wonderful power. The King of the Genil has commissioned him to visit the palace of Ormus, to defeat the wicked designs of the enchanter Kalib, the grand vizir, who is constantly inspired by the genius of evil. The mischievous enchanter is bent on the death of the princess Ellamira, daughter of the late king, because she had refused to marry him. His eyes being as penetrating as those of the lynx, he perceives *Bouton de Rose* concealed in a basket of flowers, listening to the disclosure of his designs. He utters only one word, makes only one sign, and the basket of flowers is metamorphosed into an iron cage, which he directs the fisherman Azem to throw into the river. However Azem, who is the son of an old minister disgraced by the intrigues of Kalib, is too good and too nobly born to perpetrate such cruelty; he delivers the amiable captive, and *Bouton de Rose* promises to reward him with the hand of Ellamira and the throne. Diamantine, the best of fairies, and mother-in-law to the Princess, consents to realize the promise, on condition that Azem shall previously undergo certain trials to prove that he possesses the virtues necessary in a husband and a king. Azem acquires himself triumphantly; he proves himself to be brave, just, and merciful; and, what is still better, that he possesses the most inviolable constancy towards his mistress. After a contest of enchantments between *Bouton de Rose*, *Diamantine*, and *Kalib*, by which the Princess is exposed to the greatest peril, the whole concludes with the coronation of Azem, and his marriage with Ellamira.

The melodrama was completely successful. *Bouton de Rose* was applauded to the skies. The scenery and decorations may rival the most splendid ballets of the Opera. The music, by Alexandre, is also deserving of commendation. The dialogue is by M. M. Gullbert and Pixericot.

THEATRE DES VARIETES.—First representation of *Les Vêpres Odonniennes*, a parody on *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*.

The tragedy of the Sicilian Vespers has given rise to numerous parodies. The first appeared at the Vaudeville, not much to the entertainment of the public. The *Variétés* come next in order. This parody is formed nearly on the same plan as that of the Vaudeville. Calling in as auxiliaries, dismissed *debutants*, young amateurs, and

authors disowned by Minerva, forming altogether a tolerably numerous battalion, M. Odeon, the manager of the second Theatre Français, conspires against M. Crifort, the manager of the first. His son l'Accident, and Mademoiselle Omelie, his intended daughter-in-law, promise to second his plan, though Mademoiselle Omelie is secretly attached to Crifort; l'Accident is charged to keep a watchful eye on Crifort. But he soon relents, on reflecting that he is about to dethrone him to whom he is indebted for the *first class he ever received*. Gratitude triumphs over every other sentiment, and so far from preventing his benefactor from quitting his own theatre, he gives him a ticket to see the *Vêpres*. Crifort being unbribed, and shewing an inclination to hiss the *Vêpres*, l'Accident determines to call him to account. However he ultimately forgives him, and the piece concludes with Odeon recommending his friends to hold themselves in readiness to appear at the second representation of the *Vêpres* to-morrow, at the rising of the curtain.

#### VARIETIES.

Plymouth, Jan. 20.—It was high water here this morning at about nine o'clock, and a very high tide. The tide then fell 15 inches, and rose and fell again full 15 inches, seven or eight times in the space of half an hour. It excited the attention of every person in the dock-yard and on the river. A similar rise and fall were noticed here at the time of the great earthquake at Lisbon, and about seven years ago, when there were an earthquake and volcano in one of the Western Islands.

M. de Dreux, a distinguished French Architect, who has been studying at Rome for the last five years, has lately set out on a visit to Greece, with the view of transmitting some of the valuable remains of antiquity to the Museums of France. He intends to proceed immediately to Athens, where he will meet the learned Vice-Consul M. Fauvel, who will no doubt afford him that powerful assistance in his investigations, which he has already lent to M. M. Chateaubriand and Fortin.

#### ANECDOTES.

DR. LASSENIS, CHAPLAIN TO THE DANISH COURT.

John Lassenius, who died at Copenhagen, in 1692, was a celebrated divine, and a prolific author of this time. It is related of him, that he used always to stop in the middle of his sermon to take a cordial in a glass of wine, in the presence of the congregation, and then proceed with his discourse.—Another anecdote of this man is so singular, that we are inclined to doubt its truth. It is as follows.—Lassenius, who had for a long time perceived to his vexation, that during his sermon the greatest part of the congregation were asleep, suddenly stopped, pulled a shuttlecock from his pocket, and began to play with it in the pulpit. This extraordinary circumstance naturally attracted the attention of that part of the congregation who were still awake. They jogged those who

were sleeping, and in a short time every body was lively, and stared up to the pulpit with the greatest wonder. This was just what Lassenius desired: for he immediately began a most severe castigatory discourse, saying, "When I announce to you sacred and important truths, you are not ashamed to go to sleep, but when I play the fool you are all eye and all ear!"

**Norway.**—On the 7th of December last, the barometer rose at Christiania to 29 inches 16 lines, a height which it has not attained for many years. On the same day the sea was eight feet lower than it has been for the last twenty years; and the magnetic needle was so agitated, that Professor Gaussteen could not come to any exact conclusion. This phenomenon seems to indicate a convulsion in some part of the globe.

We extract the following from the Journal of the Department of the Meuse. It affords a fresh instance of *spontaneous combustion*, to which all, but particularly women, are liable, who indulge in the excessive use of spirituous liquors:

"The widow Godard, aged 55, who lodged in the house of the Sieur Schelaide, at Saint Mihel, in this department, and who was addicted to intemperate drinking, was burnt in her apartment on the night of the 1st of January. About three o'clock in the morning, the Sieur Schelaide discovering a fetid smell of burning through the partition which separated his apartment from that of the widow Godard, proceeded to force open her door. He found her lying on her left side, with her knees bent in the attitude of a person sitting; light flames were flitting above the body, which he easily extinguished with water, as the hydrogen gas was nearly exhausted. The clothes were entirely burnt, except a portion round the waist, the fragments of the stockings, and one of the shoes. A wicker chair, which was standing near the body, and a handkerchief which the deceased had worn on her head, were but little damaged. The head was only partially scorched, and the rest of the body was generally but unequally burnt. The stomach was entirely carbonized. An earthen chafing-dish, containing charcoal, was found near the body.

#### IMPROVEMENTS IN MODERN GREECE.

S. Kondos, a native of Greece, has begun to publish a Greek Journal, under the title of "The Bee (Melissa) or Greek Ephemerides." The first number, 120 pages, contains articles on Bees, Agriculture, Education, English Literature, Thucydides, &c. &c. The same author is going to publish a "General History, Ancient and Modern," of which the first volume, dedicated to Count Capo d'Istria, contains *Prolegomena*, and a *Sketch of the History of Egypt*. Bobée, the Parisian bookseller, is publisher of both these works. Mr. Bombas, one of the first Professors in the great College at Chios, has published "Elements of Moral Philosophy," in 1 vol. 8vo. and dedicated to the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople, which has been received with the greatest approbation in all the Greek schools. The last number of this Greek Journal, "Hermès ho

Logios," of the 1st of September, 1819, contains, besides many other interesting articles, a treatise in the form of Letters, on the many and important services which the brothers Zosimas have done to Greece within these 20 years. The Messrs. Zosimas may be numbered amongst the first benefactors of that unhappy country. They established at Janina, in Epirus, their native country, a school of the first class, enriched it with an excellent library, endowed it with considerable funds for the salaries of the Professors, appointed pensions for poor Students, and upon the whole have spared no expence to raise their country from its degraded state. To their liberality we owe the appearance of the Greek Library, which is edited by Mr. Coray. The eldest of the brothers Zosimas has lived since his youth in the city of Moscow, where he has formed a valuable cabinet of antiquities, which is intended to be one day sent to Greece.

Two caverns were discovered last week at Gravesend by the sinking of the earth. These excavations are most probably ancient chalk-pits of Roman origin. On the south side of one of them are the remains of a flint arch, about two feet wide, leading into the other.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

The forthcoming novel, entitled "Mystery, or Forty Years Ago," is not wholly a work of fiction. It contains a correct picture of the state of London during those awful riots which convulsed and threatened this vast metropolis with destruction in 1780. It also comprehends curious particulars of a real journey and residence in some of the least explored parts of Africa "Forty years ago," and the great Saharra, on which no hero of romance (of avowed romance we mean), that we happen to be acquainted with, has ever ventured to set a foot. The celebrated Joseph Wall, and Major Houghton, are among the characters; and the persecutions sustained by the interesting and unfortunate traveller, from the tyranny of the murderous governor, is given on the authority of a correspondence which took place between them, from which two original letters are extracted, together with the substances of the charges preferred by Major Houghton against Governor Wall before he commenced that arduous and important enterprise which cost him his life.

M. Nibby, the antiquary, has just published at Rome a work entitled, *Del foro Romano, della via sacra, dell' anfiteatro Flavio, e dei luoghi adiacenti*. If the opinions of this antiquary should be confirmed, many ancient ruins will change their names, and several points of the topography of ancient Rome will be displaced. The Temple of *Jupiter Stator*, (which has for some years been called the Temple of Castor and Pollux) is in M. Nibby's work called the *Greco-stasis*; the Temple of Concord (afterwards called the Temple of *Juno-Montana*) is now styled the Temple of *Fortuna*. The Temple of *Vesta* is no longer to be looked for beneath the Farnese Gardens; M. Nibby

transports it either to the Temple of *Romulus* or the Church of *St. Theodore*. The Temple of *Saturn*, (or rather the *Acrarium*) is no longer the Church of *St. Adrian*; it is situated at the corner of the *Consolazione*, where Nardi placed it; and the *Basilica Julia*, and the Temple of *Divus Caesar*, are in its vicinity. The Temple of *Peare* remains in ashes, and in its place, according to M. Nibby, are the ruins of a Basilic of *Constantinus*; the arcades, which were supposed to be so beautiful, are in bad taste, and the walls belong to the period when architecture was on the decline. The author informs us, that the Temple of *Faustina* was dedicated to *Faustina the Younger*, and not to the Elder: the words *Divo Antonino* were added at a more recent period. No satisfactory information can be collected respecting the *Velatura* of the Coliseum, which was to protect the spectators from the heat of the sun.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JANUARY, 1820.

**Thursday, 20**—Thermometer from 27 to 35.  
Barometer from 29.72 to 29.73.  
Wind N.W. and N.E. 4.—Snow in the evening.  
**Friday, 21**—Thermometer from 30 to 36.  
Barometer from 29.31 to 29.32.  
Wind S. N. 1 and N. 2.—Cloudy till the evening, when it became clear.  
**Saturday, 22**—Thermometer from 14 to 22.  
Barometer, from 30.15 to 30.32.  
Wind N. E. 4.—Generally clear.  
**Sunday, 23**—Thermometer from 10 to 37.  
Barometer from 30.29 to 30.26.  
Wind S. E. 4 and S. 3.—Generally hazy, sunshine at times.  
**Monday, 24**—Thermometer from 35 to 43.  
Barometer from 30.05 to 29.77.  
Wind S. 4 and 3.—Generally cloudy, rain at times.  
**Tuesday, 25**—Thermometer from 36 to 44.  
Barometer from 30.07 to 29.52.  
Wind S. E. 13.—Generally cloudy. A fine halo formed in the evening about 9.  
Rain fallen, 4.25 of an inch.  
**Wednesday, 26**—Thermometer from 38 to 47.  
Barometer from 29.62 to 29.62.  
Wind S. W. 3 and 1.—Cloudy.  
Rain fallen, 1.75 of an inch.  
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*The subject of Amicus' Letter has often received our best consideration. We feel gratified at having in Review closed with the Edinburgh and Quarterly but the writer most readily sees that it is impossible for us to do justice to, and discuss so important work as is their practice, in a single publication. They give a quarterly volume; we, a weekly sheet; as we are under the necessity of continuing some subjects through several Numbers, in order to afford competent idea of their nature. We are careful to render the separation as little injurious to the interest of the narration as possible, and seldom, if we break off where any absolute conclusion exists. We do not adopt this plan, the whole charm of variety, and the merit of noticing a greater number of books than any contemporary periodical, will be banished from the Literary Gazette.*

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No. 159.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

## Death of the King.

At thirty-five minutes after 8 o'clock on Saturday night, the 20th ult., our venerated King, George III, breathed his last : his Majesty had added seven months and twenty-six days to eighty-one years of life, and ninety-six days to fifty-nine years of sovereignty ; and had consequently reigned longer than any monarch that ever sat upon the English throne. The exhaustion of nature led to this melancholy and memorable event, and no pain or suffering vexed the passage of this virtuous prince from time into eternity. The body and the mind were alike, in Heaven's mercy, spared the pang of the dread change ; and he whose life had made for him nothing to fear in death, graciously departed, as free from corporeal anguish, as his purity of soul would under any circumstances have exempted him from the terrors of conscience. God blessed him with the latter end of righteousness—he was a good man and—he died in peace.

It is not for a work like this to enter upon the wide field over which a retrospect of sixty years would travel. It is not for us to speak of those great political agitations which have convulsed and overthrown, and reconstructed the nations of the earth during that period : or of the personal and kingly course of conduct by which our late Ruler rendered this country so conspicuous in the awful struggles. Suffice it to say, that the brightest pattern to which a people could look for every sound principle in theory, and for every moral duty in practice, existed for more than half a century in the head encircled with the British diadem, and in the heart and hand which beat beneath the external splendours of royalty and wielded the sceptre of almost unlimited power ! But ere yet " Goodness and He fill up one monument," it behoves us to pay a tribute to that softer and more refined feature of the Monarch's character which connects his reign with the literature, the arts, and the sciences of the age. In this respect an epocha has indeed been created ; and when the

more perishable trophies of war, the controversies and the contests all-engrossing in their day, the objects after which every heart panted, the things which were called of eternal consequence, shall have passed away and been utterly forgotten, there will remain another and a nobler study for mankind, in the literature which enlightened the world, in the arts which adorned the country, and in the science which advanced with gigantic strides under the auspicious sway of George the Third.

These will be the themes of generations yet unborn ; and among the most glorious human memorials of our King, it will be handed down to future times, that the energies of this land of freedom, cherished by his paternal government, produced not merely the brightest heroes, but the wisest philosophers, the greatest poets, the finest painters, the most extraordinary discoveries, and the most beneficial inventions, that ever distinguished the annals of mankind.

When a nation is thus elevated, when the state of society is thus improved, when the well-being of millions is thus augmented, and when, as it were, the sphere of creation is exalted and enlarged by the successful cultivation of all that is elegant in the fine, solid in the useful, and ennobling in the higher pursuits of intellect, it needs not to say how much is due to him in whom the supreme authority is vested : how much is due to our lamented King, may be read in the many and prosperous Institutions of which he was the founder or munificent patron, for the promotion of learning, the acquisition of scientific knowledge, the diffusion of general instruction, the perfection of the ornamental arts, and the completion of every purpose calculated to further the interests of humanity here, or secure its happiness hereafter.

Acknowledging that our loss was attended with many alleviations ; bowing in all humility to that Divine Providence which, in inflicting the stroke deprived it of its sting ;—yet, grateful for the measures to which our beloved sovereign devoted his life, and deeply and sincerely lamenting for his death, we close

this inadequate tribute to virtues which, if they have but a fleeting memory on earth, have their certain and everlasting reward where there is neither care nor sorrow.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Travels in the North of Germany, describing the present state of the Social and Political Institutions ; the Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, Education, Arts, and Manners, in that Country, particularly in the Kingdom of Hannover.* By Thomas Hodgskin, Esq. Edinburgh and London, 1820, 8vo. 2 vols.

In bringing our readers acquainted with this publication, we are introducing to them one of the least assuming, while it is one of the most sensible, useful, and intelligent books of travels which have recently issued from the press ; excellent as many of the productions of that kind have been, during the last twenty years. The fruit of three years' residence, and of pedestrian excursions over all the northern German Provinces, Mr. Hodgskin has given us information on most subjects, which has heretofore escaped the more rapid and stylish traveller : he has mixed with society, and sifted opinions not generally found among the labours of tourists ; he has rapidly sketched or passed over topics familiar to the public, and dwelt upon such as presented novelty in themselves, or the appearance of novelty from the relative situation of the writer. By these means he has furnished us with a book, copious without being tedious, and replete with solid instruction, without wanting the charm of amusement. His own feelings and thoughts bespeak an observant, acute, and candid mind ; and, if we differ from him in some cases, it is always as with a person of masculine understanding and good sense, whom we consider to be wrong, but acknowledge to be impartial and well-meaning. Perhaps there is a little too much display of generalizing reflections : but the nature of the task supplies a better excuse for this than can usually be urged in behalf



of posting travellers, who visit precisely the cities, landscapes, museums, pictures, &c. which have attracted the notice of all their precursors. The account of the Kingdom of Hannover is peculiarly deserving of commendation: it is by far the most ample and judicious that we have ever seen. Before, however, abridging it for the *Literary Gazette*, we shall devote two papers to the other division of the work, which embraces the author's journeys in the dominions of Prussia, Saxony, and other states. Our first extract refers to Leipsick, on Christmas day, 1817. Mr. H. says—

From reading the work of Mad. de Staël on Germany, I expected to see there strange old towns, but nothing had hitherto realized the expectation. The market-place at Leipsic did it fully. Goethe described the houses of this city well when he called them "extraordinary shining buildings, with a front to two streets, inclosing courts, and containing every class of citizens, within heaven-high buildings, that resemble large castles, and are equal to half a city." Roofs, which alone contained six stories of windows, with small steeples on their tops; circular houses, finishing at every story, resembling the pictures of the tower of Babel; two or three towers, placed by the sides of houses, as if a stair-case separate from the building had been provided for it; some fronts which had been modernised, and disfigured by a multitude of pillars and pilasters above pillars and pilasters; and the ancient gaol-like, but fantastical town-house,—made the market-place of Leipsic one of the most grotesque-looking spots I ever saw.

As it was Christmas-day, every place, even the bankers, was shut; the churches were crowded; and nothing was to be sold but spirits and medicines. At church, the music and singing seemed the most attractive part of the performance, and so soon as these were done, many of the congregation went away. The men generally stood, and the women sat. Amongst the uncovered heads of the former some emblems of German genius might be traced. The hair of the old men was smoothed down on the fronts and sides, as if it were ironed, while that of the young ones, combed up with their fingers à la François, was standing out in a circle, like a well-trimmed mop. The former resembled the old plodding German; the latter was the type of the present German, flying off from the restraints of reason, and of common sense.

Pictures are still allowed in the Lutheran churches, though no longer worshipped or prayed to, and one that I observed here, in St. Paul's church, deserves to be mentioned, as having one feature of common sense more than is usually seen in religious pictures. Many of their absurdities are truly ridiculous, and among them may be enumerated that the mother of the Saviour is always painted young. When she looks

on her son on the cross, and when Jesus tells her, "Woman, behold thy son," she is even then often represented as a blooming young woman. In this picture, and it was the only time I ever noticed the circumstance, she was represented as an elderly matron. The painter had not worked a second miracle, and bestowed with his pencil perpetual youth.

The manner in which the sacrament was administered was different from the manner of administering it in the Church of England. A clergyman stood at each side of the altar; the persons intending to communicate were placed in a row on one side, and when the previous prayers had been recited, they walked, one after another, first to one clergyman, who had the consecrated wafers, and who repeated some words while he gave a wafer to the communicant. He received it standing, but bowing, and then passing behind the altar, came in front of the other clergyman, from whom he received the cup, and he then retired. The organ played and the chorists sung during the whole of the ceremony.

The university of Leipsic is at present chiefly famous for its medical studies.

Leaving Leipsic on the route towards Berlin, the author makes the following sensible observations on the indolence of the German people, and its cause.

In the course of the day I met a great many carriages and waggons going to Leipsic, and all the travellers, wrapped up in two or three great-coats, with their faces buried in caps and handkerchiefs, remaining sitting in a sort of stupid indifference, just preserving animation enough to keep their tobacco burning, and their pipes from falling out of their mouths. Not one of them attempted to walk, though they might all have walked faster than their carriages, and might have kept themselves comfortably warm; but bodily exertion of all kinds is certainly avoided by the richer classes of the Germans. This indolence may be partly accounted for thus: Their sleeping-rooms are generally heated, and the feather-beds, which are used as covers, always kept me—though, whenever it was practicable, I stripped myself to my shirt—in a constant state of profuse perspiration. The Germans, in addition to covering themselves with these beds, very generally sleep in night-dresses of flannel. In fact, they take nothing off but their upper garments, which are not unfrequently exchanged for some sort of jacket or gown. The beds and the rooms together make a sort of sweating bath, and more enfeebling, probably, than a frequent use of warm bathing. The effects on myself were always refreshing, but weakening; they did away stiffness and fatigue, but sleep did not give me strength; and it is probable that the effects are the same on the Germans, and even much more powerful. The body is kept in a state of languid health, but all that freshness and vigour of limb which belongs to youth and a hardy people are destroyed. The Germans have no need of exertions which we find so ne-

cessary to promote perspiration, and therefore they have no wish for it, and do not take it. The character of men is the result of all they feel; and this state of the bodies of the Germans is undoubtedly a cause for some part of their character—for the placidness, stillness, and want of energy, which distinguish them from the other nations of Europe. It does not hinder them from thinking, writing, and compiling, day after day, week after week; in fact, it permits them to do all these more than any other people can, for they can do them constantly, and with little fear of injury to their health; but it deprives them of the need and of the wish for exertion.

At Berlin the most remarkable matter alluded to appears in the following paragraph.

Museums, galleries of pictures, learned societies, and various collections of things that are not useful, abound in Berlin. They cannot be called peculiarities, for they are found in every city of Germany, and it requires a most practised eye to ascertain the superiority of one to another. One which deserves to be mentioned, from the evidence it affords of what learned triflers can employ themselves with, is a collection in high preservation, of those worms which are sometimes found in the bowels of the human body, (Engelweide Würmer), and whose existence there constitute a particular disease. The cure of this disease cannot be promoted by such a collection, neither can it explain either the nature or the source of the disease. A Professor Rudolphi is the collector. A similar collection exists in Vienna, whose collector is not only thought to be a man of industry, but of talent. These gentlemen must very much need a decent occupation. To bestow professorships on them, and to honour them, seems to me like the vain worship of an idol. There is but one step lower in which learned uselessness can go in its filthy researches. I should be sorry, by the selection of this peculiarity, to teach the reader to infer that the Germans were particularly fond of such pursuits, and that this fondness was a feature of the national character. A love for trifles and absurdities may probably be more common among the learned of Germany than among the learned of other countries, but trifles and absurdities are the occupations merely of a few, and intelligent Germans lament the fondness for them as a peculiarity of individuals, and not as forming the national character.

We nevertheless find an opposite sentiment, when the author, near the end of his second volume, comes to treat of Hesse Cassel.

On several occasions, says he, I have mentioned the taste for trifles and absurdities which yet so much distinguishes scientific Germans, that their country is sometimes called a mad-house of natural philosophers. This unhappy propensity has undoubtedly been invigorated by the hours bestowed on such pursuits: by the m-

he was not much wanted; and then an account of the arrival of Blucher with 31,000 men, and opening a communication between Buſlow, who was in full retreat, and the left of the English, whose commander was reduced to despair, at 6 o'clock. Some of the French regiments began to retire, but Buonaparte put himself at the head of the guard, and at the same time told them a lie to sustain them, namely that Grouchy had arrived. The English are again defeated, and are to be entirely broken by the next charge, when Blucher reaches La Haye and overthrows the French who defend it. From this village, though Blucher had not light to have taken it, the horrid cry of "*Sauve qui peut*" is heard, and universal consternation and rout ensue. It was dark, or the troops would have been able to see the Emperor, and that would have rallied them: nothing could be done, and *pêle-mêle* is the order or rather, disorder, of the night. Never was a French army worse beaten.

Such is the sum total of this farcical history of the battle of Waterloo. Hours stand for nothing in time, and figures for nothing in calculation. 69,000 to 120,000 is said to be as 1 to 2; Blucher is asserted to be reduced from 90,000 to 40,000 men by the battle of Ligny, where 30,000 were destroyed and 20,000 dispersed on the Meuse, yet he comes up with above 60,000 men, besides leaving a strong corps to divert Grouchy; finally, the French were as 2 men to 5, and carried all before them till past 8 o'clock, when, contrary to all the rules of war and evidence, they took to their heels and continued flying from the enemy they had beaten till they were nearly all cut to pieces!

And so ends this "sad eventful history" of disaster in spite of victory on the one side, and triumph in spite of blundering on the other; of the happiest results of ignorance, and the most generous disappointment of superior intelligence; of every thing succeeding with those who did every thing wrong; and nothing succeeding with those who did every thing right. So blind is fate!

Were any further proof wanted to show that this rhodomontade was a weak invention of the O'Meara school, and one of a set of misrepresentations to confound the facts of Waterloo; or if possible for any portion of it to be derived from Buonaparte, that his Worship ought to have been a native of Gascony rather than of Corsica; it is to be found

in Count Fleury's Memoirs (see our last Number) pour servir à l'Histoire de la Vie privée, &c. Count Fleury, from the official returns, states the French army which entered the Netherlands at 117,850 men; yet he too allows only sixty-seven thousand to be present at this battle, and only 50,000 engaged. Nobody knows where, except the corps of Grouchy, the other 50,000 were. The allies had, according to Fleury, 140,000 men in action, which is only 11,000 short by Mr. O'Meara's account. Count Fleury, though he gives every advantage to his countrymen, and allows them to throw their opponents into disorder, does not completely defeat the English during the whole day; Mr. O'Meara has them routed and annihilated four times! Count Fleury only falls into the common French mistake, that when an army is passive, when not charging with huzzas and cries, when displaying bottom rather than gallantry, it has the worst of the field—he is unacquainted with the sturdy British quality, and cannot appreciate a species of bravery unknown to his countrymen:—but O'Meara has no such excuse for his false colouring and fabrications; an officer once in our service, and one of a valiant people, he ought to have known, that to endure is as much the characteristic of our warriors as to inflict; and to bear (in the pugilistic phrase) punishment, as sure a sign of courage, and as certain a presage of victory, as the most spirited offensive hostility. Far be it from us to deny the valour and conduct of the enemy. Never did French soldiers display more devotion and heroism than at Waterloo—but they were fairly vanquished, and the day has yet to come in the annals of war, when there will be any ground for the silly boast, that man to man, they are superior to Britons; and still less, that as one to two they have any chance of victory.

[This seems the era for reviving the name of Buonaparte in books, if not in battles:—A MS. said to be of undoubted authenticity, has reached this country, and is already in the hands of a translator, so as to be very shortly published, both in English and in the original French. It is entitled "*Documents Historiques et Reflexions sur le Gouvernement de la Hollande, par Louis Buonaparte, Ex-Roi de Hollande.*"

This work, we are informed by the publishers, (a house of the highest respectability) contains every event relating to the political or financial situation of Holland, from the commencement of the reign of Louis until the close of his government. Sketches of the invasion of Italy, and Expedition in Egypt—in both of which the author was present. Relations of most of the important events

in Spain, and his refusal of the crown of that kingdom, on the renunciation of Charles IV. Copies of the Letters of Charles and Ferdinand, relating to the conspiracy of the latter against his father. The hitherto secret motives of the marriage of the author with the daughter of the Empress Josephine, and their subsequent mutual agreement to a separation. The events which occurred on the separation of the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine.

Early genealogy of the Buonapartes.—An important letter from the Duc de Cadore, explaining the intentions of the Emperor with regard to Holland; the various united propositions of France and Russia, to accommodate with England; and a variety of anecdotes of the Author, of Napoleon, and of his family, &c. &c.

The relative situation of the Author, and his acknowledged candour and probity, must render this a very interesting book; and we readily believe the assurance of the parties, that its announcement has already excited a strong sensation, both at home and abroad.]

#### THE PERCY ANECDOTES.

Two neat little half-crown volumes, under this title, have appeared, and monthly numbers in succession are announced. The anecdotes are judiciously selected, and the compilation is handsomely got up. Each number is devoted to illustrate a particular quality or virtue: thus, for example, Eloquence and Humanity are the subjects of the first two, and Heroism, Generosity, Enterprize, &c. of those which are promised. As a specimen of the work we select a few extracts.

*George I.*—During the siege of fort St. Philip, a young lieutenant of marines was so unfortunate as to lose both his legs by a chain shot. In this miserable and helpless condition he was conveyed to England, and a memorial of his case presented to an honourable board; but nothing more than half-pay could be obtained. Major Mansou had the poor lieutenant conducted to court, on a public day, in his uniform; where, posted in the anti-room, and supported by two of his brother officers, he cried out as the king was passing to the drawing room, "Behold, great sire, a man who refuses to bend his knee to you, he has lost both in your service." The king, struck not less by the singularity of his address, than by the mechanically object before him, stopped, and hastily demanded what had been done for him. "Half-pay," replied the lieutenant, "and please your majesty." "Pve, fye, on't," said the king, shaking his head; "but let me see you again next levee day." The lieutenant did not fail to appear, when he received from the immediate hands of royalty, a present of five hundred pounds, and an annuity of two hundred pounds a year for life.

*Friendless Candidates.*—The Prince de Montbary presented a list of the young gentlemen who were candidates for the vacant places in the military school of Louis XVI. of France. In this list were a great number

who were strongly recommended by persons of the highest rank, along with some who were wholly destitute of such recommendation. The king observing this, gave an instance of that goodness of heart which he exhibited on so many occasions. Pointing to the latter, he said, "Since these have no protectors, I will be their friend;" and instantly gave the preference to them.

*Origin of the Slave Trade.*—It will to some appear singular that the Slave Trade should have originated in an act of humanity; yet such was the fact, and it exhibits an instance of one of the best and most humane men being guilty of cruelty, when his mind was under the influence of prejudice. Bartholomew de las Casas, the Bishop of Chiapa, in Peru, witnessing the dreadful cruelty of the Spaniards to the Indians, exerted all his eloquence to prevent it. He returned to Spain, and pleading the cause of the Indians before the Emperor Charles V. in person, suggested that their place as labourers might be supplied by negroes from Africa, who were then considered as beings under the proscription of their Maker, and fit only for beasts of burden. The emperor, overcome by his forcible representations, made several regulations in favour of the Indians; but it was not until the slavery of the African Negroes was substituted, that the American Indians were freed from the cruelty of the Spaniards.

*The Mimic Reclaimed.*—A generous act, or an act of humanity, will sometimes operate most forcibly on the minds of those who might not be expected to feel its influence. In the beginning of the last century, a comedian of the name of Griffin, celebrated for his talents as a mimic, was employed by a comic author to imitate the personal peculiarities of the celebrated Dr. Woodward, whom he intended to be introduced on the stage as Dr. Fossile, in *Three Hours after Marriage*. The mimic, dressed as a countryman, waited on the doctor with a long catalogue of complaints with which he said his wife was afflicted. The physician heard with amazement diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient. The actor having thus detained the doctor until he thought himself completely master of his errand, presented him with a guinea as his fee. "Put up your money, poor fellow," cried the doctor, "thou hast need of all thy cash, and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back." The mimic returned to his employer, who was in raptures at his success, until he told him that he would sooner die, than prostitute his talents to render such genuine humanity food for the diversion of the public.

*Beccaria.*—This philosopher of humanity having in one of the later editions of his admirable work on Crimes and Punishments, in that part which relates to fraudulent bankruptcy, qualified some sentiments which he had originally expressed, but which on reflection appeared to himself too severe, he adds in a note, "I am ashamed of what I formerly wrote on this subject. I have been accused of irreligion without deserving it;

I have been accused of disaffection to the government, and deserved it as little; I was guilty of a real attack upon the rights of humanity, and I have been reproached by nobody."

His present majesty observed one day to a gentleman of high literary character, and of a distinguished political reputation, that oratory in this country was carried to a height far beyond its real use; and that the desire of excelling in this accomplishment, made many young men of genius neglect the more solid branches of knowledge. "I am sure," said his majesty, "that the rage for public speaking, and the extravagant length to which some of our most popular orators carry their harangues in parliament, is very detrimental to the national business, and I wish that in the end it may not prove injurious to the public peace." It is remarkable, that the opinion of the king agrees exactly with that of Aristotle, who says, "Nothing so effectually contributes to the ruin of popular governments, as the petulance of their orators." (Polit. lib. v.)

*Patrick Henry.*—When Patrick Henry, who gave the first impulse to the ball of the American Revolution, introduced his celebrated resolution on the stamp act into the house of Burgesses of Virginia (May, 1765), he exclaimed, when discounting on the tyranny of the obnoxious act, "Caesar had his Brutus; Charles the First his Cromwell; and George the Third—" "Treason," cried the speaker; "treason, treason," echoed from every part of the house.) It was one of those trying moments which are decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an eye flashing with fire, continued, "may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

*Physiognomy.*—A witness was one day called to the bar of the House of Commons, when some one took notice, and pointedly remarked, upon his ill looks. Mr. Fox (afterwards Lord Holland), whose gloomy countenance strongly marked his character, observed, "That it was unjust, ungenerous, and unmanly, to censure a man for that signature which God had impressed upon his countenance, and which therefore he could not by any means remedy or avoid." Mr. Pitt rose hastily, and said, "I agree from my heart with the observation of my fellow member; it is forcible, it is judicious, and true. But there are some (throwing his eyes full on Fox) upon whose face the hand of heaven has so stamped the mark of wickedness, that it were impiety not to give it credit."

*Naval Oratory.*—Admiral Blake, when a captain, was sent with a small squadron to the West Indies, on a secret expedition against the Spanish settlements. It happened in an engagement, that one of his ships blew up, which damped the spirits of his crew; but Blake, who was not to be subdued by one unsuccessful occurrence, called out to his men, "Well, my lads, you have seen an English ship blown up; and now let's see what figure a Spanish one will make

in the same situation." This well-timed harangue raised their spirits immediately, and in less than an hour he set his antagonist on fire. "There, my lads," said he, "I knew we should have our revenge soon."

*Way to Promotion.*—Speed relates, that Guymond, chaplain to King Henry the First, observing that for the most part ignorant men were advanced to the best dignities in the church, as he celebrated divine service before the king, and was about to read those words out of St. James, "It rained not upon the earth three years and six months," he read it thus: "It rained not upon the earth one—one—one years and five—one months." Henry noticed the singularity, and afterwards took occasion to blame the chaplain for it. "Sir," answered Guymond, "I did it on purpose; for such readers I find are sooner preferred by your majesty." The king smiled, and in a short time afterwards presented Guymond to the benefice of Saint Frideswid's in Oxford.

*Sleepers Repent ed.*—A methodist preacher once observing, that several of his congregation had fallen asleep, suddenly exclaimed, with a loud voice, "A fire! a fire!" "Where! where!" cried his auditor, whom he had roused from their slumbers. "In hell!" added the preacher: "for those who sleep under the ministry of the holy gospel."

Another preacher, of a different persuasion, more remarkable for drowsy preachers, finding himself in the same unpleasant situation with his auditory, or more literally speaking, *dormitory*, suddenly stopped in his discourse, and addressing himself in a whispering tone to a number of noisy children in the gallery, "Silence, silence, children," said he; "if you keep up such a noise, you will awake all the old folks below."

Upon the whole, these are entertaining books for the grown up lovers of anecdote, and excellent presents for children.

*Thoughts and Feelings.* By Arthur Brooke. London, 1820. 12mo. pp 120.

We presume that Arthur Brooke is fictitious name; for, however blind me are to their own demerits, it is hard possible that any person wishing to live well in society should avow himself author of such immoral sentiments and detestable principles as kindle the ven of this author. In the true cant of writers in the profligate class to which he belongs, he sets out with expressing a hope, that his "tenderer tone," as "wilder songs," may be relished by the "gentle few," though he anticipates the "Worldling's frown" and "Cynic sneer;" or in other words, forces that there are a majority of readers still in this country, who will rebuke indelicacy, and view with indignation t

merous sovereigns of Germany. At Cassel I was informed of a physician at Heidelberg, who, in the madness of scientific, or rather witchcraft experiments, prescribed human brains to be taken inwardly as a cure for violent fevers, and he had worked something like a wonder on his patients, probably by affecting their imagination. Another celebrated man had lately adopted the entrails of cats as a specific for all disorders. And a public newspaper, while it announced the death of the child of a celebrated physician, also announced his intention of preserving it in his anatomical museum, along with some more of the issue of his lunas who had before died.

Surely these anecdotes refute, to a considerable extent, the opinion in our preceding quotation, and show that the sciences in Germany are so often oddly pursued as to stamp upon them a national characteristic, if not a character, of absurdity. But we proceed to some other illustrations of manners and customs. The traveller is on his way from Berlin, 3d Jan. 1818, and tells us,

The difficulty I had had during the day to find the road, prevented me reaching Brandenburg, and made me think it prudent to stop at the commencement of night, when I was by no means tired, and where there was no sort of decent accommodation to be had. I had then walked near forty miles, and had never passed, since I left Spandau, any thing like a decent public-house or village, and I had been unable to procure any thing for dinner but bread and beer. The house where I stopped for the night promised nothing comfortable, but as the woman said I could sleep there, I resolved to make myself contented. She gave me, on entering, some very bad coffee, and when, at a later hour, I requested something more substantial for supper, I was informed there was nothing but brown bread, bad butter, and new brandy. I was still more disappointed, when, on asking to go to bed, I was informed I could have no other bed than some straw strewed in the room where I was then sitting, which was filled with a great many people who evinced no disposition to depart. There was, at that time of night, nothing better to be got, and I patiently submitted.

A travelling merchant, who sold earthen ware, had taken up his abode in the house, and had carefully informed all the inhabitants of the village that he meant, on that evening, to make a lottery of his merchandise, and he had invited them to come and spend their money with him. Towards eight o'clock they had accordingly, young and old, men, women and children, assembled, and completely filled the room. He arranged his wares in the most tempting manner, on a large table. They consisted of cups and saucers, glasses, plates, and pipes, which were neither coarse nor inelegant. Every one of these articles was put up at the same price, and at its full value, or at rather more than its full value. The price was eight

grosschen, or about one shilling, and he had eight tickets, each of which he sold for a grosschen. When they were all sold the purchasers threw dice amongst themselves who should have the piece of china. The pedlar risked nothing himself, but, by promoting the gambling of the peasantry, he sold his pipes and his cups, and some of them acquired things of which they had no need. Married women, middle-aged men, and some young people, were the principal gamblers. As they were gambling, the ladies and the lasses were roughly playing with each other, and the more elderly people were sitting quietly down to their pipes, their drums, and a little conversation.

The next day, the narrative states, ...

I stopped for the night at a village called Perglen, where no other bed than one of straw could be procured. Genthin would have been too short a stage, and Burg was too far. At the entrance of the village there was a toll-bar and house, with a coat of arms, not royal, painted on that sort of shield, fixed to a post, which generally, in this country, tells the traveller where he has money to pay. The date of this painting was 1602, and the name of the owner, with the word noble, *adeltich*, prefixed, was also painted on the shield. It was one of those tolls levied by noblemen on all carriages and horses passing through their estates, so many of which formerly existed, and some of which still exist in various parts of Germany. The people of this noblemen, as the inhabitants of the village styled themselves,—for all belonged to him,—were exempted from any toll when they employed their own waggons, but were obliged to pay if waggons belonging to other people brought any thing to them. The government wished to destroy this toll, but the landlord said, with a grin of satisfaction, "Our noblemen was too strong for it." Mr. Adeltiche Beerhern, for such was his title and name, seemed a sturdy sort of fellow, who lived on his own property, without going much to court, and, while he maintains this sort of independence, the monarch of Prussia can hardly be called an absolute monarch. The new road to Magdeburg, if it were made straight, would pass through the estate of this noblemen, but he seemed to like no such novelties as good roads, and had compelled the engineer to make a considerable circuit to avoid his grounds.

Of two public-houses, one of which was filled by noisy drinking peasants, and the other was quiet,—but at neither of which a bed could be got,—I chose the quiet one, and found the people willing to get me any thing the house or the village afforded for my supper, which consisted, however, of potatoes and a small piece of veal. The room was a large barn sort of place, excessively black from smoke. Two long tables were placed on two sides of the room, near the walls, against which oaken benches, as seats, were fixed. A large oven and the entrance occupied one of the other sides, and at the fourth side was the door to go into the kitchen, with a bed-place at each side of

it. The bed-places were sorts of reposes, which are closed during the day by sliding doors.

There was a man here who said he was travelling about the country seeking employment, but who seemed to live more by his wits than by work. He paid for his potatoes and straw like the ancient bards, by reciting songs, poems, and stories. The principal subjects of his themes were the triumphs, real and imaginary, of the Prussian armies, the fatherly cure of old Blucher, and the crimes of Buonaparte. He seemed to have collected all that had been written on these subjects, and quite charmed the landlady and the two maids with his recitals. They were doubly pleased when he sang any thing which they knew, and when they could join with him. They also had learnt to sing of the heroic deeds of the Prussians, and nothing else seemed to give them any pleasure. He had bought two books, one was called the Triumphs of German Freedom, and the other was extracts from the bulletins of the war. He had read them so often he knew them both by heart, and could repeat any portions of them. They had been his great teachers, and he delighted the people of the house with many true accounts of Prussian achievements. He was completely in rags, and appeared to have nothing but what was given him, yet, for that very reason, because he knew that the supply of his wants depended on his giving pleasure to others, he had acquired the talent of giving it, and kept his hearers not merely amused, but delighted, all the evening. He made them happy, and in spite of his nakedness, and the cold weather, he was happy himself. While a reciprocity of services is the source of one of the highest enjoyments of men, nobody seems to be so much injured as those classes of society, who, having all their wants provided for, never feel any necessity to exert the talents to give and receive pleasure, with which nature has endowed them. When the females were gone to bed, this miserable-looking being entertained the man-servant with the history of his amours and his gallantry, and no dashing guards' officer, glittering in scarlet and gold, ever boasted of more success. This was strange society, if that can be called society, of which an individual is but the silent spectator; but a lonely pedestrian has often no choice; it is a matter of chance with whom he sits down.

My day's walk was about thirty miles, and the soil, I observed, was very generally light and sandy. Some forests were passed, but no inclosures. Where the country was cultivated, there was no separation between the fields but water courses, and the furrow extended farther than the eye could follow it. Notwithstanding it was Sunday, many persons were working, and the girls of the public-house continued spinning all the evening, as they listened to the stories or joined in the songs of the ragged man.

What I experienced for these two nights, and on my road, where I could not procure a bed, and scarcely any thing to eat, may serve as a specimen of the wealth, or rather poverty, in which his majesty of Prussia's

subjects live. The reader will remember, that I was not more than seventy miles from Berlin, that I was on a high road, and that houses of public entertainment had neither beds nor any thing to eat. Such is the state of the dominions of the Great Frederick.

The rights of noble Prussians are also exemplified at Exleben, near Magdeburgh, where—

Two noblemen resided, which was a great source of vexation to the inhabitants, who, when the noblemen do not reside among them, are generally free from all services except a certain rent, either in money or corn; but when they reside the peasantry must supply them with horses, carry their harvest in, plough their ground, and must give them the third goose and the tenth lamb. The people seemed to feel these services as a hard-ship.

The annexed inscription, on a cottage near Hildesheim, is another trait worth preserving:

On one of the cottages near the road side was an inscription admirably appropriate to the building, "I built not from pride, nor from hope, nor from lust, nor from a desire of ornament, but necessity compelled me thereto."

From this part, walking on towards Hannover, the author says,

At various places on the road, as I approached Hannover, I saw new buildings, and something like decent farm-houses, which are marks of prosperity very rarely seen in any part of the Continent. The road from Hildesheim was good, and some hedges, and nice gardens, and, above all, the G. R.s which glittered on the toll-houses, and on the road-menders' caps, reminded me strongly of England. This was much augmented on entering the town. The soldiers were dressed like our own, and I heard the military music playing for the officers' dinner "The Road-Boat of Old England."

The town of Hannover is situated in a flat plain, at the very farthest extremity of the hills and fertile country I had just passed through, and at the very commencement of those sandy districts which extend, without interruption, from it to the Elbe, the Weser, and the sea. On the north-west side lies a hill called the Lindenberg, and in its neighbourhood the soil is fertile, and the country pleasant; on the other side the soil is generally sandy, and the country flat. A little river, called the Leine, divided into two streams, runs through it, but is in general so completely built over, that it is not seen till the bridge over it is reached. In the vicinity of the *Marstall*, or royal stable, and by the palace, it is exposed to view, and there gives a little beauty to the whole. The town contains 20,000 inhabitants, and is increasing and improving. The Leine divides the old from the new town; and the former has as an appendage the Egyptian new town, which is the best built and most agreeable part of the whole. There is not one good street, and but few good-looking houses, and, on the whole, the capital of his Majesty's

German dominions may, in point of buildings, be compared to some old fashioned third rate provincial town of Great Britain.

The only building which has the least claim to the character of elegance, is the palace of the Duke of Cambridge. It was built by a nobleman in the year 1752, and afterwards purchased by the government. Even this, however, is nothing but a plain and elegant, though rather a large house. The royal palace, which has once been large, is partly in ruins. The chapel, the theatre, and some other of the old parts remain, and some new corners are built and building; the other parts have been burnt or pulled down, and present only a mixture of confusion and ruin. The house in which the ministerial business is conducted, *die Regierung*; the Parliament House, *das landtagliche House*, at present repairing, the library, the *Fürstenhof*, which is the residence of the Duke of Clarence, may be mentioned as decent-looking places. The manner in which the other houses are built, even when they are large, with a frame of oak, filled in with bricks, the timber being still seen, gives them a mean and old fashioned appearance.

The town-house is one of those old Gothic, or, according to Goethe, German buildings, which have so many different corners and shapes, that no one particular shape belongs to it. In lightness and ornament it is far inferior to many of the old houses, similar to those of Helmsbüttel, which abound in Hannover, as well as in all the towns of this part of Germany. The fronts of many of them are entirely composed of little towers, extending all the way to the top, and being sometimes smartly painted and ornamented with a variety of figures and weathercocks, they look like gay summer-houses, or small antique castles. A similar mode of building may be traced in all the old farm-houses, whose gable ends, and ornaments of wood, which, in that situation, look natural enough, often reminded me of small Gothic chapels. The general prevalence in this country of what is called Gothic architecture, together with its prevalence and excellence in Britain; to which country it was carried by the early invaders from this part of Germany, make it probable that it had its origin here, and leave no room to doubt that this fantastical style, with its multiplicity of ornaments, was once the common style of building the farm-houses of this part of Germany.

Pictures of Manners will be traced in the subjoined extracts.

Uelzen, where I dined and slept, is a nice little town. Most of the inhabitants were enjoying themselves in their summer-houses, of which there was one in every garden, and the town is surrounded with gardens. At the entrance to most of the houses were two stone benches, on some of which people were seated smoking, who exchanged the afternoon salutation with every passing neighbour. The upright stones at the end of these benches were shaped in an ornamented manner, like common tombstones, which they otherwise greatly resembled; and they disposed me at first to think that

every family was buried under its own door sill.

*Lüneburg.* At ten o'clock, when the people should all have gone to bed, I was rather surprised to see a dozen young men and women, and amongst them the servants of the house, collected at the door and playing *main chance*.\* It was a beautiful night, and this amusement lasted, with much laughter, and some very hearty slaps, till midnight. The last time I had played at this game was with the family of the public-house, at the village of Simpton. I should have joined in it here with great pleasure, but I was not sure that my patience was equal to the pain inflicted by the hard hands of the peasantry. People who, after a day's labour can thus amuse themselves, and be happy, assuredly find a compensation in their own minds for the sterility of the land, and the disadvantages of their situation.

Stade is of some importance to the sovereign, from being in the neighbourhood of that part of the Elbe where he makes people purchase a permission to sail on its waters. A vessel, which was formerly an English gun-brig, and which is the whole naval force of his majesty's German dominions, is stationed here to levy the toll, or see the certificate that it has been paid in Hamburg. Ships belonging to Altona and Hamburg, the inhabitants on the left bank of the Elbe, and some of those on the right bank, with their own productions, pass toll free, every body else must pay. This is, undoubtedly, the most important toll on water belonging to Hannover, and it is said to produce, when the expenses of collecting it are paid, about 50000*l.* per year. But this is a sealed part of the management of government, and all which is known concerning it is mere conjecture.

(To be continued.)

#### GAY'S CHAIR.

Poems never before printed, written by John Gay, author of the *Beggar's Opera*, Fables, &c. with a Sketch of his Life, from the M.S. of the Rev. J. Joseph Butler, his nephew. Edited by Henry Lee, author of Poetic Impressions, &c. Two which are added Two New Tales, by the Editor. London. 1820. 12mo. pp. 147.

The history of Gay's Chair is given in a preface, and circumstantial pro-

\* Perhaps the reader may not be acquainted with this game, and it may therefore be proper to describe it. A female sits down, one of company kneels down, and lays his head in her lap, so that he can for the moment see nothing. He lays one of his hands behind him, flat on the back, and all those who choose to play give smart strokes on this hand, till he guesses his turn, when the person who is discovered takes his turn on his knees. In this instance however, they neither sat nor kneeled, but one person stooped down and hid his face upon one of the maidens. If I recollect right, there is a good description of this game with many of its agreeable et ceteras, as played in decent circles in France, in the *unif de la Chasse d'Antin*.

advised that the article of furniture in question was undoubtedly the poet's favourite easy seat: we should have imagined that the strongest evidence was the discovery in a secret drawer of the Poems now published. But as the story is curious, we extract its substance.

About twelve years since, it was sold amongst some of the effects of the late Mrs. Williams, niece of the Rev. Joseph Baller, and who by a previous marriage, had been the wife of the Rev. Hugh Fortescue, of Filleigh, near Barnstaple. Both families (the Fortescues and the Ballers) were by marriage nearly related to Gay, whose property was, at his decease (as will afterwards be shown), equally divided betwixt his sisters, Katherine Baller and Joanna Fortescue.

Since the period of Mrs. Williams's death, the chair came into the hands of the late Mr. Clarke, of High-street, Barnstaple, and it was sold, with the rest of his household furniture, by public auction. The editor happening to be then in Devonshire, heard of the above circumstance, and anxious to ascertain the particulars, applied to the auctioneer, who informed him that the chair had been sold to a person of the name of Symonds, to whom the editor immediately went, saw the chair, and afterwards purchased it: orders were given that it should be sent to the house of Mr. Crook, a cabinet-maker in the same street, to be repaired; who, on removing the drawers, discovered the manuscripts from which the principal articles of this publication are taken.

The following extract from Mr. Crook's letter to a gentleman who made enquiries on the subject, will, it is presumed, be satisfactory.—“The chair was bought at an auction by Mr. Symonds of this town, from whose house it came to mine. I was desired to repair it, and on taking out the drawer in front, which was somewhat broken, I found at the back part of the chair, a concealed drawer, ingeniously fastened with a small wooden bolt. Those who have lately had possession of the chair never knew of this concealed drawer: it was full of manuscript papers, some of which appeared to have slipped over, as I found them stuck in the bottom or seat of the chair. A respectable tradesman of this town was present when I made the discovery. The owner of the chair was immediately sent for, and the whole of the papers safely delivered into his hands.—I am, &c.”

There is also a fac simile of Gay's hand writing; and the editor assures us that the longest poem, “The Ladies' Petition,” is printed nearly verbatim from a MS. in this character, which is decidedly that of the bard. He says he is not aware of its having been before published; but we are inclined to doubt whether any of the pieces in this volume have not been either entirely or partially communicated to the world.

The Petition is addressed to the House of Commons, and commences

SIRS!

We, the maids of Exon city,  
The maids! good lack, the more's the pity!  
Do humbly offer this petition,  
To represent our sad condition;  
Which once made known, our hope and trust is  
Your honoured House will do us justice;

and goes on to complain of the widows being more successful than the petitioners in securing husbands.

First you shall hear—But can't you guess  
The reason of our sad distress!—  
(Plague on the widows that compel us  
Thus to petition 'bout young fellows!)  
But we were saying—you must know,  
Tho' blushing we declare our woe,  
A maiden was designed by nature  
A weakly and imperfect creature,  
So liable to err or stray,  
Her wants require a guide, a stay;  
And then so timorous of spirits,  
She dreads to be alone at nights!  
Say what she will, do what she can,  
Her heart still gravitates to man;  
From whence 'tis evident as light  
That marriage is a woman's right;  
And therefore 'tis prodigious hard  
To be of such a right debarred:  
Yet we, poor souls, can't have the freedom  
To get good husbands, tho' we need 'em!  
The widows, Sirs!—their art denotes  
Them *Meanchiefs* in petticoats!

The relief prayed for is a troop of beaux, or the personal devotion of the Members for the good of their country. Of the shorter poems, some may be original and unknown to the public (at least we have no recollection of them), but there are others which are familiar to us, and probably to many of our readers. Dame Doleful's Dobbin eating the grinding-stone, is in this predicament; and the following verses, entitled “Comparisons,” we have heard sung, nearly verbatim, as a song.

A lamb and a lion—a fox and an ass,  
Remember mankind, as it were in a glass;  
Males are harmless as lambs 'till they're fourteen years old,  
And 'till they are forty, as lions are bold;  
As foxes they're cunning 'till three-score and ten,  
Then, silly as asses, no longer are men.

A dove and a sparrow—a parrot and crow,  
The life of a woman most aptly will show;  
Girls innocent doves are 'till fourteen years old,  
And chirrup like sparrows, till forty are told;  
Like parrots they'll prate 'till they're three-score and ten,  
And as crows often croak, so do most old women!

We add the version we have mentioned, as a proof that if this *jeu d'esprit* be really Gay's, it is not a novelty.

An ape and a lion—a fox and an ass,  
May show how the lives of mankind do pass;  
They are all of them apes till the age of fourteen,  
Then bold as lions till forty they're seen;  
Then cunning as foxes till three-score and ten,  
And then they are asses and no more men.

A dove and a sparrow—a parrot and crow,  
The life of a woman most aptly may show;

Girls are innocent doves till they're fourteen years old,  
Then sprightly as sparrows till forty are told;  
Like parrots they chatter until they're four-score,  
Then they're birds of ill-omen, and women no more.”

There are only eight or ten other little pieces ascribed to Gay in this publication, from which we copy two as specimens.

LETTER TO A YOUNG LADY.

Dear Madam,  
I your mercy crave,  
For my poor namesake John, your slave,  
Behold him abject at your feet;  
Now is your triumph most complete:  
A helpless victim see he lies,  
Half slain by your all-conquering eyes:  
Those eyes which like the mid-day sun,  
None can with safety look upon.

To you (oh! take it in good part)  
He gave the maid-hood of his heart,  
Untouch'd by any former love;  
Sure some compassion this might move;  
His heart, which ne'er before was sway'd,  
You like a cullender have made,  
And 'less your power and mercy's equal,  
Indeed, dare call ma'am, I tread the sequel;  
For love, beyond all other ills,  
Despises juleps, drops, and pills.

If wedlock may be deemed a pleasure,  
You can't too soon possess the treasure!  
Consider then the loss of time,  
And snatch the roses in their prime;  
Toss not the man who'll grace your house,  
As a young cat torments a mouse:  
Seeing regardless of the prize,  
Puss stilly turns aside her eyes;  
But should he run—'tis all in vain,  
For, snap! she brings him back again!  
Again the panting wretch she numbles,  
Again she tosses him, and tumbles!

But have you, madam, never seen,  
When in the wall a hole hath been,  
The priester seize a lucky minute,  
And in a trice hath slipp'd within it,  
Leaving behind the tyrant puss,  
To purr and claw and make a fuss?

Pardon, I pray, the facts I state,  
Nor think I meant to insinuate  
Your captive mouse will run away,  
And you the part of puss must play!  
O, no such thing! what I fear most,  
Is, that the mouse, thus plagued and tost,  
Should by such usage be quite wasted,  
Before one morsel has been tasted;  
For what are all such tricks at last,  
But schemes to heighten the repast?  
Or what avails it this to trust,  
And take him when there's nought to eat?  
Rather than hazard such mishap,  
Entice him kindly to the trap:  
You won't, I trust, the thought disparage,  
I mean, dare ma'am, the trap of marriage!  
A trap, I'm sure, he can't withstand,  
If you but lay the bait—your hand!

As I've his welfare much at heart,  
Don't blame me that I take his part;  
He my companion was, and cheerful,  
And not of any female fearful,  
He joked at love, or seem'd to doubt it,  
And laughed at those who talk'd about it;  
But hear him as a child now mutter,  
Like one that's lost its bread and butter!  
Since thoughts of you first fill'd his head,  
His heart as heavy is as lead.

And if, dear ma'am, you don't befriend him,  
Love's fatal power will surely end him.

"But fearing this may be intrusion,  
I'll bring my subject to conclusion,  
Begging you will not mock his sighing,  
And keep him thus whole years a dying!

"Whole years?"—Excuse my freely speaking,  
Such torture, why a month—a week in;  
Care, or kill him quite in one day,  
Obliging thus your servant,

JOHN GAY.

#### TO MY CHAIR.

Thou faithful vassal to my wayward will!  
Thou patient midwife to my labouring skill!  
My pen and ink's choice cell! my paper's pillow!  
Thou steady friend, 't'wixt me and my master mellow!  
My seat!—I visit not the proud St. Stephen;  
St. Stephen knows not me—so we are even.  
A seat, obtained not by a threat or bribe;  
But free, uninfluenced by an influenced tribe:  
Thou'rt my inheritance—I boast no other;  
My throne *unique*! for thou hast not a brother.

Surrounded by my friends, secure from foes,  
By thee upheld, I calmly seek repose.  
Scotched by thy comfort, my ideas spread—  
Aerial forms assemble round my head!  
Titles and honours court me—in the air!  
A proof that I've been building castles there!

Days, months, and years I've musing sat in  
thee,

And when grown pettish, thou'rt answered 'st  
me;

A quality this is, so rarely seen,  
'T would be a jewel might adorn a queen.

My study thou!—my favourite resting place,  
My tabernacle where I pray for grace!  
My spouse! for in thy arms I oft recline,  
And hope, tho' pleas'd with progeny of thine,  
That no base offspring ever may be mine.

Of the two tales added by the editor,  
in order to make out a book of tolerable  
proportions, we shall merely say, that  
the morals are good and the style  
agreeable.

*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de  
France en 1815. Avec le Plan de la  
Bataille de Mont-Saint-Jean. A Paris.  
1820. 8vo. pp. 336.*

Writing this notice at an early period  
of the week, we presume that before it  
appears on the day of our publication,  
an English version of these *Mémoires*  
will have come forth, as a work of that  
kind has been advertised for the 3d  
instant. The usual puffs have preceded,  
and among others a paragraph stat-  
ing that the Duke of Wellington has  
declared that no one but Buonaparte  
could have given this account of the  
Battle of Waterloo; upon which we  
have simply to remark, that if the Duke  
of Wellington said so, he contradicted  
in the most direct manner every syllable  
of his own official dispatches detail-  
ing the battle!! We may also ob-  
serve, that other persons might have  
made out a similar story, since in fact  
it is neither more nor less than a repe-

tition of Gen. Gorgaud's narrative of  
the campaign of 1800, written at  
St. Helena, and published in London  
in 1818. (See *Literary Gazette* for  
1818, p. 740.)

This then is the nature of a book  
pretended to be directly derived from  
the ex-emperor, and intended to serve  
for a very memorable part of the his-  
tory of France. Knowing, as we hap-  
pened to know, that Madame Montholon  
did, about nine months ago, send over  
for O'Meara, a MS. of some kind, we  
imagined it not improbable that this  
should be the same in print; but after  
reading it, it seems impossible to enter-  
tain for an instant the idea that Na-  
poleon had any hand in so ludicrous  
and contemptible an imposition, or  
that it is any thing but an impudent  
compilation, founded on, or rather re-  
composing, Gorgaud's volume, and got  
up for pultry purposes, by some of the  
literary understrappers of the exile, or  
of his friends in Europe.

This being our opinion of the work,  
we shall content ourselves with refer-  
ring to our review of Gorgaud, every  
word in which applies to his copyist;  
and very shortly treating our readers  
with a few of the strong points in the  
new Editor.

Chapter VI. sets out by informing us  
that during the night of the 17th, the  
*Empereur* issued every necessary order  
for the morrow's battle, though every  
thing indicated that it would not take  
place. Had it not been for the left  
wing's being retarded three hours, the  
campaign would have been crowned by  
the annihilation of the Anglo-Dutch  
army the day before. But as this had  
not happened, that Wellington and  
Blücher should have taken advan-  
tage of the night to traverse the forest  
of Soignes, and united their forces in  
front of Brussels, which they might  
have accomplished by 9 o'clock in the  
morning, and thus rendered the situation  
of the French army *very delicate*. Bu-  
onaparte, it seems, was at 1 o'clock  
strongly engaged on these grand  
thoughts (*fort préoccupé de ces grandes  
pensées*), and so determined to believe  
nothing but what he had anticipated  
ought to be done, that it was long  
before scouts, prisoners, and deserters  
could force him to alter his opinion,  
and believe that the English were *ac-  
tuellement*, not running away. When  
he could no longer doubt the fact, that  
Wellington had committed a blunder so  
monstrous, "contrary to the interests  
of his party and country, to the general

spirit of the campaign, and even to the  
most simple rules of war, as to remain  
in a position which the defiles of the  
forest of Soignes in his rear, rendering  
retreat (if he was bent) impossible,"  
he returned from wandering about like  
a troubled spirit, and entered his tent,  
"full of satisfaction at the great error  
which the opposite leader had commit-  
ted, and very much chagrined that the  
bad weather hindered him from pro-  
fiting by it." The morning, however,  
began to clear up, and the elated Na-  
poleon perceived some "faint rays  
from that sun which before its setting  
was to witness the destruction of the  
English army; the British oligarchy  
would then be overthrown; France  
would rise from this day more glorious,  
more powerful, and more grand than  
ever." Of course, it was necessary to  
beat the English first, and this, accord-  
ing to these accounts, was most effec-  
tually done, notwithstanding Bulow  
arrived with 30,000 men in the forenoon.  
The Prussian corps was opposed by  
10,000 men under Loban, and the rest  
of the French, some 50,000 strong, were  
quite enough to thrash 90,000 British. Well,  
the British were completely defeated,  
and fled in crowds (*en foule*), and what  
is more astonishing, "all the fugitives,  
English, Belgian, German, who had  
been sabred by the cavalry, ran towards  
Brussels!" At four o'clock, the victory  
would have been speedily decided, but  
for Bulow's powerful diversion, which it  
took till 5 o'clock to repulse. The  
victory was now complete; the English  
had abandoned the entire field of battle  
between La Haye-Sainte and Mont-  
Saint-Jean; and the French cavalry  
charged amid shouts of triumph, and cut  
down all opposition. Buonaparte ob-  
served that their movement was never-  
theless an hour too early, but that  
which was done must be supported.  
They kill officers who were slain before,  
and do such wonders as never were  
heard of in former battles—yet it is un-  
lucky that the reserve should have thus  
engaged, even to finish the contest; for  
at 7 o'clock—"the victory was gained,  
60,000 Frenchmen had conquered  
120,000 men. Joy was in every ges-  
ture, hope in every heart!" [*La victoire  
était gagnée; soixante-neuf mille  
Français avaient battu cent vingt mille  
hommes. La joie était sur toutes les  
figures, et l'espoir dans tous les cœurs*].

Follows a tirade against Grouchy for  
remaining at Genbloux and Wavre,  
instead of hastening to Waterloo, where,  
if what we have quoted had been true,

vested of much of their Mohammedan asperity, and Aly, himself half a Greek, was not entitled to any great prejudice against me for being only half a Turk. In the refinement of his toilet, however, Aly Tehawoosh might be considered as a finished Osmanlee. Nothing could exceed the exquisite taste of his apparel. His turban attracted the eye less even by its costliness of texture than by its elegance of form. A band of green and gold tissue, diagonally crossing the forehead, was made with studious ease, by its oblique position, completely to overshadow one eye, and as completely to display the other. From its fringed extremity always hung suspended like a tassel, a rose or carnation, which, while it kept crossing the wearer's brow and unocular throat, sent up its fragrance to his disdained nostril. An hour every day was the shortest time allotted to the culture of his adored mustachios, and to the various rites which these idols of his vain-glorious heart demanded; such as changing their hue from a bright flaxen to a jetty black, perfuming them with rose and amber, smoothing their straggling hairs, and giving their taper ends a smart and graceful curve. Another hour was spent in refreshing the scarlet dye of his lips, and tinting the dark shade of his eye-lids, as well as in practising the most fascinating smile and the archest leer which the Terzhan could display. His dress of the finest broadcloth and velvet, made after the most dashing Barbary cut, was covered all over with gold embroidery, so thickly embossed as to appear almost massive. His chest, uncovered down to the girdle, and his arms, bare up to the shoulder, displayed all the bright polish of his skin. His capote was draped so as with infinite grace to break the too formal symmetry of his costume. In short, his handjar with its gilt handle, his watch with its concealed miniature, his tobacco pouch of knitted gold, his pipe mounted in opaque amber, and his pistols with diamond-cut hilt, were all in the style of the most consummate *petit maître*; and if, spite of all his pains, my friend Aly was not without exception the handsomest man in the Ottoman empire, none could deny his being one of the best dressed. His air and manner harmonized with his attire. A confident look, no insolent and sneering tone, and an indolent yet swaggering gait, bespoke him to be, what indeed it was his utmost ambition to appear, a thorough rake. Noddy, drunken, quarrelsome, and expert alike in the exercise of the bow (the weapon of his country), and in that of the handjar, he possessed every one of the accomplishments of those heroes, chiefly met with on the quays of Constantinople and the other principal seaports in the Ottoman empire, whom a modest woman avoids, and to whom a respectable man always gives way.

From Rhodes Anastasias proceeds to Egypt to turn Mamluk, and his passage up the Nile concludes the first volume. His account of Alexandria is almost a parody on Voltaire's satire of a visit to England.

To me the contrast between the liveliness of the Alexandrians and the solemn stupidity of the Turks, seemed quite enchanting. As I went to secure my night's lodging at an okkal I was every instant arrested by their wit and repartee. "How pleasant it must be to reside here," said I to myself; "gay people are always so good natured!"

The words were scarce out of my mouth, when I heard at some distance a loud and increasing clamour, which I supposed to be that of some rejoicing or festival. Presently appeared an immense crowd of people of every age and description,—men, women, and children,—rending the air with their shouts. In the midst of the motley assemblage advanced in a separate cluster a chosen band, trailing after them in procession, with louder howlings than the rest, the city weights and scales.

"What means this ceremony?" said I, addressing one of the actors in this novel scene. "For what purpose are these instruments travelling?"—"For the purpose of gibbeting the chief of the customs, a Syrian Christian, on the instrument of his mal-practices;" hastily answered the fellow, impatient at the detention.

"And has the law weighed and found him wanting?"—"How could it help doing so?" was the reply, "when we all demanded his punishment? We insisted on the *Shur-allah*,—the justice of God; and the Cadree himself thought us too many not to be in the right. So we are going to execute the sentence."

Having now carried his contest to the utmost stretch, the man bade me adieu, for fear of further questions, and ran after his companions, who already were out of sight. For my part I contented myself with inwardly praying to Allah that I might be preserved from his justice; and particularly at Alexandria.

The description of the djerm in which the Nile was ascended, and of its freight, is very humorous; but it is full time to close our long extracts even from a volume so entertaining as we have felt this to be. We shall also be compelled to be very brief in our notice of the second and third.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS FOR OCTOBER, 1819.

The Appendix to this first volume contains 12 other articles, some being short, others more or less extensive, but almost always interesting, especially to Orientalists. Mr. de Sacy takes occasion to make some critical remarks on several of them.

#### TROUBADOURS.

Art. II. *Choix des Poesies Originales des Troubadours*, par Mr. Raynouard. 3 vols. 8vo.

These three volumes, which were published separately in the years 1816, 1817, 1818, are particularly interesting to the lovers of the Provençal language and literature, and we

shall therefore give a succinct account of them.

Vol. I. contains historical proofs of the antiquity of the Romance language, researches into the origin and formations of that language, with the elements of its grammar before the year 1000: lastly, a *grammaire raisonnée* of the language of the Troubadours. Thus it contains the historical and grammatical notions which are to serve as an introduction to the reading of the poems collected in the succeeding volumes. There remains nothing more to be wished for, but a dictionary of the words peculiar to the language of these ancient poets, or which it is difficult now to recognise in ours: and Mr. Raynouard in fact intends to terminate his collection with a glossary particularly adapted to the poems which it contains.

Vol. II. contains dissertations on the Troubadours and on the *Conr d'amour &c.*; the monuments of the Romance language down to these poets, and inquiries into the various kinds of their works. The selection of their poetry, therefore, begins in fact with the third volume; but the second contains many extracts arranged in classes, and preceded both by general views of their ideas and manners, as of more ancient monuments of the language in which they wrote. These are indeed additional preliminaries, but in which a great number of pieces in prose, and still more in verse, are presented to the reader mixed with the researches and observations which illustrate them.

The dissertation entitled *Des Troubadours*, determines the character of their literature. Most of their productions are erotic, though some censure or celebrate events or persons of their times, paint the manners of the princes, the clergy, and the nobility, encourage the zeal or deplore the misfortunes of the Crusaders. The specimens of these various descriptions of poems are here translated into prose, which, notwithstanding its great elegance and harmony, puts the performance of the Troubadours to a trial, which is more or less severe to all poetry.

The dissertation of Mr. Raynouard in the *Conr d'amour* tends to prove that it exercised a great power founded on opinion, in the south and the north of France, from the middle of the 12th century till after the 14th.

Vol. III. contains erotic pieces selected from the works of 60 Troubadours, from the year 1090 till towards 1260. There is only the text, without translation, and without notes. But some, and in general the most remarkable of these pieces, are translated in the second volume; and Mr. Raynouard, besides, might suppose his readers sufficiently prepared to understand them, by the grammar, the literal versions, and the dissertations in the preceding volumes. He intends also, as we have said, to publish a dictionary of the language of these poets. Some persons would perhaps desire that he would point out the MSS. from which he has taken each piece in this third volume, and give some



short historical notices, to acquaint us as far as possible with the place and time in which each of the Troubadours lived. We may refer, it is true, to Millot's History of the Troubadours, and to the literary History of France; but not to mention that there are errors in those works, it would be convenient to find in Mr. Raynouard's work all the information relative to the authors of the poems which he publishes.

These additions, if he thinks them useful, will form part of the volumes which he is preparing; and we may be assured that he will omit nothing of what should make his work a complete course of the Romance literature. This third volume has the double merit of publishing many hitherto unedited pieces, and of giving a pure and correct edition of them.

Art. III. Leçons de Philosophie, par M. Laromiguière.

This work has been already noticed in our Analysis of the Journal des Savans. The subject, though of considerable importance, and as it appears from the character of the work given by the review, very ably treated, has not sufficient general interest to induce us to go at length into it; especially as the review is not even now concluded, but is to be continued in some succeeding number of the Journal.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### CICERO'S LOST BOOKS DE REPUBLICA.

In addition to what we have stated respecting the discovery of Cicero De Republica we may add, that another MS. includes the second part of some ancient works, the first part of which was discovered by M. Mai at Milan, some time ago. These manuscripts originally belonged to a monastery at Bobbio, whence they were removed at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and conveyed partly to Rome and partly to Milan. The second manuscript also contains some correspondence between Fronto and Marcus Aurelius, and the conclusion of the valuable commentary on Cicero, the commencement of which has already been published at Milan.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### OXFORD, Jan 29.

On Thursday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

**MASTERS OF ARTS.**—Rev. John Bartholomew, Corpus Christi College. Rev. Charles William Stocker, Fellow of St. John's College. **BACHELORS OF ARTS.**—William Peel, Esq. Brasenose College, grand compounder. William Henry Deverell, Wadham College. William Wood, Exeter College. Charles Henry Cox, Student of Christ Church. John Adams, Christ Church. Henry Hutton, Scholar of Balliol College. William Pole Balliol College.

### CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 21.

Joseph Deve, Esq. and Joshua King, Esq. Bachelors of Arts, of Queen's College, were on Friday last elected Foundation Fellows of that society.

The Rev. John Hulse, of Elworth-hall, in the county of Chester, formerly a member of St. John's College in this university, among other bequests for the promotion of religion and learning, instituted a Lecture-ship in Divinity, to which he annexed a considerable salary, arising out of estates in Middlewich, Sandluch, and Clive. The duty of the Lecturer is to preach and publish twenty sermons, chiefly on the truth and excellence of revelation.—The Rev. Christopher Benson, of Trinity College, has been chosen Lecturer for the present year.—This is the first appointment under Mr. Hulse's will.

**PERSON PRIZE.**—The passage fixed upon for the present year is,

SHAKESPEARE, MACBETH, Act I. Scene the last.—The Dialogue between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. Beginning with  
"We'll proceed no further."

And ending with  
"What the false heart doth know."

JAN. 28.—Saturday last, being Bachelors of Arts' Commencement, 134 gentlemen were admitted to that degree:—

**TRINITY COLLEGE.**—Messrs. Austin, Bain, Baines, Barlow, Barron, Bird, Coddington, Crakelt, Cowell, Dudsword, Eggington, Goode, Hall, Haworth, Higgins, Humfrey, Huntington, Knox, Lyon, Murray, Overton, Paynter, Platt, Richards, Ross, Schofield, Sheepshanks, Swann, Taylor, Vickers, Waddington, Wain, Wigram, Williams, Worsley.....35

**ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.**—Messrs. Alington, Andrews, Bray, Brooshoof, Buckstone, Butler, Chapman, Close, Daniel, Dixon, Edmonds, Godfrey, Harrison, Heberden, Inge, Jennys, Law, Leeder, Locking, Loxdale, Maddy, Parham, Parkinson, Parry, Pitt, Plucknett, Spencer, Steward, Thresher, Tremlett, Trotter, Williams.....32

**ST. PETER'S COLLEGE.**—Messrs. Carr, Packman.....2

**CLARE HALL.**—Messrs. Burdakin, Burroughs, Codd, Farington, Frost, Le Grice, Walker.....7

**PENROSE HALL.**—Messrs. Allen, Deane, Fallowfield, Ion, Kirby, Lubbock, Maltby, Unipelly.....8

**CAIUS COLLEGE.**—Messrs. Clayton, Cobbold, Kelly, Pearce, Ward, Wenn, Wilder.....7

**BENE'T COLLEGE.**—Messrs. Brough, Edwards, Francis, Otter, Rigg, Robinson, Wilkinson, Winder.....8

**QUEEN'S COLLEGE.**—Messrs. Butts, Green, Hartley, Wilton.....4

**CATHARINE HALL.**—Messrs. Darby, Dewe, Durham, Eastwick, Graham, Milner, Wilkinson.....7

**JESUS COLLEGE.**—Messrs. Crowther, Gedge, Lockwood, Powell, Stevens, Wilson.....6

**CHRIST COLLEGE.**—Messrs. Blackburn, Dod, Horsley, Isaacson, May, Musson, Pickering, Pooley, Sevier, Worsley.....10

**MAGDALENE COLLEGE.**—Mr. Lane.....1  
**EMMANUEL COLLEGE.**—Messrs. Agner, Fielding, Freer, Hickman, Savage, Sheldford, Wharton.....7

## FINE ARTS.

### PORTRAIT OF THE KING.

Mr. Ackermann has published an affecting portrait of his late Majesty. It is from the able pencil of Count Munster, the constant attendant on his Majesty during the latter years of his public life, to whom the King granted the honour of a sitting shortly before he was seized by his last melancholy malady. It is stated, that this is acknowledged by the Royal family to be a most accurate resemblance; and to eyes less familiar with the royal countenance, it certainly appears to be at once an interesting and a faithful portrait.

### BUST OF THE DUKE OF KENT.

We looked the other day at a bust of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, for which he gave the last sitting only the day before he left town for Sidmouth. His Royal Highness's head was favourable to the sculptor; the cranium being of no common form and the countenance marked and regular, with a strong family likeness. The artist, Mr. Turnerelli, appears to have made a good use of these circumstances, for we never saw a resemblance more striking than that which his portrait bears to the deceased Prince. The contemplation of this model afforded a melancholy reflection:—but a few days before, it was the initiation of a living being endowed with energy, function, thought—how inanimate, how inferior, how worthless, in comparison!—but a few days had elapsed; and that exalted mould was annihilated by death, and this ordinary clay, for attraction, for consideration, for worth, was all, and its original was nothing. Permanent, excellent, it bade fair to last and be admired for years of time, gazed at by generations of Britons, when, perhaps, in its marble features they were tracing those of the progenitor of a line of monarchs, under whose sway many vicissitudes of good and evil, of defeat and victory, of difficulty and triumph had been experienced.

The costume of the bust is a field marshal's uniform, with orders of knighthood; and we consider it to be one of the finest specimens of the artist.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

### OSBERON TO HIS FAIRY QUEEN

Breathe, oh! breathe  
On this flowery wreath,  
And its brightness shall live;  
And its beauty will thrive;  
For the sigh thou can't give,  
Will preserve it alive  
For ever!

For thy breath  
Bears a charm against death;  
And the pious of day  
Exclaim'd by thy sweetness,  
At thy bidding will stay,  
And give up their fleetness,  
For thee, love!

Oh! what bliss!  
Thus to hang on thy kiss,  
And to mingle with thine,  
With those breathings of thine,  
And to bask in those eyes  
As they gaze upon mine,  
So fondly!

Jan. 26, 1820.

I. L. S.

## THE SHADE OF ANACREON.

Thou spirit of the Teian Bard,  
Leave for awhile thy drear domain;  
Such gentle strains as erst were heard  
On Græia's shores, oh! sound again.

O haste, and bring thee bright lyre,  
Which oft hath sung airy beauty's smile;  
Haste, and with sweetest notes aspire  
To wing the fair of Albion's isle.

Britannia's dearest treasure sing;  
Crown thee, obey the sweet command;  
Why thus bewildered sounds thy string?  
Why falter thus thy feeble hand?

Thou calling on Anacreon's shade,  
Invoking thus his lyric art;  
Methought this sweet excuse it made—  
With joy I grav'd it on my heart.

"The beauties of Æschia's shore,  
"I deem'd thee Venus' choicest care;  
"But never was I call'd before  
"To sing of virgins half so fair.

"This, this alone, enchains my hand,  
"This renders faint my harp's full string;  
"The lovely fair of Albion's land  
"I must not—dare not—cannot sing."

Jan. 31, 1820.

ALPHEUS.

## SCOTCH SONG.

You ken fu' weel, I am your ain,  
That I loe ye mair than ony,  
An' yet be speer at me again,  
If I loe ye still my Johnny.

Yude faith, lad, ye should doubt yoursel  
Gin ye doubted ony, . . .  
But speer again, for I loe to tell  
How much I loe my Johnny.

EVAN.

## BIOGRAPHY.

## REMOIR OF THORVALDSEN, THE SCULPTOR

Albert Thorvaldsen was born at Copenhagen in 1771, or 1772. His parents were in very narrow circumstances. His father, a native of Iceland, was a stone-mason; and supported himself and his family very scantily by this occupation. Albert, from his earliest childhood, delighted in assisting his father at work; and, with much ingenuity, imitated the ornaments which he made of wood. The father, who soon saw that his son would become something more than a mere stone-mason, made him attend the

lessons in drawing which are given gratis in the Academy of Arts.

The young artist now began to design with the other pupils, and attracted the notice of his masters, though never remarkable for diligence. But his fondness for modeling soon distinguished him more particularly; and in a short period he was rewarded by the Academy with several small premiums.

Albert grew up without any systematic education. In his seventeenth year he made his first attempt to gain one of the smaller prize medals, given for the modelling of a bas-relief. The practice is to lock the pupils up in a particular room, where they are left entirely to their own genius. Thorvaldsen went to obtain this his first triumph with the terrors of a criminal sentenced to death; and even now, at the zenith of his fame, he cannot reflect without a kind of comic terror on what he then felt, and how he was obliged to screw his courage to the sticking-place by a good draught from the northern hippocrène, which for the poor lad consisted only of brandy. In the course of four hours he happily completed his work. The subject proposed was:—Heliodorus, or the Robbery of the Temple. He succeeded so completely in this task, that he astonished his judges, and obtained, not only the prize for which he had laboured, but also the great gold medal, to which is attached an allowance for travelling to Italy to study for a certain number of years. The enjoyment of the latter was withheld from him for a time, as the professors did not deem it advisable to send so inexperienced a youth into the world, abandoned to his own discretion. He therefore received for the present the prizes, and his masters beheld with delight how he improved more and more every day. The celebrated Danish historical painter, Abilgaard, conceived a marked affection for him; and among the nobility, his excellency the Privy Counsellor Christian Reventlow especially noticed him, and encouraged his rising talent.

After Thorvaldsen had completed several successful works of art in his native country, he at last departed about the twenty-fourth year of his age (1797), for Italy, in a royal frigate, which was bound for Naples. On the voyage he was in great danger, but at last happily reached Naples. The young artist, however, quite unacquainted with the world, and ignorant of every other but his native tongue, felt himself quite forlorn in this paradise of nature and of art. The longing after home, which seizes almost every young Danish traveller, rendered him insensible to every charm which this country presented; and he was so near to despair, that had not shame restrained him, he would have returned with the same frigate to his beloved country, without having seen Rome, the Apollo Belvidere, the Laocoon, and the Tragic Muse. He was therefore obliged to depart for Rome. Here he wandered for a year and a half, as if in a dream, among the statues of gods and heroes; and in the contemplation of so many masterpieces of art, was unable to produce anything of importance.

But soon the mist which seemed to envelope his mental faculties, was dispelled. The Roman ladies began to notice and to encourage the characteristically handsome northern visionary. Towards the end of his second year's stay in Rome, he began to model, to cast, and to destroy again. His celebrated and learned countryman, George Zoega, who perceived his great genius, paid much attention to him; and though he was his most intimate friend, he was at the same time his most rigorous judge. The young northern Phidias found in him an impartial critic, who never gave way when he had reason to blame. Sometimes he would say to him, "the ancients would not have done this;" and once he said, "No woman of character in ancient times, much less a goddess, ever dressed in this manner," on seeing a Pallas by our artist, where a fold in the drapery appeared less decorous; and the artist struggling to reach the ideal, he knocked off the heads of his statues, and destroyed works which would even then have conferred celebrity.

Still the eyes of the connoisseurs had not yet been attracted to him; and even when he had finished that master-piece of art the *Leader of the Argonauts*, Jason, it happened that Thorvaldsen being in the company of about thirty or forty artists, with whom he usually dined, was asked "whether he knew the young Danish artist who had made this noble statue?" In this manner did our artist labour in modest retirement; so that it was not even known who was the author of this work.

Mr. Hope of Amsterdam, so well known as a liberal patron of the arts, was at that time in Rome. He visited Thorvaldsen, saw his Jason (which was then only cast in plaster) and bespoke it in marble. Immediately after this work Thorvaldsen modeled a great bass relief, the subject of which was chosen from the First Book of the *Iliad*, where Agamemnon causes the heralds Talthybius and Eurybates to lead Briseis out of the tent of Achilles. This work likewise attracted the attention of the most competent judges. With rapid steps he now advanced towards perfection in his art, while his reputation daily extended.

But his spirited progress was checked in the years 1804 and 5, when he was attacked by a very serious and tedious illness. The physicians despaired of his recovery; his friends feared that he would be snatched from them, and without doubt he would have been lost to the arts, had not the noblest friendship rescued him. Thorvaldsen hurried to Tuscany and found in the house of the Danish Ambassador, Chamberlain Von Schubart, that care and rest of which he stood so much in need.

In the year 1808 he produced two works, which established his fame on a permanent basis. His Colossal Mars and his Adonis will form an epoch in the history of modern art. The connoisseurs, on seeing his Adonis, were transported with delight, and said: "*questo da vero è un uomo divino.*" Among these was also the celebrated Antonio Canova, who declared this work to be

the most beautiful and successful of Thorvaldsen's: "Finalment questa statua (said he) è lavorata in uno stile nobile e pure grazioso, e pieno di sentimento."

In the winter of 1803, Thorvaldsen again received orders from home, for he had before sent many of his works to Copenhagen. His Majesty the King of Denmark wished to have the entrance of the newly-built palace of Christiansburg ornamented with four bas-reliefs of his work, and those he completed to universal satisfaction.

Among the numerous works of this great artist, whom many esteem equal to Canova, may be mentioned his Three Graces, which exceed in delicacy every thing of the kind before seen or conceived. His Allegory on Day and Night, and his Mercury, are the delight of the lovers of art. The Duke Augustenburgh has bought his Graces and Mercury. His Entrance of Alexander the Great into Babylon, which was ordered by Napoleon, to be executed in bas-relief, for a public edifice in Milan, has been purchased on the recommendation of the Hereditary Prince Christian, as it is said, for Four Thousand Guinea, by the King of Denmark, for the palace of Christiansburg.

Foreign nations, the Poles, the Swiss, have chosen Thorvaldsen to decide on the erection of their national monuments. A medal has been struck at Rome, in his honour, on which his head is extremely like. Fifteen men are employed in his Atelier, but he is engaged to execute works which will fully employ all his life. He is afflicted with a pain in the chest, and his life is now chiefly dedicated to his king and his country, to adorn the palace of the Danish kings with works of art. Among these are the Candelabras, which stood in the Temple of Jupiter at Athens, and which he has executed after the description of Pausanias.

He left Rome a few months ago, to pay a visit to his own country, after an absence of so many years. On his journey through Switzerland and Germany he was every where received with the greatest esteem. Apartments were prepared for him in the Academy of Arts at Copenhagen. He has brought with him from the Duchess of Devonshire, as a present to her son Mr. Foster, the English Ambassador in Copenhagen, one of the finest specimens of Typography, which the Duchess has published in Italy at her expense. It is a splendid edition of the Journey of Horace, in which views of all the places through which Horace travelled, are engraved by the best artists of Italy.

Thorvaldsen is not married. His head resembles that of a statue; but his features beauteous with intelligence, and his frank and open manners gain the affection of all who know him. He possesses a real genius for music, and plays the guitar with peculiar expression and skill. His society is extremely agreeable, for his feelings and sense of propriety are so very refined, that he might fancy he had constantly frequented the most polished circles, instead of having been confined for almost three and twenty years to his Atelier at Rome; his wit is striking and keen; his judgment upon works

of art is severe, as becomes an artist who has the highest perfection in view.

Thorvaldsen hopes to return to Rome in the spring; engravings of his principal works are publishing at Frankfurt. We have seen some of the plates representing his Entry of Alexander into Babylon, and some epical carvings, which give a high idea of the originals, and do great credit to the engravers.

## THE DRAMA.

The Theatres have been closed since our last.

## VARIETIES.

*Absence of Mind.*—The Memoirs of Count Tessin, lately published at Stockholm, contain among many curious anecdotes, the following:—"Of all the absent people I ever knew in Sweden, the most remarkable was the late Chancellor, Baron Nörlin. Two instances deserve to be related:—Once when he had to read to his Royal Highness Prince Adolphus Frederick (now King) a report of the privy council, he very gravely took out of his pocket the lease of his house, which he read nearly to the end, till the remarks of the Prince at last made him sensible of his mistake. Another time he came into his Royal Highness's antichamber, where I was with several others, and asked for Count Tessin. I answered him myself; but he went out in a very great hurry, and came back and said, the officer in waiting informs that he is in the room. I answered, your lordship will believe me, I hope, for I have myself seen the count go out of the room. Nörlin went out a second time, and came back again with a new assurance of the officer in waiting; on which a general laugh ensued and waked him out of his dream.

A new steam-boat has been launched at Potsdam, larger than any yet built in Europe. It is 200 feet long and 44 feet wide. It is impelled by two engines of twenty horse power each: it was named "The Blücher," with grand ceremony.

The Police at Leipzig has prohibited the circulation of a work entitled the *Anti-Stonard-German*; and in Russia, a work called *Biblical proof that Jesus Christ lived on earth twenty-seven years after his resurrection*, has been seized.

*Light and Shade.*—A citizen whose very industrious habits had advanced him to a country-house, walking one hot day in his garden, caught the gardener asleep under a tree. He scolded him soundly for his laziness, and ended by telling him, that such a sluggard was not worthy to enjoy the light of the sun: "It was for that reason, exactly," said the gardener, "that I crept into the shade."

A melancholy instance of the danger of precipitate interment lately took place in the city of Pau. A man who had been deaf and dumb from his birth, and who followed the trade of a furrier, went out to sup with a party of friends. Having drunk a great quantity of brandy, he became alarmingly ill

on his return home; a physician was sent for, who administered some poisons, which however produced no effect. In a short time all signs of life ceased, the unfortunate man was supposed to be dead, and his funeral took place on the following afternoon. The funeral service was chanted in the church, and the body was about to be conveyed to the burial ground, when a noise was heard within the coffin, accompanied by groans. The terrified mourners immediately stopped; the coffin lid was opened, and with horror they beheld the supposed corpse rise up. Medical aid was immediately procured, but it was too late: the cold and privation of air which the unfortunate man had endured while shut up in the coffin, together with the horrible sensations he experienced on his recovery,—all combined to deprive him finally of the life to which he had thus been restored. He survived only a few hours.

The house of a poor shoe-maker of Venice having lately been burnt down, Lord Byron, who is at present residing in that city, had the house rebuilt at his own expense, and presented the shoe-maker with a sum of money equivalent to the loss of his tools and furniture, &c.

For some weeks past, the cold has been excessive in the mountains of Anvergne. At Clermont the thermometer fell to seventeen degrees below zero.

On the road to Mont d'or, a troop of hungry wolves attacked three carriage drivers, one of whom was torn to pieces;—the other two escaped. The wolves devoured the horses belonging to the carriages.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JANUARY, 1820.

Thursday, 27.—Thermometer from 43 to 52. Barometer from 29.78 to 29.96.

Wind S.W. 3.—Clouds generally passing; a times clear; rain in the evening.

Rain fallen .1 of an inch.

Friday, 28.—Thermometer from 35 to 45. Barometer from 29.72 to 30.10.

Wind N. 3 and 1.—Generally cloudy.

Rain fallen .05 of an inch.

Saturday, 29.—Thermometer from 34 to 44. Barometer from 30.32 to 30.35.

Wind S.W. 1, and N.W. 1.—Morning at noon generally clear, and very fine; the rest of the day clouds passing.

Sunday, 30.—Thermometer from 36 to 47. Barometer stationary at 30.23.

Wind S.W. 2 and 1.—Generally cloudy.

Monday, 31.—Thermometer from 37 to 49. Barometer from 30.21 to 30.11.

Wind S. 3 and 1.—Generally fair; clouds passing at times.

FEBRUARY.

Tuesday, 1.—Thermometer from 31 to 45. Barometer from 30.19 to 30.9.

Wind S. 1, E. 2, and 2.—Clear; a white fro in the morning.

Wednesday, 2.—Thermometer from 24 to 39. Barometer from 30.02 to 30.0.

Wind S. 1, E. 1.—Morning clear and rimy the rest of the day generally cloudy.

Venus is a beautiful object in the S.W. eve evening.

Edmonton, Middlesex.

JOHN ADAM

bold attempts to inculcate doctrines subversive of the very foundations of human happiness. Of all the errors which taint the mind of man, there is not one more falsely groundless, or more fatal in its consequences, than that abominable selfishness which assumes the form of free liberality; and while it works havoc and desolation around, prides itself on its superior beauty and perfection: which consults its own gratification at the expence of others' dearest enjoyments; and deems that licentiousness is virtue, and a disregard of every divine and moral institution, wisdom. Into this wretched blindness Mr. Brooke has unhappily fallen. He whines about loveliness and love, and nature and fine feelings; and aims to fancy that genius is synonymous with a perverted imagination; that wild reveries are poetry; and that seduction, adultery, blasphemy, and suicide, are amiable and admirable. The stupidity of such opinions is perhaps the best security for their not doing the mischief which their propagation might otherwise effect; and the folly and nonsense in which they abound, are good antidotes to the jingling depravity of this class of rhymesters.

We shall proceed to justify the censure we have found it our painful duty to bestow on this volume; a duty, the performance of which could less possibly be avoided, as the author asserts that his effusions are not ideal, but "transcripts of personal feelings and experience;" which, if true, is the heaviest sentence upon him, that could be passed by the sound and honourable portion of his species.

"A young girl's address to her mother" justifies, in the sentimental jargon of this pernicious school, infidelity, immodesty, and harlotry. She asks why a parent should frown on her since she only visits a bard, who—

—Said he wandered.  
And so in his belief did other men,  
Though they perceived it not, through the sad waste

Of life in error or uncertainty,  
From birth to death without a hope or guide.  
And of the inexplicable mystery  
Which wraps our being, mournfully he spake.  
Of Interest, Pride, and Prejudice, and of  
The odious track in which men blindly plod,  
And their fierce folly in defending wrong,  
And of the dreams and lies which solemn fools  
And wilful tyrants forge to lead along  
The simple crowd, he told; and, somewhat moved,—

Of Faith, that many-headed monster, which  
With blasphemous perversion has been fed  
From age to age with human blood and tears:  
And then he told me that the Law of Love

Alone should govern this uneasy world.—  
Then as in eager converse oft we drew  
Nearer together, he would gently bend  
My form to his, and with a smile and sigh  
Sink on my lips,—and oh! the subtle fire  
Which from that touch shot through my thrilling veins!

Oh, Mother, you are old, you do not know,  
Or have forgotten, haply never felt  
The transports which two mingling spirits feel,  
Who having long explored on painful wing  
The unimaginable depths of Thought,  
Find nothing to repose upon, but turn  
And realize one blessing e'en on earth.

At times in this tumultuous tenderness  
My senses were o'erwhelmed—

And this precious trash is not forsooth  
to alarm a mother's fears! Perhaps not  
—the period for fear was past, and a  
despairing conviction of irreclaimable  
perversion and guilt, the juster feeling  
for the occasion. Here follows an example of the songs with which this fit  
companion for a virtuous girl entertains  
her.

Then damp not my joys by that sigh self-reproving;

The Virtue we serve shall be Nature and Truth;  
And the misjudging world may condemn us for loving.

Who deem but of Love as the folly of Youth.  
They know not that those in whose breasts it  
beats strongest,

Have hearts to which wisdom its best lore  
hath given;

And that souls where its fervors divine have  
burned longest

Are those best prepared for the raptures of  
Heaven!

This impious profanation is not accidental; it is the undefeated result of deep corruption, and equalled (at page 87) in what is styled an "Actual dream," where some mistress is invited to seek

One little, bright, sequestered spot,

Where we, with undivided lot,

Tranquilly might dwell and die,

Far from Man's malignity;

Who here would work us many a woe,

Because we from our souls would throw

Custom's cold and cramping chain:—

And long we searched—but searched in vain!

And then we turned in hopelessness

To take in one long wild career

Our last farewell; one long, one last

Embrace;—Oh God! e'en that was past—

And thou wert gone!—

We have not patience to go through with these odious and daring lessons, even for the purpose of pointing out their wickedness, and exposing their absurdity. No wonder that to one so morally blind, a self-murderer is a theme of veneration, and that he should imprecate a curse on his country for appointing an unhallowed grave to the suicide.

—Should he thus rest

Whose gallant spirit nobly sought in death  
A refuge from disgrace, and whose free breath  
Scorned the vile clay which Shame's dark bonds  
irect:

Oh Thou that mockest at misfortune! Thou  
That warrest with the dead! Oh may the  
blight

Of lasting infamy upon thy brow,

England! for this all blistering light!

And when thou fall'st, as soon thou must, then be  
Such mercy as thou shewest, shewn to thee.

No wonder that a being with every sense thus incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong, should draw the following picture of his own wretchedness.

I care not when this scene shall close,

No torments hath the grave for me,

This wearied frame may there repose,

And leave the encumbered spirit free;

Or should it rot in apathy,

And moulder with its mortal clay,—

Oh God! 'twere still a happy day

Which ends this fearful agony!

Hopeless on Earth, I turned to Heaven,

'Till lost in Glory's boundless light,

All blind and blinded, downward driven,

I sunk in clouds of tenfold night;

And in the soul's perpetual blight

I drag about this hateful chain;—

But soon I shall not ask in vain

From thee, O Death, the wretched's right.

This picture of agony and despair; of hopelessness on earth and of blasting horror at the look towards heaven; is the best comment upon the author's principles. It is but just that depravity, which would make earth hell, should have no pleasure on earth;...it is but just that infidelity, which would rob us of the expectations of hereafter, should have no joy in the contemplation of Heaven. Doubt and disappointment, remorse and dread, are the sure fruits of such doctrines, and of the practices founded upon them, if unfortunately for the individual and for society, they are ever realized beyond the heated visions of a perturbed fancy.

The two following little poems are specimens of the writer's better parts.

#### TWILIGHT.

How sweet hath been this darkling pause:—

But, lo, the emerging moon I see,

Whose curious light the veil withdraws

Which screened awhile my love and me;

Beneath the shade we wandered free

And mocked at man's obtrusive gaze,—

Then fair as Dian's orb may be,

Love now might well excuse her rays!

You trembling star, whose radiance dim

Burns faintly in the distant skies,

Is light, and light enough for him

Who looks but in his lady's eyes;

The glow-worm's lamp a torch supplies

To guide our steps through Haila's grove:—

Then why should worlds of brightness rise

On those whose brighter world is Love!

#### STANZAS.

My harp was as that airy shell

Beneath the breeze's fugal play,

Whose tones with every tempest swell,

And with each dying gale decay;

Now murmuring sorrow's softer sighs,

Now echoing loud its agonies.

Those sounds are hushed: despair has taught  
My soul its fruitless plaint to cease,  
Silent to hear the strife of thought,  
But feel that patience is not peace;  
My heart and harp their last have spoken—  
The strings of both, at once were broken!

Our last quotation will show, that in merry mood, as in sad, Mr. Brooke places his sense of what is desirable for human enjoyment on the worst possible basis. His *love* and *mirth* cannot co-exist with *truth* and *reason*... the true and rational epicure knows that these give the former their finest zest.

To-night, to-night we twine, boys,  
A chain of the brightest hours;  
Then bring, then bring me wine, boys,  
And scatter these rose flowers!  
Not often hath such a madness  
My bounding bosom thrilled,  
Up to-night must the cup of gladness  
But to the brim be filled!  
Then away with Truth and Reason—  
To-night let Love and Mirth  
Make for a bright brief season  
A Heaven on this dull Earth!  
We think not of to-morrow,  
But be it storm or shine,  
'Twill take whole showers of sorrow  
To cool this tide of wine;  
Then bring, then bring me wine, boys,  
And scatter these rose flowers,  
For to-night, to-night we'll twine, boys,  
A chain of the brightest hours!

*Anastasijs; or Memoirs of a Greek.*  
3 vols.  
(Continued.)

Continuing his voyage from Constantinople to Greece, we cannot resist quoting the ensuing description as eminently beautiful and characteristic.

The current had faithfully escorted us out of the straits; but having fairly seen our ship into the open sea, it here made a deep obeisance, bid our party farewell, and dived away, leaving us for the remainder of the voyage to the care of the winds. These apparently were busy elsewhere. At least none attended our anxieties; and for several days we were left to confront nothing but a dead calm. Should any one be so fortunate as to have had no acquaintance thus far with the monster ennui, the most favorable situation without doubt for acquiring a thorough knowledge of its powers, is on board a vessel so small as to leave no room for exercise, in the midst of a sea so boundless as to offer no object for contemplation, where motionless in one's motionless vehicle, one lies for hours watching a cloudless sky for a breeze which stays away, and a waveless sea for a ripple which comes not! In this situation, while all else stands completely still, time itself seems to roll on so heavily, that though every hour of one's short life runs wholly to waste, one yet regrets that it does not waste faster. I, who could only breathe in a bustle and thrive in a whirlwind, absolutely gasped in this unrelenting stillness of the elements

as for breath; and it seemed to deaden in my mind even the sense of pain, which would have been a welcome relief to my listlessness. Fifty times an hour I looked alternately at the sun and at my watch: I stretched myself; I yawned; I walked the deck long-ways and cross ways: I listened to the dull jokes of the sailors, and even took part in their lifeless conversation, until I became convinced that tedium levels the various conditions of life far more than love, or even gambling. All my impatience was not of the least use! The sun rose, and the sun set; and in the day time the heavenly vault displayed its uninterrupted azure, and at night the vast firmament twinkled with its innumerable stars, and still we remained in the same spot, with the same headlands ever in sight, and the same uniform sluggish sounds of flapping sails, flauting ropes, creaking timbers and growling mast ever dinning in our wearied ears. "The worst storm," cried I sighing, "would be a thousand times preferable to the nuisance of a calm like this!"

The storm (which happened to lurk within hearing,) took me at my word. Scarce had I uttered the wish, than it hastened with all possible alacrity to attend the invitation. A white fleece arose in the distant sky: a dark streak shut across the wave beneath it; a breeze in short was felt. This breeze became a gale, and this gale grew to a hurricane. Angry clouds, gathering on all sides, began to travel in every direction through the sky. They met, they crossed, and stopped each other as if to parley, until the whole heavenly vault became a continuous mass of darkness. It would have been difficult to decide which howled the most dismally—the frightened sailors, lowering the yards, closing the hatchways, and clearing the deck—or the frightful blast, mocking their petty endeavours, and tearing and tumbling every thing about our ears. It kept lashing the roaring waves, until they alternately heaved us up on their foaming backs to the sky, or shot us down their dark sides to the very bottom of the sea.

When the tempest became so furious that each sailor would have found employment for a dozen hands, they all wisely left off their work, to fall upon their knees, and say their prayers. Had Saint Spiridon, the protector general of ships in distress, been ears all over, he scarce could have heard or heeded all the vows addressed to him on this occasion. But the more we prayed the more the storm continued blustering, until our ship must inevitably have sunk, had not the sailors providentially hit upon an infallible expedient for appeasing the tempest.

The Jew, (one taken on board for charity) who, during the whole of the fine weather had made sport for us very handsomely on deck, at the very first lowering of the sky had taken care to dive into the hold among the ballast. Entirely forgotten for a while, he just happened to be remembered at this critical period. All now saw as plain as daylight the whole cause of the hurricane, as well as the remedy; and agreed that nothing could save the ship, but dooming the He-

brew to destruction. Fairly tossed into the sea, his life, it was thought, would without fail appease the angry waves.

The poor wretch heard from his hiding place the appalling sentence. He strove to creep under the loose stones, where he was almost suffocated; but had he nestled in their very heart, like a toad, he could not have escaped. Dragged upon the deck, no entreaty could save him from his impending doom. When however, with one leg already overboard, he saw himself on the brink of eternity, he begged to ransom his life for money, and the before penniless creature offered, first, one piastre, then two, then five, then a dozen! in order not to be thus turned adrift. But existence was at stake with the sailors as well as with him; and gold had lost its power. They let the Hebrew drop.

Anastasijs' rejection by his family, in whom hatred overpowers prudence, is ably painted; and his repentant visit to the tomb of his first love, and her infant, is most pathetic.

Ever since the sight of home had revived ancient recollections, and with them the remorse for ancient misdeeds, I had panted for a journey to Samos, there to perform on the lonely grave of my Helena the sad rites of contrition and of penance. On the morning of my own birthday I proceeded to the not far island, whose privileged earth held the sacred deposit; landed on its rocky shore early in the afternoon, and ere the evening cast its lengthening shadows around, reached the hallowed spot, sole object of my visit.

The sun's departing rays were just gilding from the moss-grown tomb. I approached it with awe: strewn upon it the wild flowers which had grown in its shade; bedewed its silent stones with tears of grief and remorse, and over the ill-fated treasure underneath, poured out my heart's bitter anguish in alternate groans and prayers. The whole night Helena's grave-stone was my pillow and early the next morning, ere yet the orb of day rose out of the sparkling wave—making my dagger my pen—I traced on that dusky slab as on the recording roll, my Christian, my Grecian, my old name Anastasijs filled in the deep sunk characters with that hot stream from my own bosom; and exclaiming: "with the purple of my own blood I sign the marriage contract! I make thee mine in death, and make thee mine in life hereafter!" for the last time imprinted a quivering lip on the cold marble, and rush away from death's receptacle, which I had made my nuptial couch.

From another chapter, detailing voyage to Rhodes, we draw the portion of a Turkish dandy.

I speedily formed an acquaintance with one of the Tehawushes of the Caput Pasha, who like myself was only a passerger. Aly was his name, and Crete his country. This latter circumstance added much in my eyes, to the merit of his society. I Turks of Candia, by their constant internigues with Greek women, to whom it permit every latitude of worship, become

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No. 160. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1820. PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

### *The Mystery, or Forty Years Ago.*

This novel, in three volumes, of which we took some notice in No. 158, issues from the press on Monday; and, treated with an early *Presentation copy*, we lose no time in setting a new, and clever essayist in this species of composition (a first attempt, we understand) before the public. He has produced a work which will not fail, we think, to excite a considerable sensation, even at a period when-novel writing is on the pinnacle of its fame. Compassing an agreeable admixture of genteel and low life; now delineating such events as the riots in 1780 with historical force and fidelity; now traversing African deserts, with all the particular knowledge and interest of a genuine traveller; and now painting fictitious scenes, with a shrewd observance of character and the lively touches of reality, the author proves himself fully competent to the task of affording a full share of entertainment to his readers, and raising the alternate feelings of curiosity and mirth, anxiety and sorrow. To present we can do no more than say one of the humorous descriptions is a Smollett-like picture of the solemn ceremonies of a party of mourners at a funeral. ... Harley

According to his him one afternoon, after a ramble, noticed a hearse at the door, and did not suffer it to occupy much of his attention before he passed into his sitting-room. Here he experienced no small surprise at finding it occupied by four persons dressed in black, who evidently had some connection with the vehicle that he had just seen. These persons were employed in putting by the fire, which had lately waved in pompous solemnity over the hearse; and besides this they were busy, and deeply engaged in conversation on their own concerns; they seemed to feel themselves personages of such importance, to bestow one word on a humble individual, as the person in the apartment they had invaded.

"You know we sleep here," said one, "I've taken care of supper before the ladies come. I've ordered two pair of heels to be roasted. You know if I had known this when they come, ten to one I should get a bit of bellow for love or money." "Well, but do you think they'll

stand it?" enquired another of these grave gentlemen.

"Stand it! Why, to be sure they will. A black job like this, that takes us away from our wives and families, wouldn't be worth having else. We must always live well on these journeys; and if we don't take care of ourselves, who the devil will take care of us, hey? Can you get over that?" "No; only ducks is dear."

"What signifies! We don't come here to starve. Who do you think will make my bones about it. Old Snatchall died rich enough to admit of his being buried decently, and his relations get too much money, in consequence of his kicking the bucket, to think much of this last expense."

"Why, it's no more than's perfectly proper, that's certain," said a third, "that men like us, who have borne so much, should live well." "O certainly!" said the second, "and if you think they'll stand it—"

"Stand it!" interrupted the person who had opened the debate, "what do you keep bothering about standing for? What's this to stand! You should have been with me and Sam Solder, when we went down to bury Allerman Longtwist at Exeter. Then you might have talked about standing. Why, we'd game and venison every day. When we wanted a hare, we used to tell the landlord he must find us a lion. He was down to it, and took care to get the right thing."

"Aye," said one who had not before spoken, "but that, you know, was a very busy time. We were then, all hands at work, hard and fast, *boozing* 'em up, night and day, and could not rid 'em fast enough. Then we could do just as we pleased; but we mustn't come it so strong now, while business is so dead."

"O! don't tell me. The season's coming on. We are getting fast towards November, and then the fogs, and winds, and rain, you knows, will make business brisk again. It won't do for 'em to kick up on breezes, because we enjoys ourselves a bit. Suppose we were to leave, just as the work comes in, where the deuce would they get men to fill our places. They might get men to be sure, who know nothing about the business; and a pretty higgledy piggledy concern they'd make of a decent black job like this. I should like to see a set of these new ones lifting a coffin, like Snatchall's, out of the hearse."

"How even and steady they'd lug it into the church!" said another, with an air of lordly contempt for the supposed awkwardness of the sable recruits that might be enlisted in the regiment of Death, if the present company were to retire from the service.

"They would hardly stand still enough to let Shoreless throw the pall over it," added a third.

"And, perhaps, they'd carry the head of the corpse first," continued the fourth.

This rally was too exquisite to be endured with composure, and a hearty laugh, at the extremely ludicrous effect which the appearance of a coffin so carried must produce, convulsed the quartetto, each declaring that he should not wonder if such a blunder were actually to be committed.

The undertaker was a brisk, short man, about forty-six years of age. His nose, and that part of his countenance in its immediate vicinity, bore evidence to the goodness of the wine—in colour at least, which, for some years he had been in the habit of drinking at the funerals he had performed. [He addresses Harley.]

"Servant, Sir,—hope no offence. My name's Shoreless: been in the undertaking line some years. Happy to see you in Fleet-Street, or at my country house in Goswell-Street Road—Yes, Sir, as my friend Bung was saying, I gave his house the preference over one that would have done better; but, people in business ought to give one another a turn. He gave me one when his wife died. A very pretty funeral that, hey! Mr. Bung." "No fault to find, Mr. Shoreless."

"No; that's my way of doing business. So, Sir, as I was going to say, as my men have almost filled your apartment, have the goodness to step up stairs. We remain here to-night, and shall be very glad of your company." "I thank you, Sir; but I can retire to my chamber."

"Pray don't do that. You will be very welcome up stairs. We are all friends together, and a very pleasant party, I assure you."

"The presence of a stranger, on so unlaughably an occasion, must be improper."

"O, not at all. I'll introduce you as a friend of mine—that is, as my friend's friend; and as we are all friendly together, I'm sure you will be very welcome." "But the distress of the relations of the deceased, would make it unpleasant to me."

"Why, Sir, my neighbour Mr. Snatchall has left a good deal of money behind him, and so it is not like a case where there is nothing to console the survivors. To be sure, Mrs. Snatchall is very much affected; but, between ourselves, I don't know that she has so much reason, as she used to quarrel with him every hour in the day, till within a week of the finish, and sometimes he treated her with a good thrashing, though he generally got as good as she sent." "Was Mr. Snatchall carried off suddenly?"

"He was, rather. He was always a litigious, close-fisted old ras—gentleman. To be sure, I have no right to speak against him, for he always paid for what he had, and I buried his two sons, the last of whom



plied, some said for want, in the Fleet. But, however that was, the old gentleman gave them very good funerals, which, you know, proved himself an affectionate father, *after all*. A month ago, he arrested a man who had failed in business; and, somehow or other—"I don't know how it was, the bailiff made a bit of a mistake, and poor Mr. Snatchall was saddled with all expenses, and obliged to give up the caption." It went to his heart, Sir; he never held up his head any more; in fact it threw him into a fever; and after the loss he had sustained, he could not think of calling in a physician, till he had the rattles in his throat. He then threw away his guinea; but it was too late. I was the only person that could be of service to him." [Harley consents to become a visitor, the undertaker retires, and his men return to their conversation.]

"The best joke, however, I was going to tell, just as Shovelem came in. You'll excuse us, Sir—we are all friends." "O, certainly." "It was at Highgate, Dick Dead-flesh and Jack Mattocks got drunk at Islington; so that we were obliged to leave them behind when we got to the Cock, at Holloway. So, as I was saying, two other fellows were obliged to be got from the parish work-house. Bill Windingsheet was then quite green; so I was the only man that could shoulder a corpse in a workmanlike manner. When we entered the yard, and came to the grave, one of the parish bearers went blundering on one end of the outer plank,—and, say eyes! up it went, and sent a spade of the mould smack in the parson's face, over his book, and all; and the coffin came bang on the other board; and if I hadn't held devilish tight by one of the handles, would have gone in end-ways. However, it might as well as it turned out; for, when we had got it in the ropes, the parish fellows did not let down fast enough. 'Lower the foot,' says Bill; but they, poor devils! did not know the foot from the head, and let the head still lower, so that it fairly slipped out of the ropes, and bump went the coffin to the bottom of the grave, face downwards. I never saw any thing like it in my life. I thought I should have split my sides laughing, while the parson was saying 'ashes to ashes,' for it had taken Bill half an hour's scrambling to get matters to rights again."

Either the droll scene which he described was better to see than to hear as a tale, or the presence of Harley put some restraint on the merriment of the men of Death; for they did not laugh at the story, and the speaker was under the necessity of performing that ceremony over the joke for himself, which he accomplished apparently with but little difficulty. All, however, owned that the thing was odd enough, but it was no more than was to be expected from men who entered upon a profession for which they were not duly qualified.

Mr. Shovelem now returned with news that the mourners were in sight, and would arrive at the inn in a few minutes. He requested Charles to accompany him up stairs, and this he had no objection to do, as he had had quite enough of the society of the under-

ushers into the large room, he found a profusion of wine and cake prepared for the sorrowing train who were expected. It was the latter end of September, the afternoon turned out rather damp, and, in consequence, the undertaker had caused a rousing fire to be made to cheer their spirits. He had few opportunities of making observations on the excellence of Mr. Shovelem's arrangements, when the coaches stopped at the door of the inn, and the noise of their falling steps announced the mourners to be about to enter.

The widow of the deceased was the first to make her appearance. She came forward with a languishing air, carefully holding her handkerchief before the upper part of her face, to hide the culpable disobedience of her eyes, which refused even on this occasion, the moderate supply of tears, that the tender Mrs. Snatchall was extremely anxious to shed, in honour of her dear departed lord. As she advanced, she drew in her breath, and retained it as long as she conveniently could, to give a stronger aspiration to the word "Ah!" which she at last threw out in a sighing whisper that might have been heard all over the house.

The undertaker introduced Charles, in few words, to the widow; and with an economical glance of his eye, and inclination of the body to all who followed, as a very particular friend of his, who, happening to be detained a few days at that inn, had most obligingly given up his apartment for their accommodation. The widow curtsied, and obliged him with a pathetic repetition of her former aspiration.

Young Mr. Rattler was the next, whose sorrow, though fully equal to that of his aunt Mrs. Snatchall, was not quite so conspicuous in his deportment.

Mr. Cadaverous, a short, pale-looking attorney, and Miss Blobber, an oilman's daughter, to whom he paid his addresses, and who had been invited in compliment to him, to be of this party of pleasure, followed. To them succeeded Lieutenant Bobstay, who had known Mr. Snatchall from the time of his first going into the spirits line. This hero had lost his leg, as he said in battle, but as others whispered, in consequence of a fracture which he had the misfortune to receive through a fall from the window of a house he once lodged at in Wapping, which he judged it prudent to evacuate, in his hurry to attend to his duty, without wasting time by stopping to settle his reckoning. From the peculiarity of his gait, the judicious Mr. Shovelem had assorted him with Mr. Waddle, a retired sugar-broker, who from the possession of an irritated corn, was enabled to supply a hop that very well corresponded with that of the Lieutenant; and by this fortunate coincidence, the march from the hearse to the centre aisle, had been made perfectly regular. Mr. Lapstone, a hoot-maker, from Gutter-lane Chenside, who from a cancer in his face, had had the misfortune to lose more than half his nose; and a tall skeleton, then the property of a stationer in the Minories called Mr. Wafer, closed the procession.

The discerning Mr. Shovelem having placed the widow next the fire, deposited the fat carcase of Mr. Waddle in the chair on her left hand. He manifested a disposition to yield the post of honour to the Lieutenant; but the man of war politely desired him to keep his seat, and to rise, was too serious an exertion for Mr. Waddle to think of making it on any trivial occasion. Mr. Bobstay took his seat by him, and Mr. Lapstone became his left-hand supporter. On the other side, care had been taken to place Miss Blobber in opposition to Mrs. Snatchall; and Mr. Cadaverous, as a matter of course, took the next seat. Mr. Wafer pressed on Harley that by the side of an attorney, but it was declined; and the stationer had the happiness of sitting next the lovers, whose good opinion it was his interest to cultivate: as it might be the means of helping him off with a valentine or two in the coming February. Between the hoot-maker and the stationer, Harley found his resting-place.

The sable corps of Mr. Shovelem applied themselves to relieve the party from their hoods and cloaks, while the master, after giving all requisite directions for tea and coffee, which he did with an air of dignity and importance, that the present Emperor of Russia and the Duke of Wellington would find it difficult to assume at a review, or on the eve of battle, proceeded to pour out wine to cheer the afflicted mourners, and sustain them under the affecting solemnities of the day. One glass he filled with brandy for Lieutenant Bobstay, who was a little afraid of taking cold, from standing on the damp ground without his hat, while the service was being read over the grave.

Mr. Shovelem, in person, politely handed the waiter on which several glasses were placed, to the widow. Absorbed in sorrow, she did not, at first, perceive, nor comprehend the meaning of the gentle tap, which her right arm received from the Epping sausage-like fingers of Mr. Waddle. At length, however, her attention returned to mortal affairs; she made an effort, and, by accident selected towards her consolation, the glass which had been filled with brandy for Lieutenant Bobstay. In a low tone, she wished her friends good health; and had, unfortunately, swallowed more than half of its contents, before she discovered the fatal mistake. She, however, then made ample amends, by her cries and groans, for any negligence previously observable in her deportment; and though a glass of wine to neutralize the ardent spirit was prudently administered with the least possible delay, she would certainly have fainted, but for a pin in her hood, which Mr. Shovelem had left for a moment on the rail of the chair, and which insinuating itself through one of the lace-holes in her stays, as she was sinking back for that purpose, spared the company this additional calamity, and caused the relief of the late Mr. Snatchall to spring up again, with an agility that would have astonished Mr. Parsloe, or Madame Saqui, in order to resume her former attitude of graceful despondency.

More brandy was brought for the lieutenant, as also a small glass for Miss Blobber, at the suggestion of Mr. Cadaverous, who was of opinion, that she might take cold as well as the lieutenant. The young lady insisted upon his tasting it first, and this affectionate request having been amorously complied with, Miss Blobber soon disposed of the rest, in doing which however, she entertained the company with a very respectable imitation of the emotion which the brandy had called forth in Mrs. Snatchall. The rest of the party now took their glasses, hoving in silence to each other, and to the widow with an air of distress, which inflicted real pain on Charles, who never having acted a part in such a scene before, found it so intolerably farical, that he hardly dared venture to breathe, lest he should be carried away by a burst of laughter; which, at that early period of the day, would have shocked the mourners exceedingly.

Tea and coffee were next introduced, and disposed of as silently as the wine had been. There was something very touching in their taciturnity, and in the intelligent looks and expressive pantomimic gestures, by which some of the number intimated occasionally, that it would be expedient to ring for more mufins, toast, or tea. One circumstance was very consoling. Grief had not injured the appetite of any person present. With the exception of Harley, each made a hearty meal. He, from the strong provocatives to which before him, felt that he risked being choked by every mouthful he ventured upon, and in consequence was little disposed to eat.

When the cups and saucers had been removed by order of the Commander-in-chief, that provident personage came to Mrs. Snatchall, and desired to know, what she would like to have procured for supper. The widow was still so much overpowered, that she could give but faint answers to all his questions. The conference proceeded in the following manner:

"Can you say, ma'am, what you would like? We can get any thing." "It's all the same to me." "Would you like a quarter of lamb?" "No matter what." "Or a sir-loin of roast beef?" "What you please." "I shall not be able to eat any thing." "O, my dear ma'am, you must not give way to grief.—Would you like a fillet of veal and lamb?" "I've no choice." "Or tallow, smothered in onions?" "Any thing." "Or a boiled chicken?" "Oh!" "Or some roasted ducks?" "Ah!" And here the aspiration before mentioned, was repeated in Mrs. Snatchall's very best style.

Mr. Shorelem perceived that she wished to be considered as completely exhausted, and looked upon her failing to answer the two last questions, as she had done those she preceded them, to be sufficient to indicate a preference for what he had then proposed. He accordingly at once desisted, as the lamed dog, after going round and round within the circle appropriated to his exhibition, when his master's voice drops, at once halts, perceives close to his nose the lady who will be married first, and prescribes himself no further trouble.

Having issued the necessary directions for preparing a repast befitting the occasion, and, with most commendable forecast, taken especial care, that nothing would be wanting to make that part of the ceremony completely satisfactory, Mr. Shorelem seemed more at his ease than he had previously been, and socially took his seat among his neighbours. A pause of about three minutes' duration succeeded, in which the whole of the *dramatis personæ* actively employed themselves in endeavouring to think of something to say. Mr. Cadaverous was very near succeeding, and a preliminary hem! caused all eyes to be fixed on him. He was about to begin, when Mr. Shorelem gave his hem! and the attorney, with all the modest diffidence which belongs to his profession, at once gave way. The undertaker could brook no further delay, and forthwith made a beginning.

"Well, Mrs. Snatchall, you must not let your loss prey upon your spirits too much. The will of Heaven, you know, ma'am, must be done. You have nothing to reproach yourself with." "Ah! Mr. Shorelem, you're very good;" and the white handkerchief went up to her eyes. "You know we must all go when our time comes. There is no help for it."

This philosophical reflection at once set the tongues of the whole company in motion. Mr. Cadaverous remarked, that "those who were youngest, and in the bloom of life, did not know how soon they might be cut off."

Mrs. Cadaverous, as was to be, assented to this, and contributed her mite of consolation, by adding that, "neither wealth nor beauty afforded any protection against the grim destroyer, Death."

The widow, who was travelling post towards fifty, and who had virago written in legible characters on a clay-coloured countenance, seemed to consider the last speech to apply particularly to her case, and admitted the correctness of the observation, by stating for the benefit and edification of all present, that "it was but too true, and for her own part, she did not think she should be long after her dear Mr. Snatchall." Here she again displayed strong symptoms of sensibility, by concealing her face in the usual way.

Mr. Shorelem, now, partly from a wish (very common to most men) to hear his own praise, and partly with a view to give the relief of the deceased a little additional consolation, led the conversation to the manner in which the funeral had been performed.

"I hope, ma'am, my little arrangements were to your mind." "Quite so." "Nice deep grave!" "I could not see its depth. To look at it was too much for me." "It was very deep indeed," said Mr. Waddle. "And quite dry." "O! quite dry," said Mr. Rattler. "In every respect it was perfectly proper." "I am glad you like it. Mr. Snatchall was an old and particular friend of mine. I should have been sorry to have found any thing had been neglected." Mr. Shorelem put in.

He waited for a compliment, but no one speaking, he proceeded, addressing himself to Mr. Rattler.

"I hope you have not seen any thing neglected by my people, Sir." "O nothing, nothing." "Nothing, nothing," was repeated by every mourner in succession, and Miss Blobber condescended to add, "every thing she was sure, was very comfortable; and this, she thought, must be very grateful to the feelings of Mrs. Snatchall." "Certainly; I wished all that could be done should be done. For now he is no more, I know I shall never see his fellow,—poor dear Lamb!" "Well, ma'am, don't fret. No doubt he is happy."

This speech at once turned the conversation into the ordinary funeral channel, and brought forward the present happiness and past virtues of the deceased in the regular way. The remark, that Mr. Snatchall was happy, was instantly taken up.

"Much happier than we are," said Miss Blobber. "No doubt," said Mr. Lapstone. "He's where he'll be tossed about by no more storms," said the Lieutenant.

The stationer tried to repeat this fine sentiment, but not recollecting the whole of it, he stopped short as a man at a public festival sometimes does, when he cannot manage the words of a long toast that he is required to drink. Instead of bawling "the afore-said," Mr. Wafer got out of the scrape, with "You've taken the words out of my mouth." Mr. Cadaverous "had no doubt but that Mr. Snatchall was to be envied." Mr. Waddle continued, "And very much, too, in my opinion." And the nephew, Mr. Rattler, who, by the bye, came in for a legacy of a thousand pounds, piously remarked: "*His loss is our gain*."—Pool! I mean our loss is his eternal gain."

Having thus made an approach towards the honest expression of their real sentiments, by unanimously agreeing that the late Mr. Snatchall was better out of the world than in it, the conversation became more untrained, Mr. Shorelem still taking the lead.

"Ah! Mr. Snatchall, poor man! was none of your fly-away, flash-in-the-pan gentry. Always paid his bills when they came due. He'd stand out for discount, but I don't blame him for that." "Better do that than put people off," Mr. Lapstone remarked. "As Mr. Flourish did, and at last fail."

"Aye, who would have thought of that!" said Mr. Cadaverous. "But I always expected his pride would come to something."

"That was what Mr. Snatchall always said," observed the widow, who appeared a little relieved by this relish of small talk. "Why, it is but t'other day," the attorney went on, "that he called in his one-horse chaise, to drive me to Hampstead, and when I proposed to take Miss Blobber with us, he objected, and said his character would suffer, if three were seen in his chaise." "He was always a brute," said the Mrs. Cadaverous elect. "And then see how he went on at home. His wife and daughters dressed like the first ladies in the land, with their bracelets and rings." "And always having new clothes," Mrs. Snatchall added. "O always! Why, they had three new saraset dresses each, within four months, which cost the Lord knows how much, if they were

paid for." "And then, when they went to the play, they must always go to the boxes." "O, bless you! to be sure. The two shilling gallery and the pit, were not good enough for people of their quality." "Well, we shall see where they'll go now. Perhaps they'll be glad to stay at home more frequently." "If they have a home to stay at," Miss Blobber sneeringly continued, with a satirical leer, that produced a smile even from the afflicted Mrs. Snatchall. "And," said the latter, "what a deal of company they used to keep." "And how extravagant in their preparations! The table was always covered with plate and cut glass, and they made nothing of having turbot and turtle-soup. Mr. Flourish once said, he could not do without them. His constitution required high living." "I'm thinking, where will he find his high living now?" "Mr. Cadaverous significantly remarked, "Why in a garret to be sure," replied Miss Blobber, and a general laugh among the friends of Mr. Flourish who were present, followed. "But," said Mr. Waddle, "they tell me that he has some hopes of assistance from his cousin Sobersides." "O no," Mr. Cadaverous answered, "I believe that is not the case." Miss Blobber added, "he is too close-fisted to do any thing of the kind. I dined there once, and what do you think he gave us for dinner? A sirloin of beef roasted, with potatoes and horse-radish!" "There was meanness!" said Mr. Cadaverous. "And he gave us nothing after dinner but home-made wine." "I could not have done such a thing," said the widow of the dealer in foreign wines and spirituous liquors. "But, I think," Mr. Shorelem here remarked, "if we were to have something to drink, it would not be amiss. I'm sure if the late Mr. Snatchall could know what we are doing, he would not feel it any disrespect to him to take some refreshment."

The reasonableness of this proposition struck every one, and wine and negus were soon produced. Just as it came into the room, the Lieutenant returning from a stump round the table, to offer a pinch of his rappee to Miss Blobber, was about to resume his seat, when he had the misfortune to plant most firmly his timber-toe on the soft corn of Mr. Waddle, while politely presenting his box to Mr. Lapstone, who possessed but the moiety of a nose. The indignation with which he was repulsed on the one side, and the horrible roar that burst forth on the other, appalled the naval hero, so that he could neither stir nor speak; and his embarrassment was but very little diminished, when he found that the start of the tortured sugar broker had emptied a bowl of negus (which was being handed over by Mr. Shorelem) into the lap of the widow, to the great discomfiture of her person, and to the serious injury of her new mourning. Apologies were of course tendered, and, at the instance of Mr. Shorelem, accepted, after a few admonitory growls from Mr. Waddle. The assistance of the landlady, and of Miss Blobber, removed, as far as might be, the annoyance, to which the unfortunate Mrs. Snatchall had been subjected, and harmony was

restored. Another dish of reviving scandal was then served up, and the extravagance and economy of their mutual friends, were criticised with equal candour. Supper came next on the table; and with the exception of a complaint from Mr. Wafer, that some of the gravy intended for one of the ducks had been improperly administered to his Sunday coat, every thing was perfectly satisfactory. The cloth removed, the praises of the deceased were resumed, and the nephew considering excessive grief for those who were happy to be ridiculous, if not wicked, thought it no disrespect to the memory of his "dear uncle" to attempt to raise the spirits of the afflicted widow with a song. He accordingly roared out a ditty, the burden of which was

"He's gone like a hearty good fellow."

Most of the mourners joined in the chorus. Several other displays of vocal talent, each having the solace of the widow for its object, followed in rapid succession, and happily at the close of an evening of more than common jollity, those by whom these benevolent efforts were made had the satisfaction of seeing Mrs. Snatchall retire, to use the phrase always current on such occasions, "Quite as well as could be expected."

*The two first (quasi the first two.) Cantos of Richardetto freely translated from the original Burlesque Poem of Niccolò Fortiguerra, otherwise Cartoromaco. London, 1820, 8vo. pp. 54.*

*Ecce iterum Crispinus*, another Whistcraft. Mr. Rose, in his free translation of the Parliament of Benets, from the Italian of Casti (see Literary Gazette for last year, p. 337) has set the example of this particular genus, and succeeded, perhaps, as far as could well be expected, in affording a tolerable idea, in English, of a style and school greatly prized among our neighbours in Italy. We doubt much that our language is capable of rendering those niceties which are so felicitous in the Italian burlesque, or of substituting *jeux de mots* of another kind equivalent to the original: at any rate, we infinitely prefer its humours on a purely native foundation, to the grafted imitation of an exotic and incongenial stock.

Richardetto, which followed the poems of Bernardo and Berni, written about 100 years ago, and the last of the serio-comic poems, is a sally in derision of knight-errantry; and treats of the adventures of some of the famous Paladins of France when Charlemagne was threatened by a coalition of African Princes. The son of king Scricca, it seems, has been slain by the hero; and his sister Despina, the Helen of Africa, engages all her lovers to undertake an expedition into France to revenge his

death. Of this crusade we hear no more; but the two cantos give a sort of disjointed account of the exploits of the knights who are absent at a period when their Emperor stood so much in need of assistance. It is altogether a fragment, and appears to have little aim beyond beguiling a tedious hour to the author, and, perchance, to his readers. We shall quote a few passages to show whether it is likely to have this merit allowed by the public: for our own parts, we consider it inferior both in design and execution to its celebrated precursors in the Whistcraft and Rip-roline.

The opening stanzas "To the Public" possess considerable whim; and will remind every one of Peter Pindar's address to the same many-headed critic

Mysterious Patron! to whose bright brow  
The destinies of autocrats and artists;  
Supreme alike o'er Keat and Ki-en-long;  
Sole judge of Jacobins and Bonapartists;  
Who, from thy viewless throne, canst bid de  
fiance

At once to country club and grand alliance!

I never said thou'rt dull of apprehension—  
I ne'er presumed to tax thee with caprice—  
But wonder at thy wisdom's vast extension,  
And think thy judgments always of a piece  
Whipping small rogues, and knightening whole  
sail robbers,  
Dischartering boroughs, and upholding jobbers  
Yet there's a float a vague and idle rumour,  
(Which painfully I've sometimes contrived  
dicted),

That you won't understand dry harmless humour,  
And see no joke but when a wound's in  
flicted:

And that's the cause (they say) you never laugh  
Sufficiently with good friend Whistcraft;

Nor, when you fail'd to 'explore his hidden  
satire,

Allow'd him to shew cause upon the merits—  
As if none e'er was gay from mere good nature  
Nor danc'd o'er carroll'd from abundant spirit  
Howe'er it be, I write this Dedication,  
Chiefly to save me from that imputation:

And, once for all, illustrious Sir, to hint,  
If e'er you doubt the meaning of my strain  
It's not because there is no meaning in't;  
And therefore I beg you'll think again:  
But, just by way of clue, instead of what  
Is hidden there, I'll tell you what is not.

Paris is not the Treasury, nor the Court  
Of Chancery, nor the Church, nor House  
Commons.

Those base beleaguering Blacks, of ev'ry sort  
Are neither roving Whigs, nor Irish Roman  
King Scricca is not T—er—y—tho' he hectors  
The Paladins are not the Bank Directors.

Ferrau is not the C—er of the Exchequer—  
Dame Stella, tho' she sings in strains  
glowing,

Is not the much lamented Child of Necker,  
Nor is she Lady Morgan, late Miss Owe  
And good Orlando, (tho' in want of brain),  
Is not a Manager of Drury-Lane\*.

\* The reader is requested to observe, if this Introduction was written before the close of the last theatrical season.

A description of the poet's muse, occupying four or five introductory pages, does not offer us any striking extract; but the initiation of the story is better.

I'm going a fearful story to recite—  
I don't know if it's true and still less care—  
I know but this—it filled me with affright,  
And bristled upwards each particular hair,  
Barely to hear the pitiable plight  
Of the poor souls who coop'd and famish'd  
were.

In Paris walls by such a formidable,  
From east-to-west-collected, Pagan rabble.  
The author who this history first consign'd  
To paper, was one Master Garbolino;  
He saw it all, and kept it in his mind,  
Then wrote it in *Toscano*, and in *Latino*.

My sire, to Bibliomania who inclined,  
Once gave a peasant of the Casentino,  
Who came to speak to him about a goat,  
For this same book a pair of shoes and coat.

How Africa and Asia, in defiance  
Of Charlemagne, vow'd Paris to beleague,  
And how the king of Caffres in alliance  
With the rude Lap, and most inhuman  
Neger,

And all their numberless and nameless clients,  
To crush the Christian seed were sworn and  
cager,

And set up in our temples (barbarous wretches!)  
Their lying pagods, and most hideous fetiches—

The invading forces and their leaders  
are thus pourtrayed :

Belasso, of the Negros lord most horrid,  
(Himself a marvellously tall Nigritian),  
Forced all the people of his realm so torrid  
To join the Caffres; to which expedition,  
Besides the weight of his capacious forehead,  
He brought a very excellent Physician—  
I mean his Club—a rich bandishing in air,  
He cried, "Here's phylx, Princess, for your  
care,"

With him of Chiefs and Dooties not a few  
From Niger's banks—(a scaly race and  
funny—)

From Wangara's hidden lakes, and Tom-  
buctoo,

Bambarra, Haoussa, Fooladoo, and Jimé;  
Besides the tribes whom Bowdich brings to  
view,

Inhabiting the interior parts of Guinea;  
And, first of all, the King of the Ashantes,  
Accompanied by a whole host of Fantees.

There too, to bright Desplian's charms a  
martyr,

The son of Egypt's Sultan might be seen,  
Who took from Cairo an abrupt departure,  
To aid the father of his beauteous queen;  
With Sons of Mahound, brought from every  
quarter :

And there Sgraffigna, hairy, squat, and lean,  
The Lapland King, who, tho' so small and  
meagre,

Thought he might go a courting like the Neger.  
Of fortune-hunting younger Sons and Brothers  
Were full three thousand, boasting they'd  
be at it;

Some scow'ring saddles, helms, and shields,  
while others

Grew sick, sham'd Abra'm, made their  
bows, and rattled.

Scarcely at the view her joy Desplina smothered,  
While such a goodly troop she contemplated,  
Imagining already in her clutches  
him who her Brother stowed beneath the  
butches.

From the subsequent adventures of  
the wandering Palladins we shall copy  
but one specimen, which, with the  
above, will convey a sufficient notion of  
the poem. Rinaldo encounters harpies,  
which contest the translator passes  
over;

"Incredulus odi quod mihi sic ostendis."  
and before advancing to his peroration,  
he says—

Yet let me first the doleful fate recount  
Of Velliantin, the most renowned steed,  
That ever tempted valiant knight to mount,  
And try his mettle, or exercise his speed.

Whether Bayardo were of like account,  
Or Rabican (that horse of tempest breed),  
Or Brillador, I need not make comparison;  
But only say, both courser and caparison

Were torn to pieces in that harpy squabble;  
The which, no sooner was it fairly over,  
Than the sad knight, as well as he was able,  
Gather'd the members scatter'd 'mid the  
clover,

And laid in ditch, and over them a table,  
Or block of stone, for monumental cover:  
Not till he'd kiss'd a thousand times at least,  
The eyes, cheeks, nostrils, of that "bonny  
beast."

And, lest thro' lapse of ages might be lost  
The memory of an animal so clever,  
The knight resolv'd, at his own proper cost,  
To put on mourning, and (besides that  
never

By him should horse or mare again be cross'd,  
But he would fight on foot thenceforth for  
ever.

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ever.

Therewith the Hermit freely had him enter  
His cell, harl by:—the knight with joy  
complied.

And pleas'd, recounted all his late adventure,  
While he his armour doff'd, and purified  
From battle stains,—whereat that ancient  
Mentor

Could scarce contain; and, e're 'twas ended,  
cry'd

(While down his furrow'd cheeks the big tears  
roll),

"You kill'd them all! That's grand, upon my  
soul."

—And suddenly struck up a fine "Te Deum,"  
Rinaldo join'd— and both in such a sort  
Perform'd their parts, that or to hear, or  
see 'em,

'Twould make you die with laughing at the  
sport.

Tis said, the noise that reach'd the masoleum,  
Made Velliantino rise, and give a snort,  
As if he'd said, indignant at the scandal,  
"The birds ne'er maul'd me as those brutes  
maul Handel."

Such is the poem of Richardetto; and  
if we are accused of bringing our Re-  
view to no conclusion, we can only  
plead that, in this respect, we resemble  
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*Travels in the North of Germany, &c. &c.  
particularly in the Kingdom of Hanno-  
ver.* By Thomas Hodgskin, Esq.  
Edinburgh and London, 1820, 8vo.  
2 vols.

(Continued.)

Of the farm houses in Friesland we  
have a curious description.

The same extraordinary manner of building  
farmhouses, which I have mentioned,  
when speaking of Hadeln, also prevails in  
Friesland, and, from the wealth of the farm-  
ers, is very conspicuous in the vicinity of  
Emblen. That a common Germanbauer,  
whose corn is thrashed so soon as it is  
housed, who has perhaps only a pair of  
horses and cows, should find it convenient  
to cover all his worldly possessions with one  
roof, is not surprising; nor did I observe  
that their houses were enormously large.  
But, when I saw the same mode practised  
in Friesland by the largest farmers, I was  
astonished at the strangeness and the mag-  
nitude of the buildings. The rich farmers of  
Friesland, who have some of them fifty  
cows and sixteen horses, and whose dwellings  
are spacious, cover the whole with one roof.  
I have counted fifty windows in the dwelling  
part of the house, and attached to this, and  
under the same roof, were the stalls for fifty  
cows and twelve horses. The dwelling is at  
one end, at the other end is the stable; on  
the sides between the two ends are the stalls  
for the cows, the middle is the thrashing-  
floor, the barn, and the place where the  
carts and the farming instruments are kept.  
At the outside of the end farthest from the  
dwelling is the dunghill. In short, the  
whole farm-yard, and the dwelling of the  
family, with the exception of the dung-  
hill, are brought under the same covering.  
The inhabitants say this is a cheaper and

better plan of building than any other, that all their conveniences are at hand; and that, when built of bricks, and covered with tiles, when the stalls are nicely paved, as they are in Friesland, it is a better mode than ours of having separate buildings for stables, barns, and cow-houses. The danger, however, to which the property is exposed in case of fire, seems a strong reason against it. From the specimens I saw of farm-houses in Friesland and Hadeln, there is no objection to it on account of cleanliness. The dwelling is far removed from the animals, it has always a separate entrance, and no people are more conspicuous for cleanliness than the Frieslanders. I have since seen, that the same plan is followed in some of the provinces of Holland, particularly in West Friesland, and there the houses are equally large.

Westphalia presents a contrast. Lingen is a clean town.

The houses were rather built after the Dutch manner than the German. The farm-houses and windmills, which resemble a huge box, placed on its end, made me thoroughly sensible how much the Frieslanders had surpassed the scattered inhabitants of Westphalia. Notwithstanding the remarks of the Germans, the satirical description of Voltaire is still tolerably correct. He says, "Dans des grandes huttes qu'on appelle maisons, on voit des animaux qu'on appelle hommes, qui vivent le plus cordialement du monde, pêle mêle avec d'autres animaux domestiques. Une certaine pierre dure, noire et gluante, composée à ce qu'on dit d'une espèce de seigle, est la nourriture des maîtres de la maison." This "pierre dure et noire" is the celebrated pumpernickel, a black bread made of rye, with nothing separated from it but the husks of the grain. Each loaf is made of a bushel of meal; it requires twenty-four hours to bake, and it keeps good a month or six weeks. The houses are somewhat as Voltaire describes them, and of the people I have already spoken. In the neighbourhood of the town of Osnabrück the soil is a good clay, the land rises into hills, and is diversified with wood and water; but a great part of Westphalia is sand or moor. The houses are thinly scattered over it, and the inhabitants, yet devoted to the Catholic religion, are some of the least cultivated of the Germans. Their general food after black bread, is pancakes made of the grits of buck wheat, and meats, particularly pork and sausages of all kinds, dried amidst the smoke that hovers in the upper part of the house. The pancakes are generally eaten for supper. The customs of Holland, are, however, advancing. Tea or weak coffee is very often used twice a day. One or other is the usual breakfast.

Many of the poorer inhabitants of Westphalia make a summer excursion into Holland, where they find employment as labourers. They return to their homes in winter, and then chiefly employ themselves in knitting or weaving. Though they are absolutely poor, yet they are probably content.

Our limits warn us to close these examples, and we shall do so with quoting only two other passages; the first relating to ceremony, very much resembling the shooting at the Popinjay, so admirably described in *Old Mortality*; and the last a picturesque description of the view from the Brocken Mountain, we believe the most extensive prospect in Europe.

Few persons can have travelled in the north of Germany without having sometimes seen targets nailed up over the doors of farm-houses.

I frequently saw them, and on asking what they were, I was told they were like the fox's brush or outstretched buzzard, which sometimes ornaments the barn-doors in England, memorials of the skill, the victory, and pride of the owners.

The Germans have a national amusement called Scheiben schiessen, shooting at a mark, or Frey schiessen, free shooting, which most generally takes place about the month of June or July, and is attended with so much carousing as to deserve mentioning here. The people collect in bodies, and march in a military and triumphant manner to some particular spot, at a distance from the town or village; and every man who chooses to buy the privilege with a flurin, lays his rifle on a rest, fixed for that purpose, and shoots at a mark. The mark is sometimes a fixed target, but it is sometimes made to move quickly past a small opening. The marksman is placed at a convenient distance, his rifle is loaded for him, at a signal given, the Scheibe, as it is called, is put in motion, and he hits it if he can. Sometimes the mark is a stag chased by dogs; indeed, an instance was mentioned to me of the valour of the Germans being called on to shoot at a wooden representation of Buonaparte, followed by a Cossack. He who misses the stag or Buonaparte has a proportionate fine to pay, and woe to him if he hit the faithful dog, or the valiant Cossack. He who hits the mark has a due share of honour, and he who is so skilful as to drive his ball through the centre, receives the wooden image itself as the reward of his skill. This is then nailed up over his door, or placed at some conspicuous part of his mansion, and is very often its brightest and only ornament. It remains year after year, more similar trophies are sometimes added, and the front of the house then becomes covered with the memorials of village war.

Frey Schiessen was introduced in the year 1450, soon after gunpowder came into general use, in order to learn how to shoot steadily at men. It was first practised in the north of Germany, by the citizens of Brunswick, who, in all matters of discipline, and in the formation of troops, are said to have set the princes of that period a good example. Before then, similar practices with other arms appear to have been common, but then, for the first time, shooting with muskets was introduced amongst the people. It has now, however, degenerated into a mere amusement, which,

though very national, is permitted only once a year. The Germans display in it, as in other things, their great characteristic of shunning bodily exertion. When we compare it with cricket, or golf, or boxing, or any of the manly pastimes of our country youth, we laugh at that revelry which accompanies it, which was originally intended to congratulate the victor, or soothe him after his toils. It is now a sort of saturnalia, when those who have been sober and sparing all the year indulge in licentiousness. It is to the Germans what Greenwich fair is to the citizens of London, or the fête of St. Cloud to the Parisians. Every body must partake of its festivities. Those who never go abroad through the rest of the year go to this feast. The pennies which poverty can save are hoarded for a debauch, and those whose prodigality has spared nothing, pawn their furniture, their clothes, or their ornaments, that they may say, like their neighbours, "I too was at the feast; I swilled in the same room with the herron—and I destroyed a certain portion of viands better than ordinary, and I was filled both with joy and with meat."

Every village has its own Schiessen. I had seen several, and heard of more in my route; but it would have occasioned repetition to have mentioned them, and I deferred it till my return to Hannover, where I knew I should see one in its greatest perfection. It was the 19th of July, in the morning, that the citizens of the new town of Hannover, in an appropriate costume, with music and flags, marched in gay procession from the town to Herrenhausen, a palace of the sovereign about one mile and a half distant; booths were erected, and a proper place made for the shooting. The orangery was cleared out, one end of it was fitted up as a ball-room, and the other as a tavern; the fountains of the royal gardens were made to play; and great importance was given to the whole by one of the cabinet ministers, who is the chief of all that relates to the royal domains, taking the direction on himself. For this attention, however, the citizens with their music go at the end of the three days, which the shooting lasts, in solemn procession, to return him their thanks, and "bring him a vivat." Even this amusement is under the direction of the government.

I visited Herrenhausen on each day the shooting lasted, and partook of the feasting and revelry. The gay ball-room in the orangery house was for the dancers of a better condition; and sundry other places were fitted up for the poorer citizens and peasants to hop and whirl in at a cheaper rate. Refreshments of all kinds were abundant, and there was a great deal of guzzling. People of all distinctions go, and carry their families with them. I saw a judge smoking his cigar, and swallowing the wing of a fowl,—the master of the horse drinking punch,—the secretary to the consistorium enjoying a party with his wife,—nobles, gentlemen, tradesmen, musicians, were all mixed together, and there were no distinctions recognized or preserved.

I witnessed neither riot nor disturbance,

either quarrelling nor abusive language. There was much licentiousness, but there were neither disputes nor fighting. No fair in England, in which the people had a full rising for their gluttony, could have lasted three days without many hard knocks and broken heads. I am far, however, from attributing this in the one case, as is usually done, to the care of the police, and in the other to the want of a police. It is more to be ascribed to the natural character of the two people, which is visible in children as well as in men,—to the gentleness and general quietness of the Germans, and to the boisterous, perhaps turbulent, energies of our countrymen. In fact, we have a police whose character has been written in the blood of innocent men, for it sold them to death and the labour of the gallows. Nor do I believe any extension of its powers would prevent one crime, or hinder one disturbance. It is certain that every policeman must be paid from the produce of the labourer; and, because his occupation is disgraceful, he must be well paid; and in proportion as a police is numerous, so is the labourer reduced to poverty; the inequality of his condition is further augmented, and this causes more crimes than the best organized police can suppress.

About this period the general election was going on in England, and I was rather surprised at the opinions I heard expressed on the subject. The Hanoverians were quite shocked at reading of our riots; they spoke of them as disgraceful to a Christian country. "What did the government do nothing to stop such barbarities? Where was our power?" "Such scenes were a shame to civilized man." Nothing excited severer remarks than the practice of spitting on candidates. It was so odious in their estimation, that they were "surprised every vagabond who did it was not apprehended, and most severely punished." It is good to hear and to record the opinions of foreigners on such things, and we perhaps regard them with too little attention when they thus sink us, in the estimation of other people, to a level with barbarians. Some of the practices of that time were the insults of the meanest and most dastardly souls, of a poor spirit that was fretted and vexed, that was more like a passionate spoiled child than like a man. They were odious, and excited abhorrence in the minds of all the quiet, orderly, well disposed Germans. They and other people attribute, wrongly perhaps, all such outrages to our political liberty; it would still be worth having, though it did cause them; but, calm and contented as they are, they do not think so; and they would rather continue to support a system of political degradation, than run the possibility of being exposed to similar outrages.

This is a good specimen of the author's mode of mingling the dulce et utile. We conclude with the mountain prospect in the county of Wernigerode.

We reached the Brocken, from where nothing higher but the heavens can be seen, about noon. Fortunately the weather was

clear, and the view extensive and grand. There is nothing pretty, no beautiful little scene in the immediate neighbourhood of the Brocken, it is far too high above all the surrounding country, but there is nothing on any side to impede a most extensive view. The sight rather fails to distinguish objects, than is stopped. The horizon is every where lost in a light blue obscurity. The Brocken is said to be 3480 or 3500 Paris feet above the level of the sea. From its top a circle of the earth is seen, the diameter of which is 140 geographical miles. This circle contains the 200th part of Europe, and is inhabited by 5,000,000 people. More than 300 towns and villages, and the territories of eleven different princes, lie within it. It may be doubted if there be such another view in Europe, or indeed in the world. When higher mountains are accessible, some still higher ones in their neighbourhood generally limit the view. Such prospects are, however, more astonishing than beautiful; they make a much more powerful impression when the enumerations of the geographical arithmetician are read, than when they are beheld. A white cottage at the foot of a steep crag, with meadows and corn-fields, and a rivulet running past it, is much more beautiful than the eye-straining view from the summit of the earth. We toil, however, to the top, from the ambition of being equal or superior to our neighbours, and if shame would allow us, we should confess when we had descended, that there was more enjoyment in remaining below. It is the ambition of seeing what has been pronounced beautiful by others, that often excites a degree of toil of which the object itself is utterly unworthy.

There is a single public-house on the top of the Brocken, the inhabitants of which are cut off from all communication from the rest of the world during winter. Here accommodations of all kinds, and tolerably good ones, may be procured.

*A Monody on the lamented Demise of his late Majesty, and His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, &c.* By Mrs. M'Mullan. London, 1820. pp. 11.

As the earliest tribute of the muse which we have seen, we copy a few lines from this well-meant effusion of a female pen:

Cold is that heart, to patriot love unknown,  
Who feels not woe when grief assails the throne.  
Who mourns not now when Death's dark hand appears,

Arm'd with unerring, with unspitting spears;  
Subdues the many, points the destined dart,  
And, still insatiate, strikes the Monarch's heart.

'Tis thine, Calliope, to sound the lyre,  
And to the cadence lead that sacred fire  
Which Ilion's minstrel so divinely breath'd.

Ere round his brows immortal chaplets wreath'd.  
And, Clio, thine to trace with golden pen  
The best of Sovereigns and the best of men.

O Bard of Mantua! had the Brunswick been,  
When thy Augustus graced the mortal scene,  
Thy harp-strings, touch'd by subject so divine,  
Had turn'd from Caesar to the Brunswick line.

Enshrined in memory, George the Third will live,

And holiest records simple annals give:  
His date protracted to the longest reign,  
Mark'd by no act to give his subjects pain;  
But mild and gentle as the zephyrus gale,  
Along the bosom of the summer tide.  
Foster'd green Erin with Britannia's smile,  
And made one people of the triple isle.  
His country's rights determined to maintain,  
The British lion never rear'd in vain,  
The wreaths of conquest and the trump of fame,  
At once adorn'd and spoke the Monarch's fame.  
To the wide limits of the utmost zone,  
The fleets and armies of our state were known:  
Where'er the red-cross tinged the ocean wave,  
'Twas Freedom's signal to the bleeding slave;  
Whilst peace at home rewarded deeds of arms,  
And Windsor's turrets glow'd with Virtue's charms.

*Anastasis; or Memoirs of a Greek.*  
(Concluded.)

Having through many successive Numbers continued our extracts from this original and interesting book, which the more it is read will be the more admired, we must now draw to a close, though far from having exhausted the subject. Perhaps we ought, nevertheless, to state as the reason for our having devoted so many papers to this publication, that we were seduced by its variety, by the picturesque and desultory character of its scenes, which made each a pleasing and a distinct picture. Hardly linking them together by the fabulous narrative, the author has traced a number of separate pieces, representing with fidelity worthy of the most observant traveller, and fancy equal to the highest range of fiction, the manners of countries very imperfectly known to British readers. From these we have made the selections which we now reluctantly conclude.

Anastasis, in the second volume, becomes a Kiachef in Egypt, and engaged in all the contests of the Mamluks. He leaves that country previous to the famine which completed its calamities; and in describing the prayers of the people, he spreads before us a striking panorama of the curse.

"I had left a storm gathering in Egypt, of which I since have thanked God I witnessed not the bursting. Already previous to my departure the consequence of the scarcity had begun to appear in many places: but it was only after I left the country that the famine attained its full force; and such was, in spite of every expostion of human wisdom, or appeal to Divine mercy, the progressive fury of the scourge, that at last the Sultans and other regular ministers of worship,—supposing the Deity to have become deaf to their entreaties, or incensed at their presumption,—no longer themselves ventured to implore offended Heaven, and henceforth only addressed the Almighty through the interceding voices of tender infants; in hopes that,

though; callous to the sufferings of corrupt man, Providence still might listen to the supplications of untainted childhood, and grant to the innocent prayers of babes, what it denied to the agonizing cry of beings hardened in sin. Led by the humans to the tops of the highest minarets, little creatures from five to ten years of age there raised to Heaven their pure hands and feeble voices; and while all the countless myriads of Cairo, collected round the foot of these lofty structures, observed a profound and mournful silence, they alone were heard to lip from their slender summits entreaties for Divine mercy. Nor did even they continue to implore a fertility, which no longer could save the thousands of starving wretches already in the pangs of death. They only begged that a general pestilence might speedily deliver them from their lingering and painful agony; and when, from the gilded spires, throughout every district of the immense Masr, thousands of infantine voices went forth the same instant to implore the same sad boon, the whole vast population below with half extinguished voices jointly answered, "so be it!"

"The humble request God in his mercy granted. The plague followed the scarcity, and the contagion completed what the famine had begun. The human form was swept away from the surface of the land, like the scudnows of darkness which the dawn puts to flight. Towns, and villages, and hamlets immemorial were bereft of their tenants to a man. The living became too few to bury the dead. Their own houses remained their cemeteries. Where long strings of coffins at first had issued forth, not a solitary funeral any longer appeared. Hundreds of families, who had fled from famine to Syria, were overtaken by the plague in the midst of their journey, and with their dead bodies marked their route through the desert. Egypt, smitten by the two fold visitation, almost ceased to appear inhabited; and both plagues at last disappeared, for want of further victims to slay."

In Arabia the hero of the tale performs pilgrimages to Mecca and Medina, and his views of these and other arabian customs are of the most attractive kind. Thence to Constantinople, Chio, (where his father dies before he can see his son), and again to Egypt, we with great delight follow the adventurer and a friend named Spiridon. At Cairo, the account of a miser's death forms a fit sequel to our preceding extract.

"The reader may remember the dreadful famine which I had left hanging over Egypt. Emin, on this occasion, was one of the provident. During the years of plenty he had laid by for those of want. But, like the ant, he laboured for himself, and cared not to share his savings with the idle. Though his granaries groaned under their loads of corn, he saw unmoved the thousands of wretches who every day perished with hunger under their very walls. When the bodies of the sufferers choked up the entrances of his store houses, he still refused to unbar their surly gates, until the corn had reached the exorbitant price fixed by his avarice.

This it at last attained;—and now, exulting at the thoughts of the millions he should make in a few hours, Emin took his keys, and opened his vaults. But O horror, O dismay! Instead of the mountains of golden wheat he had accumulated, he only beheld heaps of nauseous rottenness. An avenging worm had penetrated into the abodes fortified against famished man! A grub had fattened on the food withheld from the starving wretch! While the clamour of despair resounded without, a loathsome insect had in silence achieved within the work of justice. It had wrought Emin's punishment in darkness, while his crimes shone in the light of heaven! The miser's wealth was destroyed, the monster's hopes were all blasted! At the dire spectacle he uttered not a word. He only a few minutes contemplated the infected mass with the fixed eye of despair; then fell,—fell flat on his face upon the putrid heap. God had smitten him! On raising his prostrate body, life had fled. Like his corn, his frame was become a mass of corruption!

Again returning to Constantinople, the narration embraces the wars of the Porte in Wallachia; but we must pass these over, and, as our penultimate extract, copy the description of parts of Europe from the mouth of Isaac Bey, a fashionable Turk, who travelled into Franquistan.

The genteel Turk became the fashion in Christendom, and every body wanted to see a Frenchified Moslem, who eat an *oulette au lard*, drank champagne, and wore a portrait of his Circassian mistress.

It was entertaining enough to hear Isaac give an account of his journey. "I unaccustomed," said he, "as I was, to the shocking sight of men and women mixing in public, or posture-making exhibited otherwise than for hire, how did I stare, when, on my arrival in Christendom, I was taken to a ball at the house of a Bey. I thought little of the dancing. None of the females knew how to shake their hips; but their faces I liked, spite of their plastered heads. I went up to the one that led off, and watching my opportunity, slipped a purse into her hand. I thought she would have boxed my ears, and every body turned up their eyes in astonishment, the lady being wife to the first Vizier. In my own mind the impropriety rested with herself: but the adventure made me cautious how I spoke. Before the unsuccessful overture, I had secretly destined three or four of the damsels present an apartment in my harem on the channel; unfortunately, one was the daughter of the Reis-Effendi, the other the wife of the Cazi-Asker, and the third the Spanish ambassador's: so I only offered them a pinch of snuff.

"At Rome I went to see the grand Mufi of the Christians, who bears the same title with our Greek papases. He appeared a very modest, well behaved, quiet gentleman. His suite made more fuss about him than he did about himself. They dressed and undressed him a dozen times in the middle of the church, changed his caps, fed him, and sang to him. As I stood a good way from the table, which was richly decked

out with gold cups and candlesticks, I took his cardinals, with their sleek faces, their beared petticoats, and their long trains, for his wives; but was told he could not marry though he had his troop of Hoosers and Medjhoobs, like our own Sultan: these how ever he keeps, not to guard his harem, but to sing in his chapel; and so dismally do they squall with their shrill pipes, that it is called a *misserre*. Finding Rome a very ruinous place, I was glad to leave it."

"From Italy," continued the Bey "where I saw nothing but priests and *core ller-acerentes*, I went to France, where I was pestered by *petit-maitres* and philosophers but they so often exchanged characters, that I could never tell which was which.

Strangely was my poor Turkish brain puzzled on discovering the favorite pastime of a nation, reckoned the merriest in the world. It consisted in a thing called tragedies, whose only purpose is to rend the heart with grief. Should the performers raise a single smile, the author is undone. Much however as I was hidden to cry, I could not help roaring out with laughter, when saw a princess in a hoop three yards wide stick a huge pasteboard sword in her whale bone stays, for love of a prince with his cheeks painted all over: but my bad taste excited great contempt. One day they took me to a representation of Turks; as if I had not seen real ones enough. Luckily I did not find them out: for the fellow in the feathered night cap I certainly would have knocked down, for daring to travestie so holy Prophet. The place called the Opera with its fine shew of dancing girls, pleased me the most of any. The first time indeed of my going there, on seeing a superb palace crumble to pieces, I thought there was an earthquake, and ran out as fast as possible expecting the whole house to come down about my ears: but by degrees I got used to those things, no longer minded even the whole stage being on fire, and, though could never think the shew before the scene otherwise than very tiresome, often thought that behind them exceedingly pleasant."

"The French are all prodigious talkers, but those who never ceased were a second economists. They were for making the country produce nothing but what might be eaten: forgetting that men have eyes as well as palates, and that if the former fed nothing to feed upon, the latter will consume double quantities,—were it only to kill time,—and thus turn economy into waste. This I ventured to observe: but they shrugged up their shoulders, and said I was a Turk."

"Being so near England I had a mind to visit London. My French friends—I mean of the female sex—all opposed the idea of visiting those savage people, for no purpose but to lose all my newly acquired good breeding. "Life is not long enough," said Madame de Mirian, "to thaw the icy coldness of their first reception. They will indeed tell you, as they did me, that if you lungs can but stand their smoke a dozen years, you may be admitted to the honor of stirring their fire,—that is to say,—of smothering them."

ing yourself at home in their chimney corner; but, in the mean time, if you dress like themselves, you will be left to your own meditations, and if you vary from them, were it only in the width of your shoe-straps, you will be stifled with impertinent curiosity: to say nothing of their churlishness in not admitting strangers otherwise than by sea, and prohibiting all French articles!"

"These last instances of ill breeding persuaded me: and as I had a French article of which I was very fond, I stayed at Paris till the accession of my Imperial master made me return home, and console myself for the pleasures I quitted by the honors which awaited me."

The third volume ranges through Egypt, Arabin, (among the Bedoweens, and Waihab tribes,) Malta, Sicily, Italy, &c.; but we have no room for the particulars. Enough to say, that Anastasius has a son named Alexis, whom he recovers in Egypt after many dangers, and bears off in gladness and triumph to Europe. The loss of this child cannot be perused with a dry eye—we never read any thing more powerfully affecting; and with this pathetic stroke we take our leave of an author who has delighted us much, as his fancied hero does of all earthly enjoyment.

My cousin's letter had promised me a brilliant lot, and—what was better—my own pockets ensured me a decent competence. The refinements of an European education should add every external elegance to my boy's innate excellence, and, having myself moderately enjoyed the good things of this world, while striving to deserve the better promised in the next, I should, ere my friends became tired of my dotage, resign my last breath in the arms of my child.

The blue sky seemed to smile upon my cheerful thoughts, and the green wave to murmur approbation of my plan. Almighty God! What was there in it so heinous, to deserve that an inexorable fate should cast it to the winds.

In the midst of my dream of happiness my eye fell upon the darling object in which centered all its sweets. Insensibly my child's prattle had diminished, and had at last subsided in an unusual silence. I thought he looked pale;—his eyes seemed heavy, and his lips felt parched. The rose, that every morning still so fresh, so erect on its stalk, at mid-day hung its heavy head, discoloured, wan, and fading;—but so frequently had the billows, during the fury of the storm, drenched my boy's little crib, that I could not wonder he should have felt their effects in a severe cold. I put him to bed, and tried to lull him to sleep. Soon however his face grew flushed, and his pulse became feverish. I failed alike in my endeavours to procure him repose and to afford him amusement:—but though play things were repulsed, and tales no longer attended to, still he could not bear me an instant out of his sight; nor would he take any thing

except at my hands. Even when—as too soon it did—his reason began to wander, his filial affection retained its pristine hold of his heart. It had grown into an adoration of his equally doating father; and the mere consciousness of my presence seemed to relieve his uneasiness.

Had not my feelings, a few moments only before, been those of such exceeding happiness, I should not so soon perhaps have conceived great alarm: but I had throughout life found every extraordinary burst of joy followed by some unforeseen calamity; and my exultation had just risen to so unusual a pitch, that a deep dismay now at once struck me to the heart. I felt convinced that I had only been carried to so high a pinnacle of joy, in order to be hurled with greater ruin into an abyss of woe. Such became my anxiety to reach Trieste, and to obtain the best medical assistance, that even while the ship continued to cleave the waves like an arrow, I fancied it lay like a log upon the main. How then did my pangs increase when, as if in resentment of my unjust complaints, the breeze, dying away, really left our keel motionless on the waters. My anguish baffled all expression.

In truth I do not know how I preserved my senses, except from the need I stood in of their aid:—for while we lay cursed with absolute immobility, and the sun ever found us on rising in the same place where it had left us at setting, my child—my darling child—was every instant growing worse, and sinking apace under the pressure of illness. To the deep and flushing glow of a complexion far exceeding in its transient brilliancy even the brightest hues of health, had succeeded a settled, unchanging, deadly paleness. His eye, whose round full orb was wont to beam upon me with mild but fervent radiance, now dim and wandering, for the most part remained half closed; and, when—roused by my address—the idol of my heart strove to raise his languid look, and to meet the fearful enquiries of mine, he only shewed all the former fire of his countenance extinct. In the more violent bursts indeed of his unceasing delirium, his wasting features sometimes acquired a fresh but sad expression. He would then start up, and with his feeble hands clasped together, and big tears rolling down his faded cheeks, beg in the most moving terms to be restored to his home: but mostly he seemed absorbed in inward musings, and—no longer taking note of the passing hour—he frequently during the course of the day moved his pallid lips, as if repeating to himself the little prayer which he had been wont to say at bed time and at rising, and the blessings I had taught him to add, addressed to his mother in behalf of his father. If,—wretched to see him thus, and doubly agonised to think that I alone had been the cause—I burst out into tears which I strove to hide, his perception of outward objects seemed all at once for a moment to return. He asked me whether I was hurt, and would lament that, young and feeble as he was, he could not yet nurse me as he wished;—but promised me better care when he should grow stronger.

In this way hour after hour and day after day rolled on, without any progress in our voyage, while all I had left to do was to sit doubled over my child's couch, watching all his wants, and studying all his looks,—trying, but in vain, to discover some amendment. "O for those days!"—I now thought,—"when a calm at sea appeared an intolerable evil, only because it stopped some tide of folly, or delayed some scheme of vice!"

At last one afternoon, when, totally exhausted with want of sleep, I sat down by my child in all the composure of torpid despair, the sailors rushed in one and all:—for even they had felt my agony, and doubted on my boy. They came to cheer me with better tidings. A breeze had just sprung up. The waves had again begun to ripple, and the lazy keel to stir. As minute pressed on minute the motion of the ship became swifter: and presently,—as if nothing had been wanting but a first impulse,—we again dashed through the waves with all our former speed.

Every hour now brought us visibly nearer the inmost recess of the deep Adriatic, and the end of our journey. Pola seemed to glide by like a vision: presently we passed Fiume: we saw Capo d'Istria but a few minutes:—at last we descried Trieste itself! Another half hour, and every separate house became visible; and not long after we ran full sail into the harbour. The sails were taken in, the anchor was dropped, and a boat instantly came along side.

All the necessary preparations had been made for immediately conveying my patient on shore. Wrapped up in a shawl, he was lifted out of his crib, laid on a pillow, and lowered into the boat, where I held him in my lap, protected to the best of my power from the roughness of the blast and the dashing of the spray, until we reached the quay.

In my distress I had totally forgotten the taint contracted at Melada, and had purposed, the instant we stepped on shore, to carry my child straight to a physician. New anguish pierced my soul when two boyacets crossed upon my breast forced me, in spite of my alternate supplication and rage, to remain on the jetty, there to wait his coming and his previous scrutiny of all our healthy crew. All I could obtain as a special favour was a messenger to hurry his approach, while, panting for his arrival, I sat down with my Alexis in my arms under a low shed which kept off a pelting shower. I scarce know how long this situation lasted. My mind was so wrapped up in the danger of my boy as to remain wholly unconscious of the bustle around, except when the removal of some cask or barrel forced me to shift my station. Yet, while wholly deaf to the unceasing din of the place, I could discern the faintest rumour that seemed to announce the approaching physician. O how I cursed his unfeeling delay: how I would have paved his way with gold, to have hastened his coming!—and yet a something whispered continually in my ear that the utmost speed of man no longer could avail.

Ah! that at least, confirmed in this sad persuasion, I might have tasted the heart-ren-



ding pleasure of bestowing upon my departing child the last cordly endearments.—but, tranquil, composed and softly slumbering as he looked, I feared to disturb a repose, on which I founded my only remaining hopes. All at once, in the midst of my despair, I saw a sort of smile light up my darling's features, and, hard as I strove to guard against all vain illusions, I could not at this sight stop a ray of gladness from gliding unchecked into my trembling heart. Short however was the joy: soon vanished the deceitful symptom! On a closer view it only appeared to have been a slight convulsion which had hurried over my child's now tranquil countenance, as will sometimes take over the smooth mirror of a dormant lake the image of a bird in the air. It looked like the response of a departing angel, to those already on high, that hailed his speedy coming. The soul of my Alexis was fast preparing for its flight.

Least he might feel ill at ease in my lap, I laid him down upon my cloak, and knelt by his side to watch the growing change in his features. The present now was all to me: the future I knew I no longer should rock. Feeling my breath close to his cheek, he half opened his eye, looked as if after a long absence again suddenly recognizing his father, and—putting on his little mouth—seemed to crave one last token of love. The temptation was too powerful: I gently pressed my lip upon that of my babe, and gathered from it the professed kiss. Life's last faint spark was just going forth, and I caught it on the threshold. Scarce had I drawn back my face, when all respiration ceased. His eye-strings broke, his features fell, and his limbs stiffened for ever. All was over: Alexis was no more.

BUONAPARTE.

[From the French.]

On perusing the *Maximes et Pensées du Prisonnier de Sainte-Hélène*, we were not a little surprised at the very unequivocal marks of contempt with which Napoleon treats some of the principal leaders of the liberal party. "The present heads of the factions in France," he says, "are dwarfs mounted on stilts: they are for the most part mere prattlers. The Abbé de Pradt has produced homilies, plans of campaigns, and histories: he is an excellent romantic writer, and a pleasant archbishop. I made a Tribune of Benjamin Constant, and I removed him when he began to declaim. His mind is like that of a geometrician—it proceeds everlastingly by theorems and corollaries." Assuredly the faith of these men must be very robust, their principles of liberalism must be very firmly rooted, when they can thus suffer themselves to be styled romance-writers, geometrical orators, prattlers, and dwarfs mounted on stilts. Formerly all this might have been borne with the resignation inspired by the presence of the Genius of Victory; formerly these trifles were current coin, but now they are gross

insults: the ultras could not say any thing worse.

But the magnanimity of the *liberals* is above this insignificant abuse. Not satisfied with praising the man, the soldier, and the hero, they must render homage to the legislator and the founder of liberty. This is not an easy task; Buonaparte's manners were not liberal; he was full of action, spoke little, and seldom listened. But no matter, the Buonaparte of the Hundred Days compensates for the other. At that period he opened his eyes to the lights of the age; he listened, permitted us to write as much as we pleased, and on his return from Waterloo, promised us a pretty little constitutional Prince. But what were his thoughts on this subject, and how did he profit by the lessons he had received? "The secure lever of power is a military force, which the law grants and genius directs. What signifies all the reasoning of sophists, when authority is in full vigour? In the long run, those who obey become accustomed to the yoke; the sword is drawn, and the factions are hurled to the dust. Reason is convention. Hubbes was the Newton of politics; his gospel is the best of all. The grand point of policy is to attain its end; the means are of small consequence."

These maxims accord so ill with certain liberal lectures, that several journals have denied the authenticity of the publication. They are right: for this is certainly the shortest mode of refutation. The prisoner treats the journalists in a very cavalier-like style. "The conductors of the *Censeur*," he says, "are visionaries who ought to be sent to Charenton, for they are sowing the seeds of discord and hatred. Such declaimers should be restricted and repressed. There never can be a republic in France; the sincere republicans are idiots, and the rest are intriguers."

Finally, though rude apothegms be directed against our regenerators and pretended constitutionalists, the latter may find some consolation in the pamphlet, for men no less profound are treated with equal irreverence. Machiavel is styled an ignorant fool, Locke a poor logician, Montesquieu a mere *bel esprit*, and Tacitus a declaimer and dotard. After this, it is not surprising that *Jupiter-Scapin* should be so severe on the Abbé de Pradt.

#### LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

[From the *Journal des Savans*.]

Theorie du Paysage, &c. par I. B. Desperthes. 8vo. pp. 300.

Landscape, treated separately as a distinct branch of painting, does not seem to have occupied a place in the practice of the arts, among the ancients, before the reign of Augustus, at which time Lullius, according to Pliny, introduced at Rome the custom of decorating interiors, with views of rural scenes. The descriptions which Pliny gives of the paintings of Lullius, leave no doubt respecting the branch which he cultivated, and which included also marine views: *maritima urbes pingere instituit: ne must*

not however infer from the words *prim instituit*, that Lullius was the first who conceived the idea of painting landscape. According to the evident meaning of it whole passage, Lullius was only the first who introduced the use of landscape. Rome, for the purposes of decoration on its walls, porticos, vestibules, and even its external parts of buildings.

Many ancient paintings, which are called *arabesques*, prove that landscape was employed in the compartments of this species of ornament; and the style of the compositions of Lullius, as Pliny describes them, seems to have been here copied in miniature.

But did the Greeks, in the flourishing age of their painting, practice landscape as a separate branch? This is a question which cannot be answered but by conjecture. They practised in detail, and particularly imitated all the objects of which landscape is composed, cannot be doubted, since these objects were necessary parts in the background of their pictures, and equally indispensable accessories in their compositions. Yet the pretty extensive list which Pliny gives of the great painters of Greece and their work he says nothing which can lead to a suspicion of the existence of the department in question; and there are more reasons than one to induce the belief, that in the most flourishing periods of the art, especially, this branch was unknown or neglected.

We meet also with the same negligence in the first two centuries of the revival of the art among the moderns; and even at the period when they were at their height, that is, in the 16th century, we do not find the landscape was treated separately.

It was in the Venetian school, that it began to share with historical subjects, the attention of painters, and space in their picture. The success of landscape depends on the knowledge of the two kinds of perspective especially of that called aerial; and this latter owes its development to the schools of the colourists alone: in fact, we find the most beautiful studies of landscape in the historical pictures of Titian, Bassano, and Tintoret.

It is perhaps in the Netherlands that we must look for the first painters, who made landscape a distinct branch, and applied the talents to it exclusively: at the head of these painters we must place Matthew and Pieter Brill. The latter died at Rome in 1626. It was really the 17th century which established this branch, and in which it flourished with the greatest splendour. Claude Lorraine the two Poussins, and Salvator Rosa, who lived in that century, attained the limits of perfection in the various characters which nature presents to the landscape painter.

Yet though many other parts of imitation in the arts of design have exercised the pen of different writers, and obtained from several artists theories or treatises, landscape, a fruitful in delicate observations, and in precepts, such as the art of writing can invest with poetic forms, had not been the subject of any work calculated to develop its rules, and to explain its beauties, either in nature

\* Published as from the papers of Las Cases.

in the application inside of them, in the masterpieces of great artists.

Mr. Deperthes has conceived this project, and has executed it with equal taste and skill. He has not aimed at composing an elementary treatise: a work of this kind, however methodical, can never supply the want of the lessons of a master. In all the arts of design, there is a practical instruction, of which books cannot transmit the object, or even communicate the spirit. Whoever pretends to give lessons, and lay down rules to the artist, in writing, must suppose him already advanced in his art, and arrived at that degree of practical skill, which will enable him to receive that superior instruction which is to direct his mind and his taste more than his hand. This is the point which Mr. Deperthes requires the scholar for whom he devises his theory to have attained.

He has divided it into two parts, and each is subdivided into two subjects of observation.

In the first part the author lets his pupil go through two courses of landscape study. The first relates particularly to the study of the sky, which fills so important a place, and now, as it were, the first part in this kind of instruction; since in the picture, as in nature, it is from the sky that the light comes; and this light, which is the soul of the picture, is subject, and renders objects and their effects subject to numberless varieties and modifications.

But these varieties are reduced to four principal ones, pointed out by the four parts of the day. It is at sunrise that the author gives his first lesson. The difficulties which at this moment of the day presents to the imitator, bear their foundation in that species of mysterious veil which nature then assumes—a veil, says the author, sufficiently transparent to let us see all her charms, but not to permit us easily to distinguish the lineaments of all her features. This moment of the day is that which is peculiarly adapted to the study of aerial perspective.

The middle of the day is the time when the study of nature has the fewest real difficulties; the artist must profit by it, to catch objects as they are: if in effect, each object is then visible, without any alteration, it is then also, that it is the most easy to remark, first the innumerable varieties of forms and tints spread over all her productions, and then that harmony which blends together all her parts, even those which are the most dissimilar. This magical union is effected by means of the reflections which take place from one object to another. The middle of the day is the hour for those studies of harmony, which are among the most momentous to the landscape painter; at this hour too, he must study the clouds, their combinations, their effects, and all the accidents of light and shade rapidly succeeding each other, and forming compositions which seem the most arbitrary, and yet are nevertheless subject to general laws.

The effects of evening, and those of the setting sun, seem to present fewer difficulties than those of the dawn of day. It is remarked that landscapes representing sunsets,

are much more numerous than those representing sun rising; which may be because in the former the tones are more divided, because the magnificence of the scene more forcibly strikes the imagination, and is more deeply impressed upon it. The author thinks, also, that the model of this moment of the day is more frequently before the eye of the artist; for in fact, the habits of social life do not permit us to be so often witnesses of the sun rising.

The night is included among what are called the four parts of the day; and it is one of the favourite subjects of the landscape painter: but how can night be painted, since it extinguishes all colours? Night, too, has its sun. At the appearance of the moon, a new light illumines all objects: its lustre, though far inferior to that of the sun, suffices to dispel darkness, and by means of strongly marked shadows, produces the most striking effects. The author advises his pupil, above all things, to penetrate into the forests; to see there the infinite variety of the effects of this silvery light. He observes further, that of all phenomena, that of the moon-light may be studied with the most precision. All around the painter is calm, all appears stationary, all invites to contemplation and favours the operations of the memory; for it is almost always from memory that the landscape painter must work; and if he can, during the day, catch with his pencil some effects, notwithstanding their perpetual mobility, he is forbidden from doing the same by night; and even if the moon should give him sufficient light, yet it would be a deceitful light, the falseness of which would be shewn by that of the day.

If the first course of study in the first part of the work, seems to be confined to the space of a day, this is merely in consequence of the theoretical analysis of the subject: the second course, for the same reason, comprises the space of a year.

The author proceeds to shew his pupil the model which he is to imitate, under the four aspects, which the four seasons present.

He begins, and that on good grounds, with the winter. Trees are the chief ornament of landscapes; but the study of trees has its anatomy, like that of the human body; and as the knowledge of the muscles cannot be acquired from living bodies, it is necessary, in the same manner, to study the tree in that kind of state of death to which winter seems to have reduced it, after having stripped it of the foliage, which, to the eye, gives it life; for how shall we get acquainted with the form of the great branches, and the true arrangement of the smallest boughs, when all these co-ordinate parts are concealed under the covering with which vegetation adorns them? The structure of the tree must therefore be studied in the only season when the eye can follow it, from the origin of the trunk to the summit of the highest branches. This winter study includes also that of the forms and colours of the bark of every species of tree; and it is by a repeated series of observations, made in this season, that the landscape painter will learn to distinguish, and to express the peculiar cha-

acter of each tree, whether it be clothed in its leaves, or stripped of them.

Spring will give to his studies more attractions and more extent. In the eyes of the vulgar, the verdure which adorns the fields, the hills, the orchards, the meadows, presents as it were only one tint. What appears so agreeable to the eye in nature, would however have a very bad effect in the imitation: for nothing is more displeasing in a landscape than an excess of green tints; and nothing is therefore more difficult than to succeed in expressing, by painting, the charms of spring. The art of the landscape painter, in studying these tints of tender green, is to discover their varieties, and to express their gradations so as to strike the eye.

Summer shews nature to the landscape painter, with the full formed features, if we may so express it, of the age of virility. Every object of imitation has acquired its form, its determinate colour, its development, and a durable aspect. This is the season to put in practice the lessons of winter in the conformation of trees; but advantage must also be taken of it, for the study of a multitude of plants, which have but now acquired their growth, which have attained all their beauty, and which are to act an important part in the foreground of the picture. Summer is the season, when the most brilliant light illumines all the objects circumscribed by the horizon; when the heat produces most of those phenomena, which seem to be beyond the power of imitation; those burning skies, those masses of clouds which contain the thunder in their bosom, those impetuous winds which make the forests heave, and raise the dust in clouds. It is in this season that nature offers to the landscape painter the most varied scenes, in the heavens, in the earth, and in the empire of the waters.

But autumn will often have the preference over summer, for the richness of the tints of the foliage, and the diversity of tone spread over all nature. During this season the landscape painter must hasten his studies; for each day making a remarkable change in the features of his model, he must be apprehensive that it will soon offer him only a cold and discoloured image.

Thus our author comes back to the point whence he set out, to winter; which he again considers, with respect to the pictures which this season of mourning affords, but which is not so dull to the landscape painter as to the inhabitant of cities. Winter also has its charms, its green trees, its varied effects, its snows, the lustre of which is enhanced by the contrast of lighter firs. The ice also has its sports, its promenades, its diversions; and the painter does not now want either objects of observation, or subjects proper for the display of his talents.

The second part of the theory of landscape is also in two sections; and this division results from the distinction which has been introduced into this kind of painting, between those compositions which seem to be only faithful portraits of scenes existing in each country, of their productions, their

buildings, their inhabitants, and those compositions, in which the artist transports the scene he has imagined into a country of his own creation, and which he embellishes with the most pleasing or the most noble subjects which fable or history presents.

The author treats also of landscapes considered in what he calls the rural style, and what he calls the historical style.

This division naturally classes in two distinct series his observations on the merits and the beauties of the two schools, which have distinguished themselves in the two styles.

The landscapes of the Flemish and Dutch school belong to the first. We should here accompany the author, and collect his remarks on the different degrees, or the varieties of the talents of a multitude of masters, who have each taken nature under diverse aspects, and who have made their pictures a kind of mirrors, in which theory may sometimes cause its lessons and the application of its precepts to be better understood.

In the second division are the great masters of the French and Italian schools, who have found means to make their landscapes historical pictures, either by ennobling the forms of nature, or by introducing subjects of history or mythology, by adorning them with ornaments borrowed from the arts of antiquity, or by reproducing in them allegories by turns ingenious or affecting.

As easy as it has been to follow the author in the didactic march of the first part of his treatise, so difficult would it be, above all in an article of a journal, to give an account of a series of observations suggested by the view of the masterpieces of great artists; observations, of which he himself more than once acknowledges, that it would be difficult to render their value palpable in a discourse; so hard is it for beauties, which address themselves to the eyes, to find equivalents which may render them sensible to the mind.

In fact, this second part is only the application (demonstrated by the works) of the studies, the importance of which has been enforced, and their order prescribed, in the first part.

Our readers will perceive how much scope the subject of this theory might afford for descriptions, and for the abuse of that descriptive style, which so soon becomes fatiguing, particularly in prose. We must be obliged to the author for having avoided affectation and excess in this respect. The work recommends itself by a due measure of reason and imagination, of taste and judgment, of precepts put in action, and examples submitted to criticism. It will be agreeable to those who seek in the arts only pleasure, useful to those who desire to investigate the grounds of their enjoyments, advantageous to amateurs to enlighten their taste, necessary to artists to perfect their studies, to direct their judgment, and to enrich their imagination.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.

*Mr. Dupin and the Quarterly Review.*

A valued correspondent has drawn our attention towards a notice of Mr. Dupin's work on Marine Establishments, &c. in the last Number of the Quarterly Review (page 57), which he considers as not remarkable for urbanity; and we are convinced that if the Reviewers had been aware of the circumstances of the case, they would not have inserted Mr. Dupin's allegations without a reproof rather than a tacit acknowledgment of their justice. Mr. D. states in substance, that when he, accompanied by a learned doctor, visited the Library of Dublin University, he was obliged to go on hastily without stopping any where, and watched as if he were suspected of a design to steal a book; and this, the Reviewers observe, is sufficient to justify, in some measure, his querulous remarks respecting Ireland. It is with pleasure we can redeem that country and the University of Dublin from the aspersions cast upon them by the foreign traveller; for which purpose we trust the following explanation, in the words of our correspondent, will be deemed quite satisfactory.

"Mr. Dupin, though acquainted with some of the Fellows and Professors, from whom he received every attention due to a stranger and a man of letters, chose, when visiting the Libraries to be introduced by a gentleman who was totally unconnected with the University, had only taken many years since the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and who, from his professional and other avocations, had probably no knowledge of the rules which govern the Library. Had Mr. Dupin applied to the proper means for procuring access to the literary collections in Dublin, no doubt he would have felt himself bound to praise the public as liberally as he has praised the private hospitality of Ireland."

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

DR. OLBERS ON THE MEASUREMENT OF AN ARC OF THE MERIDIAN, IN DENMARK.

*Bremen, December, 1819.*

The operations for measuring an arc of the meridian, which the King of Denmark has ordered to be carried on in his dominions, between Lunenburg and Skagen, were on account of the gloomy weather, closed for this year about the end of October at Lyssabell, in the island of Alsén. The lovers of science in all Europe are justly attentive to the progress of this operation; which being carried on according to the enlightened orders, and with the liberal support of his Danish Majesty, under the direction of a most able astronomer, Professor Schumacher, promises to throw light on many important subjects, both in the French and English measurements of the meridian: there always appeared certain anomalies between the several parts of the arcs measured, and it remained doubtful whether they were to be as-

cribed to the irregular curvature of the terrestrial meridian, or to a local attraction occurring in some places, which diverted the plummet from its vertical direction, or to small faults, remaining constant for a time, in the astronomical instruments employed. Experience has proved that in all such instruments, however ingenious the contrivance and however excellent the workmanship, such slight permanent faults may occur, and that they are as difficult to discover as to avoid. The only means to be fully secure from them appears to be to repeat the observations with different instruments. The judicious liberality of the King has enabled Professor Schumacher to do this. The astronomical part of the English measurement was executed with the admirable zenith sector of Ramsden, and that of the French with the repeating circles of Borda. The King has borrowed the first from the English Government, for the Danish measurement; the place of the latter has been more than supplied by a most excellent eighteen-inch repeating circle, by Reichenbach, with an improvement in the mechanism. Here, therefore, the two kinds of instruments were first used together, which in preceding measurements had been employed singly; and between which a comparison was first made last year, on the journey of the French astronomers to England, and by the conveyance of the zenith sector of Ramsden to Dankirk. But Professor Schumacher has also obtained another zenith sector, by Troughton, an artist no ways inferior to Ramsden; and possesses also what is called the universal measuring instrument, by Reichenbach. Thus richly furnished, and seconded by most able assistants, this celebrated astronomer and distinguished observer will probably solve all doubts. Next year (1820) the Professor will go with all his instruments to Skagen, the most northerly station, then repeat his observations at Lunenburg, with the instruments not yet employed there; and lastly, in autumn, measure the first basis in the neighbourhood of Hamburg. It is much to be wished that the government of Germany may be induced to follow the laudable example of Denmark, and by joining the measurement there, continue the arc of the meridian to be measured (which from Skagen to Lunenburg, will be about 44 degrees) to the frontiers of Italy, where it would be easy to prolong it still farther. A great deal has already been done in Germany and Italy, which perhaps only wants to be connected together, and with the Danish measurement. It were also to be wished that some triangles might be measured from Bremen to those in Holstein; thus fully to rectify the geographical position of our city, as hitherto determined by astronomical observations, by means of a comparison with the perfect data which will be furnished by the measurement in Denmark. W. OLBERS.

GLASS FROM STRAW.—Wheat straw, without any addition, may be melted into colourless glass with the blow-pipe. Barley straw melts into a glass of a topaz yellow colour. (*Coastable's Magazine.*)

A new grass, unnoticed by Dr. Roxburgh, which produces a perfect silicious deposit in the joints, has been discovered in the mountains of India, between the Circars and Nagpore.

**REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN CHEMISTRY.—**  
CONVERSION OF RAGS INTO SUGAR.  
*Munich, Jan. 1820.*

Dr. Vogel, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, has submitted to a careful examination in the laboratory of the Academy of Munich, the surprising discovery of Mr. Braconnot, of Nancy, of the effects of concentrated sulphuric acid on wood and linen. He has not only fully confirmed this discovery, so as to lay before the Academy an essay on the subject, and show the products resulting from the original experiments, but also extended his own experiments, with equal success, to other similar vegetable substances, such as old paper, both printed and written upon, and cut straw. By diluting the sulphuric acid with a due addition of water, sawdust, cut linen, paper, &c. were converted into gum and saccharine matter. It must excite great interest in all reflecting minds, to see an indissoluble, tasteless substance, like the filaments of wood, converted, by chemical reaction, into two new bodies, and chemistry thus exercise a power, which, but lately, appeared to belong to nature alone, and in particular to vegetation. For this artificial formation of sugar and gum, now discovered, must not be confounded with the extraction of these two substances from bodies in which they already existed, a process which has been known from time immemorial. What has now been discovered, is a *transformation*, a *metamorphosis*, of which the most ingenious chemist had previously no idea; and it affords a new proof of the boundless extent of the domain of practical chemistry. A paper upon Dr. Vogel's repetition and investigation of Mr. Braconnot's experiments, and those added by himself, is promised in one of the next numbers of the Journal of Arts and Manufactures, published by the Bavarian Polytechnic Society.

**LEARNED SOCIETIES.**

**OXFORD, Feb. 5.**

On Thursday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

*Doctor in Medicine*.—James Adey Ogle, Trinity College. *Masters of Arts*.—Rev. John Steedman, Pembroke College; James Hall, Wadham College; Samuel Pepys Cockerell, and William Arundell Bouverie, Fellows of Merton College; and Rev. Robert Crawford Dillon, St. Edmund Hall. *Bachelors of Arts*.—William Baron, Esquire, Wadham College, grand compounder; Charles Anthony Hunt, Merton College; George Parker Cleather, Exeter College; David Dundas and Thomas Lambard, Students of Christ Church; Henry Parsons, Scholar of Balliol College.

Yesterday the Rev. Edward John Burrow, M. A. of Trinity College, was admitted Bachelor in Divinity, grand compounder.

**CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 4.**

The late Dr. Smith's annual prizes of 25*l.* each, to the two best proficient in mathematics and natural philosophy among the commencing Bachelors of Arts, are this year adjudged to Mr. Henry Coddington and Mr. Charles Smith Bird, of Trinity College, the first and third Wranglers.

Croxtan Johnson, Esq. Fellow Commoner of Emmanuel College, was on Friday last admitted Bachelor of Arts.

A grace passed the Senate yesterday, for granting to the University of Cephalonia, (of which the Earl of Guilford is Chancellor,) a copy of all the books now in the University Press, or which have been printed at the expense of this University.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.**

[By Correspondents.]

**LINES.**

Bells toll for peasants, and we heed them not;  
But, when proclaiming that the nobler die;  
Roused by the grandeur of their lofty lot,  
Musing we listen, moralizing sigh.

Such knells have now a sad, familiar sound;  
Oh, that, which spoke worst woe to Albion's isle,  
More unaccount'd flung its murmurs round,  
Child'd the warm heart, and stole the gayest smile.

We cannot grieve alike o'er youth and age:  
There, loveliest scion of the royal tree,  
We mourn'd in anguish Time could scarce assuage;  
We wept—and, oh! not only wept for thee!

Survivors claim'd the bitterness of our tears;  
And we had sorrows, that were all our own;  
We, who had cherish'd hopes for future years,  
Too long indulg'd, too soon, alas! o'erthrown.  
But thee, the age-worn monarch of these realms,  
Thyself survivor of each dearest tie,  
We mourn not with the sorrow that o'erwhelms,  
But with the silent tear of memory.

It is not now the blossom in its prime,  
Torn in fresh vigor from its parent root,  
Scattering on vernal gales before its time,  
The golden promise of expected fruit;  
It is the oak, once monarch of the glade,  
Which lives again in many a clinging tree;  
Itself, all branchless, sapless, and decayed,  
Yields to its full completed destiny.

Thy sun was not eclipsed in sudden night,  
But ran its course, and slowly verging set;  
Preparing shadows had involved its light,  
And stol'n the poignant anguish of regret.

To spare worse pangs than ever madness proved,  
That friendly darkness of the mind was given,  
That thou might'st never mourn the fondly loved,  
Nor know their loss on earth, till met in heaven.

Yet lingering sadness in our hearts is found;  
'Tis still a pensive thought, that all is past;  
'" Farewell," is ever of a mournful sound—  
Part when we may, 'tis parting still, at last.

We thought not on thy life, nor mourned thy death;  
But death hath now recall'd thy life once more,  
And the last pang, that drew thy parting breath,  
Seem'd to our hearts thine image to restore.

We muse on all thou wert, and tears will start;  
When shall we see, so good, so great again?  
But wherefore ponder not on what thou art,  
High o'er this brief abode of woe, and pain?

Oh! what a glorious change from dark to light,  
From double darkness of the soul and eye,  
When thy freed spirit spread its wings for flight!  
To thee 'twas death to live, 'tis life to die.

For thee? it is to all, whose anchor'd faith  
Enters beyond death's transient veil of gloom;  
But, oh! how perfect was thy living death,  
Who wert thyself thine own joyous tomb!

Those darken'd eyes no more obstruct the day;  
That mind no more spurns reason's blest control;

Far from its ruined temple of clay,  
All eye, all reason, soars the happy soul.  
Dull are those cars no more, but, raptur'd, share  
Notes, far from earth's best harmony remov'd;  
But, oh! of all the hear'nly music there,  
Is not the sweetest, every voice beloved?

Say, as the hour of blissful death drew nigh,  
Did not around thy couch bright angels stand,  
Reveal'd in vision to thy mental eye,  
And sweetly whisper, "Join our kindred band?"

"Leave thy poor crown of earth, whose every gem  
Was but the splendid covering of a thorn;  
For thee, ev'n now a brighter diadem,  
Cluster'd with beams, by seraph hands is borne.

"That crown not less domestic virtues twine,  
Than patriot faith, unsullied, unsubdued,  
Which never purchas'd at ambition's shrine  
A nation's glory, with a nation's good.

"Come! where, beyond the portals of the grave,  
The loved, the lost, to thy embraces press:  
Come, where a Saviour, who has died to save,  
Lives, loves, and reigns, eternally to bless."

*January, 1820.*

**THE COURTING.**

Dear Annie, dinna tremble so,  
Nae warlock stily wanders here,  
'Tis but the burnie's gentle flow,  
And sound of stirring leaves you hear.

The birdies on the greenwood spray  
Have ceased their melting notes o' love,  
Nae trouth's in the streamlet play,  
But hush'd is a' the sleeping grove.

Nay lassie, raise thy tearfu' ee,  
Part from thy face the gowden hair;  
Nor let the rosy colour flee  
From that dear cheek so palely fair,

Deem not these birken siller stems  
Which glisten in the soft moonlight,  
Where evening hangs her dewy gems,  
The burnish'd arms of hostile knight.

Then dinna, dinna, tremble so,  
Let luve, dear lassie, banish fear;  
'Tis but thy lover's plighted vow,  
His whisper'd faith you trembling hear.

**EPITAPH**

*On a tomb-stone in the Churchyard of Torryburn, Fife-shire.*

At anchor now, in death's dark road,  
Rides honest Captain Hill,  
Who serv'd his King, and fear'd his God,  
With upright heart and will.

In social life sincere and just,  
To vice of no kind given;  
So that his better part, we trust,  
Hath made the port of heaven.

## TO A LADY.

From the empire of Sadness my heart has  
 rebell'd,  
 And to Mirth will I fealty swear;  
 But there must I thank, that this tyrant is quell'd,  
 For I ne'er could believe, until thee I beheld,  
 That a smile could out-rival a tear.

EWING.

## VARIETIES.

The Society of Emulation at Cambrai has proposed the following subjects for the prizes of 1820:—

The medical topography of the district of Cambrai: The eloge of Lamoignon de Malesherbes (proposed in July 1818): A national ode, the subject of which is left to the choice of the candidates. The agricultural question, which was proposed in 1817, and deferred to the competition of 1818, is definitively withdrawn.

The prize for each of these subjects is to be a gold medal, worth 200 francs.

Dr. Bell's system of education has been established at Irkutsk in Siberia, by the Privy Counsellor Speransky.

**THE MOVING MOUNTAIN.**—Accounts from Namur say, that the Moving Mountain has made terrible progress during the night from the 30th to the 31st of January. It has advanced more than six feet; the communication between that city and Dinant, which is the great road to Paris, is shut up: people must now go by way of La Plante, along the Meuse, and in case the waters should rise as they did last month, the passage would be impossible. The house of Mr. Stapleaux is cracked by the pressure of the earth, and that of Mr. Duilleux is threatened by the neighbourhood of a mass which is sixty feet higher than the roof.

**Anecdote of his late Majesty.**—Among the many anecdotes of his late Majesty, with which the periodical press abounds, we have not seen the following:—The late celebrated mathematical instrument maker, Mr. Ramsden, was frequently deficient in punctuality, and would delay for months, nay, for years, the delivery of instruments bespoken from him. His Majesty, who had more than once experienced this dilatory disposition, once ordered an instrument, which he made Ramsden positively promise to deliver on a certain day. The day, however, came, but not the instrument. At length Ramsden sent word to the King that it was finished; on which a message was sent him, desiring that he would bring it himself to the Palace. He however answered that he would not come, unless his Majesty would promise not to be angry with him for his want of punctuality. "Well, well," said the King, "let him come; as he is conscious of his fault it would be hard to reprove him for it." On this assurance he went to the Palace, where he was graciously received; the King, after expressing his entire satisfaction with the instrument, only adding, with a good-natured smile, "You have been uncommonly punctual this time, Mr. Ramsden, having brought

the instrument on the very day of the month you promised it; you have only made a small mistake in the date of the year." It was, in fact, exactly a year after the stipulated time.

**CERF ACTON.**—A stag, to which the name of Acteon has been given, has made his debut at Francou's Circus in Paris. He performs the same feats as a well-managed horse; beats time in the midst of fire-works, &c. This spectacle attracts crowds to the Cirque; curious to see so timid an animal taught the bearing of the most courageous.

**LONGEVITY.**—Etienne Delametrerie, born blind, died lately in the hospital at Bourges, aged 103 years and 18 days. For more than a century he was an inhabitant of a world he never saw. Like many of his darkling companions in the brute creation, he was employed for sixty years in turning a grindstone.

**Singular Phenomenon.**—During the night of Tuesday last, there fell, in the township of Broughton, on the south shore, so great a quantity of black powder, as completely to cover the snow which was then on the ground. A small quantity of the powder has been brought to town, and will be analysed. (*Quebec Gazette*, Nov. 18.)

For the information of our chemical readers, we are authorized to state, that the new metal, Cadmium, originally discovered by Professor Stromeyer, in foreign ores of zinc, has been also found by Professor E. D. Clarke, of this university, in the Derbyshire Calamine. Dr. Thomson, Regius Professor of Chemistry at Glasgow, has examined the Cadmium obtained by Professor Clarke from our English ores, and has confirmed his observations. (*Cambridge Chronicle*.)

**GEORGE BIRKEN,** the boy whose wonderful powers in calculation have attracted so much notice, has been rescued, by a public subscription at Edinburgh, from the degraded situation of a common show, and a fund raised to give him a liberal education. He is now thirteen years of age; and the progress of his mind will be watched with philosophical care, by some of the learned members of the university where he is placed, and of the Royal Society.

A new Society of Arts is projected in Edinburgh. It will resemble that of London, and have a hall for the deposit of models, &c. as at the Adelphi.

Two English gentlemen, some time ago, visited the field of Bannockburn, so celebrated for the defeat of Edward's army. A sensible countryman pointed out to them the positions of the hostile nations—the stone where Bruce's standard was fixed during the battle, &c. Highly pleased with his attention, the gentlemen on leaving him, pressed his acceptance of a crown-piece. "Na, na," said the honest man, returning the money. "Keep your crown-piece, the English has paid dear enough already for seeing the field of Bannockburn." (*Constable's Magazine*.)  
**One of Plato's Infants!**—A Professor of Natural History, at Wetteran, reared and kept for three years a cunary bird without feathers. It has been held that no bird could exist in that state.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

*Contents of the Journal des Savans for Jan. 1820.*

C. B. Hase Leonis Diaconi Calcoensis Historia.—Reviewed by Mr. Raoul Rochette.  
 John Gotthof. Lindor. Kosegarten De Mo-hauneele Elm-Batuta Tingtana, ejusque itineribus.—Mr. Silvestre de Sacy.

Gaetano Cattaneo, Equejale, monumento antico di bronzo del Museo nazionale Ungherese.—Mr. Raoul Rochette.

Ed. Dodwell's Tour in Greece.—Mr. Letronne.

Raoul Rochette, Deux Lettres à Mylord Comte d'Aberdeen.—M. Letronne.

H. T. H. Laënnec. De l'Auscultation mediate.—M. Tessier.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

FEBRUARY, 1820.

Thursday, 3.—Thermometer from 31 to 33. Barometer from 30, 12 to 30, 17.

Wind S. E. and F. — Generally cloudy.

Friday, 4.—Thermometer from 31 to 35. Barometer from 30, 19 to 30, 21.

Wind W. S. E. — Generally cloudy, till the evening, when it became clear.

Saturday, 5.—Thermometer from 31 to 43. Barometer from 30, 17 to 30, 49.

Wind S. E. 1. and 2. — Generally cloudy.

A drizzling rain part of the afternoon.

Sunday, 6.—Thermometer from 35 to 50. Barometer from 30, 05 to 30, 20.

Wind S. W. 3 and 2. — Generally cloudy till noon, the rest of the day fine and clear.

Monday, 7.—Thermometer from 45 to 51. Barometer from 30, 30 to 30, 31.

Wind S. W. 1 1/2. — Generally cloudy.

Tuesday, 8.—Thermometer from 43 to 47. Barometer from 30, 31 to 30, 32.

Wind S. W. 2.—Generally cloudy. Sunshine at times in the afternoon.

Wednesday, 9.—Thermometer from 38 to 52. Barometer from 30, 25 to 30, 11.

Wind S. E. 1. and S. W. 3.—Generally clear, with clouds passing.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*The Translation from Florry's Memoirs, &c. which F. S. censures as erroneously rendering "Ma gloire est faite à moi," as if it were "pan me," "my glory is made for myself," instead of "my own glory is established"—is not ours, but belongs to the English edition of the work.*

*To S. N.'s two questions, we answer, 1st, that we cannot tell till we are the suppressed poem; and, 2dly, that till we see specimens of the letters, we cannot tell.*

*C. F. is utterly mistaken; we do not even know of the existence of any "Theatrical Party." Our opinions upon the stage, as on every other subject, are impartial and unbiased.*

*Endymion, if we may judge from his poetry, is even more struck by the moon than his nameake of old. We would to Jupiter he had also his taste, Endymion's sonnamus dormire.*

Conrad's lines want measure.

## ERRATA.

*In the Scotch song, last Number, for "Jude" read "Gude." In the third line of the same Song, for "he," read "ye." In the preceding Number, p. 77, for "Isabella in the Mourning Hride, read "Isabella in the Fatal Marriage."*

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

*British Gallery, Pall Mall.*

**THIS GALLERY**, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Modern Artists, will be opened on Thursday next, the 17th inst. By order,

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\* The above work contains a general Description of Scotland, its Climate, Mountains, Lakes, Rivers, Products, Population, Manufactures, Commerce, Religion, Literature, Government, Revenue, &c.; a Description of every County; its Extent, Soil, Products, Minerals, Antiquities, Seats, &c. each parish being separately described, and the whole illustrated by appropriate Statistical Tables.

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No. 161.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*An Account of the Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, including various Political Observations relating to them.* By William Wilkinson, Esq. late British Consul to the above-mentioned Principality. London, 1820, pp. 294.

The bad construction in the title-page, which we have just copied, will no doubt impress our critical readers with the notion that this book is not very excellently written; and we must say that it is not the work of a person in habits of literary composition. The author, however, resided for several years in the principalities which are his subject, and he supplies a good deal of sensible observation in his own way,—intelligibly if not elegantly. As Consul, he had peculiar opportunities for obtaining intelligence, not apparent to casual travellers; and altogether he has placed the latest details of the ancient and magnificent Eastern Empire before us in a light more obvious than any in which we have hitherto seen it.

Of the original composition of the people of those Greek provinces; of the early history of the Dacians, and of the contests of their descendants with the followers of Islam, we shall say nothing; except that, about 200 years ago, Wallachia and Moldavia were definitely subjugated by the Turks, and have, since that era, been governed, agreeably to a partial constitution left them, by governors appointed by the Porte. The population, according to the nearest calculation, approaches to 1,000,000 of souls in Wallachia, and 500,000 in Moldavia, and the last peace of Bukarest. They are divided into boyars, or nobles of the different ranks; the tradesmen of all descriptions; and the peasants, with others who are liable to the common taxes and contributions. So numerous is the station; and so rapid the succession of Hospodars or Governors in this quarter, that, during 90 years, to the beginning of this century, no fewer than forty different princes reigned in Wallachia, in the space of the time it was occupied by the Russians; from 1770 to 1774; by the Austrians and Russians, from 1789 to 1792; and by the Russians again from 1806 to 1812; that is to say, at the rate of a sovereign, more or less, every two years. Bukarest, the capital of Wallachia, contains 100,000 inhabitants, 366 churches, 20 monasteries, and 30 large houses, or caravans-

ras. Yassi, the capital of Moldavia, is a smaller but better built town, with 40,000 inhabitants and seventy churches. The streets of both are paved with thick pieces of timber thrown across, and fastened like a wooden bridge. The port of Galatz, however, is more usefully interesting than either, and we copy the account of it.—

Galatz (the sea-port of the two principalities) is in Moldavia, but nearly touches the frontier of Wallachia: it is situated at the beginning of the broadest and deepest part of the Danube, distant sixty miles from the Black Sea, sixty-five from Yassi, and seventy-two from Bukarest. The river is so far very navigable for ships not exceeding three hundred tons burthen. Its principal entrance from the sea is not very easy to make, owing to the islands which divide it into three great channels, two of which are very shallow and dangerous. But ships bound hither take pilots on board, and with this precaution, very few accidents take place, particularly in the fine season.

The navigation of the Danube closes in the month of November; and in the severest winters, even this part of the river is completely frozen over for the space of five or six weeks. In the month of March, ships begin to make their appearance again, and as they have not the inconvenience of a tide against them, they are enabled to come up close to the wharfs, and to remain there until their business is finished.

Galatz is the great market for the produce of the two principalities, and the only landing-place for some principal articles of importation. Having all the resources of a seaport, it is apparently a very flourishing town. Its market is always well stocked with the productions of the interior. The timber, masts, and staves are conveyed to it along the small rivers, that come from various parts of the country, and fall into the Danube nearest to it. There are public granaries for the wheat, and a great number of large warehouses, belonging to private merchants, for all articles. It is chiefly inhabited by commercial men, who, notwithstanding the rigour of the prohibitive measures, often find the means of exporting some quantity of wheat, and other contraband articles; but their principal trade is that of importation. The town and its dependencies are governed by two deputies of the Prince of Moldavia, called *Percalabi*. The number of the fixed inhabitants does not exceed seven thousand, but the great concourse of people occasioned every year by commercial pursuits, gives it the appearance of being very populous, and all the bustle of a place of great trade. The presence, in particular, of a great number of commercial vessels, increases considerably that appearance.

Although Galatz is the general depot for many goods of importation, it is not the principal market for them: they are conveyed to those of Bukarest and Yassi. Coffee, sugar, pepper, rum, lemons, oranges, and foreign wines, are the principal articles of this description. The local consumption of the first, in both provinces, is calculated at 800,000 okes every year: of the second, 900,000 okes; and of the third 35,000 okes; that of the others is merely eventual. Their importation, however, surpasses this quantity, and might be still carried to a greater extent, as the provinces of Galicia, Bukovina, Transylvania, Temesvar, and Servia, are partly supplied with those articles by the markets of Bukarest, Yassi, and Galatz.

The general system of this import trade is ill contrived, and it is subject to many inconveniences. The purchasers have recourse to the markets of Smyrna and Constantinople, where, of course, they buy at high prices. The goods, which have already paid custom-house duty in Turkey, are taxed with a new duty of the same kind, of three per cent., on being landed or brought into the principalities, as well as with other charges of an arbitrary nature, which amount to as much more. The latter are not, indeed, established by the local governments, but merely exacted by their officers, and as they are tolerated, they become unavoidable, unless the proprietors of the goods happen to be subjects of European courts, and as such, receive protection and assistance from the consuls residing in the country.

Wallachia and Moldavia are at present supplied by Germany with all kinds of cotton and woollen manufactures and hardware, either by land or by the Danube.

The plain and printed calicoes, the chemises, glass and earthenware, brought to their markets, are, without exception, German; but they are called English, and as such sold at higher prices than they would fetch were their origin widely known.

The consumption of the woollen cloths is very extensive; that of the superfine qualities alone is valued at 200,000. sterling every year. Some French cloths are brought into the country, but as their prices are considerably higher than those of Germany, they do not meet with much demand. French cambrics and English muslins are always profitable articles to speculators, and always remain long on hand.

As furs of all kinds form a part of the national costume, and are likewise necessary, owing to the natural rigour of the climate, they are an article of vast importation: Russia supplies the principalities with it, and takes in return brandy and wine, and imperial ducats.

Most of the merchants carrying on trade



in these countries, are natives, or Greeks. Some have been naturalised in Russia or in Austria, and receive protection from those powers; an advantage which is of no small consequence to their affairs. Of late years, some natives of the Ionian Islands, have begun to trade in the principalities, and the English flag, borne by their vessels, is now frequently displayed on the Danube.

Some overland expeditions of goods coming from Smyrna, are now and then made by way of Enos and Adrianople; but they are attended with risk and difficulty; besides which, the amount of charges surpasses by eight per cent. those incurred by way of Galatz.

The natural richness, and the various resources of Wallachia and Moldavia, are such, that if those countries could enjoy the important advantages of a regular government and a wise administration, under which industry and agriculture should receive their due encouragement, the trade of exports laid open, the commercial intercourse with foreign nations set upon a proper footing, and finally, the mines explored, they would in a short time become the most populous and most flourishing provinces of Europe. The harbour of Galatz would soon stand in rivalry with all the ports of the Black Sea, not excepting Odessa.

The fertility of the soil is such as to procure nourishment for ten times the number of the present population, and leave wherewith to supply other countries besides; the common return of cultivation being sixteen-fold, and in more favourable seasons, twenty-five.

Nature has furnished them with every possible means of becoming prosperous: men have ever proved themselves the determined enemies of their prosperity.

The following political information, which we meet with a little further on in the volume, will no doubt be thought a curious development of some of the springs on which the marvellous agreement between the Emperor Alexander and Buonaparte at Erfurth proceeded.

A plan of partition had been formed at Erfurth between the emperors Alexander and Napoleon, by which the Turkish provinces were to fall to the share of Russia, and Spain to that of France. It was after this understanding between the two sovereigns that overtures were made to England. The English negotiation took time, and before it came to a decided issue, Buonaparte declared to his senate that the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia were annexed to the dominions of his friend and ally the Emperor Alexander. When, however, Buonaparte found England determined to treat upon no basis which did not expressly admit of the evacuation of Spain, and that by entering into such terms he left a decided advantage to Russia with respect to Turkey, without reaping any benefit to himself from the political bargain made at Erfurth, he changed his views. The continental system,

which he endeavoured to justify in attributing the general calamities of Europe to a tyrannical perseverance in war on the part of England, furnished him with a sufficient pretext for engaging Russia to continue her war against Turkey, who had just entered into terms of friendship with England. On the other hand, he prevailed upon the Turkish government to insist on the restitution of the principalities occupied by the Russian armies, and to continue hostilities so long as the Russian court should withhold its consent to that measure. His desire of keeping these two powers at variance with each other could not but increase when he had subsequently formed the plan of invading Russia, who, isolated on one side by the Turks, and on the other by the Persians, was thus forced to employ considerable armies on distant frontiers.

The exhausted state of Turkey, the mediation of England, and the impatience of Russia, who was pressed by the hostile preparations of France, evidently intended against her, hastened the conclusion of peace in 1812 between the Mussulman powers and the Russians.

But it is pleasanter to us to follow the author in his descriptive sketches than in his politics; and only remarking that he is an advocate for giving Wallachia to Austria, we hasten to a few extracts characteristic of the country.

About two hundred and ten days of the year are holidays, and they are strictly observed by the inhabitants, as far, at least, as relates to the exclusion of all kinds of work. The public offices, although they have so great a portion of the year to remain inactive, are allowed besides, a fortnight's vacation at Easter, and during the hottest days of summer. In these useless and pernicious days of idleness, whilst the Boyars' chief occupation consists in seeking the means of killing time out of their homes, the lowest classes spend it with their earnings at the brandy-shops, where prostitutes are kept for the purpose of attracting a greater number of customers, and of propagating with vice the most horrible of all the diseases with which human nature is afflicted.

The number of this disgraceful class of females is so great at Bukarest, that the late Aga, or police director, suggested to the prince the plan of levying a capitation tax on each, whereby he would create a new revenue of some hundred thousand piasters. This plan, contrary to expectation, was not put into effect, though it was not likely to meet with obstacles.

The manners of society among the Wallachian Boyars are not remarkable for refinement. The general topics of social conversation are of the most trivial nature, and subjects of an indecent kind frequently take the place of more becoming discourse; they are seldom discouraged by scruples of any ladies present.

In the habitual state of inaction, brought

on by a natural aversion to every serious occupation which does not immediately relate to personal interest, both sexes, enjoying the most extensive freedom of intercourse with each other, are easily led to clandestine connexion; the matrimonial faith has become merely nominal.

Various other customs contribute to domestic disorders prevailing in a great number of private families. Parents never marry their daughters, to whatever class they may belong, without allowing the dowries beyond the proportion of their means, and to the great detriment of the male children, who, finding themselves provided for, look upon marriage as a means of securing a fortune, and consequently regard it as a mere matter of pecuniary speculation. Feelings of affection or sentiments of esteem are therefore out of the question in the pursuit of matrimonial engagements, and money remains the only object in view.

When a girl has reached the age of fifteen or fourteen, her parents become anxious to procure a husband for her. They do not wait for proposals, but make the offers, sometimes to three or four men at a time, stating with them the amount and nature of the dowry they are disposed to give. They enter into a regular negotiation with a greater amount is required, and finally settle with him who remains satisfied with the most reasonable terms. The inclination of their daughter are never consulted on the occasion, and too great a disparity of age, other personal defects on the part of the future husband, never appear to them as objectionable. The girl is sometimes perfectly unacquainted with the man of her parent's choice; and, at her tender age, unable to form any judgment on the state of matrimony, she submits to their will with indifference. Not long after the nuptials, she is left perfect mistress of her actions, her domestic affairs are entirely put into the hands of the servants, and she never interferes with the neglected by her husband, and at full liberty to dispose of her time as she thinks proper. She forms connexions of intimacy with men more experienced in the world than herself. The attractions of pleasure and society become too strong to be resisted, the example of others, with the numerous temptations that surround her, prove, now or later, fatal to her virtue. To the harshness which may have subsisted between her and her husband, succeeds disgust; quarrels soon follow, and blows sometimes are spared on her. Her condition becomes last intolerable, she quits her husband's house, seeks for a divorce, and generally obtains it, however frivolous the plea in true sense of the law.

The church of Wallachia and Moldavia the only one professing the Greek religion that authorises divorce; or more properly speaking, the only one that abuses the power of pronouncing it, the authority being granted to the patriarch of Constantinople on occasions of the most particular nature, and indeed never made use of.

In the principalities, the sentence of

force is pronounced so frequently, the motives alleged are sometimes so frivolous, that it never affects the reputation of a woman, so as to degrade her in her ordinary rank of society; nor does it in the least become a scruple to the delicacy of the men, whatever may have been the nature of its motive.

There are but few families at Bukarest who have long continued in an uninterrupted state of domestic harmony, and fewer still who can point out some relation who has not gone through a divorce.

Sometime back, a Wallachian lady of quality, who had brought but a small fortune to her husband, became desirous of fixing her residence in one of the principal streets of the town, and she pressed him to lay aside his accustomed system of economy, to sell his estate, the revenue of which gave them the principal means of support, and to build a fine house in that street. The husband, more reasonable than herself, positively refused to listen to her extravagant proposal; and the lady, incensed at his upbraiding her for it, quitted his house, and shortly after sued for a divorce, which she obtained. This lady, who has since remained single, professed great piety, and is still considered as a very pious woman.

Not long after, a young Boyar, contrary to custom, fell in love with a very beautiful young woman, of the same rank and age. The parents of both agreed on their union, and the nuptials were celebrated by public festivities. This couple was looked upon as the only one in the country whom a strong and mutual attachment had united. At the end of the first year the husband was suddenly attacked by a pulmonary complaint, and induced by the physicians' advice to separate himself for some time from his wife, and go to Vienna in order to consult the best medical men. After eighteen months' absence, finding himself perfectly recovered, he hastened back to Bukarest impatient to see his wife, to whom he had not ceased to write, but whose letters had latterly become much less frequent. On his arrival he found the most unexpected changes in his family affairs. His wife had gone to her parents, refused to see him, and had already consented to marry another! Her father, who was the chief instigator of her sudden resolution, had negotiated the second marriage, because it suited his own interests.

The legitimate husband claimed his spouse through every possible channel; but he was not listened to, and government declined interfering.

The sentence of divorce was pronounced by the metropolitan; and, although the husband's refusal to sign the act rendered it perfectly illegal, the second marriage took place; the ceremony was performed by the archbishop in person, and public rejoicings were made on the occasion.

The circumstances of this adventure were the more remarkable, as the second husband had been married before, and divorced his wife after six weeks' cohabitation, when he saw the possibility of obtaining this lady's hand.

Another lady of the first rank separated her daughter from her husband, with whom she had lived six years, and caused a sentence of divorce to be pronounced. She gave for reason, that her daughter's constitution suffered considerably by frequent pregnancy. The husband, who was by no means inclined to the separation, and who knew his wife to enjoy the best health, made remonstrances to no effect: and he was condemned by government to give back the dowry, and to pay damages to a considerable amount, for having spent a part of it, although he proved to have employed the deficient sum for the use of his wife and family.

These three instances of the degraded state of morals in these countries are selected from numerous others that occur daily. They are such as to excite astonishment, and appear almost incredible; yet they created no other sensation at the time than other common news of the day, deserving but little notice.

The mode of instructing the Wallachians and Moldavians in the precepts of religion, is not, however, calculated to animate them with excessive zeal, and to propagate fanaticism. They are merely taught to plunge headlong into all the ridicules of superstition, the inseparable attendant of ignorance; and it is probably owing to the total absence of fanaticism that the priesthood exercise a less powerful influence here, than they do in other Greek countries. All the ecclesiastical dignitaries being of obscure origin, and mostly of the lowest extraction, they are personally despised by the Boyars. Their spiritual power is alone respected.

The rites ordained by the established church are the same as those of the patriarchal church. Persons who have not received baptism in it, are not considered as Christians, nor even honoured with the name of such.

Frequency of confession and communion, and the punctual observance of a vast number of fast-days, during the year, are prescribed with severity. They have become the most essential points of faith, and the people believe with confidence that an exact adherence to them is sufficient to expiate the heaviest crimes, particularly after the confessor's absolution, which, in most cases, is to be obtained by the means of a good fee.

We should here have closed our notice of Mr. Wilkinson's production, had it not been for a very singular paper in the appendix: viz. "An explanation of the Nizam-y-gedid (the new military) institution," attempted to be introduced by the Ottoman government, translated from the Turkish MS. of *Ishelebi-Effendi*, a dignitary of high rank. The Effendi reasons in a manner so very singular that he is highly amusing to European minds, while conveying much information; and we have rarely met with an oriental document more full of whimsicality and truth, of man-

ner to entertain and matter to instruct us. We can only however select a few passages to show how the writer argues the points at issue between him and the Janizaries, who rebelled against the new system, and butchered both the Sultan and his Vizier. The worthy Effendi thus describes the beginning of the discontents.

After these points had been taken into serious consideration, some men were in the first place dispatched to the corps of the Janizaries for the purpose of selecting from thence some young and chosen soldiers, whom they were to discipline and train to the use of arms. Upon this, our braves who are engaged in the thirty-two trades, considering that if they were obliged to attend punctually to the exercise of common and small arms, they would be occupied with that instead of their private affairs, and would be brought into trouble, no longer receiving their pay once in three months gratuitously, and without doing any thing for it, began to powder the matter, stroking their beards and mustachios, and to vent their discontent by saying, "We are not made for this sort of work, and we will have nothing to do with it." Whatever pains were taken to enlighten their understandings, they obstinately persisted, addressing each other by these or similar terms, "Ho! Ali Sacka Babu, Oda Bashli, Bush Karakoulouk-gee! • what say you to this business? the exercise of the Nizam-y-Gedid is now introduced; henceforth no pay is to be had without service, and what they call exercise is very troublesome service; it is true that drawing up in a line makes a better show; but if they send us to war, we can fire our muskets, and then charging sword in hand, we can put the Russians to flight and storm their camp. May Heaven preserve from decay our corps and our chiefs! we shall then take our pay when it is issued, and pass our time agreeably." Such were their expressions, as though they could by frigid reasoning, and senseless allusions, induce the Sublime Government to abandon this enterprise, when the experience of two wars had proved beyond dispute, both the total inefficiency of their services, and the feeble condition of the Mahometan community.

After other arguments, the Effendi proceeds—

It has happened to me a thousand times to find myself engaged in dispute with a crowd of contentious fools, who say, "Is there any occasion for these new troops of the Nizam-y-Gedid? At the time that the Ottoman race conquered the world with the sabre, there were no such forces. Let the enemy present himself, and we will lay our hands on our sabres, and at a single charge make piece-meal of them. Only let us see the intentions of our enemy, we will storm their camp, sword in hand, upset their throne, trample his crown under

• The titles of some superior officers, amongst the Janizaries.

our feet, and penetrate even to the most distant of their countries."

To these bravoes I thus addressed myself:

"Hark ye, comrade! do you know that ever since the year 1146 I, as well as my father, have served with all my might in the corps of Janissaries, and have been engaged in several wars, and have seen the world both hot and cold, and feeling from the world's basket, have passed through the hoop of the elements." Having moreover been a prisoner in the hands of the enemies of religion, I became fully acquainted with their deceit and treachery, their discipline, and the successes which they have obtained over the Sublime Government. It has thus been easy for me to gain an intimate knowledge of many things, the truth of which cannot be easily understood from the mere perusal of our annals. As I am now eighty-seven years of age, if all those affairs that have passed since the year 82, with which I am thoroughly conversant, were to be written, they would fill several volumes. There are, however, certain events taken as well from history as from what has fallen under my own observation, which I wish to relate to you; and as my discourse shall be free from malevolence and bad passions, I trust in God that you will hear me with satisfaction, and will one day bless me."

He dwells upon the effect of the introduction of discipline among the forces of the Crabs of Europe, to which they resorted in consequence of their dread of the Emperor of Islam.

All the Crabs being seized with consternation, after communicating with each other, held a council in a place appointed, to which they invited men of wisdom and experience. The conclusion they came to was this: "The Ottoman Emperor having introduced an admirable system into his army, and established a corps for the express purpose of keeping it up, we shall no longer be able to keep face with such well disciplined troops: as the soldiers of the Islam are naturally brave, they will fall in among us, sword in hand, and make a speedy end of us; and as the opinion which they hold that those who die in war are martyrs, and go immediately to Paradise, makes them fight with great zeal, it is evident that if we do not establish good and sufficient military regulations, the Ottomans will conquer the whole of Europe, and oblige us all to pay the Haratch. It is our business therefore to find some method of preventing those soldiers from closing with us." They concluded their conference by forming a masterly project, and inventing a method of using with expedition their cannon, muskets, and other instruments of war, and prohibiting their troops from engaging in commerce, they obliged them to pass their whole time in learning military exercises, in which they made such progress that it became at last impossible to break their ranks. In truth, it is well known to those who are acquainted with history, that in the wars which have

\* These are proverbial expressions to denote the vicissitudes of fortune.

taken place since the invention of this new system of tactics, the Ottomans have been most frequently worsted, because they found it impossible to make use of their sabres among the infidels as they wished to do; for their regular troops keep in a compact body, pressing their feet together that their order of battle may not be broken; and their cannon being polished like one of \* Marcovitch's watches, they load twelve times in a minute, and make the bullets rain like musket balls; thus they keep us an unintermitted discharge of artillery and small arms. When the Islamites make an attack upon them with infantry or cavalry, the enemies of our faith observe a profound silence, till the soldiers of Islam are come close up to their front, and then at once giving fire to some hundred carriage-guns, and to seventy or eighty thousand muskets, overturn our men in heaps without so much as receiving a bloody nose. When they have thus by a few volleys caused thousands of the people of Islam to drink the Sherbet of martyrdom, the surviving remnant are wont to fly.

It is a certain fact, that we have seen in the wars persons, who, having never in the course of their lives taken a gun in their hands before, but spent all their time in the exercise of some trade, and knew not what they were about, but first put the ball into their muskets, and then the powder above it. It has been sometimes proved by experience, that as these people know not how to handle their ammunition, it would be better that they should leave the army rather than remain with it; because being of no use, they do harm by the disorder which they create. Some of our raw soldiers who do not know the proper charge of powder, by putting too great a quantity into their guns, cause them to burst, and thus maim, or even kill both themselves and those who stand near them; and many of our impractised horsemen who, when mounted on their steeds, fancy themselves the heroes of the age, and would not deign to give a salutation even to their own fathers, when they draw their sabres in action, wound the heads of their horses, and thus cover themselves and their beasts with blood; this awkwardness of theirs causes those who see it to utter ejaculations of surprise. In short, it is evident to men of understanding, that as the talents of reading, writing, riding on horseback, shooting with the bow, playing on an instrument, and other similar acquirements, will not come spontaneously to persons unskilled, and un instructed in them; so likewise victory cannot be obtained without a knowledge of the art of war, which is a particular, and noble branch of science, independent of others.

There are indeed certain considerations which may induce us to pardon those calumniators of the Nizam-y-Gedid, who are any wise connected with the old corps; but do those persons who are by no means attached to them, and who know the difference between alum and sugar, and between good and evil, show any sense in daring to abuse

\* Markwick Markham, a London watch-maker in great esteem with the Turks.

so noble a science? Their perverseness and obstinacy are astonishing, seeing that, notwithstanding the taste which the infidel race has always had of our raw troops, they do not allow it to be sufficiently proved, that if a war should break out, these ignorant beasts pressing together in masses of one or two thousand men, will be unable to resist the tactic of the enemy.

The writer relates instances of panic and flight, disgraceful to the old troops, and of the loss of their cooking kettles, the greatest infamy that can befall a Turkish regiment. On the other hand, he praises the bravery and efficacy of the Nizam-y-Gedid; for example, against the mountaineers of Rumelia.

Since that insolent race first showed themselves, several Veziers and other officers had been sent against them without effect. Having formed the wicked design of destroying the Nizam-y-Gedid institution from its roots, they now exerted their whole strength and gave battle. Although the regular troops had with them neither their cannon, howitzers, or mounted men, and were engaged in the midst of a severe winter, snow, rain, and mud, and though the rebels were strongly posted in a town, they nevertheless marched up to the attack, and without regarding the advantageous position of the insurgents, while they were themselves up to the knees in mud and water, they knocked down half of the rebels like rotten pears, sending their souls to hell, and obliged the rest to fly. In a short time the field of action was covered with the vile carcasses of the rebels, and those who were taken alive reported that they called out to each other, "Ah! comrade, these troops which they call Nizam-y-Gedid, are not what we took them for." In these exclamations they betrayed the sense of their own inferiority. Every one knows that at last these rascals, unable to make a stand on any side, climbed the mountains by night, and fled.

He also panegyricizes the stratagems to which his favourite troops resort; and as he justifies these in a whimsical manner, we shall take leave of this curious picture of the military force of Turkey with the illustration.

Should it happen that the enemy is as skilful and well trained as themselves, and employs against them the same discipline, then of the two parties, that will be victorious whose chiefs are enabled, by the favour of Divine Providence, to put in practice with superior address, the new science and stratagems of war which they have learned, because the apostle of the Most High, our great prophet (on whom be the blessings and peace of God!) himself condescended to use military stratagems. This sacred tradition is thus related.

During a holy war which was carried on in the happy time of the apostle of God, (on whom be peace!) a certain valiant champion of the enemy's army came out to offer single

combat, and demanded that the glorious Ali should be opposed to him. Ali, well pleasing to God, having received the command of the Apostle, girded on his sword only, and immediately went forth alone to the place appointed for the combat. When this friend of the Most High met that infidel, he thus addressed him: "I come on foot having one sword; why come you out on horseback having two swords and two bows?" The great Ali spoke to him again, saying "let these things be so; but I come out alone to give battle on our side, why do you bring another man and come both together?" The infidel, at this question, looked about him believing that another man had followed him, when at the same instant, the great Ali, in the twinkling of an eye, made the vile head of the reprobate fly off. The death of the said wicked person having been a source of joy to the followers of Islam, the excellent Ali, meeting the great prophet on his return, related to him the admirable stratagem by means of which he had slain that wretch. This holy tradition has been vouchsafed unto us.

*The Tribute of a Friend.* By N. T. H. Bayly, St. Mary Hall, Oxford. Oxford, 1819. 8vo pp. 15.

*Mournful Recollections.* The same. 1820. pp. 8.

*Small Talk.* The same. 1820. pp. 18.

Of these slight productions, the two former belong to the pathetic, and the last to the gayer class of poetry. They have given us a favourable opinion of the author in both. He seems to possess two very essential qualities for a poet—feeling and fancy; and his general talent is decidedly worthy of being stimulated to a more elevated and continuous flight than any it has hitherto undertaken. The friend whose premature death called forth the elegiac tribute was Thomas Walter Clarke Darby, of St. John's College, who died in November last, aged 18; and the following quotation will show how affectionately he was mourned.

Again—again—oh! let me hear you speak,  
Call me, embrace me, look on me again;  
My hand is on your forehead, it shall seek  
To give relief, and mitigate your pain;  
And yours will soon press mine—"tis only weak,  
Hope cannot be quite lost—life must remain.  
I see his bosom heave, I hear his breath—  
'Tis sleep—"tis stupor—any thing but death.

It is not death—though motionless he lies,  
That may of ease and slumber be a token:  
No friendly glance now beams from those dim eyes,

By those pale lips no feeble words are spoken,  
Far better were complaints, and painful sighs,  
Than silence—silence never to be broken!  
Yet still he sleeps—we may in time restore—  
No, no—his sleep is death—he wakes no more.

My task is over; and I'll not repine,  
Since all his tedious pangs are at an end;

Beside his bed I shall no more recline,  
To all his whispered wants, no more attend:  
I ne'er shall see his moist eyes fixed on mine,  
In silent recognition of his friend;  
I never more shall cool his fevered brow,  
Or bathe his cheeks—all, all are icy now.

He eulogizes the virtues of his loved companion, and draws a natural and affecting picture of youthful hopes disappointed.

When last we parted, his young heart was sad;  
But we were full of hope, that future days  
Would bring a happy meeting; and we had  
Delightful plans, projecting many ways  
Of being blest together; he was glad  
To press my hand; and he would often raise  
Schemes of unbounded pleasure shared with me—

This might have been—but this can never be.

We thought of happy meetings—and we met—  
But never to be happy: grief and pain  
Had changed his cheerful face; my eyes were wet

With tears I laboured to conceal in vain.  
I feel his feeble arms embrace me yet,  
Whilst mine were thrown around him; and again

I hear him whisper in a gentle tone  
"My dear, dear friend—I never had but one."

I followed as a mourner to the scene  
Where he lies buried now; and I returned—  
In tears returned to be where he has been,  
And spend my life without him.

There are few compositions more difficult than the pourings out of heartfelt lamentation. If art is visible, the effect of nature is destroyed; and, if some art is not employed, the mere ebullitions of grief are crude and uninviting. The happy medium has, we think, been hit by Mr. Bayly, as far as his verse pretends; and he preserves his consistency to the end; which is more than can be said for Lord Lyttleton's Monody, or other celebrated effusions of this kind.

The Mournful Recollections are of similar character. They thus commence.

O Time! I ask thee not to steal away  
My present grief; I wish not to be gay:  
My heart were worthless, could thy hand remove

My deep affliction for the Friend I love.  
Bring me not smiles, though cheerfulness returns,  
And lights the mourner's cheek, his heart still mourns;

A smile can never cure, though it conceals  
The hopeless anguish which the bosom feels;  
Forgetfulness alone can cure regret;  
And whilst I live, I never can forget.

The following lines breathe the same pensive spirit.—

Short was the season of our joy; it passed  
In mutual delight, too sweet to last;  
When young, and fair, and innocently gay,  
His fancy pictured many a happy day:  
The hand of sickness smote him; every limb  
Was weakened and unnerved;—how unlike him

Who moved so lately, with his merry glance,  
First in the sport, and lightest in the dance.  
I was his constant nurse;—and though I shed  
Tears of unfeigned affection o'er the dead;  
It soothed me, when I think that I was there,  
Watching his sickly form with trembling care.  
That kneeling by his side, he often heard  
My voice join his in prayer, and every word  
Of heavenly truth, a consolation gave,  
Which softened all the terrors of the grave.  
It was my arm which always raised him up;  
From me alone he took the medicine cup;  
When hot, and faint with thirst, my hand sup-  
plied  
His last cool draught;—and in my arms he died.

Oh! there are feelings Time can never blot,  
Years may elapse—they cannot be forgot;  
His dying look—though months have passed away—

It haunts me still,—it seems but yesterday.—  
It is an easy task, for hearts at rest,  
To talk of brighter days to the distressed;  
To show us joys the future may reveal,  
And speak of that composure, which they feel.  
They may remind us tears, and sighs, are vain;  
Alas! can hopelessness diminish pain?  
They say when God afflicts us, it is fit  
That we should suffer meekly, and submit;  
Yes, we submit, and place our trust alone,  
In one last hope,—to go where they are gone.  
We know his dispensations must be borne,  
We bow to his behest; yet still we mourn;  
Religion teaches us to hope for bliss:—  
But in another region—not in this.

But we leave these pieces of sombre colouring to give a part of the livelier picture, entitled *SMALL TALK*, which, notwithstanding its name, is a great subject. After a playful invocation, and description of the present mania for writing, the critics come in for their due notice.

But critics all my budding hopes may blight;  
They're vastly disagreeable, no doubt;  
When sparks peep forth affecting to be bright,  
With large extinguishers they put them out:  
These vile Reviews annihilate us quite,  
And spoil our daily rest, like fits of gout;  
Yes, just like gouty fits, for they appear  
As periodical, and as severe.

But I profess to be, and am indeed  
One of the lofty highly favoured few;  
I'll scribble in security, nor heed  
Aught the severest of the throng can do:  
They tell us what we may, or may not read;  
What with applause, or censure we may view;

They are small wits—to that I don't object,  
It makes us greater with the more select.

They may be mischievous at times, I own,  
When private pique or malice intervenes;  
Though vast decision sits upon their frown,  
They're not infallible by any means:

Some in maturity have met renown,  
Whose lays were dunned in toto, in their teens:

Great critics (like great poets) sense have got,  
Small critics (like small poets) have not.

Some very knowing persons ne'er peruse  
Old books or new, though they adorn their shelves;

But monthly or else quarterly they use  
Opinions borrowed from reviewing clergies;

And thus, whilst they are taking in Reviews,

They're very often taken in themselves.  
Judgments are dangerous at second hand—  
We should not prate unless we understand.

A painter might as well attempt to trace

A distant prospect which he never saw ;

The Devil's Bride, or any other place ;

Unseen, it would be difficult to draw ;

Yet ere they read a book, with wondrous

grace

Men praise a beauty, or condemn a flaw ;

When books are named, and others praise or

blame,

They look exceeding wise, and do the same.

This is no imaginary sketch, but the  
portraits are met every day. Other  
species of Small Talk are illustrated ;  
but we can select only a specimen.

Small talk is indispensable at routs,

But more so at a little coterie,

Where friends in number eight—or therea-

bouts—

Meet to enjoy loquacity and tea.

If small talk were abolished, I've my doubts

If ladies would survive to fifty-three ;

Nor shall the stigma, ladies, fall on you,

Men love a little bit of small talk too.

What changes there would be if no tongues ran

Except in sober sense and conversation ;

There's many a communicative man

Would take to silence and to cogitation ;

'Twould stop old maids (if aught that's earthly

can)

And cut the thread of many an oration :

Old bachelors would dandle through the day,

And go on in a very humdrum way.

What would become of those who, when at

prayers,

Lend down their heads and whisper in their

pears :

Those at the play who give themselves such

airs,

Careful each celebrated speech to lose ?

How would the poor man suffer, who prepares

For small song parties which he can't refuse ?

What would become of all the gay pursuits,

If all gay people suddenly turned mutes ?

Partners at balls would look extremely blue,

Whilst waiting for their turn to point the

toe ;

Youths tête-à-tête would scarce know what

to do,

Over their juice of grape, or juice of shoe ;

Two people in a chaise might travel through

England and Wales—and they in fact might

go

Over the continent, and all the way

Be confidential once or twice a day.

Lovers would think it very hard, I fear,

If sober sense they were condemned to speak ;

Husbands and wives a voice would seldom hear,

Unless it happened to be washing week ;

The language of the eyes, I think, 'tis clear,

Old married people very seldom see ;

(Couples oft disagree, I'm told,—but this

is just by way of a parenthesis.)

How very peaceable we should be then,

None would have words, c'en bullocks would

be dumb ;

How changed would be the busy hum of men ;

The fame of certain wits would prove a hum ;

Tattlers, deprived of speech, would seize a pen,

They are a nuisance not to be o'ercome ;

Schemers the credulous no more would balk,

For Schemers would very rarely end in talk.

These changes are not all ;—I'll not proceed,  
I've mentioned quite enough in my narration ;  
They'd be so universal, that indeed

They'd baffle any man's investigation.

To calculate them all—I must exceed

George Ridder, who is famed for calculation :

Arithmetic to him's a pleasant game—

"He listed in numbers, for the numbers

came?"

There are two or three short poems ;  
but we have, at least looking at the  
bulk of the works before us, transgressed  
all bounds : we trust the extracts  
will be our apology.

*Memoir of the Early Campaigns of the  
Duke of Wellington in Portugal and  
Spain.* By an Officer employed in  
his Army. London, 1820. 8vo.  
pp. 234.

This well-written and intelligent record  
of events, deeply interesting to  
every Briton, affords a capital contrast  
to the Buonapartean histories of that  
general's wars, which have lately in-  
undated us. The candour and modesty  
of the English writer, his fairness and  
manly truth, are sterling proofs of national  
honour and honesty, opposed to the  
false-colourings and falsehoods on the  
other side, which have so forcibly  
brought to our minds the line of Burns :

"Some books are lies from end to end."

The perfect information to which it  
is evident the author had access, the  
handsome manner in which, as a soldier,  
and the able manner in which, as a  
historian, he has availed himself of it,  
gives this work a peculiar claim to at-  
tention, and enhances the value of that  
which, even in common hands, would  
have been valuable from the intrinsic im-  
portance of the subject. We have heard it  
ascribed to the pen of Lord Burghersh,  
and readily believe that a production so  
distinguished for strict veracity, plain-  
dealing, liberality, exalted sentiment,  
justice, knowledge, and observation  
emanated from a British nobleman,  
whose gallant services afforded him the  
opportunities for becoming ac-  
quainted with events ; and whose en-  
lightened mind dictated the statement  
of facts in the best possible shape.

The period embraced is from the com-  
mencement of Sir Arthur Wellesley's career  
on the peninsula, to the final expulsion of  
Massena from Portugal ; namely, from July  
1808, to May 1811, and including the battles  
of Vimiera, Corunna, Talavera, Busaco, and  
Fuentes d'Honor ; the convention of Cintra,  
and other affairs of the utmost moment. In  
a political, as well as in a military point of  
view, the narration is singularly meritorious,  
and we greatly admire the simple straight-  
forwardness with which the noble officer un-

folds springs and describes results, hitherto,  
we will say, very imperfectly understood by  
the public. The conduct of Sir Harry Bur-  
rard, and Sir Hew Dalrymple, during their  
brief commands, the course and character of  
the brave Sir John Moore, the real causes of  
the abandonment of the wounded at Talave-  
ra by Cuesta (not by the English general), the  
interior movements and intrigues of the Span-  
ish juntas, and the remarkable position of  
the combatants and issue of their measures  
at Torres Vedras, are more clearly explained  
than we have ever seen them before ; and  
most unquestionable materials for future history  
provided by a book as unostentatiously  
put forth as it is ably executed.

It is not our intention to follow the  
noble Lord into details, but we shall  
extract a few leading passages to illus-  
trate the publication and substantiate  
the opinion we have ventured to pro-  
nounce. The atrocities committed by  
the enemy are more than once noticed,  
and with perhaps greater generosity  
than just abhorrence, the author endeavours  
to palliate these inhuman prac-  
tices, so disgraceful to the soldiers of a  
civilized country. When the English  
troops first landed on the banks of the  
Mondego—

The French were in possession of Lisbon,  
and the country north of it as far as Leyria,  
which has been recaptured from the Portu-  
guese by a force under the orders of General  
Margaron. On the entry of the French into  
this town, they committed the most atro-  
cious acts of cruelty\*. As an instance of  
the brutality of a superior officer, the —  
of — related of himself, that upon en-  
tering the town, he met a woman with a  
child at her breast, that the appearance of  
the infant excited his pity, but " *se rapel-  
lant qu'il était soldat,*" he pierced the two  
bodies with a single thrust of his sword.  
When the English advanced-guard arrived  
there, it found in one of the convents the  
dead bodies of several monks, who had been  
killed by the French soldiers ; some of whom  
had dipped their hands in the blood of their  
unfortunate victims, and had dined with it  
the walls of the convent.

\* The cruelties committed by the French  
army in this instance, and throughout the whole  
of its campaigns in Portugal, had their origin  
in the nature of the war in which it was now  
for the first time engaged. Till this period,  
wherever the French soldiers had established  
themselves, whether by the defeat of the armies  
which defended the country invaded, or other-  
wise, they found the people submitting to their  
rule ; when, in Portugal, therefore, the nation  
rose in hostility against them, they considered  
such resistance as rebellion, and looked upon  
the inhabitants taken in arms, as disturbers of  
the public peace, and therefore entitled to no  
mercy or consideration. The officers also hoped,  
by inflicting vengeance on the patriots, to arrest  
the progress of an insurrection which menaced  
their total overthrow. It would not be fair to  
argue, from the conduct of the French in Por-  
tugal, that in other situations they would be led  
to adopt similar proceedings.

At a subsequent period we have a similar picture of horror.

Lord Wellington evacuated Coimbra on the approach of the enemy, upon the 1st of October; the town had generally been quiet by the higher classes of inhabitants during the preceding days; a considerable proportion, however, still remained, hoping that the enemy might yet be prevented from getting possession of it. But about ten o'clock on the morning of the first, there was suddenly an alarm that the enemy was approaching; the report was soon magnified into his having entered; and at one burst the whole of the remaining inhabitants ran shrieking from the town. The bridge, which is very long and narrow, was at once choked by the crowds which were pouring upon it; and the unhappy fugitives, who found their flight impeded, threw themselves into the river, and waded through it. The Mondego was fortunately not deep at this time, the dry season had kept it shallow; but there were three or four feet of water in many of the places where the unfortunate inhabitants passed it. In the midst of all the horrors of this scene; of the cries of the wretched people who were separated from their families; of those who were leaving their homes, their property, their only means of subsistence, without the prospect of procuring wherewithal to live for the next day, and of those who believed the enemy (with his train of unheard-of cruelties) at their heels; the ear was most powerfully arrested by the screams of despair which issued from the gao, where the miserable captives, who saw their countrymen escaping, believed that they should be left victims to the ferocity of the French.

The shrieks of these unhappy people were fortunately heard by Lord Wellington; who sent his aide-de-camp, Lord March, to relieve them from their situation; and thus the last of the inhabitants of Coimbra escaped from the enemy.

It is not in the nature of this work to dwell upon scenes of misery, such as have been now described; but the recollection of them will last long on the minds of those who witnessed them. The cruelties of the French had made an impression upon the Portuguese, that nothing could efface; it seemed to be beyond the power of man to avert the enemy's approach. The whole country fled before him; and if any of the unhappy fugitives were discovered and chased by a French soldier, they abandoned every thing to which the human mind is devoted, to escape from what they looked upon as more than death, the grasp of their merciless invaders. Innumerable instances of these melancholy truths might be detailed; but it would waste the time of the reader, and the relations of the horrid acts committed by the French would be too shocking to dwell upon.

Nor shall we dwell on these savage barbarities, which could only be perpetrated by monsters hateful to human nature, for whom hell, rather than earth, was a fit scene of action.\* That

meanness is a concomitant of cruelty, is made manifest by the following anecdotes relative to the evacuation of Portugal after the convention with Junot.

After the signature of the convention by Sir Hew Dalrymple, at Torres Vedras, and not at Cintra, as has generally been supposed, two officers, Major General Beresford and Lord Proby, were sent into Lisbon to superintend its execution. The history of their disputes with the French would hardly be believed. It would be interesting to record them, as instances from which the characters of many of the individuals belonging to the French army might be collected, and the value of their point of honour appreciated.

The first object to which the attention of the British commissioners for the execution of the convention was drawn, was to enforce the spirit of that instrument, by preventing the French from carrying off the plunder of Portugal. With this view General Junot, after much opposition on his part, was constrained to issue an order to his army, requiring it to deliver up, into the hands of the commissioners appointed for that purpose, every species of plundered property which it retained in its possession. Within a few hours, however, of the issuing of this order, information was brought to Major General Beresford, that Colonel Cambyse, aide-de-camp to General Junot, had seized upon the Prince Regent's horses, had carried them from the royal stables, and was embarking them as the property of General Junot.

The statement, upon being inquired into, was found to be correct, and General Kellerman was applied to, to prevent this robbery; he immediately attacked Colonel Cambyse with great severity of language, and ordered the horses to be restored.

The next day an attempt of the same sort, by the same officer, was made upon one of the carriages belonging to the Duke of Sussex, which was actually embarked; Major General Beresford, upon being made acquainted with it, sent his aide-de-camp to Colonel Cambyse, to remonstrate with him (in terms not very agreeable) upon the repetition of a conduct so disgraceful to the character of an officer. This lecture was, however, of but little avail, for during the time that General Beresford's aide-de-camp was speaking, the second carriage belonging to the Duke of Sussex was removed to the river, for the same purpose of embarkation;

sens was before the Lines at Torres Vedras.) the French subsisted solely on the plunder of the country they occupied. The irregular manner in which this mode of obtaining supplies was conducted led to the perpetration of the most revolting atrocities. Torture inflicted upon the inhabitants, to extract from them the secret of their depôts of provisions and property, was one of the expedients most common to the French soldiery. The murder of the peasantry seemed to be committed without remorse; the capture of the women was converted often into a source of profit. Nothing more revolting to the mind of civilized man can be produced, than the list of horrors committed during this lamentable period.

both carriages were afterwards recovered, and Colonel Cambyse threatened with a voyage to England as a prisoner, if he continued a line of conduct such as he had till then pursued. Various other traits might be related of this officer, but an act of General J—'s, will be more interesting, and more worthy of record: he had carried off a considerable number of pictures, and embarked them on board his own vessel, from the house of the Marchioness of Anjija; upon being required to give them up, he answered, that they had been given to him. This having been found to be incorrect, he denied all knowledge of the transaction, and impeached a relation of his who was on board the ship with him, but who immediately proceeded to one of the transports, where he hoped to remain concealed. A threat of preventing the General from sailing, till the pictures were disgorged, soon brought this gentleman back to the frigate, and Captain Percy directed him to go on shore to give an account of the transaction; he refused, however, to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the commissioners, and declared his determination not to land. The bayonets of the marines were called for, to persuade him; they proved effectual, the gentleman was landed, and soon after, the pictures were returned. Another general officer, on the day of his embarkation, carried off, from the office of the commissioners, all the papers and documents which he was able to collect, in a short visit he made to it while the commissioners were absent; and if he had not been driven back to Lisbon by contrary winds (when he was forced to return them) would have involved their proceedings in complete confusion.

How much the English soldiery were annoyed at the interruption of their victories by the convention, is whimsically painted in the annexed.

The feeling of the army which had fought the battle of Vimiera, was at this time most hostile to the armistice which had been agreed upon.

The expression of a pirate in one of the regiments which had most gallantly asserted the superiority of the British arms, deserves to be recorded: whilst marching in his column to Sobral, he appeared to be looking for something which he had lost; and upon being asked what he was in search of, replied, *ten days*, which he believed he should never find again.

The following is also a curious incident, connected with the same event.

The corps under the orders of Sir John Moore marched from Torres Vedras to Mafra. The leading division, under Major General the Honourable Edward Paget, had nearly reached that place, when a French officer, who commanded a piquet in the town, desired that the English army would not advance, as he had no orders to retire; the circumstance was reported to Sir Hew Dalrymple, who attempted to persuade the French officer to evacuate, but finding his efforts ineffectual, and being desirous to avoid engaging in any fresh hostilities; he

\* During the whole of this period, (while Mas-

ordered his troops to bivouac, for the night, on the ground they occupied. The next morning the French officer sent word, that he had received orders to retire with his 100 men, and that the British army was at liberty to enter the town. This story was the occasion of much witicism among the soldiers.

Lord B.'s reflections on the fatal and glorious battle of Corunna appear to us to be exceedingly just.

Thus ended the second campaign in which the British troops had been engaged in the Peninsula. It would be a melancholy task to canvass it throughout; the last action was worthy of the men that have since delivered Spain from its merciless invaders; but the movements which preceded it were far from being generally approved. Great difficulties were hinted opposed to Sir John Moore; but it would appear that in his own mind they were too highly rated. He discharged his duty to his country, however, with his utmost zeal. He died fighting to maintain its glory, and his name will ever be ranked amongst its heroes.

Having, by these selections, shewn the quality of this work, we shall only add two or three further miscellaneous extracts.

An incident which took place on the night of the surrender of Almeida, deserves to be mentioned, to shew the hostility of the Portuguese peasantry to the French. Colonel Pavetti, the chief of the gens d'armes of France, in Spain, had gone to Almeida with Marshal Massena, when he left his headquarters at the fort of La Concepcion, to reduce the garrison to surrender; when the firing recommenced, Colonel Pavetti (who was unwell) set out upon his return to his quarters; he was accompanied by a Lieutenant, a Captain, and twelve men; the night was extremely dark and stormy, and he lost his way. He met with a Portuguese shepherd, whom he took for his guide, and who promised to conduct him (the vengeance of these Frenchmen hanging over him) to the fort of La Concepcion. But this peasant could not resist his feelings of animosity; he found courage to mislead the party; and under the pretence of having missed his way, brought it to his own village. He persuaded Colonel Pavetti to put up for the night in the house of the Jues de Fora, and pretended that he would procure provisions for him. Instead, however, of employing himself in that way, he collected the inhabitants, fell upon the French, killed them all except the colonel, whom he beat most severely, and his servant who stated himself to be a German. The next day the colonel was brought, with two ribs broken and other damages, to the head-quarters of Lord Wellington; where he was attended to, and afterwards sent prisoner to England.

To appreciate this event, it must be remembered that it took place in the middle of an army of 60,000 Frenchmen; that their revenge awaited those who were concerned in it; but that, notwithstanding, the animosity

of the Portuguese was too strong to be resisted by any calculations of the retaliation which was likely to follow the act that was committed.

On the retreat to Torres Vedras, it is judiciously remarked.—

We have thus conducted the British army to the termination of one of the most extraordinary operations which was ever carried into effect; the boldness of the original conception, as well as the perseverance and success with which it was executed, will command the admiration of all military men. The ascendancy which the character and talents of Lord Wellington had obtained over the minds of all those who were within his guidance or control, could alone have enabled him to effect a plan which involved in it such fearful consequences. To have persuaded a foreign government and army, but lately subjected to his direction, to abandon the greater proportion of their country almost without a struggle, to the ravages of an invader; to see his approach to the capital without fear or hesitation, speaks of itself a confidence in the talents of the commander which is without example. Not less extraordinary was the mode in which a movement in retreat was executed from Almeida to Torres Vedras, a distance of 150 miles, in presence of a superior army, whose object was, by every exertion in its power, to harass the corps opposed to it; yet not a straggler was overtaken; no article of baggage captured; no corps of infantry, except where the invaders were routed at Busaco, was ever seen or molested. Of all the retreats which have ever been executed, this deserves most to be admired. The steady principle on which it was carried into effect could alone have secured its success. Lord Wellington never swerved from his purpose; the various changes which every day occur in war, made no impression on his determination. The great event of a battle, such as that of Busaco, won over an enemy who was surrounded by an hostile nation, never induced him to change the plan of operations which he was convinced would in the end produce the most decisive advantages. Guided by such a principle, Lord Wellington was enabled triumphantly to execute his plan; the successes which have since attended his career are the best evidences of his wisdom. It is a singular circumstance, that when in his turn Massena had to conduct his army in retreat over nearly the same ground to the frontiers of Spain, although he had the advantages of making his preparations in secret, and of disguising the moment of putting it into execution, yet he was constantly overtaken; the corps of his army beaten and harassed; and in every action which he was compelled to fight, he was driven with loss and disaster from his positions.

Lord Wellington placed his army on the ground marked out for it in the course of the 8th, 9th, and 10th of October. The lines, as they have been termed, extended from Albandra to the mouth of the Zizandra; the whole distance may be computed

at about twenty-five miles from right to left. The term of lines was but little applicable to them; the defences procured by art were confined to closed redoubts placed upon the most essential points, and calculated to resist, although the enemy's troops might have established themselves in their rear. They were thus enabled to protect the formation of the army upon any point attacked, before the enemy could bring cannon in operation with the troops which he might have pushed forward between them.

From this period, the 12th of November 1810, to the 4th of March, 1811, both armies retained their respective positions; the only events of any importance, were the arrival of the 9th corps of 10,000 men, commanded by General Cte. Erlon, which was placed by Massena to protect his right at Leiria; and the junction of 5,000 men, who were brought by General Foy upon his return from Paris, where he had been sent by Massena, soon after his arrival opposite our lines, to render an account of the operations of the French army, and of its situation. Buonaparte received the relation of these events with much indifference; and observed upon the excuses General Foy was directed to make, for the loss of the battle of Busaco, "Ah bah! les Anglais de tout temps ont battu les Français."

We cannot conclude better. Waterloo must have riveted the conviction.

*Biographia Curiosa; or Memoirs of Remarkable Characters of the Reign of George the Third. With their Portraits. Collected from the most authentic sources.* By George Smeeton.

Of this publication, which is to consist of thirty monthly numbers, making three volumes, No. 1 has appeared. It contains accounts and portraits of the Corsican Fairy, of William Stevenson a Scotch beggar, of Elias Hoyle a Yorkshire centenary, and of Sam House a Westminster publican and republican. The engravings are executed in a good style, and the matter is amusing; we quote the simple annals of Hoyle as a specimen.

"This venerable man was a native of So-werby, in Yorkshire, being, at the time the accompanying portrait was taken, 113 years of age. His life is another convincing proof of the invaluable blessings of sobriety and industry; for, by his labour alone, "that offspring of want and mother of health," he maintained a numerous family in glorious independence; not one of them receiving parochial relief, although he was only a journeyman mechanic: he was enabled to follow his employment till he was 110 years old.

Yorkshire has produced more instances of longevity than any county in England: the cause of which is probably to be ascribed to the salubrity of the air, and sobriety of its inhabitants. The following is a list of persons who resided in Yorkshire, and attained the age of a century and upwards."

\* Vide Easton's Longevity.



Alice Atkinson, of the city of York, aged 109: died 1749.—Jane Atkins, of the city of York, 100: died 1761.—Ann Armstrong, of Aldborough, 114: died 1765.—Anne Blake, of North Leeds, 114: died 1763.—Margaret Bartlmer, of Leeds, 102: died 1765.—Robert Butterfield, of Halifax, 102: who from 40 years industry as a wool stapler, acquired a fortune of 40,000*l.* he died 1781.—S. Brigg, of Hoosier Hall, near Craven, 100: died 1782.—William Birkhead, of Brork House near Cleckheaton, 100: died 1797.—Francis Coudit, 4 of Burythorpe near Malton, 150: died 1768.—Ralph Coulson, of Grimstone, 107: died 1771.—Margaret Champney, of Carlton, 102: died 1782.—Mary Cousen, of Wakefield, 103: died 1790.—Peter Delme, esq. of Leeds, 104: died 1773.—Mrs. Dawson, of Wakefield, 104: died 1798.—Mr. Frank, of Pontefract, 109: died 1782.—Marry Gummersell, near Wakefield, 107. She was mother of 14 children; grandmother to 33; great grandmother to 84, and great great grandmother to 25: in all 156 descendants; she died 1763.—Thomas Garbutt, of Huggworth, 101: died 1773.—William Gibson, farmer, of Hutton Bush, 102: died 1796.—Ann Hatfield; of Tinsley, 105: died 1770.—Mary Hall, of Bishop Hill, of which place she was sexton, 105: died 1759.—Elizabeth Hodgson, of Scampton, 110: died 1759.—William Hughes, of Tadcaster, 127: died 1769.—William Harwick, of Leeds, 100: died 1772.—John Houseman, of Scarsay near Thirsk, 111: died 1777.—Jonathan Hartop,

of Aldborough near Boroughbridge, 198: died 1791.—Mary Halmshaw, of Wakefield, 102.—The celebrated Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton upon Swale, 169: died 1670.—Ann Johnson, of Aldborough, 102: died 1766.—Joan Jones, of Gisborough, 103: died 1772.—Samuel Johnson, of Bridlington, 104: died 1779.—Mary Jackson, of Cropton, 104: died 1789.—George Kirtan esq. of Oxnip Hall, 125: died 1769.—Mary Ker-haw, of Pontefract, 103: died 1788.—Robert Laurence, of Gisborough, 100: died 1761.—Daniel Lero, esp. of Leeds, 103: died 1771.—Thomas Loveday, of Scrooby, 101: died 1789.—Richard Matherman, of Ripley, 102: died 1766.—Mrs. Moore, of Rigny, 107: died 1768.—Mrs. Mawhood, of Pontefract, 100: died 1792.—Mrs. Ouden of Holbeck, near Leeds, 106: died 1795.—Robert Ogilvie, of Rippon, 115: died 1762.—Mrs. Pilkington, of Bicester, 107: died 1757.—John Phillipst, of Thorn near Leeds, 117: died 1742.—Sannell Paudames, of Yeddington, 105: died 1792.—Martha Preston, of Barnsley, 125: died 1769.—Eleanor Rulston, of Jurrow Quay, 102: died 1788.—Bartholomew Rymer, of Rippon, 100: died 1791.—John Shepherd of Tadcaster, 109: died 1757.—James Simpson, near Knaresborough, 112: died 1766.—Joshua Simpson, esq. of Hanslet, near Leeds, 104: died 1780.—Margaret Scurrell, of Honiton, 108: died 1784.—James Sainpser, of Ousdwick, 103: died 1791.—Mrs. Tate, of Malton, 105: died 1772.—Joseph Thompson, of Walmgate Bar, 103: died 1781.—Mrs. Todd, of Richmond, 105: died 1789.—Mr. Wright, of Hatton, 102: died 1776.—Mr. Wheatley,

of Leeds, 106: died 1780.—Mr. Whip, of Bishop Wilton, 115: died 1784.—Mrs. Wharton, of Thirsk, 103: died 1791.—Major Wilkins, of York, 100: died 1766.—Sarah Wight, of Breray, 106: died 1760.—Henry Wells, of Whitby, 109: died 1794.—Susannah Wood, of Newton upon the Ouse, 109: died 1780."

If the ensuing Numbers are as entertaining as this, there can be no doubt, but that like most magazines of this sort, the Biographia Curiosa will be very popular.

### *The Percy Anecdotes. Part III. Youth.* pp. 180.

The third monthly Number of this excellent little work has appeared, and is devoted to illustrate various sorts of precocity. We select from several hundred stories, half a dozen, as samples of the Editors' skill.

The last but one seems to indicate that they have a real existence; and that the names of Sholto and Reuben Percy are not merely assumption.

*Prince Henry, Son of James I.*—Prince Henry, the son of James I. (of England), who perished in his eighteenth year, possessed all the elements of an heroic and military character. Had he lived to ascend the throne, the days of Agincourt and Cressy would have revived, and Henry IX. have rivalled Henry V., whom he resembled in his features. This youth has furnished the subject of an interesting volume: and in the British Museum there is a MS. narrative, written by one who was an attendant on the prince's person from the age of three to thirteen years, a time of life when but few children can furnish anything worth relating about themselves.

The first time he went to the town of Stirling to meet the king, observing on the road a stack of corn, it fancifully struck him as similar in shape to the top he used to play with. "That's a good top," said he. "Why do you not then play with it?" answered one of his attendants. "Set you it up for me, and I will play with it." This is just the fancy we might expect in a lively child, with a shrewdness in the retort above its years.

Being questioned by a nobleman whether, after his father, he had rather be king of England or Scotland, he asked which of them was best. Being answered, "England," "Then," said the Scottish-born prince, "would I have both." At another time, on reading this verse in Virgil—

"Tros Tyrinæ mihî nullo discriminē agitur," the boy said he would use that verse for himself, with a slight alteration; thus:

"Anglus Scotusve mihî nullo discriminē agitur."

Even in the most trivial circumstances his bold and martial character displayed itself. Eating in the king's presence a dish of milk, the king asked him why he ate so much child's meat: "Sir, it is also man's meat."

Once taking up strawberries with two spoons, when one might have sufficed, he

† He was very temperate in his living, and used great exercise, which together with his occasionally eating a raw new-laid egg, enabled him to obtain so extraordinary an age.

James Hatfield died the same year, at the same age. He was formerly a soldier; when on duty as a sentinel at Windsor, one night, at the expiration of his guard, he heard St. Paul's clock in London, strike thirteen strokes instead of twelve, and not being relieved as he expected, he fell asleep; in which situation he was found by the succeeding guard, who soon after came to relieve him: for such neglect he was tried by a court martial, but pleading that he was on duty his legal time, and asserting, as a proof, the singular circumstance of hearing St. Paul's clock strike 13 strokes, which upon inquiry proving true, he was in consequence acquitted.

His father and mother died of the plague in their house in the Minories in 1766; and he perfectly well remembered the great fire of London. He was short in stature; had been married five times; and left 7 children, 26 grand children, 74 great grand children, and 140 great great grand children. He could read to the last without spectacles, and play at cribbage with the most perfect recollection. On Christmas day 1789, he walked nine miles, to dine with one of his great grand children. He remembered Charles II. and once travelled from London to York with the facetious Killigrew. He eat but little, and his only beverage was milk. He enjoyed an uninterrupted flow of spirits. The third wife of this very extraordinary man was an illegitimate daughter of Oliver Cromwell, who gave with her a portion amounting to about 500 pounds. He possessed a fine portrait of Cromwell by Cooper, for which a Mr. Holford offered 300 pounds, but

was refused. Mr. Hartop lent the great Milton 50 pounds soon after the restoration, which the bard returned him with honour, though not without much difficulty, as his circumstances were very low. Mr. Hartop would have declined receiving all, but the pride of the poet was equal to his genius, and he sent the money with an angry letter, which was found among the curious possessions of this venerable old man.

She had been a widow upwards of 50 years, and her faculties were unimpaired to the last. Such was her health and activity, that, when in her 77th year, she walked from Wakefield to London, a distance of 184 miles, and returned again on foot.

He was a most remarkable fox hunter, following the chase on horseback till he was 80 years of age: from that period to 100 years he regularly attended the unkenelling the fox in his single chair.

A travelling tinkler, he was married 73 years, and had 12 sons and 13 daughters, had all his senses perfect, and could see to work a short time previous to his death.

He lived under 8 crowned heads, and was able to walk till within a few days of his death. His teeth were good and his sight and hearing tolerable. At about the age of 28, being constable of his parish, he, upon some disorders, committed two of Oliver Cromwell's soldiers to the town stocks: the Protector far from resenting it, wished that every one of his police officers had but half his courage.

He was a man of good health and activity. He was game keeper to Sir Bellingham Graham, Bart. of Norton Conyers, and shot game flying in his 99th year.



gully exclaimed, "The one I use as a rapier, and the other as a dagger."

The bickerings between the prince and his tutor, Adam Newton, are amusing. When Newton wishing to set an example to the prince of heroic exercises, one day practised the pike, but with little skill, the prince taunted him on his failure. Newton obviously lost his temper, and observed, "That to find fault was an evil humour." "Master, I take the humour of you," "It becomes not a prince," observed Newton. "Then," retorted the prince, "doth it worse become a master."

The tutor once irritated at losing a game at which he was playing with the prince, said, "I am meet for whipping boys." "You vaunt then," retorted the prince, "that which a ploughman or cart driver can do better than you." "I can do more," said the tutor, "for I can govern foolish children."

On this the prince, who in respect for his tutor would not carry the jest farther, rose from the table, and in a low voice, said to those near him, "He had need be a wise man that could do that."

A musician having played a voluntary in presence of the prince, was requested to play the same again. "I could not for the kingdom of Spain," said the musician; "for this were harder than for a preacher to repeat word by word a sermon that he had not learned by rote." A clergyman standing by observed, that he thought a preacher might do that. "Perhaps," rejoined the young prince, "for a bishoprick."

One of his servants having cut the prince's finger, and sucking out the blood with his mouth, the young prince said to him pleasantly, "If, which God forbid! my father, myself, and the rest of his kindred, should fail, you might claim the crown, for you have now in you the blood-royal."

In one of the prince's excursions into the country, having stopped at a nobleman's house, the prince's servants complained that they had been obliged to go to bed supperless, through the parsimony of the house, which the little prince at the time of hearing seemed not to notice. The next morning the lady of the house coming to pay her respects to him, found him turning a volume that had many pictures in it; one of which was a painting of a company sitting at a banquet: this he shewed her. "I invite you, madam, to a feast." "To what feast?" she asked. "To this feast," said the boy. "What, would your highness give me but a painted feast?" Fixing his eye on her, he said, "No better, madam, is found in this house." There was a point in this ingenious reprimand, far exceeding the wit of a child.

Such are a few of the anecdotes of a prince who died in early youth, gleaned from a contemporary manuscript, written by an eye and ear witness. They are trifles, but trifles consecrated by their genuineness, and by the rank of the individual to whom they relate.

*Ignorance of fear.*—A child of one of the crew of His Majesty's ship, Peacock, during

the action with the United States vessel, Hornet, amused himself with chasing a goat between decks. Not in the least terrified by destruction and death all around him, he persisted, till a cannon ball came and took off both the hind legs of the goat; when, seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying, "Now I've caught you." This singular anecdote is related in a work called, "Visits of Mercy, being the second journal of the stated preacher to the hospital and almshouse, in the city of New York, by the Rev. E. S. Ely."

*Lord Thurlow.*—This eminent lawyer's superiority of abilities was very early manifested both at school and at college. They extorted submission from his equals, and impressed his seniors with respect. The following anecdote is told of him. Having been absent from chapel, or committed some other offence which came under the cognizance of the dean of the college, who, though a man of wit, was not remarkable for his learning; the dean set Thurlow, as a task, a paper in the Spectator to translate into Greek. This he performed extremely well, and in very little time; but instead of carrying it up to the dean, as he ought to have done, he took it to the tutor, who was a good scholar, and a very respectable character. At this the dean was exceedingly wroth, and had Mr. Thurlow convened before the Masters and Fellows to answer for his conduct. Thurlow was asked what he had to say for himself. He coolly, perhaps improperly, replied, "that what he had done proceeded not from disrespect, but from a feeling of tenderness for the dean; he did not wish to puzzle him!" The dean, greatly irritated, ordered him out of the room; and then insisted that the Masters and Fellows ought immediately to expel or rusticate him. This request was nearly complied with, when two of the Fellows, wiser than the rest, observed, that expelling or rusticating a young man for such an offence would perhaps do much injury to the college, and expose it to ridicule; and that as he would soon quit the college of his own accord to attend the Temple, it would be better to let the matter rest, than irritate him by so severe a proceeding. This advice was at length adopted.

Thurlow was not forgetful of the kindness which he experienced on this occasion. When he rose to the woolsack, he procured for one of the gentlemen who recommended lenient measures, the Chancellorship of the Diocese of Lincoln.

Such was the consciousness which Thurlow felt of his towering abilities, that long before he was called to the bar, he often declared to his friends that he would one day be Chancellor of England; and that the title he would take for his peerage would be Lord Thurlow, of Thurlow.

*Lord Nelson.*—Lord Nelson was, from his infancy, remarkable for his disinterestedness and intrepidity. When at School at North Walsham, the master, the Rev. Mr. Jones, had some remarkably fine pearls which his scholars had often wished for; but the attempt to gather them was in their opinion so hazardous, that no one would

undertake it; when Horatio, on seeing all his companions staggered, came forward and offered to brave the danger. He was accordingly lowered down from their dormitory by some sheets tied together; and thus, at a considerable risk, secured the prize; but the boldness of the act was all that the young adventurer regarded; for on being hauled up again, he shared the pearls among his school-fellows, without receiving any for himself; and added, *I only took them because every other boy was afraid.*

It is also related of him, that, at an earlier period, and when he was quite a child, he strayed from his grandmother's house, at Hilborough, after birds' nests, with a cow-boy. The dinner hour arriving without his appearance, the alarm of the family became very great, for they apprehended that he had been carried off by the gipsies. Search was instantly made in various directions; and at length he was discovered, without his companion, sitting with the utmost composure by the side of a stream which he had been unable to pass. "I wonder, child," exclaimed the old lady, on seeing him, that hunger and fear did not drive you home." "Fear never came near me, grandmamma!" replied the infant hero.

*Scientific Sagacity.*—In the winter of 1790, as a number of boys were skating on a lake in a remote part of Yorkshire, the ice happened to break at a considerable distance from the shore, and one of them unfortunately fell in. No house was near, where ropes or the assistance of mere aged hands could be procured, and the boys were afraid to venture forward to save their struggling companion, from a natural dread, that where the ice had given way, it might give way again, and involve more of them in jeopardy. In this alarming emergency, one of them, of more sagacity than the rest, suggested an expedient, which for its scientific conception, would have done honour to the boyhood of a Watt or an Archimedes. He might probably remember having seen, that while a plank placed perpendicularly on thin ice will burst through, the same plank, if laid horizontally along the ice, will be firmly borne, and afford even a safe footing; and applying with great ingenuity and presence of mind, the obvious principle of this difference to the danger before them, he proposed to his companions that they should lay themselves flat along the ice, in a line one behind another, and each push forward the boy before him, till they reached the hole where their playmate was still plunging, heroically volunteering to be himself the first in the chain. The plan was instantly adopted, and to the great joy of the boys, and their gallant leader, they succeeded in rescuing their companion from a watery grave, at a moment when, overcome by terror and exertion, he was unable to make another effort to save himself. Reader, excuse a tear of gratitude. The name of the boy saved was—REVEREN PERRY.

*An apt Version.*—The late Dr. Adam, Rector of the Grammar School, Edinburgh, was supposed by his scholars to exercise a strong partiality for such

us were of patrician descent; and on one occasion was very smartly reminded of it by a boy of mean parentage, whom he was reprehending rather severely for his ignorance—much more so than the boy thought he would have done, had he been the son of a *right honourable*, or even of a plain Bailie Jarvie. "You dunce!" exclaimed the rector, "I don't think you can even translate the motto of your own native place, of the *gude town* of Edinburgh. What, sir, does '*Nisi Dominus frustra*' mean?" "It means, sir," rejoined the boy smartly, "that unless we are lords' sons, we need not come here."

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS,  
FOR OCTOBER, 1819. (*Concluded.*)

Art. V. Voyage en Persie, fait dans les Années, 1807, 1808, 1809. 2 vols. 8vo.

This work, though published anonymously, is known to be the production of Mr. Adrien Dupré, who was attached to the legation of General Gardane.

In the space of 18 months, *i. e.* from 8th of September 1807 to the 1st of May 1809, the author, proceeding from Constantinople through Asia Minor, &c. to Bagdad, thence to Hamadan, Isfahan, and Selkiraz, from which latter city he made several excursions, traversed the most remarkable provinces of the Persian empire in different directions, visited a great many cities, and resided in the most celebrated. He had abundant opportunities of making good and useful observations, and we must do him the justice to say that he has neglected none of those which, being relative to the details of the route, the productions of the country, or objects of trade, may be of some advantage to commerce and geography.

Among the most interesting parts of the work, are the detailed account of the Casmire shavies; the statement of the military tribes established in Persia; a highly important table of the weights, measures, and coins, in use in the different provinces of that Empire; and a chapter, containing not only the itineraries of the route of the author, but also thirty-seven others, which give the distances of a great number of towns and villages in Persia, and even of the neighbouring countries.

Mr. Dupré is now engaged in a second work; *viz.* his "*Voyage à la côte des Akkas*," which will doubtless contain interesting information respecting a country of which we know very little.

Art. VI. Note on some Epithets descriptive of Bouddha, by Mr. Abel Remusat.

Though an enquiry into the denominations by which the Hindoos designate their divinities be in general futile, because there is often reason to believe them arbitrarily invented by the poets, there are however some, so consecrated by custom, that they must be considered, not as mere rhetorical ornaments, or means to fill up a hemistich, but as the expression of a well established opinion on the attributes of the being to whom they are applied. Of this nature are the epithets descriptive of Bouddha, the

number of which is very considerable; but which, being all taken from the books considered as sacred, and alluding either to traits in the life of this mythological personage, or to the attributes which serve to characterise him, cannot have been changed since they were invented, and serve to designate him in litanies, invocations, and legends, in a fixed and invariable manner. In the 4th volume of the *Mines of the East*, I gave a very complete list of these epithets, from the most authentic sources: I now return to the subject, to seek the solution of a question, which has engaged some systematic writers in Europe, and which, by a singular chance, is connected with the great question of the origin of the arts, civilization, and religions of the East.

The celebrated Sir William Jones, whose authority must be allowed great weight in subjects relative to the literature of Persia and Hindoostan, but whose discourses at the annual meetings of the Society of Calcutta, should, in my opinion, be read with great distrust, in what relates to the antiquities of Asia, is, I believe, one of the authors who have spoken in the most express manner of statues of Bouddha with frizzled hair, evidently made, says he, "*with the design of representing him in his natural state.*" This is one of the particulars adduced by the ingenious author in the number of incontestible facts; it is indeed, we may say, the only one, which he points out among these facts, which, according to him, authorize us to think, that Ethiopia and Hindoostan were peopled by the same race. "It may be added, in support of this idea, (continues he) that it is difficult to distinguish the mountaineers of Bahar and of Bengal, in some of their features, especially the lips and the nose, from the modern Abyssinians; and that according to Strabo, the ancient Hindoos differed from the Africans only in having their hair straight and smooth, while that of the Africans was woolly or curled; a difference which proceeded chiefly, if not entirely, from the respective humidity or dryness of their atmosphere." I shall not dwell on the material error contained in these last words, which, after the labours of modern naturalists, needs no refutation. In what precedes, too, I shall only take the assertion relative to Bouddha, which would tend to make us consider him as having been, in the opinion of his worshippers, an Ethiopian, foreign to the Indian race—a real African negro, with thick lips, a broad flat nose, and frizzled hair.

I shall draw my proofs exclusively from the writings of the Bouddhaists themselves; and I need not remark, how greatly superior their authority is to that of the literati of Europe, and even to the authors attached to the worship of Brahma, the only ones who have been consulted by the English authors.

In these books we find the different names given to Bouddha, arranged and distributed in sections; the first contains 58: but these names express, almost all of them, the moral perfections and powers of Bouddha, considered as a divinity: *Deatitiera*, the

God of Gods; *Dharmasasudimi*, the honourable King of the Doctrine; *Mahdmd*, the Great Saint; *Narzottamah*, the most Exalted of Men; *Guananagarah*, the Sea of Virtues, &c. These denominations, therefore, do not furnish us with any data adapted to the subject before us.

But the Bouddhaists have not confined themselves to the enumeration of the moral qualities, in which this principal divinity is superior to all others; they have also made a description of the corporeal qualities which distinguished him in his human form, and have composed a series of phrases, from which it is possible to draw a complete portrait of Bouddha, considered as a material and terrestrial being. In this point of view, they have assigned him 32 visible qualities, and 80 sorts of beauties. Here it is natural to look for the features, which it would be necessary to know, in order to determine to which of the varieties of the human species the personage may have belonged, who has been worshipped since his death by the name of Bouddha. Now far from finding in this collection of 112 phrases, destined to the description of his human body, any thing resembling the figure of the negro, which it is so easy to characterise, and so difficult to mistake, we observe in this number several features which evidently belong to the Indian race, and which it is impossible to apply to that of the negroes of Africa.

Mr. Remusat quotes \* several of those phrases; Bouddha is called "*with the golden complexion*," which must doubtless be understood of the olive colour of the Hindoos, and not the black of the negro: *his body was without spot, and brilliant; his nails red like copper; his lips rose like the fruit called bimba. His hair was in rounded curls*, which, in figures of Bouddha, executed by unskillful artists, may have been taken for frizzled hair; but as if it had been intended to provide against this interpretation of the word curls, we find another epithet which fixes the sense of it. The hair of Bouddha was not mixed or frizzled. Lastly, which is decisive, he is stated to have had a prominent nose, which might probably be equivalent to aquiline, but most certainly cannot be applied in any manner to the broad flat nose of the African negroes.

Mr. R. appeals to persons acquainted with the language for the exactness of his explanation of the Sanscrit phrases which he has translated, not directly, but through the medium of the Chinese, the Mongol, and the Mandchou. He has chosen only such as appeared the most characteristic: but on looking over the others in his translation of that part of the book which contains them, (*s. Mines of the East*, vol. 4.) there are many which it would be equally difficult to reconcile with the idea of Sir W. Jones, and certainly not one that favors it.

Declining to make use of any of the nu-

\* Mr. Remusat states that he has made use of Chinese, Mongol, and Mandchou translations of the books of the Bouddhaists, and quotes in those languages the phrases which he selects to illustrate his opinions. *Ed.*

merous legends in which Boudha is made to act a part which is wholly fabulous. Mr. R. observes, however, that it is worthy of remark, that no feature in any of those legends has the slightest relation to the foreign physiognomy which some would attribute to Boudha, and that he is always represented with a degree of beauty equal to his power. If Mr. R. had not contented himself with repeating the opinion of Sir W. Jones respecting the negro features attributed to Boudha, he might easily have accumulated proofs of another kind, that he was not an Ethiopian come from Africa to Hindoostan, but, that his birth being once admitted as an historical fact, all the traditions, without exception, agree in placing it in one of the kingdoms of central India. This is a fact established by too many testimonies, all concurring, though independent of each other, to render it necessary to dwell upon it. Even should some statues of Boudha have frizzled hair, there are many ways of explaining this fact, and an English gentleman furnishes us with one, which is perhaps not the worst. In a notice upon the *Djainas* drawn up and translated at Madjori, by the Bramin Cavelly-Boria, from documents furnished by a priest of that sect it is asserted that the *Mahdantas*, or ascetics, of the second class, must not use razors, but employ their disciples to pull up their hair by the roots. On which Major C. Mackenzie, remarks, that these sectaries attribute to the effects of this operation the appearance of the heads of their *Gourous*, which the Europeans have supposed to represent curled or frizzled hair. This is an explanation which would dispense with our making Boudha a negro with woolly hair. Were it certain that this god had received from ancient times the name of *Mali*, which is given in the *Vyacurna*, not to the legislator Boudha, but to the genius of the planet Mercury, and which does not mean black, as P. Paulin de S. Barthelemi thought, but spotted, and which at all events, might very well have been given to inhabitants of Dukschin by the Indians of the north, a fact of this nature would surely not deserve to be reckoned among the particulars which may make known the history of Indian civilization, and authorise us to think that it may have been brought from Ethiopia to Hindoostan, and had its origin among the negroes. Such trifling circumstances are not calculated to throw light on such extensive and complicated questions. The affinity which seems to exist between several points of the religions and the institutions of India and Egypt, gives rise to important and difficult problems; but it is not by alleging some specious arguments, or by indulging in reflections in which there is always something superficial, that these problems can be solved.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### THE TURQUOISE.

Dr. Gotthelf Fischer, Professor of Natural History in the University at Moscow,

has lately made some inquiries into the subject of the Turquoise, which seem to us to possess considerable novelty: we are indebted for the knowledge of them to the *Asiatic Journal*.

Turquoise, is a name which has been erroneously given to two different substances; the oriental turquoise being a true stone, a clay coloured by oxide of copper, or even by arseniate of iron; and the common turquoise, occidental turquoise, or turquoise adolopite, being a fossil, a petrefaction, a tooth, or a bone, coloured by a metallic phosphate; and not belonging to the mineral kingdom at all.

We imagine that very few persons are aware of this distinction. The former is the *Calaité* or *borea* of Pliny, in his chapter on opaque blue gems, lib. 37, c. 8; and no doubt the *καλαίς* and *καλλαις* of the Greeks. Mr. F. restores the appellation Calaité, and claims a place for this substance among the minerals or stony bodies to which it pertains, and from which it has only been excluded by the more generally known turquoise of Europe, properly described by Reaumur as a tooth coloured by copper. Indeed every part of a skeleton may be converted into turquoise, when placed in contact with coppery bodies, and especially with phosphate of copper. The Calaité, or Oriental Turquoise, is found in several mines in Persia, where it is highly valued. Pure stones of the size of a pea are difficult to be procured; those of the size of a nut are extremely rare. The Persians, Afghans, and other Asiatic nations, use them as amulets, for ornamenting their creases, and for the usual purposes of jewellery. There are some varieties.

The turquoise with which we are all more familiar, it is now proposed to designate as the odontolite; as, though the whole animal may be rendered turquoise by being penetrated and coloured by metallic oxides, particularly by copper, the teeth alone, owing to their hardness, are capable of becoming turquoises in the full acceptance of the word. Many teeth of unknown animals have been found so converted in copper mines, &c. but the principal deposits for the formation of these precious bodies are in France. Furnaces, and a process (kept secret) are employed to produce this artificial turquoise, which is, however, distinguished from the real stone by being less hard, by losing its colour in distilled vinegar, and by dissolving completely in nitric acid. The true Calaité withstands these tests, and bears a finer polish.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### OXFORD, FEB. 12.

On Saturday last the Rev. Edward John Burrow, B.D. of Trinity College, was admitted Doctor in Divinity, grand couponder.

On Thursday last the Rev. Samuel Hall, M.A. Fellow of Brasenose College, was admitted Bachelor in Divinity; and the Right Hon. Dudley Ryder, Viscount Sandon, Nobleman of Christ Church, was admitted Bachelor of Arts.

## ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

January 24th, 1820. *Papers Read.*

A method of computing Astronomical Refractions for small Altitudes, by the Rev. John Brinkley, D.D. and M.R.S.A. Archdeacon of Clogher, and Andrews Professor of Astronomy in the University of Dublin.

The object of this paper is to deduce, by means of a modification of the result of the hypothesis, of a density decreasing uniformly by a very simple investigation, the refraction, at any low altitude, corresponding to any heights of the barometer and thermometer. Hence tables are deduced for zenith distances between 80° and the horizon which scarcely yield in simplicity to the French tables, and enable us to obtain the quantity of refraction as changed by the weight and temperature of the atmosphere in which, near the horizon, the French tables appear entirely to fail. The author takes occasion, in a note, to correct a slight mistake, into which Doctor Young seems to have fallen, with respect to an expression used by Archdeacon Brinkley, in his paper, "On the Analytical Investigation of Refraction," published in Vol. XXII. Trans R. S. Academy.

On the Inscription of Regular Polygons in a Circle. By Samuel James, Esq. communicated by the Rev. F. Sadler, D.D. M.R.S.A. Secretary to the Academy.

This paper contains the mode of inscribing geometrically a polygon of 17 side in a circle. The author introduces his construction by remarks on this branch of geometry, which had remained almost without attention from the time of the Greek geometry till, in the year 1801, M. Gauss, in his "Disquisitiones Arithmeticae," called the attention of the scientific world to the subject, and proved the possibility of inscribing in a circle a such regular polygons as have the number of their sides expressed by  $2^n + 1$ , being also prime number. The construction, however, for these polygons, has not as yet been made public.

On the development of the series for the Sine or Cosine of Multiple Arcs. By Humphrey Lloyd, Esq. Undergraduate in Dublin College. Communicated by the Rev. J. J. Singer, Secretary to the Academy.

The object of this paper is to deduce, from elementary algebra, the expressions for the sine and cosine of multiple arcs, in terms of the sine or cosine simply, which had hitherto not been effected without fluxion. They are derived from the expansion of De Moivre's formula, and the author has annexed some other analytical expressions calculated to show the utility of that theorem.

An Analysis of the Cynecetics of Oppian. By the Rev. W. H. Drummond, LL.B. M.R.S.A.

This paper is properly a continuation of one read to the Academy during the last year, on the life and writings of this neglected Greek poet. Doctor Drummond has given in his analysis, which is very full, many passages abounding with high poetic beauty and very interesting to the naturalist, as con-

taining a fair specimen of the knowledge of Natural History, which had been acquired at the time of Oppian.

## FINE ARTS.

## THE BRITISH GALLERY.

This attractive exhibition has been shut in consequence of the Royal demise: if we form an estimate of the state of the Arts in this country sixty years ago, by what is transmitted from that period, and then cast our eye over these walls, we must be prone to acknowledge how much they have advanced under the beneficent sceptre of George the Third. With but very few brilliant exceptions, which may almost literally be said to belong to the early years of the last reign, painting and sculpture were generally at a low ebb in England. Since then many bright stars have risen and set; and, at this day, our country stands, we presume to affirm, without dispute, the highest on the national scale of excellence in the cultivation of the Fine Arts. The theatrical airs, and exaggerated anatomy of France; the imitative feebleness of Italy; the deep sleek of Flanders and Holland; and the hardly ennobled talent of other states, whence war has scourged the nobler pursuits of humanity, present nothing to compare with the various and exuberant wealth of our British school. Far be it from us to deny the highest attributes of genius to individual foreign artists; but setting nation against nation in the glorious competition, we repeat, with pride and triumph, that there is none to match Great Britain.

From this general view it behoves us to let ourselves gradually down to particulars, deserring perhaps of some remarks.

The yearly accumulation of art, while it develops and displays more talent and progressive improvements, must also increase the struggle of contemporary merit: we feel the shackles imposed on us by repeated observations upon like subjects; and impediments much more difficult to be overcome must arise from the same cause to painters, whose task it is not merely to express an opinion, but to create a work which shall differ from the multitude thus annually produced. We are embarrassed, they must be disheartened; we are perplexed what to say, they can scarcely be able to tell what to do. In our dilemma, the points at which we have principally aimed, throughout our many criticisms, have been the interests of the artist, the development of the principles of painting, and the direction of the public. The nature of the theme must necessarily lead to a recurrence of technical terms, which the lovers of art, visiting the exhibitions, may be supposed sufficiently to understand, but by which our distant and general readers can be little informed. In the choice now offered us, and never were the materials of which a modern gallery was composed in our time more worthy of attention) we feel it our duty to be select, and to mark only pictures of distinguished excellence for regard. In so

doing, we shall further endeavour to check what appears to us to be an excess which has grown out of public notice, and which can only end in disappointment and mortification to thousands who engage in the profession from mistaken impressions, either arising from the facilities afforded to the study of art, or the encouragement obtained by a few; to these it may be proper to observe, that mediocrity must sink in neglect; and in the warning voice of Mr. Fuseli, exclaim, "It is better to deter than to deceive."

There are above 300 paintings in this year's collection, and several pieces of sculpture. The contributors amount in number to more than one hundred and fifty, and include many names of the foremost celebrity, as well as youthful aspirants to fame. A good many of the subjects have been exhibited before, but they are new (we calculate roughly) in the proportion of ten to one; so that besides old friends with new (varnished) faces, we find novelties enough to captivate our senses. Next week we shall resume these strictures, and notice particular works.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—Last week Mr. Abraham Cooper and Mr. William Collins were elected Members of the Royal Academy, in the room of the late Messrs. M. Lloyd and E. Bird. The former, Mr. Cooper, has raised himself from humble life to this distinction by the mere dint of extraordinary talents; and his animal paintings, for truth and spirit, have rarely been excelled. The latter, Mr. Collins, has no superior for delightful landscape; his coast-scenes are almost always peculiarly beautiful, and his figures finely introduced.

## MUSEUM OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF BAVARIA.

Munich, Jan. 6th.

Yesterday the celebrated Faun of the Palace of Barberini, purchased by his Royal Highness the Crown Prince, happily arrived here without being damaged. After this colossal mass of marble had safely passed over the Appennines and Tyrolean mountains, a delay of eight days was occasioned by a bridge near Kufstein, which was unable to bear the weight: but soon were all obstacles overcome, and the chest is now placed in one of the saloons of the Museum. The collection of our Crown Prince has now, exclusive of the *Egna* statues, two works of art, which after the *Torso* and the fragments of the *Parthenon*, according to our opinion, bear most evidently and incontrovertibly the stamp of Grecian originality and perfection, namely, this Faun and the celebrated statue of the Son of Niobe, bought at Vienna. But that these two masterpieces do not stand alone here, appears from a list of some of the works which are placed in two saloons, where, besides above twenty other fine works, we see the celebrated *Medusa*, from the Palace of Rondanini; the colossal *Pallas*, from the Villa of Albani; the colossal *Muse* of *Ageladas*, from the Barberini Palace; the beautiful *Venus*, from the Palace Bracchi; the well known *Vaccarellas*; two *Uras*,

found in Athens and Rhodes, of Grecian antique workmanship; the *Jason* tying his Sandal; the colossal *Heros* from the Barberini Palace; excellent *Hermes* of *Xenocrates*, *Xenophon*, *Miltiades*, *Socrates*, and the remarkable statue of *Alexander*, from the Palace Rondanini. This collection now consists of more than two hundred articles.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## A SCENE.

"There is a ban upon me.—The thick air  
Parches my brow, and in my haggard eye  
There lives a glassy splendour: woe's a shrink,  
And children fly me: nay, immortal man  
Bestows a curse (unask'd) upon the wretch  
Whom ruin has blasted. Look upon me well,—  
Am I unlike the thing I was? or has  
The breath of those who raised me to the skies  
Been tainted?—Would ye know my story?—  
Listen.

I am a wretch of desperate fortunes; main'd'd,  
And touch'd by plague and burning pestilence,  
(Tho' harmless now) and rack'd by inward pains.  
But more by pondering on the scenes of joy  
Long past and gone-for ever.—I have lost  
What made this earth a paradise,—the wife  
I lov'd and worshipp'd like the heavens.—She's  
gone:

Aye, dead and mouldering like the common soil  
You tread upon—but this I might have borne,  
Tho' hard; but she was slain, polluted, torn,  
With all our children from their home, to ruin.  
I liv'd and turn'd a madman. How I laugh'd  
At all the slanders that the world cast on me!  
And when they beggar'd me I laugh'd, and bit  
My chains, and shriek'd in horrid jubilee.  
They bound me to the slimy ground, and none  
Of all I had befriended lent me comfort.

My limbs were rag and riven: my frame grew  
parch'd—  
And, like a madden'd hound, my tongue roll'd  
out,

Foaming;—but no one sooth'd, The loathsome  
toad  
Is stamped on; so was I.—My heart was struck,  
And I was brandish'd thro' the living world,  
A villain half condemn'd. The rabble shrank  
From one so vile; but I was innocent.  
Let me not talk of this.—I rave, I rave.

'Tis well I do at times, for that upholds me.  
Look at you drivelling idiot—he is happy.  
You foam orator.—Is he wretched?—No.  
But I have partial glimpses of the past,  
That come like burning sun-beams: aye, and  
dart

Scorching, right through my brain. My flesh is  
gone;

It withers and wastes away; and thro' my heart  
A knife is driven, altho' you see it not.  
I'm shaven to the crown, and my dark hair,  
(I was so proud of it!) was torn away,  
To make me quite a mockery: but I bear it,  
And will bear more—much more."

—Thus from his straw,  
Shriek'd one poor, frenzied wretch, whose look,  
methought,

Spoke somewhat strangely of nobility.  
His eye was glass'd and wide, and rang'd about  
his prison. On his bony limbs he wore  
Rude fetters; and his hands were clench'd, as  
tho'

He felt internal pains: then he breath'd hard,  
And look'd half upward in reproach, and turn'd  
A wistful, piteous eye on me.—I strove  
To sooth; but he grew weaker every hour;

And now and then he smil'd in bitter anguish.  
There seem'd a rapturous, terrible joy, like one  
About to roam in freedom. Hope was gone :  
That had departed with belief ; and he  
Gaz'd like a dying comet on this world,  
Fearless of that to come.—Now his blue lip  
Seem'd losing all its colour, and a film  
Spread like a subtle web across his eye.  
Slowly. His nose grew white ; and yet the  
breath

Thro' the distending nostrils whistled hard,  
Like gusts of wind, at prolong'd intervals.  
He grasp'd his rug and strove to rise,—in vain.  
We lifted him, and then he gasp'd and groin'd,  
And open'd wide his mouth.—The sounds were  
hoarse,

And half resembled words a learner utters.  
He shook his head, and fell against my arm  
With all his weight. A while I held him there,  
And now and then look'd at his moisten'd brow,  
And spoke some words of comfort. He was  
still silent :

But he gazed steadfastly upon the wall,  
Where he had once sketch'd curious images.  
This lasted long. I spoke again, but he  
Still answered not, but gasp'd and gasp'd.—At last  
I looked more closely at him, and I found  
I had been holding in my arms—a corpse.  
W.

[By Correspondents.]  
TO PITY.

Kind Pity, daughter of the skies,  
Where'er thy plaintive voice we hear,  
The echo is our bosom sighs,  
And the bright token is a tear.

Where want and poverty reside,  
Where sorrow sits apart to mourn ;  
Shunn'd by the "glittering sons of pride,"  
Thy sympathetic footsteps turn.

Oh ! may thy presence never cease  
To light the shade of human woe ;  
To shed the dawn of Hope and Peace  
On man's brief narrow space below.

D—

## THE DRAMA.

All the theatres reopened on Thursday : Drury Lane with a selection of music and several addresses on recent events ; Covent Garden with additional verses, by Colman, to the national air of God save the King ; the Surrey with a solemn dirge ; and others with various tributes of public feeling.

## VARIETIES.

The following is a list of the receipts of the different Theatres of Paris, during the year 1819 :—

Academie Royale de Musique, 522,786 francs ; Comedie-Française, 679,342 fr. ; Opera-Comique, 694,571 fr. ; Second Theatre-Français, 256,453 fr. ; Opera-Italian, 245,76 fr. ; Vaudeville, 511,228 fr. ; Variétés, 605,173 fr. ; Gaîté, 460,988 fr. ; Ambigu-Comique, 406,184 fr. ; Cirque-Olympique, 295,568 fr. ; Porte-Saint-Martin, 501,917 fr. Total, 5,082,881 fr. Eleventh of the profits for the poor, 462,080 fr. ; a twentieth, levied on the Secondary Theatres, for the support of the Opera, 134,203 francs.

There is a remarkable vegetable curiosity in the Department of Moselle ; namely an elm, planted near the church of Bettange.

The trunk of this tree measures fourteen feet in diameter one way, and between seven and eight the other. It is hollow, but the cavity is divided by concentric partitions formed of ligneous layers which have resisted decomposition. These partitions are so widely separated one from the other, that a man may pass between them.

According to local tradition, this tree has existed since the time of the Druidical worship, to the ceremonies of which it was consecrated.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—Accounts, via Montreal, purporting to announce the arrival at the mouth of the Copper-mine River, of the expedition sent out last year to explore Baffin's Bay, have been published in a Dublin paper. The authenticity of this relation seems to be more than problematical, and we are sorry to suspect that it is an invention, the more discreditable as the dearest private feelings, as well as public interests, are wrapt up in the fate of the gallant navigators on board of the discovery ships. But even supposing the story to be true, the fact established would not go far towards the solution of the great geographical question at issue. It has long been thought probable, that the Copper-mine river ran into an arm of Baffin's Bay stretching more to the westward than is laid down in charts ; and the extreme uncertainty of the observations of Mr. Hearne tend greatly to strengthen the conjecture ; since neither the direction of the river, nor the degree of longitude of its mouth, are at all established by his statements. It may, for aught we know, flow much more to the east than is supposed ; and when the shortness of the degrees in this latitude are considered, it requires no great hypothesis to believe that an expedition might reach this point from Baffin's Bay, and be nevertheless as unlikely as before to arrive at Belur's Straits.

The *Savage of Java*.—It is stated in a letter from a traveller in Batavia, that a savage has been found in the woods of the island ; it is thought that he must have lost himself in the earlier part of his youth, and he now seems to be about thirty years old. He speaks no articulate language, but hells like an animal, or rather larks, for his voice is like that of a dog. He runs on all fours, and as soon as he perceives any human being, he climbs up a tree like a monkey, and springs from one branch to another. When he sees any bird or game, he catches at it, and very seldom misses his prey. As yet he has not been able to accustom himself to the usual mode of living and food of the human species.

A French amateur already known for the services he has rendered to the fine arts, has procured a collection of the fine compositions of sacred music, which are annually performed during passion week in the Pontifical Chapel at Rome. He intends to have them performed publicly in Paris during passion week.

A model of a plough has been shipped on board the *Jeanne-Louise*, bound for Havre, from the United States. This plough, which has been recently adapted throughout all

the northern parts of America, is to be submitted to the examination of the Royal Agricultural Society of Paris. It is expected that it will afford important advantages to rural economy.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. Sharon Turner's third edition of the History of the Anglo-Saxons, is nearly ready. It will contain (we are informed) the addition of several observations and dialogues of our King Alfred, on the subjects discussed by Boethius—a fuller analysis of the heroic poem on Beowulf—a larger view of the Witen-gemot, or Anglo-Saxon Parliament—and a detail of the population of the Anglo-Saxons.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

FEBRUARY, 1820.

Thursday, 10.—Thermometer from 35 to 47.  
Barometer from 30, 04 to 30, 21.

Wind S. W. and N. W. 1.—Generally cloudy till noon, when it became clear.

Friday, 11.—Thermometer from 29 to 44.  
Barometer from 30, 29 to 30, 21.

Wind S. W. 2.—A white frost in the morning, and generally fair till noon, when it became cloudy ; rain in the evening.

Saturday, 12.—Thermometer from 34 to 45.  
Barometer, from 30, 05 to 30, 20.

Wind S. W. 3. and N. E. 2.—Generally cloudy. A misty rain most of the afternoon.  
Rain fallen, 15 of an inch.

Sunday, 13.—Thermometer from 34 to 47.  
Barometer from 30, 23 to 30, 21.

Wind S. E. and S. W. 4.—Generally cloudy ; sunshine at times.  
Rain fallen, 025 of an inch.

Monday, 14.—Thermometer from 27 to 43.  
Barometer from 30, 34 to 30, 42.

Wind N. E. 4.—Generally cloudy till the evening when it became clear. A few flashes of lightning in the West about 7 o'clock.

Tuesday, 15.—Thermometer from 31 to 45.  
Barometer from 30, 44 to 30, 47.

Wind N. E. 3.—Morning cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.

Wednesday, 16.—Thermometer from 23 to 35.  
Barometer from 30, 47 to 30, 41.

Wind N. E. 3. and S. E. 1.—Generally clear. A white frost and thick time in the morning.  
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—Complaints of irregularities in the transmission and delivery of the *Literary Gazette* have reached us ; for none of which, it is possible that our own Office may have been responsible ; but the neglect generally lies with the persons to whom the orders of which we have no cognizance, are given. We have, however, enforced a new and more regular system, and may securely promise, that henceforward the utmost punctuality on the part of our publishers may be relied on. In other cases, we are not, that the parties employed need only have the complaint against what is wrong made to them, to rectify it. Any friends disappointed through past negligence, we shall be happy to satisfy. Title pages for the volume for 1819, have been sent to Mr. Milliken, Bookseller, Dublin ; where they may be had gratis by our Subscribers in Ireland Upon application, we will do the same in Edinburgh, or any considerable place in England where wanted for binding up the *Literary Gazette*.

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

#### British Gallery, Pall Mall.

**THIS GALLERY**, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Modern Artists, is open daily, from 10 in the morning till dusk. By order,  
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#### Pictures.

By Mr. BULLOCK, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Friday, February the 20th, punctually at One, without reserve.

A few CAPITAL ORIGINAL PICTURES, the genuine property of a private Gentleman, removed from the North of England; comprising St. Jerome in a Landscape, Titian; Virgin and Child, Caracci; Penelope, by Guido; a small Holy Family, by Rubens; St. Agnes, Dominichino; a Grand Landscape and Figure, with Moses and the Brazen Serpent, by N. Poussin; and a Holy Family, by Stella; also an original Portrait of the Marquis of Granby, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and several other highly-finished Italian, Flemish, and Dutch Pictures, by Andrea del Sarto, Schiolden, P. de Coninx, Valenciennes, Van Goyen, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, and others. See, Teniers, &c. &c. To be viewed three days preceding.

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By Mr. BULLOCK, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Monday, February 20th, punctually at One.

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#### New Library.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

### SOUND MIND.

*Sound Mind; or Contributions to the Natural History and Physiology of the Human Intellect.* By John Haslam, M. D. &c. London. 8vo. pp. 192.

*Sound Mind* is a captivating title, and in the present instance, ushers into our notice an exceedingly clever and ingenious book. We do not, indeed, agree in all the positions laid down by the author, nor do we think that his deductions are always logically accurate. But with regard to the acuteness of his observations, to the originality of many of his conceptions, and to the practical good sense which marks his arguments and opinions, we must say they are such as to stamp his work with a high character both as a philosophical inquiry, and a popular view of a generally interesting subject.

That Dr. Haslam has studied Duguid Stewart, and Reid, will very soon be discovered; perhaps it would have appeared more candid had he acknowledged his obligations to them, instead of declaring (preface, vi.) "I determined to throw off the shackles of authority, and think for myself." Perhaps, too, language a little less figurative and more definite would have been "more german to the matter;" but the latter, and most important parts of the Essay, are free from this blemish, and form a perfect contrast to the poetical licence in the earlier pages. It is curious to notice how completely the sentiment and the style of the following passage are at odds with each other.

Imagination may indeed enliven the cold pages of historical narrative, and blend the "Tide Dulci"—but even here she is a profane intruder; and a vigilant eye must be directed, lest, in some unguarded moment, her seductive blandishments should decoy the nakedness of truth. A sedate and unambitious recorder of facts, does not presume to describe her regions, or to enumerate her attributes. That delightful task must be performed by her votaries,

"The poet, the lunatic, and the lover;"

nor should the Orator be excluded from his fair participation and kindred alliance with this airy and fascinating group.

But this is in the preface to, and not in the body of a metaphysical disquisition.

VOL. IV.

In the latter, however, there are examples of looseness of composition, which had better have been avoided: *ex. gr.* on perception. "The first operations of the infant are to educate its senses, in order to [that it may] become acquainted, through these organs, with surrounding objects."—"We have neglected to detect and cultivate that which is obvious," &c. &c. Now, though the meaning is still pretty clear, notwithstanding this want of precision in terms, it must be allowed that more elaborate nicety would have better become the nature of the production. And we are glad to deliver our critical objections at setting out, because we find so much to admire as we proceed, that were we not to pursue this course, it is extremely probable that our review would be all praise and not strict justice. We should forget trifling defects in the contemplation of general excellence. But the misuse of words is the less excusable in Dr. Haslam, from his perfect knowledge of their value, and of the necessity for their definite employment, especially in philosophical reasoning. We never encountered a more sturdy advocate for this principle; and his skill in etymology (particularly in derivatives from the Saxon), is applied with singular effect throughout the whole of this treatise. We may, however, point out one of his definitions, which strikes us as almost a bull.

*Perception.*—The intrinsic meaning of this word is the taking, seizing, or grasping, of an object, from the latin *cum* and *capio*, and the same figure pervades most of the European languages.

This definition is surely gratuitous; for in all the derivative changes with which we are acquainted, (not excluding those of pigeon-pie, cucumber, and King Joseph, of facetious notoriety) we are not aware of any more untenable than that *Cumception* should be the original of *Perception*. But it is scarcely fair to raise a prejudice against so excellent a volume by taking hold of a few slight blemishes; and we shall therefore now advance to the more agreeable duty of stating its predominating merits.

The chapters are devoted to the investigation of Perception, Memory, Speech and the Human Hand, Language, Will or Volition,

Thought or Reflection, Reason, and Instinct. On each of these interesting topics we have the ideas of a highly enlightened and acute mind; the philosophy of the subject forcibly elucidated by results obtained through long practice; the dryness of discussion relieved by anecdotes which entertain the reader while they happily support the theories of the writer; and in fine, argument and illustration going hand in hand, so as to unite the *Utile dulci* in a degree rarely experienced in researches professedly recondite and abstruse.

As it is our purpose rather to recommend than analyse this work, we shall not follow the learned Dr. methodically; but endeavour to make such selections as will show the manner in which he has executed his design of "merely contributing to the Natural History and Physiology of Intelligent Beings," without the formality, abstraction, or diffuseness, of a regular dissertation. We have only further to premise, that all his reasoning is of the purest moral and religious tendency; and that our extracts, being chosen rather from possessing the qualities of piquancy and separableness than on account of their superior strength and bearing on the inquiry, must leave these principal points very insufficiently appreciated, except by reference to the "*Contributions*."

From the chapter on Memory we copy the following rather whimsical passage—

The term memory has been Anglicised from the Latin *Memoria*; yet we possess two other words of similar meaning, and from their derivation, in a certain degree, explanatory of this process; namely, to *REMEMBER* and *RECOLLECT*. Thus if an individual have seen any particular animal, and given sufficient attention to perceive accurately its construction, so as to possess a complete perception of the different parts or *members* of which it is composed; he would, in the absence of the animal, be enabled to remember it. If his hand had been duly educated he might form its model, or chisel it from a block of marble; or on a plain surface, according to the rules of art, might make a drawing of the animal, and with such exactitude of its different *members*, that it would appear to those who compared it with the original, that he perfectly *re-membered* it. To recollect is only a different figure for the same process, and implies to regather or collect, those parts which have been scattered in different directions.



An anecdote connected with this mental process is worth preserving—

The simple acts of perception and memory appear to be the same in man and animals; and there are many facts which would induce us to suppose, if these faculties be identical in their nature, that the endowment of the latter is more excellent. This conjecture is hazarded from the greater susceptibility of the organs of some animals, and from their wonderful recollection of tracks which they have traversed. Among the phenomena of memory there are two very curious occurrences, and for which no adequate explanation has been hitherto afforded. Many of the transactions of our early years appear to be wholly obliterated from our recollection; they have never been presented as the subject of our thoughts, but after the lapse of many years, have been accidentally revived, by our being placed in the situation which originally gave them birth. Although there are numerous instances on record, and some perhaps familiar to every reader, I shall prefer the relation of one which came under my immediate observation. About sixteen years ago, I attended a lady at some distance from town, who was in the last stage of an incurable disorder. A short time before her death, she requested that her youngest child, a girl about four years of age, might be brought to visit her, and which was accordingly complied with. The child remained with her about three days. During the last summer some circumstances led me to accompany this young lady to the same house. Of her visit when a child she retained no trace of recollection, nor was the name of the village ever known to her. When arrived at the house, she had no memory of its exterior; but on entering the room where her mother had been confined, her eye anxiously traversed the apartment, and she said, "I have been here before, the prospect from the window is quite familiar to me, and I remember that in this part of the room there was a bed and a sick lady, who kissed me and wept." On minute inquiry none of these circumstances had ever occurred to her recollection during this long interval, and in all probability they would never have recurred but for the locality which revived them.

The chapter "on the intellectual superiority which man has acquired by speech and the possession of the hand," is one of the most curious. Our limits compel us to pass over the first branch; but the last, the important seat of the organ of touch, shall supply some specimens of the author's powers and ingenuity.

The science of accurate measurements has been exclusively discovered by man; and for the attainment of this important acquisition, it will be seen that the hand has been chiefly and progressively instrumental. When we contemplate the present state of man, in our own nation, surrounded by the conveniences which gratify his wants, and behold him *practised in their enjoyment*, we

are little disposed to revert to that period of his history, when he struggled to continue his existence, and trace his tardy progression from rudeness to refinement.

Pleas'd with himself, the coxcomb rears his head,

And scorns the dunghill where he first was bred.

Although we now measure space and time, bodies solid and fluid, heat and its absence, with the facility of a single glance; yet if we consider the slow and painful steps, by which such acquisitions have been attained, we shall be forcibly impressed, how much we are the creatures of patient experiment; and also how mainly the hand has contributed to our advancement. If we investigate the standards of admeasurement, we find that many have been derived from the human body, and more especially from its operative instrument, the hand. That the members and dimensions of our own body should have been the original standards of measurement is most natural, and the terms in which they are conveyed afford a sufficient illustration of the fact. Thus we have a nail; *pollex, pounce, pulgada*, Swedish *tum*, for an inch; which word has been misapplied by our Saxon predecessors, and corrupted from the Latin *uncia*, which related only to weight. We still measure by digits, by fingers' breadth, by hands high. Cubit from *cubitus*, was formerly employed. We now retain *ell, anner, ulna*, Foot, pace, *pas, pes*. Yard, not as Mr. Troke supposed from the Saxon *gyrdan*, to prepare, but from *gyrdan, engere*, and is employed to represent the girth of the body. Fathom, the distance of the arms when extended to embrace, from which the meaning is implied in most languages. But it will be immediately perceived, that measurement could not proceed to any considerable extent, could neither be compounded by addition, nor subdivided, without the employment and comprehension of numbers.

In our childhood we are taught the knowledge of numbers; and those who have superintended the work of education, must have witnessed the difficulty of impressing on the mind of the child, this kind of information. Alphabetic characters compared with numbers, are readily acquired: whether it be from the imperfect manner in which the science of numbers is usually taught, or from the actual difficulty in comprehending the subject, it is not pretended to determine; although, from some considerations, the

• It is equally curious to observe that geographical positions, and the principal features of sea and land, have derived their origin from the rude anatomy of the human body. Thus, in a short enumeration we have *cave or head-land, nose, nose, or nose; the brow of a mountain; tongue of land; mouth of a river; chaps of the channel; neck of land; arm of the sea; coast, outer, the ribs*. We are said to penetrate into the heart of the country, or to remove to the back settlements. We descend into the bowels of the earth, in order to discover a vein of ore. We ascend from the foot of the mountain; and from its ridge (back), survey the prospect surrounding. Numerous additions might be contributed by further recollections.

latter is most probable. The names of different objects are easily acquired, and children examine such objects by their different senses, more especially by the eye and touch; they become desirous of learning their properties, or of becoming acquainted with their construction; and this investigation affords them delight, and excites or gratifies their curiosity. But numbers possess no such attraction; numbers do not involve any of the obvious properties of these objects, neither their colour, shape, sound, smell or taste; it therefore becomes perplexing for them to comprehend, if five similar substances, as so many apples, or nuts, be arranged before them, why each should bear a name, different from the thing itself, and different from each other: why this *one* should be termed one, another two, and the next three.

In acquiring a knowledge of numbers, as far as the senses are concerned, the eye and the touch are especially exercised; but it appears that the touch is the corrector of the sight; if fifty pieces of money be laid on a table, they will sooner and more accurately be numbered by the touch than the eye; and we know in other instances, that the motion of the hand is quicker than the discernment of the sight. There are many circumstances although they do not amount to a proof which might induce us to consider, that the human hand has much contributed to our knowledge of numbers.

As far as we possess any direct evidence none of the animals are capable of numbering; and this constitutes an essential difference between them and man in their intellectual capacities. In states of weakness of mind, this defect in the power of numeration is very observable, and forms a just and admitted criterion of idiocy; and it is well known that such persons exercise the organ of touch in a very limited degree, compared with those of vigorous capacity: their fingers are likewise more taper, and their sensitive extremities less pulpy and expanded. The same state of the organ of touch may be remarked in some lunatics who have become idiotic, or where the hands have been confined for a considerable time.

If man had been created without hands, and consequently, without the acute organ of touch, which resides in the extremities of these members, we must at least have been strangers to the "cloud-capt towers the gorgeous palaces, and the solemn temples" which he has reared. Had the up extremities of the human body terminated at the wrist, such a man as Phidias might have existed, but his occupation would have been unknown. Thus truncated, how would the fleet have been constructed which row the laurel at the Nile, at Copenhagen, Trafalgar? The eternal city could not have existed, nor would our own metropolis have had a being. If we reflect for an instant we shall perceive that all the conveniences we enjoy, all the arts we practise, and sciences which elevate and dignify our nature, could never have been realised in a handless community. Speech might have prevailed, but its record could

have been established, and intelligent sounds would only have served to breathe forth the lamentations of misery and despair, or the accents of discontent. We must have remained unasked, and perished from the inclemency of weather: man would have owed "the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool." It would be superfluous to pursue this subject further, as the reader has only to consider the superior enjoyments, and accumulated monuments, of art and of wisdom, which the mind of man has produced by the agency of his hand.

"Molto opra egli col senno ed con la mano."

The importance of the hand will, we doubt not, be so much enhanced with the majority of our readers, after perusing this philosophical, and, in parts, poetical encomium, that even lovers and brides will desist from exalting the heart at the expence of that member, in the derogatory way that has heretofore been too usual.

The chapter on language is a sketch, and very amusing: it shews that Johnson's Dictionary is by no means an authority for the derivation of words. In the following is the substance of the investigation of "Will, or Volition."

Had the mind of man, like animals, been furnished with instinct, which, in them, implies a wise, preconcerted, and unvarying performance of important functions, for their individual preservation, and for the continuance of their race,—as may be exemplified in the construction of the habitations of the bee and beaver, together with their wonderful economy,—the fabrication of the spider's web, and many others,—he would, like them, have been stationary; having received from infinite bounty and wisdom sufficient for his destination: his will would have been directed by unerring motives: and thus his conduct would have been absolved from all responsibility. But man is gifted with few instincts, which appear to decline as his reason advances: his intellect is more capacious, and of a finer staple; he possesses additional organs for the accumulation of knowledge; and, by the peculiarity of his construction, is enabled to preserve his acquisitions, to avail himself of the treasures of those who have preceded him; and to transmit his collections to posterity. Man, in possession of ampler materials and superior capacity, becomes the architect of his own mind; and to him it is alone permitted, by the aid of experience, and the estimate of reason, to direct his actions: but this generous and exalted faculty involves him in awful responsibility. The same light which discovers to him that which is good and lawful, also exposes its opposite, which is evil and forbidden: and the nature of good and evil, as it forms the foundation of human institutions, has been derived from our experience of their effects, or a calculation of their tendencies. The will of man, therefore, is as free as his experience dictates, and his reason urges to action: yet, that he

should often act in opposition to both, is as lamentable as certain: in the transport of immediate gratification, or in the hopes of enjoyment, precept ceases to influence, and example loses its warning.

*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor.*

Of what is said concerning Reason, we can only give the definition.

In general terms it may be defined, *the means we employ for the attainment of the end proposed; the employment of knowledge for the discovery of truth; or the process of demonstration*; whether the object be an arithmetical sum, a geometrical problem, or a discourse on taste.

And with regard to that which approaches nearest to reason, viz. instinct in animals; we have but room for a small portion of Dr. Haslaui's very entertaining view. He says—

It is not improbable that they dream; and at such times, the recollection of objects and scenes may be presented to them in visible phantasmas; and in the delirium of canine madness, they are observed to snap at imaginary existences; but this is far below the process that constitutes reflection, which consists in the capacity of reviewing the whole of our perceptions; and it has been endeavoured to point out that this can only be effected through the medium of intelligent sound, or its visible representative. If we were to contend for their capacity of reflection, we must, at the same time, acknowledge, that they do not appear to derive any improvement from the process; and to suppose them endowed with that which was nugatory, and contributed in no degree to their advancement, would be an idle and useless hypothesis. When not employed and directed by man, their lives are principally occupied in procuring food, and in the propagation of their species; and when their appetites are satisfied, they repose or sleep: when not guided by instinct, they seem to act from established habits, or the dictates of immediate impression. They are capable of considerable acquisitions under the coercive tuition of man, and may be taught a variety of tricks for his amusement or profit; but they do not appear to comprehend their utility, or to hold these instructions in any estimation, as they never practise them when alone. The most accomplished bear would not dance for his own entertainment; and the learned pig never attempted to become a school-master to the hogs of his acquaintance.

There is a brief but admirable conclusion, with the last sentences of which we also shall close our remarks; only once more impressing on the public the general excellence of this book, and its peculiar fitness for the younger classes of cultivated intellect, who wish, in the noblest study of mankind, to be gifted with a SOUND MIND.

When we consider the attributes of the Deity and the nature of man, we can never be induced to conclude that the tribunals of

this world are the courts of final retribution. Man bears in his intellectual construction the badge of moral responsibility, and, consequently, the germ of future existence: and the only incentive that can urge him to the advancement of science, and the practice of virtue, is the reward that Revelation has unfolded.

*A Song to David.* By the late Christopher Smart, M.A. Fellow of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge; and prose translator of Horace. London, 1810. 12mo. pp. 55.

This very remarkable and scarce poem has been sought out and republished, in consequence of an incidental notice in the *Quarterly Review*; which, mentioning that neither Anderson nor Chalmers had been able to recover it, expressed great regret at the loss of such a production, and composed under such circumstances. The high eulogies bestowed upon the *Song of David* by three authorities so respectable as Anderson, Chalmers, and, though last not least, that accomplished judge of poetry, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, were quite sufficient to quicken inquiry concerning it; and we are exceedingly well pleased to have it in our power to bring so extraordinary a performance more fully before the public than it has hitherto been.

Written by the unfortunate bard while confined in a madhouse, and committed by means of a key to the wainscot of his room, when denied the use of pen, ink, and paper; nothing of adventitious interest can be imagined to exceed that which is attached to this poem. True, it will be seen that it is disfigured by occasional meanness of expression; that it is unequal, and that it has a number of defects: but the strength, the feeling, the majesty of thought, and the grandeur of language which distinguish its nobler parts, are not only sufficient to establish it as a sublime work, but to prove the perfect truth of the line...

"Great wit to madness nearly is allied."

We will not detain our readers longer from the verse: it begins with a fine invocation to David...

\* The treatment of lunacy is now, thanks to the advancement of humane philosophy and science, much better understood. Mildness, not harshness, dictates to the regime observed in regard to our unfortunate fellow-creatures deprived of reason. We have for some time past been collecting and arranging materials, for a view of this subject; and trust in a few numbers to have to lay before our readers an acceptable statement both of curious facts and of the best modern practical opinions. *Edt.*

O thou, that sit'st upon a throne,  
 With harp of high majestic tone,  
 To praise the King of Kings!  
 And voice of heav'n—ascending swell,  
 Which, while its deeper notes excel,  
 Clear, as a clarion, rings:  
 To bless each valley, grove, and coast,  
 And charm the cherubs to the post  
 Of gratitude in throngs;  
 To keep the days on Zion's mount,  
 And send the year to his account,  
 With dances and with songs:  
 O servant of God's holiest charge,  
 The minister of praise at large,  
 Which thou may'st now receive;  
 From thy blest mansion hail and hear,  
 From topmost eminence appear  
 To this the wreath I weave.

Follows a historical glance at the  
 lustre of David's character, which thus  
 concludes

Pleasant—and various as the year;  
 Man, soul, and angel, without peer,  
 Priest, champion, sage, and boy;  
 In armour, or in ephod clad,  
 His pomp, his piety was glad;  
 Majestic was his joy.  
 Wise—in recovery from his fall,  
 Whence rose his eminence o'er all,  
 Of all the most rev'd;  
 The light of Israel in his ways,  
 Wise are his precepts, prayer, and praise,  
 And counsel to his child.  
 His muse, bright angel of his verse,  
 Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,  
 For all the pangs that rage;  
 Blest light, still gaining on the gloom,  
 The more than Michael of his bloom,  
 The Abislag of his age.  
 He sung of God—the mighty source  
 Of all things—the stupendous force  
 On which all strength depends;  
 From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,  
 All period, power, and enterprise  
 Commences, reigns, and ends.  
 Angels—their ministry and meed,  
 Which to and fro with blessings speed,  
 Or with their citterns wait;  
 Where Michael, with his millions, bows,  
 Where dwells the seraph and his spouse,  
 The cherub and her mate.  
 Of man—the semblance and effect  
 Of God and love—the saint elect  
 For infinite applause—  
 To rule the land, and briny broad,  
 To be laborious in his laud,  
 And heroes in his cause.  
 The world—the clust'ring spheres he made,  
 The glorious light, the soothing shade,  
 Dale, champaign, grove, and hill,  
 The multitudinous abyss,  
 Where secrecy remains in bliss,  
 And wisdom hides her skill.

How delightful the first line, and  
 how admirable the last and fourth last  
 stanzas! The author dilates on the  
 sacred songs of his hero, and some of  
 his epithets possess the very soul of  
 poetry; for example, he specifies among  
 the beauties of creation, "the shells in  
 the *wealthy* deep;" the shoals that leap  
 upon the surface, and "love the glan-

cing sun;" the gems hid in earth "which  
 their darts of *lustre* shenth," &c. &c.  
 The music of the King of Israel is also  
 exquisitely described;

As he such melody divin'd,  
 And sense and soul detain'd;  
 Now striking strong, now soothing soft,  
 He sent the godly sounds aloft,  
 Or in delight refrain'd.  
 When up to heav'n his thoughts he pil'd,  
 From fervent lips fair Michael smil'd,  
 As blush to blush she stood;  
 And chose herself the queen, and gave  
 Her utmost from her heart—

To this succeeds a mystical account  
 of the "seven pillars of the Lord," each  
 designated by a Greek letter; and next  
 an exercise on the decalogue, which  
 commences with wonderful sublimity...

Tell them, I AM, JERUHAN said  
 To MOSES; whil' e'er heard in dread,  
 And, smitten to the heart,  
 At once above, beneath, around,  
 All nature without voice or sound,  
 Replied, O LORD, THOU ART.

A rather inferior descant upon the  
 transcendent virtue of praise and adora-  
 tion, (but displaying nevertheless many  
 vigorous touches) occupies about a  
 dozen of pages, and leads us to the fol-  
 lowing exquisite exercise upon the sea-  
 sons and their right use.

• Sweet is the dew that falls betimes,  
 And drops upon the leafy limbs;  
 Sweet Hermon's fragrant air:  
 Sweet is the lily's silver bell,  
 And sweet the wakeful petals smell  
 That watch for early prayer.  
 Sweet the young anise, with love intense,  
 Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence;  
 Sweet when the lost arrive:  
 Sweet the musician's ardent beats,  
 While his vague mind's in quest of sweets,  
 The choicest flowers to live.  
 Sweeter in all the strains of love,  
 The language of thy turtle-dove,  
 Pair'd to thy swelling chord;  
 Sweeter with ev'ry grace endued,  
 The glory of thy gratitude,  
 Respir'd unto the Lord.  
 Strong is the horse upon his speed;  
 Strong in pursuit the rapid glide,  
 Which makes at once his game:  
 Strong the tall ostrich on the ground;  
 Strong through the turbulent profound  
 Shoots xiphias † to his aim.  
 Strong is the lion—like a coal  
 His eye-bell—like a bastion's mole  
 His chest against the foe:  
 Strong the gier-eagle on his sail,  
 Strong against tide th' enormous whale  
 Emerges, as he goes.

The young nurse, and the lion, pre-  
 sent images of tender beauty and pro-  
 digious force, unsurpassed by any ima-  
 gination in the whole circle of poetry.

\* Has not Lord Byron seen this? His Don  
 Juan otherwise presents a singular coincidence.

† The sword-fish.

The same strain is continued...  
 Beauteous the fleet before the gale;  
 Beauteous the multitudes in mail,  
 Rank'd aris, and crested brands:  
 Beauteous the garden's umbrage mild,  
 Walk, water, incanted wild,  
 And all the bloomy beds.  
 Beauteous the moon full on the lawn;  
 And beauteous, when the veil's withdrawn,  
 The virgin to her spouse:  
 Beauteous the temple, deck'd and fill'd,  
 When to the heav'n's of heav'n's they build  
 Their heart-directed vows.  
 Beauteous, yea beauteous more than these,  
 The Shepherd King, upon his knees,  
 For his momentous trust;  
 With wish of infinite conceit,  
 For man, beast, mute, the small and great,  
 And prostrate dust to dust.  
 Precious the bounteous widow's mite;  
 And precious, for extreme delight,  
 \* The largest from the churl:  
 Precious the ruby's blushing blaze,  
 And † alpha's blest imperial rays,  
 And pure carulean pearl.  
 Precious the penitential tear;  
 And precious is the sigh sincere;  
 Acceptable to God:  
 And precious are the winning flowers,  
 In gladness Israel's feast of bowers,  
 Bound on the hallow'd sod.  
 More precious that diviner part  
 Of David, e'en the Lord's own heart,  
 Great, beautiful, and new:  
 In all things where it was intent,  
 In all extremes, in each event,  
 Proof—answ'ring true to true.  
 Glorious the sun in mid career;  
 Glorious th' assembled fires appear!  
 Glorious the comet's train:  
 Glorious the trumpet and alarm;  
 Glorious th' Almighty's stretch'd-out arm;  
 Glorious th' enraptured main:  
 Glorious the northern lights astream;  
 Glorious the song, when God's the theme;  
 Glorious the thunder's roar:  
 Glorious hosannah from the den;  
 Glorious the catholic amen;  
 Glorious the martyr's gore:  
 Glorious—more glorious is the crown  
 Of Him, that brought salvation down  
 By meekness, call'd thy Son;  
 Thou that stupendous truth believ'd,  
 And now the matchless deed's achiev'd,  
 DETERMIN'D, DARR'D, AND DONE.

The profusion of imagery, the clus-  
 tering of stupendous thoughts, the big  
 poetical enthusiasm, the sweetness an  
 force of expression, and the nature  
 sublimity which reign throughout the  
 stanzas, rarely depreciated by any ane  
 maly, leave us nothing to say but to ex-  
 press our astonishment at the min  
 which could conceive and execute them  
 and our amazement, at the circum-  
 stances under which they were pro-  
 duced. The Song to David, is indee  
 a wonder in the moral world, and de-  
 serves as much the investigation of th  
 philosopher, as the admiration of th  
 lover of poetry.

• 1 Sam. xxv. 18.

† Rev. xii. 17.

*The Mystery.* 3 vols.  
[Second notice.]

Observing that even that portion of the periodical press which is chiefly devoted to political subjects, has been pretty generally attracted to this novel; we feel the more sensibly that the *Literary Gazette* did not do it justice by quoting only one of its ludicrous scenes in low life. We ought to have stated, that the author, in conducting his hero into the heart of Africa, takes occasion to introduce from original materials and render subservient to the purposes of romance, the superstition which plants a shrub over a grave, and considers it sacrilege in a stranger to touch it; the barbarities exercised by the Moors on unfortunate Europeans; the Great Desert, with its salt and fresh-water springs; and the practice of beating female children to make them eat enough to render themselves beautifully corpulent, as described by Mungo Park; the sufferings of the crew of the *Medusa*, and many of the peculiar habits and customs of the natives. In this part he draws the picture of a Missionary undergoing every species of hardship in the arduous task of spreading the gospel in these burning regions. Timid and weak in earthly concerns, he is bold and fearless in his Master's work. The character is finely drawn, and ingeniously connected with the story:—the Missionary assists Harley, the hero, in his escape, and after encountering many dangers, and being severely wounded, perishes in the manner thus described.

The mind of the gentle Smithers, accustomed to suffer and submit, was unusually agitated by the execution of Harley's project for escaping from the Moors. He was ill at the time from the treatment he had recently experienced on account of his refusing to work on the Sabbath. He had never been much in the habit of riding, and was soon dreadfully galled by the unaccustomed exercise which a desire to escape forced on him, though he continued to advance without a murmur, feeling that not only his own safety, but that of his companion, depended on his resolutely enduring the torture, and getting rapidly forward. The intolerable heat to which he was exposed in the desert, the unfortunate fracture of his arm, and the ceaseless anxiety he felt on account of the man who had wounded him, from an apprehension that the impetuosity of Harley might requite his perfidy with death, completed the overthrow of a constitution before much impaired, by his unremitting exertions in the cause which had brought him to Africa, and the ungrateful return made by many of those whom he sought to benefit. Charles offered him some of the gum, which he had obtained from the pretended interpreter, in the hope that it would allay in some measure the raging thirst of his delirious friend; but he disdainfully rejected it, and asked "why he should make use of that poor substitute for water, when the river Jordan rolled its watery stores at his feet, and invited him to drink his fill?" Still speaking, he knelt down, and imitated the act of drinking, by taking some of the sands they were travers-

ing, into his mouth. His offended palate instantly rejected the supposed cooling beverage, exclaiming, "*He hath filled me with bitterness, he hath made me drunken with wormwood. He hath also broken my teeth with gravel stones, he hath covered my tongue with ashes.*" But he added, in an assumed tone, "*He will deliver me yet. Though I have gone astray like a lost sheep, he will seek his errand yet, for I have not forgotten his commandments.*" While uttering the last sentence, he seemed more himself than he had previously been. Harley remarking this, again attempted to recall him to a consciousness of his real situation, and to encourage him to proceed; but instead of attending to him, Smithers had thrown himself down, and was now rolling over and over in the sand. After a while, exhausted by pain and fatigue, he remained motionless, and seemed likely to obtain a little repose. The excessive heat would have made it almost impossible for them to go on, had Smithers retained his senses, and Harley therefore easily reconciled his mind, to indulge in a little rest. Exposed to the sun's persecuting fires, Smithers lay at full length, with his face upwards. Charles feared to move him, lest by trying to change his position, he should bring on another paroxysm, and deprive him of that tranquil insensibility which seemed to afford him a temporary refuge from pain. His hat had fallen off, and this his companion propped up, so as to interpose a little between the ghastly countenance of the Missionary, and the great luminary of the sky which still poured its unrelenting brightness on the plain. Falling on his face, he threw an empty water-skin over his own head, and waited the effect of this respite from fatigue on his companion, in painful suspense. At the end of two hours, he heard the delirious Smithers call out aloud, "awake thou that sleepest." Harley had slept not, but now summoned to proceed, he considered that policy and humanity concurred in requiring him to obey the call. The sun was fast declining, and the anguish attendant on an attempt to walk was less insupportable than it had been. Smithers advanced with a rapidity that frequently left Charles, who was charged with the conveyance of the little means of refreshment that remained to them, considerably in the rear. The Missionary was evidently bereft of reason, but the most blissful illusions gladdened his delirious moments. Frequently would he exhort his pining friend "to press forward with joy and thankfulness, since their painful wanderings were so nearly at an end, that he could now not only see the river which bounded their thorny path, but he could also perceive the shining *Ones* waiting to welcome and receive them on the farther shore, as they had done *Christian* and *Hopeful* before, and the thrones on which the faithful were to be exalted, to sing glory to the Lamb, and all the joys of the New Jerusalem, lay open to his ravished view." It was the last effort of the kind, that religious enthusiasm could gain from exhausted nature. The strong impulse that had lifted the feeble Missionary above the consciousness of pain and fatigue

was no more, and he suddenly sunk to the ground. He attempted to speak, but articulation failed. The purport of what he wished to say it was impossible for Charles to comprehend. Smithers pointed to his heart, and seemed anxious to express what he had now no power to utter. Harley was persuaded that in the instant his speech failed him, he had an interval of reason, but it expired with the struggle to give it language. His inanimate form lay extended on the sands, and a flush of unusual colour in the face, and short interrupted breathings, alone indicated that the sufferer still lingered within the precincts of life. It was in vain that Harley attempted to administer the slightest relief to the prostrate and perishing Missionary. Incapable of receiving nourishment, or of listening to the soothing language of friendship, he knew nothing of what passed around. Respiration became more difficult, it was plain that he was dying, but many hours might elapse before he would breathe his last. Charles reflected that those from whom they had escaped, by this time informed of the route their late captives had taken, and guessing the direction in which they would subsequently travel, might be rapidly approaching the place where he watched over the unconscious form of one, who in all probability would never again wake to sense and recollection; and who, if he should do so for a moment, could profit nothing from cares, which in all probability would endanger his own life. Would it then be because one could not escape, to devote both to destruction? Acting thus, he was sure that he should do that against which the poor Missionary would not have failed to remonstrate, had he retained the power of thinking; and uselessly to sacrifice his own existence, was to do that which could hardly be justified. Ought he not then to take the course which policy would recommend; exert the little strength that remained to him, to extricate himself if possible, from the desert, and leave his unhappy friend whom no human power could snatch from the jaws of death, to perish alone?

Such were the suggestions which the feeling designated by the multitude, *prudence*, strove to press upon Harley for the regulation of his future conduct. In the busy world, how many men are there who are called "*good*," even in the city of London, who would rejoice if they had no fair an opportunity of breaking from calamity, so plausible an excuse for abandoning the unhappy! Memory and sensibility, faithful to virtue, forbid Charles to avail himself of such ideas. [He determines to abide by him to the last, and overcome with fatigue sleeps a few moments; on a waking, he finds] Smithers reclined in precisely the same attitude in which he had previously seen him. He was still gazing on his form, but imperfectly seen through the darkness that prevailed; when he started at feeling his hand suddenly grasped with intelligent eagerness by the prostrate sufferer. "Is it my dear brother—is it my countryman, whose hand I grasp in mine?" Surprise and emotion almost deprived Harley of the power of making a reply. He at

length, answered in the affirmative, and enquired if he could do any thing to relieve him? "To relieve me!" exclaimed the dying man. "O no. The Lord has already relieved me. I feel no pain, and I am about to enter into his Paradise. My heart is full of joy that I see the termination of my pilgrimage; but tears fill my eyes for you whom I leave behind. But do you not feel yourself revived as it were by a miracle? For a moment infinite mercy has permitted me to speak the words of reason and of truth to the kind but too impetuous companion of my latter journeyings. O my brother! be faithful to the end. Then shall we one day rejoice together, that 'Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. Let not suffering and persecution dismay.' Remember the words of St. Peter: 'Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial, which is to try you, as though some strange thing had happened unto you,' and bear in mind also that we read in the Revelations, that 'as many as he loves, he rebukes and chastens.' Preserve as a treasure these precious words of consolation, and they will support you in the hour of trial." "But you exert yourself too much. Already I perceive your voice to falter. Take a little water." "Not a drop: it cannot re-invigorate my mortal frame; you have none to spare, and none do I want. Why should we feed with oil the lamp that can no longer give light? I feel that I grow weaker; and I rejoice at it. That I have awakened to reason, and that I have found you by my apparently lifeless clay, are merciful dispensations for which I know not how to be sufficiently thankful. I can only reward your kindness and brotherly love by giving you this, and my sincere wish and fervent prayer, that it may prove as fruitful of consolation and joy to you, as it has been to me in my wanderings." With these words Smithers handed to Charles the little Bible, which through all his delirium and insensibility he had not ceased to clasp. The present was received with tears. "Check these sorrows," said Smithers, "they are sinful, and tend to sadden the hour of my departure. Take charge too of this little pocket book. It contains the letters of brother Bowman, giving an account of the progress of grace in those parts which he had visited before we parted. Every thing of worldly value that I had about me when I first sought these inhospitable regions, was taken from me by the barbarians that are dwellers therein, but they left to me what was above all price, the Bible, and the papers which I now confide to you. Of the one, alas! they knew not the surpassing worth, the other, all their diligence in the work of deprecation failed to discover." Here he paused. For a few moments he was unable to proceed from weakness. Charles again pressed on him the relief which a draught of water might afford, but this he steadfastly refused. "No—No—My earthly wants are at an end. The cold dew of death hangs on my brow. Yet a few moments and I shall lie at rest. The cares of life are over, and I rejoice that the hour is come which is to relieve me from its infirmities. In the

pocket book which I have given you, the address of the secretary to the Society of Friendly Christians, whose unworthy representative I have been, will be found. To him, if you reach England in safety, convey its contents, and communicate such particulars concerning me as they may be desirous to learn. Above all, fail not to tell, how wonderfully I have been sustained in my trials, and how providentially I met with a countryman in the wilderness who cheered and assisted me while I lived, and left me not till he had closed my eyes, in nature's last and most refreshing sleep." Harley assured him that whatever his future fate might be, he would remember the charge thus laid upon him, and fail not to execute it without loss of time on his arrival in England, if ever it should be his fate to get there. "And now, O father, receive my weary spirit," prayed the expiring Missionary. "Farewell, my poor, dear friend. I go—I go—O that you were equally happy. I go to him 'in whose presence there is fullness of joy, and at whose right hand, there are pleasures for evermore.'" His voice grew weaker. For a few moments he was quite silent. Charles doubted whether he had not ceased to breathe; when, to his infinite surprise, his departing friend seemed to have gained a sudden accession of strength, and he began to sing the following hymn, which he had composed himself.

Almighty power who hung this ball  
In space, and being breathed on all;  
Now waft thy servant to that shore  
Where sin and sorrow are no more.  
My spirit, long in exile here,  
Called home to thy celestial sphere,  
Shall like the lark at morn arise,  
With songs of rapture to the skies.  
In mercy he who loves the just,  
Consigns any body to the dust;  
And ends mortality's career  
Of foolish hope, and idle fear.  
He calls my panting soul away,  
With joy his bidding I obey;  
Death! close the dream of joyless strife,  
And wake me to substantial life.

His voice failed him at the close of the second verse, and instead of singing, he but faintly repeated the concluding stanzas. He then strove to utter a prayer of which but few words could be heard by Charles. The sounds were now so faint as to be wholly unintelligible—they ceased—He was no more.

#### THE DEVIL.

*Le Diable peint par lui-même*, by M. Collin de Plancy, author of the *Dictionnaire infernal*. (From the French.)

Talent is not sufficient to recommend the historian. He must have a hero, and if possible a novel one. From Achilles down to Charles XII, and even to a later period, all great actions have been so carefully recorded that the majority of panegyrist and poets have been obliged to extol vices for want of virtues; and the writer who is now required to bring a great character before the world, does not well know where to look for one. Distinguished men have in all ages been rare; and as soon as a little hero rises up, twenty

historians rush forward to carry him off in triumph, and scarcely allow him time to finish his exploits.

M. Collin de Plancy, after the example of Dante, has descended to the infernal region in quest of his heroes. In his *Dictionnaire infernal* he made us acquainted with the mighty deeds of spectres and phantoms, and the gambols of faïres, gnomes, &c. Now he presents us with the king of all nocturnal beings—it is Satan, Belzebub, Pluto, Arimanes, Tentates, or Lucifer;—finally, it is the Devil himself.

Hitherto we have been enabled to form but very imperfect notions of the above singular personage: when we speak of him or language conveys no definite idea. He is conjured up on every occasion; his name a continual source of contradiction and absurdity; and all because we do not know him sufficiently. Thus, a frank obliging man is called a *good-natured devil*: one of bold and determined disposition is a *devil of a man*: a person who excites our compassion is a *poor devil*; an entertaining man is a *devilish wit*; when out of humour with ourselves we wish the *devil may take us*; of a troublesome affair we say the *devil is in it*; a man who wants his dinner says he is *devilish hungry*; if he has no money he says the *devil is in his purse*. Consequently, it is impossible to form any precise idea of the nature of this hero of the infernal regions.

By some, his satanic majesty is described as having bat's wings, duck's feet, ears like mushrooms, a nose nine inches long, its tusks of a wild-boar, and horns which he can turn back at pleasure, when he wishes to travel incognito. Others assert that he is a winged serpent, or that he has an eagle beak, a cloven foot, and is entirely black. The natives of Nigritia, however, for reasons equally good, maintain that he is white.

But perhaps it is more interesting to ascertain what form Satan assumes when he slips into our houses or ranges through the field at midnight. This is the inextricable difficulty; for of the many ingenious persons who have been favored with a sight of the devil, there are not two who agree. He said to be capable of assuming any form he pleased. Sometimes he disguises himself as a goat, a hare, a black-bird, a toad, or a frog at other times he transforms himself in the trunk of a tree, a salad, a calf's head, a hoghead of wine. Many ladies have seen him in the disguise of a monk, and more have known him to assume the form of a features of a pretty woman.

In India, where he is exceedingly populous, he nevertheless condescends to shew himself whenever he is asked: it is more necessary to utter a fervent prayer for appearance. There, if we may believe the good Jesuit who relates these particulars, appears glistering in gold and precious stones attended by a gay retinue, surrounded by young virgins, escorted by several regiments of cavalry, and a vast troop of elephants superbly caparisoned. He grants to the unfortunate whatever they request, recommends charity, and orders the rich Indians give feasts to the poor.

But these are not the only good actions recorded of the devil: he is not continually spreading his nets and tempting holy persons to the commission of sin; he is occasionally honest and disinterested; and M. Collin de Plancy does his utmost to prove that the infernal monarch frequently restores the sinner to the path of salvation. Sometimes, indeed, he is severe through excess of goodness.

For instance, it was rather cruel to transform a poor nun into a demoniac, because, as Gregory the Great relates, she repaid herself with a lettuce before she had said her *Benedicite*; or to forbid a hungry man to eat some real, because it happened to be part of a descendant in the fifth degree of a cow that had been stolen.

On another occasion the devil proved himself still more austere. He appeared under the form of an unknown knight to Count Maçon, and carried him off in the presence of his terrified guards and attendants. The pious historians who relate the above anecdote, take care to add, that the Count had many sins to answer for; that he was in the habit of robbing convents, and that he paid but little respect to the clergy.

In all ages the Devil has rendered great service to the learned, for whom he has always evinced particular regard. Sculiger was said to have entered into a compact with him, Socrates, Apuleius, Agrippa, Cardan, Cagliostro, are reported to have had familiars who inspired them with knowledge. Roger Bacon was imprisoned because the Devil taught him mathematics. The Knights Templars, and Joan of Arc, were accused of holding communication with demons; and M. Collin de Plancy himself would have been burnt a hundred times over, had he lived in former times and known all the fine things which he now ventures to disclose.

Our ancestors had no mean opinion of the human mind, that they deemed it incapable of producing any thing without the aid of the devil. John Faust, one of the inventors of printing, was suspected of holding open communication with the Prince of Darkness. In Switzerland the common people entertain a high notion of his talents, that they attribute to him the construction of several water-pieces of architecture. Denis le Chartreux says, that the Devil is a great geometer; Milton asserts that he excels in the building of bridges; and Tertullian informs us that the Devil is so good a natural philosopher that he can carry a sieve full of water without spilling a drop.

For more ample details we must refer the reader to the work. It doubtless contains some few pages which timid eyes might wish to pass over; but it is nevertheless very amusing, and M. Collin de Plancy's hero is as good as most others.

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS, FOR NOVEMBER, 1819.

Art. I. Excursion agronomique en Auyvergne, &c. par J. A. Victor Yvart.

An interesting account of an agricultural visit to a part of Auyvergne, particularly the environs of the Mont d'Or, and the Puy-

de-Dôme; it recommends the introduction of more irrigation into French husbandry.

Art. II. Codex Naxareus, &c. à Matth. Norberg.—2d Article, (See Literary Gazette, No. 142.)

Having given an account of 'his book in our 142d Number, we refer our readers to it; and content ourselves with stating, that in this second article, Baron de Sacy enters into a very elaborate critique, (occupying no less than 20 pages in 4to.) on the five volumes published by Mr. Norberg, of whose translation he does not speak very favourably. He intends to give, in a third Article, a view of the doctrine of the Christians of St. John, according to the book of Adam.

#### RUSSIA.

Art. III. Histoire de l'Empire de Russie, par M. Karamsin. Tom. I. and II. traduit par M. M. Saint Thomas & Sauffert.

A history of Russia was, considering the works of Voltaire and Levesque, a desideratum in Russian, much more than in French literature. Mr. Karamsin, forgetful also of Herberstein, whose work is popular in Russia and Germany, has considered his subject as being still entirely new; and, after some reflections on the interest and utility of historical studies, and especially of natural history, he points out the ancient chronicles and original monuments from which he has extracted the annals of his country. These are chiefly the chronicles of Nestor and Basil, who lived at the end of the 11th century, and of five anonymous writers of the 12th and 13th centuries. The other documents are extracts from records, both Muscovite and foreign, lives of saints, letters of bishops, genealogies, military ordinances, contemporary memoirs, medals, inscriptions, maps, and other documents taken from the archives. The author thinks that these annals may naturally be divided into three parts: the ancient, from Rurik to John III; the middle, from John III. to Peter the Great; the modern, to the Emperor Alexander. The system of apianages characterizes the first; the second is that of the monarchy; and the third is distinguished by the change in the manners of society. This application of the word modern seems to us worthy of attention. In fact, Russia is modern only since the end of the 17th century; France is so ever since the reign of Francis I.; and Italy since the age of Dante. Mr. Schlozer reckons five successive states of Russia; he calls it *beginning* from 862 to 1015; *divided* from the time of Sviatopolk to that of the Mongols, *oppressed* from Bati, to John III. *victorious* till Peter I., and since that time, *flourishing*. But, according to Mr. Karamsin, the age of St. Vladimir was an age of power and glory, to which the name of *infancy* is inapplicable; the empire had been divided before 1015; and the time of the false *Dmitri* was distinguished by misfortunes, rather than by military successes.

The two volumes now published in French, come down only to the year 1169, leaving us two centuries from the period which the author calls the *middle*. They furnish some novel information.

In the first two chapters, the author enquires into the origin of the Russians, and agrees with Nestor, that the *Varangians*, "who, in 862, became the first sovereigns of the country, to which they gave the name of Russia, were Scandinavians, from the extremity of the Baltic." Having disposed of those thorny questions, he gives an interesting description of the *physical and moral character* of the Slavonians in general, and particularly of the *Slavonian Russians*. This third chapter contains instructive details, hitherto but little known, on the mythology of the ancient inhabitants of Moscow, on their calendar, their political institutions, their writing, on the various dialects, such as the Myrian, the Croatian, the Polish, the Russian, which were introduced among the Slavonian tribes in proportion as they were subdued, dispersed, and confounded with other people. A singular trait of their language is, that the same word, *vek*, signifies both *life* and *century*, probably because a hundred years constituted the usual period of the life of man.

The history, or the chronological narrative of facts from 862, begins with the fourth chapter. The author has not, however, strictly confined himself to the order of time. The extracts from the *Russian Law*, or code of Yaroslav, who died in 1054, will prove highly interesting to those persons who study the history of social institutions and of the securities given to persons and property. In one copy of this code there is an article, which ordains, that in all criminal causes, the plaintiff must appear with the defendant before twelve citizens, who are sworn, and on their soil and conscience shall discuss, verify, and declare the facts, leaving to the judges the right of determining and applying the penalty. To these extracts Mr. Karamsin has added short explanations, and judicious reflections.

The review is generally favourable to the work, and we are led to expect an interesting continuation in the succeeding volumes.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

AURORA BOREALIS, &c.

[Extracted from the Letter of a Traveller in Newfoundland.]

In Europe the cold and dry winds always blow from the N. E.; in America always from the N. W. When these winds prevail the sky is clear and of a deep azure blue, and nothing can equal the beauty of the nights. The moon sheds a brighter lustre than in Europe, and in her absence the brilliant light of the stars supplies her place.

The sight of an Aurora Borealis, which is very frequent in these hyperborean regions, produces the most wonderful effect, and is indeed one of the most extraordinary phenomena of nature. It generally appears in the form of a brilliant girdle of light, the extremities of which repose on the horizon, covering the heavens with its coloured rays. Even the splendor of the moon does not eclipse its magnificent effulgence. A crackling like the rustling of silk precedes its appear-

nance; the light spreads rapidly over the sky, with a slight noise, and the rays unite in the zenith in the form of a crown.

The Aurora Borealis often presents the singular appearance of two standards floating in the air, and its different tints of light afford successively the coup-d'œil of so many vast zones of silk of divers colours. At other times, it extends itself in vast columns of fire, the brilliancy of which insensibly fades, or by rapid oscillations transforms itself infinitely, and changes its colours from the most brilliant yellow to the darkest brown; and after having brightly illumined the firmament, extends majestically from the horizon to the zenith and suddenly vanishes, leaving behind a sombre and uniform trace: the light immediately reappears, and again vanishes with the same rapidity. Lastly, it often shews itself in glorious rays, the number and brilliancy of which successively increase till they fill the whole atmosphere, and form the most striking sight that can be imagined; the sky is covered with sparks, and it cracks and hisses with a noise absolutely resembling that of a superb fire-work. This phenomenon, which is generally considered as the effect of electricity, is almost always the precursor of storms; and when these latter rise in the N. E. they spread the greatest obscurity over the whole island of Newfoundland.

In the spring there is much rainy and foggy weather. Towards the beginning of June, the change in the climate is sensible; and from the middle of July and sometimes earlier, to the end of August, the heat is so great as to oblige the people to put on summer dresses. Not a single cloud is to be seen, particularly from ten o'clock till four: it is sometimes hotter than in the Antilles.

The nights are of extraordinary beauty. The clearness of the sky, the purity of the atmosphere, the brilliant light of the moon, the uncommon lustre of the stars, which almost all appear in the horizon, each resembling the light of a distant vessel, produce the most delightful scene that can be imagined.

It is impossible to form an idea of the magnificence of the spectacle, which the Bay of Conception, presents on such a night, at the season which is called Capetlin-Kutt: then its immense surface is covered with myriads of fish of every species and of every size, all equally engaged, some in pursuit, and others in evasive manoeuvres to escape. The whales rise and plunge alternately, dashing and spouting the water into the air; the cod bounding upon the waves, and reflecting the light of the moon upon their silvery scales; the Capetlin, saving itself in vast shoals, seeks a refuge on the coast where the waves throw an immense multitude upon the sand, which become the prey of women and children, who with baskets come to collect this supply, while the fishermen in their boats, with their nets, take it upon the coast, and gather a still more valuable, and not less abundant harvest.

#### MANUFACTURES, &c. IN FRANCE.

The following Report of the Central Jury,

on the products of French Industry, presented to Count De Cazes, cannot fail to be interesting to our commercial readers.—

“At all times the French carpet manufactures have been remarkable for tasteful designs, and brilliant and durable colours. The sale of these carpets has, however, always been extremely limited; they were manufactured at vast expense, and were in some measure exclusively destined for the palaces of the royal family. Owing to recent improvements, carpets may now be manufactured with equal perfection at a moderate price. However, the jury are of opinion that the labour may be still further simplified, and the gold medal is offered to the first manufacturer who shall attain this object.

The French paper manufactures, which were long defective with respect to the articles used for size and the manner of applying them, are annually undergoing improvements. At the last exhibition the paper manufactures of Annonay, surpassed all the specimens of preceding years. In some manufactures, the vat sizing is employed; and this method, which is doubly economical, as it diminishes manual labour, and improves the quality of the paper, will probably be universally adopted. The art of making paper entirely by mechanism, is a French invention. Sheets of paper six hundred feet long, manufactured by this method, were presented to the public at the late exhibition.

The manufacture of ornamental paper hangings is constantly improving in France. Specimens of landscapes, both coloured and uncoloured, and compositions after the antique, prove the surprising advancement made in this branch of industry.

Among recent improvements, the jury remarked a new method of imitating gold ornaments.

The improvements in the art of preparing iron, have a greater interest, as France now possesses nearly five hundred large furnaces, or Catalanian forges, which annually produce about a million quintals of cast and wrought iron: the use of carbonated iron, and the process of refining with coal, at the reverberating furnace, are among the new introductions, which promise the happiest results. Great activity prevails in the steel and brass manufactures; the preparation of platinum, which is rendered malleable by a newly discovered process, and the working of the tin mines of Vaulry and Piriac, present new resources to French industry: finally, the manufacture of all sorts of iron ware improves in proportion to the progress effected by the chemical and mechanical sciences in the working of metals.

The reporter made honorable mention of the establishment for the construction of improved agricultural instruments, which is superintended by M. Molard. At this establishment, ploughs of cast iron have been manufactured, on which the jury bestowed unqualified approbation: they possess the advantage of being more durable than wooden ploughs, are less liable to go out of repair, and more manageable, without being less solid.

Our limits do not permit us to follow the reporter through his learned examination of the improvements that have taken place of late years in optical instruments, fine clock work, and astronomical clock-work. We must, however, notice a new invention which will form an epoch in the history of stringed instruments; namely, the violin of M. Chanot, which produces a tone as full and melodious as the old instruments which are so rare and highly valued.\*

The specimens of soda, alum, acids, ceruse, vermilion, scented soap for the toilette, indigenous sugar, gelatine, and all the alimentary products presented at the exhibition, exceeded the utmost expectation of the jury.

#### ASTRONOMY OF THE ORIENTALS.

(Abridged from the *Calcutta Journal*.)

The following are some of the astronomical measures of time relating to the sun and moon, according to the calculations of the Hindoo astronomers, and by which the Bramins, Moguls, and other Mohammedans in India chiefly go, in the reckoning of time:

The lunar year they reckon 365 days, 22 garris, 1 pull. The solar year they reckon 365 days, 15 garris, 30 pulls, 224 peels, Indian time:—60 peels making 1 pull, 60 pulls 1 garri, and 60 garris 1 day. According to which the following table is constructed.

Peels.	Pulls.	Garris.	English Time.
25	—	—	1 second
124	—	—	5 seconds
25	—	—	10 seconds
374	—	—	15 seconds
50	—	—	20 seconds
75	14	—	30 seconds
150	24	—	1 minute
750	125	—	5 minutes
1500	25	—	10 minutes
2250	374	—	15 minutes
3600	50	—	20 minutes
4500	75	14	30 minutes
9000	150	24	1 hour
18000	300	5	2 hours
27000	450	74	3 hours
36000	600	10	4 hours
45000	750	124	5 hours
54000	900	15	6 hours
63000	1350	224	9 hours
108000	1800	30	12 hours
216000	3600	60	1 day

From this table it appears that the Indian year, of 365 days, 15 garris, 30 pulls, and 224 peels, is equal to 365 days, 6 hours, 12 minutes, and 9 seconds of our time; and accords with our sidereal year nearly, which is stated at 365 days, 6 hours, 9 minutes, and 144 seconds. The Indian lunar year, reckoned at 354 days, 22 garris, 1 pull, measures 354 days, 8 hours, 48 minutes, 24 seconds English time; which very nearly corresponds with that settled in our tables, at 354 days 8 hours, 48 minutes, 36 seconds.†

\* For a detailed account of M. Chanot's admirable improvements on the violin, see a report of the French Institute, inserted in the *Literary Gazette*, Sept. 13th, 1817.

† See Frazer's History of Nadir Shaw, passing through Fergana's Astronomy.

The lunar cycle, or period of 19 years, as also that called the Chaldean or eclipsic period, confessedly originated with the Eastern astronomers:—and that we may see the agreement of the Oriental astronomers with our European calculators, we here insert the measure of 19 sidereal and lunar years after both accounts, thus:—

## Indian time reduced.

	Days.	Hrs.	Min.	Sec.
19 × 365 days	= 6935	0	0	0
19 × 6 hours	=	4	18	0
19 × 12 min.	=	0	3	48
19 × 9 sec.	=	0	2	51

Indian time ... 6939 21 50 51

Ferguson's Tables, p. 190, 6939 20 55 354

Difference .... .. 54 154

Hence the difference between the Indian and European is 54 min. 154 sec. in 19 sidereal years.

## Indian lunar years reduced.

	Days.	Hrs.	Min.	Sec.
19 × 354 days	= 6726	0	0	0
19 × 8 hours	=	6	8	0
19 × 48 min.	=	0	15	12
19 × 34 sec.	=	0	0	7 36

19 × 12 lunations = 6732 23 19 36  
6 lunations = 177 4 24 12  
1 lunation = 29 12 44 2

235 lunations = 6939 16 27 50  
Ditto by English tables = 6939 16 26 51

Difference .... .. 59

The difference between 235 lunations composing the lunar cycle of 19 years by both reckonings less than one minute! Considering the supposed ignorance of the Eastern astronomers in the elements of true science, their want of necessary and accurate mathematical instruments, and the skill for the more profound and elaborate calculations of our European and justly famous practitioners, their determination on the exact measures of the sidereal and lunar year is truly admirable, and deserving our highest commendation.

## DISCOVERY OF ANGLO-SAXON AND OTHER COINS, &amp;c. &amp;c. IN SWEDEN.

A peasant of the name of Bryngel Tonsson, and some labourers lately digging for stone, in a woody field on the estate Dalsland and Tullhagen, in Bolstads Socken, found a great number of old standards, and other silver of a fine standard. The latter consists of nine bracelets, of four different forms; a thick silver twine, bent together, but broken off at both ends, appearing likewise to have been used as a bracelet; and several shapeless silver pieces, weighing altogether 46 ounces. The bracelets weighed from 1 to 3½ loth (a loth is half an ounce). Of the legible coins, there are 242 whole pieces; the illegible and defaced amount to about 70. The former consist of 87 English or Anglo-Saxon coins, all except three, of king Ethelred, and only two of his father, king Edgar; 83 of them bear the date of 1006. The rest of the coins, with the exception of two Kufic of the years of the

Hegiri, 286 and 308 (the years 899 and 920 of the Christian era), are all German, among which are 90 of the Emperors Otto I.—III. and the Empress Adelheid; several of different princes, as of Duke Bernard I. of the Palatinate; Henry of Bavaria (the Lame?) &c. &c. the rest are of Cologne, of the time of the three Ottos. From the age of these coins, it seems that we may infer with tolerable certainty, that this treasure was confided to the earth, the only deposit-bank which at that time existed, rather earlier in the 11th century than this era has been brought to light in the 19th.

This silver, doubtless, belonged to a rich person, and had most probably been a booty taken in war. Pirates (Wikingers) and soldiers were the richest persons in the country.

Why so many coins of king Ethelred have been found together in Scandinavian ground, is probably owing to the heavy tribute called *Danegeld*, which this monarch had to pay for many years, probably in ready money, to Denmark; which was then circulated in various ways, even among the inhabitants of Sweden, besides what Swedish warriors brought from the expeditions to England, in which they took a distinguished part. Some also might be brought by the English missionaries, and some in the regular course of trade. As the kingdom had no coin of its own, German and English money, together with the Arabian, brought by merchants and others from the east, formed the only currency of the kingdom.

The articles now found confirm what tradition says, that gold and silver armlets and bracelets were then in use. Bracelets seem originally to have been an ornament peculiar to warriors, who swore oaths by their bracelets, which were not to be broken. They were sometimes given by sovereigns or generals as rewards of valour, or signs of favour, and sometimes to persons not of the military profession. Saint Siegfried, who lived in those times, had received a gold bracelet from Olof King of Norway, which he employed in the redemption of Christian prisoners from heathen slavery.

The coins have been offered, as the law directs, to the Crown for purchase. His Majesty gave the necessary orders on the 11th of January, and they are now deposited in the Royal Cabinet of Antiquities.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## OXFORD, FEB. 19.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.—On Saturday last the following degrees were conferred:—

*Master of Arts*.—Rev. Frederick Charles Spencer, Christchurch.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—Rev. Henry Palmer, Worcester College; Christopher Sidney Smith, Corpus Christi College; John Leigh, Brasenose College; Bernard John Ward, Trinity College; James Espinasse, Balliol College.

Thursday last the Rev. Robert Mason, of Queen's College, was admitted Bachelor in Divinity.

## CAMBRIDGE, FEB. 18.

At a congregation, on Tuesday, the Rev. Henry Browne, M. A. of Lincoln College, Oxford, was incorporated of King's College; and the Rev. John Davies, M. A. of St. John's College, Oxford, was incorporated of St. John's College, in this university. Mr. George Rider, of Catherine Hall, and Mr. Thomas Warden, of Trinity Hall, were, on the same day, admitted Bachelors of Arts.

## RUSSIAN UNIVERSITIES.

The six Universities of Russia have the following districts assigned to them: 1. To the district of the Moscow University belong the Governments of Moscow, Smolensko, Caluga, Tula, Rjasan, Wladimir, Costroma, Wologda, Twer, and Jaroslaw. 2. To the district of the University of Wilna, the Governments of Wilna, Grodno, Wilepsk, Mohilen, Minsk, Volhynia, Kiew, and Podolia. 3. To the district of the University of Dorpat, Livonia, and Courland, originally likewise Old Finland, but the latter now belongs to the University of Abo, in New Finland. 4. To the district of the University of St. Petersburg, which is not yet organized, the governments of St. Petersburg, Pleskow, Novogorod, Olonez, and Archangel, are for the present assigned. 5. The district of the University of Charow comprehends the Ukraine, Orel, Kursk, Woronezh, Tschernigow, Pultawa, Cherson, the Crimea, Jekatherinoslaw, and the countries of the Don and other Cossacks. 6. Lastly, to the district of the University of Kasan belong, Kasan, Astracan, Orenburg, Ufa, Wjatka, Perm, Tamlow, Nischneigorod, Saratow, Pensa, Caucasus, Simbirsk, Tobolsk, Tomsk, and Irkutsk, together above 200,000 (German) square miles in extent. Yet some young people from the country of the Buriates, Tschukli, and Tungusians, who are distant about 2000 miles from Kasan, have come to study at the university of that city; many belonging to the Tartar tribes have also come to study at the University of Kasan.

## FINE ARTS.

## THE BRITISH GALLERY.

In pursuance of our design, we shall, in a few consecutive Numbers of the Literary Gazette, select for notice the principal works in this Exhibition; consulting generally the merit of the productions in our classification; but, in a good many instances, postponing others for the sake of our own convenience, and in order to mature our criticisms, where matter, not attainable by the mere view of a picture, is desirable.

No. 213. *A Highland Whisky Still, in Argyleshire*. D. Wilkie. R. A.

Our first glance at the exhibition strongly impressed us with the superior excellence of this picture; nor has our subsequent examination of it lowered our opinion. We do not hesitate therefore in saying, that so far as the execution, and the choice and ar-



range of the materials, of which the subject is composed, can be estimated, this is the finest specimen of Mr. Wilkie's pencil. Nor would we qualify it even in this slight degree, were it not palpable, that, admirably as he has treated this truly Scottish scene, some of his preceding works have an advantage, in the greater number of characters, in sentiment, and in the more general nationality of the habit or custom which he has chosen for the display of his unrivalled talents. In the present instance, there is, superadded to the best qualities of the Flemish School, a degree of expression far beyond those foreign masters; who, in most cases, contented themselves, in the conduct of their performances, with what regarded the colouring, *chiaro scuro*, and handling. For so much, ordinary nature and common character sufficed to them; and they shone in the application of their means and skill. Yet on these, their peculiar grounds, the picture before us has abundant claims to admiration; and when time shall have done for it as much as for them, it may vie with the very foremost of the Flemish masters. There are few subjects of this class which could have afforded the artist so fair an opportunity of showing his judgment in the choice of the picturesque, and of throwing upon his objects a light and shade equally conducive to the effect of the piece, to which the varied colours of which they partake give a tone and character well suited to harmonize and set off each other.

The interesting interior is occupied by figures the most appropriate; and if their occupation and quality have less of emotion than some of Mr. W.'s other performances, nothing can be more just or suitable to their situation and employment. The profound deliberation with which the old man examines the clearness and *proof* of the whiskey, is equal, we may say superior, in its kind, to any thing that ever was done; nor is the figure in shadow much less ably painted; at any rate it has all that belongs to its business and place. In this part, the accessories and still life are surpassingly beautiful; and when we examine the effect of the colouring arising from the varied broken tints of similar hues, out of which so much harmony is produced, together with the composition as a whole, we cannot but congratulate the purchaser on possessing a chief-d'œuvre of British art.

Our regard for the subject, too, is raised by poetical association; and we recognise it as one in which we can sympathize; not as it refers to the use of spirits and their pernicious consequences, but as reminding us of the joyous or heroic feelings, to which the inspiring beverage has often given rise; and so happily expressed in the glowing language of Burns.—

"But bring a Scotchman frae his hill,  
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,  
Say such is royal George's will,  
And there's the foe:  
He has aue thought, but how to kill  
Twa at a blow."

Besides this inimitable performance, Mr.

Wilkie has two other pieces in the Gallery; No. 17. *A Veteran Highlander, who served at Minden*; and 109, *A Bacchanalian gathering Grapes*.

The former, it may readily be imagined, is in his usual style: the latter is an excursive flight into the regions of classic art; and quite sufficient to show the versatility of the artist's talents. The names of Poussin and Rubens, on such subjects, have been so long used by the dealers to conjure with, that we despair of any other to draw the amateur into the circle; but if any can, this may. The general effect is rich, and belongs to the highest style of art. What we do not like so well, is the want of beauty in the female forms, and of truth in some of the flesh tints. Yet there are parts, beyond which we deem it hardly possible to carry the powers of painting.

No. 141. *Macbeth.—John Martin.*

The scene is, the Vanishing of the Weird Sisters—

"Stay ye imperfect speakers, tell me more."

As by the wand of an enchanter, we are again brought to a sight of the marvellous. The skill with which this artist, on a former occasion, arrested our attention, in spite of the regularity of protracted lines, and formal splendour of his architecture, is here displayed with full liberty; and the field of imagination is opened with a bold and daring hand. The sublime character of the clouds and sky, mingling with the more solid elements which compose the scene, are well suited to the storm of the wild and barren heath. The characters of Macbeth and Banquo appear in the midst of a blaze of light, while the weird Sisters are enveloped in a veil of obscurity; a mist is drawn before them, that may well make them seem the unearthly shapes of a distempered fancy, such as the immortal bard intended to draw.—

"That look not like the inhabitants of earth,  
And yet are on't."

The band of time will do much for this picture, in toning down some crudities in the colouring. The conception is grand, and though rather a manner-like repetition, it sustains the high reputation of the artist.

No. 30. *The Day before the Wedding.—M. W. Sharp.*

This cabinet gem is one of Mr. Sharp's happiest efforts: the subject is treated with a playful elegance; and in its little drama, the bride of to-morrow is coyly resisting the lover of to-day, who is drawing her towards a pedlar, in order that the latter may try on the ring, which is to bind her for ever. An old lady is carefully inspecting the operation of fitting the conjugal pledge; and these four figures make up the principal group. In the back ground is seen the signing and sealing of the marriage contract. The costume is Spanish, and the architecture, with which the brilliancy of the colouring and the style of execution well accord, superb. The story is delightfully and humourously told, the composition is charming, and the whole finished in a masterly style.

# STAINED GLASS.

Copy of a Letter addressed to Messrs. Robins, Auctioneers, Covent Garden.

Gentlemen,

I feel it a duty incumbent upon me, as the oldest artist in the kingdom, in the art of Painting on Glass (in varying colours) to address you through the medium of the public papers, in vindication of British genius, in that particular branch of the fine arts, commonly called "Stained Glass," to enquire by what authority you have made such bold assertions as are contained in an advertisement, respecting a sale of Painted Glass, coming forward in the month of March next, under your hammer; in which you presume to set up the works of a French artist, as "the finest efforts that ever have appeared in the art of Painting on Glass," adding, "that the point has been conceded by the first artists." Now, gentlemen, I call upon you to give the names of those artists who (you say) have so decidedly pronounced on the merits of those pieces, and so kindly transferred the fame acquired by British genius to Monsieur de Marne, an artist residing in Paris. When you favour us with their names, we shall then be able to form an opinion, whether the rank they hold in the estimation of the judicious part of mankind, entitle their verdict in Monsieur de Marne's favour, to any consideration. Another question, I must request an answer to—What do you mean by "Three Pieces of Glass," to form one subject? Can a picture have more than one surface? If two or three pieces of glass are used to form a view, or subject, does it not become an optical delusion? and consequently not entitled to the rank which a *picture* holds in the works of art; because a *picture*, (if well executed) unites in itself all the points of excellence on one surface, which are so pompously puffed off by you, in Monsieur de Marne's three-fold glass contrivances. When I reflect that England has to boast of such men, in the art of Painting on Glass, as Peckett, Jarvis, Hill, Egington, Backler, assisted by the genius of West, Mortimer, and other artists of high consideration, I cannot tamely stand by, and see their well-deserved fame sacrificed by the frothy nonsense of an auctioneer's advertisement, to gratify the vanity of a Frenchman, at the expense of truth, candour, and justice, without an effort to expose the delusion. Expecting an answer, I remain, &c. &c.

Feb. 23, 1820. J. PEARSON.

112, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

P. S.—These sentiments are not new to you, as you will perceive by referring to my letter on the same subject, dated May 22d, 1815, in answer to a challenge of yours to the artists of this country, five years ago, when these very superior specimens were offered by you for public sale, without success.

[We insert this as a fair reclamation in favour of British art; but must say, at the same time, that however Messrs. Robins may find it neces-

any to eulogize articles in the way of business, more respectable and honourable men are not to be found in London.—*Editor.*

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

EULOGY ON BURNS THE POET.

Remember the bard, though mute is his lyre,  
And with'er'd for ever the hand that he flung  
O'er its chords, while with more than a patriot's  
fire,  
He the triumphs of freedom and bravery sung.  
He had strings too for beauty, love, virtue, and  
truth,  
That shone ever bright, and as free from  
decay  
As those lines which the easterns beheld in their  
youth,  
And glaz'd on in age as their souls fled away.\*  
Remember the bard like the huma sublime, †  
He ne'er sinks to the earth, so exalted his  
flight,  
But winging his way thro' sweet poetry's clime,  
O'er his dear native land pours his heaven-  
drawn light.

Oh! Caledon, guard thou his ashes with awe,  
For thy poetick world was deserted and dim  
Till he rose on thy darkness, and Scotia then  
saw

That world of the muse all illum'd by him.

In the island of Paros a marble was plac'd  
On its rugged and desolate sea-beaten shore,  
Where woe could be seen but the blue ocean's  
waste,

And noisil could be heard but the sea's deaf-  
ning roar.

Should a stranger but fail in respect to the tomb,  
As many all heartless would fearlessly dare,  
Swift a race of avengers sprung forth from its  
gloom,

And punished his crime as he fled in despair. ‡

Thus, Scotia, protect thy lov'd poet, whose name  
Should be blest by each child, with its infantine  
breath;

And should critics presume e'er to sully his  
fame,

Best forth from his tomb, and quick sting  
them to death.

Tet stay—let the drivellers from death be re-  
deem'd,

Where giving them honours from which they're  
exempt—

'Twere declaring their venom too highly es-  
teem'd,

So leave them to die of neglect and contempt.

R. R. N.

\* The lines in the mountain, recorded in ori-  
ental tales, and said to last for ever.

† An eastern bird that flies continually in the  
air, and never touches the earth.

‡ The tomb of Archilochus was placed on the  
sea-shore, in the island of Paros, and the  
poets feigned, that in the cavities of the stone,  
worn away by the waves, a swarm of wasps was  
concealed, ready to avenge the least insult that  
could be offered to it.—Vide Notes to the  
Pursuits of Literature.

## THE SNOW-DROP.

O! thou white flower,  
Arisng from the earth,  
In winter's last departing hour,  
And the Spring's birth!

Innocent thing

Without perfume! thy bell  
Seems o'er thy silent grave to fling  
A bridal spell.

Beauty like thee  
Endears the heart and dies:—  
Thy root is thy eternity,—  
Her's in the skies.

Islington.

MARIA.

"WE'RE NA JUST YOU."

The stars a' blinkin  
Set ane thinkin  
What the de'il maks 'em thus aye winkin,  
Fu' weel I ken,  
Among us men,  
The een gang na frae mickle drinkin,  
O' the lift, I ween  
Yon stars are the een,  
An the braw blue sky a bowrin has been;  
Then fill a bowl ample,  
Nor let sic bright example  
Low for us loons frae Heaven in vain.

EVAN.

*Additional Verses to the national Anthem,  
written by Geo. Colman, and sung at  
Covent Garden Theatre.*

Lord! while thy chast'ning hand,  
Wide through this loyal land,  
Sorrow doth fling,  
Each Briton's heart-felt tear,  
Shed o'er the Father's bier,  
Bids us the Son revere;  
God save the King!

Long may war's clangour cease!  
Long may the Dove of Peace  
Here spread her wing!  
I, ul'd thus, in sweet repose,  
From domestic foes,  
Oh! from black treason's blows,  
Heaven guard the King!

While George's praise we sound!  
Rally his throne around!  
United cling!  
Think who upheld his Sire!  
Who quell'd the Despot's fire!  
Rais'd Britain's glory higher;  
'Twas George our King.

## SONG.

I saw a sunbeam on the sea,  
Dancing ro light and merrily,  
As if its rays were form'd to lave,  
And glitter in the summer wave,  
Brightly, for ever!

I saw a rosebud in its bloom,  
Scenting the air, with rich perfume,  
And then, methought, a flow'r so fair,  
Must always flourish sweetly there,  
And perish never!

A dark cloud came, the sun-beam fled,  
And winter found the rosebud dead;  
And then I thought me—bless and joy,  
Should ev'ry hour of life employ,  
Ere death can sever,  
Our beings from each dear delight,  
And, with eternal shades of night,  
O'ercast those dreams of happiness,  
Our sighing souls would fain possess,  
When lost for ever!

J. L. S.

Plymouth, Feb. 1820.

"Life makes the soul dependent on the dust;  
Death gives her wings to mount above the  
spheres." YOUNG.

Weep no more, that her azure eye  
Hath ceased to glisten,  
That her wary locks in the damp grave lie,  
That her lip hath lost its crimson dye,  
That you vainly listen  
For her voice of witching melody.

Weep no more that each fleeting grace  
This earth hath given,  
Hath left for ever her form and face;  
That her soul hath run its mortal race;  
And the joys of heaven  
The changing woes of this world replace.

Weep no more, oh! weep no more!  
Would'st thou renew  
The colours that deck'd the worm before?  
Would'st thou its grow'ling shape restore?  
For the lovelier hue,  
The lighter wings which heavenward soar:

VENERS.

From "The Mystery," a Novel.

THE SUN AND THE DEW.

The Sun, from his chariot of gold saw the Dew.  
Illum'd by the first gleam of orient day;  
In splendour he burst on the lowly one's view,  
Who, trembling, reflected his earliest ray.  
"Fair Dew," he exclaimed, "'tis with grief  
and surprise,

On yon rugged bramble such brightness I see;  
O! ascend to the place you should find in the  
skies,—

Haste, dearest! come shine here with me."

Surpris'd and alarm'd such a lover to meet,  
All-blushing Dew shrunk, his regards while  
she bore:

But felt, in her soft trembling bosom, a heat  
She never had known, till that moment, before.  
And, listening now to the tempter's false  
tongue,

Inhaled the sweet poison; and soon, passion-  
tow'd,  
From the humble, but fostering bramble, she  
sprung,—

That moment, for ever was lost.

Thus oft sordid Wealth, the poor cottager's  
charms

Permitted by some fatal chance to behold,  
Lures the fair to abandon a parent's fond arms,  
For greatness and rank, falsely proffer'd, and  
gold;

And dazzled by these, if unguarded the maid  
The heartless deluder with favour shall view;  
Destroy'd all her peace, to shame she meanly be-  
tray'd,  
She fades, like the vanishing Dew.

## BIOGRAPHY.

CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

We have thought that a brief notice  
of Mr. Smart, which we abridge from  
Chalmers' English Poets, might not be  
unacceptable in the same sheet in which  
the extraordinary effusion from his pen,  
(or rather key) while labouring under  
mental derangement, appears, by a  
chance and odd coincidence, immedi-  
ately after the review of a very inge-  
nious inquiry into sound mind.

Christopher Smart was born rather prematurely, at Shippbourne, in Kent, 11th April, 1722: his father was possessed of an independency of about 300*l.* per ann. and acted as steward on the Kentish estate of Lord Barnard, afterwards Earl of Darlington. His mother, a Miss Gilpin, belonged to the family of the celebrated reformer of that name. Christopher was only 11 years old, and still at school, when his father died, so involved in circumstances, that the family property was obliged to be sold. It is stated, that long previous to this period the boy had shown an inclination for poetry, and had even, (though this seems more than doubtful,) made verses when only four years old. On the death of his father he left Maidstone and went to Durlham, in the neighbourhood of which city some of his paternal relations resided, and belated to him with friendly kindness. He was also well received at Rahy Castle, and patronised by the Hon. Mrs. Hope, and by the late Duchess of Cleveland, who allowed him 40*l.* a year till her death, in 1742. In October, 1739, he was entered at Pembroke Hall, Oxford, being then in his 17th year. At College he was more distinguished by his poetical efforts and classical taste, than for the usual academical pursuits; and, notwithstanding his constitutional delicacy, soon became a general favourite with such of his contemporaries as were men of gaiety and vivacity. His fortune did not enable him to keep such company, and he was speedily involved in difficulties, which genius and literary habits are ill calculated to surmount when opposed to worldly wisdom and prudential selfishness. As might be expected, they lasted him through life, and embittered his being; drove him to intemperance, the only blot on his otherwise blameless character. In 1743 he was admitted Bachelor of Arts, and in 1745 elected a Fellow of Pembroke. He had previously acquired considerable fame by his *Tripos Verses*, and by the translation of Pope's Essay on Criticism, and other poems, into Latin verse. A comedy, now lost, and other productions, were the fruits of this period. A soliloquy of the Princess Periwinckle, the heroine of the play, describing her conflicting passions, pride, love, and reason, has the following ludicrous comparison—

Thus when a barber and a collier fight,  
The barber beats the luckless collier—white.  
The dusky collier heaves his pond'rous sack,  
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber—black.  
In comes the brickdust-man, with grime o'er-spread,  
And beats the collier and the barber—red.  
Black, red, and white, in various clouds are toss'd,  
And in the dust they raise, the combatants are lost.

In 1747 Smart took the degree of M. A. and became a candidate for the Seatonian prize, which was adjudged to him for five years, four of them in succession. In 1763, he married Miss Ann Maria Caruan, the daughter by a former husband of Mary, wife of the late respected Mr. John Newbery. This gentleman seems to have engaged him in a general scheme of authorship, and he relinquished

the prospect of a regular profession. "This we doubt was a luckless change, for writing and puffing in periodical works is now but a *bad* substitute, and was then a worse, for powerful exertions in any of the liberal pursuits. Smart contributed principally to the Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany, the Old Woman's Magazine, and other humorous publications. He also wrote several prologues and epilogues, upon which, as well as his other compositions, he set a much higher value than others acknowledged to be just. His pleasing manners, however, procured him the friendship of Johnson, Garrick, Dr. James, Dr. Burney, and other eminent men. Garrick, when he was in distress in 1759, gave him the profits of a free benefit at Drury Lane Theatre. Johnson wrote papers for him in the Universal Visitor; and Dr. Burney set several of his songs to music. A dispute with Doctor, afterwards Sir John Hill, gave rise to a bitter satire, entitled the *Hilliad*; and the remarks made on his first published collection of poems, 4to, 1752, set him at daggers drawn with all reviews and reviewers. From 1754 to 1756, it is supposed that Smart's health was bad, and that both his person and purse suffered so much in consequence of his negligent and irregular habits, that temporary alienation of mind was frequently the result of embarrassments preying upon his fervid imagination. He had at this time two children. The unhappy bard would fall upon his knees and say his prayers in the street, and insist on passengers praying with him; but his lunacy was sometimes dangerous, and his confinement was necessary to keep him from the intemperance which made it so. After his release, he acted with greater composure, had pleasant lodgings near the Park, and was supported partly by his literary labours, and partly by 50*l.* per ann. granted from the Treasury. In 1757 he published his prose translation of *Horace*. In 1763 the *Song to David*, which we have quoted so largely, was given to the world; and also a small miscellany of poems on several occasions. In 1764 appeared *Immanuel*, an Oratorio, the music by Worgan; and an *Ode to the Earl of Northumberland*, with some other pieces, were produced; but they afforded, amidst fine bursts of imagination, only too strong evidence of disordered intellect. In 1765 he executed a neat and faithful poetical translation of the *Fables of Phædrus*, with the Appendix of *Gindius*: his translation of the *Psalm*, in the same year, gave melancholy proof of decay of powers. Two years after, *Horace* was republished, with a metrical translation, containing many fine passages; but in the year 1768 his last work, "The Parables of our Lord," &c. done into familiar verse, seems to indicate more completely than any of his later performances a want of judgment, approaching to imbecility. At length he was confined in the King's Bench Prison, or, rather in the Rules, which his brother-in-law, Mr. Caruan, obtained for him; and there he died of a liver complaint, after a short illness, on the 18th of May, 1770. He left two daughters, who, with their mother, set-

tled respectively in the bookselling trade at Reading.

Mr. Smart's piety was so fervent, that he wrote parts of his religious poems on his knees. He was friendly, affectionate, and liberal to excess. His conversation agreeable after he got over a habitual shyness. In poetry, his lighter pieces are preferred by Mr. Chalmers; but his rich and original fancy in serious composition needs no praise in this Journal, where such eminent proofs of it are given. The *Hilliad* is coarse; but for the expression of profound contempt, and poignant ridicule, is perhaps unequalled in the English language—the first of its class. For example—

"O thou, whatever name delight thine ear,  
Pimp! poet! puffer! 'pothecary! play'r!  
Whose baseless fame by vanity is buoy'd,  
Like the huge earth, self-centered in the void,  
Accept one part-ner thy own worth' explore,  
And in thy praise be singular no more.

A paltry play'r, that in no part succeeds,  
A hackney writer, whom no mortal reads.  
The trumpet of a base deserted cause,  
Dammed to the scandal of his own applause.

• • • • • by Jove assigned,  
The universal butt of all mankind.

But his amiable and religious poems deserve better to be remembered than this severe castigation; and it is probable, that this revival of one of them may lead to a more general perusal of the rest than they have had for half a century.

## THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—"The obscene, witty, and immortal Rabelais has furnished Mr. Hullin with the subject of a Comic Ballet, which is decent, dull, and temporary. Gretry founded an opera on the adventures of the renowned Panurge, on the Isle of Lanterns; and the Ballet-Master has turned that into dancing, which Gretry turned into fiddling. Much more, we think, might have been made of the materials: for though the circumstances are extravagant, they are not ill-adapted for comic action and lively *Trip-tick* expression. In some of the details there is considerable merit; but taken as a whole, Panurge does not reach the *beau idéal* of a perfect ballet, which, in the opinion of amateurs, and connoisseurs of compositions of that sort, should be as intelligible as a philosophical essay, and as interesting as a sentimental novel. For ourselves we must say, that we never distinctly understood the language of the legs, nor could catch with grammatical accuracy the point—of the toes. We are therefore generally well satisfied with notions of grace and activity, merely for their intrinsic qualities and provided a dancer spins round a dozen of times like a top, we are surprised to see heart's content, without going into the recited translation of the pinonette into some necessary incident connected with the fall of the piece. In short, we consider it yet absurd to be trying to trace solid sense in a plot, narrative in a pas senl, and a word of meaning in a high jump.

**DRURY LANE.**—*Madame Vestris*, an English lady, (we believe,) though of foreign parentage, and affecting a foreign prefix to her name, made a first and very successful appearance on these boards, last Saturday, in *Lilla*, in the Siege of Belgrade; and has since confirmed the favourable impression of the public, in another musical part. Her voice is remarkably clear, and her style of singing is excellent. Some flurry, appropriate to the occasion, as the bills would say, prevented her from executing the most difficult passages correctly, and seemed a little to confuse her runs and impair her shades. But we have no doubt that she will not only acquire more power, but that what she already possesses will be displayed to greater advantage, as she gains confidence, which the favour of her reception is well calculated to inspire. It may be remembered, that this lady played some years ago at the King's Theatre, since which she has visited the Continent.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—*Too Late for Dinner*. A farce under this appalling name, and reported to be written by Mr. Theodore Hook, was produced on Tuesday. It is a lively, bustling, humorous thing, was only interrupted by laughter during its performance, and at its close received the unanimous plaudits of a very full house. Two brothers of very dissimilar characters, but of initially similar names, viz. Mr. F. (Frederick) and Mr. F. (Francis) Poppleton, are mistaken for each other, and in various affairs of taverns, rows, love, driving, and dining, the wild habits of Frank create great confusion when substituted for the modest bearing of Fred. These gemini are sustained by Messrs. Connor and Jones; the latter, in the thoughtless rage, being the very soul of the piece, which he absolutely carries through like wild-fire, by the sheer force of his gaiety and spirit. The other parts are Pinchot, a retired haberdasher (Mr. Blanchard); and Twill his nephew, and successor in trade (Mr. Liston); Bobby, a Yorkshire servant to Mr. Frederick Poppleton, (Mr. Emery); the widow Thomson (Mrs. Davenport); her niece (Miss Foster); their maid (Mrs. Gibbs); and Pinchot's daughter (Miss Beaumont). Mrs. Thomson is contriving a match between the sober brother and the latter; while Twill, who is a complete Cockney dandy, is intended for her own niece, Emma. The intrusion of Frank, however, discovers these projects. He falls in love with Emma at a ball, and in the hope of seeing her at Calver Lodge personates Frederick, and accepting the invitation meant for him, drives out to Blackheath with poor Twill in his *shay*. Their misadventures on the road, and the lover's insolvency to the honest citizen's family when disappointed in meeting his adored, lead to an angry separation; after which the graver Poppleton arrives "too late for dinner," and is paterfamiliasly refused admittance, under the supposition that it is Blackbell wishing to break in again. An enticement however takes place. Repentance is promised, forgiveness granted, and each young lady takes a husband for better or for worse. There are many good points

in the dialogue, which, without straining for effect, is generally easy and spirited, and ever and anon enlivened with some witty turn or play on words. Indeed, it has no faults that may not be overlooked in a farce, and many good qualities which we see very seldom in modern dramatic compositions.

**ORATORIOS, &c.**—On Friday was produced at Covent Garden a musical performance, learnedly called, from Seneca, a grand *epicædium*: we wonder that *epicædium* was not lugged into the interludes, *epimones* into the choruses, *epicædium* into the songs, and all the other *epia*, whether combined with *træpe*, or *Σάλαρος*, or *træpe*, into the other parts of music; for since we are to have a Greek compound for a funeral song, why should our affectation stop short in the remaining appellatives, and the jockey of Greek, Latin, Italian, and English be left incomplete? We did not attend the theatre, but on the report of a friend, venture to say, that the whole selection was very excellent and very heavy, the entire execution very able and very tiresome.

**DRURY LANE.**—We have seldom witnessed a fuller house, or an alder performance, than Wednesday's oratorio presented at Drury Lane. The most admired pieces of Mozart's Requiem had been judiciously selected for the first act, and derived additional excellence from the manner in which they were executed by Mrs. Salmon, Miss M. Tree, Miss Goodhall, Braham, Pyne, and a Mr. Swift, who successfully made his first appearance that evening. A grand scena and aria, compoed for the occasion, and alluding to our late loss, were given by Madame Bellocchi, with exquisite taste, and the most powerful effect, and produced a rapturous encore. The same justice was done to most of the airs in the first part of Haydn's Creation, which formed the second act. Between the second and the third Madame Bellocchi was also encored in a beautiful cavatina, by Rossini; and, in the third act, which was miscellaneous, Miss Porey obtained the same honour in an air of Mozart's "Come May, bring pleasant weather." The whole concluded with Beethoven's Battle Symphony, executed in all its fullness and tempestuous grandeur.

There are Oratorios at the Coburg, for the especial ears of the inhabitants of "Camberwell, Walthow, Peckham, and the environs," every Friday.

**MISS MACAULEY.**—This lady has again appealed to the public, and presented a sort of mono-dramatic entertainment at the Crown and Anchor. She has unquestionably considerable merit; but we cannot anticipate any beneficial result to her from these exhibitions; nor do we think that she has so much reason to complain of public or managerial injustice, as to excite a feeling favourable to her claim for a reversal of the judgement.

Mr. LLOYD has commenced astronomical lectures, illustrated by an orrery, for the Wednesdays and Fridays during Lent, at the Haymarket Theatre.

Mr. MATTHEWS has announced a new "At Home," at the old place: to begin on Monday

Ivanhoe has been dramatized for Drury Lane, under the title of *The Hebrew*; and Keau is to play Isaac of York. The character seems almost drawn for him, and we anticipate a striking display of his peculiar energy and talent in the part; especially in the dungeon-scene, where he is threatened with torture, and braves the worst when he hears of his daughter's dishonour.

#### FOREIGN DRAMA.

##### THEATRE ROYAL DE L'OPERA COMIQUE.

First representation of *La Bergère Châtelaine*, an Opera in three Acts.

The story of this new opera, which carries us back to the chivalrous days of the crusades, appears to be borrowed from a German romance.

The Lord of Rochefort, on his departure for Palestine, leaves his wife under the protection of his brother, who, losing sight of his most sacred duty, and eager to inherit the poor wealth of his brother, overwhelms the great *Châtelaine* with all kinds of indignity. To preserve her infant daughter from ill-treatment, the wretched mother, on her death-bed, charges Bertha, her faithful attendant, to convey the heiress of Rochefort far from the residence of her cruel uncle. Bertha retires to the territories of the young Count de Montfort, with the child, who passes for her daughter, under the simple name of Lucette.

At the age of eighteen, Lucette appears a model of beauty and virtue:—she captivates the heart of the young Count de Montfort, whose life she has saved after a combat, in which he was dangerously wounded. The faithful nurse acquaints the Duke of Brittany with the Count's passion; and at the same time discloses to him the illustrious origin of the supposed shepherdess. The Duke determines to put the Count's fidelity to the test; and for this purpose he introduces him to the beautiful Baroness de Courcy, as the lady he intends him to marry.

The fair Baroness, however, is no other than Lucette, disguised in a dress of the most costly description. Montfort, like a true lover of the eleventh century, though not insensible to the charms of the Baroness, firmly resolves to remain faithful to Lucette. He hastens to Bertha's cottage, where he finds his mistress attired in her humble habiliments.

The Duke, however, is not satisfied with this trial. He contrives another stratagem, and declares his intention of marrying the fair shepherdess to Robert, a protégé of the Bailly of the district, who takes the thing seriously, and abandons his village sweetheart for Lucette; finally, after once more introducing the Baroness, who vainly tenders her rank and fortune, the Duke rewards the fidelity of the lovers, and restores the young shepherdess to her rightful honours.

The piece was favourably received. The music, which is the production of M. Aubert, is deserving of praise, particularly the opening chorus, a *quartett*, and the finale to the second act, which was loudly applauded.

## VARIETIES.

When we lately gave a list of the French travellers who had proceeded to foreign countries for scientific purposes, we omitted to mention M. Cailland of Nantes, who set out for Egypt a few months ago. The last accounts stated that he had arrived at Alexandria, and was preparing to sail up the Nile, to pursue his investigations under the protection of Mohammed-Ali-Pasha.

*Anecdote.*—During the late sudden inundation of the Rhine, a hare, unable to escape through the water to an eminence, climbed up a tree. This one of the boatmen, rowing about to assist the unfortunate inhabitants, observed, pulled up to the tree, and mounted it, eager for the game, without properly fastening his boat. The terrified hare, on the approach of its pursuer, sprang from the branch into the boat, which thus set in motion, floated away; leaving its owner in the tree, in dread of its being washed away by the current; till after several hours anxiety, he was perceived and taken off by some of his companions:—*German Paper.*

The American newspapers state, that a silver mine, of very pure ore, above six feet in thickness, has been discovered near Zanewille, Ohio, at the depth of 130 feet; and that a company has been formed to work it.

A letter from the Cape of Good Hope mentions that M. Lalande, the French naturalist, has transmitted several valuable objects to the collection of the Jardin du Roi, among which are a skeleton of a hippopotamus, for the gallery of comparative anatomy; the carcass of a whale 75 feet long; skulls of several of the indigenous races of Africa, &c. The Minister of the Interior has granted funds for M. Lalande's important journey, on the application of the Professors of the Museum of Natural History.

A young chamois, which was caught some months ago among the Alps, and which M. Magol presented to the French Museum of Natural History, lately arrived at the menagerie of the above establishment:—it is perfectly well in health, and is continually receiving the visits of the curious.

The Royal Parisian Academy of Sciences, of which the Duke d'Angoulême is perpetual President, renewed its bureau at a late sitting. The Chevalier Fabre-Paleprat is appointed Vice-president; M. Bepou second Vice-president; the Marquess de Monferrier, General Secretary; M. Bellart, Private Secretary; M. Dabat, archivist; and M. Dofigny, Treasurer.

*ANCIENT CUSTOM.*—We do not remember to have seen the following curious custom mentioned before: the paragraph appears in the *Morning Chronicle*, with an anonymous signature. "Early on the 1st. of March, the *Young Maidens* of the Village of Steban Hethe (now called Stepney,) used to resort to Goodman's Fields (the only remains of which now not built upon, is the Tenter Ground,) in search of a blade of

grass at a *redish time*; the charm being, that the fortunate finder got the husband of her wishes within the month."

## PICTURES SOLD SINCE THE EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH GALLERY OPENED.

Battle of Waterloo; Directors of the British Institution;—George Jones. A Veteran Highlander; R. P. Knight, Esq.—D. Wilkie, R. A. The Reaper's Repast; Countess de Grey.—W. F. Witherington. Cottage at Botwell, Middlesex; Home Gordon, Esq.—C. J. Scott. Scene near Botsen, in the Tyrol; Marquis of Stafford—Geo. Hayter. Gardens of the Thuilleries; Tho. Hope, Esq.—J. G. Chalon. A Village Concert; Rob. Holford, Esq.—W. Ingham. The Cup of Tea; H. Ph. Hope, Esq.—W. M. Sharpe. Rice bridge, near Betchworth; Home Gordon, Esq.—C. J. Scott. Coast Scene, morning; Geo. Watson Taylor, Esq.—John Wilson. Windsor, from Clewer Meadows, moonlight; Sir B. C. Hoare, Bart. M. P.—T. C. Holford. Hay-making; Countess de Grey.—E. Childre. View of Eton College; H. R. Hoare, Esq.—W. Ingham. View of Greenwich; James Wadmore, Esq.—George Vincent. A Highland Whiskey Still; Sir W. Loughby Gordon, Bart.—D. Wilkie, R. A. Alpine Mastiffs reanimating a Traveller; Jesse Watts Russell, Esq.—Edwin Landseer. View upon Loch-Tay; the Countess de Grey.—P. Nasmyth. Grove Scene; James Wadmore, Esq.—J. Starke. View of Abbeville; Lord Granville.—George Jones. View of Westminster Hall; F. Pollock, Esq.—Miss E. Maskell. View on the Thames towards Richmond; J. Hammet, Esq.—Charles Deane. Attachment; J. Alnutt, Esq.—W. Davison. The Combat between Balfor and Bothwell; Earl Brownlow.—A. Cooper, R. A. Cottages near Linton, Kent; G. Stanley, Esq.—C. R. Stanley. Game; Mr. Jones.—J. Pitman. The New Hat; W. Chamberlayne, Esq. M. P.—W. Davison. The Dull Lecture; W. Chamberlayne, Esq. M. P.—G. S. Newton. The Village Carpenter; Frederick Webb, Esq.—W. Watson. The Ploughman; Captain Abraham.—John Burnett. A Windmill; James Wadmore, Esq.—John Burnett. The Cobler asleep in the Ale-house; Frederick Webb, Esq.—W. Kidd. Pistol announcing the Death of Henry IV.; Frederick Webb, Esq.—John Cawse. Heath Scene, near Ryegate; — Smith, Esq.—John Wilson. The Cobler at Home; B. Chapin, Esq.—W. Kidd.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

We hear that Lord Byron has finished two more Cantos of Don Juan; and, of course, they may be expected to appear this season.

The second novel, by the author of Waverley may, we presume, also be anticipated within a few months, though we do not see it advertised. If rumour speak truth, *The Monastery*, will fall short of none of its precursors in interest and effect. The period is that of the unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots.

A poem of Mr. Shelly's has, we are informed, been transmitted from abroad.

Travels, poetry, and novels, seem almost wholly to engross the literature of our times.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

FEBRUARY, 1820.

Thursday, 17.—Thermometer from 19 to 37. Barometer from 30, 31 to 30, 26.

Wind S. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally clear.

Friday, 18.—Thermometer from 18 to 34.

Barometer from 30, 27 to 30, 25.

Wind E. b. S.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Morning clear; the rest of the day cloudy.

Saturday, 19.—Thermometer from 30 to 34.

Barometer from 30, 26 to 30, 25.

Wind N. b. E. 1.—Generally cloudy.

Sunday, 20.—Thermometer from 25 to 31.

Barometer from 30, 25 to 30, 11.

Wind W. and S. b. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Cloudy; snow most of the day.

Monday, 21.—Thermometer from 27 to 32.

Barometer from 30, 01 to 29, 59.

Wind S. b. E. and E. N. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Morning cloudy, thick fog from about 9 till 11, after wards generally raining.

Tuesday, 22.—Thermometer from 26 to 43.

Barometer from 30, 00 to 29, 99.

Wind N. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Cloudy.

Rain fallen, 425 of an inch.

Wednesday, 23.—Thermometer from 39 to 51.

Barometer from 29, 86 to 29, 66.

Wind S. E. 1.—Cloudy with some rain in the afternoon. In the evening it became clear.

Rain fallen, 175 of an inch.

From the intense cold in Norway, we may expect our cold weather has not yet left us.

Osterdalen, Feb. 2, 1820

On the 20th. of Jan. the Thermometer (Reaumur's Scale) was 34 $\frac{1}{2}$  below zero, and the quick silver was frozen. This is the severest cold observed. The snow is six feet deep on an average, and by the great drift, many lives have been lost.

Note.—By Hutchin's experiments, mercury will freeze at 40° below zero of Fahrenheit's scale.

Lat. 51. 37. 34. N.

Lon. 0. 3. 51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAM

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor of the Literary Gazette can hardly answer the question respecting the *Invader's Son*, that to the *Dee* is replete with poetical truth; but the verification does not appear to flow in sufficient ear. This is, however, merely matter of opinion; as others may approve of *Invader's Son* in that species of composition, in which requires rather neatness and fidelity. With respect to the main point, a respectable publisher is best person to consult; and the Editor can only say, that fashion, more than merit, holds the lance in such cases.

O! has taught us exclamation in two ways—his signature and by his poem.

Amicus says we have not "kept our word;" his mistake is his, and so he might have said. This notice would then have been spread, and there would have been no us about the matter,

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

#### British Gallery, Pall Mall.

THIS GALLERY, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Modern Artists, is open daily, from ten in the morning until five in the afternoon.

JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.

#### Genius Pictures.

By Mr. BULLOCK, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Monday, February 23rd, punctually at One.

A very valuable Collection of ITALIAN, FRENCH, FLEMISH, and DUTCH PICTURES, comprising and sole property of a private Gentleman, comprising admirable specimens of the following celebrated masters, viz. Cagliari, Cressi, Schwartz, Etienne, Schidone, Rubens, Poussin, Parmegiano, Lingelbach, T. Mola, Teniers, Van Buren, R. di Pisanò, Van der Meer, Le Duc, Netscher, Mignon, Bock, Treu, Harns, Howard, Powell, Stubbs—particularly the Infant Christ and St. John, a beautiful Cabinet set, by Leo, da Vinci, a Holy Family, Trevizani, and Rev. St. John, Giovanni Cressi; Alexander and Pina, Le Brun; an original Portrait by Rubens, &c. &c. To be viewed and Catalogued had.

MR. BULLOCK respectfully announces, that, in the course of the ensuing Spring, he will have the honour of submitting to Sale by Auction, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, the first part of an extensive and well known Entomological Cabinet of William Beaman, Esq. (declining a general collection) Catalogues prepared, and due notice of the days of Sale will be given in future advertisements.

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THE Proprietors of a Provincial Newspaper, long and excellently established in one of the most beautiful Cities in England, is in immediate want of a Partner, who must thoroughly understand the Editing and Management of a Paper, on Loyal and Constitutional Principles—he must also be a gentleman of high respectability and character, and consent to undertake almost the exclusive arrangement of the Office. The capital required will be at least 3000*l*.

Tax is stated to prevent useless applications, and to avoid unnecessary correspondence. On the whole, of the truly valuable concerns would be disposed of on terms most advantageous to a Purchaser. The sale of such a desirable property is not often made public, being more complete and compact than perhaps any thing of the kind in the Kingdom; now would it not be offered for sale on any terms; but for the declining health of the present Proprietor, who is ordered to a milder climate. For particulars apply by letter only, post paid, to Mr. Arthur Hicks, to the care of Mr. Murray, Esq. Warwick-square, Negate Street, London.

P. S. Merit letters of enquiry will not be answered, and now but Principles will be treated with.

#### BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

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IVANHOE. A Romance. By the Author of Waverley, &c. Printed for Archibald Constable & Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. Glasgow, London. By whom will be published in a few days, Illustrations of Ivanhoe. Engraved by Charles Heath, from Designs by R. Westall, R. A.

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No. 163.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*George the Third, his Court, and Family.*  
London, 1820. 8vo. 2 vols.

This is a pleasing well written biographical compendium of the events of the late long and interesting reign. It is neither prosing nor very political, but replete with anecdote and statements of facts; and consequently offers, especially at the present moment, when all minds are so feebly alive to the subject, a very agreeable miscellany either for desultory or regular reading. After a brief account of the family of Brunswick, it starts with the birth of Prince George in 1738, and from that period narrates the principal occurrences of his life, to the date of its lamented termination. A few extracts will best display the character of this publication; and we select them with little regard to arrangement, observing the order of time rather than the congeniality of subject, and only looking that we do not stumble on matters generally known, instead of the novelties which the volume contains.

1739.—On the first anniversary of the birthday of the infant heir presumptive, there was great concourse of nobility and gentry at Norfolk House, to congratulate their Royal Highnesses, accompanied with a whimsical exhibition of sixty youths, all under twelve years of age, sons of eminent citizens, who had formed themselves into a Lilliputian company of foot soldiers, in proper military clothing, and arrived at Norfolk House in betsey coaches, when the Prince went to receive them with an invitation to enter. They accordingly alighted, formed into close column, and marched into the princely residence with drums beating, colours flying, and music playing before them. In this order they proceeded up stairs into the drawing room, where they were received by their royal cousin, Prince George, who was seated with a hat and feather; after which they were permitted to kiss his hand, as well as those of the new-born Edward, and the Princess Augusta.

THE Walpole's mode of administration was certainly corrupt, we are afraid, cannot be controverted; a fact too which he himself never denied, bearing the jokes of his friends upon that subject with great good nature.

During a dinner party repeated a line from Horace containing the word "Bibisti,"

"Pray, Sir Robert," says one of his friends, "is that good Latin?"—"Why, I think so—that objection have you to it?"—"Why," says the other drily, "I did not know but the word might be *bribe-isti* in your Horace."

Though Prince George, on the death of his father, in 1751, became heir apparent, yet he did not succeed of course as Prince of Wales: nor was he particularly distinguished from the rest of the Royal Family until that creation took place; for even in the new form of prayer he was merely included generally—the form being to pray for "Their Royal Highnesses the Princesses of Wales, the Duke, the Princesses, the issue of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and all the Royal Family."

## Anecdotes of George II.

Hasty and rather obstinate in his disposition, he often found it difficult to yield to the state reasons, or other reasons of policy, by which the cabinet were generally guided. On one occasion he had promised a vacant situation, of some consequence, to one whom he wished to oblige; but the cabinet were as obstinate as himself, and resolved to carry their point: accordingly, the next time when they sat in the palace, in an apartment next to the King's closet, a blank appointment was drawn up, in order that they might pay to his Majesty the empty compliment of asking what name should be inserted in the commission. The difficulty was, however, to fix upon the individual member who should brave the royal anger in the closet: and the choice fell upon the witty Lord Chesterfield, who boldly, but respectfully entered the closet, with a pen in one hand, and the blank commission in the other, and enquired of the King to whom he pleased that the vacancy should be given. "Give it to the Devil!" replied the angry Monarch; when Chesterfield very coolly prepared to fill up the blank, but stopped short, saying, "Would your Majesty please that this commission should run in the usual form—"To our trusty and well beloved cousin, the Devil?" The clouded brow was instantly relaxed into a smile, and the cabinet carried their point.

George II. and his Queen preferred the Haymarket Theatre to the one in Lincoln's-inn-fields, which latter was notwithstanding always the most fashionable and crowded; so that Lord Chesterfield coming into it one night, and being asked if he had been at the other house,—"Yes," said he, "but there was nobody there except the King and Queen; and as I thought they might be talking business, I came away!"

On another occasion, George II. was sitting at the Theatre, and the performers had delayed their appearance, to the great annoyance of the audience; but shortly after,

to their great amusement, a rat leaped upon the stage. Two gentlemen were sitting next each other in the boxes, one of whom was known to be an enthusiastic pory, as the other was a rigid, but loyal, whig. The whig observed that this made good the old adage, that a rat might look at the King.—"Yes," replied the whig, with consummate gravity, "and a very good King too!" To which the pory, a little nettled, replied, notwithstanding his gravity, "Yes; and a very good rat too!"

When George the Third was crowned, it is stated that—

The King's whole behaviour at the coronation was justly admired and commended by every one, and particularly his manner of ascending and seating himself on his throne after his coronation. No actor in the character of Pyrrhus in the *Destined Mother*, not even Booth himself, who was celebrated for it in the "Spectator," ever ascended the throne with so much grace and dignity.

Amongst other anecdotes connected with this event, it has been noticed of archbishop Secker, that he had the honour of baptizing his Majesty, confirming him when Prince of Wales, marrying him at St. James's, and crowning him at Westminster; besides which he christened his present Majesty, the Duke of York, and some others of the Royal Family,—a series of distinguished circumstances which can hardly be paralleled in the history of any other archbishop.

1773.—It has been confidently stated, that it was the King's intention at this period to institute a new order of knighthood, to be called the Order of Minerva, for the encouragement of literature, the fine arts, and learned professions. The order was intended to consist of twenty-four knights and the sovereign, and to be next in dignity to the military order of the Bath. The knights were to wear a silver star of nine points, and a straw-coloured ribbon from the right shoulder to the left. A figure of Minerva was to have been embrodered in the centre of the star, with the motto, "*Omnia posuere Seclaria*."

So certain were the literati of the measure being adopted, that some alterations actually took place amongst the well-educated candidates for the new honours; and it is extremely probable that the only cause of its failure was the King's apprehension that the numerous jealousies which would arise even from the fairest selection of talent and ability, would render its institution an evil rather than a benefit, especially at a moment when party measures ran so very high upon political subjects.

1785.—In the distribution of honours, the King never forgot his own personal feelings, though he sometimes granted to political



solatation what was by no means agreeable to himself. Indeed, in one instance he is said to have yielded a baronetcy for a jeu d'esprit. The late Dr. Elliot had never been a favorite; and when Lord George Germain requested his Majesty to confer the title on that physician, the King manifested much unwillingness, saying, at length, "But, if I do, he shall not be my physician." "No, sir," replied his lordship, "he shall be your majesty's baronet, and my physician!" This excited the royal smile, and the bloody hand was added to the doctor's arms.

The King was always mindful of his promises: and this year he conferred the bishopric of Winchester on Lord North's brother, then Bishop of Worcester, in compliance with an engagement pledged to Lord North a few years before, obtained under circumstances which display a little of the general system of court intrigue. Lord North had been particularly anxious to procure the see of Winchester for his brother, and took a singular method of obtaining it, by asking for him the archiepiscopal mitre of York, on the demise of Dr. Drummond. He well knew that the King intended to confer this dignity upon the Bishop of Chester, Dr. Markham, as a reward for the particular care which he had taken of the Prince of Wales's education; he asked it, therefore, expecting a refusal, but still appeared to use the privilege of a prime minister in urging his claim. His Majesty, as he was well aware, continued resolute; and the premier, as if on a forlorn hope, said, "I hope then your majesty will have no objection to translate him to Winchester, when that see may become vacant." To this the King assented; and the death of Dr. Thomas shortly after completed the arrangement.

Before attending divine worship, he made it a rule to read Barrow's Sermons every Sunday evening; having previously marked off with a pencil the divisions which he intended to read, so that the entire collection, with a little variation, lasted all the year round.

He was always a friend to religious liberty. The King's Joiner was a Methodist preacher; and his body coachman was a rank Methodist. The person last alluded to was old Daddy Saunders. It was known to the King that his coachman was a Methodist, but that never caused him to get one unkind word; and His Majesty, when the old man had retired, if he met him, never failed to stop his carriage to say, "Saunders, how do you do?"

Lord Mansfield, on making a report to the King of the conviction of Mr. Malowny, a Catholic priest, who was found guilty, in the county of Surrey, of celebrating mass, was induced, by a sense of reason and humanity, to represent to His Majesty the excessive severity of the penalty which the law imposed for the offence. The King, in a tone of the most heartfelt benignity, immediately answered, "God forbid, my lord, that religious difference in opinion should sanction persecution, or what of one man within my realms suffering unjustly: issue a pardon immediately for Mr. Malowny, and see that he is set at liberty."

On another occasion, passing through a town near Windsor, a rattle were collected interrupting the devotions of some itinerant Methodists, when the King, inquiring the cause of the riot, was told that it was only some affair between the townspeople and these enthusiasts; but he immediately replied: "The Methodists are a very quiet kind of people, and will disturb nobody; and if I learn that any persons in my employ disturb them, they shall instantly be dismissed."

This soon spread through the place, and tranquillity was almost instantly restored. Zoffany was once engaged as a portrait painter, of whom the following anecdote has been related.

When he commenced his first picture of the royal family, there were ten children. He made his sketch accordingly, and attempting two or three times, went on with finishing the figures. Various circumstances prevented him from proceeding. His Majesty was engaged in business of more consequence; Her Majesty was engaged; some of the princes were unwell. The completion of the picture was consequently delayed, when a messenger came to inform the artist that another prince was born, and must be introduced into the picture. This was not easy, but it was done with some difficulty. All this took up much time, when a second messenger arrived to announce the birth of a princess, and to acquaint him that the illustrious stranger must have a place on the canvass. This was impossible without a new arrangement: one-half of the figures were therefore obliterated, in order that the grouping might be closer to make room. To do this was the business of some months; and before it was finished, a letter came from one of the maids of honor, informing the painter that there was another addition to the family, for whom a place must be found. "This," cried the artist, "is too much; if they cannot sit with more regularity, I cannot paint with more expedition, and must give it up."

We now take a few passages from the closing scenes of his Majesty's life at Windsor—1810.

His personal appearance then was ruddy, and full; his voice sonorous; he conversed with cheerfulness, but with his usual rapidity, mingled with a little hesitation.

Though his hat was formed so as to shade his eyes, yet his actions sufficiently manifested his decayed, or decaying sight, as he always felt before him with his cane, especially in ascending or descending the steps; so that it was affecting to see him, though he himself always appeared cheerful when he spoke, and in other respects seemed as if nothing was the matter with him.

After breakfast, except on Sunday, His Majesty generally rode out on horseback; and, considering his age and infirmity of vision, he still mounted his horse with almost his former agility.

In his ride he was always accompanied by two of the princesses also on horseback, whilst some of the ladies of the court gene-

rally followed in a hansom, or other open carriage. But in these excursions he was unable to manage his own horse; in consequence of which two of his attendants were close by him, one of whom carried a little stick, with a hook at one end, holding or that part of the bridle next to the curb, so that if the horse should start or stumble instant assistance might be given.

Towards the close of 1810, the heavy and heart-rending affliction, which for so many years separated a venerated sovereign from his people, was first observed to take place hastened, if not actually brought on, by domestic sorrow for the loss of his beloved daughter, Amelia, on the second of November, the last act of whose filial tenderness evinced that it was not in the power of sickness, severely as it operated on her, to lessen the amiable temper of her mind; for, languid as she was at some periods, and tortured with pain at others, a desire of testifying her affection for the best of fathers was one of the strongest feelings of her heart.

She wished to present that royal parent with a token of her filial duty and affection, and she had the satisfaction of placing on his finger a ring, made by her own directions for the express purpose, containing a small lock of her hair, inclosed under a crystal tablet set round with a few sparks of diamonds. The effect of that present on His Majesty's heart, after so many trials during the progress of her illness, the public had too soon cause to lament; for the circumstance of an and able and beloved daughter, in the prime of life, passing rapidly on to her dissolution, in the midst of the most acute sufferings, naturally preyed on the mind and the parental feelings of the good old King. Indeed, it seemed that his whole soul became absorbed in the fate of his daughter: he dwelt on with harassing and weakening grief and despair; till at length the powers of his mind standing gave way, and he fell a prey to the mental disorder, under which he had suffered so much about twenty years before.

On some occasions he kept the physician when they made their reports, two or three hours in minute enquiries; indeed, so restless was his anxiety, that he was accustomed to receive a report every morning at seven o'clock, and afterwards every two hours in the day. At three o'clock regularly he went to her lodge to visit her, and the effect of these visits upon his heart was visible in his tears.

To describe the exact progress of the unhappy malady would now be as little interesting to public curiosity, as indecorous public feeling; it is sufficient to state, that the violence of the relapse staggered it hopes even of the most sanguine of the medical attendants, though the state of bodily health suggested no fears for his life: indeed his constitution must have been of the best stamina, to resist the copious bleedings, and violent opiates, which it became necessary to administer, independent of a second paralytic attack, which seized him in the month of July.

Prayers for recovery, which had been for some time discontinued, were now resumed.

in all the churches and chapels throughout the empire; indeed, very soon afterwards, all the symptoms became so alarming, that it was even thought necessary to prepare and arrange all the ceremonies used in the proclamation of a new sovereign; and the due notices were issued to the proper officers for that purpose.

At this period of awful suspense, it was craving to understand, in the month of September, that the unhappy monarch was now become more tranquil and composed; and that he experienced occasional intervals, in which he could recognize those about him, and was also susceptible of the consolations of religion: notwithstanding which, however, it was soon officially announced that all his medical attendants, except one, considered his ultimate recovery as extremely improbable, though they did not entirely despair of that happy event, hoping much from the remaining vigour of his bodily health and constitution.

The year 1812 opened with very little hopes of the king's resumption of his royal functions: as the report, on the eighth of January, acknowledged the positive continuation of the mental disorder to its former extent; and, though certainly not in a worse state absolutely, yet that all the physicians in attendance then agreed in stating that they considered a final and complete recovery impossible, but under certain modifications of hope or despair as to the possibility of that event.

Still must it be remembered, that at intervals his Majesty was capable of attending to general politics, and even of giving very just opinions on the probable success of the operations in Spain. Indeed, the physicians agreed that there was no fatuity in his Majesty's case, though his blindness was certainly unfavorable to recovery, because it was thence more difficult to manage him.

At the period in question, also, the consciousness of regal state gave a peculiarity to his complaint, which increased the medical difficulties: yet, upon the whole, his perception was good, though accompanied by a multitude of erroneous floating ideas. His memory too was firm and tenacious: he detailed anecdotes accurately, but could not exercise judgment; his powers of conversation still strong, but frequently mutilated the deep effect which the suppression of royal authority had made upon his mind.

In 1813, the fortunate results of the continental warfare once more restored Hanover to the House of Brunswick; and in 1814 it was erected into a kingdom, in order to preserve the balance of diplomacy with the other German States at the General Diet; and soon after the imperial and royal visit to the country took place, an occurrence which would have afforded to the secluded monarch his highest satisfaction, had he been permitted by Providence to enjoy it.

It was said indeed at the time that he was aware of the circumstance, and wished much to see the two royal personages; but his illness would not admit of it, as it was upwards of two years since His Majesty had

been shaven. His beard was very long. His usual dress was a silk night-gown, in which, from his age and physical infirmities, he reminded the spectator of the person and appearance of King Lear. Her Majesty visited him once a-week; but the princesses had not seen him for a considerable time. During the progress of the war, the news of the day was read to him, but latterly his want of sight had been further aggravated by total deafness.—His small stock of intellectual enjoyment had been thus greatly reduced, as he could no longer hear any news, nor amuse himself with the harpsichord, of which he was very fond, and on which he played with taste. As might be naturally expected, the recovery of Hanover gave him peculiar pleasure. After the battle of Albuera, and before the lanciers were introduced into our army, he repeatedly recommended them, and stated, that, in that improvement, the British army would be complete. His Majesty's memory still continued unimpaired.

In 1816, we are told, respecting his health at that period, we may state that at times he was tolerably composed. The number of persons specially appointed to attend him by the doctors were reduced from six to two, and his principal pages admitted, and had been for some time, to wait upon him, as when he enjoyed good health. His Majesty dined at half past one o'clock, and he in general ordered his dinner: he invariably had roast beef upon his table on Sundays. He dressed for dinner, wore his orders, &c. His Majesty, together with his attendants, occupied a suite of thirteen rooms, which are situated on the north side of Windsor Castle, under the state rooms. Five of the thirteen rooms were wholly devoted to the personal use of the King. Doctor John Willis slept in the room adjoining the royal apartments, to be in readiness to attend His Majesty: every morning, after breakfast, about half-past ten o'clock, he waited on the Queen, to report to her the state of the King's health; he afterwards proceeded to the princesses, and other branches of the royal family, who happened to be at Windsor, and made a similar report to them. In general, Her Majesty returned with Dr. Willis down a private staircase leading into the King's suite of rooms, and conversed with her royal husband. The Queen was the only person admitted to discourse with the King, except the medical gentlemen and His Majesty's personal attendants.

Of the peers of Scotland at His Majesty's accession, only the Duke of Gordon, born 1713, who inherited the title 1752, is alive. The twenty judges of the courts of session and exchequer in Scotland have been exactly three times renewed during this reign; the appointments to the bench being sixty in number, exclusive of two promotions of puisne judges to the president's chair. Of the members of the faculty of advocates at the accession, four are alive, viz. Robert Craig, of Riccarton, and Robert Berry.

• We have reason to believe that this is a mistaken notion; though not shaven, the beard was clipped close.—Ed.

both admitted in 1754; and Sir Hay Campbell, and James Ferguson, of Edinburgh, the present members of Parliament for Aberdeenshire, both admitted 1757. Of the society of writers to the signet, at the accession, only one, Cornelius Elliot, of Woollec, is in existence. Of the peers of England and Ireland, at the commencement of this reign, five are alive, the Earl, now Marquis of Drogheda, the Earl of Carlisle, Earl Fitzwilliam, Viscount Netterville, and Viscount Bulkeley, all of whom were under age at the accession, with the exception of the Marquis of Drogheda, now in his ninetieth year, and at the head of the generals of this army.

The venerated monarch may thus be said to have been almost left alone in an empire, which had been so long under his paternal sway: yet even then, all hopes of mental recovery were not entirely lost; for although a gentleman, who, by particular favour, saw him in the month of November, describes him as sitting in a satin night-gown, lined with fur, his head reclined upon a table, evidently unconscious of every thing, still were there reports of flashes of intellect like recovery; but too soon followed with hints of a decline of constitution, and even some surmises of an approaching demise. It is a fact, however, that a few months ago, the organs of his constitution seemed quite unimpaired; and it was remarked, that few lives promised a surer duration for several years, notwithstanding His Majesty's advanced age; but about December a gradual loss of strength and flesh were perceptible; since which time the medical gentlemen attendant on him considered themselves bound to prepare the public mind, by alluding to the infirmity of his age in the monthly bulletin.

But the final scene is now over; briefly, then, we shall throw together a few of the observations which the interest of the case has excited in almost every breast, and drawn from almost every pen.

First, then, we may observe, that the present age has not done justice to the King's abilities. His conversation in public was sometimes light and superficial; but he often had a purpose in such dialogue, and as often entered into it to relieve himself from the weight of superior thoughts. The King taking exercise, and amusing himself with those about him, and the King in the cabinet, were two different men. In the discussion of public affairs, he was astonishingly fluent and acute; and his habits of business enabled him to refer with ease to the bearings of every subject. His successive ministers have each borne testimony to the dignity of his manners, as well as the readiness of his understanding, when he put on the character of the sovereign. Nothing which was submitted to him was passed over with indifference or haste. Every paper which came under his eye contained marks of his observation; and the notes, which he almost invariably inserted in the margin, were remarkable as well for the strong sense as the pithiness of their character. His moral and religious character was above all praise.

*Hedin; or the Spectre of the Tomb. A Tale, from the Danish History. By the Honourable William\* Herbert, cler. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 45.*

The "honourable cler," whose Spenserian stanzas we sit down to notice, inspired us with a very unfavourable opinion of his performance by the singular affectation of his title-page; and we have been agreeably surprised to find that, though strongly tainted with the same species of absurdity, the work displays unquestionable marks of talent, and furnishes several passages of a nature so truly poetic, as to excite our wonder at their being produced by the same mind which descends to such puerilities. We never, indeed, perused a book so illustrative of character. All the early parts are disfigured with a sort of literary dandyism, which is exceedingly annoying: one feels inclined, notwithstanding the smoothness of the verse, to toss the thing into the fire; but as it is short, read on, and finally discover, that as the author warms and becomes in earnest with his subject, his native genius surmounts his artificial foppiness, and he pours forth

\* Some injudicious friend of this author had very recently the temerity to call the attention of the public to him by a superlative panegyric in the newspapers in which "Scott, Byron, Herbert, and Moore," were classed as the four great bards of the age. Not only were Campbell, Southey, Crabbe, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Gifford, Rogers, Montgomery, Croly, Croker, Cornwall, Millman, Wilson, and many others, set aside as unworthy of comparison, but it appeared in the sequel that Herbert was infinitely superior even to the three who had the honour to be mentioned along with him. Nothing can be more injurious to a writer than such preposterous attempts at bolstering up a name certainly not yet so celebrated whatever it may be hereafter. We quote the conclusion as an instance of the puff suberb.

"Herbert's poetry is more equal than either Scott's or Byron's, and it would be more difficult to point out defects of taste in it. He has, perhaps, more variety of character than Byron; but does not dive so deep into the recesses of the human mind; though the last Canto of *Helda* shews strong powers of terrible pathos; nor has he that striking talent of representing domestic manners, which is almost peculiar to Scott. He ranges more in the fields of the imagination than Scott, but does not cling to the deep passions, like Byron. In the description of scenery, he is fully equal to the Scotch Poet. It might be difficult to say, which of the three displays the greatest beauties. There are passages in the works of Scott and Byron, and in Herbert's *Helga*, which may be placed in competition with any poetry that was ever written. The union of poetical force with correct judgment, renders it probable that Herbert might be eminently successful in heroic poetry. His enumeration of heathen deities, though by no means the finest passage in *Helga*, will not lose a jot by comparison with that of Milton." !!!

some energetic and beautiful composition, in lieu of the prettinesses of his prior verse.

The subject is taken from Professor Suhm's *Historie af Danmark*.

"Hogni and Hedin were very celebrated in the reign of Frode the Third. Hedin, the son of Hiovard, a Norwegian prince, came with 150 ships to fight Frode. With 12 vessels he preceded the rest of his fleet, having placed a shield on his mast, as a token that his purpose was amicable: and friendly terms were speedily arranged. A tributary king in Jutland, named Hildur, had a daughter of exquisite beauty, called Hildur. She and Hedin, having been both prepossessed in favour of each other by previous report, met privately, and became exceedingly enamoured. Hedin and Hogni afterwards sailed together on maritime expeditions, the latter not being aware of Hedin's affection for his daughter. Hogni was a person of majestic carriage, and very imperious disposition; Hedin of inferior stature, but remarkably well made. Hogni offered his daughter in marriage to Hedin, and they pledged themselves by joint oaths to revenge the death of each other; after which they sailed against the Orkneys, which they subdued. After their return home, Hogni received information that Hedin had seduced his daughter before her marriage to him, which was looked upon as an heinous offence; and giving credit to the report, he attacked Hedin, who was at sea under the king's orders, but having an inferior force, took refuge in Jutland. When Frode heard this, he summoned them, and tried to bring about a reconciliation: but Hogni was inflexible, and demanded the restitution of his daughter; whereupon the king gave orders for a duel, in which Hedin received a severe wound; but Hogni took compassion on his youth and beauty, and spared him. But sometime after they met again on Hithin's island, near Rogaland, in Norway, and slew each other. It was rumoured in those superstitious times (A. D. 360), that Hildur so deeply regretted them, that by means of incantations she waked up the dead, who thereupon renewed their conflict: and that they would continue to do so every night till the end of the world. This story was the original cause of battle being called by the old Scalds the sport of Hilda."

From this story Mr. Herbert has, in some degree, departed, and, for the sake of greater unity of action, caused the heroes to fall in the first combat. The name of Hogni, as unmusical to British ears, he has changed to Harald; and in other respects availed himself very effectively of ancient Scandinavian manners and superstitions, to enrich his picture with appropriate accessories. It is our disagreeable task now to animadvert upon the blemishes of which we have complained: we shall, in conclusion, perform the pleasant duty of pointing out excellences. After an in-

vocation to Norway, we are thus introduced to the younger warrior.

Sons of the rock, in strife and tempest brave,  
Thine offspring roan'd like sea-cavews, o'er  
the wave;  
Yet faithful Love, by the pure-glowing light  
Of thy bleak snows, with northern streamers  
bright,  
And high-born Honour and chaste Truth  
abode.  
Strong was thy race, and matchless in the  
fight,  
But none unival'd as young Hedin strode,  
Bold in the battle's surge, and first in glory's  
road.

Here we find "abode" without any relation to place or people, an insulated verb without a meaning; and here we find a comparison where there can be no comparative degree, since an "unival'd" hero can have no equal even among a "matchless" race.

The poem proceeds to describe the scene of contest.

Gay laugh'd the sun on Danish fustibord,  
And fast in Leyra's Port the fleet was moor'd;  
And there were lists, as if for combat soon,  
And in the midst twelve thrones; on every  
throne

A scepter'd prince, in gorgeous garb array'd,  
They waited on the voice of Dan's great son,  
His sovereign word twice fifty kings obey'd,  
And many a lordly knight from Denmark's court  
outtrade.

In this stanza the antiquated expressions "boom" and "outtrade" are hardly tolerable in modern poetry, which is bound to employ the improved language of the age to which it belongs, and not revive what is obsolete, merely, as it seems, for its quaintness. The position of the twelve thrones, too, in the midst of the lists, is an oversight, as no spot could be, of necessity, more clear of incumbrance than this site: and "word," here implying order or command, does not convey that meaning, and cannot be said to be "obeyed."

The warriors are painted; the lovely Hilda the spectator of the strife, the king endeavouring in vain to procure a reconciliation, forbidden by the chivalrous feeling of that era: the whole is animated and flowing; but we object to such phrases as "kindred strife," for the strife of kindred, and to "beware" and "bewraying," for betray and betraying. Our grammar will not authorise the former, and the latter is precisely in point to prove, that if the author had been content to employ good words in common use, instead of affecting less certain and older phrasesology, he would have been more intelligible, and less liable to blunder. B.

\* We are aware that he may defend himself on the authority of Dryden; but that author

way means to discover, expose, and is derived from a Saxon verb bearing that sense: betray, on the contrary, far from being synonymous, is derived from the French *trahir*, and is used by Milton and Addison to signify show. In the Bible, and in Shakspeare, the distinct and separate sense of these words is always preserved, and to confound them is a recent corruption of the English tongue.\* Hilda ineffectually prays to be sacrificed instead of seeing her father and lover engaged in mortal combat.

"If *hundred frauds* require a forfeit life,  
 "Let Hilda fall, sole cause of civil strife!  
 "And thou, dread sire, if ever free from stain  
 "I sooth'd thee, sang to thee in grief or pain,  
 "Winning with virgin kiss the *sprite* of woe,  
 "Let thy proud daughter still small grace  
 regain!  
 "Grant her with joy to meet the murderous blow,  
 "And o'er her cold cheek *hear* a parent's blessing flow."

The "still regain" is objectionable, and "hear a blessing flow," is rather confusedly metaphorical: but the next stanza is even more liable to censure, the first line for want of euphony; and all the rest for want of meaning.

*She ceased; stillness ensued, as when the deep  
 foretells a storm, and yet the whirlwinds  
 sleep.*  
 Like the sad beam of reason faintly spread  
 o'er the born maniac on his dying bed;  
 like the last radiance of the setting sun,  
 like night's wild tempest wraps the sky in  
 dread;  
 A gleam, that show'd like hope, though hope  
 was none:  
 A beam of life, when life's frail glass was nearly  
 run.

We can form no notion of what these similes refer to; whether to Hilda's ceasing, or to the ensuing stillness:—we only feel that they are inapplicable to either.—images without likeness, similes of dissimilitude. The trumpet lays to the fight.

In burst on Hilda like death's keenest throes,  
 Rebounding life: stately and slow she rose;  
 Her lovely bosom, passing mortal mould,  
 Seem'd like a shape of marble still and cold;  
 It throbb'd not, moved not, stiffen'd by despair,  
 And whiter than her vestment's snowy fold.  
 So calm, so pale, so exquisitely fair,  
 She seem'd like beauty's wraith, and scarce of  
 life aware.

This will not fail to remind readers of Lord Byron; but henceforward we are in conditional in its conditions against him. We may also note that most of the errors introduced into our language have flowed from authority, being looked to instead of etymology. Ed.  
 \* Obsolete words may be inaudibly revived, when they are more sounding or significant than those in practice. Dryden.  
 \* See Dr. Johnson; also Haslam on Sound and Meaning, reviewed in our last Number.

much more delighted with Mr. Herbert, though he does talk rather silly of *The rum'd heart strain'd* to meet the shock of woe.  
 and of the sleeplessness of Hilda.

whom the strong desire  
 Of her lost Hedin gnawed with secret fire.  
 There is, we think, exquisite force and beauty in the following anticipation of Hilda's horror, when, awaking from her swoon, she shall find her dearest ties on earth "dead, gory, stiff."

There is a sense which words can ne'er express,  
 That blunts the sufferings of keen distress;  
 A rapture e'en of woe, that drags the mind  
 Beyond the sphere of ills it leaves behind;  
 Ope a new heaven with no dark clouds o'er-  
 cast,  
 Where the thought roams sublime and uncon-  
 fined;  
 A pride of grief, when earthly hopes are past,  
 That mounts above the storm, and soars upon  
 the blast.

Nor is her restoration to sense managed with very inferior skill.

She did not rend with one wild shriek the air,  
 Nor gave her soul to frantic vain despair;  
 Nor did her bosom heave one piteous sigh.  
 Say, was she faithless to love's hallow'd tie?  
 Was her heart pangless? or her feelings lying?  
 Could woman's cheek in such an hour be dry?  
 Or the keen anguish of that deadly sight  
 Pass like a summer dream, and yield to new  
 delight?

O never yet was sire more fondly loved!  
 Nor ever heaven's all-judging eye approved  
 A pair more closely link'd by nuptial band,  
 Than he, whose cold grasp holds his comrade's  
 hand  
 In death united, and that beauteous fair,  
 Whose placid calmness does her soul com-  
 mand,  
 Still as the lake unmoved by breath of air,  
 And stately as the swan that sails unruffled there.  
 On her cheek glow'd love's bloom and living  
 fire;  
 But, not unworthy of her valiant sire,  
 There was a proud endurance in her eye,  
 And in her veins heroic blood throbb'd high.  
 Honour's pure beam adorned each gentler  
 grace,  
 Patience to bear, and fortitude to die.  
 Had the keen sabre smote her lovely face,  
 She ne'er had shrunk or winc'd unworthy of her  
 race.

The lowness of "wink'd" is perhaps sufficiently exalted by the knowledge that to meet death without winking was reckoned the noblest proof of northern courage. The first line of the last stanza bears a resemblance to that sweet couplet—

O'er their warm cheeks and rising bosoms move  
 The bloom of young desire, and purple light of  
 love.

It is however very fine. Hilda's visit to the grave, and her incantation, are truly poetical, and worthy of the fearful interest of the subject..

To the still grave she bent her fearless way,

While her dark thoughts with nature's gloom  
 conspire;  
 Awhile she seem'd in anguish to survey  
 The monumental pile that wrap'd his mouldering  
 lay.

But not to mourn she sought that mansion lone,  
 Or weep unceasing upon the dreary stone,  
 And in her sorrow there was nothing meek;  
 Gloomy her eye, and lowering seem'd to speak  
 A soul by deep and struggling cares distraught;  
 And the bright hectic flush upon her cheek  
 Told the mind's fever, and the darkling thought  
 With haughty high designs and steadfast passion  
 fraught.

Strange signs upon the tomb her hands did  
 trace;  
 Then to strong spells she did herself address,  
 And in slow measure breathed that fatal  
 strain,  
 Whose awful harmony can wake the slain,  
 Rive the cold grave, and work the charmer's  
 will.  
 Thrice, as she call'd on Hedin, rang the plain;  
 Thrice echo'd the dread name from hill to  
 hill;

Thrice the dark world sent back the sound, and  
 all was still.

Then shook the ground as by an earthquake  
 rent,  
 And the deep bowels of the tomb upsent  
 A voice, a shriek, a terror; sounds that seem'd  
 Like those wild fancies by a sinner dream'd;  
 A clang of deadly weapons, and a shout;  
 With living strength the heaving granite  
 tem'd,  
 Inward convulsion, and a fearful rout,  
 As if fiends fought with fiends, and hell was  
 bursting out.

And then strange mirth broke frantic on her  
 ear,  
 As if the evil one was lurking near;  
 While spectres wan, with visage pale and  
 stark,  
 Peep'd ghastly through the curtain of the dark,  
 With such dire laugh as Phrency doth *berrey*.  
 It needs a gifted hand, with skill to mark  
 \* Hilda's proud features, which no dread betray,  
 Calm amid lonesome deeds and visions of dismay.  
 Speechless she gazed, as from the yawning  
 tomb

Rose Hedin, clad as when he met his doom.  
 Dark was his brow, his armour little bright,  
 And dim the lustre of his joyless sight;  
 His habergeon with blood all sprinkled o'er,  
 Portentous traces of that deadly fight.  
 His pallid cheek a mournful sadness wore,  
 And his long flowing locks were all defiled with  
 gore.

There have been those, who, longing for the  
 dead,  
 Have gazed on vacancy till reason fled;  
 And some dark vision of the wandering mind  
 Had ta'en the airy shape of human kind,  
 Giving strange voice to echoes of the night,  
 And warning sounds by heaven's high will de-  
 sign'd.

But this was bodily which met her sight,  
 And palpable as once in days of young delight.  
 High throbb'd her heart; the pulse of youth  
 swell'd high;  
 Lore's ardent lightning kindled in her eye;  
 And she was sprung into the arms of death,  
 Clasp'd his cold limbs, in kisses drunk his

\* The italic letters will indicate what we  
 dislike in the foregoing, for reasons it would  
 be prolix to state.

breath;  
In one wild trance of rapturous passion blest,  
And reckless of the hell that burn'd beneath.  
On his dire corset beats her leaving breast,  
And by her burning mouth his icy lips are press'd.

Stop, fearless beauty! hope not that the grave  
Will yield its wealth, which frantic passion  
gave!

Though spells accursed may rend the solid  
earth,

Hell's phantoms never wake for joy or mirth!  
Hope not that love with death's cold hand can  
wed,

Or draw night's spirits to a second birth!  
Mark the dire vision of the mound with dread,  
Gaze on thy horrid work, and tremble for the  
dead!

All arm'd, behold her vegeful father rise,  
And loud, "forbear, dishonour'd bride!" he  
cries.

With starting sinews from her grasp has  
sprung

The cold wan form, round which her arms  
were slung;

Again in parody of warlike steel  
They wake those echoes, to which Leyra rung;  
Fierce and more fierce each blow they seem  
to deal,

And smite with ruthless blade the limbs that no-  
thing feel.

Darling she stands beside the silent grave,  
And sees them wield the visionary glaive.  
What charm has life for her, that can compare  
With the deep thrill of that renew'd despair?  
To raise the fatal ban, and gaze unsear.

As once in hope on all her fondest care!  
In death's own field life's trembling joys to  
clean,

And draw love's keen delight from that abhorred  
scene!

The paths of bliss are joyous, and the breast  
Of thoughtless youth is easy to be blest.

There is a charm in the loved maiden's sign:  
There is sweet pleasure in the calm blue sky,  
When nature smiles around: the mild control  
Of buoyant fancy bids the pulse thrum high;  
But when strong passion has engross'd the  
soul,

All other joys are dead; that passion is its whole.

The beaming sun may wake the dewy spring,  
The flowers may smile, and the blithe green-  
wood ring;

Soft music's touch may pour love's sweetest  
lay,

And young hearts kindle in their hour of  
May;

But not for Hilda shall life's visions glow;  
One dark deep thought must on her bosom  
prey.

Her joys lie buried in the tomb below,  
And from night's phantoms pale her deadly  
bliss must flow.

There still each eve, as northern stories tell,  
That lone mound her spirit wakes the spell;  
Whereat those warriors, charmed by the lay,  
Fence, as if in sport, the deadly fray:  
Till, when as pale grows the gloom of night,  
And faintly glows to peer the morning's ray,  
The spectre paces fadeth from the sight,  
And vanisheth each form before the eye of light.

This spirited and admirable conclu-  
sion would redeem a thousand faults,  
far more enormous than those we have  
designated... faults, we repeat, not of

genius, but of affectation. Let Mr.  
Herbert leave off *cler-ing* it, and all  
such weaknesses; give the rein in a  
manly way to his powerful imagina-  
tion; and we will be bound for him he  
will produce works more deserving of  
the eulogy of his newspaper panegy-  
rist than either Helga or Hedin.

#### HISTORICAL VIEW OF HANNOVER.

(*Abridged from Hodgskin's Travels.*)

Though deformed with opinions  
which we cannot but consider as repre-  
hensible both in politics and morals;  
though frequently led astray by the  
silly metaphysics of a school, which  
under the pretence of superior know-  
ledge, tends to plunge mankind into  
vices and crimes worse than those of  
savage ignorance; \* though so inele-

\* For example, in censuring the punishment  
of child-murder by torture, which no one de-  
fends, but which no one of common sense un-  
derstands, he is perverted by the lights of a false philosophy  
would condemn for these reasons, he thus, as it  
seems to us, becomes the apologist for the  
crime. At present it is no longer doubted, that  
society is rather injured than benefited by a  
number of children being thrown upon it. So far,  
therefore, as the increase of the society is  
concerned, it is not injured by infanticide.  
Though an infant be born alive, a few moments  
of misery can give it no connection with the  
world; it can have no knowledge of enjoyment;  
and if its being be extinguished before it has well  
existed it may be doubted if it suffer any injury.  
How common is the exclamation, that the poor  
child was well rid of a troublesome world. Neither  
the child, therefore, nor the society, can be said  
to suffer by the crime of the mother. But the  
child is in fact a part of the mother, and might  
be as great a source of enjoyment to her as the  
faculty of vision. To deprive herself of a mo-  
ther's love, and her child of life, is synonymous  
with doing herself a serious injury. The state  
of misery to which a woman in European so-  
ciety must be reduced before she can bring her-  
self to do so foul a deed, gives her a claim to  
our pity; and it is most cruel to add to her  
misery, by torturing her to confess what she  
has done herself so much injury to conceal. In-  
fanticide is a terrible crime, inasmuch as it is a  
terrible injury to the unhappy mother who com-  
mits it; but while it is concealed, it can do the  
society no injury whatever.

Being unknown, it could have no effect as an  
example; and the more perfectly it was con-  
cealed, the more exclusively did the whole evil  
belonging to it fall on the unhappy mother. By  
lawgivers endeavouring to discover such a crime,  
and by making it known, they spread that  
horror which men so naturally feel on such an  
occasion, through a greater number of bosoms,  
and they inform all those from whom it was  
most desirable such information should be  
forever concealed, that it is possible to commit such  
a crime, and yet escape punishment. An idea  
that they never could have formed, but for the  
trouble the lawmakers took to discover and in-  
flict punishment on the crime. In this case it is  
the law itself, it is the meddling of legislators,  
which in reality causes all the evil which may  
fall on the society from the conduct of the fe-  
male. And if the evil which any action causes

giant in style as often to employ a for-  
eign idiom †; and though guilty of  
mixing up more of home comparisons  
than is necessary in foreign travel, it  
has occurred to us that we might ex-  
tract an account of the kingdom of  
Hannover from Mr. Hodgskin's recent  
publication, more satisfactory than any  
that we are aware of in the possession  
of the British public, deeply interested as  
it is in the circumstances of that portion  
of the mighty Empire now united under  
the sceptre of George the Fourth.

We shall be as brief as possible in  
bringing all the important facts toge-  
ther.

There is no land properly called Han-  
nover, and this is the only monarchy in Eu-  
rope whose title is borrowed from the chief  
city of its territories. This title was first  
used when Ernest Augustus, the father of  
George I. obtained the dignity of an elector  
of the Empire, and it is now applied both  
to the newly acquired and to the long pos-  
sessed German dominions of his majesty.  
The history of this part of Germany prior to  
the above period, mentions the Dukes of  
Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, or Lüneburg, or  
the prince of Kalenberg, or the Archbishop  
of Bremen, but the name *Hannover* was then  
used only to designate an almost independ-  
ent city, which often refused obedience to  
its nominal sovereigns, and never obeyed  
them but on stipulated conditions.

Hannover, (properly so spelt) consists of  
eleven provinces, viz. 1st. the Archbishopric  
of Bremen, dukedom of Verden, and  
Land Hadeln; 2d. Dukedom of Lüneburg;  
3d. Counties of Hoya and Diepholz; 4th.  
Principality of Kalenberg and county of  
Spiegelburg; 5th. Bishoprick of Hildesheim;  
6th. Principalities of Göttingen and Gruben-  
burg; 7th. Bishoprick of Osnabrück; 8th.  
County of Lingen; 9th. Circle of Meppen and  
Embsbüren; 10th. County of Bentheim;  
and 11th. Principality of East Frisia.  
There are 11,045 square geographical miles  
of territory; and the population amounts  
to between 1,800,000 and one million and a  
half of souls. Seventy-three cities and above  
5300 market towns are scattered over the  
kingdom; the annual births are from 43,000  
to 45,000; and, owing to the influx of emi-  
gration, they have recently exceeded the  
deaths by nearly one-fourth. "The eastern  
is the boundary Elbe, with the exception  
of a small portion of territory which lies on  
the eastern side of that river; West Fried-  
land, belonging to the king of the Ne-  
therlands, bounds it on the west: that por-  
tion of Westphalia which belongs to Prussia,  
and the principality of Lippe-Detmold, lie  
on the south-west; Hesse Cassel on the  
south; Brunswick and Magdeburg, belong-  
ing to Prussia, on the south-east side." In

to the society be the measure of the guilt of that  
action, legislators are, in such cases as this, far  
more guilty than the unhappy mothers.

† Ex. Gr. "In Hannover so well as in Eng-  
land," &c. &c. a hundred times repeated.

the northern boundary are the mouths of the rivers Ems, Weser, and Elbe. Sophia, the mother of George I. obtained for her husband in 1692, the dignity of an Elector of the Empire; though three of the other electors, and most of the princes of the empire, opposed this grant from the Emperor; and Ernest Augustus, consequently, never enjoyed more than the nominal rank. From 1700, when Sophia was declared heiress to the British throne, to 1708, when that elevation became more certain, these obstacles were surmounted, and the Elector George, who had succeeded his father in 1698, was fully invested with the rights belonging to his title, and with those of Arch-treasurer. Hannover at that period comprized only 2120 square geographical miles, and about 350,000 inhabitants. Lüneburg, thrice as large, and with twice the number in population, became united to it in 1705, by the death of the Elector's uncle. Bremen and Verden, were purchased from Denmark for about 100,000 rix-dollars, in 1715; and Beutheim was also acquired by money in 1753. The remainder of these dominions have been obtained by the late arrangements in Europe.

The present government consists of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, President of the Cabinet Ministry, and Governor General: the Cabinet Ministers have the title of "Excellency" and have the different departments entrusted to them, with subordinate officers and secretaries. But there is a branch of power to which we have no parallel; it is called the *Kammer*, Chamber, and its duty is to manage the whole of the domains and property belonging to the crown; including regalia, certain rights to forests, to salt, to metals, to levy tolls, and other privileges, together with rather more than one sixth of the whole land of the ancient dominions, without including what did belong to religious bodies, but now under the control of the Monarch. The Duke of Cambridge presides over the *Kammer*, assisted by one of the Ministers, a vice-president, and six counsellors, with a great many *Camararlen*, secretaries, writers, &c. It is of course, a court of much influence throughout the country. That portion of the land which is the property of the crown is divided into what are called *Amts*, each of which in general comprises several parishes. Over the *Amt*, an *amtman*, who is a juriconsult, is placed as magistrate. Land not under the government of some *Amtman*, or of some towns, belongs to the nobles, and they exercise the powers of government over it. The *amtmen* are appointed by the Chamber, when they are noblemen, as they sometimes are, they take the title of *Landroost*. When the latter are not themselves learned in the law, they have a juriconsult, who is then called *Amt's* assessor, placed under them. These persons have the power of enforcing the orders of government in their respective districts. They correspond strictly to no magistrates of our country, but resemble the justices of the peace more than any other. The police of their districts is under their controul. They have certain servants, or *Fogies*, who may be con-

sidered as the instruments of this police. They communicate frequently with the governments, both of the provinces and the general government, which are consequently well-informed of every occurrence.

Each village, again, has what is called a *Vorsteher*, or Bannmeister, who is the organ to expound the will of the superiors to his fellow-parishioners, and to forward the reclamations or complaints of the whole parish to these superiors. He is generally chosen by the inhabitants yearly; he is a farmer or some other inhabitant of the parish; he has something to do with the administration of the church, and of the poor, and, on the whole, exercises functions somewhat similar to our churchwardens and overseers combined. The provincial governments extend their authority to every thing—even to regulate the killing of sparrows, the keeping of pigeons, the duties of midwives, the extirpation of weeds. In short, there is hardly an action of human beings capable of being prescribed, respecting which one or other of these governments has not issued directions. The practice of medicine is subject to police regulation. The power of the crown is very considerable over the magistracy of the towns; the clergy generally over all classes of the population eligible to office or employment.

The Protestant church in Hannover is administered by *Pastors* (parish priests), with from 60*l.* to 400*l.* per annum. Each has a *Canter* (Clerk), and a *huater* (Sacristan). The general superintendence lies with a *Consistorium*, resembling the synods and general assembly in Scotland. Tythes are the property of the crown, of particular nobles, or of some corporate body.

An eighth part of the people, principally in Hildesheim and Osnabrück, are however Roman Catholics. They have a bishop in each of these two provinces. Besides the Prince Bishop, our Duke of York, who, whether ecclesiastic or layman, is the temporal

\* The consistoriums regulate all matters relative to the discipline of the clergy. They are the trustees of all the funds which yet belong to it. They superintend the business of education; they very often appoint schoolmasters; they have the examination of all candidates for clerical offices; and they lend their aid to the well government of the people. They are also ecclesiastical courts, which decide in cases of divorce. Those of Celle and Hannover pronounced the divorce between George I. and his wife some few years before he was called to the throne of Great Britain. They are the judges in all complaints made against the morals of the clergy. As an instance of their power and practice in such cases the following anecdote may serve: The wife of a clergyman was delivered of a child some few months earlier than was consistent with the date of her marriage. The parishioners complained of their pastor. The affair was examined by the consistorium, and, in spite of his observing that the fault of his wife was not his fault, he was removed to another parish, of which the emoluments were less. As the character of his wife was known, there was some truth, as well as wit, in the observation of a lady, who, when this story was told her, said it was as shame to punish the poor man for what he had not occasioned.

ral governor. A conceit for these is now negotiating at Rome; but the Catholic Church is endowed with little wealth, as the church possessions have been secularized, and the priests are allowed only small salaries and establishments. The head of this church is the Abbot of Loccum, the independence of whose abbey was secured by the treaty of Westphalia; he alone remains in the similitude of pristine power. He is elected alternately by the crown and chapter, and has a revenue equal to one of our poorest bishopricks. There are 25 secularized religious corporations for both sexes in Hannover; but their funds are extremely limited, their priors, &c. mere sinecurists, and their general executive, the *Kloster Cammer*, appointed by the Crown.

The new constitution of this kingdom is modelled upon that of Britain. Its representative system consists of 101 persons, 43 of whom represent the nobility, 10 the clergy, 27 the towns, and 6 the holders of free property, which has not the privileges of nobility attached to it. Four of the six represent the free proprietors of Friesland, one of those of Hoya, and one is sent by the inhabitants of the marsh lands on the Elbe. Those elected as representatives of the Clergy are chosen by the chapters of the secularized convents, above mentioned; and the representatives of the towns are elected by the magistrates. The parliament is called the *Jahres-Gesellschafft*—the Assenting Society. The deputies who live out of the town of Hannover receive each 12*l.* 4*l.* per day; those who live in that town only 6*l.* 8*l.* The officers of the assembly have higher allowances. Members may resign if they please; otherwise the elections are for life.

The army of Hannover consists of about 13000 regulars, including 1500 cavalry; the *landwehr* is estimated at 18,000 men. The former are recruited by voluntary enlistment; the latter by ballot, as in our militia, but with useful modifications. They are exercised a month in every year, and only subject to military discipline during that time. A force of at least 30,000 men is thus always available. Punishments are severe, and ruining the gauntlet still a common infliction. The officers receive their first commission from the bounty of the sovereign, and rise afterwards according to seniority. Every one must study three years at a military school.

The revenues of Hannover consist of about half a million sterling of Domianal income, and of the produce of seven taxes (viz. on land, on out-goes consumed in towns, on brewing and distilling, on salt, on stamps, on imported articles, and on income and persons), estimated at a total of half a million more. The national debt is above three millions, and the whole expenditure, including the interest, is not calculated at so much as one half of the revenue.

The administration of justice is committed to patrimonial courts, justice chanceries, and a court of appeal. The first mentioned have jurisdiction in civil suits only, or in both civil and criminal. The members are appointed by the proprietors and magistracy in their respective towns. There are seven

superior tribunals called Justice Chanceries, each with a jurisdiction over several provinces. The chief court of appeal is at Celle in Luneburg, and was established in 1713. It consists of a president, two vice-presidents, and eighteen judges. The three presidents, and six of the judges, are appointed by the crown; the other twelve by the States, so that every province has a judge in the court, acquainted with its local laws. The salaries are from 250*l.* to 300*l.* a-year, exclusive of fees. This Court is famous for impartiality. There are subordinate courts of appeal in every county, but this is the last resort.

The land of Hannover is divided amongst persons who may be conveniently classed thus:—The sovereign, the nobles, town and religious corporations, persons not noble. One sixth at least, as we have mentioned, belongs to the sovereign, and possibly more than three-sixths may belong to the nobles, one-sixth to the corporations, and less than one-sixth to persons not noble. That which belongs to the sovereign is again divided in general into large portions, which have once been noble or ecclesiastical properties, and are now let by the crown in their entire state. They may contain from 500 to 3000 acres, or in the unfruitful provinces even more, with rights of pasturage over large districts, and in some cases, with a right to the services of the peasants. The tithes also are sometimes united to them. They are let to the gentlemen, to individuals, or to noblemen filling the office of gentlemen: but it is always considered as a favour to have them, and they are let only to those persons whom the government wishes to gratify or reward.

There are 64 noble properties in the kingdom, several of which are united in the hands of one person; but there is no one nobleman whose income amounts to more than 30,000 Thalers, or 5000*l.* per year. Counts Hardenberg and Platen are amongst the most opulent of the nobility.

Rents are from 7*s.* to 12*s.* per acre, and the occupiers of small portions of land are divided into *meyers* (again subdivided into half *meyers*, or quarter *meyers*, according to the size of their farms), and *Leibeigern*, which strictly speaking means a person who owns his own body, and nothing more. The *meyer* pays the landlord a yearly sum, or quantity of produce; and also a certain sum when from death or transfer the proprietary is changed. The landlord cannot alter these conditions, except the heir is an idiot, or the rent for the renewal of the lease has not been paid. The conditions by which the *leibeigern* holds his land are also fixed, they are not the arbitrary will of his lord, and it descends with these to his children; but they are conditions of service so onerous, that they reduce him almost to slavery. He is obliged to cultivate the land of his lord a certain number of days in the year, to neglect his own harvest while he is carrying in that of his lord, to employ his horses to bring home his lord's wood, to supply his lord with coach-horses when he demands them; in short, to do him all sorts of feudal services.

There is no legal provision in Hannover for the poor. The *Vorstehers* of the villages, and some of the citizens of the towns, call on the inhabitants, generally of a Sunday, for some little contribution for the relief of the distressed, which, from the publicity of the thing, they are under a sort of necessity to give, and if they do not, the collector is ordered to notify it to the clergyman. The collectors bring with them a book, in which the sum given by each person is inscribed, and they, in some cases, receive a small recompence for their labour. The funds so obtained are distributed by the collectors, by the clergyman, and by the magistrates of the towns, according to the wants of each person soliciting relief. When this money is collected, the inhabitants are warned by the collectors not to give alms, and they seem to expect, that, for what they give on this occasion, they ought never to be tormented by beggars.

The agriculture of Hannover is represented as in a good state. Meat costs from two pence halfpenny to four pence per pound. Wheat or rye between four and five shillings the bushel; barley three shillings, oats one and nine pence, potatoes nine pence. The wages of men from sixpence to eightpence; of women from fourpence to sixpence. A considerable quantity of grain is exported, especially from Friesland. There is one interesting custom connected with the husbandry of this part of the world.

The first corn of every harvest which enters any town is usually conducted in triumph. The waggon which carries it is decorated with flowers, the people go out to meet it, and they accompany it into the town in a gay and joyous manner.

The manufactures are not in so prosperous a state. There is not a steam engine in the kingdom; and few modern improvements in machinery have yet found their way to Hannover. The arts, we may also notice, are also in their infancy: there is not one sculptor of any eminence, nor a single gallery of good pictures or statues in the kingdom. The only painter of the least reputation, is a Mr. Rambert, who was educated in England, and who has so singular a taste that he never could paint a female with the slightest characteristic of modesty. Literature does not stand on a high eminence.

We have only further to add, that education is general. From the age of six to fourteen all children are taught, and parents are punished if they fail to send their offspring to the schools provided for their instruction. Government contributes largely to this beneficial plan. Music is much cultivated, and besides reading, writing, and arithmetic, the lowest orders can usually play on some instrument.

The character of the population is calm, solid, and good; their morals apparently not very strict; but they are loyal, obedient, social, contented, and happy.

*The Neighbourhood; or Evenings Abroad: being Original Tales, Narratives, and Fables, &c.* Edited and arranged by

Frances Fairthought. 2 vols. 18m London, 1820.

Our Reviews very often range among the higher pursuits of the human mind, and we hope our learned readers will think we are descending too low in scale, if we introduce to their notice a little work produced for the rising generation;

"To teach the young idea how to shoot."

The title of *Evenings Abroad* would, I think, have been better than the dull name given to these tales; for we have seen nothing which for originality, fancy, amusement, and moral instruction, has come near the justly prized *Evenings at Home*. When we consider how much the character of maturity depends on the direction of fancy and culture of youth, that "as a twig is bent the tree's inclined," and that much of the misery or happiness of life depends on early impressions, we must fit that it is not beneath the consideration the most grave, what books should be put into the hands of children; and grant that the writer who creates a valuable article in this class, is worthy of a page in the *far* most records of philanthropy and literature. Without apology, therefore, we not only devote a portion of the *Literary Gazette* to the recommendation of *The Neighbourhood* to parents and instructors of youth, but select one of the tales, as an example of the ability with which the whole are contrived.

It was one fine summer's morning, I guess and her kitten were basking in the sunshine, the old cat thought it a good opportunity to give her young one a word of advice, as she was about to leave her protection and must soon shift for herself. Desiring her, therefore, to leave off playing with her tail, and listen attentively, she thus began:

"You are of an age, my dear Tibby, I understand that what I am going to tell you is for your own good: and, if you are not foolish as men and women, you may profit by the experience of another."

"I will tell you my history, which may serve you as a lesson through life. Before I begin, I must say something upon your conduct at present. You are at the moment biting and destroying the buds that carnation, as fast as you can; and assure you that nothing will sooner turn you out of a place, than doing mischief in the garden."

Just at this instant Tibby, whose attention was divided between her mother's sagacious counsel, and a gaudy butterfly, made sudden spring; and, though she did not succeed in catching it, she unluckily snatched the stalk of a beautiful tulip which grew close by. The old cat flared her tail in great anger. "I see how it is," cried she, "all my cautions will be thrown away, I vain pleasures of the world are alike pursued by men and cats. That tulip which you have so carelessly crushed, was planted by our young mistress, to whose kindness it owing that I ever came into this family."

"Indeed, mother," said the kitten, "I am very sorry for what has happened, but I promise you I will be more steady in future."

and if you will but go on with what you were saying, I will sit so still that if even a mouse were to run across the path, I would not stir."

"That, Tibby," replied her mother, "is more than I require; and, indeed, I am sorry to say, you are by no means so eager in quest of mice as I could wish to see you. Yesterday afternoon, when, for the first time in your life, you caught one, and I was watching for you in the parlour, hoping, with a mother's pride, to see you enter with it in your mouth, and shew the family you could be useful, when, after waiting a considerable time, I went to seek you, I found you peeping about under a gooseberry-bush, and you asked me if I had seen any thing of it. This morning, again, when I left you with a strict charge not to leave the hole at the pantry-door, till you had secured a mouse; on my return you had left your post, and was trying, with all your might, to get your four feet upon a ball, which, if it were possible, is certainly of no use."

The kitten now settled herself into an attentive posture, and the old cat, adjusting her whiskers, thus began: "I was brought up in a stable, along with a brother and sister: unfortunately for us, our mother was too fond of pleasure to like the confinement of the place, so we were often left for hours together with no better amusement than to bite and scratch each other. Upon our mother's return, she would fondle and pat over us, tell us how happy we were to have such a snug place; that few cats were half so well off, hoped we should always be good kittens, and stay at home, which, she assured us, was the only place for true happiness. In short, her advice was excellent, but, as she never set us the example, we did not attend to it; for, after giving us these lectures on staying at home, as soon as she thought we were fast asleep, away the woe would creep, when, scrambling over the top of the door, we saw no more of her till daylight. We were now grown strong enough to run about, and I was determined to make the most of my liberty. So one day, whilst the others were frisking about the stable-yard, I slipped out unnoticed into the fields. I shall never forget the joy I felt in scampering over the grass, and playing with every leaf which fell from the trees; all that I saw served me for sport; as for food, I thought it a trifle in comparison with my liberty, having had a good meal before I set out. Night, however, came on, and I began to think I might as well return to the stable, and get my supper; so I turned, (as I thought) right for my home, and, setting off full trot, imagined I should get there presently. But when, after crossing many fields, I saw nothing of my home, I began to be frightened, and, by this time, very hungry. For the first time, though not for the last, I repented not having followed my mother's advice. But it was now too late. I had completely lost myself, and was in danger of perishing from hunger. Quite exhausted, I sat down under a hedge, and, after mewing most piteously, thinking perhaps my mother would hear me, I fell fast asleep. I awoke

early, refreshed indeed by sleep, but as hungry as ever. Oh! how I thought of the mice that used to run about the stable, and which, at that time, I was too idle to care for, or catch. I once more thought of reaching my home, supposing that if I went on, I must arrive there at last; when after travelling a great way, I came to a wood, and, peeping about among the trees, had the good luck to find a dead bird. This was an unexpected prize. I growled over it for some time, to deter any one who might be so daring as to attempt taking it from me; I have since found this to be a very foolish notion, having very often lost a tit-bit by the very means I took to secure it. To return, having satisfied my hunger, I was in high spirits, and again began to frolic about; soon after which I discovered a nest of field-mice; my heart beat with the fear of their escaping me, but I was fortunate enough to secure a fine one; so I now thought myself quite independent, and, as there seemed no chance of finding my home again, I resolved to make myself as happy as I could. Necessity soon made me very dexterous in catching birds and mice, of which there were plenty. I slept at nights in the hollow of a tree, and upon the whole passed my time very pleasantly, being only a silly kitten, and looking no farther than the present moment. Winter, however, approached, a season of which I had not had any experience; and, as it drew on, the means of my subsistence began to fail. The birds forsook the woods, to be nearer the houses, and the mice hardly ever stirred out; a heavy fall of snow coming on, I found, if I remained there, I should be starved to death. So, one moonlight night, I left the wood, and took the first road that chance presented. After going a considerable way, I saw some cottages at a distance, and having heard from my mother that cats were very serviceable to man, I thought of course I must be a welcome guest any where. But here all was close shut, and I waited patiently till chance should give me an opportunity of entering. Day now appearing, I heard some stirring in the house, and soon after the door opened, and a girl came out with a pail in her hand; as she left the door a little open, I had an opportunity of surveying the place. A woman was sitting with a child in her lap, watching something which was boiling on the fire; not choosing to make my appearance too abruptly, I stole in, and, getting into a corner, I observed what was going on. The bread and milk which had been in preparation was now poured out, and the child given into the lap of the girl to feed it, while the mother was otherwise employed. The mess being rather too warm, and the baby very impatient, the girl placed herself with her back to the basin, that the child might not see it, till it was quite ready; and while she was attempting to quiet, or rather to drown, its noise with her own, I, who found the temptation too much, stole up behind her, and was just beginning to lap, when, at that unlucky moment, she turned round, and, aiming a blow, myself and the milk were in a moment on the ground. The mother, on hearing the noise,

came in, and, seeing what had happened, began to scold the girl, the girl to explain the cause; and, in the midst of this clatter, I contrived to make my escape. I ran a great way without stopping, but, finding no one in pursuit, I slackened my pace. It was not long before another door presented itself, towards which I crept. I had not waited long when an old woman came out, and, seeing me, did not express any thing discouraging. 'Well, puss,' said she, 'who do you belong to?' 'I looked' at her, as much as to say, 'to you, if you please.' The old woman put out her hand and stroked me; this I took for a good omen, and, being of a free disposition, I entered, and seating myself by the fire, began washing my face, hoping I had at last found a home.

"When the old woman had finished her meal, she gave me a little milk and water, which, though very poor, I was very thankful for, and resolved to behave well in this place, if I was permitted to stay.

"Presently my mistress put on her bonnet to go out, and, as I had never moved from the fire since I came in, ventured to leave me in possession of the hearth. As soon as she was gone, I began to look about me; and having a great deal of curiosity, I examined every thing in the place. The smell of the cupboard soon attracted me; and here all my good resolutions were about to fail me, and I should certainly have been imprudent enough to have helped myself, if I could have opened the door, (which was only secured by a button); I heard some one at the outer latch, and had but just time to drop from the door, and settle myself by the fire, when the old woman entered; I fancy she guessed what I had been attempting, for the first thing she did was to go and see that all was safe in her cupboard. After dinner, my mistress took up her knitting, and I composed myself to sleep; towards evening, as I still lay on the warm hearth (a luxury I thought I could never have enough of) a neighbour entered, who, observing me, said, 'Why, this is not your Toim!' 'No,' replied the old dame, 'I sold him last week to the young gentlemen belonging to the great school on the hill; it was a holiday, and they wanted to try the spirit of their dogs; as 'Toim was such a fine fierce cat, they thought he would make excellent sport.' 'What then, did you sell your poor cat to be worried by dogs? instead of which it would have been more proper to have acquainted their master.' 'Oh!' cried the old woman, 'it would have been of no use, their master has enough to do to teach them Greek and Latin; he never interferes with their amusements. To be sure I was sorry to part with poor Toim, who used to follow me about the house, and was such company for me; but they offered so handsome a price, that I thought it was a pity to disappoint such rich young gentlemen for the sake of a cat; and now, you see, I've got another.' 'Poor creature!' said the woman, 'she appears to have been nearly starved.' 'That may be,' replied the other; 'but she has had a good dinner to-day, for she cat till she left.' This was true, for she had given me nothing but bones. She farther observed,



that cats were very dainty, for Tom would never eat lobster-shells. This was enough for me; I discovered that, if I stayed here, I might serve to make sport for young gentlemen, or starve if I could not help myself.

From this time I meditated my escape, and accordingly took my departure. I had not gone far, when meeting a dog running at a great rate, at which I took fright, I made the best of my way over a wall into a garden, and hid myself under a water-but. Here I remained for some time, till at last, venturing to creep out from beneath it, was perceived by one of the servants, who attempted to lay hold of me, but I shrunk back into my hiding-place, thinking that every one I saw was an enemy. It happened, however, that this house was much infested with rats and mice, and a cat was in great request; so every means was used to entice me from my hiding-place, and I was soon persuaded no harm was intended me. In this family I shortly became a favourite, and lived in plenty and security; the house-keeper sounded my praise from the bottom to the top of the house, for she could now look up her pastry in safety, without the fear of its being nibbled. All went on well for some time, when unfortunately my master's eldest son took a fancy to keep rabbits; and I, who at that time saw little difference between them and rats, thought I could not do the family a better service than to destroy them. As I was continually upon the watch, I soon found an opportunity; the young gentleman became tired of attending to them, and left the rabbits in charge to his servants; I profited by their neglect, and soon found means of dispatching three. This was not immediately discovered, and probably never would, had not my vanity on catching a fourth, prompted me to show my exploit; so I carried up my prize, as I had been used to do, to show the family how diligent I had been. But what was my consternation on finding myself seized and buffeted about the head till I let go my hold. I was then taken to the hutch, and beaten again, which I thought would have ended my punishment; not so, for on the discovery that more were destroyed, the young gentleman made a serious proposal for having me drowned. From this fate I was saved by the pleadings of the housekeeper. They then tried to persuade the young gentleman, as he was tired of his rabbits, to send them away; but this was not to be done. The perverse boy no sooner found that he was desired to part with them, than they became of value, and the point was at last settled by putting the hutch in a more secure place. It was now summer, and I spent the greatest part of my time in the garden, watching and catching the sparrows. My master observing me, said, 'What a fine bird-catcher this cat is, she saves me the trouble of shooting them, which I must otherwise do to preserve my cherries.' So I was now in as high favour as ever; but again an unlucky circumstance brought me into disgrace. My mistress had bought a fine canary-bird, of which she appeared extremely fond, and very reasonably (as she thought) imagined, I should know

the difference between canary birds and sparrows. This, however, was above my comprehension, and one day making a spring at the cage, it fell to the ground; the noise brought in a servant, who soon rectified my mistake, by throwing a foot-stool at my head, which, missing its object, was brought in contact with a large china jar, and it was broken. This proved of more value than the canary bird, which made the mischief complete. I now found there was nothing left but to hide myself till the storm had blown over, which I did beneath the water-but, where I had at first taken shelter; here I remained till night, when, creeping out, I encountered the house-dog. We had always been very good friends, so I stopped to consult him on the nature of my situation; I learned from him, that I must leave, as death or banishment had been determined on. 'Indeed, Puss,' said Ranger, 'I pity you very much, for I have myself suffered from the inconsistency of my masters; indeed, I experience this every day, though upon the whole I have a very good place. Sometimes when I bark, I am praised for my watchfulness; at other times, I am scolded for making a noise. On my master's return I am at one time permitted to show my fondness; at another I am beat off. But it is no wonder they should behave so to us, for I have observed the same conduct towards their children; for the other day my young master was throwing stones; his father seeing him, said, 'Well done, my boy, you can hit a mark pretty well.' This morning, with no more intention of mischief, he happened to break a window, for which he was severely punished, although he pleaded in excuse, that he was only trying to hit a mark, for which his father had before commended him.' Here our conversation ended, and with much regret I took my leave, preferring my chance in banishment, to that of death. Not to tire your patience, my next place afforded me simply shelter, for as to food, my careful mistress was too conventional to regard the subsistence of animals, arguing, that mice were their proper food; of there, my vigilance and hunger soon cleared the place; so one night, after breaking into a pigeon-pie, I made my retreat, well knowing that no mercy would be shown me. At a sufficient distance from this place I was tempted to enter a house, from the carresses of some children who were playing at the door. Here I was not doomed to suffer in my own person, but, what was much worse, in those of my offspring; for animals in this family were considered only as machines, and I had the misery to see my kittens made the playthings of the children, without the power to prevent their being tormented. This family I did not, however leave; it left me, for, without any consideration for my fate, they moved off every thing but me. I took my station at the door, still lingering on the spot I had been accustomed to; and here I was found by our present mistress, who, seeing me in a most deplorable state, charitably took me under her protection, where I experience kindness without caprice; and as I have

learned to distinguish rabbits from rats, and that birds in cages are not to be eaten, I am in no danger of losing the favour of the family. The lady to whom you are going is fond of cats, but she is also fond of her flower-garden; let me therefore advise you, (as you value a good place.)— At this moment, turning round, the old cat saw that all her advice was thrown away, for little Tibby was galloping about in all directions, making wreck of whatever she came near. The mother would have given way to anger and vexation, but, feeling more inclined to go to sleep, curled herself round to take her nap, leaving Tibby and the flowers each to their fate.

While we give all credit to the playfulness, imagination, and useful tendency of these stories, we must impress on their author the necessity of a careful revision of her style, in subsequent editions. The grammatical construction is frequently imperfect, and the sentences are often too long and involved for a work of this kind. Possessing the superior qualities of invention, natural observation, and pure morality, it is to be regretted that there should be any drawback on account of verbal inaccuracies. The *Lady-bird's Nest*, *Kate Higgins*, and *The Wish*, are among the best of the other tales; but every one has something to recommend it to a favourable reception.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLAND OF CUBA\*.

[From the letter of a Traveller, dated, *The Havannah*, May 1-19.]

You do not know what you ask: even to write a note is here a task; and you require a long letter, with an account of every thing which strikes me as remarkable in the New World. I will endeavour to give you satisfaction; but I warn you beforehand, that I shall require time. The *poco a poco* is the maxim of every hot climate. I may begin by telling you that since my arrival, about four-fifths of those who came from Europe with me have vanished before my eyes, from the effects of the *Vomito Negro*, better known under the name of the Yellow Fever. What the cause of this sickness is, and what are the remedies for it, the physicians of this country know no more than I; they prescribe very different remedies, which however have all the same effect, namely, that of sending their patients to the other world. The negroes, (which is very humiliating for science) treat the disease with much better success; and the captives who have brought them from the African coast, are able to solicit their assistance, and owe their preservation to those whom they have deprived of their country and liberty.

The Havannah is not the only seat of this dreadful disorder; it already prevails in all the ports of the island of Cuba. I hear just now, that of a hundred Frenchmen who were sent about two months ago to Nuevitas, one

\* It is stated that Cuba is about to be ceded to Great Britain—a fact which would augment the interest of the following narrative. *Ed.*

half have perished. The country is indeed more healthy, but the Vomito Negro is also felt there, though less frequently, and with less metecracy. The natives are not so entirely free from it as is generally believed. It is only on a very hard condition, that they can secure themselves against it; namely, the defer leaving the Havannah, or the other parts. Those who sail for the continent of America, or to Europe, may, even those who have lived several years in the country, do not return to their town residences without danger. I have just seen a girl ten years of age; she was born at the Havannah and educated at a few leagues distance from the city; she came thither to witness a family fit, and died. Similar examples are not rare. Perhaps you imagine that this sickness is less active during the six months of the year, when the sun leaves this part of the world zone. This is a generally received error. It is unhappily but too true, that the Vomito Negro carries off new victims every day; but in autumn and winter, the number is not so great as in spring and summer. At this moment it rages furiously; and during the latter half of April, seventy-six Frenchmen fell victims to it. The English, as well as other Europeans, suffer from it in the same manner. I am surrounded with dead and dying. When I go out I meet with hundreds of priests, who, crossing themselves, run to and fro; some carrying the Host, others singing funeral hymns, proceed from every direction to the church-yard. When I return home, twenty bells, which are constantly in motion, make a deeper impression on my soul than the scene which I have just left. It is singular, that those who are not seized with this evil do not leave this country, which is under a curse. Speculation has also its martyrdom; people will not abandon a scheme which they have begun; for this reason they stay, and every nation remains faithful to its character: the Frenchman lulls his fears by singing, and the Englishman by drinking. As I neither sing nor drink, I fly to the country, where I shall continue my letter unless the Vomito Negro pursues me thither.

I am now settled here in the middle of a poor country covered with volcanic ruins, without any prospect except a few thinly scattered trees, which afford no shade, and whose pale green does not enliven the imagination; but I will entertain you with something less melancholy than the fever. I have already told you that my voyage lasted sixty days; I was all impatience to see land, and to put my foot upon it. The first thing presented to my sight would, I thought, appear to me the most beautiful in the world; but it was quite different: notwithstanding my inclination to admire, every spot was barren, without flowers—waste without water.

The port of the Havannah is enough celebrated to merit a description. As you enter, you see a fort on your left, called Moro, under the cannons of which all ships must sail; the height on which it is built, its extent, and the threatening mouths of its cannon, impart to this fortress a majestic ap-

pearance. On a nearer approach several small country seats on the right, and a village called Salad, at a distance, are visible. This prospect is rather pleasant. In a few minutes you have passed the little canal which leads to the harbour, and suddenly discover an immense basin of an oval form, in which sometimes from a thousand to twelve hundred flags of all nations may be seen waving. The magnificent Tyre never presented a richer and more splendid sight; on the right the Havannah is hid by a massive wall, and shows only some church steeples, the heavy shape of which affords reason to suppose that bricklayers and not architects have been employed in the public buildings of this city. To the left of the basin are several houses which belong to the village La Regla, and in the back ground a number of trees,—the only ornament of this immense sheet of water. The port itself which is without doubt the largest in America, fills up every day more and more, with a rapidity which ought to attract the notice of the colony. It has been confirmed, that the canal which leads to it has within sixty-nine years become ninety-five varas (yards) narrower, being now only fifty-five varas in breadth. In 1743, it was 24 feet deep, now only 17. In the same year, by the sounding line the entrance of the port was found to be 60 feet deep, and now only 18. This evil is known, and probably the remedies are easy; but firmness and perseverance would be necessary to use them with effect, and these qualities seem to be wanting. In the harbour there is a machine for fixing the masts in ships, which is said to be very ingenious, and the admiration of all foreign mariners. It has been built above twenty years, after the plan of a Catalonian of the name of Pietro Gattel, who died unrewarded, of vexation and want, and left a widow and children in the Havannah in the greatest distress.

Now that you are acquainted with the harbour, I will introduce you to the city. On landing you perceive a narrow archway which leads to it. From the beach to this gate is ten steps, at the first of which you feel yourself sinking into the mud; and proceeding onward, through the arch, discover that to the right, left, and front, *all is mud*; a look at the straight streets shows that you will not tread dry ground till you reach the house to which you are going. The streets are not paved; the water has no drain; the land remains as God created it: these are the reasons of the continual stagnation of the water. It may be said that the Havannah is a great sewer, from which pestilential exhalations constantly arise. As soon as you enter this city, an insufferable smell assails you, and never quits you as long as you remain in it.

The streets are dirty and narrow, in dull straight lines, with low houses, the windows of which are without glass. The population of the streets increases the gloomy impressions, and thousands both of whites and negroes, most of them covered with plasters and rags, impress the stranger with most disagreeable sensations. Add to this that you have to guard your face against swarms

of mosquitoes, the sting of which is burning; and your ears against the constant ringing of eight or ten bells. There they toll for a death, here for a funeral, and in another place for divine service. At last you arrive at your lodging. An immense saloon almost as large as a barn, and nearly as empty, is the eating room; small chambers, even more empty than the saloon, serve for bedrooms, in which you are reclined between four walls, without any other furniture than a truck bed.

Full of despair, you throw yourself upon it, rather not to hear or see any thing more, than to sleep. In vain! The miserable hard mattress produces heat and intolerable restlessness; you cannot sleep, and unhappily, you cannot dream with open eyes; the groans from an adjoining chamber would depress the most lively fancy. This happened to me on the first night; I had scarcely arisen when I hastened to obtain information respecting the sick person, whose lamentations I had heard. "He is out," was the answer. This satisfied me; the next day I learnt that that he would not come back again—he had been taken away to be buried! This, my friend, is a true relation of my first day: three fourths of those just arrived have had enough of it, and immediately re-embark; the military are generally the first to run off, from which I conclude, that notwithstanding their valour, they value their life more than we imagine.

You try in vain to amuse yourself; there is no edifice worth noticing; confined and filthy places, low houses, the building of which may be classed in the infancy of art; and what is particularly surprising in so hot a climate is, there is not a single public garden, nor tree under whose shade you can refresh yourself. In short, the Havannah appears both in the whole and in detail, to be built for the inhabitants who wander about the streets. The utmost misery in our Europe does not offer a more disgusting sight than these creatures, with black and brown faces, who fill the public streets; that part of their body not clothed in dirty rags, is covered with plasters and blisters;—you are not walking in a city, but in a great hospital.

The rich seldom stir on foot; the heat and the mud oblige them to pay their visits in carriages (*polanetas*). With respect to the women, whether rich or poor, custom denies them the use of their limbs: they can only go abroad in a carriage, and there they are hid behind a curtain of cloth which almost entirely conceals them from rude curiosity. It is more worth while to look into the inside of the houses. The great room is level with the ground, and quite exposed, as the windows and doors always remain open. At first you do not know what you shall call this room, for you perceive the carriages, the toilet, and the bed, all pell-mell. Is it a coach-house, a room for company, or a bedroom? It is together; though the apartment faces the street, every thing is done there, and the women dress from the first piece of raiment put upon the body, with as much indifference as if they were concealed from all profane eyes. On the approach of evening,

you hope to make up for the loss of the forenoon? You visit your acquaintances, or persons to whom you have been recommended; and find the master of the house and his family in the most gloomy solitude. It is really an exertion to speak here: you feel yourself in a profuse perspiration, and give yourself up to the *Bouteille* in which you sit, or rather are sunk, in listless reveries. The *Bouteille* is in the shape of a half bathing-tub, as they are used in France for baths, and in the most awkward position that can be conceived. You follow the example of the master of the house, and go to sleep. When you awake, you are asked to take a glass of water: this is the signal for departing, and you take your leave, having been, according to the ideas of the colony, well received and well entertained.

In a country where polished society is still in its infancy, theatres and balls are almost unnecessary; I shall only say a word about the theatres: namely, that they still represent the mysteries of which our ancestors were so fond. I have seen the Triumph of the Ave Maria represented; this tragedy ended with the sudden appearance of a valiant knight on a real horse, displaying on the point of his lance the bloody head of an infidel. I cannot paint the disgust which this sight occasioned me, though perfectly agreeable to the audience.

But it is time that I should introduce you to the gaming and dancing rooms, which are about three quarters of a league from the city; an avenue leads to them, at the end of which stands a small statue of Charles III.; and near it lies on the ground a block of marble, on which the head of Christopher Columbus is roughly hewn.

From five to six hundred *volantes*, convey the ladies and gentlemen to the dancing rooms. These *volantes* cannot be compared to even our most ordinary post-chaises; they are drawn by two horses, driven by a negro coachman. On entering what is called the ball-room, you soon perceive that dancing is only a secondary object of the meeting. The first saloons through which you pass, are full of tables covered with gold and silver. The greatest sums are won and lost in a moment, with an indifference quite unknown in Europe. It is amusing enough to see a countess or marchioness, between a Spanish monk and a Dutch sailor, who puff the smoke of their Cigars into her face. Gambling is not stigmatized here by public opinion; the priest, the nobleman, the magistrate, and the merchant, seat themselves without reserve at the gaming table, and play with the utmost composure.

It is no disgrace to keep a bank, as is evident from the fact that the bankers belong to the most distinguished and noble families of the colony. The law and the command of the governor threaten gamblers with dreadful punishments; but those who are commissioned to proceed against the offenders, find it more advantageous to protect them; they persuade the governor that gaming is a necessary evil, and they probably support their assertion by good arguments, as they gamble with open doors, and almost in the open air.

The dancing saloon is adorned with taste and simplicity. A hundred tapers throw a brilliant light on the ladies, who form a half circle at one end: this is the most agreeable moment of illusion. Large black eyes, faces full of expression, pretty little feet, would move the most rigid stoic in any country; and here he would wonder at finding himself again possessed of feelings and senses. At the other side of the saloon sit the gentlemen during the whole ball; the sexes never join. The masters of the ceremony invite the company to dance; so much decorum prevails throughout, that you might be led to suppose that the ceremony observed was the same which the Jesuits introduced into the dances of the savages in Paraguay. The ball is opened by a minuet; it is repeated ever to satiety; and this, not because they love the dance, but because it requires rather that they should walk than move quickly, which is inconvenient in a country where the least exertion deprives them of breath and strength. As soon as the ladies quit their seats, as soon as they leave their composed attitude, they are found quite deficient in the gracefulness which they before seemed to possess; they hop as if they were lame: the tight shoes which pinch their feet, occasion them severe pain at every step—their sufferings appear on their countenances, and deform their features. Their figure is not supported by a corset—they do not know how to keep on their clothes, for the use of the French dress is of very late date in this country. Only ten years ago they used to appear in public in negligent morning dishabille. The men walk better, because their shoes are easier; but they are destitute of the noble and dignified deportment which is so necessary in the minuet. These barbarians do not hesitate to present themselves to their ladies in a great coat, and with or without a round hat. Only the whites are admitted to the ball I have just described, and you may gather that they cannot boast of having remained faithful to the origin of the minuet. This honour belongs exclusively to the free negroes. How much was I astonished to see these negroes, of a dignified easy figure, advance respectfully towards their ladies, holding the cocked hat in their hand, and then putting it on with a grace which begins to become rare in the old world. The negroes are not inferior to their partners; all their motions are noble and graceful; you can see that they do not torture their feet to deprive them of their natural form; real taste presides over their toilette; the magnificence of their dress does not detract from its simplicity, and their drapery is managed with an effect which is even acknowledged by the amateurs of your opera.

I went to a negro ball, with the intention of entertaining myself a moment at their expense; but my expectation was ill-founded—every thing I saw here was much better than what I had left; and, had any body at that moment spoken to me of the superiority of the whites over the negroes, I should have answered, "Open your eyes, and judge." The becoming liveliness of all these black

men and women, the mildness of their features, and their sociable manners, make it impossible to help feeling disposed in their favour. They are born improvisatori and musicians, and I will venture to predict, that if ever the colony should receive literature, it will be indebted for it to the blacks. "Then the whites are inferior?"—you will ask me. I will not hesitate to confess, that this is the case in the torrid zone. The blacks here retains the whole physical and moral strength which he received from the creator. The burning sun leaves to him all his energy; and, scorching as it is, is scarcely enough for him, as he always seeks an increase of warmth from his constantly burning fire. The white, on the contrary, who is removed from a mild climate to the tropical heat, visibly declines here; during ten hours of the day he is as if inanimate—it is impossible for him to exercise his body or mind. It is martyrdom to read for a quarter of an hour. If there were between the tropics an advocate of the unlimited perfectibility of the human race, he must seek for proofs of his system, not among the whites but among the blacks.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### OXFORD, FEB. 26.

Saturday last the Hon. and Rev. Edward Rice, M. A. late Fellow of All Souls' College, and Prebendary of Worcester Cathedral, was admitted Bachelor and Doctor of Divinity, grand compounder; and Philip Wilson of Trinity College, was admitted Bachelor of Arts.

### CAMBRIDGE, FEB. 25.

The Hon. Berkeley Octavius Noel, of Trinity College, and the Hon. Frederick Emanuel Hippolytus Curzon, of Magdalene College, were on Wednesday last admitted Honorary Masters of Arts.—The Rev. Joseph George Brett, of Jesus College, was on the same day admitted Bachelor in Civil Law and Mr. Robert Rouppel, of Trinity College, Bachelor of Arts.

CRAVEN SCHOLARSHIP.—Mr. Alfred Olivant, of Trinity College, was on Wednesday last unanimously elected a Scholar of Lord Craven's foundation.

Richard Waterfield, Esq. B. A. of Emmanuel College, was on the 13th inst. elected Fellow of that society.

## FINE ARTS.

### BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 48. *Waterloo. Evening. The advance of the British Troops, and defeat of the French Army.*—G. Jones.

This national picture, 15 feet in height at 11 feet in width, has been painted by order of the directors of the British Institution, at the price of 500 guineas. We inspected during its progress; and now that it is finished, are rejoiced to see that it fulfils its promise of being a fair representation of the critical moment in the most glorious warlike victories; and the more so, as there has recently appeared several efforts

discompartments, recovered from their panic, and of unworthy Britons, oblivious of every patriotic feeling, to misrepresent that triumph, achieved by such a torrent of our country's blood, and adding so bright a beam to our country's glory. Mr. Jones's undertaking was an arduous one; and, in our opinion, he has given proofs of judgement and talents equal to the greatness of his subject. If the imagination is disappointed in not seeing the picturesque images of a lively fancy, it must be recollected that the artist had no wild licence to allow of his taking such excursive flights. His business was to delineate, as correctly as possible, a grand historical event—locality, fact, portrait, and real incident, circumscribed by his creative powers. He was to be instructed by competent authorities, as to the military elevations, and guided by views taken on the spot, as to the landscape of the field of battle. In these respects we are assured that the picture is eminently faithful; and our own observation convinces us, that, as a work of art, it will rise in estimation the more it is contemplated. The aerial perspective embraces an extent equal to any thing we have seen under this quality of excellence; and the eye is carried over a vast space, occupied with every variety of action; while the nearer objects are detailed with a skill and accuracy which cannot fail of producing the strongest sensations. The hero of the day is rendered finely conspicuous by the smoke of artillery, which throws a breadth of light upon the part where he is stationed; and in this the painter has happily contrived *ex fumo dare lumine*. The most distinguished British commanders are grouped, and introduced with much ability; and the several sorts of service are delineated with a soldier's as well as with an artist's tact. While we look at the many episodes introduced, all connected with the main story, we can almost believe that we are reading anecdotes of the memorable 18th of June. We think we can personate the brave Gaithness Corporal, who, when asked if he was afraid, replied, "Afraid! why, I was in a' the battles on the peninsula;" and having it explained that the question merely related to a fear of losing the day, said, "Na, na, I did na fear that: I was only afraid we sh'd be a' killed before we had time to won it." This fellow was a culled sample of the thirty-three thousand odd hundreds of British troops, the entire number (we state it from unquestionable official returns) notwithstanding the late exaggerations of the enemy, which shared the immortal honours of that tremendous conflict.

No. 190. 175. 177. 195. 221. 257. *Landscapes*.—T. C. Hoffman.

The Landscapes of Mr. Hoffman, in the present collection, display his talents to as great an advantage, and we think, under a greater variety of styles, than at any former period. The one exhibited last year at the Royal Academy, is indeed like an old friend with a new face, being placed in a light by which its merits can be better appreciated, and its cool and sequestered character better understood. 177 Is a beautiful little Moon-

light; and the others possess more of those abstract qualities which distinguish the artist and separate his genius from his execution, than almost any thing we have seen from his hand.

No. 46. *Contemplation*.—C. R. Leslie.

A lady in a grove, with the moon-light playing upon her features and form. It has some of the loveliest effects that could be imparted to a subject so circumstanced, but is not an effort of either so high or so fascinating a class as the artist's preceding pictures of Anne Page and Sir Roger de Coverley. We do not mean to state that it injures the great reputation these productions established; only that, however meritorious, it does not enhance it; and that it seems rather an exercise than a marked attempt at higher fame. It is the essence of art, that it must go on progressively rising, and cannot be permitted to be even stationary.

### THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—We are obliged to postpone our critique on the new Opera.

DRURY LANE.—*The Hebrew*. A miserable piece, in five acts, said to be founded on, but in reality confounded from, the romance, without being acquainted with which it is utterly unintelligible, and being acquainted with which, it is unutterably tiresome. In our lives we never witnessed a sadder hotch-potch. By the most perverse ingenuity, every fine and striking feature in *Ivanhoe* is avoided during the first three acts; the main business is cleverly kept out of sight, and one dull uninteresting scene follows another in perfectly regular order. The author of *Ivanhoe* has taught even the general public to have the nicest perception of the customs and manners of the age of *Cour de Lion*, and the Drury Lane dramatist has contrived to annihilate them all. Anachronisms of startling magnitude occur every instant, and absurdities of unimaginable grossness complete the tissue of nonsense. We have Jews shaking hands, not merely with Christian knights, but hugging the commandant of the Templars, who, above all mankind, abhorred the race; we have the Jew's wife, Mrs. Isaac, of York, inhabiting a respectable tomb in Christian burial; cheek by jowl with monumental crosses in an abbey church-yard; we have beves of nuns singing *jubilate* (queer, Jew-becate) *Deus* in the halls of the knights, whose vow of chastity was so strict that it was death for any female to enter their residence—a fact distinctly before the audience, too, since Rebecca is condemned upon it; we have clocks regularly striking the hours in the eleventh century; we have nest parties, and a pretty cottage orrery; in short, we have every species of folly in scenery and in character. And this, for no other purpose but to make the Jew, (Mr. Keam) the only prominent part in the drama. He beards armed knights; he outrages every custom of the age, and every natural probability: goes mad, recovers his wits, plays *King Lear* in a Gabardine, and, we believe, dies of joy when his daughter is

rescued and married to *Ivanhoe*. Except some of Mr. Keam's acting in these passages, and which, though it extremely disappointed us, was in his usually applauded style, the performances were congenial to the piece. Mrs. West, as Rebecca, was indeed very praiseworthy; but her situations and dialogue did not allow of much display. Mr. Hamblin fretted his hour in the Templar, (a concentrated essence of all the Templars in the novel). Mr. Penley strutted and straddled like a thing of gilt gingerbread, in *Ivanhoe*. Harley, in Wamba, was a modern non-entity. Gurth, nobody. Friar Tuck, (even Oxberry,) nobody. Robin Hood, nobody—(yes, he was the leader of a band of chorus-singers). Prior Aymer, an old woman; the commandant, his sister; Cedric, the third of these antique graces; and Miss Carew, a young woman with a song. In conclusion, as if the whole were a hoax, the repetition of the play was announced, and then Mrs. Orger spoke a laboriously silly epilogue, to bespeak the favour already granted.

COVENT GARDEN.—*Ivanhoe*.—A magnificent spectacle, extracted from a portion of the novel, commencing after the tournament, and concluding with the burning of Front de Boufs castle. For the sake of dramatic unity of action, the adventures and trial of Rebecca are however introduced previous to this catastrophe. In the early parts somewhat heavy, we have only room to say, that this is a grand and well acted drama. Charles Kemble, in *Ivanhoe* (identified with King Richard), is a noble picture; Moready, in the Templar Knight, a fitting rival; Farnen, in the Jew, very effective; Linton, amusing in the Fool; Emery, in what he has to do as Friar Tuck, excellent; Mrs. Faucit's Ulrica, equal to her old Meiklebucket; Miss Foote's Rebecca, very pretty; and the musical parts with Miss Stephens, Duruset, and others, sweet and pleasing. The scenery is of the highest order, and the decorations superb. The trial scene one of extraordinary beauty.

We observe that the new Farce, *Too late for Dinner*, is by Mr. Jones, whose performances contributed so largely to its success; and not by Mr. Theodore Hook, as originally whispered about the theatre.

MR. MATHEWS AT HOME.—An entirely new and altogether extraordinary series of performances, under this well-known title, commenced at the English Opera House on Monday. It is difficult to convey an adequate notion of the variety and effect of these "Lectures on character, manners, and peculiarities," which must be seen and heard, in order to be appreciated. In a short preliminary, and generally humorous address, Mr. Mathews once more gravely laboured to establish by definition, the difference between mimicry and imitation—a mimic and an imitator. It is hardly worth while to contest such a point, and especially with a performer, who, whether mimicking or imitating, affords us so much entertainment; and who seems to attach an unequal importance to the name by which his art is called; but it does appear to us, that Mr. Mathews is a mimic in the best sense of

the word; that is, an imitator, whose copies of the acts and manners of others, irresistibly excite to laughter. An excellent imitator may be, and usually is, very dull; an excellent mimic never fails to afford amusement. Therefore the attempt to draw the same distinction between them as between the satirist and the lampooner, seems to us to be, if not an absurdity, at least a matter quite foreign to Mr. M's purposes; since, say what he will, the persons whom he copies, and the public, particularly that part of it which happens to know the individuals, will see no harm in having their peculiarities so adly dashed with a little caricature, as to render the copy infinitely more entertaining than the original; independently of the natural enjoyment which is derived from a consciousness of the talent employed in producing portraits so like, and yet so ludicrous.

The contrivance by which we are led along this novel chain of drollery, is a narrative, full of pun and point, interspersed with stories and songs; and introducing many characters, all of whom find a clever, (we should imagine, unrivalled) representative, in a single actor. The chief of these personages are "Country Cousins," who come up from Whitley in Yorkshire, to see, and are shown the "Sights of London." The most prominent of the country-folks, are, Uncle Baffin, a dealer in whale-oil and blubber; Aunt Agatha, his sister; Dolly, his daughter; and Zachary Flail, his servant: in town are Jerry, his son, a dandylawyer's clerk, eternally in motion, and designated by his fond parent for the woolstack; Dr. Prolix, a capital character, resembling the old Scotchman, in masculine attire; Sir Hubble Bubble, a city orator, like many other city orators, not very intelligible; and a grumbler, who always hails misfortunes with, "it serves me right, it will carry me to the grave—every thing serves every body right—Oh dear!" In the course of the rambles of the party, who, en passant, are joined by Monsieur de Tourville, a French traveller, who has come to "take the tower (tour) of London," and makes a multitude of grotesque blunders; they encounter (and the audience have personated) a waiter at the Chapter Coffee House, the Verger of St. Paul's, and several other oddities. They visit St. Paul's, whence a panoramic view and description of the metropolis, the Monument, the cast iron bridge, the exhibition at Somerset House, the Panorama of the North Pole, and a fashionable rout given by the Countess of Fidget. Accounts of a pugilistic mill, of Epsom Races, of the White Horse Cellar, of a Mock Auction, of an Indictment at the Sessions, &c. &c. are introduced, and given with admirable spirit. Of the fun and pun it is impossible to recollect a hundredth part, or to describe it if our memory served to recall all the subjects at which we laughed so heartily. The jests, which have the quality of antiquity, are made so new and diverting by the mode of telling them, that they are as good as if we had never heard them before; the new ones are many of them so excessively ridiculous, that

we cannot resist them on that score, while others please by being epigrammatic, quaint, and witty. The large bouquets of our helios, for example, are said to preclude all kissing, except by jackasses; we have rhyme to diastrochion; Quin's advice to a person who had suffered an indignity, to wear his nose unupped, told by Prolix and ascribed to Lord Chesterfield; and, in short, a crowd of modern follies brought under a review of the most spleen-killing kind; and mixed up with recollections of many older drolleries, in fascinating medley.

The concluding part, however, displays the abilities of Mr. Matthews, in a way still more astonishing than the two preceding. In this, by means of pasteboard figures, which are occasionally moved by springs, and which he occasionally animates by inserting himself into them without being perceived, he actually manages to have two, three, four characters upon the stage, at the same moment—in fact he acts, alone, a complete farce; and sustains to admiration the parts of Alderman Huckleback; Tabitha, an old maid; Snap, a servant; Canonetti, a singing master; Miss M. Huckleback, his pupil; Molly Magog, an old nurse (shorter than himself by the legs, for he plays this part on his knees) Methusalem, an old watchman; and Dickey Gossip, a barber. The skill and versatility evinced in this performance cannot be conceived, without being "At Home;" whither we recommend the public to hasten, if the public desires to laugh in these sad times. The only drawback we found was that our attention was demanded an hour too long—there is no moment that we could bear to be idle, and we could not help thinking the exertion too much for our merry entertainer. The law-case might perhaps be advantageously omitted.

THE NEW ARCADE ROOMS opened on Monday, with a charming musical treat, at which the principal musicians in London assisted. This is very well; but we understand that arrangements are making for French entertainments at this theatre, and for the exclusive encouragement of foreigners; which, in the present low estate of our national theatres and native performers, is, to say the least of it, a project, the humanity and justice of which is extremely problematical. We trust that our nobility and gentry will pause before they patronize a second establishment for the foreign drama, which must give a fatal blow to our already sinking theatres.

#### VARIETIES.

*Anagrams.*—Among the modern felicities of this species of literary play, may be classed the following. We find, that "Annual Parliament," confesses to "I am an unruled plant;" that "universal suffrage," shrewdly transposed, bids us "guess a fearful ruin;" that the compound essence of both these, namely, "Radical Reform," is but a "rare mad frolic;" and its mendacious advocate, "Orator Henry Hunt," perfectly described as "no one truth Harry." Let

us then get rid of these pretences and pests, and we shall find "Old England" really, as well as anagrammatically, a "Golden Land."

*Killing Animals by Carbonic Acid.*—A new method of putting animals to death, without pain, has been proposed by Dr. Thornton; in consequence of the employment of which, it is said, the meat will look better, taste better, keep better, and salt better. These desiderata are expected to be attained by means of fixed air.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Sir Humphrey Davy has had great success in unrolling the MSS. of Herculaneum and Pompeii. In a short time the contents and title of each roll will be made known.

*Daily Papers.*

*Dr. Paley.*—Dr. Paley was in very high spirits when he was presented to his first preferment in the church. He attended at a visitation dinner just after this event, and during the entertainment, called out jocosely, "Waiter, shut down that window at the back of my chair, and open another behind some curate." *European Magazine.*

In 1666, the Dublin people having proposed to send one hundred thousand bullocks to London 'or relief of that city, lately burnt, parliament voted the importation of Irish cattle to be a nuisance. Lord Clarendon suggested in an amendment that it might as properly be declared *adultery*. Swords were drawn in the House of Commons on the subject.—*Readon Papers.*

About the middle of the seventeenth century, persons who hired furnished lodgings in London had to find linen and pewter, or else pay dearly for their use.—*Ibid.*

#### LITERARY NOTES.

*A French Journal contains the following.*

The celebrated Lord Byron is just finishing a poem on the events of Parga. But on this occasion, the English bard will not enrich with the treasures of his poetic genius, one of those whimsical, fantastic, and unnatural inventions, which are generally presented with more vehemence than taste; which teach us less to love what is good and beautiful, than to admire what is extraordinary and original; and which now afford so much delight to the lovers of the romantic throughout England and Germany. The new subject on which Lord Byron's muse is engaged, presents a happy combination of old manners and modern customs—of heroism and simplicity—of striking contrasts and pathetic situations, which might be vainly looked for in many epic compositions of the highest order. The poet will doubtless avail himself of the advantages offered by the situation of the scene, and the glorious descent of his characters; and where shall we find a more affecting spectacle than a whole population, all descendants of the ancient Greeks, forsaking their native homes to fight and conquer; preferring death to slavery; like their forefathers, flying on the approach of the barbarians; but with this difference—that the companions of Themistocles looked forward with hope to the battle of Salamis, while

the wretched Pargamites, conquered without a battle, and irrevocably betrayed, had nothing to expect from a change of fortune. The subject presents two truly heroic pictures, equally worthy the attention of the painter and of the poet. The first is—the moment of flight:—men, women, children, old and young, all the ill-fated inhabitants of Parga, are on the shore, collecting their most valuable effects; others engaged in finishing a sacrifice; some carrying off the bones of their ancestors; others burying their arms in the bosom of the earth, or hurrying on board vessels, and sighing forth their last fare-well to their native land. The second picture is the entrance of the troops of the ferocious Ali among the ruins of Parga—the astonishment and rage of the conquerors thirsting for revenge, with torches in their hands, searching the abandoned houses, and penetrating into the deepest recesses of the tombs, without finding even the ashes of their proud enemies.

We understand that the ensuing Edinburgh Review will contain:—Iranahoe—Finance—America—Geology—Poor Laws—Abuse of Charities—Adulterated Provisions—Barry Cornwall's Poems—Taxation and the Corn Laws—The Recent Alarms—Demosthenes.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

FEBRUARY, 1820.

*Thursday, 24*—Thermometer from 35 to 41.  
Barometer from 29, 68 to 29, 69.  
Wind S. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ —and North I cloudy, a drizzling rain at times.  
Rain fallen, 1 of an inch.  
*Friday, 25*—Thermometer from 35 to 39.  
Barometer from 29, 61 to 29, 87.  
Wind N. and N. E. 2, and 5.—Generally cloudy.  
Rain fallen, .075 of an inch.  
*Saturday, 26*—Thermometer from 36 to 51.  
Barometer from 30, 16 to 30, 27.  
Wind N. E. 4, and 5.—Generally cloudy.  
Rain fallen, .625 of an inch.  
*Sunday, 27*—Thermometer from 29 to 37.  
Barometer from 30, 30 to 30, 26.  
Wind N. E. 2.—Generally cloudy, with sunshine at times, till the evening, when it became clear.

Rain fallen, .925 of an inch.  
*Monday, 28*—Thermometer from 26 to 39.  
Barometer from 30, 20 to 30, 09.  
Wind E. and N. E. 2, and 3.—Clear.  
*Tuesday, 29*—Thermometer from 21 to 43.  
Barometer from 30, 06 to 29, 96.  
Wind N. E. and S. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Morning and noon clear, the rest of the day cloudy.

MARCH, 1820.  
*Wednesday, 1*—Thermometer from 33 to 42.  
Barometer from 29, 70 to 29, 77.  
Wind S. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and N. W. 3.—Clouds generally passing, sunshine at times.  
Rain fallen, .625 of an inch.  
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

Miscellaneous Advertisements,  
(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

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At the same time will be published No. XXXIX, being Part I. (to be completed in Two Parts) of a General Index to the first Nineteen Volumes of the Quarterly Review, which the Subscribers are requested to order from their respective Booksellers. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

### AFRICA.

*Travels to the Sources of the Senegal and Gambia.* By M. Mollien. 4to.

These African travels are on the eve of publication; and we take the opportunity afforded us, by having an early copy, to state their general outline. They bear internal evidence of being written by a Frenchman; that is to say, they differ considerably from what an Englishman would have said, had he gone over the same ground. M. Mollien was one of the persons on board the *Medusa Frigate* in 1816, the wreck of which was marked with such horrible consequences; and reached the shore in a boat, while the miserable deserted raft was left to the mercy of sea and storm, and the more dreadful scourges of famine and savage nature. In 1817 the author returned to France, in order to procure permission to visit the interior of Africa: went back to St. Louis, and in January 1818 obtained the consent of the governor, Fleuriot, to undertake the enterprise. His instructions were to discover the sources of the Senegal, Gambia, and Niger; to ascertain if any communication existed between the two former; to descend the Niger; to traverse Banbouck, and visit its gold mines; and, pursuing a few minor objects, return by way of Galam. M. Mollien was however unable to execute the more novel parts of this mission. Accompanied by a Marabout, or School-master, named Boukari, a character much respected in Africa, he set off from St. Louis on the 26th of January, and during an absence of nearly six months, crossed parts of the territories of the Joloffs, of the Bour-Joloffs, of Foutatoro, of the Poulas (Foulahs) of Bondou, of Fouta-Jallon, crossing the mountains of Tangué (Tong), to its capital Timbo, a town of 9000 inhabitants; and thence, remeasuring his steps by a partially different route, including Tenda and Kabou, to the Portuguese settlement at Geba, from Bissao to Goree by water, and from Goree to St.

\* Pawley's General Atlas, published last year, and including new discoveries, is the best work VOL. IV.

Louis by land. The travels thus commenced.

Diaï Boukari, a native of the Fouta country, was engaged as my interpreter and travelling companion, at a salary of one hundred and eighty francs per month. This man had been recommended to me for his attachment to Europeans, and for his integrity. He spoke the Arabic, Poola, and Joloff languages; his age was thirty-six years; he was a negro in colour only, for his features resembled those of a white man, and his face, though indicating a mild disposition, was not deficient in energy. He begged me to take with me his son, aged fifteen, and a young slave named Messenber, of the same age. I was afterwards obliged to send them both back to St. Louis.

Diaï Boukari having declared that the 28th of January was a lucky day, and that it was necessary to quit the colony before sunset, at about two o'clock in the afternoon I sent my horse, my ass, and my baggage to the main land, and without my friends suspecting the enterprise I had undertaken, I prepared to depart at five in the evening. Before he embarked, my Marabout traced several Arabic characters on the sand, to ascertain if he should ever again see his wife and mother: the answer of fate being favourable, he put a handful of sand into a little bag, persuaded that on the preservation of this precious bag depended that of his life.

In Foutatoro we are told of a still more unaccountable custom. On examining the environs of Canel, the author says—

I was accompanied by a man who had lost his hearing in a very singular manner. A custom not less barbarous than extraordinary prevails in Foutatoro; a slave who wishes to change his master seeks by surprise or force to cut off the ear of the man whom he fancies; if he succeeds he immediately becomes the property of that person; and his old master cannot claim him again. To this practice my fellow traveller owed his deafness; two slaves had successively cut off each an ear, close to the head, and the wound in healing had entirely closed the auditory channel. This man was certainly very unfortunate from his reputation for kindness, which gained him the good opinion of the

of the description that we know, either for general geographical reference, for use in tracing the routes of travellers, or for the instruction of the young. Correct, and beautifully engraved, except in a very few instances, where the darkness is too great, we take this opportunity of discharging our obligations to it by recommending it to that public notice which it will be found to deserve.

slaves: he must now be careful of his horses, for as he has no ears himself, it will be these animals whose ears the fugitive slaves will next attack.

We are also informed that

In Foutatoro, and among the Moors, there exists a sort of free masonry, the secret of which has never been revealed; the adept is shut up for eight days in a hut, he is allowed to eat but once a day; he sees no person excepting the slave appointed to carry him his food; and at the end of that period a number of men in masks present themselves, and employ all possible means to put his courage to the proof; if he acquits himself with honour he is admitted. The initiated pretend that at this moment they are enabled to behold all the kingdoms of the earth, that the future is unveiled to them, and that thenceforward heaven grants all their prayers. In the villages where persons of this fraternity reside, they perform the functions of conjurors, and are called *Almousseri*. One day Boukari told me, after attesting the truth of what he was about to say by the most solemn oaths, that being in a canoe with one of these men, there fell such a heavy shower of rain that he would not depart; yielding, however, to the wishes of the *Almousseri*, he set sail; "torrents of rain fell on all sides," added Boukari: "but our bark remained perfectly dry, and a favourable wind swelled our sails. I asked this *Almousseri* to explain his secret, but he answered, that if he revealed it his brethren would infallibly destroy him."

Another class of persons acts a very extraordinary part in Foutatoro; these are called *Diavandos*; they inhabit the villages of Senopale and Canel, they are the *griots* of these parts; though doomed by their profession to contempt, they have nevertheless contrived to render themselves formidable by the influence which they have gained over the public opinion, by means of eulogies or satires of which they are equally lavish. They speak with great facility, are proficient in the Arabic language, and zealous Mahometans. Their traffic in praises and invectives procures them considerable wealth. If one of these men demands a horse or a musket from the king, he dares not refuse him. "Yes," said Boukari to me, "if a *Diavando* were to require my gun, I would give it him without hesitation; for if I did not consent to make him a present of it, he would go to my friends and would injure me so much in their opinion, that I should be abandoned by them all." This proves that in the interior of Africa as well as in Europe, calumny produces the most baneful effects, and that there exist few persons who have so much confidence in



their own opinion as not to be shaken by a perfidious insinuation against their neighbour. A Poula, however, will not give his daughter in marriage to a Diavando; neither is this the only class of persons consigned to contempt; but the line of demarcation here is not so strong as in Hindostan: to appearance there are no distinctions. The *grists*, blacksmiths, weavers, shoemakers, live and eat with the other Negroes, but never connect themselves with them by marriage.

The following anecdote of the same people is interesting.

I cannot help recting a fact, which has given the Poulas of Foutatoro great celebrity in our establishments on the Senegal. Since the beginning of the present century, M. Ribet, at the head of twenty-five European soldiers, and four hundred Senegal negroes, had, by way of reprisal, plundered all the Poula villages bordering upon the river. On arriving at Gaet, one of their large towns, not a negro appeared to oppose them; the inhabitants were all concealed behind their palisades, and thus intrenched, fired upon the enemy. In the mean time two field pieces, by which M. Ribet was accompanied, made incredible havoc among the Poulas, but at the moment when he thought victory certain, a bull leaped over the palisades and furiously rushed upon his men. A divinity descending from heaven, could not have produced a more extraordinary effect. The negroes of the Senegal, persuaded that their lives depended upon that of the bull, stopped our soldiers ready to fire at him, exclaiming, if they killed the animal, all sorts of misfortunes would overwhelm them. The stratagem of the Poulas, for it was they who had let loose the bull, was completely successful. The negroes dispersed and fled in disorder towards the vessels. To run away from blacks, would have disgraced the twenty-five Europeans who accompanied M. Ribet; unsupported they sustained the fire of six thousand Poulas, and fell victims to their bravery. Such is the event which has rendered the Poula nation so famous, and which has exposed the inhabitants of the Senegal to the most sanguinary outrages from them; while we, on our part, have not hitherto attempted to put an end to those outrages, by employing a force sufficiently formidable to repress them.

In Bondou there is a fact stated, which we fancy those acquainted with natural history will be very much inclined to doubt.

The water of this place, which may be drunk by man, is poison to horses and cattle, from the vicinity of a tree called *cali*. It is one of the most beautiful trees I have met with in this part of Africa; it is very large and high, and its foliage very thick. The negroes make no use of the wood.

The following is also a doubtful statement, of the same nature.

In a wood which extended westward to bare ferruginous mountains, my guide pointed

ed out a tree called *bori*; it is small, its bark black and rugged; by boiling its leaves, the people of the country extract from them a salt, which they use in their food.

There is a great diversity of character in the natives of the different kingdoms, the population of which is mixed pagan and Mahomedan. Some are hospitable and kind, others unfeeling and ferocious. Of the latter class, a chief of the village of Ponta-Jallon is an example.

The wife of Ali, sister to Almamy, came to see me. This princess was on the wane. A blue Guinea cloth composed her dress; strings of yellow amber loaded her hair, she was constantly chewing tobacco; effrontery was imprinted on her countenance; the imperious air with which she entered my cabin, gave me a presentiment of the scene which was to ensue. A sheep followed her; without hesitation she gave it that water to drink which I had taken so much trouble to fetch in the morning, and also made it eat the rice which was to have furnished me with a dinner. Perceiving that I patiently endured these vexations, she asked for my pocket-handkerchief to cover her head, and my blanket for her to repose on. In no country can a princess endure a refusal; I obeyed, esteeming myself very happy if she limited herself to these petty depredations. I was alone, Boukari was gone in search of my horse, which had taken the road to the village where we had slept on the 24th of March. When he returned, Maria (which was the name of the princess) addressed my Marabout in the following terms: "In Fouta Jallon, wives direct the affairs of their husbands;" which was as much as to say, it is she who has stopped me; "if they make war or peace, it is according to their advice: tell thy white man that I can send him to Timbo in safety." This address eased my apprehensions, and apprized me of the motive of my detention.

I clearly saw that by means of presents I should remove all obstacles. I accordingly gave the princess Maria three grains of coral; she threw them on the ground with contempt, exclaiming, "that she was not come to receive such trifling presents, and that she would never disgrace herself so far as to wear this coral." It was really difficult to purchase the protection of so powerful a princess with so small a stock as mine. I therefore added to the three grains of coral, three grains of amber. "How trifling!" cried she, "give me coral;" I was in a critical situation. I perceived that this shrew would by degrees rob me of all my merchandize; I however gave her two more grains of coral. "This blanket," then said she, "pleases me; make me a present of it." "But I am in want of it for the night," replied I. "Thou wilt not go to Timbo then," rejoined she in an angry tone. I trembled at hearing this threat, gave my blanket to Boukari, and his to the princess; she found it so dirty that she threw it at my head with scorn, saying: "this Eu-

ropean is but a poor devil. I will return it thee the evening to know if he has reflected on his situation, and if he intends to continue to treat me in a manner so unworthy of my rank."

At four o'clock Ali sent his son, accompanied by a troop of ill-looking attendants, to receive the present which I intended for him. Boukari advised me to give him one, whilst on the other hand, one of his friends told me that Ali possessed no authority, and that I must refuse him every thing. I followed the counsel of the former, and gave ten grains of coral to the son of the Imam, to whom he would not take them without deliberating whether he durst present them to him. A messenger afterwards came to tell me that Ali was waiting for me behind the mosque. I went to him directly. His people formed a circle round him; the faces of these satellites were sufficient to excite serious alarm. "I have been to St. Louis," said Ali to me: I know that the white people are very rich, I expect a present worth of thyself and me: we are here upon the frontiers of Fouta Jallon; I am all powerful!" "What wouldst thou have?" answered I, without evincing the least discontent. One of his people, whose hideous features sufficiently displayed what part he played at court, cried: "let the white man first give thirty grains of coral." "But if I give them," I answered, "I shall have no other resource than to eat sand." Having said this, I offered him my present, which consisted of ten grains of coral. When I spread them on the ground before him, Ali's eye was inflamed, and his features, which denoted perfidy, assumed an expression of fury: "Know," said he to me; that thou canst make me such a gift, I can offer thee one a hundred times more considerable. The people of Kankunda offer me no presents but what are equal to my rank." "What dost thou demand then?" cried I angrily. "Money," replied he. "I have none." "Powder," I have no more than one charge." "Cloth," I have none of them; besides," added I, "the presents I made to Almamy of Foutatoro, and Almamy of Bondou, were very small; they accepted them and thanked me." "And what is Almamy of Foutatoro to me?" cried Ali; "for my part I insist upon having more. Thou doubtless art not ignorant that the white men pay tribute to Foutatoro and Bondou; I likewise demand one from thee on account of thy colour." "But I am no merchant." "That is nothing to me; I am now thy king; give me twenty grains of amber; ten grains of coral; a parcel of glass beads for my attendants, and eleven grains of amber for the chief of the village." Resistance to such peremptory orders would have cost me my life; for at Ali's command a hundred daggers would have been aimed at my heart. I therefore obeyed, and as I produced my grains of amber, the people who surrounded us burst into shouts of laughter. "Now," said the Imam to me,

• A village situated at Rio-Nuer, where the Europeans carry on considerable traffic.

"thou mayest depart; I will even give thee a guide."

In this country iron is wrought by a primitive process.

Most of the inhabitants are proprietors of furnaces for smelting iron; it is an employment to which the Serracolets most cheerfully apply themselves. To hammer this metal they use fragments of granite of a rounded form, encircled by a leather band; this band is fastened to leather thongs, which the workman holds in his hands. He raises the stone, and lets it fall on the iron, which is placed on a very low anvil fixed in the sand. By this rude and tedious process, they forge the iron, and form it into bars eight inches long.

We know not what credit may be given to the two following stories, which Mr. Mollien repeats upon hearsay; for our own parts, though we might be credulous enough to believe in monkey-battles, we are quite sceptical about whipped lions.

A woman going with millet and milk to a vessel from St. Louis, which had stopped before a village in the country of Galani, was attacked by a troop of apes, from three to four feet high; they first threw stones at her, on which she began to run away; they ran after her, and having caught her, they beat her with sticks until she let go what she was carrying. Bruised by the blows she had received, she returned to the village and related her adventure to the principal inhabitants, who mounted their horses, and followed by their dogs, went to the place which served as a retreat to this troop of apes; they fired at them, killed ten, and wounded others which were brought to them by their dogs; but several negroes were severely wounded in this encounter, either by the stones hurled at them by the apes, or by their bites; the females especially, were most furious in revenging the death of their young ones, which they carried in their arms.

Chamelopards are common in the country of Galani, it is even said that the Moors have herds of them; the Serracolets frequently offer their skins to travellers. Lions are numerous; the herdsmen, I am told, employ the whip alone to drive them away; thus the king of animals often runs from a child. The negroes assert, that if they had a gun in their hands, the lion would prepare for the combat, and dispute the victory in a manner worthy of his courage; several have even assured me, that they have often passed near this terrible animal, without his even deigning to cast a look at them. The forests are filled with wild boars of prodigious size.

(To be concluded in our next.)

*Valdi; or the Libertine's Son, a Poem.*

By James Kenney. London 1820.  
8vo. pp. 128.

Mr. Kenney, whose dramatic productions have been favourably received

by the public, has on a former occasion tried the flight of his muse in didactic poetry, so that the present work is, we presume, sanctioned by the success of its predecessor. It is the story of a natural child; an enthusiast from infancy upwards, and finally a maniac. Educated by peasants, his father is only found in a rival whom he combats for the sake of his love, Leola; his mother, in a wretched camp - follower, who comes to strip him among the dead and wounded in a field of battle; and the adored Leola herself turns out to be his sister. The narrative is naturally sombre and melancholy, as the tale is disastrous and romantic. We shall quote a few of the passages which please us best, to show how far the comic dramatist has succeeded in pathetic composition.

Child of the Libertine! be God thy Friend!  
No Jubilee thy coming shall attend;  
Thy mother's burthen'd womb no joy shall share,  
For woe and death are hovering round thee there;

And tho' the yearnings of the mother tame  
The desperate visitings of grief and shame,  
Yet many a sigh her struggles shall attend,  
Too early ruin of a parent's rest—  
Her guiltless offspring yet her foe confess'd!  
And as she patient toils, ah! woe the day!  
To give thee here such welcome as she may,  
Big thoughts o'er swelling nature's fond desire,  
Steep in her bitterest tears thy first attire.

Sad are thy greetings in this world of care;  
A father's scorn, a mother's worse despair!  
Obscure the eyes that should have half'd thy smiles,

Thy joyous antics, and thy nestling wiles;  
Child the devoted fancy that would wait  
Wild sounds, and deem them speech articulate:  
Too blest should innocence thy days protect  
From sudden fate, or perishing neglect,  
If even thy spells no hellish impulse stir,  
Nerving thy mother for thy murderer!

This is natural colouring; nor do we less approve a very well-expressed tribute to the genius of Shakspeare, in the exordium.

Sweet sorcerer! whose intellectual eye  
Search'd every secret of humanity,  
All ample Shakspeare! thou, whose magic lyre,  
Hearts deeper feel, as ages still expire;  
In whose bright trace unfailing truth I see,  
*And what I pass in nature learn of thee.*  
Well hast thou taught of wisdom woe hath nursed,  
Lost as we soar, recovered in the dust.  
Light of the Poet's world!

Valdi's account of the desolateness of his youth is feelingly portrayed.

No fostering love I knew whose gentle sway,  
Calls out young faculties and points their way:  
None bore my name, inspired my heart to dare,  
Loved my renown, or would my triumphs share.  
Such fond incitement ne'er my soul embraced,  
Life seemed a journey through a pathless waste:  
Whatever wish might on my fancy press,  
Whatever wrong I had that claim'd redress,  
Say could an spirit so deserted fly  
To seek relief of icy charity?

I had no other than the sufferer's part,  
And griefs lay close, and heavy at my heart.

A stifled heart my life's unceasing foe,  
Of social bearing little did I know;  
No timely respite from the book and pen  
My youth had blended with the ways of men.  
For on that day, which gave each fellow boy  
To blithe abandonment, a home of joy,  
That happy day, long-seen, and hail'd afar,  
Kiss-worn, in every striding's calendar,  
I, mid the general mirth and eager stir  
Sadly remain'd, perpetual pensioner.  
To childish ways and lonely thought inclined,  
I seem'd a schoolboy with a hermit's mind.

We confess that we do not like much to trace morbid affections, which in truth might often (out of poetical phraseology) be deemed sheer discontent, operating to poison all the springs of life and social happiness; and therefore we shall satisfy ourselves with only one further extract, apposite to the struggles of the Tyrolese (whom Valdi joins) for liberty, and to the strange perversion of mind which has led some of the admirers of that inestimable blessing to be the loudest panegyrist of its greatest foe. The sentiments are truly patriotic.

Red are the streams their mountain channels drain,  
The greensward darkens with a withering stain,  
The patriot brave have fought, and fought in vain.

Scoffer the more at humbled truth's behoast,  
Swells with a ranker pride the victor's crest:  
The nations onward must avert his frown,  
Forbear the strife, and stoop them timely down:  
Victory hath elar'd! and whom no justice rears,  
Then come ye with salutes for your chains!  
Self-deem'd of heaven, of faith his rule must be,  
And legions madden in his mystery.  
Resotted, black-lipp'd reveller in blood!—  
He bids ye bend, ye great, ye wise, and good—  
On less than worshippers be vengeance hurl'd,  
And slavery the religion of the world!—

And shall the bold enthusiast friend of man  
See levell'd thus the fabric he began—  
Bewilder'd Freedom, with apostate awe,  
Her banner yield to spread a despot's law;  
Philosophy, a bigot in his sight,  
Blind with the daunting wrong proclaim it right—  
Or for her dreams dispersed, let spleen assail  
This minion of exhausted anarchy?  
Shall the wild was-fic'd, shouting in his pride,  
Still boast the battle on aggression's aide,  
And none be found unflinching front to urge,  
Confound the scandal, and arrest the scourge?—  
Lo! it is done—the bard hath lived to see  
Man's retribution, and the nations free!  
Yes, there be those, who still the charm with-  
stood,

And shiver'd it—the talisman of blood!  
Who danger daringer, fiercer could dare,  
Nor fear'd, nor fail'd, and aid the wide despair!

Heaven-favour'd land, thro' history's troubled tide,  
Firm, steady, as thine own proud navies ride,  
The cup of peace in temperate measure taste,  
Nor put thy triumph to abuse and waste—  
Let blousing surfeit fast, for they may feed,  
Who else must perish, for thy breathless deed;  
Her graceless heaps let sorrow Avarice spread,  
Nor deem for her alone thy brave have bled:

Be not thy glories cited to thy shame,  
And tears and groans pronounce them but a  
name:—

Strike the last standard thus from faction's hand,  
And honest scorn awaits her remnant band.  
For all the heart-thorns thou hast grown for me  
Be this, an exile's blessing, still with thee:  
Wait every gale to thee good cheer and health,  
Fill'd be thy havens with thy merchant wealth.  
Thy husbandmen greet plenty in their paths,  
Peace to thy throne, thine altars, and thy hearth:  
Blest be the wave that garrisons thy strand,  
Blest thy white frontier by the wild breeze fain'd,  
God prosper thee, my own beloved land!—

We must, before we take leave of Mr. Kenney, notice, that his verse is occasionally too careless. The occurrence of the verb "to come" twice within three lines in the very first page, is an instance; the name of *Leola* (page 55) requiring in two adjoining lines to be pronounced *Leöla* and *Leöla*, is another; and the prosing couplet

Thine interest shall I ever estimate

Among the gracious moments of my fate—  
a third. We must also object to *caital* for *recital* (page 45); and question the propriety of "mind's green expansion" (31), and of such a description of himself as is put into Valdi's own mouth (page 29).

With manly port, erect ingenious air,  
My spirit, &c.

Our last fault is with lines ending in trocheicks, of which there are several; and these, we think, detract from the pathos of a tale which is altogether of an interesting order.

*The History of the Crusades, for the Recovery and Possession of the Holy Land.*  
By Charles Mills. London, 1820.  
8vo. 2 vols.

A History of the Crusades, the most important subject in the middle ages, whether regarding its connection with the religion, with the literature, with the arts, with the superstitions, with the chivalry, or with all the feelings and manners of mankind, was a great desideratum in English letters; and it is a very fortunate thing that it has been executed by so competent a person as the well-known author of the *History of Muhammedanism*. In France, Mr. Michaud has been bringing out, by volumes, a work under the same title: but without wishing to draw invidious comparisons, we must be allowed to say, that what we have seen of it is far exceeded by Mr. Mills's production, which, for intelligence, compression, arrangement, and clearness, approaches very nearly to what we consider the requisites of perfection in this species of composition. The *lucidus*

*ordo* enlivenes the interest of a narrative which is so full of adventure and anecdote as not to be readily rendered tedious; and if the romance of *Ivanhoe* has delighted, so must this romance of reality, in which nations as well as individuals occupy the fearful and blood-wasting scenes. The style is neat, forcible, and well suited to the matter; and in the matter, events are treated with candour and propriety; circumstances hold relatively their proper places; and as we do not find affairs of consequence neglected, so neither do we discover trivial incidents dwelt upon, and extended beyond their consistent limits. With this brief introduction and deserved praise, we shall proceed to our usual task of analysis; and, in this, and in the next Number of the *Literary Gazette*, confine ourselves to what occupies about one third of the work, namely,

#### THE FIRST CRUSADE.

After the accomplishment of prophecy in the destruction of the second temple, Paganism became the religion of Jerusalem, and the haunting and intolerant Romans dedicated to Venus and Jove the spots which had been hallowed by the Passion of our Saviour. But in the fourth century, the banners of the cross triumphed over polytheism, and Christian emperors erected churches on the ruins of the Heathen temples. In these God was worshipped according to the true faith, till the star of Islamism arose, and, in turn, subverted the holy city, which, for three ages, became subject in reciprocal succession to the caliphs of Bagdad, and to those of Cairo. At length the commanders of the Egyptians prevailed, and, in 969, their dominion over Palestine was finally established. The irruption of the Turks, (called the Seljuk Turks) from the borders of the Caspian, once more changed the order of things, and from about 1038 to 1092, all Persia, Arabia, and most of Syria, owned their sway. Jerusalem had several masters; and, at length, anno 1094, rested a dependency of Egypt.

Long previous to this epoch, and, indeed, from the period immediately succeeding the crucifixion, it had been the object of Christian pilgrimages, as Mecca and Medina are now visited by Moslems. Of the nature of many of these pilgrimages authors give us a very strange account, from which it appears that profligacy and dissoluteness as often entered into their motives as penitence, and a resolution to sin no more.\* Commerce had

\* The necessity of making a pilgrimage to Rome and other places, was often urged by ladies, who did not wish to be mewed in the solitary gloom of a cloister, "chaunting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon." In the ninth century, a foreign bishop wrote to the archbishop of Canterbury, requesting, in very earnest terms, that English women of every rank and degree might be prohibited from pilgrimages

also its share in these long and dangerous journeys. But whatever led pilgrims to Palestine, both they and the remains of the Latins, resident in that country, were cruelly oppressed by the lords of the territory. Like Jews or Christian dogs in our times, in Turkey, contumely, capricious tyranny, blows, spoliation, and death, were their portions. This barbarous treatment experienced under the Fatimite Caliphs, gave rise to new feelings in the nations of the West. Every pilgrim brought home tales of public sacrifice or individual misery; and though some gloomy minds might consider afflictions as the essence of pilgrimages, and were therefore slow in separating the superfluous from the necessary pains, yet upon general considerations it was evidently a disgrace that the followers of Christ should dwell only by sufferance in the country of their master, and that pagans should be possessors of a land which his had consecrated by his presence. At the close of the tenth century, Pope Sylvester II., the ornament of his age, entreated the church universal to succour the church of Jerusalem, and to redeem a sepulchre which the prophet Isaiah had said should be a glorious one, and which the sons of the destroyer Satan were making inglorious. Pisa was the only city which was roused to arms, and all her efforts were mere predatory incursions on the Syrian coast.

In the next century, political events in the Grecian and Saracenic worlds occasioned a renewal of the endeavour to arm Christendom against Islamism. Constantine trembled for her safety, and the Emperor Manuel VII. about the year 1073, supplicated the aid of Pope Gregory VII.; expressed deep respect for his Holiness, and attachment to the Latin church. The spiritual sovereign immediately commanded the patriarch of Venice to proceed to Constantinople, and arrange the terms of friendship and reunion. An encyclical letter was sent from Rome to the states and princes of the west, acquainting them with the melancholy fact, that the pagans were overcoming the Christians. The people of Christ had been slain like sheep, and their remorseless murderers had carried their devastations even to the walls of the Imperial city. The faithful ought to lament for the misfortunes of the empire, and the miseries of their brethren: they should not, however, lament only; but, following the example of their divine master, they should give up their lives for their friends. Accordingly, 50,000 men prepared themselves to rescue the Christians of the east, and to arrest the march of Islamism.

These preparations, however, died away, and it was not till Peter the Hermit, a native of Amiens, in France, returned from a

ing to Rome. Their gallantries were notorious over all the continent: and (says Muratori, *Antiquitates Italice*) "Perpaucæ enim sunt civitates in Longobardia, vel in Francia, aut in Gallia, in qua non sit adultera vel meretrix generis Anglorum: quod scandalum est, et turpitudine totius ecclesiæ."

pilgrimage, during which he had witnessed the miseries of the Christians in the East, and by his preaching kindled the zeal of Europe, that those Holy Wars were begun, which for two centuries desolated the world. Pope Urban II. espoused the opinions of Peter, and both temporal and spiritual considerations combined at this era to render crusading not merely popular, but irresistibly contagious. A council was held at Clermont, in 1095, at which an unprecedented multitude of every class of laymen, and of every ecclesiastical order, assembled. To these Urban addressed an enthusiastic exhortation to drive the Turks and Saracens from the borders of Europe and from the Holy Land. "To those present, (said he in conclusion,) in God's name, I command this; to the absent I enjoin it. Let such as are going to fight for Christianity put the form of the cross upon their garments, that they may outwardly demonstrate the love arising from their inward faith; enjoying, by the gift of God, and the privilege of St. Peter, absolution from all their crimes: let this, in the mean time, soothe the labours of their journey; satisfied that they shall obtain, after death, the advantages of a blessed martyrdom." Part of the ensuing arguments do not appear to us to be so encouraging. "Death sets free from its filthy prison the human soul, which then takes flight for the mansions fitted for its virtues. Death accelerates their country to the good: death cuts short the wickedness of the ungodly. By means of death, then, the soul, made free, is either soothed with joyful hope, or is punished without further apprehension of torments." At the conclusion of the Pope's harangue, shouts of *Deus Vult*, *Deus lo Vult*, *Dieux el Vult*, rose unanimously from the mighty assemblage, and these words, "*Deus Vult*," were adopted for the future war cry of the crusaders.\* It was also resolved that every one should mark on his breast or back the sign of our Lord's cross, in order that the saying might be fulfilled, "He who takes up the cross and follows me is worthy of me,†." The whole assembly knelt, and the

\* This expression continued for some time the war cry of the first crusaders. All nations in all ages have used particular words for the excitement of martial ardour. The war cries of the French and Germans were excerpts from the *Bardic songs* in praise of heroes, which were recited before the battle: from, for instance, the actions of the fabulous Roland and the peers of France. Unlike most of the cries of arms, the expression *Deus vult*, or *Deus lo vult*, is affirmative. During the siege of Jerusalem, the war cry received the addition of the words, "*adjuva deus*." This clause was added on the motion of St. Andrew. *Et sit signum clamoris vestri, Deus adjuva*. Princes, barons, and knights banneret, in short, every person in command, had their war cries. In an army, therefore, there were as many cries of war as there were banners. There was a general cry also, which was usually the name of the commander, or the cry of the king.

† In imitation of Christ, who carried a cross on his shoulders to the place of execution, the cross was generally worn on the right shoulder, or on the upper part of the back; it was also

Cardinal Gregory poured forth in their name a general confession of sins. Every one smote his breast in sorrow, and the Pope, stretching forth his hands, absolved and blessed them. Adhemar, bishop of Puy, was the first person who solicited a cross from the Pope. One of red cloth was affixed to his right shoulder; and many others immediately copied this example. In accordance with the general wish, his Holiness deputed his spiritual authority to Adhemar, whose manliness had already excited the admiration of the people. At this moment the ambassadors of Raymond, count of Tholouse, arrived. This powerful prince, and a numerous band of cavaliers, had taken the cross; and he promised counsel and money to all those who should wish to enter on the sacred way. The multitude were no longer in need of a commander, and were not backward in comparing the bishop and the Count to Moses and Aaron.

The preaching of Peter, the entreaties of Alexius,—the councils of Placentia and Clermont, and the exertions of the Pope,—all these concurrent causes enkindled the elements of combustion, turned the people of the west from intestine discord to foreign war, from dull superstition to furious zeal. The military enthusiast heard the voice of Charlemagne calling the French to glory. The religious fanatic eagerly and credulously listened to tales of visions and dreams. Every wonderful event in the natural world was regarded as an indication of the divine will. Meteors and stars pointed at and fell on the road to Jerusalem. The skies were involved in perpetual storms; and the blaze and terror of anxious and disordered nature shewed the terrific harmony of heaven with the sanguinary fury of earth. Prodiges were not confined to the west. In the states of Greece a marvellous number of locusts destroyed the vineyards, but spared frequently placed on the top of the arm. Red was for a long while, even till the time of Richard I. king of England, the general colour of this cross. The materials of the cross were silk, or gold, or cloth; and the most frenzied of the crusaders cut the holy sign on the flesh itself. The pilgrims on their return to Europe generally placed the cross on the back.

Malmesbury's observations are highly curious. "The report of the council of Clermont wafted a cheering gale over the minds of Christians. There was no nation so remote, no people so retired, as did not respond to the papal wishes. This ardent love not only inspired the continental provinces, but the most distant islands and savage countries. The Welshman left his hunting; the Scotch his fellowship with vermin; the Dane his drinking party; the Norwegian his raw fish." Malmesbury, p. 416. Robert of Gloucester, after mentioning in general terms the contributions of men which France and England made to the holy war, thus curiously mixes other nations:

"Of Normandy, of Denmark, of Norway, of Bretagne,  
"Of Wales and of Ireland, of Gascony and of Spain,  
"Of Provence and of Saxony, and of Allemagne,  
"Of Scotland and of Greece, of Rome and Aquitaine."

*Cicero*, p. 333, edit. Hearne.

the corn. The discovery that the locusts were the forerunners of the Europeans was an ingenious interpretation of the sign; but the diviners, with more nationality than truth, compared the corn with the sobriety of the eastern Christians, and the vines with the licentiousness of the Saracens. Man fully responded to the supposed calls of God. The moral fabric of Europe was convulsed; the relations and charities of life were broken; society appeared to be dissolved. Persons of every age, rank, and degree, assumed the cross. The storm of public feeling was raised, and neither reason nor authority could guide its course. The prohibition of women from undertaking the journey was passed over in contemptuous silence. They separated themselves from their husbands, where men wanted faith, or resolved to follow them with their helpless infants. Monks, not waiting for the permission of their superiors, threw aside their black mourning gowns, and issued from their cloisters full of the spirit of holy warriors. They who had devoted themselves to a solitary life mistook the impulses of passion for divine revelations, and thought that Heaven had annulled their oaths of retirement. A stamp of virtue was fixed upon every one who embraced the cause; and many were urged to the semblance of religion by shame, reproach, and fashion. The numerous cases of hypocrisy attested the commanding influence of the general religious principle. They who had been visited by criminal justice were permitted to expiate, in the service of God, their sins against the world. The pretence of debtors was admitted, that the calls of heaven were of greater obligation than any claims of man. Murderers, adulterers, robbers, and pirates, quitted their iniquitous pursuits, and declared that they would wash away their sins in the blood of the Infidels\*. In short, thousands and millions of armed saints, and sinners ranged themselves to fight the battles of the Lord. All nations were enveloped in the whirlwind of superstition. It was people, and not merely armies, countries, and not only their military representatives, that thought they had received the divine command to unsheath the sword of the Almighty, and to reclaim the sepulchre of Christ.

It was in the year 1096 that the first body of European rabble, styling themselves Champions of the Cross, swept along from France to Hungary. They amounted to 20,000 foot, and only eight horse; and were led by Walter, a poor gentleman of Burgundy. These, except a few refugees, perished miserably in conflicts in Bulgaria: those who escaped, reached Constantinople, and found refuge with the Greek Emperor Alexius.

The second undisciplined division, accompanied by the Hermit himself, pursued the same route. Their atrocities roused the indignation of the people through whose territories they marched, and after the most dreadful deeds, and sanguinary actions, they were ultimately exterminated in Bithynia.

\* "A lamentable case," as Fuller says, "that the devil's blackguards should be God's soldiers."

in the exception of three or four thousand. A lofty hill was made of their bones, which remained for a number of years a warning to invading bands of crusaders.

The third division of 15,000 fiery enthusiasts, under Godeschal, a German Priest, perished in Hungary; and the fourth and last of these lawless mobs of ruffians, zealots and plunderers, met with nearly a similar fate; but as Mr. Mill's account is finely descriptive of the whole of this class of expeditions, we use his words.

"Before Europe glittered with the pomp and splendour of chivalry, another hard of wild and desperate savages scourged and devastated the world. They issued from England, France, Flanders, and Lorraine. Their avowed principle of union was the redemption of the holy sepulchre. History is silent on the subordinate modes and bands of connection, except the horrible superstition of following a goat and a goose, which they believed to be filled with the divine spirit: and if such were their religion, we cannot wonder at the brutality of their manners. Besides their fanaticism was the height of fury, for these ministers of the devouring flame nearly trebled their precursors. Their zeal was guided by envy and malignity, and they pretended that it was unjust that any foe of God should enjoy temporal prosperity. The Jews enriched the towns on the banks of the Moselle and of the Rhine, and communicated to France and Germany the products of each respective country. The city of Cologne was the first city which was stained with their blood. The sanctity of the archiepiscopal palace at Mayence, the sacred presence of the venerable metropolitain, could not shield seven hundred of the children of Israel from the swords of men; who professed a religion of mercy and love. The bishop of Spire bravely and successfully defended the Jews in his city, but the generosity of the bishops of Treves and Worms was not equally pure and meritorious, if it be true that they compelled the objects of their protection to change their religion. Many firm and noble spirits disdained apostacy. Some of them retired to a chamber of the bishop at Worms, on pretence of deliberating on the renunciation of their faith. Deliberation produced virtue, and by self-slaughter they disappointed the cruelty of their enemies. More appalling spectacles were witnessed at Treves. Mothers plunged the dagger into the breasts of their own children; fathers and sons destroyed each other, and women threw themselves into the Moselle.

"When the measure of murder and robbery was full, the infernal multitude proceeded on their journey. Two hundred thousand people, of whom only three thousand were horsemen, entered Hungary. They hurried on to the south in their usual career of carnage and rapine; but when they came to Mersbourg, their passage was opposed by an Hungarian army. Their requests to the king's general for provisions and a free passage were denied; but they forced a bridge over the Danube; and, gathering strength from the desperateness of their situation, they succeeded in making some breaches in

the wall of the town. The ruin of the Hungarian nation appeared inevitable; and the king with his nobles was prepared to fly to the south. By some strange panic which the best historians can neither explain nor describe, the besiegers deserted the assault and fled. Their cowardice was as abject as their boldness had been ferocious; and the Hungarians pursued them with such slaughter, that the waters of the Danube were for days red with their blood. But few of the rabble survived. Count Emicho, who had gained dunnatory distinction by his cruelties on the Jews, succeeded in flying into Germany. Some others escaped to the south; and in time joined the regular forces of the feudal princes of Europe.

(To be concluded in our next.)

*Lessons of Thrift, published for the General Benefit. By a Member of the Save-all Club. London, 1820. Crown 8vo. pp. 240.*

We know not how we can better describe this work, cleverly ornamented with a dozen of caricature prints, by Cruikshank, than by informing our readers, that it is the pouring out of the Common-place Book of an intelligent and humorous person, whose diligence in collecting anecdotes, jests, stories, &c. seems to entitle him pre-eminently to the character of a Member of the Save-all Club. His economy has indeed been carried very far, for many of his jokes are exceedingly ancient and well-known. But pretty general reading and observation have enabled him to vary his lucubrations with a considerable portion of novelty in matter; and in manner he has thrown a still stronger cast of freshness over his *olla podrida*. As for the lessons of thrift, they are the flimsiest of possible links to connect a volume, from which the abundance of its materials banishes all but very partial arrangement. Upon the whole, an entertaining miscellany has been produced; and for a chaise-pocket, or a breakfast-room window-seat, this will be found one of the pleasantest companions of the class to which it pertains.

We insert a few specimens; a medley, like the original. Of the Save-all Club, the following are minutes,

Thomas Sprightly is a constant frequenter of balls and assemblies, and treats the ladies, who laugh at him as a common dangler. He is admonished to refrain from this idle expense.

His remonstrance, that it is in the view of a good marriage, has been duly considered, but has made little impression on the old ones of the Club, who are rather apprehensive, from his simple manners and goodness of heart, that he will become the prey of the

very artful, cunning, and treacherous females of the present day. If, however, he get married, it shall be regarded as a sufficient punishment.

Sir Clement Cornice, baronet, not contented with having built a splendid villa, invites all the world to see it, and gives miscellaneous dinners every Sunday, so that it has become a cakehouse.

Ordered, by the President, and Committee, that he pay a fine of one guinea for every such dinner to the poor of his parish. On non-compliance, he is requested to send in his resignation as a member of the Club.

Lord Arab, who boasts of his gains in keeping a race-horse, is requested to present to the Committee an exact account of his profit and loss. N. B. No errors excepted.

Mr. Plod Furret, who is always dabbbling at sales of old and scarce books, though he can scarcely read his mother tongue in the common Roman letter, is ordered, on pain of expulsion for such useless expense, to bring his only Caxton to the Club, and to read two pages thereof aloud.

The honourable member has presented a petition, stating that his only view in such purchases is to lay by money in a very sure way, and at a great interest, as such articles always increase in value; that in this view, far from any attachment to any letter, whether black, white, brown, or yellow, he received great comfort in the conflagration of a gentleman's library, which contained five Caxtons, as thereby the value of his was greatly increased; and that he consults people of skill in his purchases.

The censure withdrawn, and the member re-instated.

Some rich are-thrifts mix cider with port wine for their servants; others choose coach-horses that match with those of a gouty neighbour, so that if a horse be sick another can be borrowed without inconvenience; for those animals are subject, if my memory serve, to one hundred and thirty diseases, and four are often necessary in reserve for a carriage drawn by two. It is a great breach of economy to have a villa near town, where friends are so happy to arrive just at dinner time. You may, however, take your bat, as running out to see a neighbour taken violently ill, or fall upon the sofa yourself in a violent fit of the cholera. If, however, you admit a friend or two, follow the maxim of Socrates to his wife, "Why increase our dinner? If the company be real friends there is enough: if not, too much."

An ingenious member has contrived, in winter, to profit by the light of his neighbour—a most innocent theft, which does harm to none. There being only a thin wall, or rather partition, between his chamber and that of a tailor, often occupied to a late hour, he contrived a hole; by which he can see to read and to go to bed. This invention saves him three or four pounds a year (generally about *St. 7s. 2d.*) and is honourably mentioned in the records of the club.

But the fashionable world is in the dream of Richard III.

A light! a light! my kingdom for a light.

Their whole life is sold by inch of candle. It is inconceivable what pleasure there can be in reversing the occupations of day and night. A fashionable lady will dine at ten at night, and go to bed at four in the morning. Her great great grandmother dined at ten in the day, and in bed by six. How different the health and complexion! But roses and lilies are now little known, except in distillation and washes; and pins are little worn, though they have been quaintly called the thorn of christian roses. Pin-money remains, and a lady generally prefers the cash to pins.

Franklin has, in his usual style of dry and homely humour, ridiculed the modern European infatuation of giving bread to wax-chandlers and candle makers, at a great expense to our purse, health, and reputation. A careful study of that useful publication, the almanac, would enable us to supply ourselves, at no expense, with the blessed and beneficial light of day. The wheel of fashion is however turning so fast, that the good ancient customs may surmount. "Happy time for old England, neighbour," said a sulky politician to a friend of mine, "when parliament met at nine in the morning. The deliberations were wise and frugal, and had the air of a grave senate and important affairs. But who ever saw a lamp in the hands of Minerva? We all know the purposes that are pursued by night and candle light. They have nothing to do with wisdom, neighbour. All the wise men are then asleep." He spoke emphatically, as he is always in bed by eight o'clock. As to his Minerva I say nothing, except what I read in my youth, that she was the goddess of wisdom, and had no mother, which seems well contrived, as wisdom has few relations on the female side.

Jesting apart (for I owe my candle-maker a bill), if the court would as usual hold *lees* on the king's rising from bed, at seven or eight in the morning, the ancient fragility of artificial light might soon revive. Opinion is the queen of the world, and Fashion is her daughter, the princess royal. A little jog of the wheel would bring us where we were, and even the novelty would be delightful. At nine (morning) all the streets would overflow with coaches. At twelve all the knockers would announce the hour of solemn dinners. Plays by day-light as in Shakspeare's time.

A schoolmaster proposing for the Latin Secretaryship of the Club, thus concludes his letter—

If thought worthy to be your Latin Secretary, I flatter myself that I could tickle up a dedication, or rub down an adversary, nay, I could now and then dash at poetry, for instance,

Aulica vita	Non est vita.
Non est vita	Ut pia vita.
Aul' est vita	

If you want a verse of very difficult construction, and nevertheless very good Latin, here it is.

Nate mea Romam filia neque suam.

The following story from D'Aubigny is a whimsical illustration of the want of thrift in gaming: it is translated, or rather abstracted from—

The Gascon dialect of the Baron de Foe-neste, who thus tells the story,—"If you must know all, I passed two years with fine fellows, serving to bring water to their mill, or, to speak plainly, to find dupes: but this scheme led to the greatest of my misfortunes. The king's attorney at Rochelle, with Barbot and Gendreau, who had been mayors of the town, having some little processes to carry on at Paris, seized this occasion to cover a pretty enterprise. They put each four thousand francs in a purse, to be employed in tricks at cards and dice, which they had practised at Rochelle, and I was chosen as an assistant, being, besides my nourishment, to receive one crown from every twenty of the gains. At Paris we lodged at the sign of the Swan, and began to do wonders in our line, when one day about ten o'clock arrived a tall coarse fellow, mounted on a dirty mare, with a clock-bag behind him, which was so heavy as to embarrass our landlady. This man, who began with chatting of his noble birth and connexions, wore an old scrubby hat, a large black clock, his sword hung with a red ribbon; his boots would have weighed any two pair, while he had only one spur, and his breeches were of yellow cloth. When the hostler led his mare to the stable, this coxcomb began to talk with six or seven wags at the gate, and I heard him say, "Ill-appointed as you see me, I return from Rome." A Breton, who seemed to gape with surprise, inquiring by what road, our man answered, "Do you take me for an idiot? By the nearest road, sure, which goes by Rouen and Morlaix." He then began to explain an important law-suit which brought him to Paris, and seemed precisely the rich simpleton we wanted. Our comrades were of course eager to offer him their best rooms, and when company came to play he would only be a spectator, saying that if they had used the common country games he might have sported a shilling, which was the highest stake he ever played. At length, with much perseverance, we taught him lansquenet, and one or two other fashionable games.

"During three days he sometimes won, sometimes lost, the stakes being so small as not to deserve notice; but one evening being so venturesome as to stake two crowns, a valet he had taken and his lawyer reproached his rashness, and he retorted in abusive terms. On the fourth day, having employed the morning with his lawyer, as he said, he returned by the street called Huchette, asking every body for his lodging, which he called the White Goose, instead of the Swan, and when he at length arrived he was hailed as 'The Gentleman of the Goose.' He began to be heated at play, and spoke of staking a hundred pistoles: one evening he lost forty-four, and in a rage challenged our Rochelle company to bring each six hundred pistoles next day, to stake against the like

sum. In the midst of this desirous game arrived on horseback his pretended solicitor, advocate, and another of his gang, and he soon won the whole stock of our company. One of us seizing a loaded dye, we took hold of the gentleman of the goose, but he was backed by all his gang, one of whom was the very Breton who first addressed him; and our respectable society not only lost their money, but received a hearty drubbing, of which to avoid my share I made only one step of the whole stair. My comrades have since been styled at Rochelle 'the Gentlemen of the White Goose.'"

We conclude with a few other miscellaneous extracts:

An old Italian, on his deathbed, left little to his widow except a fine horse and a favourite cat; desiring, however, that the horse might be sold, and the price employed in masses for his soul. The widow scolds the horse and the cat to market, with an injunction to sell the horse for a crown, but not except the purchaser also bought the cat, valued at four hundred crowns. In this way she honestly got the money for her own use.

This was at a time when, by a sacrilegious perversion, a rich man could not die without being surrounded with coreutous priests and monks begging "for our poor convent," while they were wallowing in all the wealth of a country. A rich proprietor near Lyons was on his deathbed, from a sudden attack of palsy, when his son, a tall, stout colonel of dragoons, arrived on the spur from his garrison. He finds at the bed-side a Franciscan friar and a notary. His father could not speak, but nodded, from the effect of the disease. "You leave," says the friar, "to our poor convent, your estate of —, with all the appurtenances?" A nod. "Notary, observe the consent, and write.—You leave to our poor convent your house here at Lyons, with all the plate and furniture?" A nod. "Notary, observe the consent, and write.—You leave to our poor convent your farm at —, with all the arrears?" A nod. "You leave to our poor convent —." The officer lost all patience. "My dear father, do you order me to throw this thief from the window?" A nod. "Notary, observe, and write." Said and executed, while the notary was glad to escape.

There have been rare instances of men who could sleep whenever they chose; but, in general, sleep cannot be commanded; and, as the poor negro said to his master when he fell asleep from fatigue, "Massa, massa, sleep have no massa."

I have read a few odd books, and am glad to display my little learning, as he who has only one guinea is proud to show it. I must therefore say, and relate the anecdote as curious and important, that in China, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, neither gold nor silver were permitted in currency, but only paper, which was of a yellow colour, and stamped with the imperial seal. Foreign merchants were obliged to leave their coin at the custom-houses in exchange for these bank-notes.

A nobleman was accustomed to examine

bills and accounts with great rigour, even to pence and farthings, and was often ridiculed on this score by an intimate friend. But this friend falling into accidental and unmerited distress, was surprised with the receipt of two bank-notes of 1000*fr.* each in the following laconic epistle. "The farthings you have so often laughed at enable me to lend you the enclosed, which you will return at your own convenience. Yours always. THE MISER."

A Spanish archbishop having a dispute with an opulent duke, who said with scorn, "What are you? Your title and revenues are only for your life?" answered with emphatic truth, "And for how many lives does your grace hold yours?"

Such matters are thickly sprinkled over these pages; and, in our opinion, joined to the author's humorous way of putting the whole, are not too much alloyed by the staler jokes which he has adopted to illustrate his lessons.

*La Bonapartide, ou le Nouvelle Attila.*  
By J. P. Courtois.

[Reviewed from a French Journal.]

What could have induced a reasonable man, who, up to the age of fifty, has had the good sense not to turn poet, to undertake the task of versifying fifteen or twenty yearly files of the *Moniteur*? It is impossible even to laugh at such a work as the *Bonapartide*, for it is merely a mass of monotony and dullness: and where was the necessity for writing twelve cantos, to repeat in a dry and tedious style what is clearly told in all the French newspapers? Poor M. Courtois! It must certainly have been difficult to write such poetry, if we may judge by the trouble it cost us to read it. The following is a fair specimen:—

*A peine est il sacré, que ce monstre pervers,  
Médite le projet d'enahir l'univers.  
Et se fait couronner aussi Roi d'Italie.  
Sous son sceptre de plomb, comme il veut que son  
père,*

*Il sovit à Milan la Couronne de Fer,  
La place sur son front; et, soufflé par l'Enfer,  
Il profère ces mots, profanes dans sa bouche:—  
"C'est Dieu qui me la donne, et gure à qui la  
touche."*

*Et enchant son orgueil et son ambition  
Sous le voile sacré de la religion,  
Ce Singe, imitateur du puissant Charlemagne,  
Va reporter la guerre au sein d'Allemagne.*

We do not pretend to say by what power the author was *soufflé* when he wrote the above trash. There are twelve cantos, all in the same style.

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS,  
FOR NOVEMBER, 1819. (concluded.)

Art. IV. *Pend Naméh*, ou le Livre des  
Conseils de Ferid-eddin-Attar, traduit et  
publié par M. le B. Silvestre de Sacy.  
&c. with the Persian text and notes.

Men of letters, particularly those who are engaged in the study of the oriental languages, will greet with pleasure the publication of a new volume by Mr. de Sacy. The

pen of this illustrious writer, has always produced such useful and excellent works, that we are sure beforehand of finding in all his writings, instruction mixed with pleasure; and there is perhaps none of his preceding productions in which this double advantage is so striking as in that now before us.

Perceiving in fact, that the rigid moralist, whose excellent precepts and wise instructions he translates, would have seemed too dull to his readers, if he had not given some variety to the instructions from his other writings; M. de Sacy, by the addition of a great number of pieces all selected with taste, has changed a very dry and arid work into a charming composition, a real Persian Anthology, which will be as useful to those desirous of studying that graceful language, as the Arab *Chrestomathia* of the same learned author, has long been to those who prefer to it the austere language of the *Coran*.

The author informs the reader, that a first translation of this work, which he made in 1787, and which was to be published with the text, had been printed, in French only, and in a very inaccurate manner, in the "Mines of the East;" and that on the other hand, the text alone had been published, in a very faulty manner, at London. "Since this London edition (he adds), having occasion again to compare my translation with the original, I discovered in it a great many inadvertencies, some important mistakes in the sense, and in general much negligence; I the more readily determined to revise the whole, as I had a great many manuscripts before me, and having acquired a more accurate knowledge of the Persian language, might hope to make the work more perfect. It was natural that I should desire to make this new work useful to those who study oriental literature; and to attain this object, it was necessary to publish the text with the translation: I have done more, and to the notes which were wanted to illustrate the author, I have joined a considerable number of extracts from the works of Attar, Hafiz, Djami, Schahid, and Husain Vaez, that this volume may be considered as a sort of Persian Anthology: lastly, I have added to it the life of Ferid-eddin-Attar, extracted from the history of the Persian Poets by Danlefschah Gazi Samarkandi, and a preface, written in Persian, for which I request the indulgence of the learned."

Attar, named Mohammed, and surnamed *Nischabouri*, because he was a native of Kuku, a village in the territory of Nischabour, was born, according to the general opinion, in the year 513 of the Hegira, under the reign of the Sultan Samjar, son of Melic-schah; and died in the year 627 of the same era. He began by following the profession of his father, who carried on a great trade in spices, in which he seems to have acquired a considerable fortune: but being soon disgusted with this profession, he abandoned it, and all other worldly concerns, to give himself wholly up to a contemplative and religious life. The biographer relates the following, as the cause of his sudden change.

"One day," says Danlefschah, "when Attar was sitting before his shop with the appearance of a man of importance, and active clerks stood before him waiting for his orders, a maniac, or rather a Religious far advanced in the spiritual life, came to the door of the shop and cast inquisitive and eager looks into the warehouse; his eyes soon filled with tears, and sighs broke from his breast. The sheik, addressing the dervise said; why do you look with such wild eyes? You would do better to go your ways, Sir, said the dervise; as for me, my bundle is very light, for I have nothing besides this coat: but you with these sacks full of precious drugs, when you have to depart, how will you manage? I can leave this bazar in a moment; but you will do well to think in time of arranging your packets and your baggage: It would be prudent to reflect a little on your situation. The discourse of this *illumined* made a profound impression of grief on the mind of the sheik: his heart, by an effect of the delirium into which it had been thrown by the sophisticated thirst of temporal goods, became as cold as camphor. He abandoned his shop to pillage, and wholly renounced the affairs of this world. He retired into the monastery of the venerable sheik Roemeddin Acsa, who was then one of the most distinguished chiefs of the order of the *Contemplative*, and had attained the most perfect degree of spirituality. Under his conduct Attar changed his mode of life, and gave himself up to exercises of mortification, and to the practice of works of devotion. He passed some years among the dervises, the disciples of that holy man; he afterwards made a pilgrimage to Mecca; and having formed an acquaintance with a great number of men of God, and passed some time in their service, he dedicated seventy years of his life to the collection of a multitude of anecdotes relating to the lives of the Sheiks and the Sôfis. None of the men belonging to this order has collected so many historical traits of this kind as Ferid-eddin; nor is there any one who has penetrated more deeply than he into the meaning of the enigmatical expressions, and the mystical allegories, or who has conceived with so much perfection the most sublime and the most subtle thoughts of the spiritual doctrine."

The number of works which he has composed on these subjects is seventeen; they are in the Royal Library, in one manuscript, which bears the title of *Koutylg*, a complete collection of the works of Attar. M. de Sacy gives a list of them and their titles in Persian, in one of the highly valuable notes, which are designed to clear up some fundamental points on the obscure doctrine of the Sôfis, which follow the life of Attar. The *Pend-naméh*, which M. de Sacy has chosen, is almost the only one which is intelligible to readers not initiated in the mysteries of the spiritual doctrine; nor is this one exempt from the monotony peculiar to the style of Attar. The following is the account given by Danlefschah, of the death of this holy personage.

"Sheik Ferid-eddin was taken prisoner



by the Mongols in the troubles occasioned by the invasion of Genghis Khan, and perished in the general massacre; a Mongol, it is said, was going to kill him, when another said to him, Let that old man live; I will give you a thousand pieces of silver, as the price of his blood. The Mongol seemed inclined to spare him; Attar said to him, take care how you sell me for so small a sum; you will find people who will give more for me. At some distance from this place, the Mongol had again a mind to kill him; but another person stopped him, saying, do not kill this man, I will give you a sack of straw for his life. Sell me, said Attar, it is all I am worth. Thus the Sheikh drank the cup of martyrdom, and was raised to the rank of those who died for the faith."

After this introduction, M. Chézy proceeds to give an account of the work itself, and ventures with becoming diffidence to notice half a dozen passages in which he ventures to think that the learned translator has not exactly rendered the meaning of the original. We refrain from accompanying the reviewer in his critique, as well as from translating any of the passages which he has quoted as specimens of the work; as any translation we could give, far from affording a just idea of the Persian poetry, would doubtless remain much below the elegant prose of M. de Sacy.

Art. V. *Oeuvres complètes d'André Chénier.*

André Chénier, who was born in 1762, unhappily perished in 1794 on the scaffold, during the revolution: his father had applied to literature with success. André was born at Constantinople, as well as his younger brother Joseph Marie, whose enemies have with persevering and cruel injustice reproached him for not having saved his brother from the revolutionary axe; a calumny which has been long since refuted in the opinion of all well thinking persons, and against which the editor of A. Chéniers has completely justified Joseph Marie.

Some of A. Chénier's pieces published during his life, and others which have appeared since his death, have excited much regret for the loss of a poet whose talents seemed to promise that he would be distinguished by fertility of invention and brilliant originality. The author has composed elegies, odes, epistles, idyls, and other pieces; but Mr. Raynouard thinks that he has shewn the greatest talent and originality in the idyl, and mentions as instances that called *Liberty*, and that called *Le Malade*. With respect to Chénier's style, he has ventured several innovations on the usual forms of French versification; in which, in the opinion of his reviewer, he has in general failed, though there are sometimes very fine effects of harmony in his compositions.

Art. VI. Supplement to the Chinese and Latin Dictionary of P. Basile de Glemona. Published by order of his Majesty Frederick William III., King of Prussia, by Julius Kloppe. No. 1.

When Mr. Duguignes was commissioned, in 1808, to have the Dictionary of P. Basile printed, there was nobody in Europe able to

point out to the editor the amelioration of which it was susceptible. It was indeed considered as a perfect work in its kind, and the editor was enjoined to make no change in it. But the Chinese language having been since more extensively studied, it became evident, that a more complete dictionary was wanting; and this has led M. Kloppe to compose a Supplement, of which he now publishes the first number. We shall notice it again when the review is concluded.

#### JUVENILE REVIEW.

[Notes of Books for the Young.]

*Letters from a Mother to a Daughter, or at going to School, pointing out her Duties, &c.* By Mrs. J. A. Sargent.

This is a very well-meant publication; the principles it enforces are of the purest kind; and it is a book, which, put into the hands of the young, is well calculated to render them useful and virtuous members of society. We have rather an indifferent opinion of many of the seminaries for the education of females—and yet how much depends upon them! Mrs. Sargent's earnest and maternal exhortations, will be a valuable companion to all whose instruction is confided to strangers; and those governesses, who most ably and conscientiously discharge their important duties, will be glad of so pure an assistant.

*Instructions for the Management of the Blow-pipe, Chemical Tests, &c. &c.*

By J. Mawc. 1820.

Of this little treatise, many thousand copies are, we believe, in circulation. Young chemists and mineralogists, will find it particularly useful in aiding their investigations.

*The Scholar's Remembrancer, containing Tables, Arithmetical, Historical, Geographical, &c.* By M. Seaman.

A very small work, but one likely to promote great economy, and lighten the expense of school books. It contains, besides, a great deal of useful matter in the least possible compass.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### CHINESE LITERATURE: BUDDAISM.

See Tang kung kei, i. e. "public proofs from the West." Respecting this book, which contains the common evidences of the religion of Füh or Buddha, we find some curious notices in the Asiatic Journal. It was compiled by Shin-sing-chin, and Chan-yuen-chin, who were believers in the doctrines of Füh; the preface by Sha-hung, a priest of Füh. Published in the 13th year of Keen-lung, about 1748.

This work is a compilation of miscellanies, with thirty plates; some of the essays are supposed to be very old. Of the plates, seventeen represent the Peach Garden of Paradise; one represents the world, twenty stories high, widening towards the top, like an inverted pyramid, and resting on a lotus-

flower, beneath which is the sea of fragrant waters, over whose surface the winds of the metempsychosis blow; another, the universe divided into four islands, in the midst of which is the lofty mountain See-ee, rising up above the height of the sun and moon; others, the most felicitous part of Paradise, the seven palisade fences, the seven canopies of net-work, the seven rows of trees, the turrets, the seven pearl and lotus pools, the floors of the palace paved with square tiles of gold, the birds of paradise, perching on the trees, and singing stanzas from the sacred books; the people of the six quarters N. S. E. W. Above, and Below, praising Füh, &c. &c. &c. The price in China is about 2s. but the copies are distributed gratis by the religious: they are small octavos, of 33 pages.

The 6th division is a prayer or charm for the removal of all evil, wholly unintelligible to the Chinese, as it is the hare sounds of Indian words in Chinese characters, but without any explanation. The seventh contains the ten repetitions, that is, to continue the words, "O-ne-to Füh" as long as possible without drawing breath. This is called a *neen*, or repetition. The ninth consists of nine plates of the various forms of Füh; together with the forms of the superior, middle, and lower classes of beings produced in Paradise from the lotus flower. These persons all sit cross legged on the lotus, and are encircled with six lines of small dots, rising from it at the bottom, and which, assuming a pear shape, terminate in a point at the top. The fifteenth is a deboration from the dread of the death. The seventeenth is against the taking away of animal life. The eighteenth is Yun-lee, on the monthly and annual fasts. In every month there are six fasts, viz: on the 8th, 14th, 15th, 23d, 29th, and 30th. Besides these, there are three full months of fasts in every year, namely the first, third, and ninth; so that this sect has one hundred and sixty two fasts every year. To both the monthly and annual fasts are affixed six small circular plates, with thirty dots in each, and the word "Füh" in the centre; for the purpose of designating the lowest number of repetitions in one fast.

The style is what the Chinese call *Ching-tang-che-ien*, "middle class composition." The Christian missionary should not be unacquainted with the book; though from the number of foreign phrases untranslated, references to the metempsychosis, and technicals peculiar to the sect of Füh, it is obscure to those unacquainted with the Pali and Sanskrit. We copy a few passages. On the plate representing the world like an inverted pyramid, it is written, "there are infinite and innumerable worlds, such as this: this is but a single specimen, selected out of myriads of myriads;"—"each single seed of the world produces twenty worlds." As if worlds were propagated like beans!

\* This is a style with which we reviewers are well acquainted, and we are glad to get so good a name for it. We shall not forget Ching-tang-che-wan, in haste.



again, on human nature : " A man's body is totally void of any nature that is good ; yet, who is there that is not deceived by it ! Its bones, which exceed not seven feet in length, must be bound together by tendons : its fleshy parts must be covered over with skin : its nine apertures are constantly pouring out that which is impure : its six senses are blindly indulged : its hair, and nails, and teeth collect heaps of dust, . . . worms are assembled in crowds within, and its outside often becomes food for flies, which eat into the flesh. A single disease puts an end to its life."

Every morning after dressing turn your face to the west ; stand upright ; clasp your hands, and with a continued sound, say O-ne-to Füh. The sound should neither be high nor low, neither slow nor quick, but modulated to the due medium.

O-ne-to Füh, thy body is the colour of gold ! Thy countenance is lovely, bright, and without compare !

Thy snow-white locks wave around the Wo-see-mu hill.

A glance of thy scarlet eyes renders transparent the four seas.

The ten advantages enjoyed by the man who repeats the name of Füh are. 1. All the powerful gods of heaven will secretly and always protect him. 2. All the demigods will constantly follow and keep him. 3. All the Fühs will day and night protect and think of him. O-ne-to Füh will constantly keep him within the circle of his resplendent light. 4. No devil can harm him ; neither serpents, dragons, nor poison can touch him. 5. He shall neither be hurt by fire nor water, by thieves nor swords, by arrows nor poisons, by an untimely death, nor by a suffering life. 6. All his former crimes shall melt away ; and he shall be delivered even from the guilt of murder. 7. His dreams will be all right and pleasant. 8. His heart will be always glad ; his countenance shining ; and his strength abundant. 9. He will be always respected by the people of the world, who will liberally give to him, and worship him as they worship Füh. 10. When he comes to die, his heart will be without fear, his thoughts will be regular ; he will see O-ne-to Füh, with all the sacred ones, who will introduce him to the pure land. " In the dynasty Sung, in the district of Tan, Mr. Hwang, a blacksmith, at every moving of the tongue, and every stroke of the hammer, used with his full force to repeat the name of Füh. One day, while in good health, he called a neighbour to write the following verse for him :—

Ting ting tang tang,  
The iron oft refined, becomes steel at length:  
Peace is near!  
I am bound to the west.\*

Having uttered these words, he was instantly transformed (i. e. died). This verse spread far ; and many people of Hoonan province became followers of Füh."

It is rather curious, that the Roman Catholic religion is mentioned as one of the

\* How perfect a picture of religious fanaticism, whether of Buddha or any other sect :—Ed.

corrupt sects that must be avoided by the Buddhists : for further information on the subject of whose antiquity, doctrines, &c. our readers may refer to Col. Fitz-Clarence's very ingenious and sensible remarks, in his *Journal of Travels from India, &c.*

#### " THE PARADISE OF FÜH."

From the See fang kung kuen of a Chinese Author, above noticed.

An Exhortation to worship Füh, and seek to live in the Land of Joy, situated in the West.—Good friends ! In the world there are a thousand, yea, ten thousand roads. Why do we then exhort men to fix the thoughts on Füh only ? Because the heaviest consequences are connected with the thoughts of men. That which drags the soul, lends the spirit, renders false favourable, and life secure, all proceeds from this source. If the thoughts are good, you ascend to heaven ; if bad, you descend to hell. One straight thought will [after death] make you a man ; one cross thought will cause you to become a beast. Why are there [in hades] hungry ghosts ? Solely because of wrong thoughts. Think of the devil and you will become a devil. Think of Füh, and you will become a Füh. We did you prevent the six ways [of the transmigration] ? there is no other method than to think of Füh. If you will not think of Füh, you will lose a human body, and for ten thousand future ages, not again be able to obtain the same. Therefore, Shih-koa, and Yu-lae, the two sacred ones, advised men to think of Füh. The master of doctrines, Yuen-kung, also advised men to think of Füh. To think of Füh, and yet not be delivered from alternate births and deaths ? [There is no such thing.] For would Füh deceive men ? If men pray to Füh, and yet not become Fühs, the error is not in Füh. It is because the mouth prays, and not the mind. Though one prays thus, it is as if he prayed not. Though he repeat it a whole life, it is not equal to one single sound [from one who worships with the mind]. The word *Yeen*, i. e. to recite, is derived from *Sin*, the heart, and not from *K'or*, the mouth. But, when the heart is alive, the mouth naturally utters a voice, just as the suckling naturally cries when it remembers its mother. We must have Füh in the mind, and Füh in the mouth—neither of these can be dispensed with.

But, it may be said, seeing there are thousands and myriads of Fühs, why call upon men to recite the name of O-ne-to Füh only ? [Answer:] because, among the forty-eight vows which he made, and swore to save the living multitude of all quarters, one runs thus :—In all the ten quarters of the world, in the midst of the living multitude, if but one of those who repeat my name, shall fail to attain life in my kingdom, then I swear that I shall no longer be a god."

The land of this kingdom is yellow gold. Its gardens, groves, houses, and palaces are all elegantly adorned with seven orders of gems. It is encircled with seven rows of trees, seven borders of elegant net-work, and seven fences of palliades. In the midst there are the seven turrets and towers of

gems, the seven flights of pearl stairs, the seven bridges of pearl, the seven pools of pearl, the eight kinds of virtue-producing waters,\* and the nine classes of the lotus. There are also lovely doves, peacocks, parrots, birds of sparkling plumage, and of exquisite notes. The great and unmeasured god *O-lo-han*, the famous disciples of Füh, the relatives of the demigods, the goddess *Kuan-yin*, the most powerful deliverer, the most pure gods of the vast ocean, the unnumbered renovating Fühs, the unnumbered deliverers, all the demi-gods of past, present, and future ages ; and all the sages, whether produced in heaven, or among men ; all will be assembled on the sacred spot. But in that kingdom there are no women ; the women who will live in that country are first changed into men. The inhabitants have the lotus for their father and mother, from whom their persons are produced. (There are three general classes, each of which is subdivided into three.) There are born of the superior, middle, and lower orders of the first class ; of the superior, middle, and lower orders of the second class ; and of the superior, middle, and lower orders of the third class : these differences among the multitude of animated beings, are the consequences of the various degrees of depth or shallowness, diligence or sluggishness, in the desires and active energies. The bodies of the persons produced by the lotus, are pure and fragrant ; their countenances fair and well-formed, their hearts full of wisdom, and without vexation. They dress not, and yet are not cold ; they dress, and yet are not made hot. They eat not, and yet are not hungry ; they eat, and yet are not filled. They are without pain, without itching, without sickness, and they become not old. Enjoying themselves at ease, they follow Füh, gaily frisk about, and are without trouble. After every meal they walk about with the demi-gods, as their companions, on the stairs and walks of that palace. Their noses inhale the most delightful fragrance, their ears are filled with the most harmonious music ; the birds of paradise singing all around. They behold the lotus flowers and trees of gems, delightfully waving, like the motion of a vast sheet of embroidered silk. On looking upwards, they see the firmament full of the to-lo flowers, falling in beautiful confusion, like the rain. The felicity of that kingdom may be justly called superlative, and the age of its inhabitants is without measure. This is the place called the Paradise (or joyful world) of the west. Alas ! the riches and honours of men, after an hundred years, all revert to emptiness. The elegance and glory of heaven itself, after a thousand years, will cease.

But when we enter the Paradise of the west, we shall obtain an unlimited age ; and the means of obtaining it are most simple, depending solely on the one sentence, " Ne-

\* Eight kinds of water : 1, purifying ; 2, cooling ; 3, sweet to the taste ; 4, softening ; 5, moistening ; 6, conferring rest ; 7, removing hunger and thirst ; 8, nourishing the root of virtue.

14." Yet the world will not be at the trouble to seek this good, so easily obtained: but, on the contrary, put on their iron boots, and go asking for the road.

I advise you speedily to swear and vow to this effect: "If I do not both now and henceforth repeat the name of Fuh, and seek to live in that western world of joy; then let me become an evil demon, fall down for ever to the northern part of Hades, to the metropolis of hell. Alas! Alas!"

Give up the three *tedgas* and all books for others to sag at, and the fourteen thousand roads for others to walk in. Beyond the one sentence, "O-ne-to-Fuh," you need not use a single word. Let each seek a retired room, and sweep it clean; place therein an image of Fuh; every day burn a pot of pure incense; place a cup of clear water; and, when evening comes, light a lamp [before the image]. whether painted on paper, or carved in wood, the figure is just the same as the true Fuh: [let us] love it as [our] father and mother; venerate it as [our] prince and ruler.\* Morning and evening, let us worship it with sincerity and reverence; fall prostrate [before it], like the tumbling down of a mountain, and rise up with dignity, like the ascent of the clouds. On going out, let us inform it; returning, let us report the same; whether we travel to the distance of five or ten le (miles) let us set as in the presence of our Fuh. Eating or drinking, let us first offer it up for [Fuh's] nourishment. Raising the eye, or moving the lips, all is [from] Fuh. Let not our rosary ever leave our hands, or the sentence "Ne-to" depart from our mouth. Let us repeat it with a loud voice and with a low voice; repeat it in lines of six words, and of four words; repeat it quickly and slowly; repeat it audibly and silently; repeat it with clasped hands, and with a low voice on our bended knees; repeat it before Fuh, and with our faces towards the west; repeat it, and strike the wooden tablet, and beat the wooden Fuh; † repeat it, while fingering the beads of the rosary, and while walking in the road; repeat it when worshipping, and when alone; repeat it also in the midst of a crowd; let us repeat it in our own houses, and when abroad; repeat it when at leisure, and when in a bustle; repeat it while travelling, and while dwelling at home; repeat it sitting and lying, and let us repeat it even in our dreams; this is the true way of repeating. Thus to repeat, will make our hearts sour † and our

\* This is as literal as possible. It will be difficult for those who maintain, that the heathens do not worship idols as gods, but only the spirit that is supposed to reside in them, to put a fair and unforced meaning on this passage (and there are hundreds of similar passages in Chinese books) without shaking the foundation of their own opinion. The writer of this paper does not seem to have been an ignorant man. The style of the original shows him to have been acquainted with letters, so that, to worship the work of one's own hands as a God, is not confined to the vulgar only.

† Instruments used in worship in the Temple.

‡ Phrase used to denote the meeting of the feelings.

tears to drop; thus to repeat, will cause the fires to extinguish, and the ashes to become cold; thus to repeat, will inspire the celestial gods with awe, and the terrestrial demons with reverence; thus to repeat, will make heaven to rejoice, and the gods be glad! At the sound of Fuh's name, the palace of the king of devils moves and shakes! At the sound of Fuh's name, the wood of swords and the mountain of knives, will be beaten small as dust! At the sound of Fuh's name, a hundred miseries, multiplying into thousands, will all melt away! At the sound of Fuh's name, the road to pay the debt of gratitude to princes, parents, superiors, and the benevolent, and to obtain the three desirable things, ‡ will instantly be opened. Thus, the man who would squeeze out the oil, must cause the sound of the pressing bodies to grind the more forcibly. Thus also the mariner, when his barge meets the swelling of the wave, must ply the oar more vigorously. Having behind us the boiling cauldron, and before us the lotus-pools, were thousand, and myriads of men to prevent our repeating, yet all their efforts would be vain.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### SIDEROGRAPHY\*.

"Among the improvements of the day, not one appears to attract more notice than the Siderographic Art, which has been introduced into this country, by Messrs. Perkins and Fairman.

"The principal object to which this invention has been applied, is to secure Paper Currencies from forgery; and, we believe, the most sanguine expectations of the inventors have been realized, as in no one instance has a successful attempt been made, to counterfeit their most simple notes. A short account of the invention will illustrate the value which is attached to it, and the advantages that will result from its introduction into this country. The chief merit of this invention consists in its power to multiply engravings of the most exquisite, as well as those of inferior kinds, and substituting steel in place of copper plates, in certain cases. This process of stereotyping the Fine Arts, is simple, and easily understood, and is effected in the following manner. Steel blocks or plates are prepared in a peculiar way, of sufficient softness to receive the tool of the engraver, who is able to produce upon them, even better and sharper work than upon copper. This block or plate is then

‡ Perhaps happiness, office, and age.

\* Taken from THE ARCADE, a new monthly work which has just started, and is so called from its being published under the Burlington Arcade. It is poetical, political, satirical, theatrical, and displays a degree of talent for irony and flattery, sufficient to get its makers into hot water, if no better encouragement. We mention it for the sake of quoting a short article on a subject we have for some time intended to bring before the public, and do not desire to borrow from a contemporary without an acknowledgment.

hardened by a new process, without injury to the most delicate lines. A cylinder of steel, of proper diameter and width, is then prepared to receive the impression on its periphery in relief; this is effected by being applied to a singularly constructed press, invented expressly for the purpose. The cylinder is then hardened, and fac-similes may be produced upon steel or copper plates *ad infinitum*; and in this way, Bank Note plates may have the talents of the most eminent artists in England transferred to them. The great advantage of this invention, as applied to secure Bank Notes from forgery, is, that it produces *perfect identity* in all the notes, and admits of a *test*, whereby each note may be *identified*, as all the notes may be perfectly alike except the denomination; and every individual who will take the trouble to furnish himself with an original impression from any one of the *test* dies, may, by comparison, determine whether the note is genuine or not.

"This invention appears capable of putting an entire stop to the forgery of all paper securities, of whatever description.

"We understand with pleasure, that the proprietors of this Patent have formed a connexion with Mr. Charles Heath, an eminent Engraver of this metropolis, and intend to have an extensive and permanent establishment in London, for the purpose of executing work for public or private Banking Institutions, and also all engravings of which a great number of impressions are required.

"Messrs. Perkins and Fairman, it was generally expected, would have had the contract with the Bank of England for furnishing their new notes. Their plan has received the approbation of the most eminent artists of this country, who have signed as testimonial of its excellence and its capability of answering the end proposed. The Report, however, from the Commissioners appointed by his Majesty, precludes that hope for the present."

We inspected this invention in October last, and can bear testimony to its excellence. We never saw any thing so minute and so beautiful as the engravings from the steel. By it the Charter of the Bank might be inserted five hundred times, in miniature, on every note. We understood, however, that the plan adopted by the Bank Directors, previous to the introduction of this American invention, had proceeded too far to admit of their rejection and its adoption, even were that step deemed advisable. We hope and trust, however, that all ingenious men have fair play allowed them in these competitions, and that no authority (no matter how highly patronized) is allowed to interpose between them and the service of the State, as well as the reward of their labours. We say so much; because we have heard this evil complained of; and if it be well founded, this public notice will do no harm.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 3.

MEMBERS' PRIZES.—The subjects for the present year are, for the

## SENIOR BACHELORS,

*Quantum momenti, ad studium rei Theologicae promovendum, habet literarum humaniorum cultus.*

## MIDDLE BACHELORS,

*In GEORGIUM TERTIUM, τοῦ μακρίτου, Oratio Fanebris.*

On Monday the 21st ult. the Members of the Cambridge Philosophical Society held their first general meeting for the present year, in the great lecture room of the Physical Schools, in the Botanic Garden; when the following communications were read, viz. a paper, by the President, upon Isometric Perspective, a paper, by Dr. Thackeray, upon a remarkable mineralized organic body, found at Scarborough; a paper, communicated to the secretary, from Captain Fairfax, upon a new method of taking the soundings at sea. Dr. E. D. Clarke also gave notice of his discovery of Calumina in the Derbyshire Silicates, and other English ores of Zinc. Many other communications were announced; the reading of which was unavoidably postponed until the next meeting of the society.

William Blackstone Rennell, Esq. Fellow of King's College, was last week admitted Bachelor of Arts.

## FINE ARTS.

## BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 277. *Alpine Pastors re-animating a distressed Traveller.*—Edwin Landseer.

From the contemplation of men destroyed each other, with which we began the review of this gallery in our last, we turn to the very opposite picture, of brutes engaged in a work of humanity: what a contrast between the rational and irrational creation! The dogs of St. Bernard, of an uncommonly large breed, rare, it is well known, sent forth in couples during the most inclement seasons, trained to rescue travellers from the perils of avalanche, perishing with cold, or lying buried in snow. One of the two animals in this piece, has a keg of brandy suspended to his collar, the other carries warm woollen drapery: and, thus furnished with the means of aiding the unfortunate, their sagacity in finding, and their attention and skill in relieving, have produced conduct almost too wonderful for belief. We have so often seen the faithful and useful creatures of this species exhibited in acts of ferocious violence—in tearing and being torn, that we deem it a lecture on good feeling to show them in the advantageous light of their nature, and in an employment suitable to the noblest end for which their kind could have been formed. Mr. Landseer is a very young artist, and has acquitted himself ably of his task. One of the dogs is baying for further assistance, and the monks of St. Bernard are visible in the distance, hastening to answer the call; the other is licking into warmth a traveller whom they have discovered among the ice and snow. The dogs are finely painted, and very judiciously contrasted, both in form and colour. Perhaps the mark of colouring interferes

with the rounding of their members. The scenery is wild and picturesque, and in a style of grandeur which gives great character to the subject; while the rich tone of the animals and their appendages is opposed to the snow-covered ground, from which the head and hands of the man appear. We could certainly have wished that the latter had been less prominent, or that if made so, that the hues given to his face should have borne some resemblance to nature, and not been a traditional copy of death, from ancient masters, who thought it was most perfectly imitated by a half-tint resembling a bullock's hide just drawn from a tan-pit. This is the blemish of an otherwise exceedingly clever performance.

No. 3. 111. 200. 214. 223. 259.—B. West, P. R. A.

Among these are the Sketch for the White Horse and his legions, &c. Elisha raising the Shunammite's Son, Elijah raising the Widow's Son, and other pictures by the venerable president, which have been long before the eyes of the public. We doubt whether their exhibition in such numbers is consistent with the declared objects of the Institution; but the Directors probably reconciled to their minds the rejection of the works of young and emulous artists to make room for these pieces, by the consideration that, being among the foremost productions of Mr. West's pallet, they would be attractive to the public, and thus augment the funds for the encouragement of rising merit. We need not go into any critical remarks on these able pictures, the spirit of some of which, and the graceful composition of all, render them worthy of being closely studied.

No. 212. *Devotion, a Study from Nature, at Florence.* No. 219. *A Female in a Roman costume.*—J. Jackson, R. A.

To which last might have been added, 'a study from nature at home'; for we are informed that it is a likeness of the artist's wife. It is the finest female head we have seen from his very forcible pencil. A singular costume serves to set off a face of much beauty and expression, and gives value to some of the richest tints that could be employed, happily stopping short of the artificial. The hues are indeed so delightfully harmonious, that we could not be content with their influence at a due distance, but went close, to examine the means. Here, we are compelled to say, we discovered that, after all, the colour is not that of flesh. The black blotches and scumming which many old pictures acquire from time and cleaning and varnishing, are not allowable in a painting fresh from the easel; and, however we may admire the general effect, it is impossible not to feel that it is produced by a process at variance with truth and nature. The difference between the tone of hands and face, in this portrait, will strike the most heedless eye. "Devotion" is no less vigorous and brilliant, but appears to be too compact, and to occupy too small a space for the ground on which it is painted. If Mr. Chantrey could nourish his beard to the fit length, and look wondrous devout, we think this might pass for

his resemblance. It looks like that eminent sculptor disguised.

No. 235. 241.—M. A. Shree, R. A.

These also are portraits, under the titles of "A Student," and "Design;" the design being to give generic names to individual subjects, in order to render them eligible to a gallery which excludes portraiture. Nothing can be purer than the colouring, nothing more elegant than the forms, nothing more pleasing than the expression of these creations of Mr. Shree's art. But how unlike the glow of real life is this lady ("Design," whom we have, by the way, seen before—we do not mean seen before by the way) —a figure of pure design charmingly coloured, so as almost to look like nature.

No. 267. *Rural Breakfast.*—W. M. Craig.

If the whole business of life were to eat, this would be full of life's business. We never witnessed so much stuffing in so small a compass: man, woman, child, babies at breasts, dogs, cats, all animate nature at relentless feed. It occurs to us as an odd thing, that all this artist's pictures which we remember, are devoted to gastronomy—apoplexy, cook-shops, &c. as if inspired by his stomach instead of his brain. In this instance, the frame is as full of figures as the frames of the figures are full of meat; there is no empty place in either "to be let." The story is overloaded rather than well told.

No. 4. *A Country Girl.* No. 173. *The finding of Oedipus.*—W. Ross.

We pass over the Country Girl, as an improvement on some of the former works of this young and promising artist, to remark, that on glancing at No. 173, our attention was arrested, and we examined the picture for a considerable time, recognizing qualities in art of no ordinary kind; such as the grace of the antique in the turn and form of the figures; a cleanness of colouring, and a vigorous style of penciling; a suitable tone of back ground, with other accessories, well calculated to contrast and give effect to the whole. We now turned to the catalogue for further information, not indeed expecting to find the name of so youthful a painter: from which it may be inferred, that our surprise went along with our approbation, and that, from this specimen, we augur more certainly than we did last year, that Mr. Ross will become an ornament to the British school of design. When such a work is produced at an early age, and after only a few years' study, nothing is wanting but perseverance to become eminent.

No. 42. *Hercules killing the Man of Calydon, &c.*—W. Etty.

The talents which distinguished this artist's performance in the Manlius of last year, has been carried still further in the present exhibition. We have, in this picture, a greater variety of tint and colour, contrasting each other with fine effect. Much has been done in throwing down the barrier between ancient and modern art; more especially in what regards the texture or mechanism of their works; and, allowing for the operation of time upon what has been now produced, we have no reason to think that any great disparity would appear between it

and elder productions in the highest esteem. In this instance, as well as in many others, the choice of subject has been made in order to display the peculiar skill of the painter, and to exhibit his powers under a form similar to those of the old masters; but in which his practice and his admirers are but too likely to be limited in extent and numbers. A modern pugilist or pugilists might have insured the attention of the fancy; as it is, the British School of Design alone, we fear, will appreciate his services, and consider him as having contributed to its improvement and celebrity.

No. 253.—*View of Snowdon, from Mount Gwynant, Caernarvonshire.*—Copley Fielding.

We select this from several very clever performances, to express the gratification we always feel at the exalted style with which Mr. Fielding clothes the scenery of his native land.

In effect and execution, the view of Snowdon exhibits the sublime and classic of art, in which the locality of the scene unites with the poetry of the imagination.

No. 262. *Grove Scene.*—J. Stark.

Turning from the sublime to the natural, we are equally touched by the character of truth and simplicity which appears in this well-chosen scene. The observer of nature and the admirer of art will feel all that belongs to the talents of Mr. Stark, as much as could be expected by any eulogiums to point out his merit.

No. 238. *Lear and the Fool.*—J. Boden.

It is difficult even for the experienced eye to judge of pictures placed in certain situations, more especially when elevated and near the light: the lot, however, of this incongruity must, notwithstanding their merit, fall to some; and, as if the artist had calculated upon this lottery-chance being his, he has painted up to the tone of his elevation; and, we may add, in a style and character we have seldom seen equalled, either for boldness of pencil, harmony of colour, or strength of expression. This work reminds us of the powers of Carravaggio, without his blackness; and we think we may (though it is not always safe to anticipate the success of a rising artist) congratulate Mr. Boden upon his performance, and express our conviction that he will one day find the level he deserves. The place assigned to his Richard Cour de Lion, No. 55, shows what effect might have been expected from the Lear, in a similar situation.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

Now would I that I might cast me in the sea  
And perish not!—Great Neptune! I would be  
Advanced to the freedom of the main,  
And stand before your vast creation's plain,  
And roam your watery kingdom thro' and thro',  
And see your branching woods and palace built,  
Spar built and domed with crystal, oh! and view  
The bedded wonders of the lonely deep,  
And where on coral banks the Sea-maidens sleep,

Children of ancient Nereus, and behold  
Their streaming dance about their father old  
Beneath the blue Ægean, where he late  
Wedded to prophecy, and full of fate:  
Or rather as Arion harped, indeed,  
Would I go floating on my dolphin-steed  
Over the billows, and, triumphing there,  
Call the white Siren from her cave, to share  
My joy, and kiss her willing forehead fair.

I would be free, Oh! thou fine element,  
That with thy thousand ears art round me bent,  
To listen and reply—Immortal air!  
Viewless and now unfelt, I would be hurled  
Almost at will about your kingdom wide,  
And mount aloft and mangle in my pride  
With the great spirits of your purer world;  
And with the music of your winds sublime,  
Commune, and see those shadows (for this earth  
Too buoyant) and exelling shapes, which Time  
Has lifted us to a diviner birth,  
Amongst the steepest stars. Away, away,  
For in the fountains high, whence streams the  
day,

Now will I plunge, and bathe my brain therein,  
And cleanse me of all dull poetic sin.

It may not be. No wings have I to scale  
The heights which the great poets pass along:  
On earth must I still chaunt an earthly song:  
But I may hear, in forests seldom trod,  
Love's knightly martyr, the lost nightingale,  
Voice her complaint, and when the shadows fall  
See the white stag glance swiftly o'er the sod  
Afrighted, like a dusky spectre pale.  
This is enough for me, and I can see  
That female—fair—(the world's) divinity,  
Brighter than Naiad who by rivers cold  
Once wept away her life, as poets told,  
And fair as those transcendent queens who drank  
The rich nectarean juice in heaven above,  
Full in the incomparable smile of Jove,  
And saw his lightning eyes, and never sank  
Away before him. 'Tis enough for me,  
That I can bask in woman's star-like eyes,  
A slave in that love-haunted paradise,  
Without a wish ever to wander free.

J.

### [By Correspondents.]

#### ROME.

Oh! how thou art changed, thou proud daughter  
Of fame,  
Since that hour of ripe glory, when empire was  
thine,  
When earth's purple rulers, kings, quailed at  
thy name,  
And thy capitol worshipped as Liberty's shrine.  
In the day of thy pride, when thy crest was un-  
tamed,  
And the red star of conquest was bright on thy  
path,  
When the meteor of death thy stern falchion's  
edge flamed,  
And earth trembled when burst the dark storm  
of thy wrath.

But Rome thou art fallen! the memory of yore,  
Only serves to reproach thee with what thou art  
now:

The joy of thy triumph for ever is o'er,  
And sorrow and shame set their seal on thy brow.  
Like the wind shaken reed, thy degenerate race,  
The children of those once the brave and the free—  
Ah, who can the page of thy history trace,  
Nor blush, thou lost city, blush deeply for thee!

Could the graves yield their dead, and thy war-  
riors arise,  
And see thy blades rusted, thy war banners furled,  
And

Would they know the proud eagle that soared  
thro' the skies,  
Whose glance lightened over a terror struck  
world?

Yet 'ere in disgrace, in thy sadness and gloom,  
An halo of splendour is over thee cast;  
It is but the death-light that reddens the tomb,  
And calls to remembrance the glories long past.

L.

*Editori docto "Literarum Repertori" Sa-  
lutelem—et haec agnus.*

(Ad Scriptoris "Rejected address," non asperè  
refert quod aequitur.)

Sane si bonus aliquando dormitet Homerus,  
Vatum qui principes Hippocrènes exhaust  
affatus,

Licet, ex Musæ cathedrâ, si stertat scriblicus  
Ut Juxæ ad lites restituit nictu delatum:—  
Certamine Lyra cui labitur Musæ colendo,  
Vult, Antæo detur acquirere vires cadendo!

J. H. S. C.

### LINES.

"Pommi ovr! sol occhio i fiori, e l'erba,  
O dove vinco lu! l'giaccio, e la Nere,  
Sarò qual ful."

Petrarch.

Yes thine, still thine—  
Tho' nature wren and withering,  
Her pale shroud round her gathering,  
Drearly pine:

Free memory,  
Tho' rigors bind the earth and air;  
And flood and field are bleak and bare—  
Aye glows for thee!

Below—above,  
Seems every thing inanimate,  
And every creature desolate,  
Yet still I love.

Shall time or tide  
The heart-warm stream of love arrest,  
And freeze its fountain in the breast,  
While life abides!

Who hath not tried  
To clasp some cherish'd happiness,  
Secure from Fortune's fickleness,  
'Till death betide?

Alas—in vain;  
Thro' frost and flake—thro' sun and show'r—  
For ever roams the blighting power  
Whose breath is pain.

Yet if the light,  
Now quiv'ring from thy dark-lash'd eye,  
Shine on the hours of misery,  
I'll deem them bright!

Fb. 22d.

C.

### THE VICES.

[These lines (with a few corrections) are written  
by a boy not fourteen years of age, at the school  
designated by his signature. Ed.]

Once on a time, in solemn state,  
The Vices held a grand debate,  
To choose a Ruler of their race  
Who of them all was found most base.  
The day arrived, and in the Hall  
Of Meeting now was silence all:  
Ambition started from his seat,  
And raised himself upon his feet;  
His giant form was seen on high,  
Vast, as if meant 't invade the sky;

His voice like the dread whirlwind broke  
On the stunn'd ear, and thus he spoke—

"If any rival dared contend  
With me the palm, now let him bend  
Before me, and in this dread hour  
Acknowledge my superior power.  
It would be vain to enumerate

The services I've done the state;  
How from the lowest stage of need,  
To gladdy height, frail man I lead;  
And thence, amidst visions fleeting, bright,  
Dash him to pieces in my might!"

He ceased—their exclamations rend  
The roof, and to the heavens ascend.

Emy from the crowd now stalk'd—  
The firm ground trembled as she walk'd;  
Pale was her face, and her grey hair  
Streaks'd loosely in the troubled air;

Her step was solemn, cautious, wild,  
Her visage one that never smil'd;  
No one dared meet her piercing eye,  
That gleam'd in maddening misery.

"Hear me," she cried; "my dreadful dart  
Lies fostering in each human heart;  
Woe's not for me, mankind would know  
All happiness where now is woe:

Woe's not for me, to meet them pain,  
Your toils and snares were urged in vain;  
Therefore on me confer the bay,  
And all the honours of the day."

She spoke.—Impatient from his seat  
Malice arose with diabolical heat;

He cast around his eager eye,  
And seem'd to seek a rival nigh—  
As if no timid Vice durst brook  
The triumph of that horrid looke.—

With scowling glance that flash'd with fire,  
And countenance replete with ire,  
Revenge leapt up—immediate to his place  
Malice retir'd, assum'd of his disgrace.

"I thought that when was heard my name,  
My station felt, and glorious fame,  
Thou'ldst grant without a moment's pause,  
To me this prize, and thy applause.

Remark ye how the human race  
Their hopes must yield before my face?  
What is a thing unless 'tis done?  
'Tis I complete what Emy has begun!"

"Twere tedious to relate the names  
Of Vices, and their various claims,  
Who tried to gain the laurel green;  
For deeds of blood, or acts obscene:

But last of all, in thoughtful mood,  
Uprose that wretch, *Ingratitude*.  
Blasphemy, and *envy* too,  
Blush'd as his features met their view.—

"Aye since this earthly ball was made,  
It has been cur'd with my foul shade;  
I enter'd first the human breast;  
And since then ever did I rest?

I fill the world with ev'ry ill;  
'Twas I first taught fierce Man to kill,  
Now appeal to all of you—  
What harm, without me, could you do?"

The Vices then, without delay,  
Grant him the sceptre, crown, and bay.  
*Christ's Hospital.* J. F. H.

SONG.

A lightsome heart, and a sparkling eye,  
To light my steps where'er I rove,  
And a friendly cup, and a cloudless sky,  
Are what I love—are what I love.

Then let the sage old boar,  
Laurel fresh to gather;  
But what can he wish more,  
Who has all these together?

Then key my pretty lassie, O!  
Hear, my pretty lassie, O!

Whene'er to thee

I drink, you see,

I fill my deepest glassie, O!

My heart with joy, and my cup with wine,

Brimsful as Jupiter's bowl above,

With a glance to give it a hue divine,

From her I love—from her I love.

Then let the sage one soar, &c.

## BIOGRAPHY.

MR. JOSEPH RITCHIE.—This gentleman, who was engaged in a scientific mission into the interior of Africa, died, we regret to hear, at Mourzuk, about 400 miles to the southward of Tripoli. He was a young man, and possessed of all the qualities requisite to bring the prosecution of his arduous undertaking to a successful result; being well-informed, zealous, patient, and enterprising. Had he been able to penetrate to Timbuctoo, there can be no doubt that the geography and customs of Africa would have received much new illustration. Mr. Ritchie was a native of Otley, and had, we understand, been for a considerable period in the service, and inured to a hot climate, but unhappily appears to have been unable to resist the mortal influence of the scorching climate to which he had travelled.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

### PANTHON MIGNERIE.

It is said that the celebrated author of the *Miseries of Human Life*, who has discovered above fifteen hundred intolerable vexations in human existence, being at present in Paris, proposes to publish a new edition of his work, and to add to it the following *Miseries*—

To go to a ball where there is no dancing, though the ball takes place in the Opera, in the very Temple of Terpsichore.

To be defeated all night by thirty or forty musicians, who, though the company decline dancing, torment you for eight hours with quadrilles, or country dances, and who perform with nearly as much taste and correctness as their brethren of the Theatre Francaise.

To work your way through a thick crowd, inhaling a suffocating atmosphere, to make unceasing attempts to proceed from the stage to the pit, and from the pit to the stage, and to walk by moving three steps forward, and two backward, like the unfortunate pilgrim, whom Catherine de Medicis, in the days of her penitence, vowed to send to Jerusalem.

To find all the ladies wrapped up in black cloaks and hoods, sitting past you like shadows, or silently listening on their partners' arms.

To observe that many of the gentlemen are in boots, and coloured cravats, and that it is not customary to take more pains to dress for a masked ball than to join a hunting party; to find that you are dressed better than any body else, and that you look sin-

gularly gay with silk stockings and dress shoes.

If you are tired, to be unable to find a seat, all the benches being occupied by gentlemen sound asleep.

If you are hungry, to contend for two hours at the side-board to obtain a few scraps, for which you pay as dearly as for a good dinner at Beauvilliers.

To hear only the buzz of insipid gossip, and confused exclamations of, *I know you; How do you do? I know where you live*; and to see people yawning while they are endeavouring to amuse themselves.

Towards the end of the ball, to be accosted for the first time by a little female mask, who informs you that you sometimes walk on the Boulevard; this rouses your curiosity—you question her eagerly—you play the gallant; the fair *incognita* interests you more and more; you offer her your arm, and entreat that she will tell you who she is; she consents to receive you for a moment in her box; good fortune awaits you; the mask falls, and what is your disappointment, to behold one of those mercenary graces who are so numerous in all places of public resort.

Finally, at six in the morning, fatigued, mortified, hoarse, and shivering with cold, you resolve to go home; you have lost the number which was given you in exchange for your mantle; in vain you dispute to obtain it; the officer of the guard begs you will depart; you go out; it is a wet night; there is no *fiacre* to be got, and you are obliged to walk home, accompanied by a pelted shower of rain to your very door.

## THE DRAMA.

### KING'S THEATRE.—*Gustave e Bejardo*.

This new opera, founded on the chivalry of the knight without fear and without stain, so well known in French history, is the production of Signor Stefano Vestris, the score by Signor Liverati. The chevalier Bayard surrenders his mistress to his companion, and makes a sacrifice of love on the altar of friendship. The dialogue is far superior to the generality of Italian operas, the action more chaste, the poetry more elegant. In detail, there are no faults to be found; but as a whole, perhaps, a degree of languor is the prevailing defect. A little more spirit infused into a piece, possessing so large a share of taste, would have enhanced its effect, and rendered it incomparably the best modern work of the kind, brought forward in this country. The music also is appropriate, and of great merit, though the pure Italian style seems to have been merged in the invention of difficulties, requiring the highest instrumental power and execution; we are consequently rather pleased by a display of skill, than charmed by a pouring out of melody. A simple air delights more ears than a concerted combination, giving business to the entire orchestra; and we are such Goths as to prefer a song to a chorus ever so well composed. A Signor Bianchi, of considerable celebrity on the

boards in several Italian cities, made his *débüt*. He is an admirable musician, and possesses a fine compass of tenor voice. His reception was very flattering, and his qualifications bid fair to render him a lasting favourite with the British public. Some of the scenes are pretty, and one, of an armory, magnificent. We observed nothing worthy of particular remark in the performances, or in the performers, whose talents are known. The political events of the day are not auspicious to the King's Theatre; but we hope in a few weeks to see it in greater splendour.

**DURY LANE.**—The Hebrew drags on; and COVENT GARDEN.—Invahoe goes off.

**ORATORIOS.**—Sir George Smart provides so delectable a treat, that his Wednesdays make full houses. Mrs. Salmon has enchanted us, and Brahmin, reserving his astonishing powers for the noblest efforts, sets native art far above the range of any foreign singer with whose achievements we are acquainted. Ambrogetti does not shine in oratorio.

## VARIETIES.

Canova is employed in executing a statue of Jean Jacques Rousseau, for a public building in Geneva.

It is not generally known, that cloth may be manufactured from the fruit of the Ananas. The fine and strong fibres of this delicious fruit, on being spun, produce a shirting cloth of very good quality. The Ananas cloth is easily bleached in Brazil; and indeed it is only there that the cloth can be successfully manufactured, for in that fertile climate the Ananas grows abundantly in the open air, particularly in those parts where the soil is mixed with clay.

**ANAGRAMS.**—To the curious transpositions inserted in our last, we are requested to add the following; some of which, however, must be familiar to the amateurs in this sort of ingenuity.

Gulcheries	.....	All great sin.
Encyclopaedia	.....	A nice cold pie.
Breakfast	.....	For bakers.
Telegraphs	.....	Great helps.
Astronomers	.....	Moon-stares.
Lawyers	.....	No more stars.
Penitentiary	.....	Sly wars.
Democrasical	.....	May I repent it.
Revolution	.....	Comical trade.
Government	.....	To love ruin.
Paintment	.....	The ye powers.
	.....	Nice thoughts.

Letters from Rome, more recent than those we last alluded to, state that Sir Humphrey Davy has perfectly succeeded in unravelling the manuscripts of Pompeii and Herculaneum. This operation now requires but little time; but unfortunately, most of the MSS. are entirely spoiled and illegible.

Two interesting *mémoires* have lately been sent to the French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres. One is by M. Duchesneil, relative to the antiquities of Cherbourg and Valognes. The other is by M. Gerville, concerning some medals found in the Département of La Manche.

In Hungary the cold has been excessive during the present winter. On the 16th of January, a detachment of an Austrian battalion proceeding from Leopoldstadt to Nadass, was overtaken by a dreadful hurricane. About twenty-four of the men were blown down. The news of this circumstance did not reach the village of Spaeza till the following day. Assistance was immediately dispatched to the sufferers, but the chief part were frozen to death; only a very few were saved.

**Indian cure for the ear-ache.**—Take a piece of the lean of mutton, about the size of a large walnut, put it into the fire and burn it for some time till it becomes reduced almost to a cinder; then put it into a piece of clean rag, and squeeze it until some moisture is expressed, which must be dropped into the ear as hot as the patient can bear it. This has been tried in a family at Madras, in more than one instance, and gave immediate relief, after laudanum and other medicines had been ineffectually applied.

## Asiatic Journal.

**Scottish National Monument.**—The Scots Magazine for February contains a letter addressed to the Lord Advocate of Scotland, ably written, and earnestly recommending the erection of a building on the Calton Hill, similar to the Parthenon, as the national monument for which a subscription has been entered into in that country. The arguments appear to us to be very cogent, if not unanswerable; and we feel assured that if so grand a design were undertaken, the patriotic hearts of Caledonians all over the world, would warm to promote its splendid completion. We are decidedly of opinion, that the true character of such works is perverted by the erection of churches. Let us in these matters, as in others, remember the divine precept—render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's, and unto God that which is God's. A place in which to worship our Creator ought by no means to be confounded with a place to do honour to our fellow mortals.

A very remarkable surgical operation has recently been performed by M. Gubian of Lyons. A little girl, eight years of age, was holding in her mouth a pebble, about the size of a bean, when it accidentally fell into the trachea. This substance, coming in contact with the delicate membrane which lines the trachea, speedily produced a violent inflammation in the organ of respiration. The inflammation abated in a few days; but it was succeeded by every symptom of pulmonary phthisis. Six weeks elapsed, and the state of the patient became daily more alarming, when she was taken to Dr. Gubian, who made an incision in the throat, and succeeded in reaching the trachea, and extracting the pebble. This operation, which is so difficult, on account of the moveable nature of the larynx, and the rapid flowing of the blood in the trachea, was executed with a degree of confidence and dexterity surpassing all praise. The wound is already cicatrized. Many years ago Dr. Caron performed the same cure, with equal success, in Paris.

Dr. Paricet, who was sent by the French government to Calif, to make observations on the fever which some time ago raged in that city and its vicinity, has returned to Paris. He is of opinion that the disease differed but little from the yellow fever of America, and that the germ, which had been for some time in the country, was developed by local circumstances.

The late Musical Festival at Edinburgh netted 1279*l.* which has been distributed among the charitable institutions of that city and neighbourhood.

Duke Ho, with whom the accounts of Lord Amherst's late embassy made us so well acquainted, has since been promoted to the presidency over the Western Tartar dominions of China. It seems that the sovereign of the Celestial Empire has not considered his negotiations with the British in an unfavourable light, as, besides the Government, he has granted his Empress's brother permission to wear *yellow cloths*!

## LITERARY NOTICES.

A life of the late Marshal Ney is announced at Paris, by his brother-in-law, Mr. Gamot.

An authentic history of Ireland (certainly a work much wanted) for the last three thousand and odd years, is said to be in preparation!!

A Susskrit and English Dictionary has been completed by Mr. Wilson, at Madras, and was to be published in September or October last.

The French papers state that Chateaubriand has been required to write the memoirs of the Duke of Berri, and that the necessary documents are to be furnished by the royal family.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MARCH, 1820.

Thursday, 2—	Thermometer from 31 to 40. Barometer from 29, 09 to 29, 51. Wind W. and N. W. 6 and 4—Generally cloudy, sunshine at times. A little snow in the morning.
Friday, 3—	Rain fallen, 1 of an inch. Thermometer from 26 to 36. Barometer from 29, 63 to 30, 10. Wind N. 4 and 2—Generally clear, clouds passing.
Saturday, 4—	Thermometer from 25 to 37. Barometer, from 30, 14 to 30, 29. Wind N. and N. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ —Middle of the day cloudy, with a little snow, the rest generally clear.
Sunday, 5—	Thermometer from 24 to 34. Barometer from 30, 35 to 30, 41. Wind N. E. 1 and 3—Generally clear.
Monday, 6—	Thermometer from 24 to 35. Barometer from 30, 35 to 30, 37. Wind N. E. 1—Clouds generally passing, clear at times.
Tuesday, 7—	Thermometer from 23 to 38. Barometer from 30, 36 to 30, 26. Wind N. b. W. $\frac{1}{2}$ and N. 2—Generally cloudy.
Wednesday, 8—	Thermometer from 31 to 42. Barometer from 30, 41 to 30, 44. Wind N. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ —Generally clear.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

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No. 165.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

### THE HUNTINGDON PEERAGE.

*Comprising a detailed Account of the Evidence and Proceedings connected with the recent Restoration of the Earldom; together with the Report of the Attorney General, on that Occasion. To which is prefixed, a Genealogical and Biographical History of the illustrious House of Hastings, including a Memoir of the present Earl and his Family. Interperated with original Letters, Anecdotes, &c. By Henry Nugent Bell, Student of the Inner Temple. London. 4to. pp. 403.*

Haring been favoured with a perusal of this work, which only stays for the finishing of its plates to appear before the public, we avail ourselves of our admission, as it were, to the rehearsal, to state some particulars of a volume, the contents of which are as likely to excite a strong and peculiar interest as those of any which has issued from the press for a number of years. It is divided into two very distinct parts: the *first*, embracing the early history of the renowned family of Huntingdon; the *second*, recounting the measures, (or rather the adventures) of the author, in recovering the title of his ancestors for the present Earl; whom he, by his extraordinary exertions, has elevated from the rank of Ordnance-Storekeeper at Enniskillen to the dignity of the third Earl in the British Peerage. So attracted have we been to these parts in succession, that, like the priest in the caricature, we have not known to which side to turn. The memoirs of the House of Hastings, from Robert de Hastings, Portreeve of Hastings in Sussex, Lord of Fillingley in Warwickshire, and Dispensator or Steward to William the Conqueror, through a long and illustrious race, (including ten Earls from the year 1529) to the date at which the present (eleventh) Earl claimed the dormant honours, so far from being a dry genealogy, is full of singular anecdotes, of new views of men intimately connected with English history, and of the details of ancient customs "long since forgotten;" but the revival of which can hardly fail of delighting every reader, from the antiquarian to the gossip. The investigation of the claim forms the concluding moiety of this most entertaining quarto, and is the most perfect romance of real life that ever we encountered. It is quite refreshing to dash along with the author, and quite impossible not to be infected with his honest enthusiasm. Mr. Bell narrates the circumstances which led him, at his own risk, to

undertake the cause of his friend, Mr. Hastings; and nothing but his own relation can afford any adequate idea of the zeal and perseverance, the difficulties and fears, the fortunes and final triumph, of his course. Never did we see the finer characteristics of his country more nobly exemplified. No fatigue could weary, no disappointments dishearten, no obstacles defeat the Irishman who had set his profession, his all, upon the cast, and determined to establish the right, or fall in the attempt; who lost the puny tie of client in the more powerful bond of friendship, and devoted himself to the charge with as much genuine ardour as if the crown of Britain were to be the reward of his successful labours. It is really honourable, not merely to the individual, but to his country, to notice these things; and we take pleasure in rendering this tribute to a gentleman unknown to us, except by his conduct in this interesting cause.

We shall for the present content ourselves with a very few extracts from the earlier history. Lady Hastings, the mother of the first Earl of Huntingdon, (about the beginning of the 16th century)—

"Legally provided for the appropriation of her manor and lordship of Aller with the More, during the term of seven years next after her decease, to procure the fulfilment of the following curious articles:

"First, Whensoever she should fortune to depart this life, that her body should be buried in the church there, and not to be kept unburied above twenty-four hours after her death, nor any great dinner made for her.

"Item, That immediately after her decease, forty trentals be done for her soul, as also a thousand masses with *Placebo* and *Dirige*, and every priest to have 6d.

"Item, That as shortly as could be after, the grant she had of the house of Charterhouse to be sold forth; and that the said house have 16l.

"Item, That fifty-one masses be done for her at the altars of *Scala Coeli* in England.

"Item, That there should be 21l. given to bed-ridden persons, prisoners, and leazar-houses, within one year after her decease.

"Item, That sixty trentals be said and done for Mr. Kell's soul, three for the soul of Roger Whittington, and that there be offered to our Lady of Walsingham, for the said Roger, 5s.

"Item, That a priest do daily sing before the rood of Garrardon, County of Leicester, seven years after her decease.

"Item, That the sum of one hundred marks be paid to the University of Oxford for the space of twenty years."

This lady's son—

"Shortly after his father's decease, and being then a Knight, petitioned the King

"That he might have the benefit of his own marriage, and marry at his own liberty; and also to have special livery of the manors of Ashby de la Zouch, and Barrow upon Soar, the Stewardships and Bailiwicks of the town of Leicester, and all those belonging to it, within the county, together with all the offices of the Forest and Chace of Leicester," binding himself to pay four thousand marks to his Majesty. He had, accordingly, without making proof of his use, a special livery of all the lands of which his father did possessed, amongst which were the aforesaid manors, and a teneament called Hastings-place, in Thames-street, London."

Sir Francis Hastings, the fifth son of the second Earl, published, in 1598, a religious tract which involved him in polemical controversy. He was also a lover of literature, and the annexed stanzas from an epitaph of nearly one hundred lines on the tomb of his wife in North Cadbury Church, may be quoted as evidence of his cultivation of the muse.

This lady's bed, that here you see thus made,  
Hath to itself received a sweete guest,  
Her life is spent, whiche doth like flower fade,  
Freede from all storms, and here shee lyes at rest,  
Till soul and body join'd againe are one,  
Then, farwell grave! from hence shee must be gone.

This ladye was well born and eke well bred,  
Her virgin's time she spent with worldly praise,  
When choice of friends brought her to marriage bed,

With just renown she passed there her days;  
And though her youth were tyde to age far spent,  
Yet without spot she lived, and was content.

Her second match she made by her own choice,  
Pleasing herself, who others pleased before,  
Her ears she stopped from all diswaider voice,  
Who did her tender wealth and goods great store,

With honour greate, whiche bothe shee did re-  
fuse,  
And one of meaneer state herself did chuse.

With this her choice full twenty years and nine  
Shee did remain, with joy and comfort greate,  
He liveth not that ever went betweene

These two, to move a peace, or to intreate;  
God made the matche, and God the knot hee  
tyde,  
Who in his frare did both their hearts still guide,

The poore shee still was willing to relieve,  
With heart and hand not seeking worlde  
praise,  
For few or none should know what shee did  
give,

This course to keepe shee was alwaies;  
Both rich and poore they tasted of her love.  
More ready she to give than they to move.



If any one of these her help did neede,  
By being sicke or sore of any sorte,  
Let them but send, they were most sure to  
speede,

Of what she had that might yield them com-  
forte,

And yeare by yeare she sought such thynges to  
make,

To serve such turne as might be fitt to take.

In government of those that did her serve,

Most wise, most stout, most kind, shee ever  
was,

Most kind to such as sought well to deserve,

Most stout to those who did neglect their  
place;

She wisely could correct the faults of these,

And those encourage that would seek to please.

Henry, the third Earl, was the keeper of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. Mr. Bell has given us some curious particulars of this period, when his Lordship, by his subserviency to the views of Elizabeth, removed that jealousy which she entertained of him on account of his royal descent, both on the paternal and maternal side, from Edward III. About 1564 "his title to the crown of England, by descent from the Duke of Clarence, was a subject of much conversation and surmise in political circles, as well as a source of great private uneasiness to himself, inasmuch as he had received, it was said, some marks of displeasure from the Queen, whose jealousy about the succession is well known. On that occasion his lordship addressed, to his brother-in-law the Earl of Leicester, the annexed letter, which throws some light on Elizabeth's feelings, and in which he disclaims all ambitious pretensions to so decided a tone, and accompanied with such sentiments as are equally honourable to his character as a loyal subject and an excellent and amiable man:

"My honourable good lord; I am sorry that my present disease is such, that there are left me but those two remedies, eyther to swallow up those bitter pills lately received, or to make you a partner of my griefes, thereby something to ease a wounded heart. At my wife's last being at court to doe her duty as became her, it pleased her Majesty to give her a privy alippe, especially concerning myselfe, whereby I perceive she hath some jealous conceipt of me, and, as I can imagine, of late digested. How farr I have been awaye from conceyting any greatness of myselfe, nay, how ready I have been alwayes to shunne applauses, both by my continual lowe saile and my carriage, I doe assure myselfe is best knowne to your lordship and the rest of my nearest friends; if not myne owne conscience shall best cleare me from any such folly. Alas! what could I hope to effect in the greatest hopes I might imagine to have in the obteyning the least likelihood of that height? Will a whole commonwealth deprive themselves of soe many blessings presently enjoyed, for a future hope uncertaine? Inferiour to many others, both in degree, and any princely quality fitt for a prince; for a prince both for excellent qualities and rare vertues of nature; of great hopes; of an inestimable blessing by her princely issue, in reason of her youth; for a poore subject in years,

and without any greates hope of issue? Noe, I see; I cannot be perswaded they would, if I should be so foolishly wicked to desire it, or that my minde were so ambitiously inclined. I hope her Majesty will be perswaded of better thynges in me, and cast this conceipt behinde her; and that a foolish booke, foolishly written, shall not be able to possess her princely inclination with soe badde a conceipt of her faithful servant, who desires not to lyve but to see her happye. What griefe it hath congealed within my poore heart (but ever true), let your lordship judge, whose prince's favour was alwayes more deare unto me than all other worldly felicityes whatsoever. This I am bold to make knowne to your lordship; humbly desiring the same, when you see your opportunity to frame a new heart in her Majesty's princely brest, whose power I know is not little in effecting of farr greater matters than this: for never shall there be a truer heart in any subject than I will carry to her Majesty soe longe as I breathe. And soe I rest your poore servant and brother,

H. HUNTINGDON."

That he succeeded in removing the queen's suspicions may be surmised from her entrusting him with the custody of her dreaded rival; whereof the following letter is a curious proof:—

"To our right trusty and right well beloved cosin the Erie of Huntingdon.

"Elizabeth R. By the Queene.

"Right trusty and right well beloved cosin we grete you well. Whereas we understand that our cosin of Shrousbury is much troubled with sickness, and like to fall further into the same in such sort as he neither presently is able, nor shall be to continue in the charge which he hath to kepe the Queene of Scots. We have, for a present remedy and to avoyd the danger that might ensue, made choice of you to take the charge of the custody of hir, until we shall otherwise order. And, therefore, we earnestly require you with all speed to repaire to our cosin of Shrousbury, with some of your owne trusty servants, and there to take the charge of the said Queene; wherewith our said cosin will be so well content, as we dowte not but you shall have all that he can command to be servicable unto you. And though this direction of you may seme presently soleyne and strange, for you to take charge of hir in any other person's house than your owne; yet the infirmity of our said cosin, with the mistrust he hath of a greater, and the request he hath made unto us to have some help in this cause, with other causes that we have to dowte of some escape of the said Queene, moveth us to use this speedily order; meaning as soone as occasion may further permit to devise wither shortly to deliver that she shall be removed to some other more place where you may have the wholl commandment. We wold have you also, after conference with our said cosin of Shrousbury, to devise how the number of the Queene of Scots's trayne might be diminished and reduced only to thirty persons of all sorts, as was ordered, but, as we perceive, to be much enlarged of late time. You

shall also, jointly with the Erie of Shrousbury, give order that no such common resort be to the Queene as hath ben; nor that shee have such liberty to send posts as she hath don, to the great burden of our poore subjects. And if she shall have any speciall cause to send to us, then you shall so permit her servant with the warrant of your hand, and none to come otherwise. And if you shall think of any meter place to kepe hir, we requier you to advertise us thereof, so that we may take order for the same. We have written to our cosin of Shrousbury, whom we have willed to impart to you the contents of our lettre. And so we will have you to do these; *trusting that you will so consider hereof, as the cause requirerth for our honour and quietnes, without respect of any person.* Gyven under our signet, at the manour of the Vyne, the XXIIInd of September, 1569, the XIth yere of our reigne."

"Pt. script.

[Verte.]

"After we had considered of some part of the premises, we thought in this sort to alter some part thereof: We will that no person shall be suffered to come from the Queene of Scots with any message or lettre. But if she will write to us, you shall offer to send the same by one of your yours. And so we will you to do; for our meaning is, that for a season, she shall neither send nor receive any message or lettres without our knowledge."

This is a true woman's postscript—of far greater importance than the whole letter. An accompanying epistle from the politic Cecil, Lord Burghley (30th October, 1569) contains a passage truly indicative of that wily statesman:—he says—

"And thus I am bold to impart many things, praying your lordship to use them well, and as you see cause to impart any thyng of your mynd, as you will have me use it faithfully and honestly towards you, for so I am resolved to be towards your lordship. I also in secret send you a copy of the Queene's Majesties letters. Your lordship shall doo well to contynue your good opinion of me, but not to utter it, as I perceive you doo, whereby percase by some insyking I may fynd some lack to doo as I wold doo. And so I end with my humble compliments."

This lord died December 14, 1595, and "was interred at Ashby De-la-Zouch, on the 28th of April following; his funeral, by express command of her Majesty, being solemnized with all pomp and honour becoming his high rank and consequence. On this occasion, the expences amounted to nearly 1,400l. sterling, as appears by the following curious account of particulars preserved:—

	£.	s.	d.
Blacks at York . . .	109	0	7
Blacks at Coventry . . .	273	12	4
Blacks at London . . .	109	0	8
Blacks at Leicester . . .	19	11	6
Allowance to the Officers at Arms	162	5	8
For hire of blacks, waste, and carriage thereof to and fro . . .	20	0	0
For embalming the corpse . . .	28	4	1

The charges of his household servants at York, and expences in

covering the body from York to Ashby.	29	18	10
Household expenses for the diet and riding charges	333	11	0
Livres to sixty poor men	60	0	0
In alms to the poor of divers parishes	26	13	4
Laid out by the Bailiff of Ashby, as appraiser	71	0	9
More in my Lord's riding charges in the burial of his brother	10	0	0
To obtaining the administration The Sheriff's charges, and other of the Jury, four times	4	10	0
For exhibiting and engrossing the inventories double	13	6	8
For passing the account and expenses of his servants in that time	4	0	0
Expenses of my Lord's servants riding into the north and other places to get accounts	5	0	0
Charges about the vendition of my Lord's goods in the County of Bucks	5	0	0
	8	0	0

James I. was so frequent a visitor to the next Earl at Ashby, "that it was even insinuated that his majesty's covert and ungenerous purpose, in thus conferring the expensive honour of his company, was to involve, by this means, the circumstances of his noble host in embarrassment, in order thereby to disable him from all attempt, and quell all ambition, after the Crown. However this may be, it is certain that James and his whole court, were frequently quartered on his Lordship for many days together, during which, such was the more than princely splendour of Ashby Castle, the dinner was always served up by thirty poor knights, dressed in velvet gowns and gold chains. On these festive occasions, it was customary for the nobility, residing within several miles round of Ashby, to repair thither, in order to pay their respects to the King. This homage, according to a traditional anecdote, was omitted by Lord Stanhope, of Harrington, who was somewhat flighty and eccentric, and his Majesty, offended at this neglect, sent for him, and reproved him for lack of duty; "but," concluded the King, "I excuse you, for the people say that you are mad."—"I may be mad, my liege sovereign," replied Lord Stanhope, "but I am not half so mad as my Lord Harrington here, who suffers himself to be worried by such a pack of bloodhounds."

The foregoing extracts, however inadequate to give an idea of the first part of the volume before us, will serve as specimens of the materials of which it is composed: by general readers, the second part, to which we must now shortly address ourselves, will be still more relished, as it involves many modern interests, and affects in an especial degree living characters of high rank and station. Mr. Bell, after describing his habits of intimacy with Captain Hastings, thus details the singular circumstances which led to his prosecuting his claim to a title which had been in abeyance thirty years, and to estates held by another, the Most Noble the Marquis of Hastings.

"Of the study of heraldry, and more par-

ticularly the concomitant branch of pedigree, I have ever been peculiarly fond. Indulging this sort of penchant, I acquired a pretty general knowledge of every family of distinction in my native country; and a casual conversation, arising out of a trivial circumstance, first suggested the idea of claiming the dormant Earldom of Huntingdon for my friend. As the story, from its consequences, may not be deemed uninteresting, I will relate it here, and with the more gratification, as it affords me an opportunity to rectify an erroneous impression, which had for some time existed in the minds of no small number of Lord Huntingdon's acquaintances. In the spring of the year 1817, it was whispered in the town and vicinity of Enniskillen, that some very serious altercation had occurred between his Lordship and a neighbouring nobleman, at whose princely mansion, and hospitable board, he was ever a welcome guest. This unpleasant fracas, it was said, arose from the circumstance of my Lord Huntingdon having hunted down a favourite dog belonging to that personage, contrary to his wish, and without his permission. Incensed at this liberty, the noble owner made use of such unwarrantable language, as Lord Huntingdon could not listen to without resenting as a soldier and a gentleman. A meeting, according to report, was therefore demanded, but refused by the noble party, on the ground that the challenger was a commoner. To this objection the latter indignantly retorted, that he was his opponent's superior in point of family descent, being eldest lineal male descendant of the House of Hastings, and entitled to the Earldom of Huntingdon, though he had not thought proper to assume that dignity. This assurance was satisfactory on the point of etiquette, and the time and place appointed for a meeting. By the seasonable interference of friends, however, a most cordial reconciliation was effected, and so the affair ended."

This brought on a conversation on the subject of the claim, which Mr. Bell consequently resolved to prosecute, and which he did prosecute, as we have stated, with a degree of firmness, skill, intrepidity, and talent, worthy of the result. We lament that it is out of our power to follow his steps; his midnight visits to churches, tombs, and registers; his indefatigable inquiries among living witnesses; his irresistible appeals by which he overcame the forms of the highest authorities, and swept the coldest beings, old women, sextons, inn-keepers, counsellors, attorney-generals, peers, lords chancellors, and finally princes, into the contagious vortex of his own whirling rapidity and intense interest: these constitute the charm of his narrative, and render his work as decidedly characteristic of its author's temperament as it is in its incidents marvellous and entertaining. His first visit on the business, to a solicitor near Donnington, the seat of the family, affords an example of his manner.

"We had a letter of introduction from my noble client, and, on our arrival at the Turk's Head Inn, at two o'clock, we walked up to Mr. Dalby's snug little cottage, where

we found the legal owner about to sit down to dinner. Salutations being passed, I presented my credentials, which he read with elaborate attention, at least I suppose so, as the operation occupied him full a quarter of an hour, though the letter did not contain more than six lines, the substance of which was, that the object of our journey into Leicestershire was to investigate his Lordship's claim to the Earldom of Huntingdon; and that he should feel obliged if Mr. D. would lend us all practicable assistance, which, from being so long concerned for himself and his family connexions, he expected Mr. D. would be found inclined and qualified to do. Mr. Dalby, who is a cautious man, after taking up the aforesaid space of time to read, re-read, and counter-read his Lordship's letter, as if it had been composed of hieroglyphics, at length, putting his face on the defensive, observed, that indeed he had no papers which could assist us; heard some foolish talk about the claim of his Lordship's family, but knew nothing further of the matter: after he had dined, however, would do himself the pleasure of waiting on us at our inn, and, before he came down, would look out some papers which he feared could do us little service, but such as they were, if he could find them, we should have them, and welcome. This qualified declaration put an end to the interview, and almost to our hopes from that quarter."

"Shortly after we had dined, Mr. Dalby, according to promise, made his appearance, taking care first, as I afterwards learned, to make a call at Donnington Park, where the Marchioness of Hastings then was, attended by Sir Charles Hastings, the natural son of the late Earl, and the Rev. Mr. Dalby, brother of our Solicitor. Thus doubly prepared, having swallowed both his dinner and his cue, he appeared quite a new man, the logical *chevaux de frise* of his features relaxing into somewhat of a negotiating attitude, and lighted up by a well-coinced smile. Being seated, he proceeded with much circumspection and solemnity to draw forth from his pocket a paper, which he handled with so much apparent caution before it was exposed to our vision, that a by-stander might have fairly suspected it to be a packet of that species of chemical powder which ignites by friction or exposure to the air. At length, when we half expected a detonation, this monstrous birth saw the world's light, and we beheld a fragment of greasy paper, with some half score of names scrawled on it in the likeness of a pedigree, which, we were forthwith informed with appropriate gravity, was a Genealogical Table prepared by the late Mr. Blunt, a professional gentleman, who, during his life time, practised in that town, with considerable success. Well, the production might possibly have been a pedigree, but, by some awkward fatality, it wanted the generic signs of a head and a tail. The ingenious compiler, like the strolling manager who once advertised the tragedy of Hamlet for representation, with the trifling omission of the young prince's character, completely left out his Lordship, his father,

his grandfather, and great grandfather, four very important personages, as the reader will be inclined to acknowledge. This mutilated thing, however, in the then early stage of the proceedings, might, we deemed, prove of some value to us, and we were converting it in imagination to our own use, and had begun to return our thanks for the favour, when we found we were reckoning without our host, as Mr. D. dexterously re-deposited the document in the bottom of his pocket, drily observing, that he had no right whatever to part with the same."

Forcing his facts, from unwilling as well as willing witnesses, from perfect as well as from strangely mutilated records, Mr. Bell is stopped in full career by an apparently insurmountable difficulty; his client desponds and he himself almost despairs; but a last resource strikes him—he may be able to show the necessary extinction of the branch which intercepts his golden hope by finding it mentioned in certain collateral documents.

"Somewhat relieved by this gleam of comfort, I pursued the idea, and quickly found that Lady Elizabeth Hastings, sister of Theophilus the ninth Earl, had died a maiden, and had made a will. My impatience to inspect this will was so great, that I passed the remainder of the night in sleepless anxiety; and next morning, as soon as the Prerogative Office was open, I rushed to the desk with a heaving avidity not very compatible with grave official forms. I searched, and, to my unspeakable gratification, found the precious instrument. It bequeathed a bond, value 100*l*. to Ferdinando Hastings, of Long Alley, Shoreditch, Gent, late of Kensington. By the help of this new light, I soon discovered the will of this Ferdinando also, and thanked God when I found he had an only child, a daughter, named Deborah, to whom in a codicil he leaves the aforesaid bond, bequeathed to him by Lady Elizabeth Hastings his relative, together with all the rest of his real and personal estate. My search was then renewed for the will of Theophilus, Ferdinando's brother. I knew, if I succeeded in discovering it, and that it should prove the decree without is no of Theophilus, that all the imps of darkness could not prevent my ultimate success. I therefore sought the document with a correspondent degree of anxiety. Every thing now seemed to rest on this single point *dramatic*; and when at length I discovered the will of a Theophilus Hastings, which was proved in 1755, my feelings were wound up to such a pitch of interest, that, for some moments, I vainly endeavoured to read, that which lay under my eyes. Having recalled my faculties I with difficulty read the first lines, which began, 'I Theophilus Hastings, of Long Alley, in the parish of Shoreditch, Gent, being well stricken in years, &c.' Here my agitation became excessive. On the tenor of this instrument my own earthly happiness, my hopes of honest fame, and, what I valued still more, the prosperity of my noble friend and client, might be said to depend; and those only, who have laboured as I did, and pined in tedious suspense for the treasure which was to confirm, or perhaps blast, their

prospects, can sufficiently estimate what I felt at that moment. At last I mustered courage to proceed, and all my trepidation vanished when I found that the testator died a bachelor, bequeathing 'all his estate, real and personal, to the four children of his niece, Deborah, the daughter and only child of his brother Ferdinando.' I was, I confess, sick with exultation. Not the philosopher of antiquity, sallying from the bath, shouted 'Eureka!' with more enthusiastic delight than I did. I flung down the books, nearly ran over the clerks, jesting every one I met, and, rushing from the Commons with an impetuosity, of which, under any other circumstances, I might have been ashamed, threw myself into a coach, and ordered the coachman to gallop to Lord Huntingdon's residence in Monague Place."

Such an agent was not to be withstood in a cause which might adopt the Huntingdon motto, *In veritate victoria*; for truth wants only an advocate like Mr. Bell, to be victorious. Other claimants were set up, delays were interposed, every effort was tried to disconcert and defeat the claimant; but within twelve months the Earl of Huntingdon took his seat in the house of peers. Of this consummation the author gives us a feeling and manly description. It may be prefaced with a very noble trait of royal justice.

"Previous to the sending in of the Report, and after Mr. Hastings' departure for Ireland, it was whispered about in a particular circle, that a personal application had been made by a Lady of high rank to the Prince Regent, requesting him to issue orders to the Law Officers of the Crown, to postpone the further hearing of the pending claim to the Huntingdon Peerage, until the return of a certain nobleman to this country; or at least, till such time as that person should be apprized of the proceedings which had already taken place, and should seal his advice and instructions on the subject. To this request his Royal Highness replied with becoming complaisance and dignity, concluding with the following most princely sentiments.—'But, let me assure you, Madam, that the rights of one subject are as sacred in my eyes, and as dear to my heart, as those of another; and if it appears that the claimant in this case has a just right to the title in question, God forbid that any act of mine should prevent his accession to, and enjoyment of it, even for a moment. Were I to act otherwise, I should disgrace the station I fill, and abuse that high trust confided to me for the happiness of my people, and the maintenance of the laws. I stand here, Madam, to direct and impel the pure and impartial administration of public justice, not to obstruct the exercise of it.'"

The report of the Attorney General, (Shepherd) was followed by a Royal Warrant for issuing a Writ of Summons, commanding the Earl of Huntingdon's attendance in Parliament, to meet on the 14th of January, 1819. Mr. Bell proceeds—

"Early on the morning of the 14th, I waited on Mr. Peacock, Messenger to the Great Seal, and we proceeded together to the

residence of the Lord Chancellor, where I obtained the Writ of Summons, and had the very flattering honour deputed to me of delivering it to Lord Huntingdon with my own hands. 'This most grateful duty I accordingly performed, with a due observance of etiquette, before 12 o'clock at noon, in the presence of his Lordship's assembled family and my own. The interesting scene which followed will be more easily imagined than described. Suffice it to say, that our mutual congratulations were warm and sincere, and our triumph complete and heartfelt, reflected back, as it was, from the affectionate eyes of the endearing circle which surrounded us, and "coming mended" through that tender medium. At two o'clock Lord Huntingdon, accompanied by his uncle, Thomas Fowler, Esq. and myself, called on the Marquis of Ely, who had been on terms of the most friendly intimacy with his Lordship, for some years before, and who now politely consented to introduce the new Peer to the House.'—"In a few moments after, I had the satisfaction of seeing my noble client duly sworn a Peer of the Imperial Parliament, and sign the roll as such. Then, indeed, and not till then, could I venture, like another faithful *Achates*, to exclaim 'Italiam! Italiam!' I then had the honour and felicity of congratulating his Lordship as third Earl of the kingdom, in good earnest; and it will ever be a question with me, which was the more pleased of the two, on the fortunate accession to his high ancestral dignities. The bells of Westminster announced the joyful event; and the happy party who met at his Lordship's hospitable board that evening, celebrated it in something more than words. In fact, it was, to parody the Poet,

Turning the lawful art  
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart."

The only remaining measure of any importance, was to fulfil the legal form of "making Entry" on the estates in order to support the future pretensions of the Earl to the domains of his illustrious progenitors.

On Monday, the 8th of March, our party proceeded to the ruins of Ashley-de-la-Zouch Castle, to make entry on that spot so memorable in English history. To this venerated scene, consecrated by so many family recollections, his Lordship was accompanied by proper witnesses, and an immense concourse of spectators, anxious to see his person, and he present at the legal ceremony. At the gate leading into the field in which the Castle stood, we were met by Mr. Leonard Piddock, Solicitor, who was deputed to forbid his Lordship's entry\*. After he had done so, in the usual manner, he mixed with the others; and it is due to this gentleman to observe, that his conduct throughout was decorous and respectful, unmingled with any asperity; and must have been highly satisfactory to all parties interested. When his Lordship had reached the proper spot, the

\* It was his Lordship's earnest wish that no should be present except Mr. Piddock and the necessary witnesses, but he found it impossible to leave the inn even for a moment without being surrounded by crowds.

pressure of the crowd became so great, that it was impossible to make the entry in the sight and hearing of the appointed witnesses, unless the people would give place. Under, or rather in the middle of these circumstances, his Lordship jocularly called out, 'Gentlemen, make a ring, and let me have fair play!' This kind of *milling* appeal, though his Lordship is by no means connected with the *Fancy*, had the desired effect. The crowd made a centrifugal motion, leaving sufficient space for our operations, and settling at once into the stillness of attention. We then proceeded with the necessary ceremony, which was finished in a few minutes, and seconded by spontaneous and unanimous acclamation. Every part of the old Castle rains, on which it was possible to perch, or cling to, was literally alive with spectators, whose cheers must have been heard at a considerable distance. The noble Lord having intimated his intention to speak to the people, silence was again obtained, and he then addressed them with the animation naturally excited by such a scene. 'He came not there, he said, to deprive any man of his property, but merely to seek the recovery of that, which he was advised, and which he believed, was his hereditary right. The present ceremony was nothing more than a mere form of law, for the execution of which, he was aware, he left himself open to an action of trespass, but it was a necessary step on his part in order to anticipate certain statutes, within the operation of which the lapse of time had nearly brought him. That the land, on which he stood, was his, he would not presume to say, but he believed it to be his lawful inheritance, and as such made entry on it. If he should prove successful in the further prosecution of his rights, he begged them to believe his intentions and feelings towards them, as friends and tenants, would be suitable to so interesting a connexion, and such as a well disposed landlord might cherish and avow. His predecessors, he said, whose remains lay in yonder cemetery, (pointing to the contiguous chapel of St. Helen's, where many of the Earls are buried,) had been their lords for centuries past, and had always carried with them to their graves the prayers and regrets of their people. It would be his highest ambition to imitate their example. His maxim would be, 'Live and let live;' for nothing should give a landlord greater gratification than to see a happy and flourishing tenantry around him. As for the boys here, if it please God that I recover these possessions, I promise to keep a pack of the best dogs in the country for their amusement; and as for the girls, they shall all have husbands, without hunting for them. Now, my friends, I entreat you to return to your several homes, and take with you my warmest thanks for this early manifestation of your good disposition towards me, and my best wishes for your prosperity and happiness! God bless you all!' His Lordship concluded under evident emotions of sympathy honourable to his heart, and amidst the applause and blessings of the multitude. Tears of delight ran down the furrowed cheeks of many of the old peo-

ple present, and the joy of the junior classes amounted to enthusiasm. The walls of old Ashly, whose echoes had long slept in the silence of ruin, once more reverberated to the voice of triumph and jubilee, while the church bells from the village, peal on peal, merrily joined the chorus of acclamation."

We must conclude abruptly.—Our review, though long, is very imperfect; but our readers will not readily be satisfied with any thing short of the work itself, which, to the rare excellence of almost every sort of interest, antiquarian, adventurous, romantic, humorous, adds the unusual concomitants of real character, truth, and authenticity.

*An Account of the Arctic Regions, with a History and Description of the Northern Whale Fishery.* By W. Scoresby, Jun. F. R. S. E. Illustrated by Twenty-four Engravings. Edinburgh, 1829. 8vo. 2 vols.

This work is so copious, that we feel the impossibility, with our limits, of offering more than a very partial account of it to the public. The author, an enlightened and practical observer, who, during seventeen voyages on the Greenland or Spitzbergen Whale-fishery, has added personal experience to the information derived from reading the best authors, gives us a complete view of his subject; and leaves nothing to be desired either respecting the progress of discovery in the Arctic regions, and the natural history of Spitzbergen and the Greenland Sea, to which his first volume is devoted; or respecting the whale fisheries in all their details, to which he has appropriated his second.

On the great problem which involves the geography of the north, we remark that Mr. Scoresby ranges himself on the side of those who think that a north-west passage exists; but he does not go the length of the most sanguine, in supposing that it can ever be of much advantage in a commercial point of consideration. On the contrary, he is of opinion, that if there really be a communication, near the parallel of 70°, between the southern part of Baffin's Bay, or the northern part of Hudson's Bay and Behring's Strait, it would only be open at intervals of years, and then for no more than eight or ten weeks in a season. Hence, as affording a navigation to the Pacific Ocean, the discovery of the passage could be of no service. With regard to the vessels to be employed in pursuing the exploration of the Polar Seas, Mr. Scoresby coincides with what we stated twelve months ago, that ships of from one to two hundred tons are best adapted for that purpose; and it is a pleasant matter, at this pe-

riod, when every feeling heart is so deeply interested in the fate of the expedition in that quarter, to know that a navigator of the author's skill and intelligence, declares, that there is little or no risk in wintering in the northern parts of Baffin's Bay; and indeed, that such is the most expedient course to be pursued in the prosecution of any voyage of discovery. He, however, seems to rely more certainly on journeys by land for the accomplishment of the object in contemplation.

Men there are, (he alleges) who, being long used to travel upon snow in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, would readily undertake the journey from the interior lakes of North America, to the Frozen Ocean, or, in case of a continuity of land being found, to the very pole itself; of whose success, we should certainly have a reasonable ground of hope. The practicability of this mode of making discoveries, has been fully proved by the journeys of Mackenzie and Hearne.

The author describes the mode of travelling over the snow, the state of the tribes who inhabit these frozen regions, &c.; but in conclusion, leads us to anticipate that ice and not land is to be found for a considerable extent, round the pole. Over this ice, he contends, it would be quite possible to travel from Spitzbergen; and he treats the idea of there being an open sea there, as quite chimerical. So far from being approachable by ships, he thinks that no vessel has ever yet penetrated beyond eighty-one and half degrees; and the following is the only modification of his hypothesis—

Should there be land near the Pole, portions of open water, or perhaps even considerable seas, might be produced by the action of the current sweeping away the ice from one side of it almost as fast as it could be formed; and vacancies in such a case might also be produced on the leeward side of the land during any powerful and continued winds; but the existence of land only, in imagination, can encourage an expectation of any of the sea northward of Spitzbergen being annually free from ice.

Having, in his first chapter, discussed this celebrated question, of the sea-communication between the Atlantic and Pacific, by the north, and compressed the accounts of discoveries in the northern regions, Mr. Scoresby proceeds to lay before us a description of some of the polar countries, from his own observations. Of these, Spitzbergen, Jan Mayen Island, and Moffen, Low, Hope, and Cherie Islands, are the chief. We quote a few passages. He mentions, a little to the northward of Horn Sound, Spitzbergen, the largest iceberg which he ever saw,

It occupies eleven miles in length, of the seacoast. The highest part of the precipitous front, adjoining the sea, is, by measurement, 402 feet, and it extends backward toward the summit of the mountain, to about four times that elevation. Its surface forms a beautiful inclined plane of smooth snow; the edge is uneven and perpendicular. At the distance of fifteen miles, the front-edge, subtended an angle of ten minutes of a degree. Near the South Cape lies another iceberg, nearly as extensive as this. It occupies the space between two lateral ridges of hills, and reaches the very summit of the mountain, in the back-ground, on which it rests.

It is not easy to form an adequate conception of these truly wonderful productions of nature. Their magnitude, their beauty, and the contrast they form with the gloomy rocks around, produce sensations of lively interest. Their upper surfaces are generally concave; the higher parts are always covered with snow, and have a beautiful appearance; but the lower parts, in the latter end of every summer, present a bare surface of ice. The front of each, which varies in height from the level of the ocean, to 400 or 500 feet above it, lies parallel with the shore, and is generally washed by the sea. This part, resting on the strand, is undisturbed to such an extent by the sea, when in any way turbulent, that immense masses, loosened by the freezing of water lodged in the recesses in winter, or by the effect of streams of water running over its surface and through its chasms in summer, break asunder, and with a thundering noise fall into the sea. But as the water is in most places shallow in front of these icebergs, the masses which are dislodged are commonly reduced into fragments before they can be floated away into the main sea. This fact seems to account for the rarity of icebergs in the Spitzbergen sea.

The front surface of icebergs is glistening and uneven. Wherever a part has recently broken off, the colour of the fresh fracture is a beautiful greenish-blue, approaching to emerald-green; but such parts as have long been exposed to the air, are of a greenish-grey colour, and at a distance sometimes exhibit the appearance of cliffs of whitish marble. In all cases, the effect of the iceberg is to form a pleasing variety in prospect, with the magnificence of the encompassing snow-clad mountains, which, as they recede from the eye, seem to "rise crag above crag," in endless perspective.

On an excursion to one of the Seven Icebergs, in July 1818, I was particularly fortunate in witnessing one of the grandest effects which these polar glaciers ever present. A strong north-westerly swell having for some hours been beating on the shore, had loosened a number of fragments attached to the iceberg, and various heaps of broken ice denoted recent shoofs of the seaward edge. As we rowed towards it with a view of proceeding close to its base, I observed a few little pieces fall from the top, and while my eye was fixed upon the place, an immense column, probably fifty feet square, and one

hundred and fifty feet high, began to leave the parent ice at the top, and leaning majestically forward with an accelerated velocity, fell with an awful crash into the sea. The water into which it plunged was converted into an appearance of vapour or smoke, like that from a furious cannonading. The noise was equal to that of thunder, which it nearly resembled. The column which fell was nearly square, and in magnitude resembled a church. It broke into thousands of pieces.

As we shall have occasion in a week or two to return to this excellent publication, of which this may be received as an announcement, we shall for the present break away from its science, and turning to the more popular subject of the whale, only add to our extracts a few anecdotes of these mighty creatures, illustrative of the fishery.

*Surprising vigour of a Whale.*—On the 25th of June 1812, one of the harpooners belonging to the Resolution of Whitty, under my command, struck a whale by the edge of a small floe of ice. Assistance being promptly afforded, a second boat's lines were attached to those of the *fast-boat*, in a few minutes after the harpoon was discharged. The remainder of the boats proceeded at some distance, in the direction the fish seemed to have taken. In about a quarter of an hour the *fast-boat*, to my surprise, again made a signal for lines. As the ship was then within five minutes sail, we instantly steered towards the boat, with the view of affording assistance, by means of a spare boat we still retained on board. Before we reached the place, however, we observed four oars displayed in signal order, which, by their number, indicated a most urgent necessity for assistance. Two or three men were at the same time seen seated close by the stern, which was considerably elevated, for the purpose of keeping it down,—while the bow of the boat, by the force of the line, was drawn down to the level of the sea,—and the harpooner, by the friction of the line round the bollard, was enveloped in smoky obscurity. At length, when the ship was scarcely 100 yards distant, we perceived preparations for quitting the boat. The sailors' pea-jackets were cast upon the adjoining ice,—the oars were thrown down,—the crew leaped overboard,—the bow of the boat was buried in the water,—the stern rose perpendicular, and then majestically disappeared. The harpooner having caused the end of the line to be fastened to the ironing at the boat's stern, was the means of its loss;—and a tongue of the ice, on which was a depth of several feet of water, kept the boat, by the pressure of the line against it, at such a considerable distance as prevented the crew from leaping upon the floe. Some of them were, therefore, put to the

• "Giving a whale the boat," as the voluntary sacrifice of a boat is termed, is a scheme not unfrequently practised by the fisher when in want of line. By submitting to this risk, he expects to gain the fish, and still has the chance of recovering his boat and its materials. It is only practised in open ice or at fields.

necessity of swimming for their preservation, but all of them succeeded in scrambling upon the ice, and were taken on board of the ship in a few minutes afterwards.

I may here observe, that it is an uncommon circumstance for a fish to require more than two boats' lines in such a situation; none of our harpooners, therefore, had any scruple in leaving the *fast-boat*, never suspecting, after it had received the assistance of one boat with six lines or upward, that it would need any more.

Several ships being about us, there was a possibility that some person might attack and make a prize of the whale, when it had so far escaped us, that we no longer retained any hold of it; as such, we set all the sail the ship could safely sustain, and worked through several narrow and intricate channels in the ice, in the direction I observed the fish had retreated. After a little time, it was descried by the people in the boats, at a considerable distance to the eastward; a general chase immediately commenced, and within the space of an hour three harpooners were struck. We now imagined the fish was secure, but our expectations were premature. The whale resolutely pushed beneath a large floe that had been recently broken to pieces, by the swell, and soon drew all the lines out of the second fast-boat; the officer of which, not being able to get any assistance, tied the end of his line to a hummock of ice and broke it. Soon afterwards, the other two boats, still *fast*, were dragged against the broken floe, when one of the harpooners drew out. The lines of only one boat, therefore, remained fast to the fish, and this with six or eight lines out, was dragged forward into the shattered floe with astonishing force. Pieces of ice, each of which was sufficiently large to have answered the purpose of a mooring for a ship, were wheeled about by the strength of the whale; and such was the tension and elasticity of the line, that whenever it slipped clear of any mass of ice, after turning it round, into the space between any two adjoining pieces, the boat and its crew flew forward through the crack, with the velocity of an arrow, and never failed to launch several feet upon the first mass of ice that it encountered.

While we scoured the sea around the broken floe with the ship, and while the ice was attempted in vain by the boats, the whale continued to press forward in an easterly direction towards the sea. At length, when 14 lines (about 1680 fathoms) were drawn from the fourth *fast-boat*, a slight entanglement of the line, broke it at the stem. The fish then again made its escape, taking along with it a boat and 28 lines. The united length of the lines was 6720 yards, or upwards of 3½ English miles; value, with the boat, above 1500 sterling.

The obstruction of the sunken boat, to the progress of the fish, must have been immense; and that of the lines likewise considerable; the weight of lines alone, being 35 hundred weight.

So long as the fourth *fast-boat*, through the medium of its lines, retained its hold of the fish, we searched the adjoining sea with the

ship in vain; but, in a short time after the line was divided, we got sight of the object of pursuit, at the distance of near two miles to the eastward of the ice and boats, in the open sea. One boat only with lines, and two empty boats, were reserved by the ship. Having, however, fortunately fine weather, and a fresh breeze of wind, we immediately gave chase under all sails; though, it must be confessed, with the insignificant force by us, the distance of the fish, and the rapidity of its flight considered, we had but very small hopes of success. At length, after pursuing it five or six miles, being at least nine miles from the place where it was struck, we came up with it, and it seemed inclined to rest after its extraordinary exertions. The two dismantled or empty boats having been furnished with two lines each, (a very inadequate supply,) they, together with the one in a good state of equipment, now made an attack upon the whale. One of the harpooners made a blunder; the fish saw the boat, took the alarm, and again fled. I now supposed it would be seen no more; nevertheless, we chased nearly a mile in the direction I imagined it had taken, and placed the boats, to the best of my judgment, in the most advantageous situations. In this case we were extremely fortunate. The fish rose near one of the boats, and was immediately harpooned. In a few minutes two more harpoons entered its back, and lances were piled against it with vigour and success. Exhausted by its amazing exertions to escape, it yielded itself at length to its fate, received the piercing wounds of the lances without resistance, and finally died without a struggle. Thus terminated with success, an attack upon a whale, which exhibited the most uncommon determination to escape from its pursuers, seconded by the most amazing strength of any individual whose capture I ever witnessed. After all, it may seem surprising, that it was not a particularly large individual; the largest lamina of whalebone only measuring 9 feet 6 inches, while those affording 12 feet bone are not uncommon. The quantity of line withdrawn from the different boats engaged in the capture, was singularly great. It amounted, altogether, to 10,440 yards, or nearly six English miles. Of these, 13 new lines were lost, together with the sunken boat; the harpoon connecting them to the fish having broken out before the whale was killed.

*Fishes thrown overboard, by the jerking or sudden heaving of the Boats, in consequence of blows from Whales.*—On the 3d of June 1811, a boat from the ship *Resolution*, commanded at the time by myself, got off in pursuit of a whale, and was rowed upon its back. At the moment that it was harpooned, it struck the side of the boat a violent blow with its tail, the shock of which threw the boat-steeper to some distance into the water. A repetition of the blow projected the harpooner and line-manager in a si-

milar way, and completely drenched the part of the crew remaining in the boat, with the sprays. One of the men regained the boat, but as the fish immediately sunk, and drew the boat away from the place, his two companions in misfortune were soon left far beyond the reach of assistance. The harpooner, though a practised swimmer, felt himself so bruised and enervated by a blow he had received on the chest, that he was totally incapacitated from giving the least support to his fellow sufferer. The ship being happily near, a boat which had been lowered on the first alarm, arrived to their succour, at the moment when the line-manager, who was unacquainted with the art of swimming, was on the point of sinking, to rise no more. Both the line-manager and harpooner were preserved; and the fish, after a few hours close pursuit, was subdued.

A large whale, harpooned from a boat belonging to the same ship, became the subject of a general chase on the 23d of June 1809. Being myself in the first boat which approached the fish, I struck my harpoon at arm's length, by which we fortunately evaded a blow that appeared to be aimed at the boat. Another boat then advanced, and another harpoon was struck, but not with the same result; for the stroke was immediately returned by a tremendous blow from the fish's tail. The boat was sunk by the shock; and, at the same time, whirled round with such velocity, that the boat-steeper was precipitated into the water, on the side next to the fish, and was accidentally carried down to a considerable depth by its tail. After a minute or so, he arose to the surface of the water and was taken up, along with his companions, into my boat. A similar attack was made on the next boat which came up; but the harpooner being warned of the prior conduct of the fish, used such precautions, that the blow, though equal in strength, took effect only in an inferior degree. The boat was slightly stove. The activity and skill of the lancers soon overcame this designing whale, accomplished its capture, and added its produce to the cargo of the ship. Such intentional mischief on the part of a whale, it must be observed, is an occurrence which is somewhat rare.

*Boats sunk, stove, or upset, by blows from Whales.*—The *Ainwell* of Whitby, while cruising the Greenland seas, in the year 1810, had boats in chase of whales on the 26th of May. One of them was harpooned. But instead of sinking immediately on receiving the wound, as is the most usual manner of the whale, this individual only dived for a moment, and then rose again beneath the boat, struck it in the most vicious manner with its fins and tail, stove it, upset it, and then disappeared. The crew, seven in number, got on the bottom of the boat; but the unequal action of the lines, which for some time remained entangled with the boat, rolled it occasionally over, and thus plunged the crew repeatedly into the water. Four of them, after each immersion, recovered themselves and clung to the boat; but the other three, one of whom

was the only person acquainted with the art of swimming, were drowned before assistance could arrive. The four men on the boat being rescued and conveyed to the ship, the attack on the whale was continued, and two more harpoons struck. But the whale irritated, instead of being enervated by its wounds, recommenced its furious conduct. The sea, was in a foam. Its tail and fins were in awful play; and in a short time, harpoon after harpoon drew out, the fish was loosened from its entanglements, and escaped.

In the fishery of 1812, the *Henrietta* of Whitby suffered a similar loss. A fish which was struck very near the ship, by a blow of its tail, stove a small hole in the boat's bow. Every individual shrinking from the side on which the blow was impressed, aided the influence of the stroke, and upset the boat. They all clung to it while it was bottom up; but the line having got entangled among the thwarts, suddenly drew the boat under water, and with it part of the crew. Excessive anxiety among the people in the ship, occasioned delay in sending assistance; so that when the first boat arrived at the spot, two survivors only out of six men were found.

During a fresh gale of wind in the season of 1809, one of the *Resolution's* harpooners struck a sucking whale. Its mother being near, all the other boats were disposed around, with the hope of entangling it. The old whale pursued a circular route round its cub, and was followed by the boats; but its velocity was so considerable, that they were unable to keep pace with it. Being in the capacity of harpooner on this occasion myself, I proceeded to the chase, after having carefully marked the proceedings of the fish. I selected a situation, in which I conceived the whale would make its appearance, and was in the act of directing my crew to ceasing rowing, when a terrible blow was struck on the boat. The whale I never saw, but the effect of the blow was too important to be overlooked. About 15 square feet of the bottom of the boat were driven in; it filled, sunk, and upset in a moment. Assistance was providentially at hand, so that we were all taken up without injury, after being but a few minutes in the water. The whale escaped; the boat's lines fell out and were lost, but the boat was recovered.

A remarkable instance of the power which the whale possesses in its tail, was exhibited within my own observation, in the year 1807. On the 29th of May, a whale was harpooned by an officer belonging to the *Resolution*. It descended a considerable depth; and, on its re-appearance, evinced an uncommon degree of irritation. It made such a display of its fins and tail, that few of the crew were hardly enough to approach it. The captain, (my Father,) observing their timidity, called a boat, and himself struck a second harpoon. Another boat immediately followed, and unfortunately advanced too far. The tail was again reared into the air, in a terrific attitude,—the impending blow was evident,—the harpooner, who was directly underneath, leaped overboard,—and the next moment the threatened stroke was impressed

† It has been frequently observed, that whales of this size are the most active of the species; and that those of very large growth are, generally, captured with less trouble.

on the centre of the boat, which buried it in the water. Happily no one was injured. The harpooner who leaped overboard, escaped certain death by the act,—the tail having struck the very spot on which he stood. The effects of the blow were astonishing. The keel was broken,—the gunwales, and every plank, excepting two, were cut through,—and it was evident that the boat would have been completely divided, had not the tail struck directly upon a coil of lines. The boat was rendered useless.

Instances of disasters of this kind, occasioned by blows from the whale, could be adduced in great numbers,—cases of boats being destroyed by a single stroke of the tail, are not unknown,—instances of boats having been stove or upset, and their crews wholly or in part drowned, are not infrequent,—and several cases of whales having made a regular attack upon every boat which came near them, dashed some in pieces, and killed or drowned some of the people in them, have occurred within a few years, even under my own observation.

*Boats, together with their crews and apparatus, projected into the air.*—The Dutch ship *Gort-Moolen*, commanded by Cornelius Gerard Onwekas, with a cargo of seven fish, was anchored in Greenland in the year 1660. The captain, perceiving a whale ahead of his ship, beckoned his attendants, and threw himself into a boat. He was the first to approach the whale; and was fortunate enough to harpoon it before the arrival of the second boat, which was on the advance. Jacques Vienkes, who had the direction of it, joined his captain immediately afterwards, and prepared to make a second attack on the fish, when it should remount again to the surface. At the moment of its ascension, the boat of Vienkes happening unfortunately to be perpendicularly above it, was so suddenly and forcibly lifted up by a stroke of the head of the whale, that it was dashed to pieces before the harpooner could discharge his weapon. Vienkes flew along with the pieces of the boat, and fell upon the back of the animal. This intrepid seaman, who still retained his weapon in his grasp, harpooned the whale on which he stood; and, by means of the harpoon and the line, which he never abandoned, he steadied himself firmly upon the fish, notwithstanding his hazardous situation, and regardless of a considerable wound that he received in his leg, in his fall along with the fragments of the boat. All the efforts of the other boats to approach the whale, and deliver the harpooner, were futile. The captain, not seeing any other method of saving his unfortunate companion, who was in some way entangled with the line, called to him to cut it with his knife, and bade him to swim. Vienkes, embarrassed and disconcerted as he was, tried in vain to follow this counsel. His knife was in the pocket of his drawers; and, being unable to support himself with one hand, he could not get it out. The whale, mean while, continued advancing along the surface of the water with great rapidity, but fortunately never attempted to dive. While his comrades despaired of his life, the harpooner

by which he held, at length disengaged itself from the body of the whale. Vienkes being then liberated, did not fail to take advantage of this circumstance; he cast himself into the sea, and, by swimming, endeavoured to regain the boat which continued the pursuit of the whale. When his shipmates perceived him struggling with the waves, they redoubled their exertions. They reached him just as his strength was exhausted, and had the happiness of rescuing this adventurous harpooner from his perilous situation.

In one of my earliest voyages to the whale-fishery, I observed a circumstance which excited my highest astonishment. One of our harpooners had struck a whale, it dived, and all the assisting boats had collected round the fast-bow, before it arose to the surface. The first boat which approached it advanced incautiously upon it. It rose with unexpected violence beneath the boat, and projected it and all its crew, to the height of some yards in the air. It fell on its side, upset, and cast all the men into the water. One man received a severe blow in his fall, and appeared to be dangerously injured; but soon after his arrival on board of the ship, he recovered from the effects of the accident. The rest of the boat's crew escaped without any hurt.

Captain Lyons of the *Raith* of Leith, while prosecuting the whale-fishery on the Labrador coast, in the season of 1802, discovered a large whale at a short distance from the ship. Four boats were dispatched in pursuit, and two of them succeeded in approaching it so closely together, that two harpoons were struck at the same moment. The fish descended a few fathoms in the direction of another of the boats, which was on the advance, rose accidentally beneath it, struck it with its head; and threw the boat, men and apparatus, about fifteen feet into the air. It was inverted by the stroke, and fell into the water with its keel upwards. All the people were picked up alive by the fourth boat, which was just at hand, excepting one man, who having got entangled in the boat, fell beneath it, and was unfortunately drowned. The fish was soon afterwards killed.

(To be resumed.)

#### AFRICA.

*Travels to the Sources of the Senegal and Gambia.* By M. Mollien, 4to.

(Concluded.)

The addition to science and African geography made by Mr. Mollien is of some importance: we select what appears to us most worthy of notice.

He states the sources of the Gambia and Rio Grande to be distinct, though only about 1300 paces distant, near the mountains of Badet, a part of the Tong

range. The following is his account, on arriving at the summit of one of these heights.

It was entirely bare, so that we could discover below us, two thickets, the one concealing from view the sources of the Gambia, (in Poula, Diman,) the other those of the Rio Grande, (in Poula, Comba). The joy I felt at this sight could not be disturbed by the reflection of Ali, (his guide,) who the moment we perceived the two rivers said to me: "I fear they will murder thee, if they learn that thou art going to the sources; nevertheless, since thou wilt have it so, we will proceed towards them as if we were hunting, and Boukari on his side shall go to the neighbouring village." The Poulas of Fouta Jallon call this village, *the Sources*.—Continuing in a western direction, we rapidly descended the ferruginous mountain, the summit of which we had been traversing since sun-rise, and arrived in a beautiful valley. On the right and left appeared small villages; the ground was covered with high and thick dry grass, not a stone was to be seen on it; two thickets, which shaded the sources, the objects of my research, rose in the midst of this plain, which drought had despoiled of its verdure. When I entered that which covers the source of the Rio Grande, I was seized with a feeling of awe, as if I was approaching one of the sacred springs where Paganism placed the residence of its divinities. Trees, coeval with the river, render it invisible to the eyes of those who do not penetrate into this wood; its source gushes from the bosom of the earth, and runs north, north-east, passing over rocks. At the moment when I saw the Rio Grande, it slowly rolled along its turbid waters; at about three hundred paces from the source they were clearer, and fit to drink. Ali informed me, that in the rainy season two rivines hollowed in the neighbouring hill, but then dry, and which terminate at the source, conduct thither two torrents which increase its current; at some leagues distance from the place where it springs from the ground, and beyond the valley, the Rio Grande changes the direction of its course, and runs to the west.

Proceeding south-south-east in the same meadow, Ali suddenly stamped upon the ground, and the earth echoed in a frightful manner. "Underneath," said he, "are the reservoirs of the two rivers; the noise thou hearest proceeds from their being empty." After walking about thirteen hundred paces, we reached the wood which concealed the source of the Gambia. I forced my way through the thorny bushes which grew between the trees, and obtained a sight of it. This spring, like the other, was not abundant; it issues from beneath a kind of arch in the middle of the wood, and forms two branches; one running south-south-west stops at a little distance, on account of the equality of the ground which does not allow it to go any further, even in the rainy season; the other runs down a gentle declivity, and takes a south-south-east direction. At its exit from the wood, and even six hundred

† I give this anecdote on the authority of the author of the *Histoire des Pêches*, who translated it from the Dutch. Part of the story bears the marks of truth; but some of it, it must be acknowledged, borders on the marvellous.

paces farther, it is only three feet broad. After ascertaining so important a point as the relative position of the sources of the Gambra and Rio Grande, at so short a distance from each other, I hastened to rejoin Boukari, who awaited us with an impatience mingled with uneasiness; we rejoined together at not having met with any unpleasant adventure; in fact, we had only seen a number of oxen wading without herdsmen, in the meadows contiguous to the sources of these two rivers.

The valley in which they are situated, forms a kind of funnel, having no other outlets than the two defiles by which the rivers run off; man has never dared to use the axe in the woods which overshadow these two springs, because the natives believe them to be inhabited by spirits; their respect for these places is carried to such a pitch, that they are careful not to enter them, and if any one had seen me penetrate within them, I should infallibly have been put to death. From the situation of these two sources, in a basin, between high mountains, covered with ferruginous stones and cluders, and almost entirely destitute of verdure, I am led to conjecture that they occupy the crater of an extinct volcano. The ground which resounded under my feet, probably covers one of the slopes whence the fiery eruptions issued.

The sources of the Falemé, called Thené by the Poullas, is in the same range, and was visited by the author on the 17th.

It is situated, like the sources of the Gambra and Rio Grande, in a basin surrounded by mountains. The Falemé rises at the foot of a hillock situated to the west in an open spot; it runs to the south, and at a very short distance enters an extremely thick wood; nine hundred paces lower it receives the river Boié, then making a curve it turns northward and enters Dentilia. At the distance of two gun-shots from the source to the west, we saw the village of Kebali, and that of Timbouria to the south-west. The mountains which encircle the funnel whence it issues contain iron-mines, and the neighbouring villages carry on a great trade in that metal. Some of these mountains, like those in the neighbourhood of the Gambra, are bare and composed of ferruginous rocks; ashes of the same kind appear in the cavities of their summits, and clumps of trees are seen at intervals.

After residing some days at Timbo, Mr. Mollien explored the head of the Senegal, of which he gives the annexed description.

Agreeably to the instructions we had received from the inhabitants of Dalaba, we proceeded to the north; after traversing a fertile plain watered by the Senegal, we crossed this river, the shallow current of which flowed over a bed of sand and silt; we then began to climb a very steep mountain. We were still far from the summit when Ali suddenly stopping shewed us on our left at a little distance from our track, a thicket of tufted trees, which concealed the sources

from our view. Boukari and I stole along the mountain, reached this thick wood, into which the rays of the sun had never penetrated, and crossed the Senegal, which could not be so much as four feet broad. Ascending the stream I perceived two basins, one above the other, from which the water gushed forth, and still higher a third, which was only humid, as well as the channel that led to the basin immediately below it. The Negroes consider the upper basin as the principal source of the river. These three springs were situated about the middle of the side of the mountain. In the rainy season two ponds, at equal distances above the upper source, supply it with water by two deep channels. On the opposite side of the mountain is a village called Toukan.

The Senegal, called Baleo (black river) in the Poula language, Bafing in Mandingo, which has the same signification, or Foura, which means simply the river, runs at first from north to south, then passes at a little distance to the south of Timbo, and afterwards pursues a western direction. On one of the trees near its sources, I engraved the date of the year in which I made this discovery.

Respecting the Niger, the information picked up by the author is very scanty. At a Poula village he is assured by a Marabout who had performed a pilgrimage to Mecca,

That on this side of the river and beyond Tombuctoo, there are countries entirely peopled by Poullas; that the Dyalliba discharges itself into the Nile, and that its waters, after mingling with those of the river of Egypt, pursue their course to the sea:

And in Fouta Jallon, among the geographical reports which he collected, and which we copy, it is mentioned,

To the north-east are situated,—Dentilia, a country traversed by the Falemé, and inhabited by Mandingoes, who are Pagans.

Diallon, Sangala, Kooronia, mountainous countries inhabited by Djalonkés.

To the east lie:—Balia, eight days' journey from Timbo, a flat country inhabited by Djalonkés.

Kankan, fifteen days' journey from Timbo, a flat country inhabited by Mahommedan Mandingoes. On the frontiers of this empire we find the village of Bourré, which possesses more gold than all Bondou and Bambouk together. The Negroes dig deep to find the metal, and make very long subterraneous galleries.

A great number of Serracolets are met with in Kankan, a country, as rich in its own productions as by the commerce that it carries on with Sego and Tombuctoo, which derive from it the wealth they are known to possess.

Tangarari, ten days' journey from Timbo, a flat country inhabited by Pagan Poullas. The English have there placed the sources of the Niger or Diallila. This river, however, is two gun-shots wide in the place where they assert that it rises.

To the south-east are:—Firia, ten days'

journey from Timbo, a mountainous country inhabited by Djalonkés; in the woods which separate Firia from Fouta Diallon, is the source of the Cala, supposed to be the river of Sierra Leone.

Soulinan, a mountainous country inhabited by Djalonkés, is ten days' journey from Timbo.

Kouranko, eight days' journey from Timbo, is a mountainous country inhabited by Tomakés and Kourankos. The source of the Niger or Diallila is situated in the woods which separate Soulinan from Kouranko, eleven days' journey to the south-east of the source of the Senegal.

Liban is eight days' journey to the south of Timbo; it is a mountainous country, inhabited by Libankés; the rainy season there lasts but three months; the corn harvest is in June. The king of this country has had a very narrow door constructed in front of the fort which he occupies, and has placed a very large stone behind it; such of his subjects, as in passing, touch the door-way or tread on the stone, become slaves. When a merchant goes to the king of Liban, this prince takes all his merchandize, sends for his subjects, and those who have touched the door-way or the stone, are delivered to the merchant.

A month's march to the east of Fouta Diallon lies Maniana, the capital of which is Tokoro; the way to it passes through Balia, Kankan, Toro, and Fabana. The Negroes of Maniana are cannibals, according to the statement of Mungo Park.

When an inhabitant of this country is ill, they kill him and sell his flesh for gold, which is said to be abundant; they also eat the old men; traders, nevertheless, visit these parts, but in numerous caravans. When a stranger dies they purchase his corpse for the purpose of eating it. The people of Maniana also eat spiders, and beetles; they are tall, well proportioned, and have good features; they are said to worship fire. The difficulty of keeping up any communication with so barbarous a nation, renders European merchandize exorbitantly dear there; they pay a hundred slaves for a gun. When the king wishes to purchase an expensive article, he goes to the villages, and orders the slaves who form his guard to put the man or woman whom he points out, in irons; and in this manner he frequently carries away all the inhabitants of a village. A negro from Sego, whom I saw at Geba, assured me, that his king had entirely destroyed this nation of cannibals.

Mr. Mollien erroneously places the kingdom of Massina to the East, instead of the West of Timbuctoo; and his statement respecting our unfortunate countryman Mungo Park, shows that he was ill informed on a subject with which a Traveller in Africa ought to have been well acquainted.

Two Poullas (he says) who had been to this last city, gave me an account of the route they had followed. On quitting Fouta Diallon, they first entered Balia, where



they embarked on the Niger to proceed to Mourré, the gold of which is of a very red colour, and more valued than that of Ouasselon, which is paler; they then crossed the Mandingo country to Sego; the journey occupied from three to four months. These travellers furnished me with some details respecting Mungo Park, of whom they had heard, but their contradictory reports were far from satisfying me: for one of them assured me that this celebrated traveller quitted Tombuctoo with a caravan; and the other declared, on the contrary, that two of the five persons whom he took with him to Sego, had perished there, and that he, with his three companions, had constructed a canoe, of which no tidings had since been heard. This last statement coincides the more closely of the two, with that of the Negro sent by the English to ascertain the fate of their unfortunate countryman. My two travellers agreed better on the course of the Niger, for they both declared that this great river takes its rise between Kouanko and Soliman; that in the season when the water is low they could not descend it further than Marabout, where a ridge of rocks obstructs the navigation; they added, that after passing through Sego, it forms at a great distance from that city, an immense lake, communicating with the Nile, which they called the great river of Egypt. The magnificent description which they gave me of Tombuctoo and Sego did not deceive me, as to the population or extent of these two cities. Very brilliant accounts had also been given me of Timbo, the inhabitants of which were rated at forty thousand, while in reality there are only about nine thousand; the palaces which were spoken of in such high terms, are merely straw cottages.

Sego and Tombuctoo are but the marts for the commerce of the people of northern Africa with Kankan and Ouasselon, the richest countries of the interior of this continent, in slaves and gold.

For a multitude of adventures with lions, alligators, &c.; cruel accounts of starvation, and other matters of personal import, we must refer to the volume of Mr. Mollin, whose narrative, as we have observed, is strongly tinged with Gallie effect. It does not appear exactly how far he penetrated from the coast;—probably about 100 or 120 miles, while his extreme distance from Fort Louis (as the crow flies) might be from 250 to 300. Timbo, the place furthest to the south which he reached, has been frequently visited by Englishmen; among others, by Messrs. Watt and Winterbottom from Sierra Leone. The son of an Englishman, who resided and married there, is stated to have turned Mahummedan, and live at present in the environs. The publication is ornamented with seven plates, and is edited by Mr. Bowdich, so well known by his own travels in Africa. A

vocabulary of various languages is given in the Appendix.

*A Geological Primer in Verse; with a Poetical Geognosy, and sundry right pleasant Poems, &c.* 8vo. pp. 68.

This is a jeu d'esprit, of the same nature as *King Coal's Lxxce*, and displays no inconsiderable share of humour. We shall allow it, however, to speak for itself, and literally confine ourselves to extracts!

The external part or crust of the globe, wherever it has been extensively examined, is composed of different rocks, generally arranged in beds or layers over each other; and these beds appear to have been consolidated at different epochs. Many of the beds contain remains of extinct genera or species of animals; and certain species are often peculiar to certain beds, above or below which they are never observed. Now it is evident that the animals whose remains are imbedded in the lower rocks, could not have been contemporaneous with those found in the upper, by which they are covered; hence the different ages of these rocks are proved.

The lowest rocks that we are acquainted with contain few or no remains of organic life; but from their position it is inferred that they have been formed at different periods: the lowest are supposed, with certain limitations, to be the oldest. It is also well deserving attention, that the animal remains in the lower rocks belong exclusively to the simplest forms of organic life; namely, to molluscous animals and annelids; and that the remains of vertebrated animals, or such as possessed a brain and spinal marrow, never occur in or below the regular coal strata.

It has been further observed, that in the order in which rocks are placed over each other, there is an approximation to a regular succession in every part of the globe, with the exception of certain rocks supposed like the volcanic, to be formed by subterranean fire, and which cover other rocks without any regular order. Though the whole series of rock formations enumerated, may never have been observed together in any one situation, yet wherever they do occur, the rocks placed at the top of the series, are never found under any of the others. Chalk, or green sand, sometimes rests immediately on his limestone, or red sandstone, without the intervention of the oolites, but we never find the oolites above chalk. Some of the rock formations do not extend to every part of the globe: thus chalk and oolite are not found in Wales or the north-west part of England; and, according to Humboldt, they are entirely wanting over a great part of South America. It still remains true, that wherever different formations are observed over each other, there is an approximation to a regular order of succession:—to trace this suc-

\* This position has been recently objected to; but the author is of opinion that its truth has not yet been invalidated. He is also fully convinced that all the writers who have hitherto attempted to apply Werner's arrangement to the Geology of England, have made the most important mistakes; mistakes which have introduced much confusion, and prevented the Geologists on the Continent from understanding the description given of the geology of this country. He trusts he shall make this apparent in a work he is preparing for publication.

cession is the most important part of the science denominated Geology.

The author thought it might be useful to describe the order of succession of the principal rocks, in an amusing form, divested of all unnecessary technicality, that the subject might be more easily understood and remembered. This is the utmost merit to which the Poetical Geognosy lays claim.

The Geological Cookery is intended to impress on the memory of the student the structure of aggregated rocks.

Neptune entertains the rocks, of which the earth's crust is formed, in the following order.

First Granite \* sat down, and then beckon'd his queen,

But Gneiss † step'd in rudely, and elbow'd between,

Pushing Mica-slate ‡ further; when she with a frown

Cried, "You crusty, distorted, and bump-back'd Cretaceous §!"

But this was all sham,—for to tell you the truth, They had been the most intimate friends from her youth,

But let scandal cease. See the whole tribe of Slates

All eager and ready to rush to their plates; Oh hear'm! how the family pour in by dozens, Of brothers, and sisters, and nephews, and cousins §!

The elder-born Limestones ran in between these;—

They were very well known to be fond of a squeeze.

Now, before we proceed with our story, it meet

That we hint at th' amours of Calcium and The-tis:

But the tale shall be short. 'Tis agreed by the sages,

Hence sprang all the limestones of different ages: The oldest look'd white; and no wonder she should,

She had never once dined upon animal food. Ere these rocks were all seated, the loud sound-

ing call Of "Our places! Our places!" rang shrill thro' the hall.

On hearing the noise, the Muse turn'd round her head,

And saw Porphyry ¶ and Euriite—their faces were red.

Then Greenstone \*\* and Sienite †† follow'd behind—

\* See Granitogony and Geological Cookery.

† Gneiss.—This rock is composed of the same minerals as granite, but it has a slaty structure; its beds are often much distorted, and intermixed with Mica-slate.

‡ Mica-slate.—A shining whitish rock, composed principally of Mica and Quartz.

§ Among Slate Rocks we may enumerate, as the principal, Clay slate, or Chlorite slate; Hornblende slate; Flinty slate; Drawing slate; Whetstone slate; Porphyritic slate; and Alum slate.

¶ The oldest Limestone, or White Stagnary Marble, contains no remains whatever of marine or other animals.

§ For the composition of Porphyry, see Geological Cookery.—Euriite, see Primer.

\*\* Greenstone; see Diabase, Primer.

†† Sienite.—A rock similar to Granite, but containing a mixture of a dark mineral called Hornblende.

Their seats were bespoke (they said) time out of mind.

Great Neptune rose up, and then swore in a rage That each rock should be seated according to age:

"But let those (where the register cannot be found

Either under the water or on the dry ground) Not presume to take regular seats at the table; But change places with others whenever they're able."

Thus the last mentioned rocks were obliged to retire, Though their ages were book'd in the office of fire: (This they said,) but no soul would go thither to inquire.

Leaning over old Gneiss and the Slate rocks they stood, Or else press'd between them, whenever they could.

Gay Serpentine  $\frac{1}{2}$ , clad in a livery of green, At Mica slate's feet during dinner was seen; Among the first class it was publicly said, He had often been found fast asleep in her bed. When these rocks were thus settled, and quiet restored,

The others more orderly march'd to the board. Say, Muse, who is he that is just walking in? Oh! his name is as harsh and as rough as his skin,

He's a cousin of Slate, but he looks wild and cracky,

And he is known as the far-famed illustrious Gran-Waef  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Younger Slate rocks, with Sand stone, then came side by side,

And he, the Great Limestone, of limestones the pride,

Who has caves with wild echoes resounding and vocal,

And is call'd by the masons *grey marble entrecôte*. The next was a grave looking set on the whole, Who came in a group to accompany Coal.

Coarse grit stones, with sand stones, and clay-binds, and shale,

Some were hard, some were soft, some were dingy, some pale;

They oft proved deceitful when thought very sound,

For they had many faults  $\frac{1}{2}$ , which they hid under ground.

Red Sandstone came after, and licking his lips, He brought in the Salt, on a salver of Gyps.

Two sister limestones he had a strong bias, The one was Magnesian  $\frac{1}{2}$ , the other was Lias,

$\frac{1}{2}$  Serpentine, the prevailing colour of this rock is green. It often occurs imbedded in Mica slate.

$\frac{1}{2}$  Slate appears to pass by gradation into coarse grit stone, by the mixture and increase of Quartz or sandy particles, and is then called *Grauwacke*. The French Geologists class *Grauwacke* and many of the Sandstones together, under the name of *Psammite*, and more recently under that of *Traumite*. These terms are no improvement either in sense or sound.

$\frac{1}{2}$  Faults or Dislocations—frequent in coal strata, and occasion much inconvenience to miners.

$\frac{1}{2}$  Magnesian Limestone, and Lias Limestone.—Magnesian Limestone, generally of a yellow colour, sometimes contains remains of fish. Lias Limestone occurs in flat and nearly horizontal strata, some of which abound with remains of oviparous quadrupeds, Lizards of enormous size, together with remains of scaly fish, Ammonites, Gryphites, and Pterocrinites.

Though the former look'd sallow, he press'd the dear charmer

So close, his attentions did sometimes alarm her: But Lias was *fat*, and seem'd sombre and dull, For with shell-fish and lizards her stomach was full.

Then Oolite  $\frac{1}{2}$ , with sand-stones, and sand red and green

In a crowd, near the top of the table were seen. The last that were seated were Chalk-marl and Chalk.

They were placed close to Neptune, to keep him in talk.

Now the God gave him orders, "If more guests should come,

Let them dine with the Lakes in a separate room. As for Gravels, and Black-earth, and other gross

livers, They may feast out of doors by the side of the rivers.

Kill Aurochs  $\frac{1}{2}$  and Mammoths, not heeding their groans,

But let them take care of the tooth and the bone."

Their food is described, and the breaking up of the feast by an earthquake, which illustrates the fire theory.

The following is the GEOLOGICAL PRIMER...

A was an Agate as round as a Ball.

B was Basalt in the cave of Efigal.

C was King Coal, of Oxford the pride.

D Doubtful Diabase, close by his side.

E was Eucrite called White-stone, the natural brother

F of Felspar; and much they resembled each other.

G stands for Granite, as old as my granny.

H for rough Hornblende, as blind as a Zany.

I was Iron-stone very dull looking and sad.

J was Jasper, in red and striped ivory cluck.

K was Killian, an old Cornish cousin of slate.

L was Limestone, reclined on a mountain in slale.

M was Mica, a shining elastic bright blazer.

N Novaculite, ready to sharpen your razor.

O was Oolite or Roe-stone, with little round eyes.

P was Porphyry in masses, that reach'd to the skies.

Q was Quartz, whose clear crystals like diamonds shine.

R was Rock-salt from Cheshire, fresh out of the mine.

S was Slate-rock all covered with shivery matter.

T Trap play'd with fire though his mother was water.

V Variclite, covered with little white spots.

W Wacker, all disfigured with freckles and blot.

X stands for Cross-stone, so pearly and white;

A very near cousin of Z, Zeolite  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

From the "sundry right pleasant poems" we copy two as examples...

$\frac{1}{2}$  Oolite, or Roe-stone.—Portland stone, Bath stone, and Rotten stone, are Oolites, or Roe-stones.

$\frac{1}{2}$  Aurochs and Mammoth. Aurochs a species of ox, whose bones are found in gravel and alluvial soil. Mammoth, the fossil elephant:—the teeth and bones are frequently found in gravel and alluvial soil in England, and are very common in Siberia.

$\frac{1}{2}$  Y does not form a letter in the Geological Alphabet; but the Mineralogist who delights in travelling may find it at Y terby in Sweden.

*Physical Geography, or Simon Glumb's Nose.*

If alpine scenes can charm thee, hither come. And view the matchless Nose of Simon Glumb. What varied outline!—here carbonaceous rise, And lift their purple heads amid the skies: There many a sudorous torrent springs, and glides

In deep ravines adown its furrow'd sides. Oh, if such scenes allure thee, hither come, And contemplate the Nose of Simon Glumb.

Perhaps some pensive animalcule roves Along those vales, and seeks the stream it loves;

Or climbs the steep, and views with wild surprise Alps over Alps, on mountains, mountains rise;

Sees lava bursting from volcanic pimple; Or craters, now extinct, that look mere dimples;

Midst scenes like these enjoys sublime repose; And leads a life of bliss on Simon's Nose.

If such there be—then let us not complain, Or say the nose and man were made in vain.

On reading the *Memoirs* of Madame de Maintenon

My soul is delighted, *enchante* alors, *Quand je lis du Siècle de Louis Quatorze*;

Qu'il est difficile à voir a whole nation Making love à la mode, for each other's salvation.

To the Saints and to Cupid, the Virgin and Venus Said—*que tout court Français soit divided between us.*

Ces Moines Jésuites, et ces Frères Jemites, Ces Dames si dévotés avec l'air hypocrite,

Sont tous occupés, with such Christian-like labour, Converting the husbands and wives of their neighbours.

Victez Grand Roi tout rempli de dévotion! With prayers, yrics, and mistresses, what a commotion!

It was intrigue and interest and artifice all, A l'eglise, à la cour, at a sermon or ball,

Quelle pitié de voir! quelle vertueuse grimace! On déposait au Diable en chantant de grâce.

## THE FIRST CRUSADE.

[From *Mill's History of the Crusades*: continued.]

To the horrible and flagitious attempts of the fanatics detailed in our last Number, succeeded the more regular Crusades, which,

though more orderly, were not less bloody. The principal commanders of the earliest

columns were the celebrated Godfrey of Bouillon, the Counts of Vermandois, Blois;

and Planters, Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy, Bohemond Prince of Tarentum;

and Raymond Count of Toulouse. Most of these leaders, after various hardships and

adventures, united at Constantinople, where the Emperor Alexius got them generally to

swear fealty to him. The political trimming of this Machiavelian monarch had, during

his whole life, a great effect in the proceedings of the crusades; and was the cause of

much of their distress. In truth, he appears to have feared his Christian allies, as

much as his pagan enemies, and no feelings of remorse and justice qualified the measures

of craft and cruelty with which he endeavoured to secure himself, and hold them in even

balance. At this period the bones of 250,000 of the vagabonds who had formed the

four rabble expeditions within the year (1006) were whitening on the plains of Nice,

or putrifying in the marshes of Hungary. In May 1097 the holy legions, amounting to

6 or 700,000 souls, commenced their progress through Asia Minor. The siege of

Nice was their first great exploit, and its capture was made nugatory by the treachery of Alexius, who, as the head of the league, claimed and obtained the city. The latter and victory of Doryleum followed; and as this bears a striking resemblance to hundreds of subsequent actions, we briefly note its details. "The Christians were reposing on the banks of a river in the valley of Gorgon, when the alarming rumour reached them of the rapid approach of the foe. Bohemond gave his camp to the charge of the infantry, and, with his cavalry, prepared himself for the impetuous shock of the Moslem savages. The sultan left about one half of his army in the mountains; with the other he descended into the plain; and his soldiers make the air ring with such shouts and yells, that the enemy, unused to clamour, were filled with astonishment and alarm.\* The heroes of Asia discharged their feathered artillery before the Christians could fight with their swords and lances. Few of the Turkish arrows fell without effect; for though the coat of mail defended the men, the horses were completely exposed. A brother of Tancred, and Robert of Paris, severally attempted to charge the Turks, and to press them to close combat. But they constantly evaded the onset, and their pointed weapons checked their furious foe. Both the gallant Italian and the haughty Frenchman were slain; and the remains of their forces were compelled to retreat. Tancred himself fought as a soldier rather than as a general; but the prudent Bohemond drew him from increasing dangers. The Turks pursued their success, and pressed forward to the camp of the Crusaders, where, laying aside their bows, they used their swords with equal execution. Mothers and their children were killed; and neither priests nor old men were spared.† The cries of the dying reached the ears of Bohemond, who, leaving the command to Robert of Normandy, rushed towards the tents, and scattered the enemy. The Christians, weary, thirsty, and oppressed with labour and heat, would have sunk into despair; if the women of the camp had not revived their courage, and brought them water from the stream. The combat was renewed with tenfold vigour. The Norman chieftain fought with all the valour which emboldened his family. He rallied the alarmed troops by his vociferations of those words of courage *Deus id vult*, and, with his standard in his hand, he darted into the midst of the Moslems. When he was joined by Bohemond, all the Christians returned to their duty; despair gave birth to fierceness, and

death was preferred to flight. But their fate was averted by the consequences of the early prudence of Bohemond. Immediately on the appearance of the Turks he had sent messengers to Godfrey and the other leaders, who, at the head of forty thousand soldiers, hastened to assist their brethren. The duke of Lorraine and the count of Vermandois were the first that reached the field of battle; and Adhemar and Raymond soon increased the force. The Turks were paid struck at this unexpected event. In the breasts of the holy warriors revenge and emulation inflamed the ardour of conquest; and the holy flame burnt with double violence when, by the exhortations of the clergy, their minds were recalled to the nature of the cause for which they were in arms. Amidst the animating shouts of prayers and benedictions, the standard of the cross was unfurled, and every soldier swore to tell his devotion with reverent deeds on the helmets of his foes. The heavy charge of the Latins was irresistible. The quivers of the Turks were exhausted; and in close combat the long and pointed swords of the Franks were more deadly than the Turkish sabres. The Moslems fled on every side, and abandoned their camp in the mountains to the enemy. The Christians pursued them for three miles, and then, as devout as joyful, returned to their old positions singing hymns to God. Four thousand of the lower orders of the Franks, and three thousand commanders of the Turks, fell in this first great action between holy and infidel warriors. The Turkish spoils amply repaid the fatigues of the day."—At other times prodigies were resorted to, in order to inspire the crosses when the tide of battle ran against them; and these holy tricks seldom failed to produce the desired effect, whether they consisted of the appearance of St. George or any other Saint, coming towards the army, of miracles, or of the finding of sacred relics of prodigious efficacy.

Some time after the battle of Doryleum, Babilvin, the second in command to Godfrey, separated from his companions, and founded a Christian government at Edessa, in Mesopotamia, the remains of which exist at the present day. The main force undertook the siege of Antioch, a place of monstrous strength in times when gunpowder was unknown, though being four miles in circumference, the capital of Syria would have been able to make but a short defence against the engines of modern warfare. The investment was long, and the contest sanguinary; famine and war alternately ravaged the forces on both sides; desertion also thinned the Christian ranks; but, at last, Antioch fell by treachery. "The banner of Bohemond was hoisted on a principal eminence; the trumpets brayed the triumph of the Christians; and with the affirmation, *Deus id vult*, they commenced their butchery of the sleeping inhabitants. For some time the Greeks and Armenians were equally exposed, with the Musselmans; but when a pause was given to murder, and the Christians became distinguished from the infidels, a mark was put on the dwellings of the for-

mer; and their edifices were regarded as sacred. The dignity of age, the helplessness of youth, and the beauty of the weaker sex, were disregarded by the Latin savages. Houses were no sanctuaries; and the sight of a mosque added new virulence to cruelty. If the fortune of any Moslem guided him safely through the streets, the country without the walls afforded no retreat, for the plains were scoured by the Franks. The citadel alone was neglected by the conquerors; and in that place many of their foes secured themselves before the idea was entertained of the importance of subjugating it. The number of Turks massacred on this night was at least ten thousand. The fate of Baghasian, (the Emir, and a grandson of Malek Shah) was melancholy and unmerited. He escaped with a few friends through the Crusaders' camp, and reached the mountains. Fatigue, disappointment, and the loss of blood from the opening of an old wound, caused a giddiness in his head, and he fell from his horse. His attendants raised him; but he was helpless, and again became stretched on the ground. They fancied, or heard the approach of the enemy; and, as in the moments of extremity the primary law of nature is paramount, they left their master to his fate. His groans caught the ear of a Syrian Christian in the forest, and he advanced to the poor old man. The appeal to humanity was made in vain; and the wretch struck off the head of his prostrate foe, and carried it in triumph to the Franks.

The attendants and followers of the camp pillaged the houses of Antioch as soon as the gates had been thrown open; but the soldiers did not for awhile suffer their rapacity to check their thirst for blood. When, however, every species of habitation, from the marble palace to the meanest hovel, had been converted into a scene of slaughter, when the narrow streets and the spacious squares were all alike disfigured with human gore, and crowded with mangled carcasses, then the assassins turned robbers, and became as mercenary as they had been merciless."

The Emperor of Persia now marched against the Crusaders, the enemies of the prophet, who were abandoned by Alexius, deserted by many of their brethren, shut up in Antioch, and again exposed to all the miseries of famine. Superstitious frauds were resorted to, to restore their discipline and courage; and not in vain. Inspired prophets announced success: a Lombard clerk presaged the entry of Jerusalem in triumph after three years of hardship; and "before the effects of this tale had worn away another priest swore on the gospels, that while he was at prayers, Jesus Christ, accompanied by his mother and Saint Peter, appeared to him, and said, "Knowest thou me?" The priest answered, "No." A cross was then displayed on the head of the Saviour, and the astonished priest acknowledged his Lord. The son of man exclaimed, "I made you masters of Nice, I opened to you the gates of Antioch; and in return for these benefits, you have lost your religious name in infamous debaucheries with Pagan

\* Agreeably to the fashion of the times, the devil was supposed to be the author of this clamour. The words *diabolical sonus*, and *demoniac vox*, occur within two lines of each other in the *Gesta Francorum*, p. 6.

† Some of the matrons and damsels of quality preferred Turkish slavery and its accompaniments to a glorious death. They dressed themselves in their most sumptuous robes, exhibited all their charms, and threw themselves at the feet of the conquerors. Albert, p. 212.

women."\* At these words the holy virgin and St. Peter threw themselves at the feet of Jesus, and besought him to have mercy on his votaries. He then said to Peter, "Go tell my people, that if they will return to me, I will turn to them; and in five days will give them the help which they want." The presbyter offered to verify his story by a fiery ordeal; but as the merit of faith rises in proportion to the weakness of testimony, the bishop of Puy required merely a simple oath. Bohemond, Raymond, Godfrey, Hugh, and the two Roberts, swore that they would never desert each other, or fly from the sacred cause; and Tancred shewed his fanaticism or courage in the expression, that he would not abandon the siege of the citadel, or the journey to Jerusalem, so long as sixty soldiers were in his train. The succours of heaven were not withheld from any want of devotion in the people. The temples were crowded, and the streets resounded with psalms and hymns. A priest and a secular man were arrested in their flight; the one by his brother's ghost, the other by Jesus Christ himself. Heavenly promises were mixed with reproaches, and the spectre of the mortal man declared, that the disembodied souls of the slain Christians would assist their friends in the day of battle. When superstition was at its height, a Provençal or Lombard clerk, named Peter Barthelemy, assured the chiefs, that St. Andrew had appeared to him in a vision, had carried him through the air to the church of St. Peter, and had shewn him the very lance which had pierced the side of Christ. The saint commanded him to tell the army, that that weapon would ward off all attacks of the enemy, and that the Count of Tholouse should support it. He had not at first obeyed the commands of the saint, for he dreaded the charges of fraud and imposture; but at last the threats of heavenly vengeance had overcome his modesty, and he resolved to communicate the important secret. Expressions of joy and thankfulness from the chiefs rewarded the holy man, and superstition or policy bowed conviction to the tale. This appears to have been a holy cheat invented by the Count of Tholouse; it, however, answered the purpose for which it was invented, for the lance was found, and contributed largely to the triumph over the infidels, which crowned the ensuing desperate battle. The crosses thus inflated, "polished their shields, and sharpened their swords. What few provisions they had left, they freely gave to each other: and their horses, (only two hundred) were allowed a double portion of provender. Temporal cares did not possess them wholly. They sung hymns, they prayed, made religious processions, confessed one to another, and in receiving the sacrament of the holy sup-

per, they felt their anger kindled against the impious despisers of the efficacy of the death of Christ. The clergy were seen in every church, and among each band of soldiers, promising forgiveness of sins to those who fought bravely. The leaders of the army, the bishops, and particularly the pious Adhemar, poured out their blessings only, but largesses of money and provisions; and now these people, who had seemed just before pale, wan, and spirit-broken, appeared with a bold and martial front, anticipating nothing but victory. Religion had changed all. Every one felt that he was the man of God, and that assisted by the lance of his Saviour, he should discomfit his foes."

The next day (28th of June, 1098,) was the day of battle, and the religious courage of the army was animated by the circumstance that it was the festival of the church for St. Peter and St. Paul. All the troops, except the count of Tholouse, and a few of his Provencals, who were left to watch the citadel, quitted Antioch, and formed in battle array on the plain before the city. The van was preceded by the priests, and monks with crucifixes in their hands, praying aloud for the protection of heaven, and exclaiming in the language of the Psalmist, 'Be thou a tower of defence to those who put their trust in thee.' Every event was turned into a favourable omen, and even the morning dew scented with the perfume of roses, was supposed to be a special favour from heaven. The army marched in twelve divisions, in honour of the twelve apostles. To Hugh rout of Vermandois, as the bearer of the papal standard, was assigned the distinction of leading the van. Robert of Flanders commanded the second division; Robert of Normandy, and his noble kinsman, Stephen earl of Albe-marle, the third. The bishop of Puy led the fourth, and this division was the most honourable of the twelve, for it carried the head of the sacred lance. The fifth, sixth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh divisions were conducted by brave and celebrated generals; the seventh and eighth were led by Godfrey and Tancred; and the division of reserve was under the command of Bohemond. The bishop of Puy, clothed in armour, and bearing the lance in his right hand, advanced from the ranks, and exhorted the champions of the cross to fight that day as brothers in Christ, as the sons of God. 'Heaven,' he continued, 'has pardoned you for your sins, and no misfortune can happen to you. He who dies here will live hereafter, because he seeks eternal glory. Be brave of heart, for the Lord will send you legions of saints. Go then before your enemies, who are more prepared for flight than for combat; as in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to battle, and the Lord God Almighty will be with you.' The army shouted their approbation and assent. They then pressed forwards to the plain on the other side of the Orontes. Two thousand Turks, the guardians of the iron bridge, were annihilated by the three first divisions, and the whole army formed in two lines between the mountains and the river. Hugh was at the right of the

line, and Godfrey on the left. Kerbogah had expected the Christians as suppliants, and he learnt only by the destruction of his corps of observation, that they marched as warriors. His movements were directed by skill; he bent his attacks against a part only of the enemy, the division of Godfrey and Hugh; and the sultan of Nice, after having made a circuitous route, fell upon the rear of Bohemond. The Christians opposed no stratagem to the manœuvre of the Turks, but the battle was fought man to man, lance to lance. Tancred hung the event in suspense by rescuing the prince of Tarentum; but at last the Franks contended for safety, not for victory, and the Saracenic cavalry was mowing away their ranks. In this perilous moment some human figures, clad in white armour, and riding on white horses, appeared on the summit of the neighbouring hills, and the people distinguished the martyrs St. George, Maurice, and Theodore. The superstitions, or politic Adhemar, ran through the ranks, exclaiming, 'Behold, soldiers, the saviour which God has promised you.' The men answered him with the cry, Deus id vult, their martial energies revived at this animating shout, and, not waiting for the bright squadron of their celestial allies, they closed their battalions, and bore down upon the Saracens; who, terrified at this unexpected vigour, threw away their arms, and fled. So closely did the Christians pursue the steps of Kerbogah, that the valiant emir could not rally the troops, or save the Turkish women and children from murder, or his camp from spoliation. The booty was so great, that every one of the conquerors became in a moment far richer than when he assumed the cross; and there fell to the share of Bohemond the splendid tent of Kerbogah, which, like the one sent by Harun al Raschid to Charlemagne, could (it is said) contain two thousand men, was divided into streets like a town, and fortified with towers. One thousand five hundred camels were found in the camp, and the cavalry mounted themselves on Arabian horses. The citadel of Antioch followed the fate of the covering army, and surrendered."

[We find that the siege and sacking of Jerusalem, without which we cannot conclude the history of this interesting Crusade, will occupy more than a page of our Gazette, and must therefore, in the pressure of other matter, be postponed.]

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### VACCINATION IN INDIA.

The Board of the National Vaccine Establishment have lately received from Seringapatam a curious and important memoir on Vaccination in that part of India, by the Rev. I. A. Dubois, Missionary in the Mysore, author of a Description of the Character, &c. of the people of India, and long a most ardent and zealous promoter of the Vaccine.

M. Dubois states, that Vaccination was introduced into Hindoostan in the year 1802, and was warmly encouraged by the British

\* Strange morality, indeed, as Mr. Ellis observes, is ascribed to the Supreme Being, who declares himself offended, not by the unnecessary cruelty of the crusaders, but by the general profligacy of their manners, so much as by the reflection, that Pagan women were partners of their amours. Specimens of the Early English Poets, i. 99.

Government; but the natives displayed a violent aversion to it from several causes:—the first proceeded from a hatred to all innovation. 3dly. A rumour arose, that this was a design of the English to affix an indelible mark on certain persons; and that all the males so impressed were, when they grew up, to be forced into the military service, and the females to be concubines. 3dly. The Hindoos had always considered the small-pox as a dispensation from a Goddess named Mahy Umna; or rather, that the disease was an incarnation of this Deity into the person infected. They endeavoured to propitiate this Goddess with offerings and sacrifices; but should the patient die, the relatives dared not weep, lest the Goddess should overwhelm them with greater calamities.

From these causes Vaccination was at first submitted to only by Christians.

M. Dubois exerted his influence to overcome the prejudices of the natives, and though at first much confusion arose, and some failures occurred in consequence of other practitioners mistaking a spurious disease for the true Vaccine; the opposition gradually declined, in consequence of the complete success which attended the regular Vaccine, and the natives became persuaded that the Goddess Mahy had chosen this mild mode of manifesting herself to her votaries, and might be meritoriously worshipped under this new shape.

M. Dubois solemnly declares, that he and his assistants have vaccinated nearly a Lac, or one hundred thousand persons; and that he has not heard of one case proving fatal, nor a single well-authenticated instance among this large number, of the Small Pox occurring after the regular Vaccine.

*Calcutta Journal.*

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### OXFORD, MARCH 11.

On the 1st, the Hon. Morton Eden, and the Rev. Charles Webber, B. A. Students of Christ Church, were admitted Masters of Arts; and Charles George Venables Vernon, Student of Christ Church, was admitted B. A. On Monday last the Rev. Philip Ward, of Trinity College, and George Trevelyan, of Balliol College, were admitted Masters of Arts; and John Clement Wallington, of St. John's College, was admitted B. A. On Thursday Richard Bethell, B. A. Scholar of Wadham College, was unanimously elected Vinerian Scholar in Common Law.

### CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 10.

William Blackstone Rennel, Esq. B. A. Fellow of King's College, is elected into one of the Travelling Fellowships founded by the late William Worts, Esq.

CHANCELLOR'S MEDALISTS.—The gold medals given annually by the Chancellor of this university, to two commencing Bachelors of Arts, who acquit themselves best in classical learning, were adjudged to Messrs. Horatio Waddington and Thomas Pell Platt.

*Sir William Browne's Medals.*—The sub-

jects for the present year are, FOR THE GREEK ONE: *Μηροπολις*.

FOR THE LATIN ONE: *Ad Georgium Quartum, Augustissimum Principem, Scripta Paterna accipiente.*

FOR THE GREEK EPIGRAM: *Inscriptio, In Venum Aquæ ex imis visceribus Terræ Arte educatæ.*

FOR THE LATIN EPIGRAM: *Impræpari disquirite.*

On Monday evening the members of the Cambridge Philosophical Society held their second general meeting for the present year, in the great lecture room of the Physical Schools in the Botanic Garden; when the President finished the reading of his paper on Isometrical Perspective; a communication was then read by the Secretary, from the Rev. J. Hallstone, respecting a mineralized organic body, found in the cliff near Scarborough; a paper, by Mr. Herschell, jun. was afterwards read, on the reduction of certain classes of functional equations to equations of finite differences; also a paper by Mr. J. Oken, upon the fossil remains of the beaver found in the peat earth near the bed of the old West Water at Chatteris.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

### THE MICHAELMAS DAISY.

Last smile of the departing year,  
Thy sister sweets are flown;  
Thy pensive wreath is far more dear,  
From blooming thus alone.  
Thy tender blush, thy simple frame,  
Unnoticed might have past;  
But now thou comest with softer claim,  
The loveliest and the last.  
Sweet are the charms in thee we find,  
Emblem of hope's gay wing;  
'Tis thine to call past bloom to mind,  
To promise future spring.

L.

### DUET.

1.  
O, Mary! are your eyelids shut,  
Or are you of love dreaming yet?  
2.  
No, I awoke when day-light broke,  
The visions bright at nought I set.  
1.  
Why did you wake! Why did you break  
The charm which is so sweet to see?  
2.  
O! I awoke: the spell I broke  
To think on love's reality.  
BOTH.  
Sweet is love's illusive dream,  
But sweeter still his waking theme;  
Sweet are the visions bright we see  
Before young lovers' sleeping eyes;  
But sweeter still the magic power  
Which glads them in their waking hour.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### BENJAMIN WEST.

Benjamin West, Esq. the President of the Royal Academy, died at his house in Newman-street, on the night of Friday the 10th instant, at the advanced age of 82. He had

been for a long time in declining health, and finally dropped easily in the ripeness of years. The grave must be closed over him for a space, before his character as a painter and a man can be impartially and fully discussed; but it may even now be said, that few beings have ever died leaving so little doubt upon their immorties, either in regard to the estimable qualities of social life, or to the employment of the gifts of nature, as this venerable individual. He was assuredly a character free from offence in those actions which serve to distinguish worth from vice; and the marked predominance of good in his disposition, far more than counterbalanced the frailties of humanity, of which, in common with his fellow-creatures, he participated. As an artist, his eminence is unquestioned; and though perhaps there may be a difference of opinion upon the degree of his rank, there can be none as to its being highly elevated, and to his professional pursuits being, without one exception, of the noblest kind.

Mr. West, the tenth child of John West and Sarah Pearson, was born near Springfield, County Chester, Pennsylvania, on the 10th of November, 1738. His family were quakers; but on the paternal side, whether truly or not is of no consequence, claimed noble descent from Lord Delawarre, of the era of Edward III. It was in 1667 that his ancestors changed their religious persuasion, and in 1669 that they emigrated to America. Mr. Galt, who has published an account of the youth of Mr. West, states, that his appearance in this busy world was accelerated by the powerful effect produced on his mother by one of the inspired preachers of the sect to which she belonged; and very oddly infers from this untoward circumstance, that the child was born for great future destinies! So absurd a proposition throws much suspicion over the other facts detailed in the work, and we repeat them without vouching for their perfect credibility. It is said that not only without previous practice, but without having ever seen a picture or engraving, Benjamin, in his seventh year, drew the likeness of a sleeping infant, so accurately as to be readily cognisable. Encouraged by this wonderful commencement, he resolutely followed the bent of his genius, and at school continued to make drawings with pen and ink, till some Indians, who visited Springfield, taught him the use of the red and yellow, with which they painted their ornaments; and his mother adding indigo, he ventured on a wider field with his three prismatic colours. There being no camel's-hair pencils in Pennsylvania, the young artist made for himself, and substituted an imitation from the fur of his father's favourite black cat, whose tail and back witnessed to his depredations.

When about eight years old, a friend at Philadelphia made him a present of a box of colours, and some engravings; from two of the latter he composed a piece, and, such is the partiality of our age for the exploits of our youth, the President of the Royal Academy is reported by his biographer to have declared thirty-seven years after, that "there

were inventive touches in his first and juvenile essay which, with all his subsequent knowledge and experience, he had not been able to surpass." The next step in advance of young West was the reading of Richardson and Trevelyan. Inspired by their writings, he painted his first historical subject, the Death of Socrates. Pursuing his studies at Philadelphia, he made such progress, that the body to whose tenets he adhered, departed from their doctrine of hatred to what was merely ornamental and worldly, and, at a public meeting, authorised his devoting himself to the fine arts. He was at this period sixteen years of age, and for some time painted portraits at Philadelphia, at two guineas and a half for a head, and five guineas for a half length, saving as much money as he could for a voyage to Europe. He also resided about eleven months at New-York; till in 1780, opportunity and auspicious circumstances combining, he sailed for Italy. An artist in that day, springing from a sect inimical to the arts, and from a new country, was a curiosity, and Mr. West reaped many advantages from his situation. He was speedily patronised, and liberally assisted. On the 10th of July, in the year we have mentioned, he arrived at Rome. Mr. Robinson (afterwards Lord Grantham), took him by the hand, and he became acquainted with persons of rank in society, as well as with Gavin Hamilton, Mings, and other painters of celebrity. It is stated that Raphael did not at first interest him, and that Michael Angelo, neither at first, nor on further study, appeared to be so great as common fame allows. He painted a picture of Cliton and Iphigenia, preparatory to taking his degree among the Roman students; and subsequently, another of Angelica and Madro. The academies of Florence, Bologna, and Parma, elected him a member; and he set out with an increase of knowledge and reputation for England, whither he travelled through France.

Thus far Mr. Galt's publication carries us. It seems to indicate that Mr. West's ambition was as much directed towards being thought a marvellous child, as what we consider much more desirable, a distinguished man.

In August, 1763, Mr. West arrived in London; and after visiting several of the finest collections of pictures at various palaces and noble residences, determined to settle in this country, and married a Miss Shavell, from Philadelphia. He accordingly, in the ensuing spring, exhibited at the Great Room in Spring Gardens three of his best works; and, on the incorporation of the artists in 1765, was chosen a member, and appointed one of the directors. He drew at their Academy in St. Martin's Lane; and, in 1768, was one of the four who submitted the plan of the Royal Academy for his Majesty's approbation.

With the King himself, to whom he was recommended by the Archbishop of York, (Drummond,) he soon after became a favorite; and continued to grow in fame and prosperity under royal patronage, and the public favour obtained through the regular

annual exhibition of excellent pictures. His first performance, exhibited in 1769, at the Royal Academy, was *Regulus*. At present we have not a fit opportunity for detailing his progress minutely, nor for relating any of the multitude of anecdotes about him which are in circulation. His "Death of Wolfe," and "William Penn forming a Treaty with the Indians," are widely known; and in later years, his "Christ healing the Sick," "Death on the pale Horse," and other works, have borne testimony to the unimpaired vigour of his faculties. In 1802, Mr. West went to Paris, and was received with great honours. He was historical painter to his Majesty (1772), and surveyor of royal pictures (1799); President of the Royal Academy (1791); member of the Dilettanti Society, Society of Arts, Royal Institution, Antiquarian Society, and a governor of the Foundling Hospital in England. Abroad he was also honoured with marks of distinction. As President of the Royal Academy, succeeding so enlightened a man as Sir Joshua Reynolds, we are not aware that Mr. West, by his lectures, did so much for the British School as his great predecessor; nor do we know that some of the duties of this important office have not fallen into disrepute. Whoever may be elected to the vacant chair, whether Slue, Lawrence, or Fuseli, will therefore do well to consider that some of the vigour of a young Institution may be most usefully infused into one which has shown somewhat of the listlessness and apathy of abundance and age. It is a high place, and he who fills it may do a great deal for the arts.

Mr. West has left two sons, with, we are informed, small fortune, except his princely collection of pictures, which is valued at a large sum. It is probable that his funeral will be public, like that of his celebrated predecessor.

## THE DRAMA.

There are no novelties this week in the theatrical world. Mr. Harris is gone to Dublin to complete the purchase of the theatre in that city, which will thus become an appendage to Covent Garden, as Ireland is to England;—we hope both will be well managed. Mr. Mathews has adjourned his house over the Easter Holidays. Signior Ambrogetti, Mademoiselle Corri, Pearman, and one or two other respectable performers, have been exhibiting among numerous groups of wonderfully ragged chorus-rovers at the Cohourg, and the audiences have added rows to the discordance already too great upon the stage. The Hebrew is dying by inches, and Kean is announced for *Lear*. Mr. Howard Payne, the author of *Brutus*, has we hear taken Sadlers Wells, and is preparing to open the Aqueous Campaign. Madame Mara, as we anticipated, from newspapers so repeatedly stating that she had refused every invitation to sing notwithstanding the immense temptations offered, had "a night" at the King's Theatre on Thursday.

## VARIETIES.

M. de Kermellée who some time ago departed from France on a scientific mission, arrived at Saint-Denis in the Isle of Bourbon, in October 1819. He is engaged in forming collections of plants and seeds; and in a private letter he states his intention of transmitting several packages of curiosities for the Jardin du Roi, in Paris.

The Academy of Belles Lettres at Stockholm, has elected Lord Strangford and Baron Suhtelen (the Russian Ambassador) Foreign Members.

A gentleman of Rouen of the name of Louvel, has applied for leave to change it; and, instead of that of an assassin, to assume his maternal name, "Delaplanche."

There is an English Journal called *The Telegraph*, published at Boulogne, so much has this place become a British settlement.

The steam brig, *Le Voyageur*, which sailed from l'Orient for Senegal, on the 18th of October, has arrived safely at the place of its destination, after a voyage of 16 days. This is the first steam vessel that has sailed from a French port on a voyage of any length.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MARCH, 1820.

Thursday, 9.—Thermometer from 25 to 48.

Barometer from 30, 38 to 30, 23.

Wind N. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  and S. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally clear.

Friday, 10.—Thermometer from 27 to 43.

Barometer from 30, 07 to 29, 90.

Wind S. b. W. and S. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Morning cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.

Saturday, 11.—Thermometer from 24 to 52.

Barometer, from 29, 85 to 29, 78.

Wind S. E. 1.—A foggy morning, the rest of the day generally clear.

Sunday, 12.—Thermometer from 28 to 48.

Barometer from 29, 70 to 29, 63.

Wind E. b. S.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Morning and noon clear, the rest of the day cloudy, with a little rain in the evening.

Monday, 13.—Thermometer from 31 to 37.

Barometer from 29, 74 to 30, 05.

Wind W. b. S. 2 and  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Morning cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.

Rain fallen, .625 of an inch.

Tuesday, 14.—Thermometer from 30 to 55.

Barometer from 30, 24 to 30, 28.

Wind S. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally cloudy, sunshine at times.

Wednesday, 15.—Thermometer from 45 to 60.

Barometer from 30, 41 to 30, 47.

Wind N. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally cloudy.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Many articles are unavoidably postponed, and must also stand over next week, when we shall have the pleasure of occupying nearly our whole Number with the analyses of *Three New Works*, of great literary interest, which will then be on the eve of publication: viz. *The Monastery*, by the Author of *Waverley*. *The Life of Wesley*, and *History of Methodism*, by Southey; and *Wordsworth's new Poem*.

# Miscellaneous Abvertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

British Gallery, Pall Mall.

**THIS GALLERY**, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Modern Artists, is open daily, from ten in the morning until five in the afternoon.

JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY CONDUIT STREET.—

On the Publication of their NEW CATALOGUE, Messrs. COLBURN and Co. beg leave most respectfully to present their grateful acknowledgements to their numerous Subscribers for the very distinguished patronage with which this Establishment has been constantly honoured, and to assure them that the Proprietors' exertions shall be spared in order to render it still more worthy of that peculiar favour which has hitherto been bestowed upon it. With the view of devoting their attention more particularly to this object, they have recently transferred their Miscellaneous Retail Business to another house; and have established such new regulations for the circulation of books, as they deem for the press, as most unquestionably tend to afford to their Subscribers a very superior degree of accommodation. The Catalogue now presented will be found to contain, besides the more valuable Standard Works, every interesting modern publication, to the present day; to which will be regularly added, at the discretion of the Proprietors, every production that merits general interest that may appear. The Proprietors have, also, the pleasure to state, that the entire Library has been recently most carefully inspected, deficiencies supplied, important works added, and the whole re-arranged, in neat and uniform binding. In conclusion, the Proprietors beg to observe, that as it will be their constant aim to render their collection both at home and abroad, as well as their own exclusive concern, a Publishers, subservient to the interests of this establishment, they confidently hope that their Subscribers will do them the favour to co-operate with them in their intentions, by the earliest possible return of books, and a due regard to all the regulations, which they beg it to be understood, can in no respect be dispensed with.

Conduit Street, March 1825.

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Books sent to Subscribers to all parts of the United Kingdom, or the Continent, and in any quantity, by paying a proportionate subscription.

Colburn and Co. most respectfully assure those Ladies and Gentlemen who may honour them with their names, as Subscribers, that the greatest attention shall be paid to their wishes, and that they trust that by the arrangements they have adopted for an immediate and abundant supply of all new and interesting works, British and Foreign, that they shall afford them more than ordinary satisfaction.

New Poetical Music, by Clementi and Co. 26, Chancery.

**HAIL GEORGE THE FOURTH!** a new Patriotic Song: the words by W. F. Colford; the Music by F. Kalkbrenner, price 1s. 6d. "The Emblem

of Love," a much admired Song, by Mrs O'Moran; the Piano-Forte Accompaniment by J. Wilkins, price 1s. 6d. "If Music be the Food of Love;" a favourite Canonet (the words from Shakespeare) by J. Clifton, price 1s. 6d. "The second Number of British Melodians will shortly be ready for delivery. The Poetry by J. F. M. Davison, Esq. A. M. the Music by Mr. Clifton, price 1s.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

**THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE** for March embellished with Portraits of the King and the Duke of Kent, finely engraved, contains, among other interesting articles, 1. George III. his Court and Family. 2. Memoirs of H. R. H. the Duke of Kent, 3. Living Novels. No. 1. MacKenzie. 4. Present State of the English Stage. 5. What is Poetry. 6. Remarks on the Elgin Marbles, addressed to the Emperor of Morocco, by the Marquis de Quincy. 7. On the Female Literature of the Present Day. 8. On Musical Expression. 9. On Ghosts in Tragedy. 10. The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Hamlyn, Gent. 11. Art of Bookmaking. 12. Universality of the Action of Light. 13. On the Motion of the Sap in Plants. 14. On the Agricultural Question. 15. Shakespeare's Plays. 16. Poems of the Rev. Henry and Scenery, by John Clare, a Northampton Poet. 17. Memoirs of the Private Life, Return and Reign of Napoleon in 1815, by M. Henry de Chaboulon. On the Language and Literature of Norway and Sweden, &c. 18. Remarks on the British Institution, by Mr. Carey. 19. On Illumination by Electricity. 20. Original Poetry, Winter Scenes, Light, &c. 21. Vade-mecum, Literary and Scientific. 22. New Publications with Critical Remarks. 23. New Inventions and Discoveries. 24. Dramatic Notices. 25. Reports, Literary, Meteorological, Agricultural, and Commercial. 26. Historical Digest of Political Events, Funeral of his late Majesty, and of the Duke of Kent. 27. Interesting Occurrences, Promotions, Births, Marriages, and Deaths; with Biographical Particulars of the most celebrated Persons. London: Printed for Henry Colburn and Co. Conduit Street, to whom communications for the Editor are requested to be addressed.

In a few days will be published, the second Volume, (Poetry) of

## CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

THIS, consisting of interesting Extracts from the Classic French Writers, in Prose and Verse, with Biographical and Critical Remarks on the Authors and their Works. In 2 Vols.

\* *Quid sit pulchrum, quid tergo, quid utile, quid non. Hor.*

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Kees, Orme, and Brown; A. B. Dalou and Co.; and Isaacson and Sons.

*Encyclopædia Britannica*.—New Edition.

On Wednesday, the 1st March was published, handsomely printed in 4to. with new engravings, price 16s. in boards, Volume First, Part First, of

## THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA,

a Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature. Sixth edition, revised, corrected, and improved. Edinburgh: Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh, and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 30, Chesapeake, London, and sold by all booksellers.

1) The Sixth Edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, now offered to the public, has been much improved, particularly by adapting the geographical and statistical Articles to the present state of the world. References have also been made, where necessary, to the new and important Articles in the Supplement, now in course of publication; so that the whole will form the most complete repository of general knowledge that has yet been given to the public.

Condition 1. The work will consist of twenty volumes, handsomely printed, with nearly six hundred Engravings, executed in a superior manner; each volume containing one hundred sheets letter-press, or 800 pages.—2. To meet the convenience of every class of purchasers, it will be published in Parts or Half Volumes, each containing fifty sheets letter-press, and at an average, fifteen plates.—3. The Second Part of volume first will be published on the 1st April next; and a Part or Half Volume will be regularly published on the first day of each month, till the whole is completed; and as the printing of the whole is already considerably advanced, purchasers may depend on the most rapid publication of the publication.

## Life of the King.

In 2 vols. 8vo. embellished with 18 portraits, price 25s.

**GEORGE the THIRD; his COURT and FAMILY.** This interesting work, which has been long since prepared for the press, will be found to contain a rich collection of original Anecdotes of illustrious and distinguished persons than has ever yet been submitted to the curiosity of the public, and it abounds in relations of those peculiar traits of character for which his Majesty was so distinguished during his long and eventful reign, and which have rendered his personal history so remarkably attractive. Printed for Henry Colburn and Co. Conduit Street.

## Miss Harpur's New Novel.

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In 12mo. price 4s. 6d.

## THE MOTHER'S MEDICAL ASSISTANT;

containing Instructions for the Prevention and Treatment of the Diseases of Infants and Children. By Sir ARTHUR R. CLARKE, M. D. &c. &c. author of an Essay on Bathing. Printed for Henry Colburn and Co. Conduit Street.

Printed uniformly with Park's Travels, in 4to. and illustrated with a Map, and numerous Plates, price 25s. in boards.

## TRAVELS in the INTERIOR of AFRICA to

the SOURCES of the SENEGAL and GAMBIA, undertaken by order of the French Government, and performed in 1818, by M. G. MOLLIER. Edited by T. F. EDWARDS, Esq. Conductor of a Mission to Ashantee. Printed for Henry Colburn and Co. Conduit Street.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

### THE MONASTERY.

*The Monastery; a Romance.* By the Author of *Waverley*. 3 vols. London. 1820.

We know not in what measure the critics will allow the *nullum in tegit quod non ornabit* to the author of these volumes: certain it is, that he has here adopted a machinery different from any of his preceding prose works; and, in so far as we can call to mind, only paralleled among his poems by the spectral encounter in *Marmion*. He has now for the first time thrown down the apple of discord without an attempt at explanation, and by mixing supernatural agency with human action, departed essentially from the great line which he has hitherto pursued as a painter of manners and of portraits according to truth. We confess that we are sorry for this departure. The effects of mere superstition seem to us to be fully sufficient for all the purposes even of pure Romance; and to go beyond that sphere into absolute fairy land, in order to influence human beings, alter character, and produce real events, is to push fiction farther than its proper limit, and destroy the verisimilitude of the tale however otherwise admirably constructed. All the subsequent deeds of a man who has been killed in duel, but revived by a "White Maid," go for nothing; and, however just and accurately drawn his likeness may be, the illusion of identity is annihilated, and every affair in which he mingles loses the quality of probability. Indeed we are not sure that the offence does not grieve us the more, in proportion to the excellence and consistency of the other parts: we can relish a group of witches flying through the air on broomsticks, or of elves dancing in circles on the sward; of wraiths, apparitions, and fiends, which in the end turn out to be but the ideal forms of a morbid imagination; and we can even advance another step, and allow their direct influence in productions altogether fabulous and fanciful: but when the grand merit of a book is, by an unbecoming incident in the shape of pleasing narrative, to represent a particular age and country, individual manners and general history, it may be alleged that it is much deteriorated by the introduction and actual employment of ghosts, spectres, and spirits which never had existence. The author of the *Monastery* is no doubt armed with many forcible arguments in favour of his plan: we only submit our opinion upon the frame-work, and venture to suggest that the idea of the bible being preserved and the sacred light of the gospel spread by

means of a fairy, is rather extravagant for the nineteenth century, as a picture of the sixteenth.

Having said thus much upon the outline of the *Monastery* and its superhuman features, we shall not deprive our readers of any of the surprise of the denouement, by detailing the result. In performances more entirely graphic, this may be done without injury to an author or reader; but where a good deal depends on unexpected catastrophe, it is a drawback upon the conjectural pleasures derived from speculation. We shall however preface our extracts with a notice of the leading characters, and of an introductory epistle of considerable length and humour.

This epistle is from Captain Clutterbuck to the author of *Waverley*, and contains a whimsical description of the writer, and an interesting account of matters which led to the discovery of the papers, the ground-work of the *Monastery*. Captain Clutterbuck's auto-biography is amusing. He says,

"I never could conceive what influenced me, when a boy, in the choice of a profession. Military zeal and ardour it was not, which made me stand out for a commission in the Scots Fusiliers, when my tutors and curators wished to bind me apprentice to old David Stiles, Clerk to his Majesty's Signet. I say, military zeal it was not: for I was no fighting boy in my own person, and cared not a penny to read the history of the heroes who turned the world upside down in former ages. As for courage, I had, as I have since discovered, just as much of it as served my turn, and not one grain of surplus. I soon found out, indeed, that in action there was more danger in running away than in standing; and besides, I could not afford to lose my commission, which was my chief means of support. But as for that over-boiling valour, which I have heard many of our talk of, though I seldom observed that it influenced them in the actual affair—that exuberant zeal, which courts Danger as a bride, truly my courage was of a complexion much less ecstatical.

"Again, the love of a red coat, which, in default of all other aptitudes to the profession has made many a bad soldier and some good ones, was an utter stranger to my disposition. I cared not a 'boddy' for the company of the misses: nay, though there was a boarding-school in the village, and though we used to meet with its fair inmates at Simon Lightfoot's weekly Practising, I cannot recollect any strong emotions being excited on these occasions, excepting the infinite regret with which I went through the polite ceremonial of presenting my partner with an orange, thrust into my pocket by my aunt for this special purpose, but

which, had I dared, I certainly would have secreted for my own personal use. As for vanity, or love of finery for itself, I was such a stranger to it, that the difficulty was great to make me brush my coat, and appear in proper trim upon parade. I shall never forget the rebuke of my old Colonel, on a morning when the King reviewed a brigade of which we made part. 'I am no friend to extravagance, Ensign Clutterbuck,' said he; 'but, on the day when we are to pass before the Sovereign of the kingdom, in the name of God I would have at least shewn him an inch of clean linen.'

"Thus, a stranger to all the ordinary motives which lead young men to make the army their choice, and without the least desire to become either a hero or a dandy, I really do not know what determined my thoughts that way, unless it were the happy state of half-pay indolence enjoyed by Captain Doolittle, who had set up his staff of rest in my native village. Every other person had, or seemed to have, something to do, less or more. They did not indeed precisely go to school and learn tasks, that last of evils in my estimation; but it did not escape my boyish observation, that they were all bothered with something or other like duty or labour—all but the happy Captain Doolittle. The minister had his parish to visit, and his preaching to prepare, though perhaps he made more fuss than he needed about both. The laird had his farming and improving operations to superintend; and, besides, he had to attend trustee-meetings, and lieutenant-meetings, and head-courts, and meetings of justices, and what not—was as early up, (that I always detested,) and as much in the open air, wet and dry, as his own grieve. The shop-keeper (the village boasted but one of eminence) stood indeed pretty much at his ease behind his counter, for his custom was by no means over-burthened; but still he enjoyed his *status*, as the Bailie calls it, upon condition of tumbling all the wars in his booth over and over, when any one chose to want a yard of muslin, a mouse-trap, an ounce of curraway, a paper of pins, the Sermons of Mr. Peden, or the Life of Jack the Giant Killer, (not Killer, as usually erroneously written and pronounced.—See my Essay on the true history of this worthy, where real facts have in a peculiar degree been obscured by fable.) In short, all in the village were under the necessity of doing something which they would rather have left undone, excepting Captain Doolittle, who walked every morning in the open street, which formed the high-mall of our village, in a blue coat with a red neck, and played at whist the whole evening, when he could make up a party. This happy vacuity of all employment appeared



to me so delicious, that it became the primary hint, which, according to the system of Helvetius, as the minister says, determined my infant talents towards the profession I was destined to illustrate.

"But who, alas, can form a just estimate of their future prospects in this desolate world! I was not long engaged in my new profession, before I discovered, that if the independent indolence of half-pay was a paradise, the officer must pass through the purgatory of duty and service in order to gain admission to it. Captain Doolittle might brush his blue coat with the red neck, or leave it unbrushed, at his pleasure; but Ensign Clutterbuck had no such option. Captain Doolittle might go to bed at ten o'clock, if he had a mind; but the Ensign must make the rounds in his turn. What was worse, the Captain might repose under the tester of his tent-bed until noon, if he was so pleased; but the Ensign, God help him, had to appear upon parade at peep of day. As for duty, I made that as easy as I could, had the sergeant to whisper to me the words of command, and bustled through as other folks did. Of service, I saw enough for an indolent man—was buffeted up and down the world, and visited both the East and West Indies, Egypt, and other distant places, which my youth had scarce dreamt of. The French I saw, and felt too; witness two fingers of my right hand, which one of their cursed hussars took off with his sabre as neatly as an hospital surgeon. At length the death of an old aunt, who left me some fifteen hundred pounds, singly vested in the three per cent., gave me the long-wished-for opportunity of retiring, with the prospect of enjoying a clean shirt and a guinea four times a week.

"For the purpose of commencing my new way of life, I selected for my residence the village of Kennahquair, in the south of Scotland, celebrated for the ruins of its magnificent Monastery, intending there to lead my future life in the *otium cum dignitate* of half-pay and annuity. I was not long, however, in making the grand discovery, that in order to enjoy leisure, it is absolutely necessary it should be preceded by occupation. For some time, it was delightful to wake at day-break, dreaming of the reveille—then to recollect my happy emancipation from the slavery that doomed me to start at a piece of clattering parchment, turn on my other side, damn the parade, and go to sleep again. But even this enjoyment had its termination; and time, when it became a stock entirely at my own disposal, began to hang heavy on my hand.

"I tangled for two days, during which time I lost twenty hounds, and several scores of yards of gut and-line, and caught not even a minnow. Hunting was out of the question, for the stomach of a horse by no means agrees with the half-pay establishment. When I shot, the shepherds and ploughmen, and my very dog, quizzed me every time that I missed, which was, generally speaking, every time I fired. Besides, the country gentlemen in this quarter like their game, and began to talk of prosecutions and interdicts. I did

not give up fighting the French to commence a domestic war with the "pleasant men of Teriotdale," as the song calls them; so I even spent three days (very pleasantly) in cleaning my gun, and disposing it upon two hooks over my chimney-piece.

"The success of this accidental experiment set me on trying my skill in the mechanical arts. Accordingly I took down and cleaned my landlady's cuckoo-clock, and in so doing, silenced that companion of the spring for ever and a day. I mounted a turning lathe, and, in attempting to use it, I very nearly crilled off, with an inch-and-half former, one of the fingers which the hussar had left me.

"Books I tried, both those of the little circulating library, and of the more rational subscription collection maintained by this intellectual people. But neither the light reading of the one, nor the heavy artillery of the other, suited my purpose. I always fell asleep at the fourth or fifth page of history or disquisition, and it took me a month's hard reading to wade through a half-bound trashy novel, during which I was pestered with applications to return the volumes by every half-bred milliner's miss about town. In short, during the hours when all the town besides had something to do, I had nothing for it, but to walk in the churchyard, and whistle till it was dinner-time.

"During these promenades, the Ruins necessarily forced themselves on my attention, and, by degrees, I found myself engaged in studying the more minute ornaments, and at length the general plan, of this noble structure. The old sexton aided my labours, and gave me his portion of traditional lore. Every day added something to my stock of knowledge respecting the ancient state of the building; and at length I made discoveries concerning the purpose of several detached and very ruinous portions of the building, the use of which had hitherto been either unknown altogether, or erroneously explained.

"The knowledge which I thus acquired I had frequent opportunities of retailing to those visitors whom the progress of a Scottish tour brought to visit this celebrated spot. Without encroaching on the privilege of my friend the sexton, I became gradually an assistant Cicerone in the task of description and explanation, and often (seeing a fresh party of visitors arrive) has he turned over to me those to whom he had told half his story, with the flattering observation, "What needs I say any more about it? There's the Captain kens mair anent it than I do, or any man in the town." Then would I salute the strangers courteously, and expatiate to their astonished minds upon crypts and chancels, and naves, arches, Gothic and Saxon architraves, mullions and flying buttresses. It not unfrequently happened, that an acquaintance which commenced in the abbey concluded in the inn, which served to relieve the solitude as well as the monotony of my landlady's shoulder of mutton, whether hot, cold, or hashed."

Thus embarked in the deep investigation and exposition of local antiquities, our citizen captain is invited by a traveller, of

uncommon intelligence, to aid him in his search for a relic deposited in the Monastery, and in acquittance of his kindness presents to him the MS. whence this story is derived. This stranger is a Benedictine monk, whom the revolution has driven from his peaceful abode in France, and he seeks to regain the heart of an ancestor inurned in Kennahquair, before he finally settles in another religious retirement. He tells the Captain "There is among the ruins of the western end of the Abbey church, a sort of recess or chapel beneath a broken arch, in the side wall of which is a large carved stone, bearing a coat of arms, on the dexter side those of Glendinning, being a cross parted by a cross indented and countercharged of the same; and on the sinister three spur-rowels for those of Arnel: two ancient families, now almost extinct in this country. In this recess, marked by the armorial bearings, lies buried a treasure, and it is in order to remove it, that I have undertaken my present journey." "A treasure!" echoed I, in astonishment. "Yes," replied the Monk, "an inestimable treasure, for those who know how to use it rightly." I own my ears did tingle a little at the word treasure, and that a handsome tiliary, with a neat groom in blue and scarlet livery, having a smart cockade on his glazed hat, seemed as it were to glide across the room before my eyes, while a voice, as of a cher, pronounced in my ear, "Captain Clutterbuck's tiliary—drive up." But I resisted the devil, and he fled from me.

"I believe," said I, "all hidden treasures belong either to the king or the lord of the soil; and as I have served his majesty, I cannot concern myself in any adventure which may have an end in the Court of Exchequer."

"The treasure I seek," said the stranger, smiling, "will not be envied by princes or nobles,—it is simply the heart of an upright man." "Ah! I understand you," I answered, "some relic, forgotten in the confusion of the Reformation. I know the value which men of your persuasion put upon the bodies and limbs of saints. I have seen the three Kings of Cologne." "The relics which I seek, however," said the Benedictine, "are not precisely of that nature. The excellent relative whom I have already mentioned, amused his leisure hours with putting into form the traditions of his family, particularly some remarkable circumstances which took place about the first breaking out of the schism of the Church in Scotland. He became so much interested in his own labours, that at length he resolved that the heart of one individual, the hero of his tale, should rest no longer in a land of heresy, now deserted by all his kindred. As he knew where it was deposited, he formed the resolution to visit his native country, for the purpose of recovering this valued relic. But age, and at length disease, interfered with his resolution, and it was on his death-bed that he charged me to undertake the task in his stead. The various important events which have crowded upon each other, our ruin and our exile, have for many years obliged me to postpone this delegated duty. Why, indeed, transfer the relics of a holy and worthy man to a

country, where religion and virtue are become the mockery of the scorner! I have now a home, which I trust may be permanent, if any thing in this earth can be termed so. Thither will I transport the heart of the good father, and beside the shrine which it shall occupy, I will construct my own grave." "On the ensuing morning I made it my business to see the sexton, who, for a small gratuity, readily granted permission of search, on condition, however, that he should be present himself, to see that the stranger removed nothing of intrinsic value.

"To bones, and skulls, and hearts, if he can find any, he shall be welcome," said this guardian of the ruined Monastery, "there's plenty a' about, an' he's curious of them; but if there be any piets (meaning perhaps *pyes*) or chalishes, or the like of such Popish vessels of gold and silver, de'il hae me an I connieve at their being removed." The sexton also stipulated, that our researches should take place at night, being unwilling to excite observation, or give rise to scandal."

They dig for and find the relic.—

"The object of the Benedictine's visit to the land of his forefathers being now accomplished, he announced his intention of departing early in the ensuing day, but requested my company to breakfast with him before his departure. I came accordingly, and when we had finished our morning's meal, the priest took me apart, and pulling from his pocket a large bundle of papers, he put them into my hands. "These," said he, Captain Clutterbuck, are genuine Memoirs of the Sixteenth Century, and exhibit in a singular, and as I think, an interesting point of view, the manners of that period. I am induced to believe that their publication will not be an unacceptable present to the British public; and I willingly make over to you any profit that may accrue from such a transaction."

The captain, like a wise man, though no scholar, seeks literary assistance in bringing his banishing into the world, and, for that purpose, addresses the renowned author of *Waverley*; who undertakes the task of editor, and replies to him with a dryness worthy of Cervantes.

"Dear Captain,—Do not admire, that, notwithstanding the distance and ceremony of your address, I return an answer in the terms of familiarity. The truth is, your origin and native country are better known to me than even to yourself. You derive your respectable parentage, if I am not greatly mistaken, from a land which has afforded much pleasure, as well as profit, to those who have traded to it successfully. I mean that part of the *terra incognita* which is called the province of Utopia. Its productions, though censured by many, (and some who use tea and tobacco without scruple) as idle and unsubstantial luxuries, have nevertheless, like many other luxuries, a general acceptance, and are secretly enjoyed even by those who express the greatest scorn and dislike of them in public. The dram-drinker is often the first to be shocked at the smell of spirits—it is usual to hear

old maiden-ladies declaim against scandal—the private book-cases of some grave-seeming men would not brook decent eyes—and many, I say not of the wise nor learned, but of those most anxious to seem such, when the spring-lock of their library is drawn, their velvet cap pulled over their ears, their steps insinuated into their turkey slippers, are to be found, were their retreats suddenly intruded upon, busily engaged with the last new novel.

"Having told you your country, I must next, my dear Captain Clutterbuck, make free to mention to you your own immediate descent. You are not to suppose your land of prodigies so little known to us as your careful concealment of your origin would seem to imply. But you have it in common with many of your country, studiously and anxiously to hide your connexion with it. There is this difference, indeed, betwixt your countrymen and those of our more material world, that many of the most estimable of yours, such as an old Highland gentleman called Ossian, a monk of Bristol called Rowley, and others, are inclined to pass themselves as denizens of the land of reality, whereas most of our fellow-citizens who deny their country are such as that country would be very willing to disclaim. The especial circumstances you mention relating to your life and services, impose not upon us. We know the versatility of the unsubstantial species to which you belong permits them to assume all manner of disguises; we have seen them apparelled in the caftan of a Persian, and the silken robe of a Chinese, and are prepared to suspect their real character under every disguise.

"I wander from my purpose, which was to assure you, that I know you as well as the mother who did not bear you, for Mac-Duff's peculiarity sticks to your whole race. You are not born of woman, unless, indeed, in that figurative sense, in which the celebrated Maria Edgeworth may be termed mother of the finest family in England. You belong, sir, to the Editors of the land of Utopia, a sort of persons for whom I have the highest esteem. How is it possible it should be otherwise, when you reckon among your corporation the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli, the short-faced president of the Spectator's club, poor Ben Siltou, and many others, who have acted as gentlemen ushers to works which have chased our heaviest, and added wings to our lightest hours.

"What I have remarked as peculiar to Editors of the class in which I venture to enrol you, is the happy combination of fortuitous circumstances which usually put you in possession of the works which you have the goodness to bring into public notice. One walks on the sea-shore, and a wave casts on land a small cylindrical trunk or casket, containing a manuscript much damaged with sea water, which is with difficulty deciphered, and so forth. Another steps into a chandler's shop to purchase a pound of butter, and behold! the waste paper on which it is laid is the manuscript of a cabalist. A third is so fortunate as to obtain from a woman who lets lodgings, the curious contents

of an antique bureau, the property of a deceased lodger. All these are certainly possible occurrences; and I know not how, they seldom occur to any Editors save those of your country. At least I can answer for myself, that in my solitary walks by the sea I never saw it cast ashore any thing but dulse and tangle, and now and then a deceased star-fish; my landlady never presented me with any manuscript save her cursed bill; and the most interesting of my discoveries in the way of waste-paper, was finding a favourite passage of one of my own novels wrapt round an ounce of snuff. No, Captain, the funds from which I have drawn my power of amusing the public, have been bought otherwise than by fortuitous adventure. I have buried myself in libraries, to extract from the nonsense of ancient days new nonsense of my own. I have turned over volumes, which, from the post-hooks I was obliged to decipher, might have been the cabalistic manuscripts of Cornelius Agrippa, although I "never saw the door open and the devil come in." But all the domestic inhabitants of the libraries were disturbed by the vehemence of my studies—

From my research the boldest spider fled,  
And moths, retreating, trembled as I read.

"From this learned sepulchre I emerged like the Magician in the Persian Tales from his twelvemonth's residence in the mountain, not like him to soar over the heads of the multitude, but to mingle in their crowd, and to elbow amongst the throng, making my way from the highest society to the lowest, undergoing the scorn, or, what is harder to brook, the patronizing condescension of the one, and enduring the vulgar familiarity of the other,—and all, you will say, for what?—to collect materials for one of those manuscripts with which mere chance so often accumulates your countrymen; in other words, to write a successful novel.—"O, Athenians, how hard to labour to deserve your praise!"

We now come to the Benedictine's MS. The Monastery brings us acquainted with the families of Avenel and Glendinning. The former consists of Julian Avenel, a border Baron, dark and unprincipled, who on his brother's death usurps his possessions to the prejudice of his widow and infant daughter, an infant born on Halloween and consequently gifted with the power of seeing the invisible world. The mother and child, accompanied by two faithful adherents, old Martin and Tib Tucket, seek refuge with the widow Glendinning of Glendeng, whose husband was slain at Pinkie, and whose two sons Hubert and Edward are of years to be companions to Mary Avenel. They are Kirk-rassals of the monastery of St. Mary, whose Abbot Boniface, and Sub-Prior Eustace, are prominent personages in the romance. The other leading characters are Sir Peirce Shafton, an Euphuist, who has fled from the court of Elizabeth, and carries the fantastic language of Lilly and the dandyism of that period into the wilds of Scotland. Christie of Clint-hill, a Border ruler of an inferior degree to William of Deloraine, and even to the Red

Reiver of Western-flat. Myrie Happer the miller's daughter, is also a conspicuous figure; and the Miller himself, the Earls of Murray and Morton, Warden the reformed preacher, Monks, Hostellers, Freebooters, &c., fill up the scene. But the most important being of all is "The White Maid of Avenel," a species of Baneshee, who takes an active part on all the great emergencies which befall the family whose name she bears. These are the dramatic persons. The landscape of the chief seat of the romance is worthy of Walter Scott.

"Glendearg was a lonely tower of small dimensions, yet larger than those which occurred in the village, as intimating that, in case of assault, the proprietor would have to rely upon his own unassisted strength. Two or three miserable huts, at the foot of the fortalice, held the bondsmen and tenants of the fœuar. The site was a beautiful green knoll, which started up suddenly in the very throat of a wild and narrow glen, and which, being surrounded, save on one side, by the winding of a small stream, afforded a position of considerable strength. But the great security of Glendearg, for so the place was called, lay in its secluded and hidden situation. To come at the Tower, it was necessary to travel three miles up the glen, crossing about twenty times the little stream which, winding through the narrow valley, encountered at every hundred yards the opposition of a rock or precipitous bank on the one side, which altered its direction, and caused it to shoot off in an oblique direction to the other. The hills which ascend on each side of this glen are very steep, and rise boldly over the stream, which is thus imprisoned within their barriers. The sides of the glen are impracticable for horse, and are only to be traversed by means of the sheep paths which lie along their sides. It would be difficult to suppose that a road so hopeless and so difficult could lead to any habitation more important than the summer shealing of a shepherd. Yet the glen, though lonely and difficult of access and sterile, was not then absolutely void of beauty. The turf which occupied the little plain ground on the sides of the stream, was as close and verdant as if it had occupied the scythes of a hundred gardeners once a fortnight; and it was garnished with an embroidery of daisies and wild flowers, which the scythes would certainly have destroyed. The little brook, now confined betwixt closer limits, now left at large to chase its course through the narrow valley, danced carelessly on from stream to pool, light and unobscured, as that better class of spirits who pass their way through life, yielding to insurmountable obstacles, but as far from being subdued by them as the sailor who meets by chance with an unfavourable wind, and shapes his course so as to be driven back as little as possible.

"The mountains, as they would have been called in England, *Scottic* the deep *braes*, rose abruptly over the little glen, here presenting the grey face of a rock, from which the turf had been peeled by the torrents, and there displaying little patches of wood and copse, which had escaped the waste of

the cattle and the sheep and the fœuars, and which, feathering naturally up the beds of empty torrents, or occupying the concave recesses of the bank, gave at once beauty and variety to the landscape. Above these scattered woods rose the hill, in barren, but purple majesty; the dark rich hue, particularly in autumn, contrasting beautifully with the thickets of oak and birch, the mountain ashes and thorns, the alders and quivering aspens, which chequered and varied the descent, and not less with the dark-green and velvet turf, which composed the level part of the narrow glen. Yet, though thus embellished, the scene could neither be strictly termed sublime or beautiful, and scarcely even picturesque or striking. But its extreme solitude pressed on the heart; the traveller felt that uncertainty whether he was going, or in what so wild a path was to terminate, which, at times, strikes more on the imagination than the grand features of a show-scene, when you know the exact distance of the inn where your dinner is bespoke, and at the moment preparing.

"As our Glendearg did not abound in mortal visitants, superstition, that it might not be absolutely destitute of inhabitants, had peopled its recesses with beings belonging to another world. The savage and capricious Brown Man of the Moors, a being which seems the genuine descendant of the northern dwarfs, was supposed to be seen there frequently, especially after the autumnal equinox, when the fogs were thick, and objects not easily distinguished. The Scottish fairies, too, a whimsical, irritable, and mischievous tribe, who, though at times capriciously benevolent, were more frequently adverse to mortals, were also supposed to have formed a residence in a particularly wild recess of the glen, of which the real name was, in allusion to that circumstance, *Corrie nan Khian*, which, in corrupted Celtic, signifies the Hollow of the Fairies. But the neighbours were more cautious in speaking about this place, and avoided giving it a name, from an idea common then through all the British and Celtic provinces of Scotland, and still retained in many places, that to speak either good or ill of this suspicious race of supernatural beings, is to provoke their resentment, and that secrecy and silence is what they chiefly desire from those who may intrude upon their revels, or discover their haunts. A mysterious terror was thus attached to the little dale, which afforded access from the broad valley of the Tweed, up the little glen we have described, to the fortalice called the Tower of Glendearg. Beyond the knoll, where, as we have said, the little tower was situated, the hills grew more steep, and narrowed on the slender brook, so as scarce to leave a foot-path; and there the glen terminated in a wild water-fall, where a slender thread of water dashed in a precipitous line of foam over two or three precipices."

The lady of Avenel, on the fall of her fortunes, seeks refuge with the widow Glendinning. She is secretly of the reformed religion, but dies before her daughter is old enough to be instructed in the sacred truths

unfolded by the Bible, a copy of which is however left as an heir-loom; though the possession of the scriptures in the vulgar tongue, was in these days a heinous offence in the eyes of the church. Accordingly, one of the monks of St. Mary's having discovered this secret volume, declaims on the impiety of keeping it, and carries it from Glendearg to the Monastery. His adventures on the road are thus related—

"Notwithstanding the haste which the Monk as well as his mule made to return to better quarters than they had left at the head of Glendearg; notwithstanding the eager desire Father Philip had to be the very first who should acquaint the Abbot that a copy of the book they most dreaded had been found within the Haldome, or patrimony of the Abbey; notwithstanding, moreover, certain feelings which induced him to hurry as fast as possible through the gloomy and evil-reputed glen, still the difficulties of the road, and the rider's want of habitude of quick motion were such, that twilight came upon him ere he had nearly cleared the narrow valley.

"It was indeed a gloomy ride. The two sides of the valley were so near, that at every double of the river the shadows from the western sky fell upon, and totally obscured, the eastern bank; the thickets of copsewood seemed to wave with a portentous agitation of boughs and leaves, and the very scrags and scurs seemed higher and grimmer than they had appeared to the Monk while he was travelling in day-light, and in company. Father Philip was heartily rejoiced when, emerging from the narrow glen, he gained the open valley of the Tweed, which held on its majestic course from current to pool, and from pool stretched away to other currents, with a dignity peculiar to itself amongst the Scottish rivers.

"The Monk, insensible to beauties which the age had not regarded as deserving of notice, was nevertheless, like a prudent general, pleased to find himself out of the narrow glen in which the enemy might have stolen upon him unperceived. He drew up his bridle, reduced his mule to her natural and luxurious amble, instead of the agitating and broken trot at which, to his no small inconvenience, she had hitherto proceeded, and, wiping his brow, gazed forth at leisure on the broad moon, which, now mingling with the lights of evening, was rifling over field and forest, village and fortalice, and, above all, over the stately Monastery, seen far and dim amid the yellow light.

"The worst part of this magnificent view, in the Monk's apprehension, was that the Monastery stood on the opposite side of the river, and that of the many fine bridges which have since been built across that classical stream, not one then existed." There was, however, a drawbridge: but the bridge-keeper is hostile to the Abbey, and will not let it down for the Monk, who, obliged to ride lower down in order to cross the stream, finds a female in distress at the ford.

"To express himself by signs, the common language of all nations, the cautious Sacristan first pointed to the river,

then to his mule's crupper, and then made, as gracefully as he could, a sign to induce the fair solitary to mount behind him. She seemed to understand his meaning, for she rose up as if to accept his offer, and while the good Monk, who, as we have hinted, was no great cavalier, laboured, with the pressure of the right leg and the use of the left rein, to place his mule with her side to the bank in such a position that the lady might mount with ease, she rose from the ground with rather portentous activity, and at one bound sat behind the Monk upon the animal, much the firmer rider of the two. The mule by no means seemed to approve of this double burthen; she bounded, bolted, and would soon have thrown Father Philip over her head, had not the maiden with a firm hand detained him in the saddle.

"At length the restive brute changed her humour; and, from refusing to budge off the spot, suddenly stretched her nose forward, and dashed into the ford as fast as she could scamper. A new terror now invaded the Monk's mind—the ford seemed unusually deep, the water eddied off in strong ripple from the counter of the mule, and began to rise upon her side. Philip lost his presence of mind, which was at no time his most ready attribute, the mule yielded to the weight of the current, and as the rider was not attentive to keep her head turned up the river, she drifted downward, lost the ford and her footing at once, and began to swim with her head down the stream. And what was sufficiently strange, at the same moment, notwithstanding the extreme peril, the damsel began to sing, thereby increasing, if any thing could increase, the bodily fear of the worthy Sacristan.

## 1.

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,  
Both current and ripple are dancing in light.  
We have roused the night raven, I heard him  
Creak,

As we glided along beneath the oak

That flags its broad branches so far and so  
Wide,

Their shadows are dancing in midst of the tide.  
"Who wakens my nestlings," the raven he  
Said,

"My black shawl ere morn in his blood be red,  
For a blue swollen corpse is a dainty meal,  
And I'll have my share with the pike and the  
eel."

## 2.

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,  
There's a golden gleam on the distant height;  
There's a silver shower on the alders dark,  
And the drooping willows that wave on the bank.  
I see the Abbey, both turret and tower,  
It is all astir for the vesper hour;

The Monks for the chapel are leaving each cell,  
But where's Father Philip, should toll the bell?

## 3.

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,  
Downward we drift through shadow and light,  
Under yon rock the eddies sleep,  
Calm and silent, dark and deep.

The Kelpy has risen from the fathomless pool,  
He has lighted his candle of death and of dool:  
Look, Father, look, and you'll laugh to see  
How he gazes and glares with his eyes on thee!

## 4.

Good luck to your fishing, whom watch ye to  
night?

A man of mean or a man of might?

Is it layman or priest that must float in your  
cove,

Or lover who crosses to visit his love?

Hark! heard ye the Kelpy reply as we passed,—  
"God's blessing on the warder, he lock'd the  
bridge fast!

All that come to my cove are sunk;  
Priest or layman, lover or monk."

"How long the damsel might have continued to sing, or where the terrified Monk's journey might have ended, is uncertain. As she sung the last stanza, they arrived at, or rather in, a broad tranquil sheet of water, caused by a strong wrier or dam head, running across the river, which dashed in a broad cataract over the barrier. The mule, whether from choice, or influenced by the suction of the current, made towards the cut intended to supply the convent mills, and entered it half swimming half wading, and pitching the unlucky Monk to and fro in the saddle at a fearful rate.

"As his person flew hither and thither, his garment became loose, and in an effort to retain it, his hand lighted on the volume of the Lady of Avenel which was in his bosom. No sooner had he grasped it, than his companion pitched him out of the saddle into the stream, where, still keeping her hand on his collar, she gave him two or three good souses in the watery fluid, so as to ensure that every part of him had its share of wetting, and then quitted her hold when he was so near the side that by a slight effort (of a great one he was incapable), he might scramble on shore. This accordingly he accomplished, and turning his eyes to see what had become of his extraordinary companion, she was no where to be seen, but still he heard as if from the surface of the river, and mixing with the noise of the water breaking over the dam head, a fragment of her wild song, which seemed to run thus:

Landed—landed! the black book hath won;  
Else had you seen Berwick with morning sun!

Sain ye, and save ye, and blythe mot ye be,  
For seldom they land that go swimming with  
me.

"The ecstasy of the Monk's terror could be endured no longer; his head grew dizzy, and, after staggering a few steps onward and running himself against a wall, he sunk down in a state of insensibility."

This is a fair specimen of the romance, and will convey to our readers a perfect idea of its character—the whole being a mixed description of the manners of the times, (delineated with a master hand) and of supernatural interference, unexplained in the sequel by any reference to human action. The bible is reconveyed by magic to Glendearg. There is much drollery in the poor Monk's behaviour when carried before his Abbot—

"What betwixt cold and fright the afflicted Sacristan stood before his Superior, propped on the friendly arm of the convent miller, drenched with water, and scarce able to utter a syllable.

After various attempts to speak, the first words he uttered were,

"Swim we merrily—the moon shines bright."

"Swim we merrily!" retorted the Abbot indignantly, "a merry night have ye chosen for swimming, and a becoming salutation to your Superior!"

"Our brother is bewildered," said Eustace, "speak, Father Philip, how is it with you?"

"Good luck to your fishing,"—

continued the Sacristan, with a most dolorous attempt at the tune of his strange companion.

"Good luck to your fishing!" repeated the Abbot, still more surprised and displeased; "by my halldome he is drunken with wine, and comes to our presence with his jolly catches in his throat. If bread and water can cure this folly!"—

"With your pardon, venerable father," said the Sub-Prior, "of water our brother has had enough; and methinks, the confusion of his eye is rather that of terror, than of aught unbefitting his profession. Where didst thou find him, Hob Miller?"

"An it please your reverence, I did go but to shut the sluice of the mill—and as I was going to shut the sluice, I heard something groan near to me—but judging it was one of Giles Fletcher's hogs, for so please you, he never shuts his gate, I caught up my lever, and was about—Saint Mary forgive me!—to strike where I heard the sound, when, as the saints would have it, I heard the second groan just like that of a living man. So I called up my knives, and found the Father Sacristan lying wet and senseless under the wall of our kiln. So soon as we brought him to himself a bit, he prayed to be brought to your reverence, but I doubt me, his wits have gone a bell-wavering by the road. It was but now that he spoke in somewhat better form."

"Well!" said Brother Eustace, "thou hast done well Hob Miller; only become now, and remember a second time, to pause, ere you strike in the dark."

"Please your reverence, it shall be a lesson to me," said the miller; "not to mistake a holy man for a hog again, so long as I live." And making a bow with profound humility, the miller withdrew.

"And now that this churl is gone, Father Philip," said Eustace, "will thou tell our venerable Superior what ails thee? I set thou *vino grato*, man? if so, we will have thee to thy cell. "Water! water! not wine," muttered the exhausted Sacristan. "Nay," said the Monk, "if that thy complaint, wine may perhaps cure thee;" and he reached him a cup, which the patient drank off to his great benefit. "And now," said the Abbot, "let his garments be changed, or rather let him be carried to the infirmary; for it will prejudice our health, should we hear his narrative while he stands there, steaming like a rising hour-frost." \* \* \*

"I wish him no worse lesson," said the Sacristan, "than to go swimming merrily down the river with a ghost behind, and Kelpie's night-crows and und-eels all waiting to have a snatch at him.

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright!  
Good luck to your fishing, whom watch ye to-night?"

"Brother Philip," said the Abbot, "we exhort thee to say thy prayers, compose thyself, and banish that foolish chaff from the mind:—it is but a deception of the devil's." "I will essay, reverend father," said the Sacristan, "but the tune lings by my memory like a burr in a beggar's rage; it mingles with the Psalter—the very bells of the convent seem to repeat the words, and jingle to the tune; and were you to put me to death at this very moment, it is my belief I should die singing it!—Now swim we merrily!"—it is as if it were a spell upon me." He then again began to warble

"Good luck to your fishing."

And checking himself in the strain with difficulty, he exclaimed, "It is too certain—I am but a lost priest! Swim we merrily—I will sing it at the very mass—Voe is me. I shall sing all the remainder of my life, and yet never be able to change the tune!" The monest Abbot replied, "he knew many a good fellow in the same condition," and concluded the remark with "ho! ho! ho!" for his reverence, as the reader may purely have observed, was one of those dull folks who have a quiet joke.

The Sacristan, well acquainted with his Superior's humour, endeavoured to join in the laugh, but his unfortunate cantic came again across his imagination, and interrupted the hilarity of his customary echo. "By the rood, Brother Philip," said the Abbot much moved, "you become altogether intolerable! and I am convinced that such a spell could not subsist over a person of religion, and in a religious house, unless he were under mortal sin. Wherefore, say the seven penitency psalms—make diligent use of thy scourge and hair-cloth—refrain for three days from all food, save bread and water—I myself will shrieve thee, and we will see if this singing devil may be driven out of thee; at least I think Father Eustace himself could devise no better exorcism." The Sacristan sighed deeply, but knew remonstrance was vain. He retired therefore to his cell, to try how far psalmody might be able to drive off the sounds of the syren tune which haunted his memory."

Leaving the Abbey, and passing over a long space of time, we must conduct our readers to the period when the children, now young men and women, are pictured as attached to each other by the strongest ties of affection. Those of Halbert Glendinning, who is a martial character, and Mary Arvel, are of mutual love; those of Edward Glendinning, who is studious and peaceful, are of love on his side, and sisterly regard on that of the maiden: those of the Brothers truly fraternal. Halbert, to secure the object of his love, enters into communication with the *Being* whose attributes are more fully developed in the following extract.

"He arrived at length in a narrow and secluded *clough*, or deep ravine, which ran down into the valley, and contributed a scanty rivulet to the supply of the brook with which Glendearg is watered. Up this he sped with the same precipitate haste which had marked his departure from the tower, nor did he pause and look around, until he

had reached the fountain from which the rivulet had its rise.

"Here Halbert stopped short, and cast a gloomy, and almost a frightened glance around him. A huge rock rose in front, from a cleft of which grew a wild holly-tree, whose dark green branches rustled over the spring which arose beneath. The banks on either hand rose so high, and approached each other so closely, that it was only when the sun was in its meridian height, and during the summer solstice, that its rays could reach the bottom of the chasm in which he now stood. But it was now summer, and the hour was noon, so that the unwonted reflection of the sun was dancing in the pellucid fountain.

"It is the season and the hour," said Halbert to himself; "and now I—I might now become wiser than Edward with all his pains! Mary should see whether he alone is fit to be consulted, and to sit by her side, and hang over her as she reads, and point out every word and every letter. And she loves me better than him—I am sure she does—for she comes of noble blood, and scorns sloth and cowardice.—And do I myself not stand here slothful and cowardly as any priest of their all?—Why should I fear to call upon this form—this shape?—Already have I endured the vision, and why not again?—What can it do to me, who am a man of lith and limb, and have by my side my father's sword? Does my heart beat—do my hairs bristle, at the thought of calling up a painted shadow, and how should I face a band of Southron in flesh and blood? By the soul of the first Glendinning I will make proof of the charm!"

"He cast the leathern brogue or buskin from his right foot, planted himself in a firm posture, unsheathed his sword, and first looking around to collect his resolution, he bowed three times deliberately towards the hollow-tree, and as often to the little fountain, repeating at the same time, with a determined voice, the following rhyme:

"Thrice to the holly brake—  
Thrice to the well:—  
I bid thee awake,  
White Maid of Avenel!  
Noon gleams on the Lake—  
Noon glows on the fell—  
Wake thee, O wake,  
White Maid of Avenel."

"These lines were hardly uttered, when there stood the figure of a female clothed in white, within three steps of Halbert Glendinning.

"His terror for the moment overcame his natural courage, as well as the strong resolution which he had formed, that the figure which he had now twice seen should not a third time daunt him. But it would seem there is something thrilling and abhorrent to flesh and blood, in the consciousness that we stand in presence of a being in form like to ourselves, but so different in faculties and nature, that we can neither understand its purposes, nor calculate its means of pursuing them.

Halbert stood silent and gasped for breath, his hairs erecting themselves on his head—

his mouth opening—his eyes fixed—and, as the sole remaining sign of his late determined purpose, his sword pointed towards the apparition. At length, with a voice of ineffable sweetness, the White Lady, for by that name we shall distinguish this being, sung, or rather chanted, the following lines:—

"Youth of the dark eye, wherefore didst thou call me?"

Wherefore art thou here, if terrors can appal thee?"

He that seeks to deal with us must know our fear, nor failing;  
To coward and churl our speech is dark, our gifts are unavailing.

The breeze that brought me hither now, must sweep Egyptian ground,

The fleecy cloud on which I ride for Araby is bound;

The fleecy cloud is drifting by, the breeze sighs for my stay,

For I must sail a thousand miles before the close of day."

"The astonishment of Halbert began once more to give way to his resolution, and he gained voice enough to say, though with a faltering accent, "In the name of God, what art thou?" The answer was in melody of a different tone and measure.

"What I am I must not show—  
What I am thou could'st not know—  
Something betwixt heaven and hell—  
Something that neither stood nor fell—  
Something that though thy wit or will  
May work thee good—may work thee ill.  
Neither substance quite, nor shadow,  
Haunting lonely moor and meadow,  
Dancing by the haunted spring,  
Riding on the whirlwind's wing;  
Aping in fantastic fashion  
Every change of human passion,  
While o'er our frozen minds they pass,  
Like shadows from the mirror'd glass.  
Wayward, fickle as our mood,  
Hovering betwixt bad and good,  
Happier than brief-dated man,  
Living ten times o'er his span;  
Far less happy, for we have  
Help nor hope beyond the grave!  
Man awakes to joy or sorrow;  
Ours the sleep that knows no morrow.  
This is all that I can show—  
This is all that thou may'st know."

"The White Lady paused, and seemed to await an answer; but, as Halbert hesitated how to frame his speech, the vision seemed gradually to fade, and become more and more incorporeal. Justly guessing this to be a symptom of her disappearance, Halbert compelled himself to say,—"Lady, when I saw you in the glen, and when you brought back the black book of Mary of Arvel, thou didst say I should one day learn to read it."

"The White Lady replied,  
"Ay! and I taught thee the word and the spell,

To waken me here by the Fairies' Well.  
But thou hast loved the heron and hawk,  
More than to seek my haunted walk;  
And thou hast loved the lance and the sword,  
More than good text and holy word;  
And thou hast loved the deer to track,  
More than the lines and the letters black;  
And thou art a ranger of moss and wood,  
And scornest the nurture of gentle blood."

"I will do so no longer, fair maiden," said Halbert; "I desire to learn; and thou shalt promise me, that when I do so desire, thou wilt be my helper: I am no longer afraid of thy presence, and I am no longer regardless of instruction." As he uttered these words the figure of the White Maiden grew gradually as distinct as it had been at first; and what had well nigh faded into an ill-defined and colourless shadow, again assumed an appearance at least of corporeal consistency, although the hues were less rich, and the outline of the figure less distinct and defined,—so at least it seemed to Halbert,—than those of an ordinary inhabitant of the earth. "Wilt thou grant my request," he said, "fair Lady, and give to my keeping the holy book which Mary of Avenel has so often wept for?"

"The White Lady replied,  
"Thy craven fear may truth accused,  
Thine idlehood my trust abused;  
He that draws to harbour late,  
Nest sleep without, or burst the gate.  
There is a star for thee which burn'd,  
In influence wanes, its course is turn'd;  
Valor and constancy alone  
Fare thee back the chance that's flown."

"If I have been a loiterer, Lady," answered young Glendinning, "thou shalt now find me willing to press forward with double speed. Other thoughts have filled my mind, other thoughts have engaged my heart within a brief period—and by heaven, other occupations shall henceforward fill up my time. I have lived in this space of years—I come hither a boy—I will return a man—a man, such as may converse not only with his own kind, but with whatever God permits to be visible to him. I will learn the contents of that mysterious volume—I will learn why the Lady of Avenel loved it—why the priests feared, and would have stolen it—why thou didst twice recover it from their hands.—What mystery is wrapt in it?—Speak, I conjure thee." The Lady assumed an air peculiarly sad and solemn, as, drooping her head, and folding her arms on her bosom, she replied:

"Within that awful volume lies  
The mystery of mysteries!  
Happiest they of human race,  
To whom God has granted grace  
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,  
To lift the latch, and force the way:  
And better had they ne'er been born,  
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn."

"Give me the volume, Lady," said young Glendinning. "They call me idle—they call me dull—in this pursuit my industry shall not fail; nor, with God's blessing, shall my understanding. Give me the volume." The apparition again replied:

"Many a fathom dark and deep  
I have laid the book to sleep;  
Ethereal fire around it glowing—  
Ethereal music ever flowing—  
The sacred pledge of Heaven  
All things revere,  
Each in his sphere,  
Save man for whom 'twas giv'n:  
Lend thy hand, and thou shalt spy,  
Things ne'er seen by mortal eye."

"Halbert Glendinning boldly reached his hand to the White Lady.

"Fearst thou to go with me?" she said, as his hand trembled at the soft and cold touch of her twin—

"Fearst thou to go with me?  
Still it is free to thee

A peasant to dwell;  
Thou may'st drive the dull steer,  
And chase the king's deer,  
But never more come near  
This haunted well."

"If what thou sayest be true," said the undaunted boy, "my destinies are higher than thine own. There shall be neither well nor wood which I dare not visit. No fear of aught, natural or supernatural, shall bar my path through my native valley."

"He had scarce uttered the words when they both descended through the earth, with a rapidity which took away Halbert's breath and every other sensation, saying that of being hurried on with the utmost velocity. At length they stopped with a shock so sudden, that the mortal journeyer through this unknown space must have been thrown down with violence, had he not been upheld by his supernatural companion.

"It was more than a minute, ere, looking around him, he beheld a grotto, or natural cavern, composed of the most splendid spars and crystals, which returned in a thousand prismatic hues the light of a brilliant flame that glowed on an altar of alabaster. This altar, with its fire, formed the central point of the grotto, which was of a round form, and very high in the roof, resembling in some respects the dome of a cathedral. Corresponding to the four points of the compass, there went off four long galleries or arcades, constructed of the same brilliant materials with the dome itself, and the termination of which was lost in darkness.

"No human imagination can conceive, or words suffice to describe, the glorious radiance, which shot fiercely forth by the flame, was returned from so many hundred thousand points of reflection, afforded by the sparry pillars and their numerous angular crystals. The fire itself did not remain steadily and unmoved, but rose and fell, sometimes ascending in a brilliant pyramid of condensed flame half way up the lofty expanse, and again falling into a softer and more rosy hue, and hovering as it were on the surface of the altar to collect its strength for another brilliant exertion. There was no visible fuel by which it was fed, nor did it emit either smoke or vapour of any kind. What was of all the most remarkable, the black volume so often mentioned lay not only unconsumed, but untouched in the slightest degree amid this intensity of fire, which, while it seemed to be of force sufficient to melt adamant, had no effect whatever on the sacred book thus subjected to its utmost influence.

"The White Lady, having paused long enough to let young Glendinning take a complete survey of what was around him, now said, in her usual chaunt,—  
"Here lies the volume thou boldly hast sought;  
Touch it and take it, 'twill dearly be bought."

"Familiarized in some degree with marvels, and desperately desirous of shewing the courage he had boasted, Halbert plunged his hand, without hesitation, into the flame, trusting to the rapidity of the motion, to snatch out the volume before the fire could greatly affect him. But he was greatly disappointed. The flame instantly caught upon his sleeve, and though he withdrew his hand immediately, yet his arm was so dreadfully scorched, that he had well nigh screamed with pain. He suppressed the natural expression of anguish, however, and only intimated the agony which he felt by a contortion and a muttered groan. The White Lady passed her cold hand over his arm, and, ere she had finished the following metrical chaunt, his pain had entirely gone, and no mark of the scorching was visible:

"Rash thy deed,  
Mortal weed  
To immortal flames applying;  
Rasher trust  
Has thy doing,  
On his own weak worth relying:  
Strip thee of such fences vain,  
Strip, and prove thy luck again."

"Obedient to what he understood to be the meaning of his conductress, Halbert bared his arm to the shoulder, throwing down the remains of his sleeve, which no sooner touched the floor on which he stood than it collected itself together, shrivelled itself up, and was without any visible fire reduced to light tinder, which a sudden breath of wind dispersed into empty space. The White Lady, observing the surprise of the youth, immediately repeated—

"Mortal warp and mortal woof,  
Cannot break this charmed roof;  
All that mortal art hath wrought,  
In our cell returns to nought.  
The molten gold returns to clay,  
The polish'd diamond melts away;  
All is alter'd, all is flown,  
Nought stands fast but truth alone.  
Not for that thy quest give o'er,  
Courage! prove thy chance once more."

"Emboldened by her words, Halbert Glendinning made a second effort, and, plunging his bare arm into the flame, took out the sacred volume without feeling either heat or inconvenience of any kind. Astonished, and almost terrified at his own success, he beheld the flame collect itself, and shoot up into one long and final stream, which seemed as if it would ascend to the very roof of the cavern, and then, sinking as suddenly, became totally extinguished. The deepest darkness ensued; but Halbert had no time to consider his situation, for the White Lady had already caught his hand, and they ascended to upper air with the same velocity with which they had sunk into the earth.

"They stood by the fountain in the Corinn-shian when they emerged from the bowels of the earth, but on casting a bewildered glance around him, the youth was surprised to observe, that the shadows had fallen far to the east, and that the day was well nigh spent. He gazed on his conductress for explanation, but her figure began to fade before his eyes—her cheeks grew

paler, her features less distinct, her form became shadowy, and blended itself with the mist which was ascending the hollow ravine. What had late the symmetry of form, and the delicate, yet clear hues of feminine beauty, now resembled the flitting and pale ghost of some maiden who has died for love, as it is seen indistinctly and by moon-light, by her perjured lover."

This produces a great change in the character of Halbert: but we must introduce to our readers the Miller and his daughter, and Sir Piercie Shafton, who at this era arrive at Glendearg.—

The object of the Miller's visit to the tower of Glendearg was like the purpose of those embellishes which potentates send to each other's courts, partly ostensible, partly politic. In outward show, Hob came to visit his friends of the Halidome, and share the festivity common among country folks, after the barn-yard has been filled, and to renew old intimacies by new conviviality. But in very truth he also came to have an eye upon the contents of each stack, and to obtain such information respecting the extent of the crop reaped and gathered in by each farmer, as might prevent the possibility of abstracted cultures. . . . .

"Dame Elspeth assisted to disembarrass the damsel of her hood, mantle, and the rest of her riding gear, giving her to appear as besemmed the buxom daughter of the wealthy Miller, gay and goodly, in a white kirtle, the seams of which were embroidered with green silken lace or fringe, entwined with some silver thread. An anxious glance did Elspeth cast upon the good humoured face, which was now more fully shewn to her, and was only obscured by a quantity of raven black hair, which the maid of the mill had restrained by a snood of green silk, embroidered with silver, corresponding to the trimmings of her kirtle. The countenance itself was exceedingly comely—the eyes black, large, and regally good humoured—the mouth was small—the lips well formed, though somewhat full—the teeth were pearly white—and the chin had a very seducing dimple in it. The form belonging to this joyous face was full and round, and firm and fair. It might become coarse and masculine some years hence, which is the common fault of Scottish beauty; but in Mysie's sixteenth year she had the shape of an Hebe."

The maid of the Mill is hardly welcomed when another visitor makes his appearance. Christie of the Clint-hill arrives, attended on the present occasion by a very gay and gallant cavalier, who from the nobleness of his countenance and manner, his rich and handsome dress, and the shewy appearance of his horse and furniture, must be a person of some consequence. This coxcomb, Sir Piercie Shafton, of the good days of Queen Bess, is the most original character in the romance; but our limits forbid our giving more than a few traits. "Sir Piercie Shafton condescended to speak to no one but to Mary Avenel, and on her he conferred exactly the same familiar and compassionate, though somewhat scornful sort of atten-

tion, which a petty fellow of these days will sometimes descend to bestow on a country miss, when there is no prettier or more fashionable woman present. The manner indeed was different, for the etiquette of those times did not permit Sir Piercie Shafton to pick his teeth or to yawn, or to gabble like the beggar whose tongue (as he says) was cut out by the Turks, or to affect deafness or blindness, or any other infirmity of the organs. But though the embroidery of his conversation was different, the groundwork was the same, and the high-flown and ornate compliments with which the gallant knight of the sixteenth century interlarded his conversation, were as much the offspring of egotism and self-conceit, as the jargon of the coxcombs of our own days.

"It was about this time that the 'only rare poet of his time, the witty, comical, facetiously quick, and quickly-facetious John Lyly—he that sat at Apollo's table, and to whom Theobald gave a wreath of his own bays without snatching'—he, in short, who wrote that singularly comical work, called *Euphues and his England*, was in the very zenith of his absurdity and reputation. The quaint, forced, and unnatural style which he introduced by his 'Anatomy of Wit,' had a fashion as rapid as it was momentary—all the court ladies were his scholars, and to *parler Euphuisme*, was as necessary a qualification to a courtly gallant, as those of understanding how to use his rapier, or to dance a measure.

"It was no wonder that the Maid of the Mill was soon as effectually blinded by the intricacies of this erudite and courtly style of conversation, as she had ever been by the dust of her father's own meal-sacks. But there she sat with her mouth and eyes as open as the mill-door and the two windows, shewing teeth as white as her father's bolted flour, and endeavouring to secure a word or two for her own future use out of the pearls of rhetoric which Sir Piercie Shafton scattered around him with such bounteous profusion. For the male part of the company, Edward felt ashamed of his own manner and slowness of speech, when he observed the handsome young courtier, with an ease and volubility of which he had no conception, run over all the common-place topics of high-flown gallantry. It is true, the good sense and natural taste of young Glendinning soon informed him that the gallant cavalier was speaking nonsense. But, alas! where is the man of modest merit, and real talent, who has not suffered from being outshone in conversation, and outstripped in the race of life, by men of less reserve, and of qualities more showy, though less substantial; and well constituted must the mind be, that can yield up the prize without envy to competitors more unworthy than himself. A little specimen of the conversation may not be

\* Such and yet more extravagant are the compliments paid to this author by his Editor Blount. Notwithstanding all exaggeration, Lyly was really a man of wit and imagination, though both were deformed by the most unnatural affectation that ever disgraced a printed page.

out of place, were it but to shew young ladies what fine things they have lost by living when Euphuism is out of fashion.

"'Credit me, fairest lady,' said the knight, 'that such is the cunning of our English courtiers of the bodicoral strain, that, as they have infinitely refined upon the plain and rustical discourse of our fathers, which, as I may say, more besemmed the mouths of court roistersers in a May-game than that of courtly gallants in a galliard, so I hold it ineffably and unutterably improbable, that those who may succeed us in that garden of wit and courtesy shall alter or amend it. Venus delicteth but in the language of Mercury, Bucephalus will stoop to none but Alexander, no one can sound Apollo's pipe but Orpheus.'

"'Valiant sir,' said Mary, 'who could scarce help laughing, 'we have but to rejoice in the chance which hath honoured this solitude with a glimpse of the sun of courtesy, though it rather blinds than enlightens us.' 'Pretty and quaint, fairest lady,' answered the Euphuist. 'Ah that I had with me my Anatomy of Wit—that all-to-be-unparalleled volume—that quintessence of human wit—that treasury of quaint invention—that exquisitely-pleasant-to-read, and inevitably-necessary-to-be-remembered manual of all that is worthy to be known—which indoctrines the rude in civility, the dull in intellectuality, the heavy in jocosity, the blunt in gentility, the vulgar in nobility, and all of them in that unutterable perfection of human utterance, that eloquence which no other eloquence is sufficient to praise, that art which, when we call it by its own name of Euphuism, we bestow on it its richest panegyric.'

We have not room to trace the events in detail. Halbert and Sir Piercie fight a duel, and, through the strange interference of the "White Maid of Avenel," are involved in a wonderful mystery; each being suspected of the murder of the other, and both being alive. Halbert flies to Julian Avenel's castle; Sir Piercie towards Edinburgh with the Maid of the Mill, who contrives his escape, and saves him from the feud or revenge of the Glendinnings. Halbert's fortunes conduct him to distinction in the service of the Regent Murray. Sir John Foster enters the Scottish territories to levy contributions on the halidome of St. Mary, and seize Shafton. The church arms its vassals, and a battle ensues, in which Julian and Christie are slain. Murray arrives with his forces, and a compromise takes place. The Monastery is plundered, Halbert is united to Mary, and Sir Piercie to Mysie. Edward assumes the cowl, and the romance concludes with the final disappearance of the spirit attendant on the house of Avenel.

#### WORDSWORTH'S NEW POEMS.

*The River Duddon; A Series of Sonnets; and other Poems, &c.* By W. Wordsworth. 8vo.

This volume will be published next week; and we are called upon to give

our opinion upon it, as far and as correctly as one person admits. Under such circumstances, it is a very gratifying relief to our minds to have a report almost unimpairedly favourable to make. We consider these poems to be by much the least mannered and most beautiful of any that this distinguished individual has ever written. There is a tenderness which runs through them of the truest nature; their pathos is genuine and affecting; many of their images bear the impress of genius, and touches of soul are thickly sown over them; and, to those who are familiar with our sentiments respecting the mis-called simplicities of Peter Bells, Waggoners, Duffodils, &c., it will not seem a slight recommendation of the forthcoming work, that it is almost entirely unstained with similar puerilities. We might perhaps instance two or three pretty conceits; but they are in a very minor degree objectionable, when compared with what of the same kind have preceded them; while the noble thoughts clothed in fine language are infinitely more abundant. Some of the adjectives and epithets may be questioned, as quaint or inapplicable; but others are happily chosen and eminently appropriate. In short, the blemishes are trifling in themselves and thinly scattered; the excellencies great and numerous.

"The River Duddon," is a composition consisting of thirty-three Sonnets, suggested by various views of that stream, and reflections arising out of them. The second, an address to the river which flows from Wrynose Fell, at first through a mountain district, and thence through a more cultivated tract, for twenty-five miles, and enters the Irish sea, is highly poetical,

Child of the clouds! remote from every taint  
Of sordid industry thy lot is cast;  
Thine are the honours of the lofty waste;  
Not seldom, when with heat the valleys faint,  
Thy hand-maid Frost with spangled tresses quaint  
Thy cradle decks;—to chaunt thy birth, thou hast

No meaner Poet than the whistling Blast,  
And Desolation is thy Patron-saint!  
She guards thee, ruthless Power! who would  
Not spare

Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen,  
Where stalk'd the huge deer to his shaggy lair—  
Through paths and alleys roofed with sombre  
green,  
Thousand of years before the silent air  
Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen!

The third is rather formal in its rhymes; yet the fourth does not meet our ideas so strikingly as that which follows it.

\* The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gigantic species long since extinct.

Sole listener, Duddon! to the breeze that play'd  
With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful sound  
Wafted o'er sullen moors and craggy mound,  
Unfruitful solitudes, that seem'd to upbraid  
The sun in heaven!—but now, to form a shade  
For thee, green alders have together wound  
Their foliage; ashes flung their arms around;  
And birch-trees risen in silver colonnades.  
And thou hast also tempted here to rise,  
Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude and grey;  
Whose ruddy children, by the mother's eyes  
Carelessly watch'd, sport through the summer  
day.

Thy pleasant associates!—light as endless May  
On infant bosoms lonely Nature lies.

The "Sullen Moss" is exquisite, coupled as it is with the transmission of sound; nor will the lovers of poetry fail to notice either the original thought of the "Unfruitful solitudes," that seem to upbraid the sun in heaven, or the concluding image, which is as sweet as lovely. It is not our intention to canvas each separate sonnet, but we shall briefly mention and quote what occurs to us as most remarkable. The seventh is simple, but we are not aware why the wren is styled "darkling." The eleventh, entitled "The Fairy Chasm," claims a place for its fancy.

No fiction was it of the antique age:  
A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft,  
Is of the very foot-marks unobtrus'd  
Which tiny Elves impress'd;—on that smooth  
stage

Dancing with all their brilliant equipment  
In secret revels—happily after theft  
Of some sweet babe, flower stolen, and coarse  
weed left,

For the distracted mother to amuse  
Her grief with, as she might!—But, where, oh  
where

Is traceable a vestige of the notes  
That ruled those dances, wild in character?  
—Deep underground?—Or in the upper air,  
On the shrill wind of midnight? or where floats  
O'er twilight fields the autumnal gossamer?

The fifteenth is grandly descriptive—  
From this deep chasm—where quivering sun-  
beams play

Upon its loftiest crags—mine eyes behold  
A gloomy NICHES, capacious, blank, and cold;  
A concave free from shrubs and mosses grey;  
In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray,  
Some Statue, placed amid these regions old  
For tutelary service, thence had rolled,  
Startling the flight of timid Yesterday!

Was it by mortals sculptur'd?—weary slaves  
Of slow endeavour! or abruptly cast  
Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast  
Temporarily let loose from central caves,  
Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves,  
Then, when o'er highest hills the Deluge past?

The following, the 21st, possesses a most interesting tenderness and flush of imagination, and is, if at all, very little inferior to the best of the series.

Whence that low voice?—A whisper from the  
heart

That told of days long past when here I roved  
With friends and kindred tenderly beloved;  
Some who had early mandates to depart,  
Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart  
By Duddon's side; once more do we unite,  
Once more beneath the kind Earth's tranquil  
light;

And smother'd joys into new being start.

From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall  
Of Time, breaks forth triumphant Memory;  
Her glistering tresses bound, yet light and free  
As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall  
On gales that breathe too gently to recall  
Anght of the fading year's inclemency!

In the 23d, we dislike "innocent despoles of barking dogs." In the next, "the Fancy, too indolgent *Elfy*," and the "silly mask" of "Idleless;" and in the 26th, "while men are growing out of boys." These expressions appear to us to be rather mean than natural, and rather far-fetched than applicable. And worse may well be said of "dancing insects forged upon his (the Duddon's) breast," in Sonnet 27. The 28th and 29th, are of a purer class.

No record tells of lance opposed to lance,  
Horse charging horse mid these retired domains;  
Nor that their turf dark purple from the veins  
Of heroes fall'n, or struggling to advance,  
Till doubtful combat issued in a trance  
Of victory, that struck through heart and reins,  
Even to the inmost seat of mortal pains.  
And lightened o'er the pallid countenance.  
Yet, to the loyal and the brave, who lie  
In the blank earth, neglected and forgotten,  
The passing Winds memorial tribute pay;  
The Torrents chaunt their praise, inspiring scorn  
Of power usurp'd;—with proclamation high,  
And glad acknowledgment of lawful sway.

Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce  
Of that serene companion—a good name,  
Receives not his loss; but walks with shame,  
With doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse.  
And oft-times he, who, yielding to the force  
Of chance-temptation, ere his journey end,  
From chosen comrade turns, or faithful friend,  
In vain shall rue the broken intercourse.  
Not so with such as loosely wear the chain  
That binds them, pleasant River! to thy side:—  
Through the rough cope woe! Thou with hasty  
stride,

I choose to saunter o'er the grassy plain,  
Sure, when the separation has been tried,  
That we, who part in love, shall meet again.

The same poetic vein runs through the last three of the series, and we make no excuse for copying them entirely.

Not hurried precipitous from steep to steep;  
Lingering no more mid flower-enamelled lands  
And blooming thickets; nor by rocky bands  
Held;—but in radiant progress tow'rd the Deep  
Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep  
Sink, and forget their nature;—now expands  
Majestic Duddon, over smooth salt sands,  
Gilding in silence with unfettered sweep!  
Beneath an ampler sky a region wide  
Is opened round him;—hamlets, towers, and  
towns,

And blue-top'd hills, behold him from afar;  
In stately mien to sovereign Thames allied,  
Spreading his bosom under Kentish downs,  
With Commerce freighted or triumphant War.

But here no cannon thunders to the gale;  
Upon the wave no haughty pendents cast  
A crimson splendour; lowly is the mast  
That rises here, and humbly spread the sail;  
While less disturbed than in the narrow Vale  
Through which with strange vicinities he  
passe'd,

The Wanderer seeks that receptacle vast  
Where all his unambitious functions fall.  
And may thy Poet, cloud-born Stream! be free,  
The sweets of earth contentedly resigned,  
And each tumultuous working left behind



At seemly distance, to advance like Thee,  
Prepared, in peace of being, in calm of mind  
And soul, to mingle with Eternity!

I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide,  
As being past away.—Vain sympathies!  
For, *bookworm*, Dudson! As I cast my eyes,  
I see what was, and is, and will abide;  
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide;  
The Form remains, the Function never dies;  
While, *ay*, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,  
Whom, in our morn of youth defied  
The elements, must vanish—*—be it so!*  
Enough, if something from our hands have power  
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;  
And if, as tow'r'd the silent tomb we go,  
Thro' love, thro' hope, and faith's transcendent  
doer,

We feel that we are greater than we know.

To this poem of strung Sonnets, is appended a few notes and a biographical memoir of a Mr. Walker, a lowly but eminent virtuous clergyman. Then follows Vaudracour and Julia, a tale of lawless and hapless love. Its opening is charming—  
O happy time of youthful lovers, (thus  
My story may begin) O balmy time,  
In which a love-knot on a lady's brow  
Is fairer than the fairest star in heaven!  
To such inheritance of blessed fancy  
(Fancy that sports more desperately with minds  
Than ever fortune hath been known to do)  
The high-born Vaudracour was brought by years  
Whose progress had a little overstepped  
His striding prime. A town of small repute,  
Among the vine-clad mountains of Auvergne,  
Was the Youth's birth-place. There he woo'd a  
Maid

Who heard the heart-felt music of his suit  
With answering vows. Plebeian was the stock,  
Plebeian, though ingenious, the stock,  
From which her graces and her honours sprung;  
And hence the father of the enamour'd Youth,  
With haughty indignation, spurn'd the thought  
Of such alliance.—From their cradles up,  
With but a step between their several homes,  
Twins had they been in pleasure; after strife  
And petty quarrels, had grown fond again;  
Each other's advocate, each other's stay;  
And strangers to content if long apart,  
Or more divided than a sportive pair  
Of sea-fowl, conscious both that they are hovering

ing  
Within the eddy of a common blast,  
Or hidden only by the concave depth  
Of neighbouring billows from each other's sight.

Thus, not without concurrence of an age  
Unknown to memory, was an earnest given,  
His ready nature, for a life of love,  
For endless constancy and placid truth;  
But whatso'er of such rare treasure lay  
Reserved, had fate permitted, for support  
Of their mature years, his present mind  
Was under fascination;—he beheld  
A vision, and adored the thing he saw.  
Arabian fiction never filled the world  
With half the wonders that were wrought for  
him.

Earth breathed in one great presence of the  
spring:

Life turn'd the meanness of her implements,  
Before his eyes, to price above all gold;  
The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine;  
Her chamber window did surpass in glory  
The portals of the dawn; all paradise  
Could, by the simple opening of a door,  
Let itself in upon her; pathos, walks,  
Sweeten'd with enchantment, till his spirit sank  
Surcharged within him, ..overlost to more

Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world  
To its dull round of ordinary cares:  
A man too happy for mortality!

We confess that we know no parallel to this in the whole range of English amatory poetry. The picture is full of living grace, and every heart must feel its magical power. The sequent misfortunes of the lovers gives augmented force and beauty to the delightful simile of the sea fowl sporting unconscious amid blast or billow. Julia becomes a mother ere a wife. Violence separates her from Vaudracour; and a content encloses her griefs, while imbecile apathy deadens the fiercer sorrows of her beloved. We refrain from dwelling more at length upon the story, in order to find space for examples of the shorter productions, which we can transplant whole into our page. The "Lament of Mary Queen of Scots on the eve of a New Year," is apt for this purpose.

"Smile of the moon!—for so I name  
That silent greeting from above;  
A gentle flash of light that came  
From Her whom drooping Cupids love;  
Or art thou of still higher birth?  
Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,  
My torpor to reprove!  
"Bright boon of pitying Heaven—alas,  
I may not trust thy placid cheer!  
Pondering that Time to-night will pass  
The threshold of another year;  
For years to me are sad and dull;  
My very moments are too full  
Of hopelessness and fear.

"—And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,  
That struck perchance the farthest cone  
Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem  
To visit me, and mine alone;  
Me, unapproach'd by any friend,  
Save those who to my sorrows lend  
Tears due unto their own.

"To-night, the church-tower bells shall ring,  
Through those wide realms, a festive peal;  
To the new year a welcoming;  
A tuneful offering for the weal  
Of happy millions lulled in sleep;  
While I am forced to watch and weep,  
By wounds that may not heal.  
Born all too high, by wedlock raised  
Still higher—to be cast thus low!  
Would that mine eyes had never gazed  
On sight of more ambitious show!  
Than the sweet flow'rets of the fields!  
—It is my royal state that yields  
This bitterness of woe.

"Yet how?—for I, if there be truth  
In the world's voice, was passing fair;  
And beauty, for confiding youth,  
Those shocks of passion can prepare  
That kill the bloom before its time,  
And blanch, without the Owner's crime,  
The most resplendent hair.

"Unbless distinctions! showered on me  
To bind a lingering life in chains;  
All that could quit my grasp or flee,  
Is gone;—but not the subtle stains  
Fixed in the spirit!—for even here  
Can I be proud that jealous fear  
Of what I was remains.

"A woman rules my prison's key;  
A sister *Dusee*, against the bent  
Of law and holiest sympathy,  
Detains me—doubtful of the event;  
Great God, who feel'st for my distress,

My thoughts are all that I possess,  
O keep them innocent!

"Farewell for ever human aid,  
Which abject mortals vainly court;  
If friends deceived, by foes betrayed,  
Oft fears the prey, of hopes the sport,  
Nought but the world-redeeming Cross  
Is able to supply my loss,  
My burthen to support.

"Hark! the death-note of the year,  
Sounded by the castle clock!"  
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear  
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock;  
But oft the woods renewed their error,  
Ere the tir'd head of Scotland's Queen  
Repos'd upon the block!

The pathetic tone and elegant verification of this lament need no comment. From an ode to Lycoris we select a passage worthy of being its companion.

In youth we love the darksome lawn  
Brush'd by the owl's wing;  
Then, Twilight is preferred to Dawn,  
And Autumn to the Spring.  
Soul fancies do we then affect,  
In luxury of disrespect  
To our own prodigal excess  
Of too familiar happiness.  
Lycoris (if such name befit  
Thee, thee my life's celestial sign!)  
When Nature marks the year's decline  
Be ours to welcome it:  
Pleased with the soil's required cares;  
Pleased with the blue that other wears;  
Pleased while the sylvan world displays  
Its ripeness to the feeding gaze;  
Pleased when the sudden winds rouse the knell  
Of the resplendent miracle.

Rat something whispers to my heart  
That, as we downward tend,  
Lycoris! life requires an art  
To which our souls must acquiesce  
A skill—do balance and supply;  
And, ere the flowing fount be dry,  
As soon it must, a scuse to sip,  
Or drink, with no fastidious lip.  
Frank greeting, then, to that by the Guest  
Diffusing smiles o'er land and sea,  
To aid the vernal Deity  
Whose house is in the breast!  
May pensive autumn ne'er present  
A claim to her disparagement!  
While blossoms and the budding spray  
Inspire us in our own decay;  
Still, as we nearer draw to life's dark goal,  
Be hopeful Spring the favourite of the soul!

The model of *L'Allegro* is not far forgotten here; nor in the following felicitous allusions to Ambition, notwithstanding a somewhat of ruggedness in the verse, are we disposed to find a less flattering comparison for the poet.

Enough of climbing toil!—Ambition treads  
Here, as in busier scenes, grounds steep and  
rough,  
Oft perilous, always tiresome; and each step,  
As we for most uncertain gain ascend  
Toward the clouds, dwarfing the world below,  
Induces, for its old familiar sights,  
Unacceptable feelings of contempt,  
With wonder mixed—that Man could e'er be tied,  
In anxious bondage, to such nice array  
And formal fellowship of petty things!  
Oh, 'tis the *Awe* that magnifies this life,  
Making a truth and beauty of her own!  
And moss-grown alley, Circumscribing shades,

And gurgling rills, assist her in the work  
More effusively than rills outspread,  
As in a map, before the adventurer's gaze,  
Ocean and earth contending for regard;  
Lo! there a dim Egerian grotto fringed  
With ivy-twine profusely from its brows  
Dependant,—enter without further aim;  
And let me see thee sink into a mood  
Of quiet thought,—protracted till thine eye  
Be calm as water when the winds are gone  
And no one can tell whither. Dearest Friend;  
We two have known such happy hours together  
That, were power granted to replace them  
(fetched)

From out the pensile shadows where they lie  
In the first warmth of their original sunshine,  
Loth should I be to use it; passing sweet  
Are the domains of tender memory!

The "Brownie's Cell" is of a mingled  
character, of much that is good and a little  
that is indifferent. For example, we cannot  
appreciate

—Him whose *solitude*  
*Shed lightning* through this lonely isle.

But neither can we be blind to the surpassing  
sweetness of a scene where

—flowers delight,  
And all is lovely to the sight.  
Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,  
When she applies her annual test  
To dead and living; when her breath  
Quickens, as now, the wither'd heath;—  
Nor flaunting summer,—when he throws  
His soul into the briar-rose;  
Or calls the lily from her sleep  
Prolong'd beneath the bordering deep;  
Nor Autumn, when the vineless wren  
Is warbling near the BROWNIE'S DEN.

The poem written in sight of Wallace's  
Tower, at Cora Linn, cannot be passed in  
silence. It speaks in the grandest voice of  
inspiration.

Lord of the Vale! astounding flood!  
The dulcet leaf, in this thick wood,  
Quakes—conscious of thy power;  
The caves reply with hollow moan;  
And vibrates, to its central stone,  
Yon time-cemented Tower!  
And yet how fair the rural scene!  
For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been  
Beneficent and strong;  
Pleas'd in refreshing dews to steep  
The little trembling fountains that peep  
Thy shelving rocks among.  
Hence all who love their country, love  
To look on thee—delight to rove  
Where they thy voice can hear;  
And, to the patriot warrior's Shade,  
Lord of the Vale! to Heroes laid  
In dust, that voice is dear!  
Along thy banks, at dead of night,  
Sweeps visibly the Wallace Whig;  
Or stands, in warlike vest,  
Aloft, beneath the moon's pale beam,  
A champion worthy of the stream,  
Yon grey tower's living crest!  
But clouds and envious darkness hide  
A form not doubtfully desired:—  
Their transient mission o'er,  
O way to what blind regions flee  
These Shapes of awful fantasy?  
To what untroubled shore?  
Less than divine command they spurn;  
But this we from the mountains learn,  
And this the valleys show,

That never will they deign to hold  
Communion where the heart is cold  
To human weal and woe.

The man of subject soul in vain  
Shall walk the Marathonian Plain;  
Or trid the shadowy gloom,  
That still invests the guardian Pass,  
Where stood sublime Leonidas,  
Deroted to the tomb.

Nor deem that it can aught avail  
For such to glide with oar or sail  
Beneath the piny wood,  
Where Tell once drew, by Uri's lake,  
His vengeful shafts—prepared to slake  
Their thirst in Tyrant's blood!

Largely as we have rifled Mr. Words-  
worth of his "honièd sweets," and pleased  
as we are to dwell on the praises of a bard  
who has sometimes offended our taste, and  
never delighted us so highly before; we must  
yet, ere we take our leave, request atten-  
tion to the verses addressed by him to his  
brother, as a dedication of this volume.  
They display so amiable a mind, that in  
them we learn to admire the man, as well  
as the poet, who has drawn so much music  
from a rustic custom.

The Minstrels played their Christmas tune  
To-night beneath my cottage eaves:  
While, smitten by a lofty moon,  
The encircling Laurels, thick with leaves,  
Gave back a rich and dazzling green,  
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze  
Had suak to rest with folded wings;  
Keen was the air, but could not freeze  
Nor check the music of the strings;  
So stout and hardy were the hand  
That scrap'd the chords with strenuous hands.  
And who but listen'd?—till was paid  
Respond to every inmate's claim;  
The greeting given, the music played  
In honour of each household name,  
Only pronounce'd with lusty call,  
O "merry Christmas" wished to all!

O Brother! I reverse the choice  
That took thee from thy native hills;  
And it is given thee to rejoice:  
Though public care full often tills  
(Heaven only witness of the toil)  
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that thou, with me and mine,  
Hastad seen this never-failing rite;  
And seen on other faces shine  
A true revival of the light;  
Which Nature, and these rustic Powers,  
In simple childhood spread through ours!  
For pleasure hath not ceased to wait  
On these expected annual rounds,  
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate  
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,  
Or they are offered at the door  
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep  
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,  
To hear—and sink again to sleep:  
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,  
By blazing fire, the still suspense  
Of self-complacent innocence;  
The mutual nod—the grave disguise  
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;  
And some unbidden tears that rise  
For names once heard, and heard no more;  
Tears brighten'd by the serenade  
For infant in the cradle laid!

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,  
With ambient streams more pure and bright  
Than fabled Cytherea's zone  
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,  
Is to my heart of hearts endeared,  
The ground where we were born and rear'd!  
Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence,  
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;  
Remnants of love, whose modest sense  
Thus into narrow room withdraws;  
Hail, Usages of pristine mould;  
And ye, that guard them, Mountains o'd!  
Bear with me, Brother, quench the thought,  
That alights this passion, or condemns;  
If thee fond Fancy ever brought  
From the proud margin of the Thames,  
And Lambeth's venerable towers,  
To lumber streams, and greener bowers.

Yes they can make, who fail to find,  
Short leisure even in busiest days;  
Moments—to cast a look behind,  
And profit by those kindly rays  
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,  
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the Imperial City's din  
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,  
A pleas'd attention I may win  
To agitations less severe,  
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,  
But fill the hollow wake with joy!

We have little to add, but that besides  
what we have related or noticed, the lovers  
of the muse will find much to admire in  
this truly charming volume.

In addition to what we have noticed, a  
praise description of the country of the lakes  
will be found a very agreeable performance;  
and other poems, entitled Dion, The Pil-  
grim's Dream, Aetgeal and Eldred—a fact  
and imagination, The Priores's Tale from  
Chaucer, September, Odes, Inscriptions,  
Sonnets, &c. which we can only name, would  
of themselves form a volume conferring im-  
mortality, and ranking their author, even  
with those hitherto most sceptical of his  
powers, among the foremost bards of the age.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF JOHN WESLEY. 2  
vols. 8vo.

This work, so full of peculiar inter-  
est to a very numerous sect, cannot  
fail to be almost equally acceptable to  
serious readers of every class. It will  
be published in a few days; and it is our  
good fortune to be enabled to give a  
digest and taste of its contents thus  
early in point of time. Of Mr. Southey's  
talent for the able execution of such a  
work nothing need be said: no man  
ever united genius and industry in a  
greater degree, and genius and industry  
are the prime requisites for producing  
what is excellent in every species of li-  
terature. To these he has added im-  
partiality and candour; and we have no  
doubt that his publication will prove  
as little the subject of polemical con-  
troversy as any thing of the kind that  
was ever written.

Benjamin Wesley the great grandfather of  
the founder of the Methodists, studied phy-

sic as well as divinity at the university, a practice not unusual at that time: he was ejected by the act of nonconformity from the living of Allington, in Dorsetshire; and the ineffectual knowledge which he had acquired from motives of charity, became then the means of his support. John, his son, was educated at New Inn Hall, Oxford, in the time of the Commonwealth; and was distinguished for his acquaintance with oriental languages, as well as for his diligence and piety. Had the Cromwell family retained its power he would have risen to great distinction; but the contrary befalling, he also was ejected from the living of Blandford for non-conformity; four times imprisoned for preaching; and when he died in the village of Preston, denied burial in the Church by the vicar. His premature fate brought the grey hairs of his aged father with sorrow to the grave. By his wife, a niece of Thomas Fuller the church historian, he left two sons, the younger of whom, Samuel, was eight or nine years old when he lost his parent. "The circumstances of the father's life and sufferings, which have given him a place among the confessors of the non-conformists, were likely to influence the opinions of the son; but happening to fall in with bigotted and ferocious men, he saw the worst part of the dissenting character. Their defence of the execution of King Charles offended him, and he was at once shocked and disgusted by their calf's head club; so much so, that he separated from them, and, because of their intolerance, joined the church which had persecuted his father. This conduct, which was the result of feeling, was approved by his ripe judgment, and Samuel Wesley continued through life a zealous churchman. The feeling which urged him to this step must have been very powerful, and no common spirit was required to bear him through the difficulties which he brought upon himself; for by withdrawing from the academy at which he had been placed, he so far offended his friends, that they lent him no further support, and in the latter years of Charles II. there was little disposition to encourage proselytes who joined a church which the reigning family were labouring to subvert. But Samuel Wesley was made of good mould: he knew and could depend upon himself; he walked to Oxford, entered himself at Exeter College as a poor scholar, and began his studies there with no larger a fund than two pounds sixteen shillings, and no prospect of any future supply. From that time, till he graduated, a single crown was all he received from his friends. He composed exercises for those who had more money than learning; and he gave instructions to those who wished to profit by his lessons; and thus by great industry, and great frugality, he not only supported himself, but had accumulated the sum of ten pounds fifteen shillings, when he went to London to be ordained. Having served a curacy there one year, and as chaplain during another on board a king's ship, he settled upon a curacy in the metropolis, and married Susannah, daughter of Dr. Annesley, one of the ejected ministers.

No man was ever more suitably matched than the elder Wesley. The wife whom he chose was, like himself, the child of a man eminent among the non-conformists, and, like himself, in early youth she had chosen her own path: she had examined the controversies between the Dissenters and the Church of England with conscientious diligence, and satisfied herself that the schismatics were in the wrong. The dispute, it must be remembered, related wholly to discipline; but her enquiries had not stopt there, and she had reasoned herself into Socinianism, from which she was reclaimed by her husband. She was an admirable woman, of highly improved mind, and of a strong and masculine understanding, an obedient wife, an exemplary mother, a fervent Christian. The marriage was blessed in all its circumstances: it was contracted in the prime of their youth: it was fruitful; and death did not divide them till they were both full of days. They had no less than nineteen children; but only three sons and three daughters seem to have grown up; and it is probably to the loss of the others that the father refers in one of his letters, where he says, that he had suffered things more grievous than death. The manner in which these children were taught to read is remarkable: the mother never began with them till they were five years old, and then she made them learn the alphabet perfectly in one day: on the next they were put to spell and to read one line, and then a verse, never leaving it till they were perfect in the lesson."

From Queen Mary, Mr. Wesley received the living of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, for his defence of the revolution; and in the reign of Queen Anne, was rewarded with the chaplaincy of a regiment, for a poem on the battle of Blenheim. He was, however, persecuted by the dissenters, who could not forgive his abandoning them.

John, his second son, the subject of this memoir, was born at Epworth on the 17th of June, 1703. At six years of age he narrowly escaped being burnt to death when his father's house was destroyed by the flames, and he "remembered this providential deliverance through life with the deepest gratitude. In reference to it he had a house in flames engraved as an emblem under one of his portraits, with these words for the motto, 'Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?'" The third son, Charles, the zealous and able associate of his brother in his future labours, was at this time scarcely two months old."

From their mother the Wesleys inherited the principles of Jacobitism, and also a devotional temperament which seems to have been common to them all. John was a favourite at the Charter-house, where he was educated, and at the age of seventeen, carried habits of quiet and regularity to Christchurch, Oxford, where he pursued his studies with all diligence. In his youth he was an expert versifier, but he forbore to cultivate this talent, and his brother Charles became the "sweet singer of methodism."

While he was an undergraduate, his manners were free and cheerful; and that acti-

vity of disposition which bore him afterwards through such uninterrupted labour, displayed itself in wit and vivacity. But when the time of life arrived at which he might have taken orders, he, who was not a man to act lightly upon any occasion, and least of all upon so solemn a one, began to reflect seriously upon the importance of the priestly office, and to feel some scruples concerning the motives by which the person ought to be influenced who determines to take upon himself so awful a charge. These scruples he communicated to his father, who answered them sensibly; but agreed with him in not liking "a callow clergyman;" and hinting that he thought it too soon for him to be ordained, exhorted him to work while he could. The letter was written with a trembling pen: "You see," said the old man, "Time has shaken me by the hand, and Death is but a little way behind him. My eyes and heart are now almost all I have left, and I bless God for them." The mother, however, was of opinion that the sooner he entered into deacon's orders the better, because it might be an inducement to greater application in the study of practical divinity. "And now," said she, "in good earnest resolve to make religion the business of your life: for, after all, that is the one thing that, strictly speaking, is necessary: all things beside are comparatively little to the purposes of life."

His theological studies, including the Treatise de Imitatione Christi, and Jeremy Taylor's Rules of Holy Living and Dying, produced a great change in young Wesley's frame of mind and conduct. He began a new course of life, communicated every week, and prayed much: thus prepared he was, in the autumn of 1725, ordained by Dr. Potter, bishop of Oxford. In March, 1726, he was elected a Fellow of Lincoln College. From this period he kept a diary, which contains a lively picture of his eventful life. In 1727, he was appointed Greek lecturer, and moderator of the classes, from which his powers of reasoning acquired much strength, while his other studies generally enriched his mind. Mondays and Tuesdays were allotted to the classics; Wednesdays to logic and ethics; Thursdays to Hebrew and Arabic; Fridays to metaphysics and natural philosophy; Saturdays to oratory and poetry, but chiefly to composition in those arts; and the Sabbath to Divinity. He also gave great attention to mathematics. To this course of general attainment succeeded that religious enthusiasm which soon engrossed him entirely, and caused him to sacrifice all the rest to "spiritual things." He went to Wroote, and officiated as curate to his father for two years, during which he obtained priest's orders. His next movement was a return to Lincoln College, where he became a tutor. His brother Charles had, by this time, been entered of Christchurch, and formed an association with some other undergraduates, for the purpose of religious improvement. They lived by rule, and speedily attracting notice, did not escape the decision of a lax era. They were called the Sacramentarians, from taking the sacrament

usky; Bible-bogots, Bible-moths, the holy or the godly club; and one person, with less irreverence and more learning, observed, in reference to their methodical manner of life, that a new sect of *Methodists* was sprung up, alluding to the ancient school of physicians, known by that name. This appellation fastened upon them, and became the appropriate designation of the sect of which J. Wesley was the founder, though it was to Charles and his friends that it was first given. When John returned to Oxford, the society gladly put themselves under the direction of one of such character and standing, and master of so much erudition and eloquence. Mr. Morgan, one of the members, died young, a victim to the austerities which they practised. Hervey, the author of the *Meditations*, was another of their body; and the celebrated Whitfield, born in Gloucester in 1714, a third. His early talent for elocution had almost directed him to the stage, and several years of his youth were passed as a common drawer in the public-house kept by his mother. At eighteen, however, he was admitted a Servitor at Oxford, joined the Methodists, then about fifteen in number, and thence rose to distinction in the pulpit. The rest went now regularly visited the prisoners and sick, fasted on Wednesdays and Fridays, the days on which Christ was betrayed and crucified; and drew up a scheme of self-examination, which, except that it speaks of obeying the laws of the Church of England, might fitly be appended to the spiritual exercises of Loyola. William Law about this period helped much to confirm Wesley in his enthusiasm and longing after perfectibility. John Wesley and his associates running fast towards fanaticism, the seniors of Christ Church set themselves to check the evil which had sprung up; and discussions rather than events fill the time from 1728 to 1735. In the April of the latter year old Mr. Wesley died, and John having refused to accept his church preferment, even if it could be obtained, was induced to undertake a mission to preach the gospel in Georgia. He was accompanied by his brother Charles, who went in the capacity of secretary to Mr. Oglethorpe, the founder of the colony; Charles Delamotte, the son of a London merchant; and Benjamin Ingham, one of the little community at Oxford. In the same vessel a party of Moravians sailed; and from the connexion with these brethren, much of the economy of the Methodists was derived. The singularities which had been in some degree restrained while in England, were now unlimitedly indulged, and the ascetic principles of the sect were put in full practice. Vegetables and rice and biscuit became at first the sole food of the missionaries—they abstained from supper—they lay on the floor—their classic studies were declared to be reprehend-

sible, and at length they lived on bread alone.—

"From four in the morning till five they used private prayer: from five till seven they read the Bible together, carefully comparing it with the writings of the earliest ages, that they might not lean to their own understandings. At seven they breakfasted, and and they had public prayers at eight. From nine till twelve John Wesley was employed in learning German, Delamotte pursued his Greek studies, Charles wrote sermons, and Ingham instructed the children: and at twelve they met to give an account to one another of what they had done since their last meeting, and of what they intended to do before their next. They dined about one, and from dinner till four the time was spent in reading to those of whom each had taken especial charge, or in exhorting them severally, as the case might require. There were evening prayers at four, when the second lesson was explained, or the children were catechised and instructed before the congregation. From six to seven each read in his cabin to a few of the passengers. At seven Wesley joined with the Germans in their public service, and Ingham read between the decks to as many as desired to hear. At eight they met again to instruct and exhort. By this time they were pretty well wearied with exhortations and instruction; and between nine and ten they went to bed, where, as Wesley says, neither the waving of the sea, nor the motion of the ship, could take away the refreshing sleep which God gave them.

"It was a rough season, their passage was tempestuous; and, during the storm, Wesley felt that he was unfit, because he was unwilling to die. Ashamed of this unwillingness, he reproached himself as if he had no faith, and he admired the impassible tranquillity to which the Moravians had attained."

On the 5th of February, 1736, they anchored in the Savannah river, in the country belonging to the Creek Indians, and possessing a population of about 25,000 souls. We cannot minutely follow the thread of the mission in Georgia: suffice it to say that it was hardly successful, and removed but few of the prejudices which caused the Chief Tomochichi to exclaim, "*Christian much drunk! Christian beat men! Christian tell lies! Devil Christian! Me no Christian!*"

But Wesley's insisting on intolerant discipline, on immersion in baptism, and on other severities, hindered the good work. The preacher also began to depart more and more from the practices of the church. At Frederica too, whither Charles Wesley had gone, great confusion arose out of his attempts at reform, and injudicious zeal. In 1737 Charles returned to England. John refrained from marrying Sophia Auston, the niece of the chief magistrate, in deference, it is said, to the decision of the Moravian brethren, to whom he proposed the question, whether he should or should not unite himself to that young lady. Other accounts state that the match was broken off by Miss C. in consequence of his eccentric-

ities; and she soon after became the wife of a Mr. Williamson. Wesley seems at this period of his life to have been both intolerant and untractable. For some cause or other he repelled Mrs. Williamson from the communion table. For this and for scandal he was indicted. The prosecution, however, was not promptly followed up, and after waiting several months for trial, he quitted the scene of his distress. His passage homeward from Charlestown was tempestuous, and spent in strict self-examination: he landed at Deal, after an absence of two years and four months. It is curious, that Whitfield sailed from the Downs for Georgia only a few hours before the vessel in which Wesley was, cast anchor; the ships passed in sight, but neither knew that his friend was on the deck of that at which he gazed.

"But when Wesley landed he learned that his coadjutor was on board the vessel in the offing: it was still possible to communicate with him; and Whitfield was not a little surprised at receiving a letter which contained these words: 'When I saw God by the wind which was carrying you out brought me in, I asked counsel of God. His answer you have inclosed.' The inclosure was a slip of paper, with this sentence, 'Let him return to London.' Wesley doubting, from his own experience, whether his friend could be so usefully employed in America as in England, had referred the question to chance, in which at that time he trusted implicitly; and this was the lot which he had drawn."

Whitfield had, during the absence of Wesley, made many proselytes in England. He began his preachings at Gloucester, and preached afterwards to enthusiastic multitudes in London, Bristol, and other places; but he left all for America.

"It is therefore apparent, that though the Wesleys should never have existed, Whitfield would have given birth to Methodism—and now when Whitfield, having excited this powerful sensation in London, had departed for Georgia, to the joy of those who dreaded the excesses of his zeal, no sooner had he left the metropolis, than Wesley arrived there, to deepen and widen the impression which Whitfield had made. Had their measures been concerted, they could not more entirely have accorded. The first sermon which Wesley preached was upon these strong words: 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature'; and though he himself had not yet reached the same stage in his progress as his more ardent coadjutor, the discourse was so high strained, that he was informed he was not to preach again in that pulpit."

"This was on the second day after his arrival in London. On the next Sunday he preached at St. Andrew's, Holborn, and there also was informed that he was to preach no more. In the course of the week he went to Oxford, whither Peter Boehler

"This remarkable instance of Wesley's predilection for the practice of sorority, was not noticed by either of his biographers. Whitfield himself relates it, in a letter published at the time of their separation.

\* This Charles refused to accompany a gentleman to Ireland, with the view of being made his heir; and the consequence was, that he adopted another namesake, to whom he left his fortune, and this was no other than *Wesley*, the first Earl of Mornington, the father of the Duke of Wellington.

accompanied him, and where he found only one of the little Society which he had formed there; the rest having been called to their several stations in the world. During these days he conversed much with the Moravian, but says, that he understood him not; and least of all when he said, *Me frater, me frater, excoquenda est ista tua Philosophia*. Ere long, being with his mother at Salisbury, and preparing for a journey to his brother Samuel, at Tiverton, he was recalled to Oxford by a message that Charles was dying there of a pleurisy: setting off immediately upon this mournful summons, he found him recovering, and Peter Boehler with him. Boehler possessed one kind of philosophy in a higher degree than his friend: the singularity of their appearance and manner excited some mockery from the under graduates, and the German, who perceived that Wesley was annoyed by it chiefly on his account, said, with a smile, '*Me frater non adhaeret rebus*,'—'it does not even stick to our clothes.' This man, a person of no ordinary powers of mind, became Wesley's teacher: it is no slight proof of his commanding intellect, that he was listened to as such; and by him, 'in the hands of the great God,' says Wesley, 'I was clearly convinced of unbelief,—of the want of that faith whereby alone we are saved.' A scruple immediately occurred to him, whether he ought not to leave off preaching,—for how could he preach to others who had not faith himself? Boehler was consulted whether he should leave it off, and answered, 'By no means.' 'But what can I preach?' said Wesley. The Moravian replied, 'Preach faith till you have it; and then, because you have it, you will preach faith.' Accordingly he began to preach this doctrine, though, he says, his soul started back from the work.

"He had a little before resolved, and written down the resolution as a covenant with himself, that he would use absolute openness and unreserve towards all whom he should converse with; that he would labour after continual seriousness, not willingly indulging in any the least levity of behaviour, nor in laughter, no, not for a moment; and that he would speak no word, and take no pleasure, which did not tend to the glory of God. In this spirit he began to exhort the hostess or the servants at an inn, the chance company with whom he was set at meat, and the traveller with whom he fell in on the road; if a passing salutation was exchanged, a word of religious exhortation was added." [We are sorry we cannot conclude this paper, as we intended, in our present Number.]

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### BUONAPARTE.

[Our Readers will, according to their various opinions, draw conclusions as to the authenticity and real purport of the annexed Letter.]

St. Helena, Oct. 2, 1819.

I have seen General Buonaparte several times. I dare not call that man any thing else who but lately had two-thirds of Europe

under his command; for his physician, Dr. Stokes, who, in his private letters, called him Napoleon, has, in consequence, been condemned and punished by a Court Martial. I have spoken to him, and he has answered with frankness, at least as I believe, questions to which, as it seemed, he himself led the conversation. On these occasions, I probably felt sensations similar to those experienced by the philosopher Euerates, when Sylla laid open to him the inmost recesses of his heart. The health of General Buonaparte has been rather impaired; but his activity of mind is still always the same, nay, it seems to have been increased, by the difficulty of exercising it. The transactions on the theatre of the world, in which he has acted so great a part, cannot be regarded by him with indifference. He observes from a distance, sometimes blaming, sometimes approving, those who now perform their part. Nothing can give him greater pleasure than to receive periodical publications, the contents of which he as it were devours. He is indeed suffered to see only ministerial papers; but his penetrating mind quickly comprehends the real facts, stripped of all the fallacious accessories which are added by the journalists in the interests of those who pay them. Hope gains access every where, and has even found its way to Longwood, to lessen the affliction of the inhabitants of this dreary abode. General Buonaparte's hope is principally placed on the state of England. It is but a short time ago that he said to me: "Your government has received a mortal wound; the heart is struck; I count its pulse and know when it must stop. The expiring struggle will be terrible. You Opposition men in vain flatter yourselves with preventing these convulsions; you will always remain impotent; the result of the elections will always be unfavourable to you. The system of your elections resembles these instruments which produce only one note. The English nation is well aware of this, and therefore when you preach patience and bid them look to the future, they answer—We are starving and cannot wait any longer. And the ministers?—they indeed would prefer putting all those out of the world who are without bread, and demand it. . . . But then the chains of the English people will be broken,—and perhaps also mine."

Though General Buonaparte has nothing more to hope for from France, yet his conversation most frequently turns upon it. "I have always loved France," said he to me, "and I was well acquainted with it. Had it really obtained liberty before the 18th Brumaire, I should have regarded its destruction as a crime. But no liberty existed; it could not exist where the country was covered with scaffolds, where the elective assemblies massacred each other, where the directory sent the representatives of the people to Sinamari to devote them to death, either there, or on board the vessels appointed to convey them thither. Thus, as Fontane said to me, I destroyed not liberty but anarchy. When I left Fontainebleau in the year 1814, to repair to the rock to which the decision of my enemies banished me, I said to

those who accompanied me in my misfortune: 'If the Bourbons will govern as the 8th Dynasty, they will succeed; but if they think to continue the third, they are ruined; and I was not mistaken.' When I received the Moniteur containing the speech in which Ferrand made the strange comparison between the strait and crooked lines, I went in to Bertrand's room, exclaiming: 'Bertrand! the King's ministers call us back to France,—and my resolution to return was immediately taken. Before my departure I was advised to begin with assuring myself of the sentiments of several important persons of the government and in the army. No, I replied; if the hearts of the people and the soldiers are still disposed towards me as they were, the inclinations of individuals must yield to this general will; but if I have lost the former, nothing is to be hoped from the influence of individuals. The mass hurries individuals along with it, but individuals do not draw the mass after them. I never deceived myself about France; but, added he, "I had been mistaken respecting the sentiments of foreign countries. The Princes forgot what I had left them, and recollected only that which I had taken from them. I ought to have foreseen this. Even after the events of 1814, I was not entirely freed from the delusion. When I saw Russia take the grand Duchy of Warsaw, and Prussia half of Saxony, I said, Austria slumbers; it will awake as soon as I return to France. This conviction, added to the reasons I have mentioned above, decided my departure from Elba."

Buonaparte's conversation, when he speaks of passing events, is still more interesting. When he sees the name of De Cazes continually repeated in the newspapers, he cannot suppress his ill humour. The thought that his influence in France has in some measure succeeded to his own, is humiliating to him. "De Cazes," said he to me one day, "was formerly secretary to my mother, or one of my sisters, I really do not know which. In the year 1813, I saw him at Mentz, whither he came to request me to decide in the affair of his father-in-law Mûraire; he is insignificant.—And besides," continued he, "how can you believe that he and the other ministers will ever succeed in establishing any thing permanent? Their only occupation is to build up and pull down again. As they attack both parties by turns, they are continually under the fear with which one or other of the parties inspires them. After the hundred days they judged quite right that the democratic party must be favoured, to dispel the fear which had seized the nation,—and a royal ordinance modified the charter in the interest of this party. But they were soon alarmed at their own work; and making use of the influence which circumstances, and all Europe under arms gave them, they supported the other party by means of that extempore legislation in favour of the aristocratic party. The Chamber, though composed of the elements formed by themselves, terrified them soon after its origin. Immediately an ordinance appears, dissolving the

Chamber, and a law which calls a greater number of citizens to the electoral assemblies. This law procures them a momentary popularity; however, if I am not very much mistaken, new fears will check the effect of the law before it is entirely put in practice."

At no time does he feel his imprisonment more painful than when he has thus indulged in contemplations on the present state of France. He then cannot think without shuddering on the barriers with which Longwood is surrounded, and on Sir Hudson Lowe, who guards his door; he then resembles a prisoner who violently shakes his chains, and falls into a rage at being unable to break them. [Translated from the *Bibliothèque Historique*.]

## FINE ARTS.

## BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 285. *Cattle in a Landscape*.—Reinagle, A. R. A.

The landscapes of this painter are too well known, and their variety and truth too well understood, to need a particular notice. We select the above for the sake of observing, that the artist has done himself and his cattle an injury by the introduction of the tree. It is our opinion, that if the cattle, so beautifully painted and so correct in their drawing, had been opposed to a simple and clear sky, the picture would have wanted little but age to rank it with a Cyp or a Potter.

No. 149. G. Sannet.

In like manner, we select from the works of Mr. Sannet this view of London from Hampstead Heath, as a fine specimen of his clear and brilliant pencil. The positive colour by which the figures are distinguished gives great value to the aerial tint and distance. His foliage also is peculiarly light and beautiful.

No. 274. *Music*.—No. 276. *Sketching*.—Graham.

These, with several others by the same artist, are pictures of promise. There is a carefulness of pencil, and a tolerable tone of colour, which a little freedom and variety would improve. By freedom we do not mean slovenliness, against which this painter, whose debut is so favourably marked, must equally guard.

No. 304. *An Interior*.—Frederick Nash.

Every thing which can captivate the eye in subjects of gothic form and grandeur, is brought together in this Interior, whether it regards the solemn effect of light or the brilliancy of colour: the figures are also introduced with great truth and character.

No. 248. *King's College and Clare Hall, Cambridge*.—W. Westall, A. R. A.

To those acquainted with the scene, this view of Hall and College, with all its classic associations, must appear doubly welcome, from the masterly and interesting way in which it is treated by the pencil of Mr. Westall.

No. 256. *The Repose*.—Composition.—A. Aglio.

There is a fine character of air-thrust thrown over this composition, and the forms in ge-

neral are grand and appropriate. A little too much of individuality appears in the objects of the foreground, both in colour and form; a thistle looks too much like a separate study of a plant, the bright green colour of which, as well as the trees on the right, are out of harmony.

No. 125. *View of Portsmouth from Portdown Hill*.—G. Arnold, A. R. A.

Mr. Arnold has given great interest to a scene not otherwise very picturesque; but such are the qualities of art, in justly representing a single effect of atmosphere, light, or colour, that a value is given to the most monotonous forms in nature. We have seldom seen the silvery tone of a cool and misty distance better expressed. The foreground is inferior.

## THE SPANISH INQUISITION.

A red-hot piece of canvas, designated as above, is on exhibition in Pall Mall; and many as have been the sights of London which we have visited, we must say that this excels them all, for the grossness of its imposition. A miserable, indecent, and offensive daub, as a work of art not superior to the pictures which one sees for a half-penny by looking through the magnifying glass of a peep-show, is placed in a darkened room, and by the paltry trick of lighting it from below, made to look like a bad transparency. And for a view of this hoax, honest Mr. Bull is charged a shilling, besides the purchase of a pamphlet descriptive of the allegory—as if it were pleasant to pay for the particulars of the cheat practised upon his credulity.

We cannot sufficiently reprobate the effrontery of the parties, whoever they are, venturing to affront the public by so impudent an attempt to levy money under false pretences.

## THE DRAMA.

No novelty of any sort this week. A new Hamlet, of fair expectations, comes out the week after next, at Drury Lane.

## VARIETIES.

*Fine Arts in France*.—The prize of 4,000 francs, which was this year offered for the best picture at the French exhibition of 1819, in one of the secondary classes, has been assigned to M. Horace Vernet.

M. M. Bridan and Cortot share between them the prize of 6,000 francs, for the best work in sculpture.

Several large medals, and medals of encouragement, were also awarded for the other distinguished paintings, statues, engravings, &c.

At the sitting of the *Athénée* on the 2d instant, some extracts were read from M. Viennet's *Dithyrambick, on the Events of Parga*.—*Paris Paper*.

Belzoni.—Our scientific and antiquarian readers will, we are sure, rejoice to learn that the enterprising Signor Belzoni, whose death was so currently reported, and believed

to have mentioned his arrival in Italy, is now safe and well in London.

A cod-fish weighing seventy pounds was sold last week in London. It was caught on the Dogger Bank.

It is declared by a Swedish mathematician, that he has succeeded in solving the problem for the quadrature of the circle by geometry.

On Wednesday, the 29th of March, the Moon will be eclipsed, partly visible at Greenwich.

Beginning of the eclipse (Clock time)	<i>h.</i>	<i>m.</i>	<i>sec.</i>
Moon rises eclipsed	6	21	37
Middle of eclipse	6	42	41
Elliptic opposition	6	51	2
End of the eclipse	8	3	41

Digits eclipsed, 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>' from the south side of the earth's shadow, or on the moon's northern limb &c.

The directors of the British Institution, with a liberality becoming their station as patrons of the Native School of Arts, and with a just sense, as it appears to us, of the deserts of the Artist, have presented Mr. Jones with a hundred pounds, in addition to the sum of 500 guineas, for which he was commissioned to paint the picture of the battle of Waterloo.

*Qui pro quo*.—A lady at the Exhibition the other day, looking at No. 136, a subject of still-life, with plates, dishes, a coffee-mill, nutmeg-grater, &c., asked the gentleman who accompanied her to look in the catalogue and tell her what it was. He replied, 'A study.'—'Good gracious,' said she, 'I took it for a kitchen.'

## LITERARY NOTICES.

Messrs. Longman and Co. have given Mrs. Joanna Baillie a thousand pounds for a series of poems celebrating the actions of famous persons. The work is entitled *MYSTICAL LEGENDS*, and will, we take it for granted, soon be presented to the public.

For the gratification of laying before our readers in one Number the first accounts of three very interesting works, we have this week made a great sacrifice of our miscellaneous features: we trust that the pleasure of perusing so much from pens among the most popular and distinguished of the age, will be our sufficient apology for postponing the insertion of other articles. The first Quarterly Part of the *Literary Gazette*, concluded by this sheet, will be ready for delivery by Tuesday, and may be ordered of all Booksellers and News-vendors.

••• As so many of our friends are particular in binding their *Literary Gazette*, we submit to their notice, that passing an iron moderately heated over the sheet to dry it, fits it almost equal to hot pressing for that purpose.

ERRATA.—In our last Number, *Biography of Mr. Frost*, p. 191. col. 1. l. 6, for *Tremay* r. *Fremay*. l. 33, for *Mings* r. *Mings*. l. 56, for *Shewell* r. *Shewell*.

In the *Latin lines* inserted in the *Literary Gazette* for March 11, pro "milla delatum" lege *mutis delatum*. 4th line: "Vult, Antaeo" Ut *Antaeo dictur*, &c. 5th line.

To Correspondents, &c. in our next.

• Our usual Meteorological Table in our next.

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

*British Gallery, Pall Mall.*

**THIS GALLERY**, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Modern Artists, is open daily, from ten in the morning until five in the afternoon.

JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.  
Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.

### BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

*Life of the King.*

In 2 vols. 8vo. embellished with 18 portraits, price 25s.  
**GEORGE the THIRD; his COURT and FAMILY.** This interesting work, which has been long since prepared for the press, will be found to contain a richer collection of original Anecdotes of illustrious and distinguished persons than has ever yet been submitted to the curiosity of the public. It abounds in relations of those peculiar traits of character for which his Majesty was so distinguished during his long and eventful reign, and which have rendered his personal history so remarkably attractive. Printed for Henry Colburn and Co. Conduit Street.

In 12mo. price 4s. 6d.

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**IMPORTANT TRAVELS** recently published by Henry Colburn and Co. Conduit Street; and sold by Bell and Bradfoot, Edinburgh; and John Cumming, Dublin.

1. *A Voyage to the Azorian Islands, and North West Coast of America; and Return by Land over the North-East parts of the Continent, Siberia to Petterburgh, a route never before performed.* By G. Von Langsdorff, the Russian Consul General for the Brazils. In 4to, with several engravings. Price 1l. 17s. 6d. bds.

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"This volume communicates much new information; particularly respecting the North-West Coast of America." *Monthly Review.*

2. *Travels to Morocco (through France and Spain).* By Maurice Kestring, Esq. Comprising a Narrative of the Author's Residence in that Empire, with an Account of the British Embassy to the Court of Morocco, and the late George Payne, Esq. Consul General. Second Edition. In 1 vol. 4to, illustrated with thirty-four plates of Scenery, Antiquities, and Costume, from Drawings made on the spot by the Author. 3l. 5s. bds.

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"God has done every thing for this country, man nothing."—*Lord Chesterfield.*

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7. *Reisen durch Asien, Europa, und Nordamerika.* By F. A. de Chateaubriand, Author of *Atlas, Travels in Greece and Palestine*, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 18s. Ditto in French.

8. *Travels in the Caucasus and Georgia, performed by command of the Prussian Government.* By Julius von Klaproth, Member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, &c. 4to. 3s. 2s. in board America.

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9. *Travels in the Morea, Albania, and other parts of the Ottoman Empire.* By P. C. Pouqueville, M. D. Member of the Commission of Arts and Sciences, and French Consul at Jassy. With engravings of Scenery and Costume. 2l. 2s. boards.

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10. *Travels in Southern Africa.* By Professor Liechtenstein. 4to, or concluding volume, comprising among other excursions, a Journey into the Countries of the Boesmans, the Corans, and the Bertrijans, a people never before visited by Europeans; illustrated with a valuable map and several engravings. 3s. boards.

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# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the Kingdom: but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we beg to recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 167.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Cenci. A Tragedy, in five Acts.* By Percy B. Shelley. Italy: Printed for Olliers. London, 1819. pp. 104.

Of all the abominations which intellectual perversion, and poetical atheism, have produced in our times, this tragedy appears to us to be the most abominable. We have much doubted whether we ought to notice it; but, as watchmen place a light over the common sewer which has been opened in a way dangerous to passengers, so have we concluded it to be our duty to set up a beacon on this noisome and noxious publication. We have heard of Mr. Shelley's genius; and were it exercised upon any subject not utterly revolting to human nature, we might acknowledge it. But there are topics so disgusting... and this is one of them; there are themes so vile... as this is; there are descriptions so abhorrent to mankind... and this drama is full of them; there are crimes so beastly and demoniac... in which *The Cenci* riots and luxuriates, that no feelings can be excited by their obscenity but those of detestation at the choice, and horror at the elaboration. We protest most solemnly, that when we reached the last page of this play, our minds were so impressed with its odious and infernal character, that we could not believe it to be written by a mortal being for the gratification of his fellow-creatures on this earth: it seemed to be the production of a fiend, and calculated for the entertainment of devils in hell.

That monsters of wickedness have been seen in the world, is too true; but not to speak of the diseased appetite which would delight to revel in their deeds, we will affirm that depravity so damnable as that of Count Cenci, in the minute portraiture of which Mr. S. takes so much pains, and guilt so atrocious as that which he paints in every one of his dramatic personages, never had either individual or aggregate existence. No; the whole design; and every part of it, is a libel upon humanity; the conception of a brain not only distempered, but familiar with infamous images, and accursed contemplations. What adds to the shocking effect is the perpetual

use of the sacred name of God, and incessant appeals to the Saviour of the universe. The foul mixture of religion and blasphemy, and the dreadful association of virtuous principles with incest, parricide, and every deadly sin, form a picture which, "To look upon we dare not."

Having said, and unwillingly said, this much on a composition which we cannot view without inexpressible dislike, it will not be expected from us to go into particulars farther than is merely sufficient to enforce our warning. If we quote a passage of poetic power, it must be to bring tenfold condemnation on the head of the author—for awful is the responsibility where the head condemns the heart, and the gift of talent is so great, as to remind us of Satanic knowledge and lusts, and of "arch-angel fallen."

The story, we are told, in a preface where the writer classes himself with Shakespeare and Sophocles, although two centuries old, cannot be "mentioned in Italian society without awakening a deep and breathless interest." We have no high opinion of the morality of Italy; but we can well believe, that even in that country, such a story must, if hinted at, be repressed by general indignation, which Mr. Shelley may, if he pleases, call breathless interest. It is indeed, as he himself confesses, "eminently fearful and monstrous; any thing like a dry exhibition of it upon the stage would be insupportable" (preface ix). And yet he presumes to think that that of which even a dry exhibition upon the stage could not be endured, may be relished when arrayed in all the most forcible colouring which his pencil can supply, in all the minute details of his graphic art, in all the congenial embellishments of his inflamed imagination. Wretched delusion! and worthy of the person who ventures to tell us that, "Religion in Italy is not, as in protestant countries, a cloak to be worn on particular days; or a passport which those who do not wish to be railed at carry with them to exhibit; or a gloomy passion for penetrating the impenetrable mysteries of our being, which terrifies its possessor at the darkness of the abyss to which it has conducted him:" worthy of the person who, treating of dramatic imagery, blasphemously and senselessly says, that "imagination is as the immortal God, which should assume flesh for the redemption of mortal passion."

The characters are: Count Cenci, an old grey haired man, a horrible fiendish incarnation, who invites an illustrious company to a jubilee entertainment on the occasion of the violent death of two of his sons; who delights in nothing but the wretchedness of all

the human race, and causes all the misery in his power; who, out of sheer malignity, forcibly destroys the innocence of his only daughter; and is, in short, such a miracle of atrocity, as only this author, we think, could have conceived. Lucretia, the second wife of the Count, a most virtuous and amiable lady, who joins in a plot to murder her husband; Giacomo, his son, who because his parent has cheated him of his wife's dowry, plots his assassination; Beatrice the daughter, a pattern of beauty, integrity, grace, and sensibility, who takes the lead in all the schemes to murder her father; Orsino, a prelate, sworn of course to celibacy, and in love with Beatrice, who enters with gusto into the conspiracy, for the sound reason, that the fair-one will not dare to refuse to marry an accomplice in such a transaction; Cardinal Camillo, a vacillating demi-profligate; two bravos, who strangle the Count in his sleep; executioners, torturers, and other delectable under-parts. The action consists simply of the rout in honour of the loss of two children, of the incest, of the murderous plot, of its commission, and of its punishment by the torture and execution of the wife, son, and daughter. This is the dish of carrion, seasoned with sulphur as spice, which Mr. Shelley serves up to his friend Mr. Leigh Hunt, with a dedication, by way of grace, in which he eulogizes his "gentle, tolerant, brave, honourable, innocent, simple, pure," &c. &c. &c. disposition. What food for a humane, sympathizing creature, like Mr. Hunt! if, indeed, his tenderness be not of a peculiar kind, prone to feast on "gruel thick and slab," which "like a hell-broth boils and bubbles."\*

We will now transcribe a portion of the entertainment scene, to show how far the writer out herods Herod, and outrages possibility in his personation of villainy, by making Count Cenci a character which transforms a Richard III. an Iago, a Sir Giles Overreach, comparatively into angels of light.

Scene III.—A magnificent Hall in the Cenci Palace.—A Banquet. Enter Cenci, Lucretia, Beatrice, Orsino, Camillo, Nobles.

Cen. Welcome, my friends and kinsmen; welcome ye,

Princes and Cardinals, pillars of the church, Whose presence honours our festivity. I have too long lived like an anchorite,

\* We are led to this remark by having accidentally read in one of Mr. Hunt's late political essays, an ardent prayer that Buonaparte might be released from St. Helena, were it only to fight another Waterloo against Wellington, on mere *good terms*. A strange wish for a Briton, and stranger still for a pseudo philanthropist, whether arising from a desire to have his countryman defeated, or a slaughter productive of so much woe and desolation repeated.



And in my absence from your merry meetings  
An evil word is gone abroad of me;  
But I do hope that you, my noble friends,  
When you have shared the entertainment here,  
And heard the pious cause for which 'tis given,  
And we have pledged a health or two together,  
Will think me flesh and blood as well as you;  
Siaful indeed, for Adam made all so,  
But tender-hearted, meek, and pitiful.

1 *Guest*. In truth, my lord, you seem too  
light of heart,  
Too sprightly and companionable a man,  
To act the deeds that ragout pain on you.

(*To his companion.*)  
I never saw such blythe and open cheer  
In any eye!

2 *Guest*. Some most desired event,  
In which we all demand a common joy,  
Has brought us hither; let us hear it, count.

*Cen.* It is indeed a most desired event,  
If when a parent from a parent's heart  
Lifts from this earth to the great father of all  
A prayer, both when he lays him down to sleep,  
And when he rises up from dreaming it,  
Oue supplication, one desire, one hope,  
That he would grant a wish for his two sons  
Even all that he demands in their regard—  
And suddenly beyond his dearest hope,  
If he accomplished, he should then rejoice,  
And call his friends and kinsmen to a feast,  
And task their lore to prove his meritment,  
Then honour us thus far—for I am he.

*Beatr.* (*to Lucetta*.) Great God! how horri-  
ble! Some dreadful ill  
Must have befallen my brothers.

*Lucr.* Fear not, child,  
He speaks too frankly.

*Beatr.* Ah! My blood runs cold.  
I fear that wicked laughter round my eye  
Which wrinkles up the skin even to the hair.

*Cen.* Here are the letters brought from Sala-  
manca;

Beatrice, read them to your mother. God!  
I thank thee! In one night didst thou perform,  
By ways inscrutable, the thing I sought.  
My disobedient and rebellious sons  
Are dead!—Why dead!—What means this  
change of cheer?

You hear me not, I tell you they are dead;  
And they will need no food nor raiment more;  
The tapers that did light them the dark way  
Are their last cost. The Pope, I think, will not  
Expect I should maintain them in their coffins.  
Rejoice with me—my heart is wondrous glad.

*Beatr.* (*Lucetta sinks, half fainting; Beatrice supports her.*)

It is not true!—Dear lady, pray look up.  
Had it been true, there is a God in Heaven,  
He would not live to boast of such a boon.  
Unnatural man, thou knowest that it is false.

*Cen.* Aye, as the word of God; whom here  
I call

To witness that I speak the sober truth;—  
And whose most favouring Providence was  
shown

Even in the manner of their deaths. For Rocco  
Was kneeling at the mass, with sixteen others,  
When the church fell and crushed them to a  
mummy,

The rest escaped unhurt. Cristofano  
Was stabled in error by a jealous man,  
Whilst she he loved was sleeping with his rival;  
All in the self same hour of the same night;  
Which shews that Heaven has special care of me.  
I beg those friends who love me, that they  
mark

The day a fast upon their calendars.

It was the twenty-seventh of December:

Aye, read the letters if you doubt my oath.

(*The assembly appears confused; several of the  
guests rise.*)

1 *Guest*. Oh, horrible! I will depart.

2 *Guest*. And I!

3 *Guest*. No, stay!

I do believe it is some jest; tho' faith!  
'Tis mocking us somewhat too solemnly.

I think his son has married the infanta,  
Or found a mine of gold in El dorado;

'Tis but to season some such news: stay, stay!  
I see 'tis only raillery by his smile.

*Cen.* (*filling a bowl of wine, and lifting it up.*)  
Oh thou bright wine whose purple splendour  
leaps

And bubbles gaily in this golden bowl  
Under the lamp light as my spirits do,  
To hear the death of my accursed sons!

Could I believe thou wert their mingled blood,  
Then would I taste thee like a sacrament,  
And pledge with thee the mighty Devil in hell,  
Who, if a father's curses, as men say,  
Climb with swift wings after their children's  
souls,

And drag them from the very throne of Heaven,  
Now triumphs in my triumph!—But thou art  
Superfluous; I have drunken deep of joy  
And I will taste no other wine to-night.

Here, Andra! Hear the bowl around,  
'A *Guest* (*rising*). Thou wretch!

Will I name among this noble company  
Check the abandoned villain?

*Cen.* For God's sake  
Let me dismiss the guests! You are insane;  
Some ill will come of this.

2 *Guest*. Seize, silence him!

1 *Guest*. I will!

3 *Guest*. And I!

*Cen.* (*Addressing those who rise with a threaten-  
ing gesture.*)

Who moves? Who speaks?  
(*Turning to the Company.*)

'tis nothing.

Enjoy yourselves.—Beware! For my revenge  
is as the sealed commission of a king  
That kills, and none dare name the murderer.

(*The Banquet is broken up.*)

This single example, which is far from  
being the most obnoxious, unnatural, and  
infernal in the play, would fully justify the  
reprobation we have pronounced. Mr.  
Shelley, nor no man, can pretend that any  
good effect can be produced by the delinea-  
tion of such diabolism; the bare suggestions  
are a heinous offence; and whoever may be  
the author of such a piece, we will assert,  
that Bezebub alone is fit to be the prompter.

The obscenity too becomes more refinedly  
vicious when Beatrice, whose "crimes and  
miseries," forsooth, are as the mask and the  
mante in which *circumstances clothed her*  
for her impersonation on the scenes of the  
world—"is brought prominently forward.  
But we cannot dwell on this. We pass to a  
quotation which will prove that Mr. Shelley  
is capable of powerful writing: the descrip-  
tion of sylvan scenery may be grand, and  
Salvator-like, were it not put into the mouth  
of a child pointing out the site for the murder  
of the author of her being, "unfit to  
live, but more unfit to die."

\* Preface, xiii., and a sentence, which, if  
not profane, is a most pernicious sophistry.  
There is some foundation for the story, as the  
Cenci family were devoured by a terrible catastro-  
phe; and a picture of the daughter by Guido, is  
still in the Colonna Palace.

Two miles on this side of the fort, the road  
Crosses a deep ravine; 'tis rough and narrow,  
And winds with short turns down the precipice;  
And in its depth there is a mighty rock,  
Which has, from unimaginable years,  
Sustained itself with terror and with toil  
Over a gulph, and with the agony

With which it clings seems slowly coming down;  
Even as a wretched soul, hour, after hour,  
Clings to the mass of life; yet clinging, leans;  
And leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss  
in which it fears to fall: beneath this crag,  
Inge as despair, as if in weariness,  
The melancholy mountain yawns—below,  
You hear but see not an impetuous torrent  
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge  
Crosses the chasm; and high above there grow,  
With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,  
Cedars, and yews, and pines; whose tangled  
hair

Is matted in one solid roof of shade  
By the dark ivy's twine. At noon day here  
'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night.

*Ora.* Before you reach that bridge make some  
excuse

For spurring on your mules, or loitering  
Until—

*Beatr.* What sound is that?  
*Lucr.* Hark! No, it cannot be a servant's  
step;

It must be Cenci, unexpectedly  
Returned—Make some excuse for being here.

*Beatr.* (*to ORSINO, as she goes out.*)  
That step we hear approach must never pass  
The bridge of which we spoke.

It will readily be felt by our readers why  
we do not multiply our extracts. In truth  
there are very few passages which will bear  
transplanting to a page emulous of being  
read in decent and social life. The lamenta-  
ble obliquity of the writer's mind pervades  
every sentiment, and "corruption mingles  
all within," renders his florid tints and imi-  
tations of beauty only the more loathsome.

Are loveliness and wisdom incompatible?  
Mr. Shelley makes one say of Beatrice, that  
Men wondered how such loveliness and wisdom  
Did not destroy each other!

Cenci's imprecation on his daughter,  
though an imitation of Lear, and one of a  
multitude of direct plagiarisms, is abso-  
lutely too shocking for perusal; and the dy-  
ing infidelity of that paragon of pericides, is  
all we dare to venture to lay before the public.

Whatever comes, my heart shall sink no more.  
And yet, I know not why, your words strike  
chill:

How tedious, false and cold seem all things. I  
Have met with much injustice in this world;  
No difference has been made by God or man,  
Or any power moulding my wretched lot,  
'Tis good or evil as regarded me.

I am cut off from the only world I know,  
From light, and life, and love, in youth's sweet  
prime.

You do well telling me to trust in God,  
I hope I do trust in him. In whom else  
Can I trust? And yet my heart is cold.

We now most gladly take leave of this  
work; and sincerely hope, that should  
we continue our literary pursuits for  
fifty years, we shall never need again  
to look into one so stamped with pol-  
lution, impiousness, and infamy.

*Scoreby's Account of the Arctic Regions,*  
 &c.

[Resumed from page 184. No. 165.]

The following general picture is very curious.

Spitzbergen and its islands, with some other countries within the Arctic circle, exhibit a kind of scenery which is altogether novel. The principal objects which strike the eye, are innumerable mountainous peaks, ridges, precipices, or needles, rising immediately out of the sea, to an elevation of 3000 or 4000 feet, the colour of which, at a moderate distance, appears to be blackish shades of brown, green, grey and purple; snow or ice in strise or patches, occupying the various clefts and hollows in the sides of the hills, capping some of the mountain summits, and filling with extended beds the most considerable valleys; and ice of the glacier form, occurring at intervals all along the coast, in particular situations as already described, in prodigious accumulations. The glistening or vitreous appearance of the icy precipices; the purity, whiteness, and beauty of the sloping expanse, formed by their snowy surfaces; the gloomy shade presented by the adjoining or intermixed mountains and rocks, perpetually "covered with a mourning veil of black lichens;" with the sudden transitions into a robe of purest white, where patches or beds of snow occur, present a variety and extent of contrast altogether peculiar; which, when enlightened by the occasional ethereal brilliancy of the Polar day, and harmonized in its serenity with the calmness of the ocean, constitute a picture both novel and magnificent. There is, indeed, a kind of majesty, not to be conveyed in words, in these extraordinary accumulations of snow and ice in the valleys, and in the rocks above rocks, and peaks above peaks, in the mountain groups, seen rising above the ordinary elevation of the clouds, and terminating occasionally in crsts of everlasting snow, especially when you approach the shore under shelter of the impenetrable density of a summer fog; in which case the fog sometimes disperses like the drawing of a curtain, when the strong contrast of light and shade, heightened by a cloudless atmosphere and powerful sun, bursts on the senses in a brilliant exhibition, resembling the production of magic.

To this strong contrast of light and shade, with the great height and steepness of the mountains, is to be attributed a remarkable deception in the apparent distance of the land. Any strangers to the Arctic countries, however well acquainted with other regions, and however capable of judging of the distance of land generally, must be completely at a loss in their estimations when they approach within sight of Spitzbergen. When at the distance of twenty miles, it would be no difficult matter to induce even a judicious stranger to undertake a passage in a boat to the shore, from the belief that he was within a league of the land. At this distance, the portions of rock and patches of snow, as well as the contour of the different hills, are as distinctly marked, as similar objects, in many

other countries, not having snow about them, would be at a fourth or a fifth part of the same distance. Not, indeed, strangers only, but persons who have been often to Spitzbergen, such as the officers and seamen of the whale-ships, have not unfrequently imagined, that their ship could not stand an hour towards the land without running aground; and yet, perhaps, the ship has sailed three or four hours directly "in shore," and still been remote from danger. This is a fact which I have seen realized among my own officers repeatedly. There are circumstances, indeed, when, by a slight change in the density of the atmosphere, a ship, after sailing towards the land for some hours, may appear to be as far off as at first. Thus, in clear weather, the high land of Spitzbergen is perfectly well defined, and every thing on it appears distinct, when at the distance of forty miles. If, after sailing five hours towards the shore, from this situation, at the rate of four or five knots per hour, the atmosphere should become a little hazy, or even only dark and cloudy, the land might appear to be further distant than before. Hence we can account, on a reasonable ground, for a curious circumstance related in a Danish voyage, undertaken for the recovery of the last colony in Greenland, by Mogens Heinson. This person, who passed for a renowned seaman in his day, was sent out by Frederick II. King of Denmark. After encountering many difficulties and dangers from storms and ice, he got sight of the east coast of Greenland, and attempted to get to it; but though the sea was quite free from ice, and the wind favourable, and blowing a fresh gale, he, after proceeding several hours without appearing to get any nearer the land, became alarmed, tacked about, and returned to Denmark. On his arrival, he attributed this extraordinary circumstance, magnified, no doubt, by his fears, to his vessel having been stopped in its course by "some loadstone rocks hidden in the sea." Most authors who have had occasion to refer to Heinson's voyage, have speculated on this circumstance; but no one, I believe, has satisfactorily explained the origin of his fears. The true cause, however, of what he took to be a submarine magnetic influence, arose, I doubt not, from the deceptive character of the land as to distance, which I have attempted to describe.

Captain Scoreby landed on Spitzbergen, and ascended one of the highest eminences near the shore.

From the brow of the mountain, on the side by which we ascended, many masses of stone were dislodged by design or accident, which, whatever might be their size, shape or weight, generally made their way with accelerated velocity to the bottom. As they bounded from rock to rock, they produced considerable smoke at each concussion, and setting in motion numerous fragments in their course, they were usually accompanied by showers of stones, all of which were lodged in a bed of snow, lying 2000 feet below the place where the first were disengaged. This may afford some idea of the nature of the

inclination. Most of the larger stones which were set off, broke into numbers of pieces; but some considerable masses of a tabular form, wheeled down upon their edges, and though they made bounds of several hundred feet at a time, and acquired a most astonishing velocity, they sometimes got to the bottom without breaking.—He continues;—

The effect of the elevation, and the brightness of the picture, were such, that the sea, which was at least a league from us, appeared within reach of a musket shot; mountains a dozen miles off, seemed scarcely a league from us; and our vessel which we knew was at the distance of a league from the shore, appeared in danger of the rocks.

After a short rest, in which we were much refreshed with a gentle breeze of wind that here prevailed; and after we had surveyed the surrounding scenery as long as it afforded any thing striking, we commenced the descent. This task, however, which before the attempt, we had viewed with indifference, we found really a very hazardous, and in some instances a painful undertaking. The way now seemed precipitous. Every movement was a work of deliberation. The stones were so sharp that they cut our boots and pained our feet, and so loose that they gave way almost at every step, and frequently threw us backward with force against the hill. We were careful to advance abreast of each other, for any individual being below us would have been in danger of being overwhelmed with the stones, which we unintentionally dislodged in showers. Having by much care, and some anxiety, made good our descent to the top of the secondary hills, to save the fatigue of crawling along the sharp ridge that we had before traversed, we took down one of the steepest banks, the inclination of which was little less than fifty degrees. The stones here being very small and loose, we sat down on the side of the hill, and slid forward with great facility in a sitting posture. Towards the foot of the hill, an expanse of snow stretched across the line of descent. This being loose and soft, we entered upon it without fear, and our progress at first was by no means rapid; but on reaching the middle of it, we came to a surface of solid ice, perhaps a hundred yards across, over which we launched with astonishing velocity, but happily escaped without injury. The men whom we left below, viewed this latter movement with astonishment and fear.

On the flat of land next the sea, we met with the horns of rein-deer, many skulls and other bones of sea-horses, whales, narwhales, foxes and seals, and some human skeletons laid in chest-like coffins, exposed naked on the strand. Two Russian lodges formed of logs of pine, with a third in ruins, were also seen; the former, from a quantity of fresh chips about them, and other appearances within them, gave evidence of their having been recently inhabited. One of them, though small, seemed a middling kind of lodging, but smelt intolerably of the smoke of wood and steam of oil. Many domestic utensils were within and about it. A new hurdle lay by the door, and traps for foxes

and birds were scattered along the beach. These huts were built upon the ridge of shingle adjoining the sea.

Among the shingle on the beach, were numbers of nests, containing the eggs of terns, ducks, and burgomasters, and in some of them were young birds. One of the latter, which we took on board, was very lively, and grew rapidly; but having taken a fancy to a cake of white lead, with which the surgeon was finishing a drawing, he was poisoned. The nests were all watched by the respective birds they belonged to; which, with loud screams and bold attacks, defended them from the arctic gulls and other predatory birds that hovered about the place. They even descended within a yard or two of some of the sailors, who were so cruel as to take their eggs or young, and followed them for a considerable time, screaming most violently. Several of these eggs were afterwards hatched in warm saw-dust, but the young birds generally died soon after they left the shell.

The only insect I saw was a small green fly, which swarmed upon the shingle about the beach. The sea along the coast teemed with a species of helix, with the *clio borealis*, and with small shrimps. But no animal of the class *Vermes* was seen on the shore. The birds seen were the puffin, tern, little auk, guillemot, black guillemot or tyste, kittiwake, fulmar, burgomaster, arctic gull, brent-goose, eider-duck, crimson-headed sparrow (*Fringilla flammea*), sandpiper, &c.; but no living quadruped was observed.

The climate of Spitzbergen is no doubt more disagreeable, to human feeling, than that of any other country yet discovered. Extending to within ten degrees of the Pole, it is generally intensely cold, and even in the three warmest months, the temperature not averaging more than  $34\frac{1}{2}$  degrees, it is then subject to a cold occasionally of three, four, or more degrees below the freezing point. It has the advantage, however, of being visited by the sun for an uninterrupted period of four months in each year, thus having a Summer's Day, if so long an interval between the rising and setting of the sun may be so denominated, consisting of one-third part of the year. But its winter is proportionally desolate; the sun, in the northern parts of the country, remaining perpetually below the horizon from about the 22d of October to about the 22d of February. This great Winter Night, though sufficiently dreary, is by no means so dark as might be expected, as the sun, even during its greatest south declination, approaches within  $134^\circ$  of the horizon, and affords a faint twilight for about one-fourth part of every twenty-four hours. Added to this twilight, the aurora borealis, which sometimes exhibits a brilliancy approaching to a blaze of fire,—the stars, which shine with an uncommon degree of brightness,—and the moon, which, in north declination, appears for twelve or fourteen days together without setting,—altogether have an effect which, when heightened by the reflection of a constant surface of snow, generally give sufficient light for going abroad;—but, with the

light afforded by the heavens, when the moon is below the horizon, it is seldom possible to read.

Bears seem to be the only quadrupeds which stir abroad throughout the winter; for, though foxes and rein-deer remain constantly in the country, they are only to be met with, in any quantity, at certain seasons. Foxes begin to appear in the month of February, and are to be seen in March in great numbers. Bears, at the same time, become more abundant, and the birds reappear in the month of April.

Spitzbergen does not afford many vegetables. It may be remarked, that vegetation grows on uncommonly quickly in this country. Most of the plants spring up, flower, and afford seed, in the course of a month or six weeks. They are chiefly of dwarfish size; some of the flowers are really pretty, but exhibit few colours, excepting yellow, white, and purple. And it is not unworthy of observation, that the only plant I met with in Spitzbergen, partaking of the nature of a tree, (a *Salix* allied to *S. herbacea*.) grows but to the height of three or four inches.

On Cherie Island, which is about 10 miles in its greatest extent 1000 morses (Sea-Horses) have been killed in seven hours; but the greater emolument derivable from the whale fishing has procured a respite for these animals.

The third chapter, allotted to a hydrographical survey of the Greenland seas, is a most ingenious paper, replete with important facts, and enriched with useful experiments. The colour of the sea, the nature of the currents, the appearance of the waves, &c. are all satisfactorily investigated and philosophically explained.

The very slight difference in the saltness of the waters of the ocean, from the tropics to the arctic circle is well known, but, perhaps, our readers are not aware that their specific gravity is so nearly the same that the *lowest*, observed by Mr. Scoresby in lat.  $78^\circ$  and long.  $7^\circ$  east, was 1.0259, while the highest, observed by Mr. Lamarche, lat.  $20^\circ 21'$  south, and long.  $27^\circ 5'$  west of Paris, was only 1.0207—a difference of no more than .0033.

The colour of the Greenland Sea varies from ultramarine blue to olive green, and from the most pure transparency to striking opacity. These appearances are not transitory, but permanent; not depending on the state of the weather, but on the quality of the water. The green occurs in considerable quantity, forming, perhaps, one-fourth part of the surface of the Greenland Sea, between the parallels of  $74^\circ$  and  $80^\circ$ . It is liable to alterations in its position, from the action of the current; but still it is always renewed, near certain situations, from year to year. Often it constitutes long bands or streams, lying north and south, or north-east and south-west; but of very variable dimensions;

sometimes, I have seen it extend two or three degrees of latitude in length, and from a few miles, to ten or fifteen leagues in breadth. It occurs very commonly about the meridian of London, in high latitudes. In the year 1817, the sea was found to be of a blue colour, and transparent, all the way from  $12^\circ$  east, in the parallel of  $74^\circ$  or  $75^\circ$ , to the longitude of  $0^\circ 12'$  east, in the same parallel. It then became green, and less transparent. The colour was nearly *grass-green*, with a shade of black. Sometimes the transition between the green and blue water is progressive, passing through the intermediate shades in the space of three or four leagues; at others, it is so sudden, that the line of separation is seen like the rippling of a current; and the two qualities of the water keep apparently so distinct as the waters of a large muddy river, on first entering the sea. In 1817, I fell in with such narrow stripes of various coloured water, that we passed streams of pale green, olive green, and transparent blue, in the course of ten minutes sailing.

The food of the whale occurs chiefly in the green coloured water; it therefore affords whales in greater numbers than any other quality of the sea, and is constantly sought after by the fishers. Besides, whales are more easily taken in it, than in blue water, on account of its great obscurity preventing the whales from seeing distinctly the approach of their enemies.

This colour, singular to say, results from animals of the medusa kind, some resembling small portions of fine hair, and others semi-transparent globules, of from one twentieth to one thirtieth of an inch in diameter. So minute is the food of the stupendous whale!

The number of medusæ in the olive-green sea was found to be immense. They were about one-fourth of an inch asunder. In this proportion, a cubic inch of water must contain 64; a cubic foot 110,592; a cubic fathom 23,887,872; and a cubical mile about 23,888,000,000,000. From soundings made in the situation where these animals were found, it is probable the sea is upwards of a mile in depth; but whether these substances occupy the whole depth is uncertain. Provided, however, the depth to which they extend be but 250 fathoms, the above immense number of one species may occur in a space of two miles square. It may give a better conception of the amount of medusæ in this extent, if we calculate the length of time that would be requisite, with a certain number of persons, for counting this number. Allowing that one person could count a million in seven days, which is barely possible, it would have required, that 80,000 persons should have started at the creation of the world, to complete the enumeration at the present time!

What a stupendous idea this fact gives of the immensity of creation, and of the bounty of Divine Providence, in furnishing such a profusion of life in a region so remote from the habitations of men! But if the number

of animals in a space of two miles square be so great, what must be the amount requisite for the discolouration of the sea, through an extent of perhaps twenty or thirty thousand square miles?

These animals are not without their evident economy, as on their existence possibly depends the being of the whole race of mysticete, and some other species of cetaceous animals. For, the minute medusæ apparently afford nourishment to the sepia, cuttle, cancri, helices, and other genera of Mollusca and Aptera, so abundant in the Greenland Sea, while these latter constitute the food of several of the whale tribe inhabiting the same region; thus producing a deplorable chain of animal life, one particular link of which being destroyed, the whole must necessarily perish.

Besides the minute medusæ and moniform substances, the water of the Spitzbergen Sea, taken up in latitude 77° 30', was found to contain several species of animalcules. Of these I discovered three kinds, full of animal life, but invisible to the naked eye.

There can be no doubt, I think, after what has been advanced, that the medusæ and other minute animals that have been described, give the peculiar colour to the sea, which is observed to prevail in these parts; and that from their profusion, they are, at the same time, the occasion of that great diminution of transparency which always accompanies the olive-green colour. For in the blue water, where few of the little medusæ exist, the sea is uncommonly transparent. Captain Wood, when attempting the discovery of a north-east passage, in the year 1676, sounded near Nova Zembla in 80 fathoms water, where the bottom was not only to be seen, but even the shells lying on the ground were clearly visible.

(To be concluded.)

SOUTHERY'S LIFE OF JOHN WESLEY. 2 vols. 8vo. (continued.)

Wesley's first important alteration after this period was to resort to extemporaneous prayer. Between 40 or 50, now (1738) congregated in London, agreeing to meet weekly and draw up the fundamental rules of their society, "in obedience to the command of God by St. James, and by the advice of Peter Boehler."

"They were to be divided into several bands or little companies, none consisting of fewer than five, or more than ten persons; in these bands every one in order engaged to speak as freely, plainly, and concisely as he could, the real state of his heart, with his several temptations and deliverances since the last meeting. On Wednesday evenings, at eight o'clock, all the bands were to have a conference, beginning and ending with hymns and prayer. Any person who desired admission into this society was to be asked, what were his motives, whether he would be entirely open, using no kind of reserve, and whether he objected to any of the rules. When he should be proposed, every one present who felt any objection to his admission, should state it fairly and fully: they who were received on trial were to be formed into

distinct bands, and some experienced person chosen to assist them; and if no objection appeared to them after two months, they might then be admitted into the society. Every fourth Saturday was to be observed as a day of general intercession; and on the Sunday sevennight following, a general love-feast should be held, from seven till ten in the evening. The last article provided that no member should be allowed to act in any thing contrary to any order of the society, and that any person who did not conform to those orders after being thrice admonished, should no longer be esteemed a member. These rules were in the spirit of the Moravian institutions, for Wesley was now united with the Brethren in doctrine, as far as he understood their doctrine, and well disposed to many parts of their discipline. Charles also now yielded to Peter Boehler's commanding abilities, and was by him persuaded of the necessity of a faith differing from any thing which he had yet felt or imagined. The day after he had won this victory, Boehler left London to embark for Georgia."

Thus gradually approaching what the methodists denominate *efficient faith*, Wesley continued till "Wednesday May 24th, a remarkable day in the history of Methodism, for upon that day he dates his conversion,—a point, say his official biographers, of the utmost magnitude, not only with respect to himself but to others.

"On the evening of that day he went very unwillingly to a Society in Aldersgate Street, where one of the assembly was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans.—What followed is considered by his disciples as being of deep importance; it may therefore best be given in his own words: 'About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed; I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation: and an assurance was given me, that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death. I began to pray with all my might for those who had in a more especial manner despitely used me and persecuted me. I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my heart. But it was not long before the enemy suggested, This cannot be faith, for where is thy joy?'—How many a thought arising from that instinctive logic which is grounded on common sense, has been fathered upon the personified principle of evil! Here was a plain contradiction in terms,—an assurance which had not assured him. He returned home, and was buffeted with temptations; he cried out and they fled away; they returned again and again. 'I as often lifted up my eyes,' he says, 'and He sent me help from his holy place. And herein I found the difference between this and my former state chiefly consisted, I was striving, yea fighting with all my might under the law, as well as under grace: but then I was sometimes, if not often conquered; now I was always conqueror.'"

About a fortnight subsequent to this *new birth*, and in the full career of fanatical en-

thusiasm, Wesley, together with Ingham and six others, left England for the Moravian Establishment at Herrnhut in Germany, of the origin and progress of which sect the author takes a rapid view. Count Zinzendorf, and the Herrnhuters were at that era in a state of the grossest abomination, which was afterwards reformed, for their means were evil. Wesley returned to London after a short absence, and Whitefield also came back from America. At this time began the practice of fitting condemned criminals for execution, which has since been carried to so deplorable a length that murderers go out of the world in the persuasion of martyrs, and the vilest wretches (through a momentary delusion mis-called faith) die the death of saints in glory. But this was at the height of the Wesleyan excitement and enthusiasm, and before Methodism had assumed, with a consistent form, a sober character. On the 17th of February, 1739, Whitefield appeared in his "first field pulpit" at Rose Green near Bristol, and preached for the colliers of Kingswood. The Chancellor of the diocese interfered, and a rupture ensued, which finally led to the separation of the new sect from the Church of England. The dreadful paroxysms which in the earlier stages of Methodism, manifested that the disciples had been born again in grace, are now only to be found in America; and the love-feasts have, we trust, no likeness in these wiser times. On the 12th of May, 1739, the foundation-stone of the first Methodist preaching house was laid, in a piece of ground obtained for that purpose, near St. James's Church-yard, Bristol. Whitefield was now preaching in London, and "a layman, whose name was Shaw, insisted that a priesthood was an unnecessary and unscriptural institution, and that he himself had as good a right to preach, baptize, and administer the sacraments, as any other man. Such a teacher found ready believers; the propriety of lay-preaching was contended for at the society in Fetter-Lane, and Charles Wesley strenuously opposed what he called these pestilent errors. In spite of his opposition, a certain Mr. Bowers set the first example. Two or three more ardent innovators declared that they would no longer be members of the Church of England." Howel Harris, the first great promoter of Methodism in Wales, started at this period; and Whitefield's first celebrated preachings in Moorfields, and Kennington Common, took place. A picture of the effect of these sermons may be copied from Wesley's statement of what happened to him at Wapping. "'While,' he says, 'I was earnestly inviting all men to enter into the *Holiest* by this new and living way, many of those that heard began to call upon God with strong cries and tears; some sunk down, and there remained no strength in them; others exceedingly trembled and quaked; some were torn with a kind of convulsive motion in every part of their bodies, and that so violently, that often four or five persons could not hold one of them. I have seen many hysterical and epileptic fits, but none of them were like these in many respects.

I immediately prayed that God would not suffer those who were weak to be offended; but one woman was greatly, being sure they might help it if they would, no one should persuade her to the contrary; and she was got three or four yards, when she also dropped down in as violent an agony as the rest. Twenty-six of those who had been thus affected (most of whom, during the prayers which were made for them, were in a moment filled with peace and joy,) promised to call upon me the next day; but only eighteen came, by talking closely with whom I found reason to believe that some of them had gone home to their houses justified; the rest seemed to be patiently waiting for it. A difference of opinion concerning these outward signs, as they were called, was one of the subjects which had distracted the London Methodists, and rendered Wesley's presence among them necessary. Over these new prophets, the Methodists prevailed, though not without a considerable struggle; and luminar preaching began to grow common. Samuel Wesley, the elder brother, thus writes to his mother at this date—"It was with exceeding concern and grief I heard you had countenanced a spreading delusion, so far as to be one of Jack's congregation. Is it not enough that I am bereft of both my brothers, but must my mother follow too? I earnestly beseech the Almighty to preserve you from joining a schism at the close of your life, as you were unfortunately engaged in one at the beginning of it. They boast of you already as a disciple. Charles has told John Beathan that I do not differ much, if we understand one another. I am afraid I must be forced to advertise, such is their apprehension, or their charity. But they design separation. Things will take their natural course, without an especial interposition of Providence. They are already forbid all the pulpits in London, and to preach in that diocese is actual schism. In all likelihood it will come to the same all over England, if the Bishops have courage enough. They leave off the liturgy in the fields; though Mr. Whitefield expresses his value for it, he never once read it to his utter denunciations on a common. Their societies are sufficient to dissolve all other societies but their own: will any man of common sense or spirit suffer any domestic to be in a bond engaged to relate every thing without reserve to five or ten people, that concerns the person's conscience, how much soever it may concern the family? Ought any married persons to be there, unless husband and wife be there together? This is literally putting asunder whom God hath joined together. As I told Jack, I am not afraid the church should excommunicate him, discipline is at too low an ebb; but that he should excommunicate the church. It is pretty near it. Holiness and good works are not so much as conditions of our acceptance with God. Love-feasts are introduced, and extemporary prayers and expositions of Scripture, which last are enough to bring in all confusion: nor is it likely they will want any miracles to support them. He only can stop them from being a formed sect, in a

very little time, who *ruleth the madness of the people*. Ecclesiastical censures have lost their terrors, thank fanaticism on the one hand and atheism on the other. To talk of persecution therefore from thence is mere insult. Poor Brown, who gave name and rise to the first separatists, though he repented every vein of his heart, could never undo the mischief he had done."

"Samuel Wesley" died within three weeks after the date of this letter; and John says in his journal, "We could not but rejoice at hearing from one who had attended my brother in all his weakness, that several days before he went hence, God had given him a calm and full assurance of his interest in Christ. Oh! may every one who opposes it be thus convinced that this doctrine is of God!" Wesley cannot be suspected of intentional deceit: yet who is there upon reading this passage would suppose that Samuel had died after an illness of four hours?—well might he protest against the apprehension or the charity of those who were so eager to hold him up to the world as their convert. The state of mind which this good man enjoyed had nothing in common with the extravagant doctrine of assurance which his brothers were preaching with such vehemence during the ebullition of their enthusiasm; it was the sure and certain hope of a sincere and humble Christian who trusted in the merits of his Saviour and the mercy of his God. He died as he had lived, in that essential faith which has been common to all Christians in all ages;—that faith wherein he had been trained up, which had been rooted in him by a sound education, and confirmed by diligent study, and by his own ripe judgment. And to that faith Wesley himself imperceptibly returned as time and experience taught him to correct his aberrations. In his old age he said to Mr. Melville Horne these memorable words: "When fifty years ago my brother Charles and I, in the simplicity of our hearts, told the good people of England, that unless they *knew* their sins were forgiven, they were under the wrath and curse of God, I marvel, Melville, they did not stone us! The Methodists, I hope, know better now: we preach assurance; we always did, as a common privilege of the children of God; but we do not enforce it, under the pain of damnation, denounced on all who enjoy it not."

Not long after this, Wesley separated from the Moravians, with strong feelings on both sides; but these time considerably healed. The Wesleys, however, maintained the doctrine of Christian perfection in the new man; the Moravians, that a heaven

"In the History of Dissenters by David Boggs and James Beazer, (vol. iii. p. 9.) Samuel Wesley is called "a worldly priest, who hated all pretence to more religion than our neighbours, as an infallible mark of a dissembler!" The amiable spirit which is displayed in this sentence, its liberality, its charity, and its regard to truth, require no comment.

† This passage may probably have been the cause of the breach between John Wesley and his brother's family, and to that breach the preservation of Samuel's letter is owing.

of corruption remained in the old till death. But a more memorable event was the separation between Wesley and Whitefield.

"Wesley wished to obtain Whitefield's acquiescence in his favourite doctrine of perfection, the 'free, full, and present salvation from all the guilt, all the power, and all the in-being of sin'; a doctrine as untenable as it was acceptable to weak minds and inflated imaginations. He knew also that Whitefield held the Calvinistic tenets of election and irreversible decrees; tenets which, if true, would make God unjust, and the whole Gospel a mere mockery. Upon both these subjects he wrote to his old friend and disciple, who at this time, though he could yield to him upon neither, wished earnestly to avoid all dispute. 'My honoured friend and brother,' said he in his reply, 'for once hearken to a child who is willing to wash your feet. I beseech you, by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, if you would have my love confirmed towards you, write no more to me about misrepresentations wherein we differ. To the best of my knowledge, at present no sin has dominion over me, yet I feel the strugglings of indwelling sin day by day. The doctrine of election, and the final perseverance of those who are in Christ, I am ten thousand times more convinced of, if possible, than when I saw you last. You think otherwise. Why then should we dispute, when there is no probability of convincing?' The Calvinistic Methodists in England, however, forced on the separation which their leader Whitefield thus deprecated in his letters from America, (1740). "One of the leading members in London, by name Acourt, had disturbed the society by introducing his disputed tenets, till Charles Wesley gave orders that he should no longer be admitted. John was present when next he presented himself and demanded whether they refused admitting a person only because he differed from them in opinion. Wesley answered no, but asked what opinion he meant. He replied, 'that of election. I hold that a certain number are elected from eternity, and these must and shall be saved, and the rest of mankind must and shall be damned.' And he affirmed that many of the society held the same; upon which Wesley observed that he never asked whether they did or not; 'only let them not trouble others by disputing about it.' Acourt replied, 'Nay, but I will dispute about it.' 'Why then,' said Wesley, 'would you come among us, who you know are of another mind.' 'Because you are all wrong, and I am resolved to set you all right.' 'I fear,' said Wesley, 'your coming with this view would neither profit you nor us.' 'Then,' rejoined Acourt, 'I will go and tell all the world that you and your brother are false prophets. And I tell you in one fortnight you will all be in confusion.'"

Wesley now turned to the organization of those who adhered to his opinions. The system of classing, still in practice, was adopted; itinerancy was taken up, and lay preachers soon laboured in common with those who were originally in orders. Nelson, a stone mason in Yorkshire, greatly

distinguished himself among the first in this line. The Quakers had long before given up this custom, so that it was quite a novelty: but "Cotton Mather has preserved a choice specimen of invective against Dr. Owen, by one of the primitive Quakers, whose name was Fisher. It was, indeed, a species of rhetoric in which they indulged freely, and exceeded all other sectarians. Fisher addressed him thus: 'Thou fiery fighter and green-headed trumpeter; thou hedgehog and grinning dog; thou bastard, that tumbled out of the mouth of the Babylonish bawd; thou mole; thou finker; thou lizard; thou bell of no metal, but the tone of a kettle; thou wheelbarrow; thou whirlpool; thou whirlingig; O thou firebrand; thou adder and scorpion; thou louse; thou cow-dung; thou moon-calf; thou ragged tatterdemalion; thou Judas: thou livest in philosophy and logic, which are of the Devil.'"

(To be concluded.)

## HISTORY OF THE FIRST CRUSADE.

(Uncluded.)  
[From Mills' History of the Crusades.]

The events of importance which followed the taking of Antioch, were the desertion of the cause by the Count of Vermandois, the death of Adhemar, and the march of the crusaders to Jerusalem. We may also notice, that the discussions among the chiefs led even to bloodshed, and that the commonality became so depraved as to be guilty of cannibalism. The enmity of the caliph of Egypt, and of the Turks and Persians, however, acted as a bond of union, and the approach to the holy city was the memorable consequence. "The emir of Tripoli attempted to oppose the torrent of invaders; but he was soon compelled to deprecate their vengeance; and though Raymond wished that the town should be sacked, yet mercy prevailed in the minds of the other generals; and they were contented with large supplies of provisions, the liberation of three hundred Christian slaves, and the payment of fifteen thousand pieces of gold. The soldiers crossed the plain of Beritus, went through the country of Sidon, Atharab or Sarfend, Ptolemais or Acre; and when they arrived at Jaffa, they left their maritime route, and marched to and halted at Ramla, sixteen miles from Jerusalem. The Saracens fled from the town; and the crusaders, in their grateful joy at the possession of its riches, vowed that they would raise a bishopric to the honour of St. George, whose canonized bones reposed there, but whose virtuous spirit had procured them the

\* The Crusaders found the sugar-cane near Tripoli. Albert's account of it is curious. "It is annually cultivated with great labour. When ripe they pound it, strain off the juice, and keep it in vessels till the process of coagulation is complete, and it hardens in appearance like salt or snow. They eat it scraped and mixed with bread, or dissolved in water." P. 270. These remarks are interesting, inasmuch as they are the first on record which any European ever made concerning a plant, the cultivation whereof forms so large a chapter in the annals of human misery.

favour of Heaven. Some daring chieftains proposed to march into Egypt and destroy the head itself of the Mohammedan power; an event which would be followed by the immediate submission of Jerusalem. But the counsel was overruled on the strong arguments of the length and difficulty of the march, and the inadequacy of a small army to the accomplishment of so great an end. On the third day after their arrival at Ramla, the soldiers and people took the road to Jerusalem, and soon reached the town which, in the history of its sacred and its Roman days, had assumed the different names of Emmaus and Nicopolis. The holy city was then in view; every heart glowed with rapture; every eye was bathed in tears. The word Jerusalem was repeated in tumultuous wonder by a thousand tongues; and those who first beheld the blessed spot, called their friends to witness the glorious sight. All passed pains were forgotten; a moment's happiness outweighed years of sorrow. In their warm imaginations the sepulchre was redeemed, and the cross triumphed over the crescent. But with that rapidity of thought which distinguishes minds when strongly agitated by passion, the joy of the stranger, and the fierceness of the warrior, were changed in a moment for religious ideas and feelings. Jerusalem was the scene of the resurrection of Christ; and, therefore, the subject of holy rejoicing; but it was the place of his sufferings also; and true devotion, full of self abasement and gratitude, is as strongly affected by the causes and circumstances as the consequences of the Great Sacrifice. The soldier became in an instant the simple pilgrim; his lance and sword were thrown aside; he wept over the ground which, he said, his Saviour had wept over; and it was only with naked feet that he could worthily approach the seat of man's redemption.

Of the millions of fanatics who had vowed to rescue the sepulchre from the hands of the infidels, forty thousand only encamped before Jerusalem: and of these remains of the champions of the cross, twenty-one thousand five hundred were soldiers,—twenty thousand foot and fifteen hundred cavalry. The destruction of more than eight hundred and fifty thousand Europeans had purchased the possession of Nice, Antioch, and Edessa.

Jerusalem was invested on the 7th of June 1099, and stormed on the 15th of July. The Musselmans fought for a while, then fled to their temples, and submitted their necks to slaughter. Such was the carnage in the Mosque of Omar, that the mutilated carcases were hurried by the torrents of blood into the court; dismembered arms and hands floated into the current that carried them into contact with bodies to which they had not belonged. Ten thousand people were murdered in this sanctuary. It was not only the lacerated and headless trunks which shocked the sight, but the figures of the victors, themselves reeking with the blood of their slaughtered enemies. No place of refuge remained to the vanquished, so indiscriminately did the insatiable fanaticism of

the conquerors disregard alike supplication and resistance. Some were slain, others were thrown from the tops of the churches and of the citadel. On entering the city, the Duke of Lorraine drew his sword and murdered the helpless Saracens, in revenge for the Christian blood which had been spilt by the Moslems, and as a punishment for the rallies and outrages to which they had subjected the pilgrims. But, after having avenged the cause of heaven, Godfrey did not neglect other religious duties. He threw aside his armour, clothed himself in a linen mantle, and, with bare head and naked feet, went to the church of the sepulchre. His piety (unchristian as it may appear to enlightened days,) was the piety of all the soldiers: they laid down their arms, washed their hands, and put on habiliments of repentance. In the spirit of humility, with contrite hearts, with tears and groans, they walked over all those places which the Saviour had consecrated by his presence. The whole city was influenced by one spirit; and "the clamour of thanksgiving was loud enough to have reached the stars." The people vowed to sin no more; and the sick and poor were liberally relieved by the great, who thought themselves sufficiently rich and happy in living to see that day. All previous misfortunes were forgotten in the present holy joy. The ghost of the departed Adhemar came and rejoiced; and, as at the resurrection of Christ, the bodies of the saints arose, so, at the resurrection of the temple from the impurity of the infidels, the spirits of many of those who had fallen on the road from Europe to Jerusalem, appeared and shared in the felicity of their friends. Finally, the hermit, who, four or five years before, had wept over the degraded condition of the holy city, and had commiserated the oppressed state of the votaries of Christ, in Palestine, was recognized in the person of Peter. It was remembered that he had taken charge of the letters from the patriarch to the princes of Europe: it was acknowledged that he had excited their piety, and inflamed their zeal; and the multitude fell at his feet in gratitude for his faithful discharge of his trust, praising God who was glorified in his servant. In wars of ambition subjugated cities, after the oblation of military lawlessness, become the possessions of the victorious state and public. But in the Crusades each soldier fought from personal motives; and the cause of the war, and not submission to authority, was the principle of union. Personal interest frequently prevailed; and, accordingly, each Crusader became the owner of any particular house on the portal of which he had set his knicker. But the treasures of the mosques were converted to the use of the church and of the poor; and among the splendid spoils of two of the principal temples were seventy large chandeliers, fifty of silver, and the remainder of gold.

The massacre of the Saracens on the capture of the holy city did not proceed from the inflamed passions of victorious soldiers, but from remorseless fanaticism. Benevolence to Turks, Jews, infidels, and heretics, was no part

of the piety of the day; and as the Muslims in their consciences believed that it was the will of Heaven that the religion of Muhammad should be propagated by the sword, so the Christians were under the mental delusion that they were the minister of God's wrath on disobedient man. The Latins, on the day after the victory, massacred three hundred men to whom Tancred and Gaston de Bearn had promised protection, and had given a standard as a warrant for their safety. Though the religion of Tancred was as cruel as that of his comrades, though his deadly sword had explored every corner of the mosque of Omar, yet he respected the sacredness of his word; and nothing but the interposition of the other chiefs prevented him from retaliating on the murderers. It was resolved that no pity should be shown to the Muslims; and the most humane justified the determination by the opinion that, in conjunction with the Saracens of Egypt, they might molest the Christians and recover the city. The subjugated people were therefore dragged into the public places, and slain as victims. Women with children at the breast, girls and boys, all were slaughtered. The squares, the streets, and even the uninhabited places of Jerusalem again were strewn with the dead bodies of men and women, and the mangled limbs of children. No heart melted into compassion or expanded into benevolence. The city was washed, and the melancholy task was performed by some Saracenic slaves. No contemporary rejoiced out of general regard to humanity; but every one condemned the count of Tholomee, whose avarice was more alive than his superstition, and whose favourite passion made him save and conduct to Acalon the only few Muslims, except the slaves, who escaped the general butchery. The synagogues were set on fire, and the Jews perished in the flames.

Thus closed the First Crusade; and we shall only add, that, by a curious coincidence, the publication of Mr. Mills' admirable account of it is almost to a day contemporary with the arrival of letters from Genoa, which state that the Pasha of Egypt has entered Palestine, and taken Jerusalem!! Our analysis of this portion of Mr. Mills' labours will afford very competent grounds whereon to form a fair opinion of the remaining two thirds of Mr. Mills' excellent work. We shall therefore perhaps only very briefly run over in a future Number, the principal features of the events subsequently described.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### HIMALAYAH MOUNTAINS.

In the months of October, November, and December, 1813, a young traveller from Sabathoo ascended the prodigious chain of the Himalaya Mountains; and from his letters, dated Sabathoo, 11th June, 1817, we

extract the most interesting particulars relating to these giants of the east, from whose foot the mighty peninsula of India stretches to Cape Comorin.\*

The travellers ascended the slope of the parent ridge of the Himalayah, until they reached a plain, whose height above the level of the sea, as measured by the barometer, was 13,600 feet. On the surface of this plain, vegetation was abundant, and the earth productive; and about a quarter of a mile from their path was seen the river Pahur making its first burst from impenetrable obscurity, and flowing over an impetuous wall of shattered rock of six or seven hundred feet in height, forcing its way into the valley, where it is joined by a stream from the pass.

After a series of difficulties, amidst the wild beauties of the most grand and terrific scenery, they ascended still higher, with the vegetation progressively declining, until they reached a pass where the latter says, "We arrived at half past three p. m. The wind blew from the north, and as it swept up the vast surface of snow was extremely cold. The thermometer stood at 40° a higher temperature than was looked for, considering the latitude and elevation at which we were; the snow had melted from off the southern face of the range, and disclosed the slope of the crest, upon which we pitched our tent, of no great size, yet including within its area part of the inferior boundary of snow that extended contiguous to the summit of the eastern peak or wall of the pass. We were only four yards from the ridge which was clothed with unfathomable snow and ice, descending in one sheet along a declivity which terminates with the Sutluj, at the prodigious depth of 9,000 feet.

It is impossible to describe the scene of admiration and wonder that presents itself to the astonished eye of the traveller, who from

\* Since this article, for which we are indebted to the *Calcutta Journal*, was prepared for the press, six weeks ago, the attention of the public has been more directly called to the subject by an interesting paper in the *Quarterly Review*. That paper appears to subvert entirely not only Baron De Humboldt's theory of "isothermal lines," but also Professor Leslie's system, relative to climate, and the lines of perpetual congelation. It is evident that in Asia at least we have vegetation, where, according to these doctrines, we ought to have nothing but frost; and had not M. De Humboldt given up his design of travelling in the east, he must have had ocular demonstration of the fact.

Captain Webb, the correspondent of the *Quarterly Review*, verifies many of Mr. Moorcroft's observations. He finds two species of cedar, one creeping along the ground; the deodar, a very large tree; the pinus strobus; the cypress, the berry-bearing yew; the walnut, hazel, birch, poplar, rhubarb, several new and stately pines and junipers, and some highly interesting sorts of grain, used by the Tartars; especially a species of barley or wheat, called Ooa, cultivated by the Bootcas on the southern ridge, and forming the bread of the natives. This grain grows 13,600 feet above the level of the sea. The highest elevation stated by Captain Webb, is nearly 17,000 feet. Fossil bones of the deer kind, and organic remains, have been brought from the Himalayah.—*Edt.*

so elevated a spot beholds ranges of mountains, confounded in shapeless irregularity, and raising their mural crests high into the circle of perpetual winter. The view to the northward baffles description; nor is the nearer prospect at all inferior; for here you stand encompassed with wreck and desolation on every side; and the straining eye, at last dim with the snowy splendour of the more distant landscape, finds no relief in the surrounding objects, which show no trace of industry, no vestige of animated existence, except a scanty growth of moss that studs the last remains of soil, and a few lichens that appear more elevated in the crevices of the rusty crags, while the last stage of organic life is recognized in the birds that have their dwelling in the snow.

Those monuments of primitive creation, though of iron texture, yield to the slow influence of destructive time, so that the most durable of the productions of nature are seen hurrying into decay; yet so gigantic, so solid, and so imposing, is the aspect of these mountains, that it is difficult to reconcile the mind to any idea of a period for their entire destruction.

The first object of attraction to the spectator, is the singular and extraordinary appearance of the peaks, their magnitude, height, and variety of figures and forms.

There are some with spiry summits; these show their naked granite sides, shattered and warped by the action of interminable frost; a group of these rises from the bed of the Sutluj, and attain an elevation of about 20,000 feet; they rise pyramidally, and shoot into spires, while thousands of feet are occupied in such steep slopes as to be unable to sustain the snow but in the hollows that have been formed in them. The portions of the bare surface consequently suffer most from the efforts of unceasing frost, which acts upon them in such a way as that when viewed with a glass, they have the singular appearance of shelves or layers of banks heaped one upon the other.

Others form perfect cones; one of vast magnitude is seen north of the pass. The surfaces of these are so entirely incased, that they appear, not snowy mountains, but mountains of pure snow. Then come the inclined planes, of astonishing grandeur, descending from the highest peaks, breaking off with a precipitous fall of many hundred feet, and backed upon their northern side by a mural face of great depth. Two of these remarkable appearances are seen amongst the declining slopes of the eastern range of the hills and even from the plains.

The obliquity of their position, while it exposes them to a heavy coat of snow, prevents their being divested of it by an avalanche, and at all seasons they exhibit the same appearance; but in May and June, till the commencement of the rains, they are open to the influence of a cloudless sky, with a thawing and freezing alternately, which encrusts their surface, and produces the sparkling beauty of a glacier, forming certainly the grandest scenery of the Himalayah. Of all the singular and imposing forms, the most magnificent are the table summits,

One of these enormous masses rises near Wangtoo; its summit is perfectly level, and throws down a precipitous rugged front, which stretches out into a slope or bosom covered with snow. Upon its table surface is a vertical layer of great depth, and the line of union of this wall of snow with its craggy face, is well defined, and has a very strange effect. The base of this mountain sends forth a river, whose channel of solid granite is couped and worn into cavities, recording the violence and turbulence of its stream.

Such are a few of those remarkable natural appearances which baffle all attempts at faithful description; and if within the range of vision, which is not extensive, such singularly striking objects arrest the eye, what may not be anticipated throughout a chain of such extent. A vertical wall of 3000 feet has in vain been searched for amongst the European Alps; yet here, where nature astonishes by her unparalleled magnitude, she may present even something more wonderful, in the deep valleys which every where intersect the great ridges of this stupendous range.

By a series of barometrical observations, the extreme altitude of the pass is not under 15,100 feet, a height, according to theory, abandoned by animal and vegetable life. The peaks or walls on each side shew the ravages of time and weather.

The eastern wall rises with a considerable inclination for five or six hundred feet; thence starting backwards, it terminates in a crown of snow perhaps one thousand five hundred or two thousand feet higher.

The western peak, or rather wall, is literally a pile of mouldering fragments, and rises to about five or six hundred feet; the ascent is impracticable, higher than thirty or forty feet, where are the usual emblems of elevation; so that a spectator, standing on the crest, is not forcibly attracted by the imposing figure or magnitude of the bending cliffs. Beyond the west wall, is another break or pass, which the work of ruin has not yet made traversable; but so rapid is the decay that a few years must level the dividing ridge, and leave a grand breach. Its western side rises to a towering summit deeply clad in snow, and corresponds with the opposite or eastern one, being about two thousand feet in height. The space within these may exceed a mile. In the descent on either side, the cliffs recede, forming a dell; into the north carrying the stream from the thawing snow to the Sutlej, and on the south sending a branch to the Pubbur.

The prospect towards that stream is banked up by an arm of the grand range, which is crossed by the pass. The Pubbur has its source at the junction, and washes its base in its primitive form, for ten or twelve miles to Jungleg'h, where it loses its peaked and disordered figure, exchanging its cap of snow for a coat of grass, and continuing a few miles at a height of twelve thousand feet, with a surface of partial vegetation and patches of snow.

The Pubbur, now strengthened by the numerous streams that roll down from the

whole extent of the last mountains of Himalayah, runs south-west, to about thirty or thirty-five miles from its source, then at one bend flowing easterly, nearly parallel with the great chain, receiving many supplies, it finally joins the Jans.

The descent upon the Pubbur side is very abrupt, much exceeding in extent that on the north side, and seems to owe it to a southern aspect, ploughed and torn by the loosened fragments, and its surface swept by rushing streams, which, descending abruptly from the snows, roll away the soil that can hardly be renewed.

A bright and even powerful sun in the day, thaws the snow that sinks into the crevices, and this freezing with the approach of night, bursts the rocks asunder with a tremendous noise. This is the season when the vast crashes happen, yet they are equally liable to occur in the spring, when the supporting ledge, already shattered, is borne down by the load of snow. From the bulk of some of the pieces now at the foot of the mountains, an idea may be formed of their destructive conflict when in full motion; some are detached with their supporting bed, and in their course, carrying before them all that they meet in their way, bring down even whole fields, which settle in the soil of the first level in their way; others, more remotely displaced, and perhaps of greater magnitude, set off with a bound, and their superior velocity and impelling massiveness, as they strike against other rocks in their passage, instead of loosening them, only wedge them into greater firmness; so that, unincumbered, they keep on, till opposed by masses which are fixed in immovable security, when they are shivered into thousands of fragments; others again, meeting in their route with no obstacles, acquire an overwhelming impulse, which their length of passage increases, and these tear up the grassy slope, and sweep before them every thing in their way.

The soil near the summit of the pass certainly cannot be generated; the scanty growth of inorganic life is insufficient to maintain a re-production, as is the case along the slope near the base, where the exuberance of vegetation replenishes the waste, and produces noble trees of thirty and thirty-six feet circumference; and the rock of the Himalayah, even if decomposed, is quite unfavourable to vegetation.

For half a mile, the declivity upon the Pubbur side is amazingly steep, and then it softens into a plain, thickly studded with the hardiest productions of the earth, yet it is not of a less elevation than 13 or 14,000 feet, which in latitude 31° 23' is much above the line of perpetual frost, as laid down theoretically. This, and other observations more prominent, must considerably affect the foundation of the general principles of congelation.

Upon the northern declivity of the pass lies a vast unbroken sheet of snow, which never melts; it descends from the crest in a wall form, and is thence expanded over the whole of the valley for about a mile, where this astonishing mass reclines against the brow of the pass. The depth of

snow must be great; the general quality of the rock of the pass and its surrounding peaks is gneiss and quartz, but it is difficult to ascertain the true substance, as all the pieces within reach are detached from above; no real granite was observed, so that we may conclude none exists upon the more lofty eminences that rise on each side.

The ridge of the pass, according to the formula of congelation, is 4000 feet within that limit, yet this prodigious altitude is not abandoned by nature; tufts of moss and grass, with a light snail, are seen all the way to the top, and even rise on each side to 2 and 300 feet, while higher up, on the rugged cliffs that are doomed to sustain perpetual snow, animated nature finds a habitation, and ravens and small birds have their nests there.

On our arrival here we found it necessary, from the scanty supply of fire wood brought with us, to part with the best proportion of our servants, who had just time to reach the wooded valley. It would have been a fine task for a painter, to have sketched the physiognomy of our servants. Although the sun shone brightly, the wind chilled the temperature, which was at 40°; the sudden transition was strongly experienced by them, and now the warmest hour of the day produced some thoughts of the rigour of approaching night. Those who had to remain, shewed miserable contortions, while the others, who had the prospect of comfort before, forced into a better shape their spasmodic visages of despair.

As evening advanced, clouds gathered, which threw down a light shower of snow, and when these cleared away, they left a sky of deep azure. By sun set the thermometer had fallen to 32°; before it grew dark, we banked ourselves round with snow, and our proximity to it, (being inside) we thought extremely lucky. The tent was very crazy, and we were obliged to load it with snow to keep it from being blown away; a single bundle of wood had to last for the night, and part of next day, till fresh supplies arrived. People of all sorts and descriptions crowded into the tent, and added to the temperature; as we could not afford a blaze, we sat in a cloud of smoke, which the frosty wind forced into our eyes, and down our throats; yet this, however disagreeable, was more adapted to our feelings than the biting air without.

The fire was a source of comfort to look at, for warmth was generated only by the exertion necessary to keep it alive. Spirits seemed ready to have lost their strength, and had scarcely any effect in keeping us warm. Having to inhale the smoky atmosphere, we formed a circle around the fire, which only appeared at times, and then by the application of the blow-pipe. The snow within the tent was very convenient for a supply of water, of which we ascertained the excellent qualities in punch. To avert in some degree the annoyance of the smoke, we used tobacco; but this too, like the spirits, fell short of its usual stimulating powers, and was only of some benefit when burning as fuel.

The wind blew in puffs, and shook off the



show from our test, so to as to under it less stable. The only chair we had, served to support the barometer, and we sat upon the ground. We formed altogether a motley groupe, but such a scene was neither foreign to our experience or feelings, and was not without its interest. For a while, indeed, we might have forgotten our lofty situation, guarded by frowning peaks with their eternal winter, till the faint sound of a distant crash broke the silence, and the noise of nearer destruction pressed closely upon our thoughts, while the hard texture of our beds often acutely reminded us of our position, and obliged us to shift about for some accommodation rest, so that there was a perpetual stirring and agitation inside as well as out. A blink of the fire occasionally shewed us the self-arranged fragments that had perhaps once crowned the walls of the pass. The ground upon which we sat was encrusted with the ice, and thawing by the fire, gave to some uneasiness, and to others amusement. Every thing had its time, and at length the scene changed into one more distressing than I can describe. An unpleasant sensation of drowsiness felt in the evening gradually increased after dusk, and by nine o'clock had almost overpowered any attempt to sit up. The whole party but myself lay asleep; the fire hardly threw a faint shadow, and the cold increased with the night. I had hoped for some relief from my head-ache by rest, but the deep pain and fullness about my temples became more violent, with a tightness across my eyes; and a reclining posture seemed to add to it. Towards midnight the pain grew insupportable, and occasioned loud sighs and groans. I can compare it to nothing less than what could arise from an iron hoop screwed to its last hold. It was a sensation unlike to any thing I ever before experienced. There was no affection of the breathing. At daylight the acuteness of the pain passed into a confused numbness, and all the next day my head was like a burthen of lead; I in vain tried to trace it to the punch we had drank; I recollected Mr. Moorcroft's similar situation, and that I had felt it myself in a small degree at our preceding encampment at an elevation of 12,000 feet. I was aware of the rarefaction of the atmosphere, and of the poisonous plants said (but I believe erroneously) to be the cause of the tenacity of the air. Was this the sole cause, we should expect to find the effect more regularly present; the Goorkalles and servants suffered slightly: the former were aware of the circumstance, but ascribed it to the influence of a plant that flourishes beneath the snow.

The temperature at sunrise ranged from 22° to 27°; by 3 p. m. the thermometer had mounted to 40° and 43°; and by evening it had fallen to 32°. The sun did not appear to us till 8 A. M., and the temperature had not then risen above one degree.

Not expecting our route to lie out of the valley of Sutlej, and in the hopes of expanding the view south, we resolved to climb up the slope of the eastern peak, which seemed to favour the attempt. Commenc-

ing with rock and soil mixed, the latter soon disappeared, and left unsupported, the jutting crags rent to their centre; blocks of quartz, and gneiss veined with quartz, lay loose. Passing these, we came to shelves of black horizontally disposed strata now leaning on each other for support. A dyke of these appeared so threatening as to destroy my resolution of proceeding; but the Goorkalles mounted, and we followed, not however without reflection that we had no business there.

After ascending what appeared the most formidable bar to our advance, we held on, now meeting with the snow, which lay in patches and yielded at first slightly to the foot; for awhile we followed as much as possible the line of it, hoping in this manner to reach the slope of the hardened summit; but this deepening with the increasing altitude, we tried the nature of the tract beneath. We still kept on, sinking as we rose: all before us was jumble of points of rock, the space between being filled up with snow, which latterly became a treacherous guide, giving way to our knees, and appalled us from proceeding. Yet I think the passage to the frozen summit might be effected with caution, and the prospect enlarged. A series of bearings taken from either of the peaks would be of vast importance towards fixing the relative positions of many principal points. We had risen about four hundred feet, and seemed level with the western wall of the pass; and had the rainy season terminated ten days earlier, we might have succeeded.

On the third day of our halt we resolved to seek the source of the Pubbur, and with a barometer of unexceptionable accuracy, and a good thermometer, we descended to the emanating plain, crossed the streams that flowed from the pass in many rills prior to their union with the Pubbur, and ascending steep slopes, wound along a grassy bank studded with rocks, and at last getting upon the ridge which encompassed the collected fountains of the river, were brought into the view of a beautiful lake, encircled with rock, sheeted with snow and ice. The effect produced was inexpressibly grand; it was a surface of ice coated with snow of a foot in depth, and contained the springs of the river which emerged from beneath an arched canopy of solid ice. The circumference exceeded a mile, and upon its southern and eastern sides, was bounded by rocks. In the centre of the lake was a chasm of perhaps twenty feet in depth. I looked down the gap of solid ice, and saw the springs of the streams which feed the Pubbur dripping from the mass I stood upon. I paced along the base of the rocks, which rise with an abrupt face, and shew a strangely packed mass, not of shattered but of wrinkled aspect, and resisting from their peculiar structure the decay of time and weather. The strata seemed vertical, and their wall-sided form is continuous with the chain that limits the southern side of the valley of the Pubbur, and which is here united with the parent range, at the bend of the lake, and running down parallel with the stream,

preserves an elevation of between fifteen and sixteen thousand feet, to near Janglegh. The nature of the rock appears to be gneiss, granite, and quartz; and it has a most curious rusty aspect.

Above the mural portion, which is of considerable height, the rocks slant towards the summit, and upon the slope lie banks of congealed snow and ice, having a perpendicular brow of packed appearance, so much resembling blocks of marble and quartz, that I doubted for some time of their reality. No fragments of rock lay upon the ice, or within the circle, which argues that this structure crumbles at its surface, and is not fractured or split into shelves. Upon the expanse of it were ridges of pebbles and sand mixed, shaped into the figure of graves. The pebbles were of all varieties, not so much worn as those found upon a sea-shore, but singularly smooth; by what action is difficult to say, for no river falls over them. The sand was exactly the same as sea-sand. Upon the ice grew a solitary violet surrounded by a tuft of earth, far from either bank; how it came there, and by what means it flourished, it would be difficult to say. It was the only living thing upon the ice, and truly might be said to be among the flowers that the poet describes as

“—born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

At the exit of the stream the barometer showed 18° 300°, thermometer 40°; temperature of the water 36°, depth about four inches, breadth three feet, the arch very low, but affording room for the eye to trace the current to its inaccessible source. The under surface of the sheet of ice was thawing in the form of a shower of rain, and afforded from its extent the greater mass of the water. Above this there was about a hundred feet of vertical side, which barred all access. A second basin seemed to receive its waters from the frozen banks of snow, and sent down a stream which entered at the margin of the lake, or union of the rock, so that the original springs of the Pubbur and all the great rivers that flow from the snow, may not inaptly be said to be on the highest peaks of the Himalayah.

The open or western edge of the lake is supported by a steep face of rock, seven or eight hundred feet, rising from the valley, which it closes; and almost immediately after the escape of the stream from its icy source, it is tumbled over the precipice. The cleft passage for its transit, is the work of the current. The Pubbur falls over a vertical wall of rock from hence, and meeting with sharp points and angles in its way, it is precipitated in a showery cascade to the valley, and after quitting the rock of its source for a sandy bed, receives the stream of the pass, and glides in union with it along the dell, in tortuous silvery brilliancy.

The northern bank of the lake is coated with soil, and was overspread with many Alpine plants, some in flower, others running to seed; they enlivened the gloom of perpetual winter that hung over us, yet exhibited how transient was the season of summer at this altitude.

The route of our return was not without considerable difficulty and danger, frequently crossing the paths of avalanches, and of loose masses of rock. Some of the passages were extremely hazardous to get over, and the delay and caution necessary for our security brought to a nearer view the effect of those ponderous messengers of destruction. Notwithstanding we took what we conceived to be a road that would land us high upon the slope of the pass, we were brought to the grassy plain, and finding a flock of birds of novel appearance, we loitered amongst them till sunset, without having a single shot.

In ascending to the tent, which we did not reach till dark, although the perpendicular height could not have exceeded 1,500 feet, I was quite exhausted. The oppression which interrupted respiration and affected me with giddiness, together with a general lassitude and sluggishness, obliged me to rest about twenty times. A light headache and throbbing in the temples was also occasioned. These, and other symptoms far more decisive, which I shall hereafter mention, strengthen the supposition that the subtlety of the atmosphere at these altitudes is the direct cause which acts in different degrees on the human constitution, proportionally to the susceptibility of the individual subjected to it.

At Ranpoor, the capital at Bussahir, the breadth of the Sutlej is two hundred and ten feet, and it is called there the *Satrodra*, or *Sutaj*, i. e. Sutledge, a corruption.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### OXFORD, MARCH 18.

On Thursday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

**BACHELORS IN DIVINITY.**—Rev. Rowland Grove Curtois; Rev. Edward Whitehead, Fellows of C. C. C.

**MASTERS OF ARTS.**—Rev. James Evans Phillips, of Queen's College; Stephen Cryke, Scholar of Corpus Christi College; John Blake Kirby, of Magdalen Hall; Rev. Samuel Hollinsed Burrows, of Pembroke College.

**BACHELORS OF ARTS.**—William Armstrong, of Brasenose College; Duncombe Steele Perkins, of Trinity College.

25th, Wednesday last, the Rev. Charles Crane, M. A. of Wadham College, was admitted to the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity. Same day Thomas Bracken, Scholar of Queen's College, was admitted Bachelor of Arts.

### CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 17.

The Chancellor's Medallists for the present year (Messrs. Waddington and Platt, of Trinity College) have been decided by the examiners to be equal.

The Rev. William Jones, Fellow of St. John's College, has presented to the Fitzwilliam Museum, a beautiful set of casts, taken from a collection of antique medals, which he brought with him from Greece.

## FINE ARTS.

### BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 132. *A Village Concert.*—W. Ingham.

It is said, that "In a multitude of counsellors there is safety." But art, it may be truly observed, that in a multitude of figures there is danger: more especially before the judgment is matured, and the practice sufficient to enable the painter to dispose of them judiciously. Otherwise so many claims are made upon the attention, that nothing is seen to advantage. It is under this view we consider the *Village Concert*; in which there is no want of individual excellence, or of just and striking expression, which might have been husbanded to advantage.

Something of meagreness is evident in the present performance, which a better use of the means, and a more competent knowledge of the fundamental principles of the art, will enable Mr. Ingham to overcome.

No. 186. *The Dull Lecture.*—G. S.

*Newton.*

Frostie age! frostie age!  
Vaine all your learning,  
Drowsie page, drowsie page,  
Evermore turning  
Young heads no lore will breed,  
Young hearts a reckless rover,  
Young beauty while you read,  
Sleeping, dreams of absent lover.

A very little little picture, in which the story is well told, and very appropriate to the lines quoted; but would have been readily understood even without them.

No. 275. *A Heath Scene near Rygate.*—

*J. Wilson.*

This little inartificial scene is entitled to every commendation; simple in its character, unaffected in its colouring, its truth of imitation at once stamps its value, and shows the study and skill of the artist.

No. 207. *Coast Scene; Morning.*—J.

*Wilson.* *A Watering Place, &c.* and several others, are in the same style of simplicity and truth.

No. 118. *The visit of Sir Hudibras to the Lady.*—F. P. Stephens.

Madam, I do, as is my duty,  
Worship the shadow of your shoe-tie.

This is one of the prettiest little cabinet pictures we have seen of this master, whether we consider it as a pleasing composition, a just delineation of character and expression, or a variety of well applied and interesting accessories. Its colouring is brilliant, and the pencilling firm without harshness. We are amused by the ridiculous presumption of the Knight, with so grotesque a form, aspiring to the love of so fair a lady, whose arch looks are sufficient to show the esteem in which she holds the addresses of such a lover. A looking-glass on the table is well contrived to show the eye of Hudibras, which his bent posture otherwise conceals. It is upon the whole, a very fascinating performance; though in the purple tints we somewhat miss the portrait drawn by Butler, with beard resembling a tile.

No. 16. *A scene from the Devil upon Two Sticks.*—A. E. Chalon, R. A.

This Chamber Scene is much indebted to

the quotation for its explanation, for without it we could not have entered into that compound and complicated expression which we are instructed to look for; and should only have admired the skill of the artist in producing a very clever effect of light and form; and have guessed at the *idiot-stale* conversation that was going on. It is a voluptuous picture.

No. 18. *Maternal Happiness.*—by the same.

Is rather monotonous, but with a considerable share of just expression and character.

No. 151. *L'Escamoteur, or the Jugglers.*

No. 185. *Garden of the Thulerias.*—J. T. Chalon.

We are again introduced to the scenes and characters of Paris, with the same spirit and vivacity of pencil by which this artist has heretofore entertained us.

The humour of the jugglers is most happily hit off, and the girl blowing upon the cards, in all the simplicity of wonder, is well contrasted by the ostentatious character of the mountebank. The other figures find their places in an appropriate manner, with all the gaud of Paris fiery. We have only to lament that a crudeness of colours takes so much from the value of a very capital (i. e. Parisian) performance.

No. 301. *Mercury bringing the golden apple to Paris.*—C. L. Eastlake.

Mr. Eastlake has occupied himself in conformity to the school of design, and evinced sufficient talent to warrant our favourable expectations. To display skill in composition, the choice of subject is of small importance; but the heathen mythology has little interest in the present day, unless accompanied with extraordinary merits in form or colouring: the colouring of Mr. Eastlake is dry and opaque.

No. 263. *The Old Piper.*—J. G. Strutt.

Mr. Strutt's is a very excellent performance. We think the head of the old man would have had still more interest without the introduction of the child, which is very inferior in its execution, and takes from the effect of the picture.

No. 266. *A View in Rotterdam.*—J. B. Crome, Jun.

To the breadth and clearness by which this view is distinguished, we may add that it possesses a tone of colour equally advantageous to its character and effect. We have seldom seen water painted so truly transparent, or reflections more just.

No. 150 and 159. *The Colter, &c.*—Hidd.

High finishing and great labour is often exercised upon subjects little deserving the pains bestowed; and where effect is wanting, whether it arise from the failure of just expression, or the ill management of the light and shade, the means, however excellent, will by the judicious be overlooked: we do not mean to apply these remarks directly to this artist, who is young and extremely clever; but something of them we think attaches to his works.

No. 19. *A celebrated Scotch Stag Hound, &c.*—G. Hayter.

There is great interest given to the portrait of this dog, as well by the judicious ac-

cessories, as by the contrast of colour. The back ground is in a bold and appropriate style, and the whole presents fidelity of imitation with a sufficient union of the picturesque. The action is however very feeble: the dog is quite destitute of the animation which its situation requires.

No. 29. *Bitch and Puppies*.—T. Christmass. A beautiful group, highly finished, and displaying great skill in the variety of form and character.

No. 158. *Earthen Ware*. No. 174. *Still Life*. No. 178. *The Combat*: and 181, *Battle, a Study*.—A. B. Cooper. R. A.

There is little to distinguish these several performances, from preceding productions of this artist. He has contrasted the objects of domestic and still life, with those of war and destruction. The battle and the combat have great energy of character, with more that appears like locality, than generally belongs to subjects of this class. His still life might vie with the best productions of the Flemish School. That of earthen ware is sweetly pencilled, but we think is wanting in effect. The drawing of some of Mr. Cooper's horses is faulty, which must be the result of carelessness, for he possesses high powers in this line.

No. 75. *The Coolin from Loch Scavich*. No. 123. *Dunrobin Castle*.—W. Daniel. R. A.

The first of these is a stupendous specimen of the sublime in nature, brought into view by the power of art, displaying the skill of the artist equally in the choice and in the management of his subject. Clothed with a gloomy grandeur, the effect of light and shade is made to bear both upon the near and distant objects, but in a manner well suited to the romantic appearance of the scene.

No. 201. *Idea of Jupiter Pluvius, &c.*—J. M. Gandy.

This picture has already had our remarks in the last exhibition at the Royal Academy. Mr. Gandy has no fewer than nine other subjects at this Institution, all of them so much alike in character (though upon a smaller scale), that they appear as satellites to the Pluvian Jupiter. There is something too much of this; and the want of variety in style is no advantage to abundance. We mention this rather as a hint, that the talents of this artist (which are acknowledged to be of the highest class in this walk of art) ought to be reserved and cherished, and not made cheap by frequency or number.

No. 105. *A Country Girl*. No. 52. *A Student*. No. 143. *A Pastoral*.—H. P. Bone.

The first of these is a clear and pleasing specimen of Mr. Bone's pencil, and also possesses that character of simplicity and innocence which should belong to the character. The situation of this, as well as No. 52, is very unfavorable to investigation. The pastoral is a congenial scene: the composition is well imagined, and executed with much skill.

No. 24. *Attachment*.—W. Davison. A pretty picture of a child and dog, with some clever colouring. This young artist does well in looking so attentively to Sir Joshua.

No. 58. *Danger*.—W. Willes.

As we are not acquainted with the performances of this artist, we take occasion to say that this work displays considerable powers of imagination, and originality of composition. The effect of light and shade is also well suited to the subject.

No. 69. *View near the Beach*.—S. Woodin. Jun.

A very picturesque assemblage of buildings, with a good deal of the Flemish School in it. The children at fun in the water, are whimsically employed, and impart comic interest to the scene; which wants a little airt alone to render it uniformly honourable to the young painter.

No. 140. *A Cottage near Sudbury, by the same Artist*—is in a fine mellow tone of colour, and shows his powers to great advantage.

Mr. Rippinghill's picture of the Razor Grinder, is placed far below the level of its merits; and Mr. Vincent's View of Edinburgh is obtruded upon the eye with equal disadvantage to its effect. We have no hesitation in pronouncing it an extraordinary work, if it could be seen in its proper place, which requires a greater distance than has been allowed.

*Christ's Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem, and other Pictures*.—By Mr. Haydon.

Few pictures have come before the public under more disadvantage than Mr. Haydon's Triumphant Entry of Christ into Jerusalem, now exhibiting in Mr. Bullock's Great Room: it has been much spoken of, long delayed, and an object of high expectation. The artist has also some adversaries in the Royal Academy, with which body he has been at war; and, as a general controversialist on subjects of art, he has further exposed his pretensions to individual opposition. His claims may therefore look to be critically canvassed.

At the same time there are some considerations peculiar to the present time, on his side. He puts forth his strength most opportunely, at the very moment when our National School is deploring the loss of such abilities as those of Mr. West, unrivalled as, in many respects, his historical compositions undoubtedly were. At such an epoch it is consoling to the admirers of British art to witness the exhibition of other talents supplying to the public regard an assurance of the sustentation of our fame.

The grandeur of the attempt is another fact favourable to the artist; and it is to be hoped, that whenever we have painters who aim at the noblest achievements in their profession, we shall find a sentiment in the country kind towards them, and encouraging towards their arduous exertions. In this spirit, at least, we shall speak of this superb work; and where we happen to differ from the genius which conceived and executed it, that opinion shall be expressed not only with candour leaning to partiality, but with deference allied to doubt. That the picture is splendid and imposing, every eye will confess at the first glance; that it is one of the most sublime productions of this age and country, will, we think, be acknowledged on reflection,

by every intelligent mind. Yet, notwithstanding this excellence, and the notion of Mr. Haydon, respecting his principal figure, we cannot help considering it to be the least felicitous part of his design. The salmon colour of the dress does not accord with our taste; nor can we imagine that either in broad simplicity of drapery, in personal dignity, or in divine expression of countenance, the Christ is equal to that ideal perfection which we require from a master's hand.\* The forms of the features do not seem to us to be physiognomically fine; and the light hair, by depriving the painter of all those accessory powers which are seated in the eye-brows has confirmed the inferior cast of the face. We reluctantly say this, because, if we are correct, it is a blemish of no slight magnitude; and if not well founded it is a double wrong, contrary to our inclination, depreciating Mr. Haydon's skill, and impeaching our own judgement. We shall endeavour, however, to get briefly over our other critical objections. The general tone of colour is undoubtedly too crude and harsh for any picture;—and above all, for a sacred subject, the glands of a bed of tulips are inappropriate. But a few years will, we presume, do much in remedying this defect; and then the eye of the spectator will find that necessary repose which is now denied it. We must believe that Mr. Haydon has been trying experiments in colouring, and it is not unlikely that what now appears violent, may, by time, be sobered down till as exquisite as parts of the Judgement of Solomon, or that sleeping Page in Macbeth, one of the finest things, in every respect, of ancient or modern art. Having honestly stated our chief objections, it is with unmixed satisfaction that we turn to the merits of this performance, many of which are of the highest order. The whole conception is grand, and full of genius. The Saviour is in the centre, riding on an ass, surrounded by groups celebrated in the history of his earthly mission and celestial miracles. On the foreground are colossal figures of the Canaanitish woman, spreading her garment on his path, and the centurion, laying his civic crown and sword at his feet, and Lazarus prostrate in adoration. On the left of the beholder, a mother bringing a black-haired and repentant daughter for pardon; behind whom is a married sister, with a child, and another female friend. The attitudes and expression in these are truly admirable. A little further on is Joseph of Arimathea. On the right are the disciples, of whom John is a delightful head, replete with beautiful enthusiasm, and Peter a powerful study. On the right of these, among the Spectators, are portraits of Newton, Voltaire, and Wordsworth—intelligence, scepticism, and patriarchal simplicity personified. A little lower

\* To show what different opinions may exist on this subject, it may suffice to mention that Mrs. Siddons (no inexperienced judge of the majestic and awful) expressed her decided admiration of the Christ. Quite unlike any other representation of his divinity, it would be astonishing if all connoisseurs agreed upon its character.

down, a capital head of Jairus and his daughter, in humble thankfulness; a sweet figure, though we should have preferred natural shadow to the brown flesh-colour which, owing to the rawness of the whole, the painter has felt to be requisite in this individual, placed where she is on the canvass. The Mount of Olives is in the distance, with a brilliant sky of Palestine. The multitude is represented by an ocean of heads, at once picturesque and magnificent. On one side are two pillars, on the other a building. Such are the prominent features of the Triumphant Entry. If we do not dwell on the elegance, grace, and interest of the female group; on the grand manner displayed in the Centurion and Woman of Canaan; on the feeling and pathos in Jairus and his daughter; on the fine character in John; on the boldness of the invention, in regard to the innumerable faces; and on the excellencies of the whole composition, it is only because our limits are too small for that adequate eulogy to which we consider the work to be so justly entitled.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## A STORM.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, BY A DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR.

There was a Tempest brooding in the air,  
Far in the west. Above, the skies were fair,  
And the sun seemed to go in glory down;  
One small black cloud, (one only,) like a crown  
Touched his descending disk and rested there;  
Slow then it came along, to the great wind  
Rebellious, and, altho' it blew and blew,  
Came on increasing, and across the blue  
Spread its dark shape and left the sun behind.  
The daylight sank, and the winds walked about  
The barque wherein the luckless couple lay,  
And from the distant cloud came scattering out  
Rivers of fire: it seemed as tho' the day  
Had burst from out the billows far away.  
No pilot had they their small boat to steer  
Aside from rocks; no sea-woman mariner,  
Who knew each creek and bay and sheltering  
steep,  
And all the dangers of the turbulent deep,  
They fled for life,—(for happiness is life.)  
And met the Tempest in his hour of strife  
Abroad upon the waters: They were driven  
Against him by the angry winds of Heaven;  
Or thus it seemed:—The clouds, the air, the  
sea,  
Rose from unnatural dead tranquillity,  
And came to battle with their legions: Hail  
Shot shattering down, and thunders roared  
around,  
And the wild lightning from his dripping shroud  
Unbowed his arrowy pinions blue and pale,  
And darted through the heavens. Below, the  
gale  
Sang like a dirge, and the white billows lashed  
The boat, and then like ravenous lions dashed  
Against the deep wave-hidden rocks, and told  
Of ghastly perils as they backward rolled.

The lovers driven along from hour to hour,  
Were helpless—hopeless—in the ocean's power.  
The storm continued; and no voice was heard,  
Save that of some poor solitary bird,  
That sought a shelter on the quivering mast;  
But soon borne off by the tremendous blast,

Sank in the waters screaming. The great sea  
Barred, like a grave, its bosom silently,  
Then fell and panted like an angry thing  
With its own strength at war: The vessel flew  
Towards the land, and then the billows grew  
Larger and white, and roared as triumphing,  
Scattering afar and wide the heavy spray,  
That shone like bright snow as it passed away.  
At first, the dolphin and the porpoise dark  
Came rolling by them, and the hungry shark  
Followed the boat, patient and eager-eyed,  
And the gray curlew slanting dipped her side,  
And the boar and his wings within the foam;  
But some had sunk—the rest had hurried home.  
And now pale Julia and her husband clasped  
Each in the other's arms, ate viewing death;  
She, for his sake in fear, silently gasped,  
And he to cheer her kept his steady breath,  
Talking of hope, and smiled like morning.—

Then  
They sat together in their sweet despair:  
Sometimes upon his breast she laid her head,  
And he upon her silent beauty fed,  
Hushing her fears, and 'twixt her and the storm  
Drew his embroider'd cloak to keep her warm;  
She thanked him with a look upturned to his,  
The which he answered by a tender kiss,  
I pressed and prolonged to pain: her lip was cold,  
And all her love and terror mutely told.  
—The vessel struck.—

B. C.

[By Correspondents.]

## THE INCONSISTENT.

When I sent you my melons, you cried out with  
scorn,  
"They ought to be heavy, and wrinkled and  
yellow;"  
When I offered myself, whom these graces adorn,  
You flouted, and called me an ugly old fellow.

## EPIGRAM, IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

A certain specious German vender,  
A Jew—by trade a money lender;  
At cent per cent, received from Paul  
His last and best pledge, his little all.  
"Here!" said the profligate young man,  
"Rascal! now do the best you can,  
Give me the cash, I say you must,  
And to your conscience, Sir, I trust."  
Abraham, now being left alone,  
On Paul's advice began to drone;  
"Rascal's term," said he, "I know full well;  
What conscience MEANS, I swear, I cannot tell."  
March, 1820. A. A.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## ORIENTAL PRESENTS AND STYLE.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 21st.—The Persian Ambassador, Abdul Hassan Khan, on his visit to this city, was directed to deliver to the empress mother an autograph letter, accompanied by several magnificent presents, from the wife of the Schah:—the Russian journals have published the following translation of the letter.

"As long as the elements of which the world is composed shall last, may the august lady of the palace of grandeur—the cluster of pearls of the king dom—the constellation of the stars of sovereignty—she who bore the sun of the great empire—the centre of the circle of sovereignty—the palm tree of the fruit of supreme authority—may that august prin-

cess be ever happy, and protected from danger. After offering you my sincere good wishes, I have the honour to inform you that, at the happy period in which we live, and through the great mercy of the Almighty, the gardens of the two great powers produce fresh roses, and that the difficulties which had risen up between the two courts, are now removed by a sincere reconciliation and union; all who are connected with these two courts, acknowledging the great blessing, will never cease to maintain amicable relations and correspondence between them.

"Now that his excellency Mirza Abdul Hassan Khan, the ambassador to the grand court of Russia, is about to depart for the capital of that empire, I have resolved to open the gates of friendship with the key of this sincere letter; and, as it is an ancient custom, conformable to the principles of friendship and cordiality, that friends should send presents to each other, I beg of you to accept a few of the finest products of our country. I hope that you will refresh with a few drops of friendly correspondence the garden of a heart which sincerely loves you. I entreat you will favour me with some commissions, that I may enjoy the pleasure of fulfilling them. May heaven preserve your days serene, happy, and glorious!"  
(Here follows the signature.)

The presents sent with the letter consisted of a pearl necklace, weighing 498 carats; five Indian shawls; a casket, a writing box, and dressing case, furnished with every necessary; and five pieces of brocade of the most superb manufacture.

## SAVOIS AND THE UNIVERSITY OF PARIS.

—The University of Paris is certainly an admirable institution; but, like most privileged corporations, it attaches more importance to the extension of its rights than to the maintenance of salutary and impartial discipline. The Rue Pavée Saint Antoine was once the theatre of an event, which, had it occurred in our times, would have been immediately repressed, without being attended by any deplorable excess. Pignatoli thus relates the principal circumstances of a curious contest, which was kept up with animosity for upwards of a century.

"On the 14th of July, 1408, as the procession of the students was passing through the Rue du Roi de Sicile, on its way to the Church of Sainte Catharine, Duval des Escliers, one of the servants of Charles Savois, who had been watering his horse, made it gallop across the street, through the procession, by which one of the students was covered with mud. The student struck the servant, who called the rest of his master's domestics to his aid. They pursued the students to the door of the Church of Sainte Catharine, where one of the servants shot several arrows into the Church, one of which flew to the grand altar, during the performance of mass. The University pur-

• René, Duke of Anjou, being called to the throne of Sicily, gave his name to the street in which he lived before he was invested with the Neapolitan crown. Under the reign of this prince, the horrible massacre of the Sicilian Vespers took place.

aned Savaisi rigorously for this insult; and by a decree of the council of state, at which the king presided, with the princes of the blood, it was ordained that his house should be demolished; and he was condemned to pay a fine of 1500 livres to the wounded, and 1000 livres to the university. Three of Savaisi's servants were condemned to perform penance, stripped to their shirts, with torches in their hands, before the churches of Sainte Genevieve, Sainte Catharine, and Saint Severin; after which they were whipped at the cross-roads of Paris, and banished for three years."

Two years afterwards the king permitted Savaisi to rebuild his house; but the University obstinately opposed this act of royal clemency. It was not until twelve years had elapsed, that they suffered Savaisi to rebuild his house, on the express condition, that the sentence pronounced on him should be engraven on a stone, and placed above the door. The inscription was made, but the stone was fixed up against a wall in the garden. (*French Journal*.)

### THE DRAMA.

This being Passion-week, there have been no performances. We observe from the *Guardian*, Sunday News-paper, that Mr. Young is making a triumphant tour in the provinces; and from the *Bath Chronicle*, that Conway has had a benefit worthy of his great talents at Bath, where his acting is so much and so justly admired.

### VARIETIES.

The annual quantity of salt raised from the bowels of the earth in Europe, by salt mines and salt springs, is calculated at between 25 and 30 millions of Cwts.

*Sepia-colour from peat.* The stagnant water in peat-bogs affords, on evaporation, a substance whence a colour may be extracted equal to that of Sepia.

*Edin. Phil. Journal*, No. III.

**ANECDOTES.**—Buonaparte always considered Moreau as his enemy. To beget a more friendly disposition, he tried to attach him with the bonds of relationship. He with this design caused an article to be inserted in the papers, circulating a report, that Moreau was to marry Napoleon's sister Caroline. Buonaparte purposely put this paper into Moreau's hands, and asked him what he thought of it? Moreau said nothing, but spoke of something else. From this it appeared clear to Buonaparte, that Moreau declined the offer. The relator of this anecdote affirms, that had Buonaparte succeeded in this manoeuvre he would have declared himself Emperor directly after the battle of Marengo.

After the battle of Jena, in which Davoust gained his reputation, somebody asked a French officer who was acquainted with him, what kind of a man he was? he answered, C'est le Duc d'Albe de notre Philippe.

**Earthquake.**—On the 6th of October last, a violent earthquake took place at Martinique. The shocks were more remarkable for their duration than their force. No accident however occurred. The earthquake took place during a violent gale; and in the Antilles this singular coincidence between the geological and atmospheric phenomena is by no means infrequent. In the West Indies and the United States, the yellow fever is attributed to the vapours which rise from the cracks occasioned by earthquakes; and it is asserted that the disease was unknown in Jamaica previous to the year 1692, when the city of Port-Royal was destroyed by an earthquake. This opinion is not however confirmed by facts: for the last eighteen months no earthquake has taken place at Martinique, and this intermission, which has been much longer than usual, has had no influence on the yellow fever. It has continued to rage during the above interval with more or less violence.

A lithographic caricature, just published at Paris, represents John Bull leading his wife to Smithfield market with a halter about her neck, and with his other hand giving liberty to a female negro slave. This fancied incongruity of national characteristic affords great delight to the French.

St. Patrick's Day was observed with due festivity by the Irish in the French capital; and the Journalists, with their usual accuracy in British names, inform us that "Sir Thomas Moer," was among the company.

The Pasha of Egypt, it is said, is about to send several young Arabs to Europe, to study the languages and sciences of this quarter of the globe.

Caesars has left Rome for Naples, in order to superintend in person the placing of his statue of Charles III., upon the horse, by the late Rightetti. The human figure is cast by the son of the last named artist.

In the language of Ara, the letter *r* is generally softened into *g*; and only pronounced *r* by the priests upon very solemn occasions.

A carriage with sails has recently been exhibited in the Garden Marbent, at Paris: the model having been previously submitted to the inspection of the King, by Mesdames Dering and Zettelly. It is said that this machine can travel at the rate of twelve leagues an hour without horses, and upon ice sixteen leagues. Among its admirers, the Proprietors announce the Persian Ambassador, who must consider it a fine invention for caravans traversing the deserts. Perhaps, like the dandy-horses, it will not last beyond the period of exhibition.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

Lord Byron's works have been translated into French.

**RHYMES ON THE ROAD.**—By a member of the Peco-curante Society, extracted from his Journal, by Thomas Brown the Younger, author of the "Fudge Family," "Tropeu-

ny Post Bag," &c., is we hear to make its appearance before the Fudge Family in Italy, which was previously announced.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MARCH, 1820.

*Thursday*, 16—Thermometer from 43 to 53.  
Barometer from 30, 53 to 30, 56.  
*Friday*, 17—Thermometer from 28 to 51.  
Barometer from 30, 46 to 30, 42.  
*Saturday*, 18—Thermometer from 31 to 46.  
Barometer from 30, 53 to 30, 49.  
*Sunday*, 19—Thermometer from 34 to 43.  
Barometer from 30, 45 to 30, 39.  
*Monday*, 20—Thermometer from 33 to 47.  
Barometer from 30, 44 to 30, 40.  
*Tuesday*, 21—Thermometer from 30 to 49.  
Barometer from 30, 33 to 30, 12.  
*Wednesday*, 22—Thermometer from 35 to 52.  
Barometer from 29, 46 to 29, 99.  
*Thursday*, 23—Thermometer from 41 to 52.  
Barometer from 29, 56 to 29, 28.  
Wind S. W. 1 and 3.—Clouds generally passing, till the evening when it became clear.  
Rain fallen, .65 of an inch.  
*Friday*, 24—Thermometer from 31 to 51.  
Barometer from 29, 27 to 29, 10.  
Wind S. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Generally cloudy, with sunshine. A fine halo formed in the evening.  
Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.  
*Saturday*, 25—Thermometer from 31 to 51.  
Barometer from 29, 36 to 29, 73.  
Wind N. and N. W. 1.—Generally clearing, with clouds passing.  
*Sunday*, 26—Thermometer from 24 to 50.  
Barometer from 29, 52 to 29, 83.  
Wind S. W. 3.—Generally cloudy, with rain and hail at times.  
*Monday*, 27—Thermometer from 45 to 51.  
Barometer from 29, 90 to 30, 00.  
Wind S. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  and 2.—Generally cloudy.  
Rain fallen, .05 of an inch.  
*Tuesday*, 28—Thermometer from 35 to 59.  
Barometer from 30, 15 to 30, 22.  
Wind S. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  and 2.—Generally cloudy, with sunshine. The greater part of a halo formed between 6 and 9 o'clock this evening.  
*Wednesday*, 29—Thermometer from 41 to 60.  
Barometer from 30, 26 to 30, 22.  
Wind S. W. 1.—Morning and noon cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.  
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Of Mr.'s Poem to Sepia, we can only insert the concluding lines.*

But man is born to bear the storm  
Of fate; and when he views the shore  
Of all his joys, fast from him torn,  
Earth then appears but a vale of  
Sadness; he's glad to shuffle off  
Its surface. Come what may, he fears  
No hell worse than—than that which sears  
His heart:—Fell disappointment—ah!

*The Editor has seen The Harp of the Desert, &c. and the impression on his mind was, that he had reviewed it in the Literary Gazette. He does not, however, discover it in the index, and supposes it must have been accidentally mislaid, after being marked out for notice. He will be happy to see the copy of his friendly correspondent.*

*A. B. M. is too warm for us, though we admire his poetry.*

*Ted's is too notorious to be chiefly by the puzzle where, not understanding English, he stole a Greek signature.*

# Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

**British Gallery, Pall Mall.**  
THIS GALLERY, for the Exhibition and Sale  
of the Works of Modern Artists, is open daily,  
from ten in the morning until five in the afternoon.  
Close 9th April.

JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.  
Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.

**MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE** of "Christ's Entry  
into Jerusalem," is now open for Exhibition,  
at Bullock's Great Room, upstairs to the right, from  
ten till six.—Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.  
\* Fear not Daughter of Zion; behold the King cometh,  
sitting on an ass's colt.\*

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

**THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE** for  
April, is embellished with a fine portrait of his  
present Majesty, George IV., and contains among other  
interesting articles.—1. Remarks on the Literary, Sci-  
entific, Political, and Moral Progress of Great Britain,  
during the reign of George III.; with some observa-  
tions on the state of the Empire at the accession of his  
present Majesty George IV. 2. On the genius and in-  
fluence of Woman, with anecdotes. The Monastery, a  
Romance, by the author of Waverley, &c. 3. Health-  
ful elements of a plan for the payment of the national  
debt. 4. On the love of our country. 5. Adven-  
tures of Traveler, in the Island of St. Jago, from an un-  
published MS. 6. On the education of the natives of  
India, 7. Spain, and the Inquisition. 8. On the pre-  
sent state of the English stage, No. 2, comprising  
remarks on Messrs. Munden, Eiliston, C. Kemble, Liston,  
Ferra, Dowton, Farwell, Emery, Knight, Jones, &c.  
Mr. Davison, C. Kemble, and Edwin, Misses Kelly,  
Rivlin, Tree, Byrne, &c. 9. William's Travels in  
Italy, Greece, &c. 10. On Oriental Music. 11. Ottomani,  
a Tale. 12. Mr. Hemming and the Elgin Marbles. 13.  
On the literature and Arts of the early Romans. 14. Re-  
marks on the British Gallery, by Mr. Carey. 15. Dra-  
matic Notices. 16. Italian opera. 17. Varieties,  
Literary and Scientific. 18. Callaud's discoveries in Egypt.  
19. New publications, with critical remarks. 20. New In-  
ventions and Discoveries. 21. Reports, Literary, Metro-  
logical, Agricultural and Commercial. 22. History of  
Political Events. 23. Interesting Occurrences,  
Promises, Births, Marriages, and Deaths; with Bi-  
ographical particulars of the most celebrated persons.  
The three preceding Numbers for the present year are  
embellished with portraits of his late Majesty, the Duke  
of Kent, Viscount Catleburgh, and Antonio Canova;  
and the next Number will be embellished with a fine  
portrait of the late Benjamin West, Esq., engraved in the  
same manner, by Cooke, after the painting by Halloway.  
Persons who may be desirous of commencing with the  
present year are requested to transmit their orders  
without delay to their respective booksellers or news-  
men. London: Printed for Henry Colburn and Co. Con-  
duit Street, to whom communications for the Editor  
are requested to be addressed.

**Embellished with a Portrait of his late Majesty  
George III.** Price 1s.—No. IV. of  
**THE IMPERIAL MAGAZINE.** Containing  
an interesting Narrative of the Baptism of two  
Booths High Priests, by Adam Clarke, L.D. also a  
full Memoir of His late Majesty George III. and  
of his respecting Popery; Copies on study and learn-  
ing; Memoir of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent;  
Astronomical Observations for April; the Death Watch  
on the Eternal Sonship of Christ; Geological Essay on  
the duration of the Mosaic days of the Creation; Super-  
stitions of the fifteenth Century; Poems of Tyrticus;  
Review of Hoffman's Lectures on Practical Religion; Ber-  
nart's Query, on "Lead us not into temptation;" Re-  
marks on Brunel on the Divine Providence; History  
of the World; Reply to "Christ's not praying for the  
World;" Poetry: The Villager's Boy, Canto III.; Em-  
manu's Sacred Ode; Lines on Good Friday; Commercial  
Report, Prices Current, &c. Printed and Published by  
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London, and sold by the Booksellers generally in the  
United Kingdom.

**Encyclopædia Britannica.—New Edition.**  
On the first of April was published, handsomely printed  
in quarto, with new engravings, price 18s. in boards.  
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**THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA;** or  
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Literature. Sixth edition, revised, corrected, and im-  
proved. Printed for Archibald Constable and Co.  
Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. W. Cleap-  
side, London, and sold by all booksellers.

\* \* \* The sixth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,  
now offered to the public, has been much improved,  
particularly by adapting the geographical and statistical  
articles to the present state of the world. References  
have also been made, where necessary, to the new and  
important articles in the Supplement, now in course  
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at average, fifteen Plates. 3. A part or half-volume will  
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On the first of April will be published, royal 4to. price  
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4. Entrance Loggia, with the Doge's Palace, engraved  
by H. Moses.

5. View in the Gallery; 6. Plan;  
Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

**THE LONDON MAGAZINE, No. IV.** pub-  
lished by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, contains, 1.  
Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir John Suck-  
ling. 2. Observations on Keat's Endymion. 3. The  
Dag-piper in Tottenham Court Road. 4. Song. 5. Me-  
chanics. 6. On the Cultivation of the Ancient Litera-  
ture of the North at the present period. 7. Sentimen-  
tality on the Fine Arts. 8. Observations on some dis-  
tinctions between the English and Scottish Law. 9.  
Sonnet to the author of the Journal of an English Traveller  
in Palestine. 10. The Leper of the City of Aosta. 11. Son-  
nets, by W. Cornelius. 12. Biographical Notices of the  
late Duke of Kent, by a Member of his Household. 13.  
To my Mother. 14. The Drama. 15. Report of Music,  
and Account of new Musical publications. 16. Notices  
of Fine Arts.—Mr. West, the British Institution. 17.  
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20. Rural Economy. 21. Commercial Report. 22. Cri-  
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of the Earth. 3. Geological Description of the Hills  
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sioners appointed for enquiring into the mode of pre-  
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No. 168.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1820.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Memoirs of the Court of Westphalia under Jerome Buonaparte; with Anecdotes of his Favourites, Ministers, &c. London. 1820. Bvo. pp. 271.*

This is a translation of a flippant and amusing French work, which gives an account of the six years' reign of Mr. Jerome Buonaparte in Westphalia. Were the time not so long, and were there not bloody episodes in it of individual wrong and general suffering, we could fancy the whole a farce, wherein the action was bad and the actors infamous. Jerome having borrowed something more than 80,000*l.* at Paris, set out for his kingship, and in December 1807, arrived at the capital, Cassel. Our author thus describes some of the circumstances...

Some individuals of the household went as before, to Cassel; amongst whom was Laf., attendant of the civil list, and Meyr., grand marshal of the palace, and subsequently count Wellingrode. Laf... belonged to a mercantile family of Marseilles, and might be fairly considered as one of the most negative and inefficient characters in the kingdom. Bezoug having once shown him an elaborate essay on the political and statistical situation of the kingdom, he examined it with a vacant stare, and on some one present calling his attention to a notice of the establishments for public instruction, he asked, doubtless out of mere distraction, "Well, what is all that about?"

Meyr... had been a cabin-boy on board a Marseilles coasting vessel; nor is it known how he became patronized by the Bonaparte family. He had certainly accompanied Jerome during his naval exploits, and obtained his confidence.

The king and queen reached Napoleonsville on the 20th of December: this place being about half a mile from the capital, they did not make their grand entry until next day. Immediately after the event, a royal decree nominated Simeon to the ministry of justice and interior; Bezoug to the financial department; Jolivet to the treasury; General L... to the war department; a briefless lawyer of Paris, who had come to take his chance in Westphalia, was made director general of the police, in a country of which he did not understand the language; a person named M... was appointed secretary of state *pro tempore*, in the absence of M. Muller, who had been already nominated. M... was about the same age as Jerome,

and belonged to a family in easy circumstances at Paris. His youth had been passed in very dissipated society, and there was scarcely any office calculated to minister to the pleasures of Jerome, that he had not the credit of performing since their intimacy commenced. Such was the grave personage who signed the first organic laws of an austere and religious people!

Amongst the other individuals who accompanied the king, were Lee... afterwards Count de Furst... and secretary of state; Bouch... prefect of the palace; Mor... and Gir... two *ad-de-camps*. Lee... originally from Martinique, possessed no other talent except that of being a good courtier; he was very intimate with his master, whose confidence he contrived to gain, as well as the place of first chamberlain. Bouch... had sold toothpicks and suspenders in the coffee houses of Hamleburgh; his family had been formerly acquainted with that of the Emperor, in Corsica: he was by no means devoid of good nature, though in other respects, full of vanity and ostentation.

There was a crowd of needy adventurers in Westphalia at this period, attracted by the hope of making fortunes; they came from all parts of France, as to another land of promise. Cassel was encumbered with these sort of people, and it was not without considerable uneasiness that the Germans viewed this flock of expectants, like so many hawks, hovering over their prey. Such were the circumstances under which Mr. D... found his way to Cassel: we shall have to present this adventurer to the reader's notice under the successive titles of clerk in the war office, commissary, inspector of reviews, chief of division, counsellor of state, intendant of the treasury, &c. &c. Some persons, then at Cassel, had formerly known D... at Paris, in the humble employment of a writer in the office for lighting the streets. Having subsequently become a contractor, he failed of success, and being dunned by his creditors, he came to hide himself in the army of Germany. Certain persons, whom nothing escapes, well remember how suddenly he became a great personage, and the worn-out olive coloured surcoat which he wore on his arrival, the sole and only coat he then possessed. Such was the delirium of this ambitious character, whom we shall soon see performing one of the most important parts in these memoirs.

A little farther on we are told...

Cassel now presented a singular spectacle: foreigners were introduced in the midst of Germans; a French colony of both sexes, every age and condition, many of the individuals composing it, crowding in from Paris,

amongst the phlegmatic Hessians, bringing with them their inconstancy, vices, and follies, was not a scene by any means unworthy the pencil of an acute observer.

The capital had already become better lighted than formerly, the internal police was also improved; restaurants, coffee-houses, plays, and concerts, not to mention other objects of luxury, were substituted for the dull monotony of the old system. The worthy Germans thought all this very fine, but they were astonished at seeing gambling-houses and other receptacles, hitherto unheard of, at the residence of their sovereign. Habit is, however, a second nature; the young women who had only felt an interest in their domestic concerns, and the cares of house-keeping, now thought of the Theatre, and seemed anxious to feast their eyes with the lascivious dances of the French ballet.

The persons attached to the court had not, however, as yet publicly manifested the excess of their turpitude; the hypocrisy of a number of corrupt courtiers, in the midst of a laborious and sober people, was an involuntary homage which vice rendered to virtue. They plainly saw that this was not their proper ground; and if there were any orgies with the theatrical geutry, or intrigues with the nymphs of court, they contrived at least to save appearances.

Jerome himself seemed almost a saint; those in his confidence could no longer recognize the same person, with the exception of a few trifling errors.

With such companions, counsellors, partizans, and followers, it is not surprising that this short reign was one of immeasurable folly and vice. While Napoleon expressed every stiver from Westphalia, for his ambitious purposes; poor Jerome re-squeezed the leech for means to provide his pleasures, support his actors, gratify his prostitutes, and pension their relatives and husbands. At the end of the first quarter, three quarters revenue was anticipated; Jews raised loans, swindlers levied contributions, mount-banks burlesqued official duties, and harlots revelled on the accumulated spoils. Minister succeeded minister in every department so quickly, that though his Majesty's rule was exceedingly brief, he made as many state-dignities, in his time, as monarchs of the longest reign. Among these, however, figured Bulow, afterwards finance minister of Prussia; Simeon, now the minister of the interior, in France; and



Beugnot, also better known since that period : of the latter the following is related :—

A crowd of applicants and greedily expectant, from all quarters, besieged the different public offices; Frenchmen and Germans were seen soliciting on every side. Beugnot was greatly amused by the piteous and contrite air of all those ill-fated candidates who were desirous of approaching him, with the same anxiety that a convalescent seeks the mild influence of the sun's rays in spring.

One of the most characteristic traits amongst the Germans is, that the superior is proud, haughty, disdainful, and sometimes unkind towards his inferior, whilst the latter is humble even to meanness. How ridiculous was it not to see the unfortunate barons of Germany crouch to the earth before the little advocate of Bar-sur-Aube!

What affronts were they not obliged to put up with, merely to reach the anti-chamber! and how many bows did they not make on arriving there! One of these poor devils, having got over all the difficulties of entry, was, at length, fortunate enough to see the minister, who was standing with his back to the fire—His excellency sees and speaks to him; there is no longer any doubt of his fortune being made. 'Do you understand latin, Baron?' asked Beugnot. 'Yes, your excellency,' replied the German. 'Oh! you know latin, do you! tell me then how to say, I put on my small-clothes, in latin?'—The baron had studied at Göttingen, Jena, and Tübingen; he had read Huncer, Virgil, and Cicero; yet he hesitates! what a dilemma! 'Ah! Baron,' cried the minister, 'I plainly see that you do not understand latin!' Upon this the surrounding sycophants burst out into a loud laugh; the brutal salley was a charming witicism; because whatever the 'Dog in office' says, must be a good thing, although it were absolute nonsense.

We will not unravel the thread of the story, which places in detail before us, the sovereignty of Prince Jerome. A few characteristic touches will lead our readers, according to their tastes, either to think they have enough, or to refer to the original picture. About 1809, while the plundering system was in full force, we learn that—

In the midst of these infamous proceedings, feasts and rejoicings succeeded each other without interruption. Nevertheless, Jerome became royally wearied; so true it is, that the intoxication of vice is not of long continuance, and that its illusions soon give place to satiety. It was doubtless with the intention of varying this monotonous scene that the troops were assembled in a pleasure camp near Cassel. Jerome directed the manoeuvres, while his generals made the most laborious exertions to execute them. The ladies of the court and city came in their carriages to the camp; they breakfasted, dined, gambolled under the tents; and witnessed the evolution: it was really charming!...Bernardotte and the Prince

Royal of Wurtemberg were accidentally at Cassel. The first was going to place himself by the side of the King of Sweden; the other travelled, having nothing better to do.

It is said that the latter was not insensible to the charms of Madame L... but he was surprised to find that Jerome had a prior claim: Jerome in his turn, discovered a rival in a young and handsome clerk of the war office, while the clerk's deputy was a life guardsmen. This affair made some noise, and was spoken of in the scandalous circles of Cassel; people only whispered it about at first, and the police was on the alert for a whole fortnight to trace the authors.

The Prince of Wurtemberg intended to make some handsome presents, but this ended in smoke; the King of Westphalia had promised a jewel box, and thought no more of it. The clerk and guardsmen were obliged to relinquish their pursuit rather suddenly. Some time afterwards Jerome became reconciled, paid the debts of the lady, and gave her husband I know not what scif, with the title of Count. I do not recollect what arms this illustrious nobleman adopted, but certainly they were those most appropriate to his domestic history.

His wife belonged to a good Italian family, and was not without some attractions. With respect to propriety and conduct, she had just enough to prevent her from becoming a street walker.

Accounts of affairs more gross and indecent than this, are to be found in the volume; but we are not fond of extracting puriency. Minor examples shall suffice for us.

The governor of the pages also took on himself the charge of amorous purveyor, for it seemed to be the easiest road to honours and dignities. He had succeeded in rousing the slumbering passions of Jerome by procuring some new candidates for the smiles of royalty. This act of kindness did not go unrewarded: the influence of Dab... evidently declined. It is true that his complaisance and the nature of his services, scarcely compensated for his rudeness and ill breeding. He had, during a field-day at the pleasure camp, carried this habitual disposition so far as to tell his majesty to go to the devil! The sovereign pretended not to hear him, but some of those officious friends who abound in courts, did not fail to repeat this insult, or omit seasoning it with the acrid sauce of a courier. Jerome was, therefore, obliged to banish him; but Dab... anticipated this event by tendering his resignation.

The king's favourite is assassinated:

The pleasures of the court were not however interrupted by this dismal episode. Amongst the ladies of Cassel was a Madame Coll... whose occupations were various. Although she was procuress to the nobles, lent money on pledges to gamblers, a dealer in millinery, toys, &c. she contrived, notwithstanding, to keep up a communication with the court, and sold shawls on credit to the ladies of the bed-chamber.

One of these shameless women, who are

to be found in most continental cities, wished to dispose of her daughter, a young girl of fifteen. Jerome had seen, and admired her.

The mother, as may be imagined, opposed herself with *ifs* and *buts* of every description: she must have a pension for herself, her daughter, bribes for her relations and friends; a dowry, a husband, and the lord knows what besides. The most able negotiators about the court had failed; all the Scapins were in despair; no one but the Count de Hoc... was capable of conducting this difficult affair. The glory of success was his alone. It was stipulated by the

minister of war, that a husband should be provided for the lady, a place for the husband, and, in addition to this, a marriage portion, also a sum of money for the mother and daughter. But the most arduous task yet remained unaccomplished, this was to find a husband who would willingly conduct the bride from the altar to the royal chamber, and yield up his right of priority. Such a one was to be found, doubt it not, gentle reader. Madame Coll..., whom we may justly call Mme. la Ressource, found one d'Esc... who was employed in the post-office, and who willingly devoted himself to promote the pleasures of the king. The victim, ornamented with flowers, was silently conducted to the sanctuary, and the convenient husband, having signed his dishonour, returned whence he came. The chamberlain Münchenhausen, having thought proper to make remarks on this little adventure, found, one evening on his return home, a soldier with an order to conduct him to a regiment as a conscript. The chief of the police was the inventor of this piece of wagger; it was thought an excellent joke at court, and excited infinite laughter.

*Eheu jam satis!* But to show that the infamy in politics was equal to the infamy in amours, we select the relation of an intrigue to degrade Bulow from the Ministry of Finance.

The police was ordered, by means worthy of its calling, to seize on the pretended important papers which were to unveil the conduct of M. de Bulow, and which were said to be placed in his study.

Bere... gave the charge of executing this commission to a Frenchman, who was commissary general of the police at Cassel. This man transferred the business to one of his assistants, and gave him verbal instructions. Nothing better was imagined than to suborn the valet de chambre of M. de Bulow, in order to gain access to the cabinet of the minister; but this man, instead of betraying his master for a few pieces of gold, informed him of the plot. M. de Bulow had thus a fair opportunity of entrapping the police agents in their own snare, and he did not fail to avail himself of the occasion.

The valet seemed to enter into the views of the suborner, and received the bribe offered to him. Arrangements are accordingly made, and on the appointed day, the agent of the police arrives at the hour specified, and, in order to prevent being surprised, is shut up in the minister's study.

Already he seizes on letters, boxes, and portfolios, when M. de Bulow, who is concealed in an interior cabinet, appears suddenly, and cries: "Stop thief!" In vain he is told that it is the agent of police, this only makes M. de Bulow cry out ten times louder; a number of people, purposely placed, serve as witnesses to prove the offence, and a declaration is drawn up: while M. de Bulow hastens to demand justice of the king. In the mean time the pretended thief is conducted to prison. Jerome was well aware that he had compromised his dignity on this occasion; he dared not countenance the conduct of the police, and therefore seemed to consider the matter in a very serious light; he sent therefore to the ministers for their opinions. The Count de Fürst, and the minister of war, in contradiction to M. de Bulow, advised that no further steps should be taken in the business. But Simonet, who was not aware of the original scheme, represented the consequences of such a violation with so much vehemence, that the king was constrained to act against those who had executed his orders. However, they deserved to be punished for their awkwardness. The commissary general of police and his agent were driven from Westphalia; Berck..., dismissed from the police, became cabinet secretary, and General Boze..., commander of the gendarmier, took his place.

This little triumph of M. de Bulow rendered his influence more formidable than ever. The Germans considered him as an oracle: the French feared him; and the king let him have his own way, because he furnished money.

Probably the further view of this gang of Scapins may be advantageously referred to a work which reveals them in a lively manner; and therefore we shall take our leave with two or three anecdotes. When his Westphalian Majesty resisted rather strenuously some of the impositions of his stouter brother,—

It is said that the latter, on reading a despatch from Jerome in which he very energetically supported his dignity, exclaimed: "Oh, oh! if my brother had three hundred thousand men, I dare say, he would declare war against me."

One day when the new decoration of the order of the crown, in Westphalia, was shewn to the Emperor, and on which the lion of Cassel, the horse of Brunswick, and several other emblems were represented, he observed to those around him: "There are a great many beasts in this order!"

One day when the treasurer of the crown insisted on the grant of a tolerably large sum, alleging that it was indispensably necessary to satisfy the demands of the comedians: "This is all very well, Sir," replied Malsbourg, (Lord Treasurer); "but ought I not to pay those 'who cry before those who sing'?"

The conclusion of the reign of Jerome was worthy of it. In 1813 Czer-

nicheff and his Cossacks, put his majesty and court to flight, and took possession of Cassel, upon which occasion he "*made the French comedians perform*," as the fitting termination to a dynasty of which, from beginning to end, they had constituted so essential a part.

A few grammatical errors require correction; and the affectation of concealing names under initials, &c., is absurd. The volume is however light and entertaining. The author writes with spirit, and in great as well as small matters, decides with all the confidence of his country. His best quality is that of liveliness.

*Dramatic Scenes, and other Poems.* By Barry Cornwall. Second edition. London, 1820.

We have much pleasure in reflecting, that when this delightful author first glanced upon the public eye, the *Literary Gazette* greeted his softly brilliant rising in the poetical horizon, with acclamations such as an enthusiastic race of eastern worshippers use when they behold the earliest coming of the lovely moon. Had we any fear, it was that private partiality might unawares warp our judgment, and cause us, perhaps, to express feelings growing out of many roots, which the intrinsic merits of the single fruit before us would not seem to warrant. We imagined that from other considerations of which we were conscious, we could not so sufficiently appreciate the production, as to be entirely fair in our criticism; and we therefore waited with some anxiety to see how far our brother reviewers agreed with or differed from our sentiments. They have unanimously coincided with us; and by common consent, the young Poet has been established in an elevated niche in the temple of fame, though as yet he has only presented two slight volumes to the world. These, we feel assured, are but the prelude to some swelling act; and surely, if Mr. Cornwall be possessed of any ambition, the laurels lavished on his first efforts must stimulate his genius to deeds still more worthy. We shall then be more pleased and more proud than ever to hail his increasing glory: at present, it is only our purpose to remind him of the expectations he has excited by quoting a few passages from the new edition of his *Dramatic Scenes*.

The following lines, of a soliloquy in the poem of Werner, were not in the original publication, and are eminently beautiful.

—Or I

Will lie beneath the shade of columns or tombs Forgotten, where the ashes of those men Who filled the world with fame, sleep now in-  
—uried,

Or on Athenian ground, or storied Troy,  
Or marble Thebes upon whose walls long since  
The amorous Memnon in the morning light  
Sang to the young Aurora—for amongst  
Those haunts the spirits of the elder time  
Wander torridly; and we will talk  
Beneath the quiet of the midnight sky,  
Of things and days departed; till the sound

Shall fall like melancholy music on  
My soul—O, happier, far and far away,  
Beside some silent lake, encompassed round  
By mighty hills, I'll lay me down at last,  
An iller on that solitary shore,  
And upon every cloud and passing thing  
And every wind that stirs, or feathered bird  
That dips its plunage in the waters, I  
Will through the lazy noon-tide moralize;  
And so I'll learn tranquillity.

The beginning of the soliloquy is also very fine—

This is a dreary world. The sun has made  
A cloudy set, and as he died, his eye  
Looked red and troubled, and did tell of storms  
To-morrow. A dark world—Still do I tread  
The ground I was wont, and yet, I feel  
A wild and buoyant spirit here that seems  
To mingle with the circling element,  
And lift me upwards, whispering I am  
In something different from man. I am:  
For I have run beyond my course, and left  
The world behind, and now I stand above  
The reach of mortal accident. I wished  
To be immortal, for my soul was proud  
And grasping; want and awe hung on my heart,  
And I was bruised by foul authority;  
And that I saw beyond my fellows and  
Could read the secrets of the skies, and look  
Into the profound which spreads beyond the  
tomb

Its dim illimitable regions, I  
Was spurned and hated; but no more. I am  
Immortal now; hundreds of untold years  
That now lie sleeping in the gulf of time,  
Shall rise and roll before me ere I die.  
My glance can reach the heart, and my hand

rain  
Gold-showered, and invisible spirits stand  
Always around me: I can walk the waves,  
And ride the winged winds, and bid them fly  
On my dark errands, and I have the power  
To call the dead up from their stony rooms  
To do me service—I have a haunt beside  
The bright home of the sun, aye, and can blind  
The red Orion when he eyes the seas,  
And strive to scatter from his cloudy arms  
Tempest and storm: and so I am—a wretch.

We add two of the shorter poems—  
THE MAGDALEN.

I do remember it. 'Twas such a face  
As Guido would have loved to dwell upon;  
But oh! the touches of his pencil never  
Could paint her perfect beauty. In her home  
(Which once she did desert, I saw her last;  
Propped up by pillows, swelling round her like  
Soft heaps of snow, yielding, and fit to bear  
Her faded figure—I observed her well:  
Her brow was fair, but very pale, and look'd  
Like stainless marble; a touch methought would  
soil

Its whiteness. O'er her temple one blue vein  
Ran like a tendril; one through her shadowy  
hand

Branched like the fibre of a leaf—away.  
Her mouth was tremulous, and her cheek wore  
then

A flush of beautiful vermillion,  
But more like art than nature; and her eye  
Spoke as became the youthful Magdalen,  
Dying and broken-hearted.....

SONNET.

Oh, for that winged steed, *Bellerophon*!  
That Pallas gave thee in her infinite grace  
And love for innocence, when thou didst face  
The treble-shaped Chimæra. But he is gone  
That struck the sparkling stream from Helicon;

And never hath one risen in his place,  
 Scamped with the features of that mighty race.  
 Yet therefore grieve I—seeing how easily  
 The plumed spirit may its journey take  
 Through yon blue regions of the middle air;  
 And note all things below that own a grace,  
 Mountain, and cataract, and silent lake,  
 And wander in the fields of poetry,  
 Where avarice never comes, and seldom care.

*The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon,  
 Gent.* London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 354.

The first notice taken of this work in England, appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, (No. 140) of September 25th; and in two subsequent Numbers, we copied from it as many papers. A polite letter from the author, informing us that in consequence of the favourable opinion of his work expressed very generally by the periodical press, it was his intention to reprint it in this country, induced us to desist from further extracts, which to take in anticipation of its being published, would, we thought, be an act of injustice towards Mr. Irving: for such, we learnt, was the name of Geoffrey Crayon.

In the *Literary Gazette's* alluded to, we paid the tribute of our applause to the American writer, whose sketches had a freshness and beauty about them with which we were exceedingly gratified. It is therefore unnecessary for us to repeat these favourable sentiments; especially as the volume itself may now be consulted for their confirmation. We shall merely say that the essays are various and agreeable; that their matter is amusing or pathetic, as required by the subject; that their style is the best transatlantic which we have yet seen; and that they display an amiable and cultivated mind, free from violent prejudices, and endued with very considerable talent. Except in a paper on English Writers, we discover no trace of the less pleasing side of the American character. There the author, (page 101), complains as we conceive without reason, boasts without foundation, and threatens without effect. Literature is of no nation; and the wise of every country despise those scribblers who would divide science into parties, and split learning into factions. Surely Mr. Irving has by this time dismissed the last slight touches of that impression which induced him to fancy that an American author would meet with an unfair reception from a British public. His own experience must have convinced him that we are far above such paltry feelings: for his *Sketch Book* has been quoted most widely, and every

voice has been raised to hail the appearance of a performance so honourable to its author, and so creditable to his native land. In that opinion we cordially join; and giving only one example from the work (suggested rather by its not having been quoted so much as others than by its superiority), we recommend it entirely to our readers.

#### THE ART OF BOOK-MAKING.

I have often wondered at the extreme fecundity of the press, and how it comes to pass that so many heads, on which nature seems to have inflicted the curse of barrenness, yet teem with voluminous productions. As a man travels on, however, in the journey of life, his objects of wonder daily diminish, and he is continually finding out some very simple cause for some great matter of marvel. Thus have I clanked, in my peregrinations about this great metropolis, to plunder upon a scene which unfolded to me some of the mysteries of the book-making craft, and at once put an end to my astonishment.

I was one summer's day loitering through the great saloons of the British Museum, with that listlessness with which one is apt to saunter about a museum in warm weather; sometimes loitering over the glass cases of minerals, sometimes studying the hieroglyphics on an Egyptian mummy, and sometimes trying, with nearly equal success, to comprehend the allegorical paintings on the lofty ceilings. Whilst I was gazing about in this idle way, my attention was attracted to a distant door, at the end of a suite of apartments. It was closed, but every now and then it would open, and some strange-favoured being, generally clothed in black, would steal forth, and glide through the rooms, without noticing any of the surrounding objects. There was an air of mystery about this that piqued my languid curiosity, and I determined to attempt the passage of that strait, and to explore the unknown regions that lay beyond. The door yielded to my hand, with all that facility with which the portals of enchanted castles yield to the adventurous knight errant. I found myself in a spacious chamber, surrounded with great cases of venerable books. Above the cases, and just under the cornice, were arranged a great number of quaint black looking portraits of ancient authors. About the room were placed long tables, with stands for reading and writing, at which sat many pale, cadaverous personages, poring intently over dusty volumes, rummaging among mouldy manuscripts, and taking copious notes of their contents. The most lushed stillness reigned through this mysterious apartment, excepting that you might hear the racing of pens over sheets of paper, or, occasionally, the deep sigh of one of these sages, as he shifted his position to turn over the pages of an old folio; but doubtless arising from that hollowness and statuteness incident to learned research.

Now and then one of these personages would write something on a small slip of

paper, and ring a bell, whereupon a familiar would appear, take the paper in profound silence, glide out of the room, and return shortly loaded with ponderous tomes, upon which the other would fall tooth and nail with famished voracity. I had no longer a doubt that I had happened upon a body of magi, deeply engaged in the study of occult sciences. The scene reminded me of an old Arabian tale of a philosopher, that up in an enchanted library, in the bosom of a mountain, that opened only once a year; where he made the spirits of the place obey his commands, and bring him books of all kinds of dark knowledge, so that at the end of the year, when the magic portal once more swung open on its hinges, he issued forth so versed in forbidden lore, as to be able to soar above the heads of the multitude, and to control the powers of nature.

My curiosity being now fully aroused, I whispered to one of the familiars, as he was about to leave the room, and begged an interpretation of the strange scene before me. A few words were sufficient for the purpose. I found that these mysterious personages, whom I had mistaken for magi, were principally authors, and were in the very act of manufacturing books. I was, in fact, in the reading room of the great British Library—an immense collection of volumes of all ages and languages, many of which are now forgotten, and most of which are seldom read. To these sequestered pools of obsolete literature, therefore, do many modern authors repair, and draw buckets full of classic lore, or "pure English, unadulterated," wherewith to swell their own scanty rills of thought.

Being now in possession of the secret, I sat down in a corner, and watched the process of this book manufactory. I noticed one lean, bilious looking wight, who sought none but the most worm-eaten volumes, printed in black letter. He was evidently constructing some work of profound erudition, that would be purchased by every man who wished to be thought learned, placed upon a conspicuous shelf of his library, or laid upon his table; but never read. I observed him, now and then, draw a large fragment of biscuit out of his pocket, and gnaw; whether it was his dinner, or whether he was endeavouring to keep off that exhaustion of the stomach produced by much pondering over dry works, I leave to harder students than myself to determine.

There was one dapper little gentleman in bright coloured clothes, with a chirping, gossiping expression of countenance, who had all the appearance of an author on good terms with his bookseller. After considering him attentively, I recognised in him a diligent getter up of miscellaneous works, which bustled off well with the trade. I was curious to see how he manufactured his wares. He made more stir and show of business than any of the others; dipping into various books, fluttering over the leaves of manuscripts, taking a morsel out of one, a morsel out of another, "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." The contents of his book seemed to be as heterogeneous as those of the witches'

cudron in Macbeth. It was here a finger and there a thumb, too, of frog and blind worm's sting, with his own gossip bloud in like "balsoon's blood," to make the medley "slab and good."

After all, thought I, may not this pilfering disposition be implanted in authors for wise purposes; may it not be the way in which providence has taken care that the seeds of knowledge and wisdom shall be preserved from age to age, in spite of the inevitable decay of the works in which they were first produced. We see that nature has wisely, though whimsically, provided for the conveyance of seeds from clime to clime, in the maws of certain birds; so that animals, which, in themselves, are little better than carrion, and apparently the lawless plunderers of the orchard and the corn field, are, in fact, nature's carriers to disperse and perpetuate her blessings. In like manner, the beauties and fine thoughts of ancient and obsolete writers, are caught up by these flights of predatory authors, and cast forth, again to flourish and bear fruit in a remote and distant tract of time. Many of their works also undergo a kind of metempsychosis, and spring up under new forms. What was formerly a powerless history, revives in the shape of a romance—an old legend changes into a modern play—and a sober philosophical treatise furnishes the body for a whole series of bouncing and sparkling essays. Thus it is in the clearing of our American woodlands; where we burn down a forest of stately pines, a progeny of dwarf oaks start up in their place; and we never see the prostrate trunk of a tree, mouldering into soil, but it gives birth to a whole tribe of fungi.

Let us not, then, lament over the decay and oblivion into which ancient writers descend; they do but submit to the great law of nature, which declares that all sublimary shapes of matter shall be limited in their duration, but which decrees also, that their elements shall never perish. Generation after generation, both in animal and vegetable life, pass away, but the vital principle is transmitted to posterity, and the species continues to flourish. Thus, also, do authors beget authors, and having produced a numerous progeny, in a good old age they sleep with their fathers, that is to say, with the authors who preceded them—and from whom they had stolen.

Whilst I was indulging in these rambling fancies, I had leaned my head against a pile of reverend folios. Whether it was owing to the soporific emanations from these works; or to the profound quiet of the room; or to the lassitude arising from much wandering; or to an unlucky habit of napping at improper times and places, with which I am grievously afflicted; so it was, that I fell into a doze. Still, however, my imagination continued busy, and indeed the same scene remained before my mind's eye, only a little changed in some of the details. I dreamt that the chamber was still decorated with the portraits of ancient authors, but that the number was increased. The long tables had disappeared, and in place of the sage magi,

I beheld a ragged, threadbare throng, such as may be seen plying about that great repository of cast-off clothes, Monmouth Street. Whenever they seized upon a book, by one of those incongruities common to dreams, methought it turned into a garment of foreign or antique fashion, with which they proceeded to equip themselves. I noticed, however, that no one pretended to clothe himself from any particular suit, but took a sleeve from one, a cape from another, a skirt from a third, thus decking himself out piecemeal, while some of his original rags would peep out from among his borrowed finery.

There was a portly, rosy, well-fed parson, whom I observed ogling several monody poetical writers through an eye-glass. He soon contrived to slip on the voluminous mantle of one of the old fathers, and having purloined the gray beard of another, endeavoured to look exceedingly wise; but the smirking commonplace of his countenance set at naught all the trappings of wisdom. One sickly looking gentleman was busied embroidering a very flimsy garment with gold thread drawn out of several old court dresses of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Another had trimmed himself magnificently from an illuminated manuscript, had stuck a nosegay in his bosom, culled from "The Paradise of dainty Devises," and having put Sir Philip Sidney's hat on one side of his head, strutted off with an exquisite air of vulgar elegance. A third, who was but of puny dimensions, had bolstered himself out bravely with the spoils from several obscure tracts of philosophy, so that he had a very imposing front; but he was lamentably tattered in rear, and I perceived that he had patched his small clothes with scraps of parchment from a Latin author.

There were some well-dressed gentlemen, it is true, who only helped themselves to a grin or so, which sparkled among their own ornaments, without eclipsing them. Some, too, seemed to contemplate the costumes of the old writers, merely to imbibe their principles of taste, and catch their air and spirit; but I grieve to say, that too many were apt to array themselves, from top to toe, in the patchwork manner I have mentioned. I should not omit to speak of one genius, in drab breeches and gaiters and an Arcadian hat, who had a violent propensity to the pastoral; but whose rural wanderings had been confined to the classic haunts of Priuore Hill, and the solitudes of the Regent's Park. He had decked himself in wreaths and ribands from all the old pastoral poets, and hanging his head on one side, went about with a fantastical, lack-a-dicalical air, "babbling about green fields." But the personage that most struck my attention, was a pragmatical old gentleman, in clerical robes, with a remarkably large and square, but bald head. He entered the room wheezing and puffing, elbowed his way through the throng, with a look of sturly self-confidence, and having laid hands upon a thick Greek quarto, elapped it upon his head, and swept majestically away in a formidable frizzled wig.

In the height of this literary masquerade, a cry suddenly resounded from every side, of

"thieves! thieves!" I looked, and lo! the portraits about the walls became animated! The old authors thrust out, first a head, then a shoulder, from the canvass, looked down curiously, for an instant, upon the merry throng, and then descended, with fury in their eyes, to claim their rifled property. The scene of scurrying and hubbub that ensued, baffles all description. The unhappy culprits endeavoured in vain to escape with their plunder. On one side might be seen half a dozen old monks, stripping a modern professor; on another, there was sad devastation carried into the ranks of modern dramatic writers. Beaumont and Fletcher, shie by side, raced round the field like Castor and Pollux, and sturdy Ben Jonson, enacted more wonders than when a volunteer with the army in Flanders. As to the dapper little compiler of farragos, mentioned some time since, he had arrayed himself in as many patches and colours as Harlequin, and there was as fierce a contention of claimants about him, as about the dead body of Patroclus. I was grieved to see many men, to whom I had been accustomed to look up with awe and reverence, fain to steal off with scarce a rag to cover their nakedness. Just then my eye was caught by the pragmatical old gentleman in the Greek grizzled wig, who was scrambling away in sore affright with half a score of authors in full cry after him. They were close upon his haunches; in a twinkling off went his wig; at every turn some strip of raiment was peeled away; until in a few moments, from his domineering pomp, he shrunk into a little, puny, "chopp'd bald shot," and made his exit with only a few tags and rags fluttering at his back.

There was something so ludicrous in the catastrophe of this learned Thelion, that I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which broke the whole illusion. The tumult and the scuffle were at an end. The chamber resumed its usual appearance. The old authors shrunk back into their picture frames, and hung in shadowy solemnity along the walls. In short, I found myself awake in my corner, with the whole assemblage of bookworms gazing at me with astonishment. Nothing of the dream had been real but my burst of laughter, a sound never before heard in that grave sanctuary, and so abhorrent to the ears of wisdom, as to electrify the fraternity.

The librarian now stepped up to me, and demanded whether I had a card of admission. At first I did not comprehend him, but I soon found that the library was a kind of literary "preserve," subject to game laws, and that no one must presume to hunt there without special license and permission. In a word, I stood convicted of being an arrant poacher, and was glad to make a precipitate retreat, lest I should have a whole pack of authors let loose upon me.

*Sketches from St. George's Fields. By*  
Giorgione di Castel Chiuso. London.  
1820.

This satirical poem purports to be written by an Italian painter, to divert

his melancholy while in the King's Bench prison; but in its progress he forgets his assumed country. It is a smart production, and, though not well designed, surpasses both in composition and in talent, the generality of works of the class to which it belongs. The author seems to be equal to a higher theme than the ignoble one he has chosen; he might be the painter of beauty, but has contented himself with sketching some clever scenes of the impure place, where his head quarters were (we hope only for a short period) established. As the little volume only comes forth this day, we shall not prolong our comments, but proceed to afford an idea of its fashion, by extracting a few of its miscellaneous pages. Some of its contents it is a happiness not to understand; and of the meaning of many of its allusions "ignorance is bliss." The first part commences thus: 'The winds of March, with many a sudden gust, About Saint George's Fields had whirled the dust, And stir'd the massive bars that stand beneath The spikes that wags call'd Ellenborough's teeth; Whether we grinders call them, or canine, Those teeth, Chief-Justice Abbot! now are thine—'

But woe to him that calls your lordship curish.)  
'Twas six o'clock precise;  
An eager visaged inmate of that place,  
Where dinner rarely comes from length of grace,  
Walk'd near the warden's coffee-house, and

As should be a cook in busy pride,  
With laced tray, and hung his flickering nose  
O'er vizards declined for the Don and H-se.  
Not half so fragrant were the wondrous nest  
The phoenix builds in Araby the blest,  
Nor Atter-Gul, whose scent so exquisite  
Fits swarms the maids of Schiraz with delight,  
Nor even the breath that fills Cecilia's sigh,  
As Ranger thought the vapour fitting by.  
The scent that hungry thought best of best  
Steamed from a savoury steak with onions

dress'd.  
The rich aroma, climbing to his brain,  
Call'd up of eating thoughts a hungry train,  
Awaked the memory of days gone by,  
When Long's long bill of fare fatigued his eye;  
When George's Carte was search'd for something

new—  
In ravel consommé or superb rognon,  
Some such piquante, the wonder of the hour,  
To stimulate his palate's jaded power.

An old friend is brought in prisoner, and Ranger and Belcour, who had seen better times, renew their acquaintance in limbo. A bed room is hired for the latter.

No horse more closely girds the coffin'd dead,  
Than the four walls hemm'd in the little bed:  
Still it was clean, and might his own be made;  
At least so long as in advance he paid;  
Therefore the bargain Belcour ratified,  
And took the signory full eight feet wide.

Not half so low from old Bellario's cave  
The sonnets of Cymbeline, their heads to care,  
Stoop, when they bid good-morrow to the sun,  
(You've seen the thing at Covent Garden door)

As Belcour when returning bent his neck,  
Admonish'd by the ceiling's stubborn clock.

That point secured, the coffee-room they gain'd.

The cloth was laid; with appetite unchain'd,  
Fierce as a wolf, and as a falcon keen,  
Dire havoc Ranger made in fat and lean.  
Not with more quick dispatch Grimaldi's jaws  
Work for the gallery's thunders of applause,  
When thro' those portals of tremendous size  
The cheese-cakes vanish from admiring eyes,  
Than now the chops of mutton disappear'd,  
Till thrice the well-replenish'd dish was clear'd.

Ranger becomes the cicerone of the place, and explains its customs to his friend. The first morning the newcomer is obliged to sit for his picture, i. e. have his features scrutinized by the turnkeys, so that he may be known from a stranger, and not have egress in case of attempting a sortie.

Rose Belcour, dress'd, and soon the fool found.  
About the door a throng of carles stood,  
A grinning and ill-favour'd brotherhood,  
That scoff and gibe at every weight that wears  
Linen less black, or better coat, than theirs.  
For these our Belcour was too fair a mark to  
"Make way," crys one, "he's going to the

Park,  
His horses wait; he's going for a ride—"

"Fool! 'tis his Tilbury," another cried;  
"Do! think his lordship rides without his  
spurs?"

"A curse confound such base unmanner'd curs."  
Between his teeth impatient Belcour mutter'd,  
As each his wit so truly attic utter'd;  
Then 'mid the laughter of the brutal throng  
Dark frowning, thro' the door he moved along.  
Within the upper lobby Morris sat,  
And touch'd with easy complaisance his hat;  
And cried, not deigning from his seat to stir,  
"We hope you're pretty comfortable, sir."

"Those chairs before the door are rather new,  
But, love ye! so they do to all that come."  
Short was the conference; the Turnkey's look  
Quick cognizance of Belcour's features took;  
And never, from that hour, might he pass by  
Unnoted by that well-observing eye.

The inmates of the gaol are thus described.  
Here ruin'd lawyers ruin'd clients meet;  
Here doctors their consumptive patients greet,  
Sick of one malady that mocks all skill,  
Without the true specific golden pill.

Here find'st tailors, never to be paid,  
Turn eyes on many a coat themselves have made;  
And bailiffs, caught by their own arts at last,  
Meet those their copies yesterday made fast.

There walks a youth whose father, for reform,  
Has shut him up where countless viruses swarm.  
But little is that parent skill'd to trace  
The springs of action,—little knows the place,  
Who sends an ailing mind to where disease  
Its inmost citadel of health may seize.

Faint are the calls of Decency, when broad  
And naked, Vice can show her front unawed;  
Where thrives what'er the vilest of our kind  
Can teach to brutify and sink the mind;  
Where weary Reason finds her watch to keep,  
And the tir'd conscience finds a troubled sleep;

Where every cheek and barrier is removed,  
Of countenances fear'd, and bosoms loved;  
Where bold and bad examples lead the way,  
And, every hour, facilities betray;  
Where ferriest impatience fires the blood  
Distemper'd by the maddening neighbourhood;

Where hope of some short joy the sanguine draws.

And vanity is fed by bad applause,  
The brute his wonted offal seeks, the fool  
Falls, with his weight, or, push'd by ridicule,  
O, never yet was youth's unstrengthen'd mind  
Made pure by herding with the baser kind.  
Here shifts are necessary soon, to live;  
These to the mind a lasting colour give:  
Such hold some vices in their practice take,  
No force avails, their influence to shake.  
Some taints there are that in the frame defy  
The keenest knife and fiercest cautery.

See you pale wretch,—observe his vacant stare,

His lustre-lacking eye, and matted hair;  
His squalid hands, his soil'd and tatter'd dress—  
Symbols, at once, of want and low excess;  
Two months ago he was an airy thing,  
Light, crisp, and elegant, and free of wing,  
Grac'd in manners, stylish in attire.

In converse full of wit, of zest, and fire,  
Soon sank his spirits, faded ev'ry grace,  
Before the withering influence of the place:

Not of that order of high minds was he  
Whose efforts rise with growing misery:  
From wine he sought false courage, and the glow  
That gave a hollow respite to his woe;

Soon larger draughts were needful, in the sleep  
That kills all memory each sense to steep,  
Then vile potations of pernicious train

Were swallowed, Reason from his brain to wash.  
Behold him, now, confirmed the perfect sort,  
That knows no heaven beyond a porter-pot.

We add but one other specimen: it is a graphic view, and given in the reply of a ci-devant fashionable to a brother prisoner.

If you complain, have I not cause to fume,  
Fix'd in a dog-hole, much misshap'd a room.  
In one dark corner on the dingy floor  
My bed, uncurtain'd, rears behind the door;

A crazy pitcher in another stands,  
Whose crack demands the lift of cautious hands.  
My table rocks, unless one leg, too short,  
Is steadied by a tatter'd book's support.

On either side a paralytic chair,  
Rush-bottom'd one—once cover'd—once—with

hair,

Bids you manœuvre, ere you sit, to know  
Which corner is securely propped below.

But little ink is requisite to clear  
The scanty inventory of my gear;

A stripe of curtain,—that too in its ware,  
Fluttering before a broken window pane;

A closet holding half a sack of coals;  
A lidless casket, furnish'd well—with holes.

Of utes just half a pair, constrain'd to do—  
When I've a fire—the work of poker too.

Two tea-cups, odd, with saucers oddly match'd;  
Two pewter spoons, one with initials scratch'd;

A scrap of glass, scarce large enough to show  
My chin's dimensions when my beard I mow.

'Mid things like these a bottle does not stand ill,  
The belly water holds, the peck a candle.

With goods like these my palace well accord's,  
Whose ceiling bears the mark of many lords,

That, resolute to leave behind a name,  
Have traced their letters with the candle's flame.

The surface, peeling from the scaly wall  
Of many colours, gives a patch of all;

Green, salmon-colour, modest grey, and blue,  
With tawdry yellow mottled, staid to view,  
And here and there a brick stands peeping through,

Midst crannies, whence issue forth each night  
The vermin hordes that plague, and make me  
long for light.

"I bear all this—then be not you cast down; But, my dear fellow—lend me half a crown."

Some very neat engravings ornament this publication, which, if weeded of half a dozen improprieties, might be more freely mentioned, on account of the ability which it evinces. It is lamentable that a person of the writer's talents, should possess the experience necessary for the work; and it is to be regretted, that he has suffered some of the taints of his unfortunate situation to stain pages, otherwise deserving of praise. So true it is, that he who toucheth pitch will be defiled. A story of a bailiff tricked into an expensive dinner at Brunet's hotel, by a person in possession of a day-rule, or protection from arrest, is pretty much in the Colman style.

SUTHER'S LIFE OF JOHN WESLEY. 2 vols. 8vo. (continued.)

Methodism must now be considered as having taken root in the land. Meeting Houses were erected in various parts, settled upon Wesley as the head and sole director of the society. Funds were raised, and a plan of finance established. Preachers and assistants provided. To this stage Methodism had arrived in 1742, when its founder lost his mother. Two of Wesley's sisters were miserably married, a third to a clergyman named Whitelamb, and the fourth died of a broken heart. Wesley preached seven evenings in succession from the townhouse of his father at Epworth, and the historian says "Some remarkable circumstances attended Wesley's preaching in these parts. Some of his opponents, in the excess of their zeal against enthusiasm, took up a whole wagon load of Methodists, and carried them before a justice. When they were asked what these persons had done, there was an awkward silence; at last one of the accusers said, 'Why, they pretended to be better than other people; and, besides, they prayed from morning till night.' The magistrate asked if they had done nothing else.—'Yes, Sir,' said an old man, 'an't please your worship, they have converted my wife. Till she went among them she had such a tongue! and now she is as quiet as a lamb!'— Carry them back, carry them back," said the magistrate, and let them convert all the scolds in the town." "Methodism as we have just stated had assumed form and consistence. Meeting-houses had been built, societies formed and disciplined, funds raised, rules enacted, lay preachers admitted, and a regular system of itinerancy begun. Its furious symptoms had subsided, the affection had reached a calmer stage of its course, and there were no longer any of those outrageous exhibitions which excited scandal and compassion, as well as astonishment. But Wesley continued, with his constitutional fervour, to preach the doctrines of instantaneous regeneration, assurance, and sinless perfection." The populace however began to persecute

the new sect; and, though frequently protected by the local magistracy, and by the laws, some instances occurred in which the former forgot their duties, and the latter were outraged. Wesley himself, had more than once very narrow escapes with life and limb; and his followers were often treated with great brutality. As the rebellion of 1745 approached, they suffered in proportion to the belief that they were disaffected and dangerous. In Cornwall, especially, the founder was maltreated; and Nelson, Maxfield, and others, were pressed, imprisoned, and ill-used. Fictitious preaching thus became a service of great danger; and it is worth while to record, that itinerancy was very different from what it would be in the present day, for then there were no turnpikes in England, and no stage-coach which went farther than York. In many parts of the northern counties, neither coach nor chaise had ever been seen, and Wesley usually travelled on horseback, accompanied by one of his preachers, and reading as he rode. Some idea of the hardships endured may be gathered from the following extract.

"At the commencement of his errantry, he (Wesley) had sometimes to bear with an indifference and insensibility in his friends, which was more likely than any opposition to have abated his ardour. He and John Nelson rode from common to common, in Cornwall, preaching to a people who heard willingly, but seldom or never proffered them the slightest act of hospitality. Returning one day in autumn from one of these hungry excursions, Wesley stooped his horse at some brambles, to pick the fruit. 'Brother Nelson,' said he, 'we ought to be thankful that there are plenty of blackberries, for this is the best country I ever saw for getting a stomach, but the worst that ever I saw for getting food. Do the people think that we can live by preaching?' They were detained some time at St. Ives, because of the illness of one of their companions; and their lodging was little better than their fare. 'All that time,' says John, 'Mr. Wesley and I lay on the floor: he had my greatcoat for his pillow, and I had Burket's Notes on the New Testament for mine. After being here near three weeks, one morning, about three o'clock, Mr. Wesley turned over, and finding me awake, clapped me on the side, saying, 'Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer, I have one whole side yet; for the skin is off but on one side.'"

It is worth adding, that Wesley was finely alive to the effects of natural situation in the spots which he selected for his preaching; inasmuch that some of his landscapes are drawn with all the enthusiasm of a feeling and skilful artist.

It may be supposed that the Methodist labours were most effectual among the middle and lower orders. Wesley, "writing to some Earl, who took a lively interest in the revival of religion, which, through the impulse given, directly or indirectly, by Methodism, was taking place, he says, 'To speak rough truth, I do not desire any intercourse with any persons of quality in England. I mean, for my own sake. They

do me no good, and, I fear, I can do none to them.' To another correspondent he says, 'I have found some of the uneducated poor who have exquisite taste and sentiment; and many, very many of the rich, who have scarcely any at all.'—'In most genteel religious people there is so strange a mixture, that I have seldom much confidence in them. But I love the poor; in many of them I find pure genuine grace, unmixed with paint, folly, and affectation.' And again, 'How unspeakable is the advantage in point of common sense, which middling people have over the rich! There is so much paint and affectation, so many unmeaning words and senseless customs among people of rank, as fully justify the remark made 1700 years ago, *Senatus communis in illud fortunat rarus*.'—'Tis well,' he says, 'a few of the rich and noble are called. Oh! that God would increase their number. But I should rejoice, were it the will of God, if it were done by the ministry of others. If I might choose, I should still, as I have done hitherto, *preach the gospel to the poor*.' Preaching in Monk-town church, (one of the three belonging to Pembroke,) a large old ruinous building, he says, 'I suppose it has scarce had such a congregation in it during this century. Many of them were gay genteel people; so I spake on the first elements of the gospel: but I was still out of their depth. Oh, how hard it is to be *shallow* enough for a polite audience!' Yet Wesley's correspondences with the few persons over whom he obtained any influence in higher life, though written with honest and conscientious freedom, is altogether untinged with any of that alloy which too frequently appeared when he was addressing those of a lower rank.

"But though Wesley preferred the middling and lower classes of society to the rich, the class which he liked least were the farmers. 'In the little journals which I have lately taken,' he says, 'I have thought much of the huge encomiums which have been for many ages bestowed on a country life. How have all the learned world cried out,

*O fortunati nimium, bona si non norint, Agricole!*

But, after all, what a flat contradiction is this to universal experience! See the little house, under the wood, by the river side! There is *rural life* in perfection. How happy, then, is the farmer that lives there!—Let us take a detail of his happiness. He rises with, or before the sun, calls his servants, looks to his swine and cows, then to his stable and barns. He sees to the ploughing and sowing his ground in winter or in spring. In summer and autumn he hurries and sweats among his mowers and reapers. And where is his happiness in the mean time? Which of these employments do we envy? Or do we envy the delicate repast which succeeds, which the poet so languishes for?

*O quando faba, Pythagoræ cognata, sinisque Unctis astis pinguis possint olivula mundis*

Oh the happiness of eating *beans well greased with fat bacon*; nay, and *cabbage* too!

Was Horace in his senses when he talked thus? or the servile herd of his imitators? Our eyes and ears may convince us there is not a less happy body of men in all England than the country farmers. In general their life is supremely dull; and it is usually unhappy too; for, of all people in the kingdom, they are the most discontented, seldom satisfied either with God or man. Wesley was likely to judge thus unfavourably of the agricultural part of the people, because they were the least susceptible of Methodism." At this era of Methodism, even where it was well established, and, on the whole, flourishing, there were great fluctuations, and Wesley soon found how little he could depend upon the perseverance of his converts. Early in his career he took the trouble of enquiring into the motives of seventy-six persons, who, in the course of three months, had withdrawn from one of his societies in the north.—The result was curious. Fourteen of them said they left it because otherwise their ministers would not give them the sacrament;—these, he observed, were chiefly Dissenters. Nine, because their husbands or wives were not willing they should stay in it. Twelve, because their parents were not willing. Five, because their master and mistress would not let them come. Seven, because their acquaintance persuaded them to leave it. Five, because people said such bad things of the Society. Nine, because they would not be laughed at. Three, because they would not lose the poor's allowance. Three more, because they could not spare time to come. Two, because it was too far off. One, because she was afraid of falling into fits—her reason might have taught Wesley a useful lesson. One, because people were so rude in the street. Two, because *Thomas Vaux* was in the Society: One, because he would not turn his back on his baptism. One, because the Methodists were *were* Church-of-England-men. And one, because it was time enough to serve God yet. The character of the converts, and the wholesome discipline to which they were subject, is still farther exhibited, by an account of those who, in the same time, had been expelled from the same Society:—they were, two for cursing and swearing, two for habitual Sabbath-breaking, seventeen for drunkenness, two for retailing spirituous liquors, three for quarrelling and brawling, one for beating his wife, three for habitual wilful lying, four for railing and evil speaking, one for idleness and laziness, and nine-and-twenty for lightness and carelessness.—It would be well for the community if some part of this discipline were in general use."

The aid of lay-preachers was very unpalatable to Wesley at first; but it was forced upon him by circumstances, and in the individual cases zeal was the only qualification which he required. "If the aspirant possessed no other requisite for his work, and failed to produce an effect upon his hearers, his labour was soon cooled, and he withdrew quietly from the field; but such cases were not very frequent. The gift of voluble utterance is the commonest of all gifts; and

when the audience are in sympathy with the speaker, they are easily affected \*; the understanding makes no demand, provided the passions find their food. But, on the other hand, when enthusiasm was united with strength of talents and of character, Wesley was a skilful preceptor, who knew how to discipline the untutored mind, and to imbue it thoroughly with his system." "No fonder of a monastic order ever more entirely possessed the respect, as well as the love and admiration of his disciples; nor better understood their individual characters, and how to deal with each according to the measure of his capacity. Where strength of mind and steadiness were united with warmth of heart, he made the preacher his counsellor as well as his friend: when only simple zeal was to be found, he used it for his instrument as long as it lasted. An itinerant, who was troubled with doubts respecting his call, wrote to him in a fit of low spirits, requesting that he would send a preacher to supersede him in his circuit, because he believed he was out of his place. Wesley replied in one short sentence, 'Dear brother, you are indeed out of your place; for you are *reasoning*, when you ought to be *praying*.' And this was all. Thus tempering his authority, sometimes with playfulness, and always with kindness, he obtained from his early followers an unhesitating, a cheerful, and a devoted obedience. One of them, whom he had summoned from Bristol to meet him at Holyhead, and accompany him to Ireland, set out on foot, with only three shillings in his pocket. It is a proof how confidently such a man might calculate upon the kindness of human nature, that, during six nights out of seven, this innocent adventurer was hospitably entertained by utter strangers, and when he arrived he had one penny left. John Jane (such was his name) did not long survive this expedition: he brought on a fever by walking in exceeding hot weather; and Wesley, recording his death in his journal, concludes in this remarkable manner:—"All his clothes, linen and woollen, stockings, hat, and wig, are not thought sufficient to answer his funeral expenses, which amount to 1*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.* All the money he had was 1*l.* 4*s.*—Enough for any unmarried preacher of the gospel to leave to his executors!"

Mr. Southey gives us here brief epitomes of the *'Experiences'* of some of the early coadjutors in Methodist proselytism, such as John Oliver, John Pawson, Alexander Mather, Thomas Olivers, John Haime, Sampson Staniforth, George Story, &c. whose lives present considerable variety, and

\* Sewal relates, with all simplicity and sincerity, in his History of the Quakers, that his mother, a Dutch woman, preached in her native language to a congregation of English Friends, and that though they did not understand a single word, they were nevertheless edified by the discourse.—A man returned from attending one of Whitefield's sermons, and said it was good for him to be there: the place, indeed, was so crowded, that he had not been able to get near enough to hear him; "but then," "I saw his blessed wig!"

amusing biographical incident. The wives of itinerant preachers came to be allowed 4*s.* per week, during the absence of their husbands, and 1*l.* per quarter for each child. When the husband was at home, 1*l.* 6*s.* a day was allowed for his board, at the rate of 6*d.* for dinner, and 4*d.* for breakfast, tea, and supper. When invited out the allowance was deducted. In 1748, Kingswood School, near Bristol, was also, through the bounty of Lady Maxwell, established for the education of fifty boys, and some very small provision was made for the preachers themselves. The annual conferences began in 1744, when J. Wesley, C. Wesley, four other clergymen, and four lay co-operators, met for the first time on the affairs of the society.

"Wesley never departed willingly or knowingly from the doctrines of the Church of England, in which he had been trained up, and with which he was conscientiously satisfied after full and free enquiry. Upon points which have not been revealed, he was within the scope of reason, he formed opinions for himself, which were generally clear, consistent with the Christian system, and creditable, for the most part, both to his feelings and his judgment. But he laid no stress upon them, and never proposed them for more than they were worth." "The true gospel," said he, "touches the very edge both of Calvinism and Antinomianism, so that nothing but the mighty power of God can prevent our sliding either into the one or the other." Many of his associates and followers fell into both. He always declared himself clearly and strongly against both; though at the expense of some inconsistency, when he preached of a sanctification which left the subject liable to sin, of an assurance which was not assured, and of an imperfect perfection. It was his opinion that there is a chain of beings advancing by degrees from the lowest to the highest point,—from an atom of unorganized matter, to the highest of the archangels; an opinion consonant to the philosophy of the barbs, and confirmed by science, as far as our physiological knowledge extends. He believed in the ministry both of good and evil angels; but whether every man had a guardian angel to protect him, as the Romanists hold, and a malignant demon continually watching to seduce him into the ways of sin and death, this he considered as undetermined by revelation, and therefore doubtful. Evil thoughts he held to be infused into the minds of men by the evil principle; and that "as no good is done, or spoken, or thought by any man, without the assistance of God working together in and with those that believe in him; so there is no evil done, or spoken, or thought, without the assistance of the Devil, 'who worketh with energy in the children of unbelief.' His notions of diabolical agency went further than this: he imputed it to many of the accidents and discomforts of life,—disease, bodily hurts, storms and earthquakes, and nightmare: he believed that epilepsy was often, or always the effect of possession, and that most madmen were demonesiacs. A belief in witchcraft naturally

followed from these premises; but, after satisfying his understanding that supernatural acts and appearances are consistent with the order of the universe, sanctioned by Scripture, and proved by testimony too general and too strong to be resisted, he invalidated his own authority, by listening to the most absurd tales with implicit credulity, and recording them as authenticated facts. He adhered to the old opinion, that the devils were the gods of the heathen; and he maintained, that the words in the Lord's Prayer, which have been rendered *evil*, mean, in the original, *the wicked one*, 'emphatically so called, the prince and god of this world, who works with mighty power in the children of disobedience.'

"One of his most singular notions was concerning the day of judgment. He thought it probable that its duration would be several thousand years, that the place would be above the earth, and that the circumstances of every individual's life would then be brought forth in full view, together with all their tempers, and all the desires, thoughts, and intents of their hearts. This he thought absolutely necessary for the full display of the glory of God, for the clear and perfect manifestation of his wisdom, justice, power, and mercy. 'Then only,' he argued, 'when God hath brought to light all the hidden things of darkness, will it be seen that wise and good were all his ways; that he saw through the thick cloud, and governed all things by the wise counsel of his own will; that nothing was left to chance or the caprice of men, but God disposed all strongly, and wrought all into one connected chain of justice, mercy, and truth.' Whether the earth and the material heavens would be consumed by the general conflagration, and pass away, or be transmuted by the fire into that sea of glass like unto crystal, which is described in the Apocalypse as extending before the throne, we could neither affirm nor deny, he said; but we should know hereafter. He held the doctrine of the millennium to be scriptural; but he never fell into those wild and extravagant fancies, in which speculations of this kind so frequently end. The Apocalypse is the favorite study of crazy religionists; but Wesley says of it, 'Oh, how little do we know of this deep book! at least, how little do I know! I can barely conjecture, not affirm, any one point concerning that part of it which is yet unsatisfied!'

"He entertained some interesting opinions concerning the brute creation, and derived whatever evils inferior creatures endure, or inflict upon each other, from the consequence of the Fall. In Paradise they existed in a state of happiness, enjoying will and liberty: their passions and affections were regular, and their choice always guided by their understanding, which was perfect in its kind. 'What,' says he, 'is the barrier between men and brutes,—the line which they cannot pass? It is not reason. Set aside that ambiguous term; exchange it for the plain word understanding, and who can deny that brutes have this? We may as well deny that they have sight or hearing. But it

is this: man is capable of God; the inferior creatures are not.'

(To be concluded.)

*Poetical Tributes to the Memory of his late Majesty.* Anon. London, 1820. pp. 22.

These tributes consist of an Elegy and a Monody; the former was offered to us in MS. and our opinion of its merits was shown by admitting it into the Literary Gazette. The Monody breathes the same feeling and pathos; and if we transcribe only a brief passage or two, the reason is, that we would not subtract too much from the novelty of so small a work by disproportioned quotation.

No! 'tis the thousand touching ties,  
The progeny of lengthen'd days,  
That to thy people's heart supplies  
Remembrance of thy treasure'd praise.  
We trace thee thro' each stage of life,  
Or bless'd by peace, or wrung'd by strife,  
The hour of dread, the day of pride,  
When Victory shone, tho' Nelson died,  
When war her later ensigns furled,  
And Britain rais'd a prostrate world.  
We follow thro' each private scene,  
With our own being thine unite,  
For few another King have seen,  
Few look'd beneath an earlier light.

Thou wert the King—confirm'd in pow'r  
Ere many a prattling babe began  
To lip thy name, whose present hour,  
Hath enter'd the last stage of man.

Thou wert the King; thy glorious name  
Said the young warrior forth to fame,  
Whose guardian's hand now silvery gray,  
Bends 'neath the pressure of decay.

That grandeur of a numerous race,  
With flatterer's tongue can just retract  
The time, when he to beauty's car  
The promise of his youth could bring,  
'Oh! thou shalt be as Charlotte dear,  
I will be faithful as my King.'

Benignant monarch—friend of man,  
Be *that* thy praise thro' every age;  
Nor that denick, which time may scan  
Thro' history's remotest page;

That to thy promise strictly just,  
No power could lure thee from thy trust:  
Unscar'd—untempted, still thy feet  
The thorny path of duty trod,  
Prepar'd with all events to meet,  
And fearing nothing, but thy God.

This poem is subscribed B. H. Twickenham; the other, C. C. T. Cambridge, whence we presume that they are the production of different writers. Both appear to us to be elegant and touching.

*An Elegy on the Death of his late Majesty.* By Mrs. Cockle. 4to. pp. 8.

This is a tribute from a female pen, on the same melancholy occasion with the foregoing. It dwells upon the recognition among blessed souls of those who were dearest to the monarch on earth. A short extract allusive to the

Princess Charlotte will suffice to show how this is done.

And she too comes to lead him on his way,  
England's own star of gladness—she who shone,  
In the pure brightness of her morning ray,  
The last—the lovely—the lamented One.  
She was embraced like Him within the hearts,  
And with strong grasp affection held her there,  
Like some dear thought with which we would not part,  
That seems to mingle in each silent pray'r.

*Scoreby's Account of the Arctic Regions,*  
8c.  
(Continued.)

We must pass over the proofs of a north-west passage, so clearly derived from the currents in these seas; the theory on the waves; and the particular notices of all the various sorts of ice; merely observing, with respect to the latter, that its extensive body,—

Which, with occasional tracts of land, occupies the northern extremity of the earth, and prevents all access to the regions immediately surrounding the Pole, fills, it appears, on an average, a circle of above 2000 geographical miles diameter; and presents an outline which, though subject to partial variations, is found, at the same season of each succeeding year, to be generally similar, and often strikingly uniform.

The place where whales occur in the greatest abundance, is generally found to be in the 78th or 79th degree of north latitude, though from the 72d to the 81st degree they have been met with. These singular animals, which, on account of their prodigious bulk and strength, might be thought entitled to reign supreme in the ocean, are harmless and timid. They seem to prefer those situations which afford them the most secure retreats. Among the ice, they have an occasional shelter; but so far as it is permeable, the security is rather apparent than real. That they are conscious of its affording them shelter, we can readily perceive, from observing, that the course of their flight when scared or wounded, is generally towards the nearest or more compact ice. The place of their retreat, however, is regulated by various circumstances; it may sometimes depend on the quality and quantity of food occurring, the disposition of the ice, or exemption from enemies. At one time, their favourite haunt is amidst the huge and extended masses of the field ice; at another, in the open seas adjacent. Sometimes the majority of the whales inhabiting those seas, seem collected within a small and single circuit; at others, they are scattered in various herds, and numerous single individuals, over an amazing extent of surface.

In 1817, Captain Scoresby visited the East side of West Greenland; a coast never approached except by ships beset in the ice, since Hudson's voyage, in 1607. He saw the land from the mast head, and had not a fog intervened, thinks that the ice was open



enough to have allowed them to reach the shore of this long lost country.

Some of the particulars respecting the polar ice, are remarkable. For example—

Bay ice, which for weeks has been an increasing pest to the whale fisher, is sometimes removed in the space of a few hours. The destruction is in many cases so rapid, that to an unexperienced observer, the occurrence seems incredible, and rather an illusion of fancy, than a matter of fact. Suppose a ship immovably fixed in bay-ice, and not the smallest opening to be seen: after a lapse of time sufficient only for a moderate repose, imagine a person rising from his bed,—when, behold, the insurmountable obstacle has vanished! instead of a sheet of ice expanding unbroken to the verge of the horizon on every side, an undulating sea relieves the prospect, wherein floats the wreck of the ice, reduced to a small fraction of its original bulk!

The atmosphere of this region is perhaps more extraordinary. Captain S. relates that—

In the year 1814, when a temperature of zero occurred, we reached the latitude of 70°, without experiencing any cold below 30°; but in less than twenty-four hours, the thermometer fell 25°, and indicated a temperature of 5°. Thus, between the time of my leaving the deck at night, and arising the following morning, there was an increase in the cold of about 20°. This remarkable change was attended with singular effects. The circulation of the blood was accelerated.—a sense of parched dryness was excited in the nose,—the mouth, or rather lips, were contracted in all their dimensions, as by a sphincter, and the articulation of many words was rendered difficult and imperfect; indeed, every part of the body was more or less stimulated or disordered by the severity of the cold. The hands, if exposed, would have been frozen in a few minutes; and even the face could not have resisted the effects of a brisk wind, continued for any length of time. A piece of metal when applied to the tongue, instantly adhered to it, and could not be removed without its retaining a portion of the skin; iron became brittle, and such as was at all of inferior quality might be fractured by a blow; brandy of English manufacture and wholesome strength, was frozen; quicksilver, by a single process, might have been consolidated; the sea, in some places, was in the act of freezing, and in others appeared to smoke, and produced, in the formation of *frost-rime*, an obscurity greater than that of the thickest fog. The subtle principle of magnetism seemed to be, in some way or other, influenced by the frost; for the deck compasses became sluggish, or even motionless, while a cabin compass traversed with celerity. The ship became enveloped in ice; the bows, sides, and lower rigging were loaded; and the rudder, if not repeatedly freed, would, in a short time, have been rendered immovable. A considerable swell at this time prevailing, the

smoke in the cabin, with the doors closed, was so intolerable, that we were under the necessity of giving free admission to the external air to prevent it. The consequence was, that in front of a brisk fire, at the distance of a yard and a half from it, the temperature was 25°; water spilt on the table froze, and, indeed, congelation took place in one situation, at the distance of only two feet from the stove. Hoar-frost also appeared in the sailor's bed cabins, arising from their breath, and was deposited upon their blankets.

Ellis, who wintered in Hudson's Bay in 1746-7, in a creek of Haye's River, latitude 57° 30', remarked several curious effects of cold. In the creek where the vessel lay, much ice appeared on the 5th of October; on the 8th it was covered with a sheet of ice; and on the 31st, the river was frozen over quite hard. By the 3d of November, bottled beer, though wrapped in tow and placed near a good constant fire, was found to be frozen solid; and in the course of the winter, beer casks placed in the ground, at the depth of several feet, froze almost solid, and some of them burst; many of the sailors had their faces, ears, and toes frozen; iron adhered to the fingers; glasses used in drinking stuck to the mouth, and sometimes removed the skin from the lips or tongue; and, a sailor, who inadvertently used his finger for stopping a spirit bottle, in place of a cork, while removing it from the house to his tent, had his finger fast frozen in the bottle; in consequence of which, a part of it was obliged to be taken off, to prevent mortification.

The antiseptical property of frost is rather remarkable. Animal substances, requisite as food, of all descriptions, (fish excepted), may be taken to Greenland, and there preserved any length of time, without being smoked, dried, or salted. No preparation, indeed, of any kind, is necessary for their preparation, nor is any other precaution requisite, excepting suspending them in the air when taken on shipboard, shielding them a little from the sun and wet, and immersing them occasionally in sea-water, or throwing sea-water over them after heavy rains, which will effectually prevent putrescence on the outward passage; and in Greenland, the cold becomes a sufficient preservative, by freezing them as hard as blocks of wood. Beef, mutton, pork, and fowls, (the latter neither plucked nor drawn), are constantly taken out from England, Shetland, or Orkney, and preserved in this way. When used, the beef cannot be divided but by an axe or a saw; the latter instrument is generally preferred. It is then put into cold water, from which it derives heat by the formation of ice around it, and soon thaws; but if put into hot water, much of the gray is extracted, and the meat is injured without being thawed more readily. If an attempt be made to cook it before it is thawed, it may be burnt on the outside, while the centre remains raw, or actually in a frozen state. The moisture is well preserved by freezing, a little from the surface only evaporating, so that if cooked when three, four, or five months old, it will frequently

appear as profuse of gravy as if it had been but recently killed. But the most surprising action of the frost, on fresh provision, is in preserving it a long time from putrefaction, even if it is thawed and returns into a warm climate\*. I have eaten unsalted mutton and beef nearly five months old, which has been constantly exposed to a temperature above the freezing point for four or five weeks in the onset, and occasionally assailed by the septical influences of rain, fog, heat, and electricity, and yet it has proved perfectly sweet.

A further antiseptical effect is produced by the cold of the polar countries, on animal and vegetable substances, so as to preserve them, if they remain in the same climate, unchanged for a period of many years. "It is observable," says Martens, in his "Voyage to Spitzbergen," "that a dead carcase doth not easily rot or rancune, for it has been found, that a man buried ten years before, still retained his perfect shape and dress." An instance corroborative of this remark is given by M. Blenn, who, in his *Atlas Historique*, informs us, that the bodies of seven Dutch seamen, who perished in Spitzbergen in the year 1633, when attempting to pass the winter there, were found twenty years afterwards, by some sailors who happened to land about the place where they were interred, in a perfect state, not having suffered the smallest degree of putrefaction.

Wood and other vegetable substances are preserved in a similar manner. During my exploration of the shores of Spitzbergen, in the year 1818, several huts, and some coffins built entirely of wood, were observed. One of the latter appeared, by an adjoining inscription, to contain the body of a native of Britain, who had died in the year 1788; and though the coffin had lain completely exposed, excepting when covered with snow, during a period of thirty years, the wood of which it was composed, not only was undecayed, but appeared quite fresh and new. It was painted red; and the colour even seemed to be but little faded. Things of a similar kind, indeed, have been met with in Spitzbergen, which have resisted all injury from the weather during the lapse of a century.

There is nothing remarkable in the appearance of the sun at midnight, excepting, that when its altitude is very small, it may be viewed with the naked eye, without producing any painful sensation; but when it is more than four or five degrees above the horizon, it generally appears as effulgent as with the same elevation in Britain. The force of the sun's rays is sometimes remark-

\* In the year 1808, a leg of mutton which was taken out to Greenland in the ship *Resolution*, returned to Whitley unsalted. It was then allowed to remain on board of the ship, exposed to the sun during two remarkably hot days, when the thermometer in the shade was as high as 80°. After this, it was presented to an epicure in the town; and although it was reduced to about half its original dimensions by the loss of fat, &c. it was declared, when cooked, to be the most exquisite morsel that he had ever tasted.

able. Where they fall upon the snow-clad surface of the ice or land, they are, in a great measure, reflected, without producing any material elevation of temperature; but when they impinge on the black exterior of a ship, the pitch on one side occasionally becomes fluid, while ice is rapidly generated on the other; or while a thermometer, placed against the black paint work on which the sun shines, indicates a temperature of 80 or 90 degrees, or even more, on the opposite side of the ship a cold of 20 degrees is sometime found to prevail.

This remarkable force of the sun's rays, is accompanied with a corresponding intensity of light. A person placed in the centre of a field or other compact body of ice, under a cloudless atmosphere and elevated sun, experiences such an extraordinary intensity of light, that, if it be encountered for any length of time, is not only productive of a most painful sensation in the eyes, but sometimes of temporary, or even, as I have heard, of permanent blindness. Under such circumstances, the use of green glasses affords a most agreeable relief. Some of the Indians in North America defend their eyes by the use of a kind of wooden spectacles, having, instead of glasses, a narrow perpendicular slit, opposite to each eye. This simple contrivance, which intercepts, perhaps, nine-tenths of the light that would reach a naked eye, prevents any painful consequences from the most intense reflection of light that ever occurs.

The state of the winds is very curious.—

Advancing towards the polar regions, we find the irregularities of the winds increased, and their locality more striking;—storms and calms repeatedly alternate, without warning or progression; forcible winds blow in one place, when at the distance of a few leagues, gentle breezes prevail;—a storm from the south, on one hand, exhausts its impetuosity upon the gentle breeze, blowing from off the ice, on the other, without prevailing in the least;—ships within the circle of the horizon may be seen enduring every variety of wind and weather at the same moment; some under close-reefed topsails, labouring under the force of a storm; some becalmed and tossing about by the violence of the waves; and others plying under gentle breezes, from quarters as diverse as the cardinal points. The cause of some of these phenomena, has, in the last chapter, been referred to the frigorific influences of the ice, the accuracy of which opinion, experience and observation confirm.

Lightening seldom occurs to the northward of the arctic circle, and when it does, is hardly ever accompanied by thunder. Hail is very rarely seen; a fact which tends to prove the electrical origin of that aqueous concretion. Snow falls almost daily in April, May, and June. Its particles are astonishingly varied, and most wonderful in their forms, when viewed through the microscope.

Snow of a reddish or brownish colour is not unfrequently seen. The brownish stain which occurs on shore, is given by an earthy substance brought from the mountains, by

the streams of water derived from thawing ice and snow, or the fall of ruin; the reddish colour, as far as I have observed, is given by the mute of birds; though, in the example met with by Captain Ross in Baffin's Bay, the stain appears to have been of a vegetable nature. The little auk (*Alca alle*), which feeds upon shrimps, is found, in some parts of the polar seas, in immense numbers. They frequently retreat to pieces of ice or surfaces of snow, and stain them all over red with their mutes. Martens saw red snow in Spitzbergen, which he considered as being stained by rain-water running down by the rocks.

In our next we shall extract some of the most interesting zoological intelligence, connected with the whole and other inhabitants of the polar regions.

#### ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS, FOR DECEMBER, 1819.

Art I. Deux Lettres, &c. Two Letters to Lord Aberdeen, on the Authenticity of the Inscriptions of Fourmont, by M. Raoul Rochette.

M. Fourmont, member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, was commissioned by Louis XV. to travel through Greece, to collect inscriptions, fragments of antiquity, and manuscripts. This academicalian employed three years on his travels, and came back with a rich harvest of monuments of all kinds. His return made a great sensation; people conceived rather exaggerated hopes of the result of his journey; and he himself, it must be owned, did not a little contribute to encourage these hopes, from not having a very clear idea of the value of the monuments which he had brought with him. He soon went so far as to flatter himself with possessing an ancient copy of the laws of Solon. Nobody, however, entertained any doubt of the veracity of the traveller, and of the authenticity of the inscriptions which composed his collection. Illustrious men of letters, Freret, Torrenuzza, Barthelmy, the authors of the "Nouvelle Diplomatique" Pacciandi Lanzi quoted, translated and enumerated with confidence some of these inscriptions.

That spirit of scepticism, however, which had endeavoured to cast doubts on monuments which are placed beyond the reach of attack, such as the inscriptions of Cyrene of Ancona, the famous eugubian tables, and even the Parian marbles, did not long refrain from trying to impugn the inscriptions of Fourmont. The form (then without authority) of the letters which were met with in some of those inscriptions; the peculiarities of language they contained, and which it was difficult to explain; some new facts which were thought to be contradictory to facts well known, were so many reasons to suspect Fourmont of having designed to impose on the learned world, by monuments forged according to his own fancy. What especially contributed to give weight to this opinion, was a letter from Fourmont to M. de Maurepas, in which he confesses having

caused marbles to be broken, mutilated and buried, after having copied the characters carved on them.\* This barbarous proceeding may have been suggested to Fourmont by a mistaken zeal, to insure to his country the honour of being the first to publish such rare monuments; but people rather saw in it a precaution to conceal his frauds, and to destroy the traces of his imposture.

These doubts were already much diffused in the learned world, and the prejudice (for we may call by this name an opinion, the grounds of which had not been duly weighed,) against the authenticity of the inscriptions of Fourmont began to take root, when a learned English belleuist, M. R. Payne Knight, at the end of his book on the Greek Alphabet, attacked in form the inscriptions of Sparta and Amyclæ, which are the most ancient. As he had made no use of the inscriptions of Fourmont in the course of his work, he thought himself called upon to explain the reasons which had induced him entirely to neglect them.

Hitherto the arguments of Mr. R. P. Knight had remained unanswered: the authority of so distinguished a writer had not a little contributed to confirm the opinion already established; and the inscriptions of Fourmont, instead of enriching the number of printed collections of this kind, have remained buried in the port-folios of the Royal Library.

Within a few years, however, more favorable opinions were beginning to be entertained of these inscriptions: the letters which had appeared the most strange, the forms of speech which had seemed the most suspicious, were found again upon Grecian vases, medals, and marbles, which were gradually discovered. The inscriptions which Fourmont took for a copy of the laws of Solon, were found to be extremely curious inscriptions relative to the internal government of Athens, and shewing the same peculiarities of language and orthography as the Choiseul marbles, discovered since the death of Fourmont; their authenticity could not be liable to the smallest doubt. As the falsehood of the whole had been inferred from a small number of doubtful traits, people were now inclined to believe the authenticity of the greater part of these inscriptions, from the incontestable authenticity of some of them, so that the Academy of Berlin had an exact copy taken, which it preserves in its archives, and intends to publish.

Meantime the difficulties raised by Mr. R. P. Knight were not yet removed; many persons; though allowing the authenticity of a great number of these inscriptions, retained their doubts respecting the most ancient; namely those of Sparta and Amyclæ; and persisted in believing that the objections of Mr. R. P. Knight were unanswerable. Lord Aberdeen, in a letter, which Mr. T. Walpole has inserted in his Memoirs relative

\* Mr. Dodwell, in his Travels in Greece (Vol. I. p. 406), informs us that the remembrance of this infamous proceeding of Fourmont is still preserved in the environs of Sparta. See Lit. Gaz. of last year.

to Turkey, has very lately revived a part of them.

It is on occasion of this letter that Mr. Raoul Rochette has been induced to address to Lord Aberdeen two letters, in which he examines, one by one, and repels the assertions of Mr. R. P. Knight. The general impression which results from the reading of these letters is, that Mr. Knight has suffered himself to be carried rather too far by the desire of taking from the inscriptions of Fournont all authority; which alone can explain how inaccurate and false assertions can have escaped a man so ingenious and so well informed.\*

After this introduction Mr. Letronne enters into a detailed examination of Mr. R. Rochette's refutation of the opinion of Mr. Knight; he thinks that the author of the letters has shewn Mr. R. P. Knight's objections to be ill-founded. It must be observed that Mr. R. Rochette does not in any way prejudice the question of the authenticity of the inscriptions of Fournont. The form of his work is wholly negative; he combats the arguments that have been used against their authenticity; he merely seeks to place the question on the same footing as it was before an unfavourable prejudice had arisen and taken root. He wishes it may be believed that Fournont was a man of no great ability, but not a forger; leaving it to a future time to furnish positive proofs of the veracity of that traveller.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### RUSSIAN EXPEDITION TO THE FROZEN OCEAN.

Lieutenant Lasarew, of the Imperial Navy, who made a voyage last year into the Frozen Ocean, with the brig *Novaja Zemlja*, has just published an account of his expedition. The brig was fitted out at Archangel. The crew consisted of fifty persons, including the Commander Lasarew, two lieutenants, a midshipman, a surgeon, pilot, &c. The brig sailed from Archangel June 9th, O. S. The plan was, to go first to Waygat Straits, and then to sail round Nova Zembla, and take a survey of the coast. After incredible difficulties, with which they had to contend owing to the immense accumulation of ice, they at length reached the entrance of Waygat Straits, on the 27th of July; but were unable to enter it, on account of the ice. The coast was frequently seen from the vessel; but it was so blocked up with solid ice that it was impossible to go on shore. The continued fogs and the cold proved injurious to the health of the crew. The navigators do not discover any sign of vegetation: the country was covered with snow. It seems indeed that there is a greater accumulation of ice in that part of the sea than there formerly was; for the Russian hunters do not go to Nova Zembla, but rather to the

\* This is the opinion of Messrs. R. Rochette and Letronne; from whom, with all due humility, we beg leave most essentially to differ.—*Edith. L. G.*

more remote Spitzbergen, to chase the white bear, &c.

After the brig had reached 72° 2' North latitude, and 50° 8' East longitude (from Greenwich), and had surveyed some points of the coast, the season for navigating those seas being passed, she returned to Archangel. In sailing in different directions between the ice, the brig reached 73° 26' North latitude, in longitude 48° 54' East from Greenwich, on the 9th of August. The thermometer of Reaumur fell on that day from half a degree above, to two and a half deg. below zero. Three of the crew died during the voyage; and on their return to Archangel, on the 4th September, O. S., there were only six of the sailors able to do the duty of the ship, so that the officers were obliged to perform the duty of sailors.

### GERMAN DRAMA.

The name of Grillparzer, though not very familiar to English ears, is heard with pleasure in the literary circles of Germany; and though the author is a young man, he has made considerable progress in public opinion. Of all his productions, that which seems to have excited the greatest admiration, is a tragedy founded on the classic story of Sappho and Phaon. From the enthusiasm with which it has been received on the continent, we are gratified in being able to announce that a translation of it is on the eve of publication, by a gentleman whose name is not unknown in the literary world. We have been favoured with the following extracts from this play, and submit them to our readers, in the supposition that they may create an interest in them to peruse the whole. Phaon is giving an account of the impression which the first sight of Sappho made upon his mind—

I cannot but remember that thy form  
In godlike attributes still stood before me,  
When'er this trembling hand dared touch the lyre.

When, mid the joyous circle of my friends,  
Within the precincts of my parents' hearth  
I sat, Theano, my good sister, brought  
Thy zephyr, enlured among the household gods;  
To sing thy glorious minstrelsy, O Sappho!  
How quickly childhood's self was mute, and how,  
How the girls circled round, solicitous  
That not one homely syllable be lost.  
But when she, breathless with emotion, sang  
In glowing numbers of the love-sick youth,  
All the fond praises of the queen of love,  
And of the maid who wept the lifelong night,  
How did attention charm each ear, and swell  
Each bosom with desire; how did they chide  
Each breath of air that seemed an interruption!  
Then did Theano, resting on her arm,  
With eye upturned on vacancy, exclaim,  
What are the features of this wondrous woman?  
Methinks 'er now I see her: by the Gods!  
I'd point her out to thee, though mingled with a thousand.

Then was the chain of every tongue set loose,  
And each one put his fancy on the rack  
To deck thee with some lovely attribute:  
One gave Minerva's eye, one Hebe's arm,  
A third the magic girdle of love's queen.  
But I alone arose, and wandered forth  
Into the silent solitude of night,  
Where Nature's pulse seemed sweetly slumbering;

There did I stretch my arms for thee;  
Then, as the silver radiance of the moon  
Played on my forehead, and the night-breeze cooled

The fever of my brow, then thou wert mine;  
Then thou wert truly mine! and then I felt  
Thy near approach, and Sappho's image swam  
Upon the light and lovely clouds of heaven.

And when my father sent me to the games  
Of famed Olympia, how some inward voice  
In whispers told me Sappho should bear off  
Th' immortal wreath of music and of song!  
To see my heart burned within me with desire,  
To hear her lovely form! My courser sunk  
Exhausted ere Olympia rose before me.

I came; but not the rapid-coursing cars,  
The wrestler's art, nor the disk's joyous game,  
Could entrance win into my prisoned soul.  
I cared not who might bear away the crown;  
I was to gain the loveliest and the best.

In seeing her who was the crown of women.  
But when the great and awful day arrived,  
Destined to view the rivalry of song,  
Alcæus and Anacreon stood forth,  
But sang in vain; they could not loose the spell  
That bound my senses up. But, hark! the voice

Of mingled murmur rises from the throng,  
That separating leave a vacancy.

She comes! she comes! and in her hand a lyre  
Of polished gold. Above the multitude,  
Mute with astonishment, she stood: her robe  
Of white, that flowed down to her delicate feet,  
Showed like a streamlet o'er a bed of lilies.  
Green palm of laurel interwoven, formed  
The border of her robe, and imaged glory.  
Happy device! that thus at once expressed  
The poet's object and his recompense.

And, like the crimson-coloured clouds of morn,  
Veiling the bright pavilion of the sun,  
A purple mantle flowed around her shoulders;  
While thro' the raven tresses of her forehead,  
Shone her white brow, whose arch of majesty  
Proclaimed superiority and triumph.  
Something within me whispered it was she:  
It was herself! How the rejoicing throng  
Confirmed my fond imaginings, and raised  
The name of Sappho to the clouds of heaven!  
Then came thy song, and with it victory.

And, in the moment of extatic rapture,  
When from thy hand the lyre down dropped, I rushed

Through the close multitude, and caught thine eye,

Then shrink abashed, and covered with confusion.

Thou know'st the sequel better than myself,  
For still I seem wrapt in a reverie,  
And ask myself what is reality,  
And what the splendid colouring of a vision!

The other extract is from the last scene, where, previous to her precipitating herself into the sea, she generously gives the hand of Phaon to her rival.

O ye, the sacred denizens of heaven!  
Who have endowed me with such numerous blessings,  
The gift of song, and all its inspiration;  
A heart to feel, a mind to think, and power  
To image to myself a form like his.

Ye have endowed me with these noble gifts,  
And for these blessings, I return ye thanks.  
Ye've sown my poetry in distant realms,  
To bud and blossom to eternity.  
My golden songs are on the tongues of strangers,  
And only with the earth my fame shall perish.  
I thank ye! Ye have given your poetess

To sip, but drink not of life's flower-crowned cup.

Lo! here I stand, obedient to your mandates,  
And from my lips dash down the flower-wreath-  
ed cup.

I have t'er done as you commanded me;  
Deny me not life's final recompence.  
Those who belong to you know not disease;  
Know not the weakness of mortal sickness;  
In the full prime and blossom of existence,  
You summon them to your celestial mansions.  
Grant that my destiny be like to theirs!  
Oh, suffer not your priestesses to become  
A name of scorn unto your enemies,  
To fools, who in their own conceit are wise!  
You have destroyed the flower—break now the  
stem!

Oh let me finish life as I began it;  
Preserve me from the terrors of this trial,  
I feel myself too weak to wrestle longer;  
Give me my crown, acquit me in the field,

(With an air of inspiration.)  
The flame of yonder altar burns more bright;  
Aurora bursts from the unfolding east;—  
At last my prayers are heard; ye gods, I thank  
ye!

Come Phaon and Melitta! here!—A friend  
From a far country kisses thee.

(Kissing Phaon's brow.)  
Thy mother  
From the tomb sends this kiss to thee.

(Kissing Melitta.)  
And now,  
Here at the altar of immortal Venus,  
Let the dark fate of love be consummated.

(Hurries towards the altar.)  
[Rhapsody, one of her attendants.]  
What do I see? what inspiration breathes  
O'er her features? The celestial splendour  
Of the immortals seems to circle round her!

[Sappho hurries to an elevation of the shore,  
stretches forth her hands, and blesses  
the *Loera*.]

Give love to men and reverence to the gods!  
Enjoy your blessings, but forget not Sappho!  
Thus I discharge the final debt of life—  
Bless them, ye Gods! and take me to yourselves!  
[She precipitates herself from the rock.]

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Hydrophobia*.—Signior Salvatori, at Petersburgh, asserts that the inhabitants of Gadici have discovered a remedy for *Hydrophobia*. Near the ligament of the tongue, it is said, of the creature bitten and becoming rabid, pustules of a whitish hue make their appearance, and open spontaneously about the thirteenth day after the bite; at which period the first symptoms of true *hydrophobia* occur. If these pustules are opened on the ninth day after the bite, the ichor spit out, and the parts well washed with salt water, the fatal effects of the disorder are prevented.—*Bibl. Ital.*

*Natural Phenomena*.—On the 3d of August the shock of another earthquake was experienced in India. In Java, on the 8th of March, it rained so heavily for 24 hours, that many hills in the territory of Diagorogo burst with the weight of water with which they were saturated. On the 29th a severe earthquake was felt. The shock, thrice repeated, was so violent as to clash the sabres hanging on the walls of the barracks against each other, as if persons were fighting with them.

*IRON BOAT*.—A passage boat of malleable iron now plies on the Forth and Clyde Canal. It is called *The Fulcan*, and succeeds to admiration. The length is 63 feet; beam, 13 feet; depth, 5 feet; draught of water when launched, 22 inches abaft, and 19 inches forward—when fitted with cabins, &c. 37 and 25 inches—when laden with 200 passengers and their baggage, under 48 inches, on an even keel. The weight of iron employed was twelve tons, 11½ cwt. which is less than a wooden vessel of the same dimensions. The iron is of the kind called *Scrap*.

Dr. Marcet has confirmed by experiment Dr. Wollaston's hypothesis, that all sea-water contains a small portion (say 1-2000th part) of potash. Dr. W. thinks it exists in the state of sulphate.

*AMBER*.—Dr. Brewster maintains, from a multitude of examinations, that amber is an *indurated vegetable juice*.

*Coal Gas*.—Mr. Clegg has contrived a new apparatus, by which he can produce 25,000 cubic feet of coal-gas from one chaldron of Newcastle Wall's-End coal, without generating either tar or ammoniacal liquor; being 15,000 cubic feet more than was formerly produced. The coal is introduced by a mechanical process, in strata, not exceeding half an inch in thickness. In this way the retorts are kept at a uniform heat, and the coal is completely and rapidly decomposed; so that the whole of the hydrogen combines with the charcoal, constituting olefiant gas; and the matter which usually escaped in the form of tar and ammoniacal liquor, is also perfectly decomposed. The expense of producing 50,000 cubic feet of gas in 24 hours, on the old plan, is 3817½; upon the new plan, 1123½; and the expense of producing an equal quantity of light from oil, 19,010.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### OXFORD, APRIL 1.

In a full convocation holden on Thursday, March 23, it was decreed, for the purpose of recording the grateful sense entertained by the University of the many acts of favour and munificence which his Majesty has been graciously pleased to confer upon it, that a Term should be granted, to be considered and counted as statutorily kept for any one Degree for which the Candidate may wish to claim it, to all those who were actual Members of the University, on the 29th of January, being the day of his Majesty's accession to the throne.

On Wednesday, March 22, the Rev. T. Loveday, M. A. Fellow of Magdalen College, was admitted Bachelor in Divinity. On Monday, March 27, the last day of Lent Term, the following Degrees were conferred:—

*Doctors in Medicine*.—Jeremiah Gladwin Cloves and Francis Willis, Brasenose Col.

*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. Archibald Charles Henry Morrison, Wadham College; Augustus Agill Colville, Student of Christchurch; Frederick Dawson, Oriel College.

The whole number of Degrees in Lent Term was—D. D. three; D. Med. three; B. D. ten; M. A. incorp. one; M. A. twenty; B. A. thirty-four. Determiners one hundred and ninety-nine. Matriculations, one hundred and sixteen.

### CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 31.

Sir Charles Smith, of Trinity College, was on Friday last admitted to the degree of Honorary Master of Arts.

## FINE ARTS.

### HISTORICAL PORTRAITS.

The present exhibition of the British institution in Pall Mall, is to be followed by another, which will prove highly gratifying to the public. The Directors intend to form a collection of the portraits of as many of the eminent characters connected with the English History as they can get together; of course they do not profess to be able to obtain a complete series; but from what we learn, a sufficient number has been already offered to insure a highly interesting exhibition. We imagine that every person who has a well authenticated portrait in his possession, of any distinguished ancestor, will be ready to lend it for the purpose above-mentioned.

The British Gallery will continue open during another week. We intended to have concluded our critique with some notice of the sculpture, and a few general remarks; but our limits forbid.

*ROYAL ACADEMY*.—Sir Thomas Lawrence has been elected President of the Royal Academy, in the room of the late Mr. West. Though more generally known as a portrait than as a historical painter, the extrinsic beauty, grace, and character which his individual likenesses so often possess, seem to raise them to a higher rank than is usually assigned to that branch of the art; while his *Satan* furnishes a noble example of the extent of his powers were he to devote them to works of the grandest kind. We might notice here, that portrait painting is rather viewed anomalously by men of different opinions; and between the extremes to which its pretensions are exposed, hardly obtains that just medium award to which it is entitled. The mass look upon it with more than its fair proportion of favour, as its preponderance in all our exhibitions fully proves; but, on the other hand, many deny it the honour which it justly deserves; for excellence in this kind requires no mean talent, nor slight cultivation. Rembrandt, Vandyck, and Reynolds, would be immortal through portraiture, had they never done any thing else; and if the greatest attainments in perspective, chiar-oscuro, expression, attitude, colour, draping, foreshortening, design, contribute essentially to the formation of a master, there are none of these which may not be carried to perfection by a painter of portraits.

We are informed, that the new President is likely to put forth his titles to the distinction he has reached, in a striking manner, at the ensuing exhibition, by presenting to the public the celebrated pictures which he has been executing on the continent. Seven or eight of the most renowned and elevated personages in Europe, of the life size\*, and in Sir Thomas's best style, are, we understand, ready for Somerset House, where they will undoubtedly add largely to the interest of the approaching annual display.

The mortal remains of Mr. West were publicly interred in St. Paul's on the 29th ult. The funeral, owing to the circumstances of the times, was not so splendidly attended as it would otherwise have been. Still however it was an impressive, solemn, and gorgeous spectacle.

\* These are portraits of the Emperor of Russia, Emperor of Austria, King of Prussia, Count Nesselrode, General Czernicheff, Prince Metternich, Prince Schwarzenberg, Prince Hardenberg, the Archduke Charles, the Pope, Cardinal Gonsalvi, the Duc de Richelieu, &c. &c. The likenesses of the Pope and Gonsalvi are, we hear, remarkably fine. The countenance of his Holiness is one of the noblest ever seen. That of Gonsalvi, though nearly a mass of red, (his dress being scarlet, and himself seated in a common chair, with a crimson curtain or drapery) is represented as wonderfully harmonious, and by no means offensive to the eye by its glare. His Majesty, for whom these pictures have been painted, will, we have no doubt, with his accustomed liberality and royal favour towards the arts, grant permission to have as many as the rules permit in the next exhibition.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

To Mr. Martin, the Baker, on his late Victory over the scientific Cabbage.

BY MR. BREAKWINDOW.

Thou Master of the Rolls, whose potent fist  
Has swept the garden stuff clean off the list,  
Accept this tribute without jeer or gibe,  
From one fond votary of the milking tribe:  
Long mayst thou, man of crumb, make claret  
flow,

And bury thy fist in flesh as well as dough\*;  
Knead all the coxes as tight and close  
As the Cabbage who did gather  
Himself compact, to avoid the blows,  
Like chickweed in rainy weather.†

Since Randall's mighty genius gone,  
The ring's scarce worth the looking on;  
Crib gets the maul,  
And can't come out.

And Turner's now too fat to fight,  
And Carter's slum\*;  
No more can hum,

\* Towards the middle of the fight, the report says, Martin literally buried his fist in the body of Cabbage.

† Chickweed, it is well known, possesses this barometer-like quality.

‡ Slum, anglicised gnomon. The attractions of this self-elected Champion have pretty well expired.

And Donnelly's bid the world "good night."  
So to thee we look now, scientific Martin,  
To shew the coxes the tricks thou'rt smart in.

## THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—*Hamlet*. The young gentleman whom we mentioned a fortnight since, performed *Hamlet* at this Theatre, on Thursday—a day too late in the week for detailed criticism in our publication. He seems to be new, at least to a large stage; and consequently his bye-play is often ungraceful. A stoop, almost habitual, adds to this imperfection. In person and countenance the new actor is otherwise well suited to the part; being tall and gentle, with an expressive face and a fine dark eye. His great deficiency, however, for a task of the magnitude and difficulty of that which he undertook, is the want of passion and force. He struck out little of the fire of *Hamlet*, and seldom rose so high as to merit even partial plaudits. On the other hand, he displayed, in a considerable degree, the rare merit of acting naturally; and thus made an impression on the audience, though far removed from that which a master in the art would produce. In the management of his voice he was unfortunate; and, probably endeavouring to pitch it to the extent of the space around him, he delivered himself in three or four several keys, from the base of an assumed falsetto, to the altitude of his own tones. His play-scene was the best; but, even that finished ineffectively: the rest were similarly unequal. The reception was kind.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Monday a pantomime, originating in the famous nursery tale of *Underella*, was produced at this Theatre for the Easter Holidays. It is a very brilliant and superb thing, and meets unanimous and deserved approbation. The introductory part, before the *Harlequinade* begins, is excellent; the fairy-godmother, the best fairy we ever saw upon the stage; and the prince's saloon, where the ball is given and the adventure of losing the slipper ensues, one of the most beautiful scenes imaginable. As a punishment for the neglect of her injunctions, the fairy transforms the parties, and they roam about performing the usual tricks, till the slipper is found. No correction is attempted in this branch of the business; and the pantomime adds another to the long modern list of such as depend entirely on machinery and dancing, but are defective in what ought to be their grand principle, viz. a motive for the various devices, shifts, and acts of the dramatic personae. We cannot see why a piece of this kind should not be contrived, in which an assignable reason might be given for all the mischievous inventions of the clown, and all the transformations of *Harlequin*. So constructed, a pantomime would be far more amusing than it is, as a mere jumble of senseless scenes.

The Monastery has already furnished a piece (arranged by Mr. T. Hoake) for Covent Garden Theatre.

## VARIETIES.

*Grand Image*.—When the Peishwa's baggage was captured at Nassick, in May 1818, a golden image of the idol Vishnu was found among his family gods and jewels. It was made in 1707, of the finest gold of Ophir, and weighs 370 tolas. Vishnu is reposing on the five-headed serpent (eternity); whose heads are spread into a kind of canopy over the deity; and from each mouth issues a forked tongue. Vishnu is contemplating and willing the creation of the world; and the creative power, Brahma, in his usual four-faced form, is seen springing from the umbilical region on a lotus. On his right breast is a gem named Bhugulita.

*Phœnician Navigator*.—Some workmen recently digging a cave in the environs of the Cape of Good Hope, discovered the hull of a vessel, built of cedar, and supposed to be the remains of a Phœnician galley. Should this hypothesis be verified, it would prove that the adventurous Tyrians had reached the southern point of Africa.

The largest cataract in Europe has been discovered in the interior of Iceland.

A morse or sea-horse, ten feet long, found its way to the Hebrides, in 1817, and was killed. The inhabitants considered it as a supernatural creature, between their imaginary entity, the *Each Nisg*, or Water Horse, and a non-entity, the *Selch Nisg*, said to be seen in some of the island lakes, and 12 miles in length.

At Glasgow, an institution is about to be formed for the encouragement of the fine arts. An Annual Exhibition, and Gallery form parts of the plan.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MARCH, 1820.

Thursday, 30.—Thermometer from 31 to 60.  
Barometer from 30, 11 to 30, 20.  
Wind S. W. and N. by W.—Clouds passing till noon, the rest of the day clear.  
Friday, 31.—Thermometer from 29 to 62.  
Barometer from 30, 17 to 30, 15.  
Wind N. E. and W. by S. 1.—Generally clear.  
A white frost, and a fog in the morning.

APRIL, 1820.

Saturday, 1.—Thermometer from 31 to 59.  
Barometer from 30, 20 to 30, 15.  
Wind W. by S. 1. and 4.—Generally cloudy, sunshine at times.

Sunday, 2.—Thermometer from 42 to 64.  
Barometer from 30, 24 to 30, 27.  
Wind W. by S. 2. and 4.—Clouds generally passing, clear at times.

Monday, 3.—Thermometer from 45 to 65.  
Barometer from 30, 30 to 30, 38.  
Wind N. and E. by N. 4.—Cloudy till the evening, when it became clear.

Tuesday, 4.—Thermometer from 31 to 60.  
Barometer from 30, 19 to 30, 07.  
Wind E. by S. 1.—Clear.

Wednesday, 5.—Thermometer from 31 to 70.  
Barometer from 30, 01 to 29, 82.  
Wind E. 4 and S. by W. 1.—Generally clear, clouds passing at times.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor can, he fears, do nothing in the winter months by L. L.: certainly nothing with his present information, which does not enable him even to decide.

Mr. Galt; C. J. R.: *Alphons*, &c. in our next. Erratum.—In our last Number, in the *Epigram* translated from the French, last line but one: for Rascal's term, Rascal's a term.

Miscellaneous Advertisements,  
(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

## British Galleries, Pall Mall.

The Exhibition of the Works of Modern Artists will, by particular desire, continue open until Saturday, the 15th instant.... By order!

JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," is now open for Exhibition, at Bullock's Street Room, upstairs to the right, from ten till six.—Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.  
\* Fear not Daughter of Zion; behold thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt."

## Artists' General Beneficial Institution.

The Subscribers and Friends to this Institution will celebrate the Sixth Anniversary in Freemason's Hall, on Wednesday, the 12th of April next, his Royal Highness the Duke of Somerset, Patron of the Institution, in the Chair. Dinner on Table at half past five. Tickets at one guinea each, to be had at the bar of the Tavern, of the Stewards, and of the Secretary, No. 65, Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy-square. This Institution, founded in 1814, has on its constitution, no exclusive privileges; its Members consist of Benefactor Subscribers, whose object is by an appeal to public liberality, to extend relief to all distressed Artists, whose works are known and esteemed by the public, and to their Widows and Orphans. Merit and distress form the only claim to its benefits.

(Signed) JOHN YOUNG, Hon. Sec.

**MUSIC**—The new very highly admired patent portable Harp, called DITAL HARP, constructed upon quite a new principle of action, and which produces all the brilliancy, sweetness of tone, and every effect of the Pedal Harp, although not one third the size; they accompany the voice, also the Piano-forte, &c. most charmingly, are very elegant, and so easy to learn, that, (by the directions published for learners) Ladies completely instruct themselves in a very little time. The above instruments are constantly ready, in beautiful variety, for the inspection and choice of the Nobility, Gentry, and polite Musical World, at Mr. LIGHT'S, the inventor and patentee, No. 8, Foley Place, Cavendish Square. The prices of the Dital Harps are but from 16 to 20 guineas, handsome cases included; and their weight on the average only 14lb. which renders them so extremely convenient in travelling abroad, &c. N. B. Ladies who may choose to take a few Lessons, may be attended either at Mr. L.'s own house, or at home; the Piano-forte, Singing, and the whole Theory of Music, likewise taught.

**CHRONOLOGICAL CHART**, shewing in one view, "The Contemporary Sovereigns of Europe, from the Norman Conquest of England, to the present time." Price 3s. plain, 7s. finely coloured, and 10s. 6d. Canvas and Rollers. Published by R. J. Holdsworth, 14, (north side) St. Paul's Church-yard, and may be had of all booksellers.

\* As a companion in the study of Modern History, we can strongly recommend it as useful to ask on the walls of a library or school-room.—See *Monthly Magazine*, April 1, 1820.

In order to guard the Public against the shameless Deceptions, spurious Imitations, and gross Impostures, the Author of *Dr. Sympson's Search of the Picture*, thinks it right to state that none of the works attributed to him are genuine, except those illustrated by Rowlandson, and published by Arkman, 101, Strand.

## Valuable Library of Books.

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; on Wednesday, April 20th, at one precisely.

A very Valuable and Splendid LIBRARY of Books, and Books of Prints, a part of the property of a private gentleman, in the best condition, and chiefly in elegant bindings; comprising, in folio and quarto, Woodroffe's great Portraits, 2 vols.; Watts' Quatuor, 6 vols.; Coste's of Hindostan, Turkey, Assiut, Russia, and Great Britain, 6 vols.; Lord Valentia's Travels, 3 vols.; Lord Orkney's, 5 vols.; Tennant's London, 2 vols.; Smith's Antiquities of London; Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors; Ireland's Hierarchy; Church's Cabinet of Quadrages; Histoire des Plantes, Graines, 2 vols.; Johnson's Dictionary, 2 vols.; Handel's Songs, 3 vols.; and Solby Views.

Octavo, Malone's Shakespeare, 16 vols.; Holbrooke's Tassart, 4 vols.; Parliamentary, 108 vols.; and many other interesting and valuable Works.

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## Pictures.

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Thursday next, at one precisely.

A valuable Collection of ITALIAN, FRENCH, Flemish, and Dutch Pictures, the property of a private gentleman, recently brought from the Continent, amongst which are specimens by Timotheus, Luit, A. Heimer, Elmenart, Poussin, Van der Werf, Van Uden, P. Brill, Ryssdael, Berghem, Bissat & Boudin, Van Dyck, Jordana, Teniers, Brauer, Duart, Nass, F. Bol, J. Steen, V. der Lief, Heemskirk, Wynants, Artois, &c. &c. &c.

To be viewed and catalogues had two days preceding.

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Friday, April 21st, precisely at one.

A valuable Collection of Prints by Ancient and Modern Masters, of the different schools, comprising many rare and fine productions, the sole and genuine property of a private gentleman; among which are a brilliant set of Alexander's Battles, by Adrian and Edmundo, after Le Brun also a few choice Drawings, in colors, by eminent Artists, particularly a most beautiful set of illuminated Drawings, after the original Pictures by Raphael in the Vatican.

To be viewed and catalogues had two days preceding.

By Auction, by Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Monday, April 17, 18, and 19, punctually at one.

**THE** entire and extensive collection of PORTRAITS, Works of the old Masters, and Miscellaneous Prints, the genuine property of an eminent private Collector, comprising over 3000 Portraits, by Blounting, Crost, Faithorne, Holland, Logan, Marshall, Bass, White, &c. &c.; and amongst the old Masters, a very rare assemblage of the works of Albert Durer, Lucas of Leyden, &c. with a remarkably fine collection of the little Masters, particularly the brilliant works of the Wurris family; Vertue's Works, nearly complete; Oxford Almanacs, almost a complete series; Books of Prints, Partitions, &c. To be viewed three days preceding, and catalogues had, (Sundays excepted.)

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Thursday, April 20th, at one precisely.

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No. 169.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1820.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Fall of Jerusalem : a Dramatic Poem.* By the Rev. H. H. Milman. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 167.

A poem by the author of *Fazio* and of *Samor*, cannot fail to raise a strong feeling of curiosity in the literary world ; and we hasten to gratify as much of that feeling as we can by this early contribution to a general knowledge of "The Fall of Jerusalem." Our expedition must plead for our imperfections ; and what remarks we venture to offer (in an immethodical manner, as they occur,) will we trust be viewed with indulgence, as suggested by the single perusal of a production which we are sure, from our first impressions, will stand the test of many readings, and lighten under the latest. "The Fall of Jerusalem" is, indeed, a noble poem, far surpassing, in our opinion, the preceding works of Mr. Milman. ... Meeting, as of necessity it must, a comparison with the noblest language of divine inspiration ; ... set side by side with the Book of Job, or Prophecy of Isaiah, ... it seems to us, if less sublime than the latter, to be equally beautiful ; and if less deeply pathetic than the former, to be equally tender and affecting. And let it be remembered that we are here speaking of analogies between human and inspired writings ; between the conceptions of modern genius and the most splendid effusions of gifted antiquity.

The groundwork of the drama is in Joseph, who is one of its interlocutors. The events of the siege of the Holy City by the Romans under Titus, are compressed into a period of about thirty six hours ; and to the historical characters of Simon the assassin, Judas the tyrant, and Eleazar the zealot, among the Jews are added (for the sake of dramatic interest,) several fictitious persons, namely, Miriam and Salome, daughters of Simon, and Ananias, son of John. Great skill is displayed in marking and connecting, not only the circumstances employed in the action, but the peculiar traits and habits of the prominent individuals. Simon, a stern and strict Pharisee, obstinately blinded in expectation of supernatural assistance to save them, and fancying himself prophetic in his visions of coming ruin, is opposed to John, a sensual Sad-

duce, who believes that death is " the bell and the end-all here." Miriam, a secret Christian, sweet, devout, loving, and melancholy, is the contrast to her sister Salome, a creature of force and passion, participating in her father's fierceness, zeal, and superstition. The touching loves and stolen meetings of Miriam with the amiable Javan, at the fountain of Siloe, counterpoise the stormy and unblessed union of Salome with the warrior Ananias ; and forms a delightful episode and relief to the general horror. In like manner does the construction of the piece combine the highest poetical excellences with the finest opposition in situations, and much of the truth of history, as well as prophetic fulfilment. The bridal songs for Salome, mingling with the sack of Jerusalem, are an example of this, and produce a grand and terrible effect. We are unwilling to detain readers from our extracts, and shall therefore abstain from further comment ; only noticing another subject for admiration, which struck us as conferring much spirit and originality upon the poem. We allude to the novelty of the motives, sentiments, and grounds of action peculiar to the Jewish nation ; this gives a freshness and raciness to the whole, which has conspired to augment exceedingly our enjoyment in the contemplation of "The Fall of Jerusalem."

The scene opens on the Mount of Olives : Titus and his army advancing the siege : the conqueror reasoning on the "Stoic philosophy," intimates that his mercy, and desire to spare the city, are overborne by the influence of a superior power, whose workings he cannot expound. He answers those who persuade him to avert the "abomination of desolation."—

It must be—  
And yet it moves me, Romans ! it confounds  
The counsels of my firm philosophy,  
That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass  
O'er.

And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.  
As on our olive-crowned hill we stand,  
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters  
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,  
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,  
How boldly doth it front us ! how majestically !  
Like a luxuriant vineyard, the hill side  
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,  
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer  
To the blue heavens. Here bright and sumptuous palaces,

With cool and verdant gardens interspersed ;  
Here towers of war that frown in massive strength,  
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,  
As conscious of its being her last farewell  
Of light and glory to that fated city.  
And, as our clouds of battle, dust, and smoke  
Are melted into air, behold the Temple,  
In undisturbed and lone serenity  
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary

In the profound of heaven ! It stands before us  
A mount of snow fretted with golden pinnacles :  
The very sun, as though he worshipp'd there,  
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs ;  
And down the long and branching porticoes,  
On every flowery-sculptured capital,  
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.  
By Hercules ! the sight might almost win  
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.

This glorious poetical picture at the commencement prepares us for the horror of the catastrophe ; as does also the earliest description of Javan by the waters of Siloe, waiting for Miriam—

Javan, Sweet fountain, once again I visit thee !  
And thou art flowing on, and freshening still  
The green moss, and the flowers that bend to thee,  
Modestly with a soft unobtrusive murmur,  
Rejoicing at the blessings that thou bearest.  
Pure, stainless, thou art flowing on ; the stars  
Make thee their mirror, and the moonlight  
beams

Course one another o'er thy silver bow :  
And yet thy flowing is through fountains of blood,  
And armed men their hot and weary hours  
Slake with thy limpid and perennial coolness.  
Even with such rare and singular purity  
Meet'st thou, oh Miriam, in yon cruel city.  
Men's eyes, o'ercreased with the sights of war,  
With tumult and with grief, repose on thee  
As on a refuge and a sweet refreshment.

But ah ! why com'st thou not ? these two  
long nights  
I've watch'd for thee in rain, and have not felt  
The music of thy footsteps on my spirit—  
I'd cease at a distance.

Javan !  
Javan. It is her voice ! the air is fond of it,  
And cautiously delays its tender sounds  
From the ear that thirsteth for them.—Miriam !  
Nay, stand thus in thy timid breathlessness,  
That I may gaze on thee, and thou not chide me  
Because I gaze too fondly.

She entreats the wonted succour which he has been accustomed to bring for her father, and, endeavoring to persuade her to quit the place over which the curse of the Almighty hangs, he paints the miseries of Roman conquest in the following powerful words—

Even now our city trembles on the verge  
Of utter ruin. Yet a night or two,  
And the fierce stranger in our burning streets  
Stands conqueror : and how the Roman con-  
quers,

Let Giscliala, let fallen Jotapata  
Tell, if one living man, one innocent child,  
Yet wander o'er their cold and scatter'd ashes,  
They slew them, Miriam, the old grey man,  
Whose blood scarce tinged their swords—nay  
turn not from me,  
The tears thou should'st feel as though I wrung  
theu  
From mine own heart, my life-blood's dearest  
drops—  
They slew them, Miriam, at the mother's breast,



The smiling infants;—and the tender maid,  
The soft, the loving, and the chaste, like thee,  
They show her not till—

*Miriam.* Javan, 'tis unkind!  
I have enough at home of thoughts like these,  
Thoughts horrible, that freeze the blood, and  
make

A heavier burden of this weary life.  
I hoped with thee 't have pass'd a tranquil hour,  
A brief, a hurried, yet still tranquil hour!  
—But thou art like them all! the miserable  
Have only Heaven, where they can rest in peace,  
Without being mock'd and taunted with their  
misery.

Miriam's reply appears tame: it is probably owing to the burning glow of Javan's address. In a subsequent passage, she hymns a prayer for her infidel father, in an exalted and sacred tone.

*MIRIAM, alone.*

Oh Thou! thou who canst melt the heart of stone,

And make the desert of the cruel breast  
A paradise of soft and gentle thoughts!  
Ah! it will ever be, that thou wilt visit  
The darkness of my father's soul! Thou knowest  
In what strong bondage Zeal and ancient Faith,  
Passion and stubborn Custom, and fierce Pride,  
Held th' heart of man. Thou knowest, Merciful!  
That knowest all things, and dost ever turn  
Thine eye of pity on our guilty nature.

For thou wert born of woman! thou didst  
come.  
Oh Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,  
Not to thy dread omnipotent array;  
And not by thunders strew'd  
Was thy tempestuous road;

Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy way.  
But thee, a soft and naked child,  
Thy mother undefiled,  
In the rude manger laid to rest  
From of thy virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare  
A gorgeous canopy of golden air;  
Nor stoop'd their lamps th' enthroned fires on high:

A single silent star  
Came wandering from afar,  
Gliding unbeck'd and calm along the liquid sky;  
The Eastern Sages leading on  
As at a kingly throne,  
To lay their gold and odours sweet  
Before thy infant feet.

The earth and Ocean were not hush'd to hear  
Bright harmony from every starry sphere;  
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song  
From all the cherub choirs,  
And seraphs' burning lyres  
Pour'd th' thro' the host of heaven the charmed  
clouds along.

One angel troop the strain began,  
Of all the race of man  
By simple rhapsodies heard alone,  
That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no ear of flame  
To hear thee hence in lambent radiance came;  
Nor visible Angels mourn'd with drooping  
plumes:

Nor didst thou mount on high  
From fatal Calvary  
With all thine own reverend outshining from  
their tombs.

For thou didst bear away from earth  
Not one of human birth,  
The dying felon by thy side, to be  
In Paradise with thee,  
Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance  
brake:

A little while the conscious earth did shake  
At that foul deed by her fierce children done!  
A few dim hours of day  
The world in darkness lay;  
Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloud-  
less sun;

While thou didst sleep within the tomb,  
Consenting to thy doom;  
Ere yet the white-robed Angel shone  
Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not  
stand  
With devastation in thy red right hand,  
'Flagging the guilty city's murderous crew;  
But thou didst haste to meet  
Thy mother's coming feet,  
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful  
few.

Thou calmly, slowly didst thou rise  
Into thy native skies,  
Thy human form dissolved on high  
In its own radiance.

Our next quotation is selected on account  
of its poetic imagery. Simon and John are  
contending when the high-priest interposes,  
and thus addresses them—

*HIGH-PRIEST.*

Break off! break off! I hear the Gentile horn  
Winding along the wide entrenched line.  
Hear ye it not? hill answers hill, the valleys  
In their deep channels lengthen out the sound.  
It rushes down Jericho's heights, the depths  
Of Hinnom answer. Hark! again they blow,  
Chiding you, men of Judah, and insulting  
Your bare and vacant walls, that now oppose  
not

Their firm array of javelin-hurling men,  
Slingers, and coverers of the liquid fire.  
*Amorah.* Blow! Blow! and rend the heavens,  
thou deep voiced horn!  
I hear thee, and rejoice at thee. Thou sum-  
mer

To the storm of battle, thou that dost invite  
With stern and welcome importunity  
The warrior soul to that high festival,  
Where Valour with his armed hand administers  
The cup of death!

The character of Simon is potentially drawn  
by him-self in the ensuing colloquy, at a con-  
ference with the besiegers.

*Simon.* Peace, John of Galilee! and I will  
answer

This purple-mantled Captain of the Gentiles;  
But in for other tone than he is wont  
To hear about his silken couch of feasting  
Avoid his pauper'd parasites.—I speak to thee,  
Titus, as warrior should accost a warrior.  
The world, thou boastest, is Rome's slave; the  
sun

Rises and sets upon no realm but yours;  
Ye plant your plant foot in either ocean,  
And vaunt that all which ye o'erstride is Rome's.  
But think ye, that because the common earth  
Surfeits your pride with bountage, that our land,  
Our separate, peculiar, sacred land,  
Portion'd and seal'd unto us by the God  
Who made the round world and the crystal  
heavens;

A wondrous land, where Nature's common  
course  
Is strange and out of use, so oft the Lord  
Invades it with miraculous intercession;  
Think ye this land shall be an Heathen heritage,  
An high place for your Moloch? Haughty  
Gentile!

Even now ye walk on ruin and on prodigy.  
The air ye breathe is heavy and o'ercharged

With your dark gathering doom; and if our  
earth

Do yet in its disdain enquire the footing  
Of your arm'd legions, 'tis because it hours  
With silent throes of expectation, waiting  
The signal of your scattering. Lo! the moun-  
tain

Bend o'er you with their huge and lowering  
shadows,

Ready to rush and overwhelm: the winds  
Do listen panting for the tardy presence  
Of him that shall avenge. And there is scorn,  
Yea, there is laughter in our fathers' tombs,  
To think that Heathen conqueror dost aspire  
To lord it over God's Jerusalem!  
Yea, in Hell's deep and desolate abode,  
Where dwell the perish'd kings, the chief of  
earth;

They whose idolatrous warfare erst assail'd  
The Holy City, and the chosen people;  
They wait for thee, the associate of their hopes  
And faithful fall, to join their ruin'd conclave.  
He whom the Red Sea 'whelm'd with all his  
host,

Pharaoh, the Egyptian; and the kings of Ca-  
naan;

The Philistine, the Dagon whipper;  
Moab, and Edom, and fierce Amalek;  
And he of Babylon, whose multitude,  
Even on the hills where gleam your myriad  
spear,

In one brief night the invisible Angel swept  
With the dark, noiseless shadow of his wing,  
And morn beheld the fierce and riotous camp  
One cold, and mute, and tombless cemetery,  
Sennacherib, all, all are risen, are moved;  
Yea, they take up the taunting song of welcome  
To him who, like themselves, hath madly warr'd  
'Gainst Zion's walls, and miserably fall'd  
Before the avenging God of Israel!

Joseph endeavours to soften the councils  
of his countrymen, to which they turn a deaf  
ear, and wound him with a javelin: Titus  
alleges every lingering thought of mercy,  
and the march of calamity is accelerated.  
A conflict ensues of which Salome is a willing  
witness. She thus briefly, but exquisitely  
portrays her lover among the combatants.

*Salome.* And thou! oh thou, that movest to  
the battle

Even like the mountain stag to the running  
river,

Pause, pause, that I may gaze my fill!—  
The Jews are defeated: meanwhile a pro-  
cession of virgins go up to the temple to im-  
plore the divine protection. They are thus  
described by Miriam.

Behold them here!

Behold them, how unlike to what they were!  
Oh! virgin daughters of Jerusalem!  
Ye were a garden once of Hermon's firs,  
That bashfully upon their tremulous stems  
Bow to the wooing breath of the sweet spring.  
Graceful ye were! there need not the tone  
Of tabor, harp, or lute, to modulate  
Your soft harmonious footsteps; your light  
tread

Fell like a natural music. Ah! how deeply  
Hath the cold light of misery prey'd upon you.  
How heavily ye drag your weary footsteps,  
Each like a mother mourning her one child.  
Ah me! I feel it almost as a sin,  
To be so much less sad, less miserable.

A chorus is here sung, which is rather un-  
equally written; but the conclusion, compar-  
ing the present state of the chosen people  
with their peril when pursued by Pharaoh,

and begging for a similar interposition of providence is very charming.

The slow approach of darkness to end the woes of the day is invoked by Miriam with great eloquence, nature, and pathos.

Al! me! ungentle Eve, how long thou lingerest!  
(Oh! when it was a grief to me to lose  
You azure mountains, and the lovely vales  
That from our city walls seem wandering on  
Under the cedar-tufted precipices;  
With what an envious and a hurrying swiftness  
Didst thou descend, and pour thy mantling dews  
And dew-like silence o'er the face of things;  
Strouuding each spot I loved the most with sud-  
denest

And deepest darkness; making mute the groves  
Where the birds nestled under the still leaves!  
But now, how slowly, heavily, thou fallest!  
Now, when thou mightest hush the angry din  
Of battle, and conceal the murderous fœs  
From mutual slaughter, and pour oil and wine  
Into the aching throats of wounded men!  
But it is therefore only that I chide thee  
With querulous impatience? will the night  
Once more, the secret, counsel-keeping night,  
Veil the dark path which leads to Siloe's  
fountain?

Which leads—why should I blush to add—to  
Javan?

In the midst of wreck, Abiram, the false  
prophet, pretends to inspiration, and de-  
mands the union of Salome and Amariah,  
a proposal which is enthusiastically hailed as  
calculated to heal the feuds between their  
parents. While their nuptial revels are ce-  
lebrating within, Javan sketches a fearful  
picture of the outside of the devoted city.

Too true! this night, this fatal night, if Heaven  
Strike not their conquering host, the foe at-  
chieves

His victory. Round the shatter'd walls  
There is the smother'd hum of plated arms.  
With stealthy footsteps, and with muffled arms,  
Along the trenches, round the lowering engines,  
I saw them gathering: men stood whispering  
men,

As though revealing some portentous secret;  
At every sound cried, Hiss! and look'd re-  
proachfully

Upon each other. Now and then a light  
From some far part of the encircling camp  
Breaks suddenly out, and then is quenched as  
suddenly.

The forced unnatural quiet, that pervades  
those myriads of arm'd and sleepless warriors,  
Presages earthly tempest; as yon clouds,  
That in their mute and ponderous blackness  
hang

Over our heads, a tumult in the skies—  
The earth and heaven alike are terribly calm.

Miriam again resists his entreaties to fly,  
and answers in these pious words:—

O!i, dearest, think awhile!  
It matters little at what hour o' the day  
The righteous falls asleep, death cannot come  
To him untimely who is fit to die:  
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven,  
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.  
But every moment to the man of guilt  
And bloodshed, one like—ah me! like my  
father,

Each instant rescued from the grasp of death,  
May be a blessed chosen opportunity  
For the everlasting mercy.—Think what 'tis  
For time's minutes past to delay  
A sinner's death, a murderer's—

But we must not linger on the middle  
graces of the poem: the consummation de-  
mands some of our space. Javan's predi-  
cative song will lead us to it.

I feel it now, the sad, the coming hour;  
The signs are full, and I never shall the sun  
Shine on the cedar roofs of Salem more;

Her tale of splendour now is told and done:  
Her wine-cup of festivity is spilt,  
And all is o'er, her grandeur and her guilt.

Oh! fair and favour'd city, where of old  
The balmy airs were rich with melody,  
That led her pomp beneath the cloudless sky,  
In vestments flaming with the orient gold;  
Her gold is dim, and mute her music's voice,  
The Heav'n o'er her perish'd pomp rejoice.

How stately then was every palm-deck'd street,  
Down which the maidens danced with tinkling  
feet;

How proud the elders in the lofty gate!  
How crowded all her nation's solemn feasts  
With white-robd Levites and high-mixed  
Priests;

How gorgeous all her temple's sacred state!  
Her streets are razed, her maidens sold for  
slaves,

Her gates thrown down, her elders in their  
graves;

Her feast-hall hidden 'mid the Gentile's scorn,  
By stealth her priest-hood's holy garments worn;  
And where her temple crown'd the glittering  
rock,

The wandering shepherd folds his evening flock:  
When shall the work of death begin?

When come th' avengers of proud Judah's sin?  
Acedama! accurs'd and guilty ground,  
Girl wend the city in thy dismal bound,

Her price is paid, and she is sold like thou;  
Let every ancient monument and tomb  
Enlarge the border of thy vaulted gloom,

Their spacious chambers all are wanted now:  
But nevermore shall yon lost city need  
Those secret places for her future dead;

Of all her children, when this night is pass'd,  
Devoted Salem's darkest, and her last,  
Of all her children none is left to her,

Save those whose house is in the sepulchre.  
Yet, guilty city, who shall mourn for thee?  
Shall Christian voices wail thy devastation?

Look down! look down, avenged Calvary,  
Upon thy late yet dreadful expiation:  
Oh! long forgotten, though slow accomplish'd  
fate,

"Her house is left unto her desolate;"  
Proud Cesar's ploughshare o'er her ruins driven.  
Fulfil at length the tardy doom of heaven;  
The wretched viad's drops at length are pour'd  
On the rebellious race that crucified thy Lord!

We now approach the closing scene; and  
here Mr. Milman has expended all his  
strength. The portentous and prodigious  
night which witnesses the destruction of  
Jerusalem, is rendered more ghastly and  
appalling by the untimely marriage of Ama-  
riah and Salome. The—

"Error wantoning with man's perplexity,"  
is made a thousand-fold more hideous by  
the unnatural festivity. We shall best con-  
sult the genius of this part of the poem by  
transcribing alternately (as indeed they occur)  
bridal stave \* and agony of suffering, or pre-  
dication of vengeance.

\* For his fine ideas of these wedding cere-  
monies, the author is indebted to Calvert, Harmer,  
and other illustrators of Scripture.

*Voice within.* Woe! woe! woe!  
*First Jew.* Alas!  
The son of Hananiah! is't not he?

*Third Jew.* Whom saist thou?  
Second Jew. Art thou a stranger in Jerusalem,  
That thou rememberest not that fearful man?

*Fourth Jew.* Speak! speak! we know not  
all.

*Second Jew.* Why thus it was:  
A rude and homely dreser of the vine,  
He had come up to the Feast of Tabernacles,  
When suddenly a spirit fell upon him,  
Ere! or good we know not. Ever since,  
(And now seven years are past since it befell,  
Our city then being prosperous and at peace),  
He hath gone wandering through the darkling  
streets

At midnight, under the cold quiet stars;  
He hath gone wandering through the crowded  
market

At noonday under the bright blazing sun,  
With that one ominous cry of "Woe, woe,  
woe!"

Some scoff'd; and mock'd him, some would give  
him food;  
He neither curs'd the one, nor thank'd the  
other,

The Sanhedrin had scourge him, and myself  
Beheld him lash'd, till the bare bones stood out  
Through the main'd flesh, still, still he only  
cried,

Woe to the City, till his patience wear'd  
The angry persecutors. When they freed him,  
'Twas still the same, the incessant Woe, woe,  
woe.

But when our siege began, awhile he ceased,  
As though his prophecy were fulfilled; till now  
We had not heard his dire and boating voice.

*If I think.* Woe! woe! woe!  
*Joshua, the Son of Hananiah.* Woe! woe!

A voice from the East! a voice from the West!  
From the four winds a voice against Jerusalem:  
A voice against the Temple of the Lord!

A voice against the Bridegrooms and the Brides!  
A voice against all people of the land!  
Woe! woe! woe!

*Second Jew.* They are the very words, the  
very voice  
Which we have heard so long. And yet, me-  
think,

There is a mournful triumph in the tone  
We'er heard before. His eyes, that were of old  
Fixed on the earth, now wander all abroad,  
As though the tardy consummation  
Afflicted him with wonder.—Hark! again.

*Chorus of Maidens.*  
Now the joyful song is thine,  
Bride of David's kingly line!  
How thy dove-like bosom trembleth,  
And thy shrouded eye resembleth  
Violets, when the dews of eve  
A moist and tremulous glitter leave  
On the beauteous sealed lid!

Close within the bride-rell hid,  
Motionless thou sit'st and mute;  
Save that at the soft salute  
Of each entering maiden friend  
Thou dost rise and softly bend.

Hark! a bricker, merrier glee!  
The door unfolds,—'tis he, 'tis he.  
Thus we lift our lamps to meet him,  
Thus we touch our lutes to greet him,  
Thou shalt give a fonder meeting,  
Thou shalt give a tenderer greeting.

*Joshua.* Woe! woe!  
A voice from the East! a voice from the West! &c.

The high-priest enhances these awful  
warnings, he tells the multitude,

It was but now  
I sat within the Temple, in the court  
That's consecrate to mine office—Your eyes  
wander—

*Jews.* Go on!—  
*High-priest.* sudden Why hearken, then—Upon a

The pavement seem'd to swell beneath my feet,  
And the Veil shiver'd, and the pillars rock'd.  
And there, within the very Holy of Holies,  
There, from behind the winged Cherubim,  
Where the Ark stood, noise, hurried and tumultuous,

Was heard, as when a king with all his host  
Doth quit his palace. And anon, a voice,  
Or voices, half in grief, half anger, yet  
Nor human grief nor anger, even it seem'd  
As though the hoarse and rolling thunder spake  
With the articulate voice of man, it said,  
'Let us depart!'

*Jews.* Most terrible! What follow'd?  
Sprak on! speak on!

*High-priest.* I know not why, I felt  
As though an outcast from the abandon'd  
Temple,

And fled.  
Jesu. Oh God! and Father of our Fathers,  
Dost thou desert us?

Again the nuptial chaunt breaks in; but  
soon after the harrassed people sink into a  
preternatural repose, thus granily depicted  
by Miriam.

Ah me! how strange!  
This moment, and the hurrying streets were full  
As at a festival, now all so silent  
That I might hear the footsteps of a child.  
The sound of dissolute mirth hath ceased, the  
lamps

Are spent, the voice of music broken off.  
No watchman's tread comes from the silent wall,  
Nor are there no lights nor voices in the towers.  
The hungry have given up their idle search  
For food, the gazers on the heavens are gone,  
Even Fear's at rest—all still as in a sepulchre!  
And thou liest sleeping, oh Jerusalem!  
A deeper slumber could not fall upon thee,  
If thou wert desolate of all thy children,  
And thy razed streets a dwelling-place for owls.

I do mistake! this is the Wilderness,  
The Desert, where winds pass and make no sound,  
And not the populous city, besieged

And overhung with tempest. Why, my voice,  
My motion, breaks upon the oppressive stillness  
Like a forbidden and disturbing sound.

The very air's asleep, my feeblest breathing  
Is audible—I'll think my prayers—and then—  
—Ha! 'tis the thunder of the Living God!  
It peals! it crashes! it comes down in fire!

Again! it is the engine of the foe,  
Our walls are dust before it—Wake—oh wake—  
Oh Israel!—Oh Jerusalem, awake!

Why shouldst thou wake? thy foe is in the  
heavens.

Yes, thy judicial slumber weighs thee down,  
And gives thee, oh! lost city, to the Gentile  
Defences, unresisting.

It rolls down,  
As though the Everlasting rage'd not now  
Against our guilty Zion, but did mingle  
The universal world in our destruction;  
And all mankind were destined for a sacrifice  
On Israel's funeral pile.

Relentless massacre ensues: the Jews  
flee to the Temple, and are slaughtered by  
thousands. Those who read our extract  
from Mr. Mill's History of the Crusades  
detailing a similar event, may fancy what it

is in Mr. Millman's verse. We can only  
shortly illustrate it—

*Chorus of Jews flying towards the Temple.*  
Fly! fly! fly!

Clouds, not of incense, from the Temple rise,  
And there are altar-fires, but not of sacrifice.

And there are victims, yet nor bulls nor goats;  
And Priests are there, but not of Aaron's kin;  
And he that doth the murderous rite begin,  
To stranger Gods his hecatomb devotes;

His hecatomb of Israel's chosen race  
All fully slaughter'd in their Holy Place.

Break into joy, ye barren, that ne'er bore!  
Rejoice, ye breasts, where ne'er sweet infant  
hung!

From you, from you no smiling babes are  
strung.

Ye die, but not amid your children's gore.  
But howl and weep, oh ye that are with child,  
Ye on whose bosoms unwear'd babes are laid;  
The sword that with the mother's blood is

dyed!

Still with the infant gluts the insatiate blade.  
Fly! fly! fly!

Fly not, I say, for Death is every where,  
To keen-eyed Lust all places are the same:  
There's not a secret chamber in whose lair  
Our wives can shroud them from th' abhorred

shame.  
Where the sword falls, the fire will find us there,  
All, all is death—the Gentile or the flame.

On to the Temple! Brethren, Israel on!  
Though every slippery street with carnage  
swims,

Ho! spite of famish'd hearts and wounded  
limbs,

Still, still, while yet there stands one holy stone,  
Fight for your God, his sacred house to save,  
Or have its blazing ruins for your grave!

Miriam, after an admirable dialogue with  
an old man who had witnessed the crucifixion  
of Christ, is saved by Javan in disguise, and  
these two Christians are all who escape from  
captivity or slaughter. The death of Sa-  
lome is also most powerfully affecting: she  
is stabbed by her bridegroom, to prevent  
pollution from the Roman spoilers.

She faints! Look up, sweet sister! I have  
slanch'd

The blood awhile—but her dim wandering eyes  
Are fixing—she awakes—she speaks again.

*Salome.* Ah! brides, they say, should be re-  
tired, and dwell

Within, in modest secrecy; yet here  
Am I, a this night's bride, in the open street,  
My naked feet on the cold stones, the wind  
Blowing my raiment off—it's very cold—

Oh, Amariah! let me lay my head  
Upon thy bosom, and so fall asleep.

*Miriam.* There is no Amariah here—'tis I,  
Thy Miriam.

*Salome.* The Christian Miriam.

*Miriam.* Oh! that thou wert too Christian!  
I could give thee

A cold and scanty baptism of my tears.  
Oh! shrink not from me, lift not up thy head,  
Thy dying head, from thy lord's sister's lap.

*Salome.* Off! set me free! the song is almost  
done.

The bridegroom's at the door, and I must meet  
him.

Though my knees shake and tremble. If he  
come,

And find me sad and cold, as I am now,  
He will not love me as he did.

*Miriam.* Too true,  
Thou growest cold indeed.

*Salome.* Night closes round,  
Slumber is on my soul. If Amariah  
Return with morning, glorious and adorn'd  
In spail, as he is wont, thou'lt wake me, sister?

—Ah! no, no, no! this is no waking sleep,  
It bursts upon me—Yes, and Simon's daughter,  
The bride of Amariah, may not fear,  
Nor shrink from dying. My half-failing spirit  
Comes back, my soft love-melted heart is

strong:

I know it all, in mercy and in love  
Thou'st allowed me to death—and I will bless  
thee,

True lover? noble husband! my last breath  
is thine in blessing—Amariah!—Love!

And yet thou shouldst have said to close mine  
eyes,

Oh Amariah!—and an hour ago  
I was a happy bride upon thy bosom,  
And now am—Oh God, God! if he have  
er'd,

And should come back again, and find me—  
dead!

We have exceeded our limits, and must  
conclude abruptly, reserving the final hymn  
for our next. From such poetry, it would be  
absolutely sinful to detract by detailing the  
trifling blemishes which have crept into the  
heat of composition. Half a dozen lines in  
which the euphony is imperfect; one or two  
grammatical inaccuracies; the repetition of  
"yeas" and "evens" rather frequently; and  
hardly an instance of inferior style, are all  
that hyper-criticism could point out. Upon  
the general consideration we would express  
our opinion, that *Miriam* deserves too much  
—natural feelings never dwell on abstract  
analyses.

But the Fall of Jerusalem is one of the  
noblest production of its class in the English  
language.

*A Narrative of a Journey into Persia, and  
Residence at Teheran, &c.* From the  
French of Mr. Tancoigne, attached  
to the Embassy of General Gardane.

8vo. pp. 402. London, 1820.

Appearing after Mr. Morier's admir-  
able work, this volume, the author of  
which possessed neither the talents nor  
the opportunities for observation en-  
joyed by the English traveller, will  
seem to those who have read the latter,  
at once imitative and menagre. In other  
respects, it is a plain, unassuming, and  
correct account; weeded of much of the  
usual rhodomontade of French travel-  
ling, and, as far as it goes, a sensible  
description of obvious things.

General Gardane's Embassy left Constan-  
tinople, in September, 1807, and the caravan  
traversed Armenia, by the accustomed route  
of Nicomedia, Nicaea, Angora, Joscatt, To-  
cat, Erzerum, and Balazizil in Turkey; Khoi,  
Tauris, and Sultanie in Persia; to Teheran  
the capital. The itinerary is rapid; and Mr.  
Tancoigne endeavours to make amends by  
dwelling more than is necessary in such  
a publication on an abridgment of the ancient  
history of Persia. We follow his remarks on  
the present state of the people and country;  
to which again is super-added a translation

of the first book of the Gulistan of Saadi. Few particulars relative to the Embassy are given, and the author's return furnishes nothing in the way of novelty.

Hud we not reviewed Mr. Morier at considerable length, we should have been better able to quote from Mr. Tancoigne; but in truth, we can hardly find extracts for our purpose, without incurring the fault of repetition.

Baiazid is the last town of Turkey, in the Armenian portion of Asia: it is three hundred and sixty leagues from Constantinople, and three from the Persian frontier. Built like an amphitheatre, on the declivity of a very steep rock, its position is impregnable, and in proper hands could never be taken, except by famine. This town contains from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants, of which the greater part are Armenians. All the houses are built of clay, and it is impossible to take a step in the streets without ascending or descending at the risk of your neck. The Pacha's palace is situated in the highest part of the town, on a fortified rock. A mosque, built on the declivity of the hill, is the only edifice worth remarking.

This evening we paid a visit to the governor, Ibrahim Pacha: he received the general in a large hall, by the gloomy light of two wax candles. The appearance of the place, and the people who surrounded it, might have induced us to suppose we were in a cave of robbers. Ibrahim fears the Curdes, and seldom leaves his palace: he is a Pacha of two tails; but his power does not extend beyond the town, as the robbers who infest his pachalik, do not acknowledge the authority of the Grand Signior, merely paying a small tribute to the King of Persia, to avoid being molested by that prince.

The first Persian village we saw, is called Kilisa Kendi: it is inhabited by poor Armenians and Curdes, who are under greater restraint there than in Turkey.

On the following day we saw numerous encampments of this wandering people. Notwithstanding their robberies on the territory of the Grand Signior, they are moderate and circumspect on those of the King of Persia. As already stated, they pay a tribute to this monarch, who has taken them under his special protection. The Curdes, natural subjects of the Grand Signior, are too distant from the capital of the Ottoman empire to have any thing to fear from a weak government, the influence of which merely extends to a few leagues in circumference. Close to the Persian frontier, they have every thing to fear from the armies of the prince who governs in this district; and, by a compact equally advantageous to the two parties, they have placed themselves under subjection to the king, who can employ them with advantage in his wars against the Turks.

At Teheran, the legation was allowed to witness the ceremony of making presents to the king on the *newroz*, or new year, a period at which, as was once a pretty general custom in Christ-

endom, the governors of provinces offer their peshkehs, or voluntary tributes, to the sovereign.

The Chah Zadeh Muhammed Veli Mirza, who governs Khorassan, was the first that presented himself: he bowed profoundly before the king his father, and presented fifty superb horses of his province, an equal number of mules and camels, Cachemire shawls, several bags of turquoises, &c. the latter objects were on broad wooden trays, carried by the officers of his household. After these presents had passed before the king, they were sent into the interior of the palace.

Prince Muhammed Ali Khan, governor of Kerman Chah, not being at court, sent the offering by his vizir: it consisted of Cachemire shawls, arms, such as lances, muskets, pistols, and a great number of camels and mules laden with carpets and fine felts.

The vizir of Muhammed Kouli Mirza, another chah zade, who commands in Mazenderan, then presented in the name of his master, more Cachemire shawls, stuffs of gold, silver and silk, wooden spoons of delicate workmanship, arms, camels, and mules.

Those of the chah zade, Hussein Ali Mirza, who governs the province of Farsistan, were also remarkable in their kind. Amongst other objects, we saw a great quantity of sugar and syrups, mules and camels laden with coffee and tambako, or smoking tobacco, from Chiraz.

But the tribute of the Emin ud Dewlet, Hadji, Muhammed Hussein Khan, Beylerbey of Isphahan, surpassed all the former in magnificence. Besides superb Turkoman horses and rich stuffs, it also included that precious metal, so eagerly sought by all mankind; and for which the king of Persia is said to have a very decided predilection. Fifty mules, ornamented with Cachemire shawls and streamers, carried each one thousand toman in money, a sum equal to about 45,000*l*.

Every year at the same period, these presents are renewed; and by this an idea may be formed of the immense riches which the private treasure of the king of Persia must contain. Games of all kinds succeeded to the presentation of the tributes, which were sent into the king's palace, according as they passed in review before his majesty.

First came men running on stilts of more than twenty feet high; others performing feats of strength and balancing, turning on the slack rope, or carrying on their heads, a pile of earthen pots, surmounted with a vase of flowers, then dancers and combats of rams that were excited against each other. These exercises were followed by rope-dancing, performed by two young children. I am sorry for our performers on the rope, but they are still very far from equalling the dexterity of these, as you shall perceive.

The rope was of hair, and consequently less flexible than a hempen one: being strained on two strestles of more than forty feet in height, it ascended almost imperceptibly as high as the top of the king's kiosk. After having made several gambols with the

assistance of their poles on the part of the rope which was horizontal, one of the two dancers, ten years old at most, mounted completely as high as the terrace which crowns the pavilion, and then descended backwards from a height of more than eighty feet. We remarked with pleasure, that several men placed beneath the cord, followed all the movements of the child, ready to receive him in a large blanket if his foot had happened to have slipped. We did not suppose the Persians were capable of such an attention, especially in the king's presence. These dancers are called in Persian, Djan-haz, meaning, him who plays or risks his soul. This expression, contemptuous in itself, intimates that games of this kind are discouraged by religion; and is nearly synonymous with that of excommunication, with which our actors were once complimented. The term of Serhaz, which signifies a man who stakes his head, might have been applied to them with still greater propriety; but amongst the Persians it has a more noble acceptation, and is applied peculiarly to soldiers.

Naked men armed with maces, and wrestlers, appeared afterwards before the king. The first resembled savages, they struck their clubs together, but without injuring each other. It was not so with the second; their combats have something so revolting, and hideous, that I am loth to mention it to you. The conqueror, that is to say, he who succeeded in throwing his adversary on his back, went to the foot of the kiosk to receive a piece of money which the king threw down to him.

These spectacles, worthy of a nation of children, though not more frivolous than many European pastimes, but which are nevertheless full of attraction here, were prolonged until nightfall; the king retired during half an hour, to say his evening prayer, and then returned for the fireworks. I have but seldom seen any equal to these, even in France: they extended over all the great court of the palace, which is three hundred paces long, and five hundred broad, also on some of the terraces that surround it. They commenced with the Bengal flames, which had a very fine effect; then they let off in confusion a prodigious quantity of cases, crackers and rockets. Suns, figures of men and animals, trees and houses of fire, every instant presented new scenes; and there was nothing wanting but more order and symmetry to render the spectacle magnificent. The next day was appropriated to horse-racing.

These extracts will serve as an example of the work: from the author's translation of Saadi, we also select the following . . .

"A horde of Arabian robbers desolated a district; they had intercepted the road of the caravans, beaten the armies of the prince, and intrenched themselves on the summit of a mountain, which was made their retreat and asylum. The ministers of the king assembled to consult on the means of stopping their ravages, supposing that it

that measure, it would soon be able to resist those depredators. One alone may easily pluck up the tree which has been recently planted; but if it has been left to take root, the force of a crowd will no longer suffice. With a mere shovel a fountain may be stopped at its source; but, when it is become a river, an elephant can no longer pass it. It was determined that emissaries should be sent to watch the moment when the rebels would leave their caverns, to ravage the country: several able generals were at the same time placed in the passes of the mountain. One night when the robbers returned from an expedition after burning a village, they laid by their arms, as usual, and deposited their booty. Their first enemy was sleep. Already had the sun replaced the shades of night, and Jonas re-entered the belly of the whale, when the brave warriors quitted their ambush, and tied the miscreants' hands behind their backs. On the following morning they were conducted to the presence of the king, who ordered them to be put to death. Amongst those villains was a young man in scarcely arrived at maturity, and whose cheeks were yet only covered with a light down. One of the vizirs prostrated himself before the king, and said, 'this young man is without experience, his youth has been the cause of his being misled: I intreat your majesty to grant him pardon to your slave.' The king turned his head at first, and refused to accede to the prayer of this generous intercessor.—Whoever does not follow the example of honest men, is of a bad disposition, the education given to the ill disposed, produces as little effect as a walnut for a cupola; it is necessary to cut down the last scion of the wicked, and extirpate the roots of their family. To extinguish a fire and forget to quench the embers, to kill a serpent and spare its young ones, is not the conduct of a prudent man.—If a cloud could scatter the rain of life, never would the branches of the willow be eaten. Beware of associating with the worthless, for thou canst never extract sugar from a common reed. The vizir listened to these words with respect and submission, and though he was grieved to the soul, he could not avoid approving of their wisdom. He, however, added, 'that which has been said by the master of the earth's surface (whose reign be eternal), would be the exact truth, if this young man had been born amongst the wicked, and that he had been totally corrupted; but your slave hopes that he will be improved in the company of worthy people, and that his manners will be softened, because he is still but a child; vice and ferocity are not rooted in him. It is seen in the Koran that all men come into the world with a disposition to Islamism, and that they subsequently do not become Jews, Christians or Guebres, but through the fault of their parents.'

The courtiers supported the intreaties of the vizir so warmly, that the king, at length, pardoned the criminal, saying, 'I remit his punishment, though I do not perceive any great advantage from it.' Knowest thou

that which Sal said to Rustem the Curd? 'Never suppose thine enemy feeble and without resources; I have often seen the water of a fountain scumy at its source, but at a distance it hath borne away a camel and its load.' The youth was led away, placed in the care of a learned tutor employed to educate him, to instruct him in eloquence, and in the art of serving kings, and to render him, at some future period, worthy of his equal. One day the vizir had occasion to speak of his favourite to the king; he praised his good qualities and sense; asserted that his education had made him quite a different man, that his manners were entirely changed, and that he no longer retained any vestige of his former vices. The king smiled and said: 'The son of the wolf will end by becoming a wolf, even though he should be some day powerful amongst men.' A year or two passed. The young man ran away to join a gang of robbers, and so identified himself with them, that, at length, he murdered the vizir and his two children. In a moment he forgot all he owed to his generous benefactor, rebelled and took the post which his father held amongst the robbers. The king taking the finger of astonishment between his teeth, exclaimed, 'How can a good sword be made of bad steel? The wicked can never become good by education. Oh, sages! rain, the advantages of which are denied by none, gives equal nourishment to the tulip in a garden, and the brambles of the marshes!—Hyacinths are not produced in a quagmire. Do not lose the fruits of thy toil. It is as criminal to do good to the wicked, as to injure worthy persons.'

A king happened to be in a ship with a slave, who saw the sea for the first time. This unfortunate man, who did not consider himself in safety, wept, groined, and trembled in all his limbs; the very efforts made to tranquillize him, were unavailing: the king, at length, lost patience. A sage, who had embarked in the same vessel, said to the prince, 'if your majesty should order me, I can readily find means to silence this fellow.' 'You will render me a great service,' the king replied. The sage caused the slave to be immediately thrown into the sea, let him swallow a certain quantity of water, had him afterwards drawn out by the hair, and brought on board the ship. The slave seated himself in a corner, and said no more. The expedient of the philosopher pleased the king, who could not, however, avoid enquiring of him, what there was so wise in his conduct. The following was his reply: 'this unhappy man was not in a state to appreciate the advantages of a ship, because he had never fallen into the sea. Now that he has learned it, he will be tranquil and contented!—Oh thou who art satiated, thou despiser of barley loaf; that which is disdained by thee, is the object of all my wishes. The *azoff* would be hell for the horrors of paradise; but interrogate the damned, and they will tell you that the *azoff* is paradise.

We are sorry to dismiss this work

The *azoff* is, according to the Mahometans, a wall which separates paradise from hell,

with so little said in praise of its intelligence; but, in fact, it adds nothing to our knowledge of Persia, and is extremely defective on those points for which we most naturally look in modern travels. The orthography of proper names is frequently erroneous; and upon the whole we must state, that the labours of Mr. Tancoigne have only very negative merit.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF JOHN WESLEY. 2 vols. 8vo. (continued.)

"Methodism having widely diffused itself, it soon became expedient to divide the country into circuits. There were, in the year 1791, twenty in England, two in Wales, two in Scotland, and seven in Ireland. In 1791, the year of Mr. Wesley's death, they had increased to seventy-two in England, three in Wales, seven in Scotland, and twenty-eight in Ireland. Every circuit had a certain number of preachers appointed to it, more or less, according to its extent, under an assistant, whose office it was to admit or expel members, take lists of the societies at Easter, hold quarterly meetings, visit the classes quarterly, keep watch-nights and love-feasts, superintend the other preachers, and regulate the whole business of the circuit, spiritual and temporal.

"The helpers were not admitted indiscriminately: *gifts*, as well as *grace* for the work, were required. An aspirant was first examined concerning his theological knowledge, that it might be seen whether his opinions were sound: he was then to exhibit his gift of utterance, by preaching before Mr. Wesley; and afterwards to give, either orally or in writing, his reasons for thinking that he was called of God to the ministry. The best proof of this was, that some persons should have been convinced of sin, and converted by his preaching."

The use of snuff or spirituous liquors was prohibited to preachers, and in general their lot was severe, and their hardships many and great. The principal evil of Methodism is stated to have been the formation, not merely of classes for religious purposes, but of bands. Of these we find the following notice—"This subdivision, while it answered no one end of possible utility, led to something worse than the worst practice of the Romish church. The men and the women, and the married and the single, met separately in these bands, for the purpose of confessing to each other. They engaged to meet once a week at least, and to speak, each in order, freely and plainly, the true state of their souls, with the faults they had committed in thought, word, or deed, and the temptations they had felt during the week. They were to be asked 'as many, and as searching questions as may be, concerning their state, sins, and temptations?' These four, in particular, at every meeting: 'What known sin have you committed since our last meeting? What temptations have you met with? How was you delivered? What have you thought, said, or done, of which you doubt whether it be sin or not?' And

before any person entered into one of these bands, a promise of the most unreserved openness was required. "Consider, do you desire we should tell you whatsoever we think, whatsoever we fear, whatsoever we hear, concerning you? Do you desire that, in doing this, we should come as close as possible, that we should cut to the quick, and search your heart to the bottom? Is it your desire and design to be on this, and all other occasions, entirely open, so as to speak every thing that is in your heart without exception, without disguise, and without reserve?" The nature, and the inevitable tendency of this mutual inquisition, must be obvious to every reflecting mind; and it is marvellous, that any man should have permitted his wife or his daughter to enter into these bands, where it was not possible for innocence to escape contamination."

"The watch-night was another of Wesley's objectionable institutions. It originated with some reclaimed colliers of Kingswode, who, having been accustomed to sit late on Saturday nights at the ale-house, transferred their weekly meeting, after their conversion, to the school-house, and continued there praying and singing hymns far into the morning. Wesley was advised to put an end to this; but, 'upon weighing the thing thoroughly, and comparing it with the practice of the ancient Christians,' he could see no cause to forbid it; because he overlooked the difference between their times and his own, and shut his eyes to the obvious impropriety of midnight meetings. So he appointed them to be held once a month, near the time of full moon."

"He also appointed three love-feasts in a quarter: one for the men, a second for the women, and the third for both together; 'that we might together eat bread,' he says, 'as the ancient Christians did, with gladness and singleness of heart. At these love-feasts (so we termed them, retaining the name, as well as the thing, which was in use from the beginning,) our food is only a little plain cake and water; but we seldom return from them without being fed not only with the meat which perisheth, but with that which endureth to everlasting life.' A travelling

Wesley has himself recorded an instance of mischief arising from these bands. "I searched to the bottom," says he, "a story I had heard in part, and found it another tale of real woe. Two of our society had lived together in uncommon harmony, when one, who met in band with E. F. to whom she had mentioned that she had found a temptation toward Dr. F., went and told her husband she was in love with him, and that she had it from her own mouth. The spirit of jealousy seized him in a moment, and utterly took away his reason. And some one telling him his wife was at Dr. F.'s, on whom she had called that afternoon, he took a great stick, and ran away, and meeting her in the street, called out Strumpet! strumpet! and struck her twice or thrice. He is now thoroughly convinced of her innocence; but the water cannot be gathered up again. He sickens there—I do thoroughly forgive you, but I can never love you more." After such an example, Wesley ought to have abolished this part of his institutions.

preacher presides at these meetings: any one who chooses may speak; and the time is chiefly employed in relating what they call their Christian experience. In this point, also, Mr. Wesley disregarded the offence which he gave, by renewing a practice that had notoriously been abolished, because of the abuses to which it led."

"He prided himself upon the singing in his meeting-houses: there was a talent in his family both for music and verse; and he availed himself, with great judgment, of both. A collection of hymns was published for the Society, some few of which were selected from various authors; some were his own composition; but far the greater part were by his brother Charles. Perhaps no poems have ever been so devoutly committed to memory as these, nor quoted so often upon a death-bed. The manner in which they were sung tended to impress them strongly on the mind: the tune was made wholly subservient to the words, not the words to the tune. The Romanists are indebted for their church-music to the Benedictines, an order to which all Europe is so deeply indebted for many things. Our fine cathedral service is derived from them."

Wesley was prevented by his ignorance of their language, from disseminating his doctrines generally among the Welch, and that susceptible population degenerated into Jumpers, under native teachers. In Scotland he was not successful, though Whitefield, who, on the invitation of Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, the first leaders of secession from the kirk, had preceded him ten years in that country, startled the people by his vehement oratory. But Wesley's mild and persuasive eloquence availed little, and he does not seem to have forgiven the slight. He accuses the ministers of not fasting on the fast days in the sacrament week, and he compares the funerals to what was spoken of Jehoiakim: "he shall be buried with the burial of an ass." He adds in another place, when he had a thin audience at Glasgow, that it was truly said "the Scotch dearly love the word of the Lord, on the Lord's day!"

The account of Wesley in Ireland is prefaced with some general observations, so curious as to claim extraction. The author says—

"Melancholy and anomalous as the civil history of Ireland is, its religious history is equally mournful, and not less strange. Even at the time when it was called the Island of Saints, and men went forth from its monasteries to be the missionaries, not of monachism alone, but of literature and civilization, the mass of the people continued savage, and was something worse than heathen. They accommodated their new religion to their own propensities, with a perverted ingenuity, at once humorous and detestable, and altogether peculiar to themselves. Thus, when a child was immersed in baptism, it was customary not to dip the right arm, to the intent that he might strike a more deadly and ungracious blow therewith; and under an opinion, no doubt, that the rest of the body would not be res-

possible at the resurrection, for any thing which had been committed by the unhaptized hand. Thus, too, at the baptism, the father took the wolves for his gossips; and thought that, by this profanation, he was forming an alliance, both for himself and the boy, with the fiercest beasts of the woods. The son of a chief was baptized in milk; water was not thought good enough, and whiskey had not then been invented. They used to rob in the beginning of the year as a point of devotion, for the purpose of laying up a good stock of plunder against Easter; and he whose spoils enabled him to furnish the best entertainment at that time, was looked upon as the best Christian,—so they robbed in emulation of each other; and reconciling their habits to their conscience, with a hardihood beyond that of the boldest cannibals, they persuaded themselves that, if robbery, murder, and rape had been sins, Providence would never put such temptations in their way; nay, that the sin would be, if they were so ungrateful as not to take advantage of a good opportunity when it was offered them."

"These things would appear incredible, if they were not conformable to the spirit of Irish history, fabulous and authentic. Yet were the Irish, beyond all other people, passionately attached to the religion wherein they were so miserably ill instructed. Whether they were distinguished by this peculiar attachment to their church, when the supremacy of the Pope was acknowledged throughout Europe, cannot be known, and may, with much probability, be doubted; this is evident, that it must have acquired strength and inveteracy when it became a principle of opposition to their rulers, and was blended with their hatred of the English, who so little understood their duty and their policy as conquerors, that they neither made themselves loved, nor feared, nor respected."

"Ireland is the only country in which the Reformation produced nothing but evil. Protestant Europe has been richly repaid for the long calamities of that great revolution, by the permanent blessings which it left behind; and even among those nations where the papal superstition maintained its dominion by fire and sword, an important change was effected in the lives and conduct of the Romish clergy. Ireland alone was so circumstanced as to be incapable of deriving any advantage, while it was exposed to all the evils of the change. The work of sacrifice and plunder went on there as it did in England and Scotland; but the language of the people, and their savage state, precluded all possibility of religious improvement. It was not till nearly the middle of the seventeenth century, that the Bible was translated into Irish, by means of Bishop Bedell, a man worthy to have Sir Henry Wotton for his patron, and Father Paolo Sarpi for his friend. The church property had been so scandalously plundered, that few parishes could afford even a bare subsistence to a

• The best living at Connought was not worth more than forty shillings a year; and some were as low as sixteen!

Protestant minister, and therefore few ministers were to be found. Meantime the Romish clergy were on the alert, and they were powerfully aided by a continued supply of fellow-labourers from the seminaries established in the Spanish dominions; men who, by their temper and education, were fitted for any work in which policy might think proper to employ fanaticism. The Franciscans have made it their boast, that, at the time of the Irish massacre, there appeared among the rebels more than six hundred Friars Minorite, who had been instigating them to that accursed rebellion while living among them in disguise."

In this country Wesley was at first well received, and tells us that he preached his first sermon in Dublin to "as gay and as senseless a congregation as he had ever seen!" They soon however became objects of persecution, and got the nick-name of swaddlers, which is thus strangely accounted for.

"Cennick, preaching on Christmas-day, took for his text these words from St. Luke's Gospel: 'And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.' A Catholic who was present, and to whom the language of Scripture was a novelty, thought this so ludicrous, that he called the preacher a Swaddler, in derision; and this unmeaning word became the nickname of the Methodists, and had all the effect of the most opprobrious appellation."

In Cork disgraceful riots ensued, and both the brothers (Wesleys) were roughly treated; while in Dublin, Whitefield was nearly stoned to death. Yet it was from among the Roman Catholics that Wesley obtained one of the most interesting and (during his short life) most efficient co-adjutors, Thomas Walsh, the son of a carpenter at Bally Linn. He publicly abjured the Romish Church, and became the most distinguished apostle of methodism in Ireland.

"There is a letter of advice from Mr. Wesley to one of his Irish preachers (written in 1769), which gives a curious picture of the people for whom such advice could be needed. — "Dear brother," he says, "I shall now tell you the things which have been, more or less, upon my mind, ever since I was in the North of Ireland. If you forget them, you will be a sinner, and so will the people; if you observe them, it will be good for both. Be steadily serious. There is no country upon earth where this is more necessary than in Ireland, as you are generally encompassed with those who, with a little encouragement, would laugh or trifle from morning till night. In every town visit all you can, from house to house; but on this, and every other occasion, avoid all familiarity with women: this is deadly poison, both to them and to you. You cannot be too wary in this respect. Be active, be diligent; avoid all laziness, sloth, indolence; fly from every degree, every appearance of it, else you will never be more than half a Christian. Be cleanly: in this let the Methodists take pattern by the Quakers. Avoid all nastiness, dirt, slovenliness, both in your

person, clothes, house, and all about you. Do not stink above ground!

'Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation

'Upon thy person, clothes, and habitation.'

HERBERT.

Whatever clothes you have, let them be whole; no rents, no tatters, no rags; these are a scandal to either man or woman, being another fruit of vile laziness. Mend your clothes, or I shall never expect to see you mend your lives. Let none ever see a ragged Methodist. Clean yourselves of lice: take pains in this. Do not cut off your hair; but clean it, and keep it clean. Cure yourself and your family of the itch: a spoonful of brimstone will cure you. To let this run from year to year, proves both sloth and uncleanness: away with it at once; let not the North be any longer a proverb of reproach to all the nation. Use no snuff, unless prescribed by a physician. I suppose no other nation in Europe is in such vile bondage to this silly, nasty, dirty custom, as the Irish are. Touch no drain: it is liquid fire; it is a sure, though slow, poison; it saps the very springs of life. In Ireland, above all countries in the world, I would scarcely abstain from this, because the evil is so general; and to this, and snuff, and smoky cabins, I impute the blindness which is so exceeding common throughout the nation. I particularly desire, wherever you have preaching, that there may be a Little House. Let this be got without delay. Wherever it is not, let none expect to see me."

#### The Percy Anecdotes.

The fifth Number of this neat little work appeared on the 1st instant; and furnishes us with the following examples, from among a hundred stories, illustrative of the spirit of *Enterprise*, to which it is devoted. A prettily engraved portrait of Mungo Park adorns the title page.

*Black Agnes.*—During the war which Edward III. maintained in Scotland, part of the English army, led on by Montague, besieged Dunbar, which the Countess of March, commonly called *Black Agnes*, defended with uncommon courage and obstinacy. This extraordinary woman exhibited her scornful levity towards the besiegers, by ordering her waiting maids to brush from the walls the dust produced by their battering engines, and this in sight of the English; and when a tremendous warlike engine, called a sow, approached the walls, the countess called out, "Montague, beware! your sow shall soon cast her pigs!" which she verified, for an immense mass of rock, thrown from a lofty tower, accompanied her threat, and crushed the ponderous missile, and the besiegers which it contained.

*Slide of Alpach.*—For many centuries the rugged flanks and deep gorges of Mount Pilatus were covered by impenetrable forests: lofty precipices encircled them on all sides. Even the daring hunters were scarcely able to reach them, and the inhabitants of the valley never conceived the idea of disturbing

them with the axe. These immense forests were therefore allowed to grow and perish, the most intelligent and skilful considering it quite impracticable to avail themselves of such inaccessible stores.

In November, 1816, Mr. John Rulph, of Reutlingen, in Switzerland, and three Swiss gentlemen, entertaining more sanguine hopes, drew up a plan of a slide founded on trigonometrical measurements; and having purchased a certain extent of the forests from the Commune of Alpach for six thousand crowns, began the construction of it.

The slide of Alpach is formed of about twenty-five thousand large pine trees deprived of their bark, and united together without the aid of iron. It occupied about one hundred and sixty workmen during eighteen months, and cost nearly one hundred thousand francs (1466l.). It is about three leagues, or forty-four thousand English feet long, and terminates in the Lake of Lucerne. It has the form of a trough about six feet broad, and from three to six deep. Its bottom is formed of three trees, the middle one of which has a groove cut out in the direction of its length for receiving small rills of water, for the purpose of diminishing the friction. The whole of the slide is sustained by about two thousand supports, and, in many places, is attached in a very ingenious manner to the rugged precipices of granite. The direction of the slide is sometimes straight and sometimes zig zag, with an inclination of from 10° to 18°; it is often carried along the sides of precipitous rocks, and sometimes over their summit; occasionally it goes under ground, and at others over the deep gorges by scaffoldings one hundred and twenty feet high.

Before any step could be taken in its erection, it was necessary to cut several thousand trees to obtain a passage through the impenetrable thickets; and as the workmen advanced, men were posted at certain distances in order to point out the road for their return. Mr. Rulph was often obliged to be suspended by cords, in order to descend precipices many hundred feet high to give directions, having scarcely two good carpenters among them all, the rest having been hired as occasion offered. All difficulties being at length surmounted, the larger pines, which were about one hundred feet long, and ten inches thick at their smaller extremity, ran through the space of three leagues, or nearly nine miles, in two minutes and a half, and during their descent appeared to be only a few feet in length. The arrangements were extremely simple. Men were posted at regular distances along the slide; and as soon as every thing was ready, the man at the bottom called out to the next one above him, "Lachez," (let go); the cry was repeated, and reached the top of the slide in three minutes: the man at the top of the slide then cried out to the one below, "Il vient," (it comes); as soon as the tree had reached the bottom and plunged into the lake, the cry of "Lachez" was repeated as before. By these means a tree descended every five or six minutes. When a tree, by accident, escaped from the trough of the

slide, it often penetrated by its thickest extremity from eighteen to twenty-four feet into the earth; and if it struck another tree, it cleft it with the rapidity of lightning.

Such is the brief account of a work undertaken and executed by a single individual, and which has excited the wonder and astonishment of every one who has seen it, and a high degree of interest in every part of Europe. We regret to add, that this magnificent structure no longer exists, and scarcely a tree is to be seen on the flanks of Mount Pilatus. Political events having taken away the demand for timber, and another market having been found, the operation of cutting and transporting the trees necessarily ceased.

*Cornish Wanderer.*—Mr. Wilson, a gentleman of Cornwall, who inherited an estate of about 1000*l.* per annum in that county, at the age of twenty-three, and in the year 1741, the year after his father's death, set off for the continent on his travels. He rode on horseback with one servant, over the greatest part of the world. He first viewed every European country; in doing which, he spent eight years. He then embarked for America; was two years in the northern part, and three years more in South America, where he travelled as a Spaniard, which he was enabled to do, from the facility with which he spoke the language. The climate, prospects, &c. of Peru, enchanted him so much, that he hired a farm, and resided on it nearly twelve months. His next tour was to the East; he passed successively through all the territories in Africa, to the south of the Mediterranean, Egypt, Syria, and all the dominions of the Grand Signior; went twice through Prussia, through the northern and southern provinces; over Hindostan, and part of Siam and Pegu, and made several excursions to the boundaries of China. He afterwards, on his return, stopped at the Cape of Good Hope, and penetrated some distance into Africa; and, on his return to the Cape, he took the opportunity of a ship going to Batavia, and thence visited most of the Islands in the Great Indian Archipelago. Returning to Europe, he landed at Carliz, and travelled over land to Moscow, in his way to Kamschatka. In 1783, he was at Moscow, healthy and vigorous, and though then in his sixty-sixth year, was preparing for a journey to Siberia.

*Leander outdone.*—A young man, a native of the island of Saint Croix, in the course of the summer of 1817, swam over the Sound from Cronenburgh to Graves, and thus considerably outdid the unfortunate Leander, whom love nightly tempted to traverse the Hellespont. The direct distance from Abydos to Sestos is only an English mile; and allowing for the drifting effect of the current, not more to a swimmer than four miles. But the distance between Cronenburgh and Graves is at least six English miles. When Lord Byron and Lieutenant Ekenhead repeated the feat of Leander, they took an hour and ten minutes in doing it; the Dane did not accomplish his task in less than two hours and forty minutes. A Danish officer and three men followed him in a boat, and never lost sight of him. In the

middle of the Sound he had to contend with a high sea which dashed over him.

*A striking exception.*—In 1643, St. Preuil, the governor of Amiens, who depended much on a stratagem that he had conceived for seizing upon Arras, was anxious to engage a soldier named Courcelles to execute it. "I have made choice of you," said he to him one day, "as the most prudent soldier that I know, for a blow that will make your fortune. The business is to surprise Arras, and hear how I have planned it. You shall disguise yourself as a peasant, and go and sell fruit in the place. After you have done this some time, you must quarrel with some person, and kill him with a poignard. You must suffer yourself to be taken; you will be tried on the spot, and be condemned to be hanged. You know the custom of Arras is, to have their executions out of the city. It is on this circumstance that my design depends. I will place an ambuscade near the gate, by which you shall be brought out. My people will render themselves master of those who shall come out who belong to the spectacle. I will march in the instant to their assistance, and make myself master of the place; which as soon as I am, I shall rescue you. This is my project: what do you say to it?" "It is fine," replied Courcelles; "but the thing deserves some consideration." "It does," said Saint Preuil; "think of it, and to-morrow let me have your resolution." The next day Courcelles waited on his commander. "Well, my brave fellow," said St. Preuil; "what do you think of my project now?" "Sir," replied Courcelles, "it is admirable; only I should like that you would give me the command of the ambuscade, and take yourself the basket of fruit."

#### ARCTIC ZOOLOGY.

(Extracted from Scoresby's valuable publication.)

Erroneous opinions have been entertained respecting the Whale (the *Balaena mysticetus*) having been of a much larger size in former times than now: from a comparison of the preceding accounts of all credible witnesses, the author says—

Hence I conceive we may satisfactorily conclude, that whales of as large size as found now, as at any former period since the Spitzbergen fishery was discovered; and I may also remark, that where any respectable authority affords actual measurements exceeding 70 feet, it will always be found that the specimen referred to, was not one of the *Mysticetus* kind, but of the *B. Physalis*, or the *B. Musculus*, animals which considerably exceed in length any of the common whales that I have either heard of, or met with. When fully grown, therefore, the length of the whale may be stated as varying from 50 to 65, and rarely, if ever, reaching 70 feet; and its greatest circumference from 30 to 40 feet. It is thickest a little behind the fins, or in the middle, between the anterior and posterior extremities of the animal; from whence it gradually tapers

in a conical form, towards the tail, and slightly towards the head. Its form is cylindrical from the neck, to within ten feet of the tail, beyond which it becomes somewhat quadrangular, the greatest ridge being upward, or on the back, and running backward nearly across the middle of the tail. The head has somewhat of a triangular shape. The under-part, the arched outline of which is given by the jaw-bones, is flat, and measures 16 to 20 feet in length, and 10 to 12 in breadth. The lips, extending 15 or 20 feet in length, and 5 or 6 in height, and forming the cavity of the mouth, are attached to the under-jaw, and rise from the jaw-bones, at an angle of about 80 degrees, having the appearance, when viewed in front, of the letter U. The upper jaw, including the 'crown-bone,' or skull, is bent down at the extremity, so as to shut the front and upper parts of the cavity of the mouth, and is overlapped by the lips in a squamous manner at the sides. When the mouth is open, it presents a cavity as large as a room, and capable of containing a merchant-ship's jolly-boat, full of men, being 6 or 8 feet wide, 10 or 12 feet high (in front), and 15 or 16 feet long. The fins, two in number, are placed between one-third and two-fifths of the length of the animal, from the snout, and about two feet behind the angle of the mouth. They are 7 to 9 feet in length, and 4 or 5 in breadth. The part by which they are attached to the body, is somewhat elliptical, and about 2 feet in diameter; the side which strikes the water is nearly flat. The articulation being perfectly spherical, the fins are capable of motion in any direction; but, from the tension of the flesh and skin below, they cannot be raised above the horizontal position. Hence the account given by some naturalists, that the whale supports its young by its fins, on its back, must be erroneous. The fins, after death, are always hard and stiff; but, in the living animal, it is presumed, from the nature of the internal structure, that they are capable of considerable flexion. The whale has no dorsal fin. The tail, comprising, in a single surface, 80 or 100 square feet, is a formidable instrument of motion and defence. Its length is only 5 or 6 feet; but its width is 18 to 24 or 26 feet. Its position is horizontal. In its form it is flat and semi-lunar; indicated in the middle; the two lobes somewhat pointed, and turned a little backward. Its motions are rapid and universal; its strength immense. The eyes are situated in the sides of the head, about a foot obliquely above and behind the angle of the mouth. They are remarkably small in proportion to the bulk of the animal's body, being little larger than those of an ox. The whale has no external ear; nor can any orifice for the admission of sound be discovered until the skin is removed.

On the most elevated part of the head, about 16 feet from the anterior extremity of the jaw, are situated the blow-holes, or spiracles; consisting of two longitudinal apertures 6 or 8 inches in length. These are the proper nostrils of the whale. A moist vapour, mixed with mucus, is discharged



from them, when the animal breathes; but no water accompanies it, unless an expiration of the breath be made under the surface.

The mouth, in place of teeth, contains two extensive rows of "fins," or whalebone, which are suspended from the sides of the crown-bone. These series of fins are generally curved longitudinally, although they are sometimes straight, and give an arched form to the roof of the mouth. They are covered immediately by the lips attached to the lower jaw, and enclose the tongue between their lower extremities. Each series or "side of bone," as the whalefishers term it, consists of upwards of 300 laminae; the longest are near the middle, from whence they gradually diminish away to nothing at each extremity. Fifteen feet is the greatest length of the whalebone; but 10 or 11 feet is the average size, and 13 feet is a magnitude seldom met with. The greatest breadth, which is at the gum, is 10 or 12 inches. The laminae, composing the two series of bone, are ranged side by side, two thirds of an inch apart, (thickness of the blade included,) and resemble a frame of saws in a saw-mill. The interior edges are covered with a fringe of hair, and the exterior edge of every blade, excepting a few at each extremity of the series, is curved and flattened down, so as to present a smooth surface to the lips. In some whales, a curious hollow on one side, and ridge on the other, occurs in many of the central blades of whalebone, at regular intervals of 6 or 7 inches. May not this irregularity, like the rings in the horns of the ox, which they resemble, afford an intimation of the age of the whale? It so, twice the number of running feet in the longest lamina of whalebone in the head of a whale not full grown, would represent its age in years. In the youngest whales, called *Suckers*, the whalebone is only a few inches long; when the length reaches 6 feet or upwards, the whale is said to be *size*. The colour of the whalebone is brownish-black, or bluish-black. In some animals, it is striped longitudinally with white. When newly cleaned, the surface exhibits a fine play of colour. A large whale sometimes affords a ton and a half of whalebone. If the "sample blade," that is, the largest lamina in the series, weigh 7 pounds, the whole produce may be estimated at a ton; and so on in proportion. The whalebone is inserted into the crown-bone, in a sort of rabbet. All the blades in the same series are connected together by the gum, in which the thick ends are inserted. This substance, (the gum,) is white, fibrous, tender, and tasteless. It cuts like cheese. It has the appearance of the interior or kernel of the cocoa-nut.

The tongue occupies a large proportion of the cavity of the mouth, and the arch formed by the whalebone. It is incapable of protrusion, being fixed from root to tip, to the fat extending between the jaw-bones. A slight beard, consisting of a short scattered white hair, surmounts the anterior extremity of both jaws. The throat is remarkably strict.

Two paps in the female, afford the means

of rearing its young. The milk of the whale resembles that of quadrupeds in its appearance. It is said to be rich and well-flavoured.

Immediately beneath the skin lies the blubber or fat, encompassing the whole body of the animal, together with the fins and tail. Its colour is yellowish-white, yellow, or red. In the very young animal it is always yellowish-white. In some old animals, it resembles in colour the substance of the salmon. It swims in water. Its thickness all round the body, is 8 or 10 to 20 inches, varying in different parts as well as in different individuals. The lips are composed almost entirely of blubber, and yield from one to two tons of pure oil each. The tongue is chiefly composed of a soft kind of fat, that affords less oil than any other blubber; in the centre of the tongue, and towards the root, this fat is interwoven with fibres of a muscular substance. The under jaw, excepting the two jaw-bones, consists almost wholly of fat; and the crown-bone possesses a considerable coating of it. The fins are principally blubber, tendons, and bones; and the tail possesses a thin stratum of blubber. The oil appears to be retained in the blubber in minute cells, connected together by a strong reticulated combination of tendinous fibres. The blubber, in its fresh state, is without any unpleasant smell; and it is not until after the termination of the voyage, when the cargo is unstowed, that a Greenland ship becomes disagreeable.

Four tons of blubber by measure, generally afford three tons of oil; but the blubber of a sucker contains a very small proportion. Whales have been caught that afforded nearly thirty tons of pure oil; and whales yielding twenty tons of oil, are by no means uncommon. The quantity of oil yielded by a whale, generally bears a certain proportion to the length of its longest blade of whalebone.

A stout whale of sixty feet in length, is of the enormous weight of seventy tons; the blubber weighs about thirty tons, the bones of the head, whalebone, fins and tail, eight or ten; carcass thirty or thirty-two.

The flesh of the young whale is of a red colour; and when cleared of fat, broiled, and seasoned with pepper and salt, does not eat unlike coarse beef; that of the old whale approaches to black, and is exceedingly coarse. An immense bed of muscles surrounding the body, is appropriated chiefly to the movements of the tail.

The number of ribs, according to Sir Charles Giesecke, is thirteen on each side. The bones of the fins are analogous, both in proportion and number, to those of the fingers of the human hand. From this peculiarity of structure, the fins have been denominated by Dr. Flemming, "swimming paws." The posterior extremity of the whale, however, is a real tail; the termination of the spine or os coccygis, running through the middle of it almost to the edge.

The whale seems dull of hearing. A noise in the air, such as that produced by a person shouting, is not noticed by it, though at the distance only of a ship's length; but a very slight splashing in the water, in calm weather,

excites its attention, and alarms it. Its sense of seeing is acute. Whales are observed to discover one another, in clear water, when under the surface, at an amazing distance. When at the surface, however, they do not see far. They have no voice; but in breathing or blowing, they make a very loud noise. The vapour they discharge, is ejected to the height of some yards, and appears at a distance, like a puff of smoke. When the animals are wounded, it is often stained with blood; and, on the approach of death, jets of blood are sometimes discharged alone. They blow strongest, densest, and loudest, when "running," when in a state of alarm, or when they first appear at the surface, after being a long time down. They respire or blow about four or five times a minute.

The usual rate at which whales swim, even when they are on their passage from one situation to another, seldom exceeds four miles an hour; and though, when urged by the sight of any enemy, or alarmed by the stroke of a harpoon, their extreme velocity may be at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour; yet we find this speed never continues longer than for a few minutes, before it relaxes almost to one-half. Hence, for the space of a few minutes, they are capable of darting through the water, with the velocity almost of the fastest ship under sail, and of ascending with such rapidity as to leap entirely out of the water. This feat they sometimes perform as an amusement apparently, to the high admiration of the distant spectator; but to the no small terror of the unexperienced fishers, who, even under such circumstances, are often ordered, by the foolhardy harpouner, to "pull away" to the attack. Sometimes the whales throw themselves into a perpendicular posture, with their heads downward, and, rearing their tails on high in the air, beat the water with awful violence.

In both these cases, the sea is thrown into foam, and the air filled with vapours; the noise, in calm weather, is heard to a great distance; and the concutric waves produced by the concussions on the water, are communicated abroad to a considerable extent. Sometimes the whale shakes its tremendous tail in the air, which, cracking like a whip, resounds to the distance of two or three miles.

When it retires from the surface, it first lifts its head, then plunging it under water, elevates its back like the segment of a sphere, deliberately rounds it away towards the extremity, throws its tail out of the water, and then disappears.

In their usual conduct, whales remain at the surface to breathe, about two minutes, seldom longer; during which time, they "blow" eight or nine times, and then descend for an interval usually of five or ten minutes; but sometimes, when feeding, fifteen or twenty. The depth to which they commonly descend, is not known, though from the "cldy" occasionally observed on the water, it is evidently, at times, only trifling. But, when struck, the quantity of line they sometimes take out of the boats, in a perpendicular descent, affords a good measure of the depth. By this rule, they

have been known to descend to the depth of an English mile; and with such velocity, that instances have occurred, in which whales have been drawn up by the line attached, from a depth of 700 or 800 fathoms, and have been found to have broken their jawbones, and sometimes crow-bone, by the blow struck against the bottom. Some persons are of opinion, that whales can remain under a field of ice, or at the bottom of the sea, in shallow water, when undisturbed, for many hours at a time. Whales are seldom found sleeping; yet, in calm weather, among ice, instances occasionally occur.

The food of the whale consists of various species of actinie, clones, scapie, meduse, cancri, and helices; or at least some of these genera are always to be seen whenever any tribe of whales is found stationary and feeding. In the dead animals, however, in the very few instances in which I have been enabled to open their stomachs, squille or shrimps were the only substances discovered. In the mouth of a whale just killed, I once found a quantity of the same kind of insect.

When the whale feeds, it swims with considerable velocity below the surface of the sea, with its jaws widely extended. A stream of water consequently enters its capacious mouth, and along with it, large quantities of water insects; the water escapes again at the sides; but the food is entangled and sifted as it were, by the whalebone, which, from its compact arrangement, and the thick internal covering of hair, does not allow a particle the size of the smallest grain to escape.

(To be continued.)

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A. Adam Street, Adelphi, April 6th, 1820.

Sir,—Your correspondent who has given a sketch of Mr. West's memoirs, from my account of his life and studies, has inadvertently fallen into an error, which makes him seemingly guilty of a falsehood in an attempt to question the authenticity of a fact. In noticing the circumstance of Mr. West's mother having been thrown into premature labour, by the effect of an "inspired preacher's" sermon, he says, that I absurdly inferred from that accident "that the child was born to great future destinies;" but I make no such inference, nor do I offer any opinion of my own on the subject. I therefore beg the favour of you to notice this mistake, which, as it stands at present, has a very malicious appearance; and I perceive it has arisen from ascribing to me an expression of Patterson the preacher.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your very obedient humble servant,  
To the Editor, &c. JOHN GALT.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Alexandria, (Egypt) Jan. 30th.

The canal of Ramanieh, which leads from Cairo to Alexandria, is just finished. The Vice-Roy, Mehemed Ali Pasha, by his own

desire, was the first to sail along it, with the view of ascertaining that his plans had been strictly fulfilled. In several places he himself sounded the depth and measured the width of the canal. The merchants of Alexandria propose giving a grand fete in honour of the completion of this vast enterprise, and to testify their gratitude to the Pasha.

An account of curious Halos, and Parhelia, that were observed at Edmonton, Wednesday, April 6th, 1820.—From 8 to 9, A. M.

About a ½ past 8, I observed a very fine and strongly coloured curve in the heavens representing the upper part of an inverted Uhalo: its distance from the sun by admeasurement was found to be 45°. This semidiameter is uncommonly great, as the semidiameter seldom exceeds 22°, but this led me to look more attentively, when I observed one fainter in colour, whose semidiameter was found to be 22°—this soon became nearly equal in colour to the appearance, and two parhelia were seen, one to the eastward and one to the westward, alternately very strong: the upper part now became much stronger, and formed a double curve, one towards the zenith, and the other towards the horizon: the lower halo became much stronger and larger, and represented a double curve also, but of a different form; and the parhelia to the westward was not found upon the halo as they generally are, but without it, when it had this wonderful appearance.

Edmonton.

C. H. ADAMS.



## FINE ARTS.

CENOTAPH TO THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

We have been politely admitted to a view of Mr. Wyatt's model of a design for this monument of national love and sorrow, which, it will be remembered, is that for which so general a subscription of sums not exceeding ten guinea has been made. To say that we admire this performance, would poorly express our feelings, and be a very faint and inadequate testimony to the genius of the artist. He has achieved a sublime work. Original, simple, wonderfully affecting—we are filled with surprise at the talent which has conceived and executed so noble a production within so brief a period. To say what it is, we know no way so good as to describe (what we can but insufficiently do) its effects upon us. We were struck with a deep awe, which, as we contemplated the group, gradually gave way to a sensation of intense though tender grief. The heart's

transition was from an indefinite gloom to a rational sorrow; and we seemed to be pondering, not upon a marble cast, but upon that holy text which speaks of the moment "When this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality;" or that which gives the blessed assurance of a time "When the Lord God shall wipe away all tears from all eyes." Indeed, something of this spirit must have guided the artist. There are two compartments in his design, the one of earth the other of heaven. In the inferior there are five figures; and singular to state, the countenances of all hidden under draperies. The chief figure is dead upon a bier, and four are weeping and mourning around in various attitudes. We are not afraid to say, that their expression is equal to what could have been obtained by showing faces in the sleep of death, in tears, and in agony; at least they produced as strong an emotion upon our minds. The superior group displays the disembodied soul rising from the tomb, and aspiring to its Maker's throne. The form is exquisite, and the bust a likeness of the late princess, of surpassing beauty and fidelity. On each side an angel glorifies this ascension; and one of them is to bear an infant—the only detail of the monument not yet finished.

As this notice is intended merely as a piece of public news in the Arts, we should at this public abstain from a critical examination of its subject. But it affords us infinite pleasure to add, that we are also prevented from following that course (if it imports blame as well as commentary) by the sincere and unbounded gratification which Mr. Wyatt's genius has afforded us. The colder feelings of art and all its rules are absorbed in the simplicity and grandeur of this conception. We could not look at details while filled with that abstract consciousness of the sublime and beautiful which all truly great performances, (whether in language, music, painting, or sculpture) inspire: and now, concluding what we had to say on the idea which has dwelt with us since we first saw this work, we take leave to congratulate the country on its accomplishment, and the author on the fame which he may rest assured will reward his labours.

## ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT FUND.

The anniversary of this excellent charity was observed on Wednesday. The duke of Sussex presided, and above 400l. was subscribed in the room. Not having time this week, we purpose, if needful, to render some account of the proceedings in our next.

## BRITISH GALLERY.

Although the Gallery closes this evening, and our notice cannot direct much public attention to their pictures, it is but justice to the undermentioned contributors to put their names on record: an oversight, in making up our last publication, alone prevented us from paying them a more timely tribute.

No. 100. The Young Village Carpenter.—W. S. Watson.

A clever cabinet picture. No. 192. A

first attempt at Sketching, the same. A fine piece of reflected light, and altogether sweet and harmoniously coloured.

116. *Pilot going Out.*—J. F. Ellis.

Mr. Ellis is within a step of excellence; the water is too green, but its character is good.

136. *A Study.*—By W. Emerson.

A well painted study, notwithstanding our joke a few weeks since. (See Literary Gazette.)

154. 157. *Cupids.*—F. Ferriere.

Exquisite imitations of bronze.

155. *The Cup of Tea.*—W. M. Sharpe.

Much Flemish character given to an English subject. There is some defect in the drawing of the accessories, but the principal figure is admirable. We forgot to notice the delightful colour of the satin in Mr. Sharpe's other picture, to which this forms so striking a contrast, and shows that his pencil is equally powerful in the humble dwelling and in the superb mansion.

187. *Study of a Head.*—A. Geddes.

A finer study of armour than of a head. The former is beautifully painted, with a Rembrandt-like effect: the latter is a shadow.

230. *School-boy.*—T. C. Thomson.

Strongly reminds us of Wright of Derby. Very natural, and not inferior to the most admired pictures of the artist whose name we have mentioned.

233. *Puppies at play.*—M. T. Ward.

An exceedingly spirited representation, deserving of favourable notice.

243. *Morning: Fishermen Returned.*—John Burnett.

Clear, though rather gaudy in colour. The fish are well executed, and, considering the subject as out of the artist's usual style, it certainly adds to his deserved reputation.

246. *The Upar, or Poison Tree.*—Francis Danby.

The conception is grand, and does not belong to a common mind. Still the picture is far from pleasing, on account of the dismal subject.

279. *Landscape: Anacreontic Revels.*—W. Linton.

A gay, beautiful, and airy scene. It is full of light, as it ought to be, and the tenderness of the pencilling strikes us as peculiarly fascinating and appropriate.

295. *Fier on Loch Tay.*—P. Nasmyth.

In this artist's own manner; and very charming. We know no painter whose shadows are so pure as Mr. Nasmyth's; what is reflected in them is as clear as his positive colours, though not an iota too bright.

No. 308. *Card Players.*—J. Carver.

Taken as a specimen of this artist's abilities, affords a fair criterion whereby to judge them. It is more immediately studied from nature than his other pictures, and has consequently more truth, and a better effect.

240. *Venus, Cupid, and the Graces.* No.

14. *The Daughter of Herodias, &c.* No.

25. *A Peasant.* No. 35. *A Sketch, &c.*—R. T. Bone.

No. 240. This composition appears to be brought together for the purpose of displaying the artist's skill in the management of the colouring; so far he has succeeded;

but we think at the expense of other qualities in art equally requisite for such subjects. No. 14. as a sketch, promises well. No. 25. is something more; it is a very pleasing performance.

#### ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

C. J. R. informs us, that on the day when Mr. West's funeral took place, the price of admission to St. Paul's Cathedral was raised from two pence to one shilling; and, justly indignant at so shameful a practice, he wishes to know who authorize and who benefit by the job. This abuse has been too frequently arraigned in public to admit of any hope of its reformation, as the parties concerned, (the Dean and Chapter it is said) appear to set the paltry profit derived from naking a show of a national church above the disgrace attached to the traffic. As churchmen, we consider their conduct to be scandalous; and even as showmen it is reprehensible, for not only do they allow the more ostensible monuments in the Cathedral to be covered with filth and dirt, instead of keeping them clean for the inspection of their customers, but they suffer the noblest ancient relics to perish—witness the tomb of Dr. Donne, so deeply interesting in all its circumstances.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### TO MISS

By R. H. mortally wounded at a Tea-table, on the — day of December, 1819.

'Tis not alone thy hazel eye,  
Flashing about its shafts of fire,  
(By which so many beaux must die)  
That I admire:

'Tis not alone thy lady's grace,  
Or look so filled with sweet expression,  
That on my heart, Love's helpless page,  
Makes deep impression:

'Tis not the vermeil tint that dyes  
Thy young cheek like the bursting rose;  
Nor thy soft bosom, heaved by sighs,  
Or in repose:

'Tis not the chestnut braid that runs,  
Binding thy forehead fair and proud,  
And o'er thine eyes (those summer suns)  
Hangs like a cloud:

'Tis not the swan-like beauty clear,  
That lies upon thy waving hair;  
From that (and yet I love it dear)  
I might escape:

'Tis not thy voice, like music heard  
At distance by the water's side;  
Nor thy sweet "cunning talk," preferred  
By me to all beside:

'Tis not—and yet it is—'tis all  
That I have said, and none deny—  
Which makes—will make me love thee well,  
Until I die,

R. H.

[By Correspondents.]

##### MEMORY.

Borne on the Ocean's heaving breast,  
Mark you stately vessel sail;  
How in floating canvass drest,  
Courts she every wanton gale:

Soft the propitious breezes blow;  
Fast she makes the wish'd for shore;  
Glitt'ring bright in splendid show,  
Rich with India's golden ore.

Gently foams the receding tide,  
'Neath the golden-glided prow;  
Pleas'd the joyous waves divide  
Still behind no track they show.

Yet at some far-distant day  
Memory will the scene retrace;  
Mark the wanton breezes play;  
Hail the vessel's easy grace.

Boatman thus on life's broad stream,  
Man in all his beauty move;  
Bliss with sweet contentment's beam,  
Bliss with all his bosom love.

Swift each passing year rolls on;  
Still contentment glads his mind;  
Soon each passing year is gone—  
Gone, nor leaves a track behind.

Then sly fond memory's powers  
Pleasures long since past review;  
Lead him back to youth's bright hours,  
And each blissful scene renew.

ALPHIUS.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

Professor Kephelides, in Breslau well known by his interesting Tour in Italy and Sicily, (from which several articles appeared in the Literary Gazette, previous to the publication of the work), died lately at Breslau, after a tedious indisposition, in the 33d year of his age.

The German papers mention the death of the Imperial Austrian Court Secretary, Daniel Ribini, a man distinguished by his various literary and philosophical acquirements. He was a native of Presburg, and received his education at Göttingen. His extensive acquaintance with the most eminent literary characters of foreign countries: his visits to the banks of the Thames and the Danube, to Sweden and Italy, improved and matured the excellent qualifications with which nature had endowed him. He pursued with enthusiasm the study of natural history, chemistry, mechanics, hydraulics, hydrostatics, optics, and astronomy; and he could converse with equal facility in the English, Italian, and Hungarian languages.

#### THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—The Easter Monday's novelty was produced here on Saturday, in the shape of a "broad-farical-pantomimical-drama," entitled *Shakespeare versus Harlequin*, and founded on Garrick's piece, to satirize the introduction of pantomime into this country, and revenge himself of that success, which diminished the attractions of the regular drama, of which he was so grand a pillar. On the first night this alteration, or restoration (whatever it may be called), was indifferently received; but it has since been reduced and condensed so as to obtain a more favourable audience. It will therefore fret its hour upon the stage, neither the best nor the worst of its clus, suffered when not hissed, and endured when not applauded. It offers nothing for criticism.

The opera of Artaxerxes has been well got up at this house, with Ibrahim, Mladame Vestris, Incelon, Miss Carew, and Mrs. Bland, in the principal parts.

Kean is to play other characters before he tries Lear. Dowton, or some one for him, has published a letter to Elliston, declining the *perous* distinction of having his name in large letters in the playbills. One would really suppose that in the idea of "the playmen" the fate of empires depended on these capitals. If not quite so much importance is attached to this silly, it was probably meant as a slap at the silly ambition of Kean.

The new Hamlet has vanished like his father's ghost, and could not be brought to "walk again."

The following odd, and apparently absurd intimation, has been published in the bills. We confess that it is inexplicable to us, as we did not know of the enmity of the free list to Shakespeare.

"Under the apprehension that the immortal Shakespeare may meet with opponents, the Proprietor begs leave to announce, that it is his duty, for the interest and protection of the property committed to his care, that the *Free List* should be suspended during the performance of King Lear, the Public Press excepted."

**COVEY GARDEN.**—There has been a little too much reading of parts at this theatre during the week. *Performers*, like other people, ought to perform their duty; and appeals to the public for indulgences of the kind we allude to, ought to be of very rare instead of very frequent occurrence. At present we refrain from particularizing, hoping that, according to the adage, a nod may be as good as a wink—the proverb is somewhat musty.

Henri Quatre, a musical romance compounded from many Parisian dramas by Mr. Morton, is announced for next week.

**King Lear.**—On Thursday Mr. Booth sustained the arduous character of Lear; and if applause be the test of merit, sustained it successfully. For ourselves, we think that he belongs to a school unfit for the performance of the part, which is perhaps the most difficult in the whole wide range of the Drama. Lear is testy, wayward, passionate; but his frailties are of a royal nature: he is still "every inch a king." There is then a dignity in his wildest moods, and a majesty in his most tempestuous sorrows, which we do not find in Mr. Booth, or those who pursue a similar line of acting. A masterly touch or two will not convert a coarse daub into a fine painting; neither can a few points of effect render a pantomimic action congenial to the woes of the most afflicted of monarchs. Mr. Booth made what are called some hits; but his Lear was not the ideal which every refined understanding draws from Shakespeare. Indeed, it is but justice to say that the play itself was not Shakespeare's, but that clumsy patch-work which the public tolerated when its sensibility required tragedy to be stripped of all its pathos and terrors. Mr. Booth's dress in the latter scenes, and the making up of his face,

with beard, &c. were *outré*. The other parts, including C. Krimble's inimitable Edgar, and Macready's Edmund, to which this fine performer gave new vigour, and Fawcett's Kent, were excellently done. At the conclusion there was an uproar about bringing Lear on the stage: we were sorry that so silly a custom should be initiated at a second theatre. Upon the whole we were ready to retire, exclaiming—

"Oh! for a last memorial to the age!  
One classic drama to reform the stage!"

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—This is a pleasant little theatre, and has gained our good word. The manager, (Mr. Howard Payne) has exerted himself to gratify the public, and has succeeded. "Thus should desert in arts be crowned." The pantomime company here is very strong; and we willingly

—Let our muscles play,  
And give our cheeks a holiday—

at the feats of Messrs. Bologna, Grimaldi, and Barnes, that illustrious trio in mime and grimace. Nor must the pretty Miss Vallancy be forgotten. In addition, however, to the pantomimic evolutions, the public may see the celebrated story of "Calas" dramatised: the tale is of a Father who was actually executed in Paris (though innocent) for the supposed murder of his son. Calas has been stripped by the author, of its more painful termination, and the discovery of the guilty person takes place before, instead of after the execution of the father. This is perhaps the better plan, though we are not for falsifying fact in general. The story is told with a good deal of truth and unpretending pathos at Sadler's Wells. If these enticements be not enough to induce a reasonable person to visit this theatre, be it known, that there is another performer, of the name of BRUN, who enacts wonders both on land and in water: he has four legs, to be sure, but he is, nevertheless, not a prodigy, except in the way of understanding. He is quite the *beau idéal* of a dog, being handsome, faithful, and gallant. He fights with the men, and protects the women and children. He is, as it were, the Quixotte of dogs, though we thought once that his *night* errantry was not so spontaneous as that of his famous prototype. Be this as it may, the dog is an excellent dog, and merits well the plaudits which he receives, and the supper which, (we hope) always awaits him, in requital of his labours.

## VARIETIES.

An Englishman at Paris, traversing the catcombs, was told, that if he wandered from the black line traced on the ceiling, he would be lost: "Never fear," said he, "I will halloo out *sixpence*, and all Paris will hear me!"

**Great Attraction.**—At one of the Cafés of the city, where novelty is all in all, they have got a giantess to preside at the bar, instead of a beautiful lemonade-maker. They call the house, in consequence, the Bellona, and the representative of the goddess, a fine

woman of six feet two or three inches in height, does the honours of the saloon.

Virginius, a tragedy, written by a gentleman of that city, has been successfully produced at the Glasgow theatre.

A medal has been struck in Paris with the effigies of the Duke of Berry on one side, and on the other, the following inscription, composed by the Academy:—

Pugione  
Percussus perit  
13 Feb. 1820.  
Gallia sperem suam,  
Conflux amatoem,  
Militia Ducem,  
Populus patrem  
perdiderit.

The investigation and description of antiquities are at present zealously prosecuted throughout France. The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres is constantly receiving from all parts of the French kingdom, memoirs, designs, and various interesting materials and documents. The latest reports on the above subject that have reached the Institute are drawn up by M. M. Ducherrenil and de Gerville, for the department of La Manche; M. Fingé, for the arrondissement of Nogent; and M. Saint-Amans, for the department of Lot-et-Garonne. M. Bavaire, of Doubs, is proceeding with his work on the Sequani. M. Dumège, a learned archaeologist of Toulouse, has sent to the French Academy several very curious memoirs on the monuments of that city. At Amiens, the Academic Society is proceeding with similar investigations, and the happiest results may be expected from the co-operation of its members.

Arnault, the author of *Germanicus*, who has returned from banishment, has written a new tragedy, *Les Gueffes et les Gibellins* which is now studying by the actors of the French Theatre, and the representation of which is impatiently expected by the public.

A. Mr. Lefebvre has invented a pack of cards which contains the elements of botany. He has followed a system of his own, which he has developed in several discourses laid before the Institute. He places all the flowers in the world in four classes. Poly-pedales, Monopedales, Perigones, and compound flowers. These supply the place of the four suits, diamonds, clubs, spades, and hearts. The other divisions are likewise the same as at cards, viz. twelve matadors or figures; and the plain cards, from ace to ten. The latter are expressed by the stamina of the flowers; and Linnaeus's 12 last classes supply the place of king, queen, and knave, on each of the four principal divisions. These cards are called, "Boston de Flore."

It is stated that the mines whence the Greeks and Romans originally derived their emeralds, have been re-discovered near Mount Zabarah, in the vicinity of the Red Sea; and 6/6 of the mineral dug from them for the Pasha of Egypt. But the emerald was also obtained abundantly in ancient times from the eastern parts of Asia.

The tragedy of Hamlet has been transformed into a *melo-drame* at the Porte Saint Martin.

Molière's *Philinte*, has been revived at the Theatre Français. Damas, who takes the character of Alceste, evinces in some scenes the superior talent which Molière displayed in that admirable part. Michelot, in the part of *Philinte*, deserves all the applause he receives. The piece is very attractive.

A pompous fellow made a very inadequate offer for a valuable property, and calling the next day for an answer, enquired of the gentleman if he had *entertained his proposition*. "No," replied the other, "your proposition entertained me."

*Polymorphoscope*.—A small mirror called by this name is now made at Paris, which reflects not only the face of the lady who looks into it, but by means of painting contrived in a peculiar manner, shows her in the various kinds of dress and taste, so that she may see what becomes her best, and be guided accordingly in the choice of her head-dress.

A French poet, who has recently added to his reputation by the publication of a work of considerable merit, asked one of his friends what he thought of it. "I have arrived at the fifteenth canto," replied the friend, "and I do not hesitate to affirm, that I never read more beautiful and harmonious poetry in the French language."—"I beg pardon," replied the author, "there is one thing in the language which I must confess is superior." "Oh! perhaps you mean *Phœbe* or *Athene*?" "No, I mean my sixteenth canto."

*Mount St. Bernard*.—The number of rations of food, given to travellers who passed this mountain in 1819, was 30,852.

In the register at the convent, in which travellers write their names, and sometimes also, observations, short sentences, &c. there is under the date of July 13, last year, the following Latin verses, inscribed by an English traveller, Mr. Butler, who passed the mountain on that day.—

Hæc ubi plana vides Berninæ in monte viator!  
Pennis quondam templi fœce Jovis;  
Hospitum vetus et prisca venerabile Sedes  
Nunc collitur vici sanctorum ara Dei.  
Scilicet hæc pietas, robore, sibi summa sedem,  
Deque via fœtis, rodere gaudet opem;  
Excipit et comit hospitio refectique mediæ.  
Et curat docta sacra membra manu;  
Milgat et Crumæ glaciem; mollique prius,  
Et facti æternæ ree calore nives.

At the time that M. de Cambrey was prefect of the department of the Gise, some peasants accidentally discovered near Oenoy, under a stone, a great number of Roman coins in an urn. They were of great value, (the whole being estimated at 40 to 50,000 francs, though since much dispersed) and extremely rare; for, with the exception of a few earlier, they began with Trajan, and came down, almost without any breach, to Alexander Severus. There were 60 of Commodus, several pieces of Crispinus, of Septimius Severus and his family, of Pertinax, &c. &c. The prefect bought a considerable number of them, shortly after which he was called to Paris, and thought that he could not testify his respect to Napoleon in a better manner than by presenting him with twelve

of the most rare gold coins. There happened to be an Ambassador from the United States at the audience, and Napoleon seized the opportunity to transfer to him this valuable and scientifically important gift, saying, "Sir, take this with you to America, and tell your countrymen that these are the fruits which our peasants reap in their fields." M. de Cambrey, who had flattered himself with increasing by his present the riches of the French collection of medals, was as angry as sorry that he had made so bad a use of them, and kept, without saying anything, those which he had not yet given the Emperor.

On the 21th ult. a funeral ceremony was performed in the Jewish synagogue of the Rue St. Avoir, in Paris, to the memory of the late Duc de Berri. A *de profundis*, and a dead march by M. Halévy, a young Jewish composer, produced a most impressive effect. M. Halévy is a pupil of Cherubini, and he recently obtained the grand prize of musical composition at the French Institute. The synagogue was entirely hung with black. The orchestra was composed of many of the most distinguished artists of the French capital, together with many Jewish performers, both artists and amateurs.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

### MODERN GREEK LITERATURE.

Measures are now taking for the foundation of a great college at Zagori, in Epiræ. The voluntary subscriptions towards this establishment, already amount to 70,000 francs. The learned Greek priest, Neophytus Doucas, has subscribed for his own share, 10,000 francs. The printing press established at Chios, is now in full operation. The finest production that has issued from it is an admirable Discourse, delivered by Professor Bambus, on the opening of the course of lectures for this year, in the great College at Chios; this Discourse is printed with much elegance. In a short time many important works will issue from the press at Chios, all destined to contribute to the regeneration of this classic country. Mr. Komnass, one of the most distinguished literati of Greece, and first professor in the great College at Smyrna, has just published the two last volumes of his *Course of Philosophy* which may be said to constitute an era in the annals of modern Greece. It is a summary of all that is remarkably beautiful and useful in the philosophy of Germany, and has been received with unanimous approbation by all well-informed Greeks, who are rejoiced to see the torch of modern philosophy lighted up among their countrymen.

*Contents of the Journal des Savans for Feb. 1820.*

G. W. Freytag. *Selecta ex Historia Hæbi* et *edice Aradico Bibliothecæ regie Parisiensis*.—Reviewed by M. Silvestre de Sacy. Visconti. *Mémoire sur les ouvrages de Sculpture qui appartiennent au Parthénon*.—M. Quatremère de Quincy.

Quatremère de Quincy. *Lettres à M. Canova, sur les Marbres d'Elgin*.—M. Letronne.

L. Jommis Baucher. *Eusebii Chronicon*.—M. Saint Martin.

Dom Clément. *L'Art de vérifier les Dates*.—M. Daunou.

P. H. Duedal. *Projet de Boisement des Basses Alpes*.—Tessier.

*Havary, March, 1820*.—A lithographic establishment has now been formed here, at the head of which is M. Letronne, from Paris, a pupil of David. He has advertised a work of which great expectations are entertained. It is a collection of portraits of the kings and other celebrated characters of Poland, which is to be published in folio, and in numbers.

W. Von Schmidt Phiselsdeck, Counsellor of State to his Majesty the King of Denmark, has just published a work, which is spoken of in the highest terms; the title of it is "Europe and America; or the future relations of the civilized world."

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

APRIL, 1820.

Thursday, 6—Thermometer from 39 to 53.

Barometer from 29, 60 to 29, 57.

Wind S. W. 2.—Generally cloudy, with rain at times: the greater part of a very fine halo was formed about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Two fine double rainbows about 4 and 6 o'clock: a shower of large hailstones about 3.

Rain fallen, 2 of an inch.

Friday, 7—Thermometer from 31 to 55.

Barometer from 29, 54 to 29, 68.

Wind S. W. 2 and 4.—Generally clear, with clouds passing.

Rain fallen, 925 of an inch.

Saturday, 8—Thermometer from 29 to 51.

Barometer, from 29, 57 to 29, 41.

Wind S. b. W. 1.—Generally cloudy, and raining.

Rain fallen, 1125 of an inch.

Sunday, 9—Thermometer from 37 to 52.

Barometer from 30, 42 to 30, 61.

Wind W. and N. W. 2 and 4.—Generally cloudy till noon, the rest of the day generally clear.

Rain fallen, 125 of an inch.

Monday, 10—Thermometer from 29 to 58.

Barometer from 29, 64 to 29, 55.

Wind S. b. E. 1.—A white frost and a fog in the morning, and afterwards generally raining.

Rain fallen, 85 of an inch.

Tuesday, 11—Thermometer from 42 to 57.

Barometer from 29, 63 to 29, 60.

Wind S. W. 3.—Generally cloudy, with showers of rain at times.

Rain fallen, 25 of an inch.

Wednesday, 12—Thermometer from 39 to 59.

Barometer from 29, 59 to 30, 01.

Wind S. and S. W. 1.—Generally cloudy, rain at times. Rain fallen, 2 of an inch.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. G. M. is assured, that the assertion to which he alludes is unfounded. The Gentleman in question never saw the article; and though an extravagant private friend, and valued occasional contributor, has no connection whatever with the *Literary Gazette*.

Erasmus in the last Number.—In our account of Sir T. Lawrence's pictures (*Goniat*) for common chair read crimson chair.

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

**MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE** of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," is now open for Exhibition, at Bullock's Great Room, upstairs to the right, from ten till six.—Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.  
"Fear not Daughter of Zion; behold thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt."

**MR. CLOVER'S Exhibition of Oil and Water Colour Paintings** will open on Monday, April 24th, at No. 16, Old Bond-street. Admission 1s.—Catalogue 6d.

**MR. BULLOCK** respectfully announces to the Public, that his extensive Premises, the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, are now open for the reception and sale, by Auction and Private Contract, of Property of every description connected with the Arts, ornamental and useful Furniture, and Natural History in all its branches. The next Public Sale will comprise four days of scarce Prints, to commence on Monday, the 15th instant; the other different Properties Mr. Bullock has already received directions to bring to Auction, and of which catalogues are preparing, will continue about four days in each successive week during the season, and will consist of extensive and valuable collections of Pictures, Prints, Books, beautiful framed Bricks, Unquadrated, Entomology, Shells, Minerals, Precious Stones, British Fauna, complete Fish, Ebony, Bone-ware and India Japan Cabinets, Commodities and Screens, Scur, Dradon, and Oriental Enamel China, Antique Marble Statues, and Groups of the School of Canova, &c. Granite Phorphyry, Verd Antique, and other Italian Marble Slabs, Monies, Bronzes, Raphael Ware, Etruscan Vases, useful and ornamental Furniture, India Paper, and numerous intellectual Articles of Virtue. Due notice of the prospective sales will be given in future advertisements, and the different articles may be viewed, and catalogues had two days preceding, with a prospectus of the terms on which property of every description is received for public and private sale.

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Friday, April 21st, precisely at one.

**A valuable Collection of Prints by Ancient and Modern Masters**, of the different Schools, comprising many rare and fine productions, the sole and genuine property of a private gentleman; among which are a brilliant set of Alexander's Battles, by Adrian and Fedisch, after Le Brun; also a fine choice Drawings, in colors, by eminent Artists, particularly a most beautiful set of illuminated Drawings, after the original Pictures by Raphael in the Vatican.

To be viewed and catalogues had two days preceding. By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Thursday, April 20th, at one precisely.

**By Order of the Executors**, a collection of Prints and Drawings, by old Masters, fine Engravings by modern Italian Artists, and a fine choice of Pictures, by Raphael Mengs, Raphael's Pictures in the Vatican, by Volpato, also some Drawing Boards, Painters' Facels, Color Boxes, and Engravers' Tools, the genuine property of Sydenham Edwards, Esq. deceased.

To be viewed and catalogues had two days preceding.

**Valuable Library of Books**, By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; on Wednesday, April 26th, at one precisely.

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Several of the latter Numbers of the Literary Gazette for the year 1817, and of those of the beginning of 1818, declare how highly we appreciated the first volume of this excellent work. Since that period the best critics of France, Germany, and Italy, have re-echoed our sentiments: there has been but one opinion of its merits, and the only objection that we have seen alleged has been to the arrangement, not to the value of its contents. To this Mr. Walpole has, in the preface to his new volume, given a very satisfactory answer; and, as we think, a still more gratifying one by rendering the whole publication equally interesting with its precursor.

We have therefore nothing to say in introducing it to our readers; ... for it would be tedious, however just, to repeat the phrases of panegyric. We shall merely notice, that there are thirty-four papers, (the chief of which, we mean, shall furnish separate reviews in our weekly sheet,) throwing unusual light upon oriental and ancient literature, affording much information whereby to understand the most difficult passages of Scripture, illustrating the geography of Asia and Africa, developing Greece in its antiquities and modern state, ... in short, forming a collection of rare intelligence and extraordinary value, which either for instruction or entertainment, must be highly acceptable to the scholar and man of taste.

[Our ensuing columns are derived from the papers numbered IX. X. XI. and XII., and relate to the travels and biography of Mr. Browne, of whom the British Public knows less than it ought.]

William George Browne was the son of a respectable wine merchant in London, the descendant of an ancient family of that name in Cumberland, and was born on Great Tower Hill, July 25, 1768. His constitution was originally feeble, and his health during infancy precarious. He was educated

privately till he went to Oxford at the age of seventeen, and entered of Oriel College. Here he applied himself to classical reading, made some progress in the mathematics, and took a wide range in miscellaneous literature. On quitting the university he entered at the Temple, hired chambers, and attended the courts of law. But he soon relinquished this pursuit, and contenting himself with the moderate fortune left by his father, indulged in that spirit of adventure which seems to have been implanted in his nature. Previous to 1791 he devoted himself principally to the cultivation of general literature, modern languages, and something of the fine arts, together with botany, chemistry, and mineralogy; but entering with great enthusiasm into the revolutionary mania which then sprang up in France, he wasted much of his time and vigour upon politics, and republished several tracts enforcing his views of the subject at his own expense, for the advancement of his favourite schemes. Fortunately the desire to travel superseded this passion; and stimulated by the perusal of Bruce's *Abyssinia*, he resolved to lose no further time in carrying his exploratory plans into effect.

Having determined on proceeding into the interior of Africa by the Egyptian route, Mr. Browne left England in 1791, and in the January following arrived at Alexandria. After a two months residence he took a journey westward into the Desert, to discover the unknown site of the temple of Jupiter Ammon. He followed a circuitous route along the sea coast to the Oasis of Siwah, where his attention was attracted by the remains of a remarkable and very ancient edifice of Egyptian architecture, respecting which tradition was entirely silent. Though inimical to his pursuit, he candidly expressed his opinion that this was not the Temple of Jupiter; and penetrating, amid considerable dangers, three days farther into the Desert, vainly searching for that object, he returned in April to Alexandria. He next visited Rosetta, Damietta, and Cairo, in which city he resided at different periods eleven months, diligently studying the Arabic language, and making himself intimately acquainted with oriental customs and manners. On the 10th of September he left Cairo, and sailed up the Nile as far as Thebes. He employed some days in surveying those venerable ruins, probably the most ancient in the world, which extend for three leagues on each side of the river, and shew the circumference of the city to have been about 27 miles. Higher up the river, he examined Assuan (Syene) the ancient boundary of the Roman Empire, and visited the celebrated cataracts, or rather rapids, of the Nile. The Mamluk war prevented his penetrating into Nubia, and he

turned again towards Cairo, but was diverted at Genie, on his way, into a journey thence towards the Red Sea and Cosair, to see the immense stone quarries described by Bruce. To avoid the perils of this road, he assumed the oriental dress and character; and his enterprise was amply rewarded. He passed through immense excavations, appearing to have been formed in the earliest ages; from which many of the great Egyptian monuments were obtained, and which furnished statues, columns, and obelisks, without number, to the Roman Empire, at its utmost elevation of luxury and power. He viewed with astonishment those exhaustless quarries of granite, of porphyry, and of verd antique, (now abandoned, and become the abode of banditti and wandering tribes) which supplied the most costly materials of ancient art, and to which modern Rome owes some of her principal existing decorations. In the Spring, Mr. B. traversed the rest of Egypt; and in May (1793), set out with the Great Soudan caravan with the purpose of penetrating into Africa by Dar-Fur, on the west of Abyssinia, and so on through the latter country to the source of the grand western branch of the Nile, the Bahr-el-abiad, or White river. During this journey, the thermometer was occasionally at 116° in the shade; but nevertheless, after incredible hardships, our persevering countryman reached Dar-Fur about the end of July.

“It appeared, immediately on Mr. Browne's arrival, that he had been entirely misinformed as to the character of the government, which he had understood to be mild and tolerant. From his first entrance into the country, owing in part to the treachery and intrigues of the servant he had brought from Cairo, but principally to the natural bigotry and violence of the reigning sovereign, he was treated with the utmost harshness and severity; and this circumstance, together with the fatigues of his late journey, and the effects of the rainy season, (so formidable to European constitutions,) produced, very speedily, a dangerous and almost fatal illness, from which he recovered very slowly, and with great difficulty.

“His first object, after the partial restoration of his health, was to obtain permission to quit the country; for which purpose he attempted a negotiation with a principal minister of the sultan, which was, wholly without effect. After this failure, and after having been plundered in various ways of the greater part of his effects, he resigned himself to his fate; and establishing his residence in a rhy-built house or hotel at Coblé, the capital town of Dar-Fur, he cultivated an acquaintance with the principal inhabitants, and acquired such a knowledge of the Arabic dialect used in that country as to enable him



to partake of their society and conversation."

Nearly three years elapsed, however, before the enprize of this African tyrant suffered him to depart; and it was not till the Spring of 1796, that he revisited the banks of the Nile, spent with suffering, and not having tasted animal food for four months. One of his amusements while in Dar-Fâr deserves to be mentioned.

"He purchased two lions, whom he tamed and rendered familiar. One of them, being bought at four months old, acquired most of the habits of a dog. He took great pleasure in feeding them, and observing their actions and manners. Many moments of languor were soothed by the company of these animals."

In 1797, he travelled in Syria and Palestine, and visited Acre, Tripoli, Damascus, the ruins of Balbec, Aleppo, and, journeying thence through Asia Minor, Constantinople. On the 16th of September, 1798, he arrived in London after an absence of nearly 7 years, which it may be seen from our rapid sketch, were passed in an extraordinary manner, whether we consider the countries visited, or the hardships endured by the traveller.

Unfortunately for the public curiosity, Mr. Browne had lost some of his most valuable journals; but still enough remained to form that volume of *Travels in Africa, Egypt, and Syria*, which he published in 1800; which, notwithstanding its novelty, and geographical value, has (owing to its abrupt and artificial style and other more serious objections) never become popular.

No sooner was his publication completed, than the author resumed his rambling life. In the summer of 1800 he quitted England, and taking Berlin and Vienna on his way, arrived at Trieste, where he remained some time. Athens, Smyrna, and again Constantinople, were the objects of his research; and a very interesting tour from the Turkish capital across Asia Minor to Antioch followed. Subsequently, he visited Cyprus, Egypt, Salanika, Mount Athos, Albania, the Ionian Islands, and Venice, where he rested some time, in 1802-3. From Venice, in the latter year, he went to Sicily, explored the classical remains of that island, and examined the volcanic Archipelago known by the name of the Lipari. Returning reluctantly to London, he made some arrangements for publishing the fruits of these travels; but never carried the design into execution. It is from the MSS. so prepared that our ensuing extracts are made. In London, Mr. Browne lived retiredly, giving his time to study, and the society of a few select friends. His general demeanour was cold, unamiable, and repulsive.

In 1805-6, though not much delighted with native scenery, Mr. Browne made a tour of Ireland, and was much gratified with his excursion.

"After several years had been thus passed by Mr. Browne, his ruling passion returned; his present course of life became insipid and irksome, and he began to meditate new expeditions. His imagination naturally recur-

red to some of those adventurous schemes which he had formed in early life; and he seems once to have had thoughts of applying, at this period, to the Directors of the East India Company, for permission to travel into Thibet. But after due consideration of this and other projects, he fixed at length upon the Tartar city of Samarcand and the central region of Asia around it, as the objects towards which his attention should now be directed.

"Having made the necessary arrangements in this country, for a long absence, he took his departure from England in the summer of 1812, and proceeded, in the first place, to Constantinople; from whence, at the suggestion of Mr. Tenant, he made a diligent, but fruitless, search for the meteoric stone, which is mentioned by the Parian Chronicle and the Natural History of Pliny to have fallen at Egospotamus in the ancient Thrace. From Constantinople he went, about the close of the year, to Smyrna; and thence, in the spring of 1813, proceeded in a northerly direction, through Asia Minor and Armenia, (the Persian road) to Erzerûm and reached Tabriz, on the first of June. No traces of this journey have been found among his papers.

"Towards the end of the summer of 1813, having completed the preparations for his journey, he at length took his departure from Tabriz, accompanied by two servants, for Teherin, the present capital of Persia; intending to proceed from thence into Tartary. He passed on the second day through a part of the Persian army which was encamped at the distance of 36 miles from Tabriz. What subsequently happened can only be known from the testimony of those who accompanied him. After some days, both the servants returned with an account that, after advancing to a place near the river Kizil Ozan, about 120 miles from Tabriz, the party had been attacked by banditti; and that Mr. Browne had been dragged a short distance from the road, where he was plundered and murdered, but that they were suffered to escape. They brought back with them a double barrelled gun and a few other effects, known to have been in Mr. Browne's possession. At the instance of Sir Gore Ouseley, soldiers were immediately dispatched to the spot described; with orders to bring back Mr. Browne's remains, and to make a strict search for the murderers. On their return, they reported to the government that they had failed in both these objects; but that they had fully ascertained the fact of Mr. Browne's death, and had found some portions of his clothes, which, having been made at Constantinople, were very distinguishable from those worn in Persia. They added, that they had been unable to discover any traces or remains of the body, which was believed to have been abandoned to beasts of prey. Notwithstanding this report, the search for his remains appears to have been afterwards continued; and some bones, said to be those of Mr. Browne, were brought to Tabriz; which, having been deposited in a cedar chest, were interred, with due respect, in the neighbourhood of the town. The spot

was happily chosen near the grave of Therron, the celebrated French traveller, who died in this part of Persia about a century and half before."

"So perished a very enterprising and altogether extraordinary man, at a period when much was to be expected from his labours, and when we may say the eyes of the three quarters of the ancient world were fixed upon his adventurous career.

"In his person he was thin, and rather above the middle size, of a dark complexion, and a grave and pensive cast of countenance. His manners towards strangers were reserved, cold, and oriental; but he could occasionally relax from this gravity, and his society and conversation had great charms for the few friends with whom he would thus unbend himself.

"His moral character was deserving of every praise. He was friendly and sincere, distinguished for the steadiness of his attachments, and capable of acts of great kindness. Though far from being affluent, he was liberal and generous in no common degree. He was perfectly disinterested, and had high principles of honour; and (what is very important, with reference to his character as a traveller and geographical discoverer) was a man of exact and scrupulous veracity.

"He had no brilliancy or quickness of parts; but he was a great lover of labour, and cultivated his favourite studies with intense and unremitting assiduity. He was a man of erudition, and may be ranked among the learned Orientalists of modern times. But that which principally distinguished him, and in which he was certainly unrivalled, was a familiar and intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of Eastern nations, and the minute details of their domestic life, extending even to their prayers and ablutions. It was this knowledge, the result of long and patient observation, which enabled him to personate the Oriental character with an exactness and propriety which has rarely, perhaps, been equalled."

"The leading principle of his character was a lofty ambition, a desire of signaling himself by some memorable achievement. On opening his will, which was made a few days before he left England, a paper in his handwriting was found enclosed, containing a remarkable passage from one of Pindar's odes, highly expressive of that generous ambition and contempt of danger and death, which are the true inspiring principles of great enterprises. Probably his most intimate friends had not been fully aware, before the appearance of this paper, of the real force of his character, and of those powerful and deep feelings, which the habitual reserve and coldness of his manners effectually concealed from observation."

The passage is in the first of the *Olympic Songs*, verse 129, and is thus translated by West—

"In the paths of dangerous fame  
Trembling onwards never tread;  
Yet since all of mortal frame  
Must be numbered with the dead,  
Who in dark inglorious shade  
Would his useless life consume

And with needless years decay'd  
Sink unhonour'd to the tomb?  
I that shameful list disdain,  
I this doubtful list will prove."

The following miscellaneous extracts are taken from Mr. Browne's MS. remains: on his journey across Asia Minor he thus describes a very remarkable people:—

"In my visits to the Turkman tents, I remarked a strong contrast between their habits and those of the Bedouin Arabs. With the latter, the rights of hospitality are inviolable; and while the host possesses a cake of bread, he feels it a duty to furnish half of it to his guest; the Turkman offers nothing spontaneously, and if he furnish a little milk or butter, it is at an exorbitant price. With him it is a matter of calculation, whether the compendious profit of a single act of plunder, or the more ignoble system of receiving presents from the caravans for their secure passage, be most advantageous. The Arab values himself on the *haab* *we nab*, that is, his ancient pedigree; the Turkman, on his personal prowess. With the former, civility requires that salutations be protracted to satiety; the latter scarcely replies to a *Salam oleikem*.

"The muleteers, who had preferred this devious path to the high road, to avoid the Delis, were now alarmed at the frequent visits of the Turkman. They described me to them as an officer of Chappan Oglou's retinue, employed to communicate with the English fleet on the coast; an explanation which appeared to satisfy them; and fortunately I was able to support that character. It is to be observed that Chappan Oglou has a large military force at his disposal, and administers justice with a rod of iron. His vengeance pursues, on eagle-wing, the slightest transgression against his authority. Our precautions at night were redoubled; and I divided the time into two watches, which I ordered my servant to share with me; but the disposition to sleep having speedily got the better of his vigilance, a pipe, although carefully placed under the carpet on which I myself slept, was stolen unperceived before morning.

"The dress of the Turkman consists of a large striped and fringed turban, fastened in a manner peculiar to themselves; or sometimes of a simple high-crowned cap of white felt. A vest, usually white, is thrown over the shirt; the Aga's superadd one of cloth; and in general, and in proportion to their rank and wealth, they approximate to the dress of the capital. But the common people wear a short jacket of various colours. A cincture is indispensably required, in which are fixed an enormous yatagan, and a pistol. Many of them wear half boots, red or yellow, laced to the leg; the dress of the women is a coloured vest, and a piece of white cotton cloth on the head, covering part of the face. They are masculine and active, performing all the harder kinds of labour required by the family. Their features are good, but not pleasing. The men are generally muscular, and well-proportioned; tall, straight, and active. Their teeth are white and regular; their eyes are often ex-

trremely piercing; and there is an air of uncommon boldness in their countenances and mode of address. Their complexions are clear, but sun-burnt. In a word, they have every thing that denotes exhaustless health and vigour of body. A general resemblance is visible between them and the populace of Constantinople; but the latter appear effeminate by the comparison. Every action and every motion of the Turkman is marked by dignity and grace. Their language is clear and sonorous, but less soft than that of the capital; expressing, as may be conceived, no abstract ideas, for which the Turkish is indebted to the Arabic alone; but fitted to paint the stronger passions, and to express, in the most forcible and laconic terms, the mandates of authority. Their riches consist of cattle, horses, arms, and various habiliments. How lamentable to think, that with persons so interesting, and a character so energetic, they unite such confined habits of idleness, violence, fraud, and treachery: From the rising of the sun till his disappearance, the males are employed only in smoking, conversing, inspecting their cattle, or visiting their acquaintance. They watch at night for the purpose of plunder, which among them is honourable, in proportion to the ingenuity of the contrivance, or the audacity of the execution. Their families are generally small, and there seems reason to believe that their numbers are not increasing."

The picture of the present state of Antioch has excited peculiar interest in our minds, from so recently contemplating its ancient glory and calamitous struggles in Mills' History of the Crusades.

"Early on the following morning we proceeded to Antioch, once the opulent, the luxurious, the refined mistress of Syria; now presenting no monument of ancient grandeur, except the skeleton of its ample walls. The plain over which the road leads to Antioch, is covered with myrtles, and other flowering and odoriferous shrubs. The khans, or caravanserais, at Antioch, are not sumptuous buildings, but they are secure, and adapted to the use of the merchants. The three best are Khan el Nakir, Khan el Beiz, and Khan el Gidil. I had an interview with the Mitisellim, who has been long fixed here. He received me with great politeness. His administration was said to be distinguished by justice and severity. He was very temperate; and his pleasures were understood to be strictly confined to his harem. He had never indulged in the use of opium or strong liquors."

"The Christians of the Greek ritual, now established in Antioch, are about a hundred and fifty families; the Armenians, twenty families; and there are about forty Jews. The number of Mohammedans is not so easily ascertained. The troops of every description now in the service of the Mitisellim do not exceed four thousand, and are probably not more than three thousand five hundred; these are known under the general name of Tuffenkijé, or "bearers of fire arms." There are ordinarily four or five hundred Yeuktheris (or Janisaries), who

are at present most of them in Egypt with the Vizir.

"The staple commodity of Antioch is well known to be silk."

"A great quantity of grapes is produced in the neighbourhood. They are used for food, converted into Dipse, (a kind of jelly made of the juice of grapes,) or dried as raisins. Little wine is prepared; but what I have tasted there was perfectly well flavoured; it may be kept any length of time, and is improved by a period of seven or eight years. It is strong, and perhaps rather too sweet."

The following is a more detailed account of a Turkish marriage than we remember to have read elsewhere.

"It is well known that the usages of the country do not admit of the intended bride being seen by the husband before marriage. The woman may, however, more easily satisfy her curiosity regarding the person of the man; though even that is not always possible. This state of restraint gives rise to several practices, tending to facilitate mutual approximation. Among them are to be enumerated the existence of professed *match makers*, who make the occupation profitable to themselves, in a manner not difficult to be understood. The excellent qualities of the future bride and bridegroom are repeated to the persons concerned, of course with great exaggeration. Accordingly, if the parties be credulous or inexperienced, a connection takes place, which, in many cases, is terminated by divorce in a few days afterwards."

"Some account of the forms which are observed, with little variation, in matrimonial contracts, may not be wholly uninteresting. Each of the parties chooses a wakil, or procurator, and two witnesses, who are to agree before the Imam, or priest, on the sum to be given by the man, towards furnishing at least one room of the house with cushions, carpets, and other necessary articles; and likewise on the Nikah, which is not paid immediately, but is demandable by the woman in case of a divorce. The paper, setting forth the particulars of this agreement, is drawn up and signed by the witnesses; hence the married woman is called *kitabî*, *wife by writing*. The Imam receives a proper present; often a henish, or outer vesture: the other parties are gratified by presents of smaller value. From this time to the day of marriage, a fête is celebrated; and the house of the bridegroom is kept open to every person of the mahâl, or parish; and even strangers are allowed to enter. Sometimes dishonest persons gain admission, and carry off such portable articles as are exposed to their depredations; they have been known to slip off the amber mouth pieces of the pipes, and escape with them."

"The common expenses of a marriage, in Constantinople, costs a man, on a moderate estimate, a full year of his income, and sometimes more. Thus, to a person of middle rank, they will amount to 2000 or 2500 piastres."

"When the day of marriage arrives, the bridegroom is conducted to the apartment of

the bride, by the Imam, and the rest of the company; the Imam places his back against the door, and commences a kind of prayer, to which, when terminated, the company present reply, Amen; after which they all retire to their own houses.

"The bridegroom knocks at the door three times, which is then opened by the Yeni châtin, or bride maid, who replies to the 'Salam aleikum' of the bridegroom, conducts him to the bride, and puts her right hand in his. She then quits the room to bring in the suffra, or eating table, which is placed near at hand; furnished commonly with a roasted fowl and some other trifles.

"While she is absent, the husband tries to uncover his wife's face, which is over-shadowed with a long veil; to the removal of which the established rules of decorum require that she should offer some resistance. He presents to her some ornament, generally of jewellery, which she accepts after proper hesitation; and at length consents to abandon her veil. They sit down at table, and the husband divides the fowl with his hands, offering a portion to the woman, which she receives. Much time is not consumed in eating, and the suffra being removed, they wash. The Yeni châtin then brings the bowl, which she spreads on the floor. She takes out the bride to her mother and the women, who are in the next room, where she is undressed; after which the Yeni châtin brings her back to her husband, places her right hand in his, and leaves them together.

"The last ceremony is that of the bride being conducted in form to the bath. This takes place at the expiration of six or seven days.

"The custom of *throwing the handkerchief* is frequently in the popular month, and supposed to be reported from undisputed fact. I have never been able to ascertain that such a practice was in use in the Harems of the Girat, or among any other class of women at Constantinople, or in any of the towns of the East. In the West of Turkey, indeed, a custom prevails, which, transmitted by report through the medium of the Germans or Venetians, may possibly have given rise to the prevalent opinion on the subject.

"In a part of Bosnia, young girls of the Mohammedan faith are permitted to walk about in the day-time, with their faces uncovered. Any man of the place, who is inclined to matrimony, if he happens to be pleased with any of these girls, whom he sees in passing, throws an embroidered handkerchief on her head or neck. If he have not a handkerchief, any other part of his dress answers the same purpose. The girl then retires to her home, regards herself as betrothed, and appears no more in public. I learned from a Bosniak of veracity, that this is an usual preliminary to marriage, in the place where he was born."

Mr. Browne negatives the belief that temporary marriages are permitted by the Mohammedan laws. The annexed particulars are curious—

"There is a kind of fine porcelain, or China-ware, much esteemed in the East,

from the prevalent credulity which is common there respecting its supposed properties. It is distinguished by the name of *Mir tabân*, and is said to indicate poison, if any exist in the food. From this prejudice, a plate or other vessel, composed of this material, is sometimes sold for three or four hundred piastres. The absurdity of the idea is evident; but it might be curious to know how it originated."

"The bread made in private houses in Cyprus is unequalled, except perhaps by that which is prepared for the table of the Sultan, at Constantinople. It is composed of what is called '*fiore di farina*.' The flour is divided into three parts, to obtain the kind which is proper for manipulation. The first separated is the coarse and husky part; the next, the white impalpable powder; after which operation remains the *fiore di farina*, which is neither very finely pulverized, nor remarkably white, and is by far the smallest quantity of the whole mass. This is found to contain the purest part of the wheat, and to make the finest bread."

Our last examples relate to the decline of the Ottoman Empire, a view of which the author takes, and instances among others the following principal causes:—

"Among the various causes which have contributed to the ruin of the Turkish provinces, the arbitrary and independent jurisdictions conceded under the names of *Mocatta* and *Altzin* hold a conspicuous place: to understand their nature the following remarks may be necessary.

"The revenues of a certain district, perhaps ten or twelve villages, are to be disposed of. The person who wishes to farm them, after ascertaining their value with all practicable accuracy, goes to a minister, and offers what he thinks proper for the term of one, two, three, or four years. As the government is always indigent, the offer of ready money is generally accepted; and nothing more is required to enable the farmer to exercise unlimited authority over the district in question, and to augment his revenue by every means of fraud, violence, and extortion. Thus, what was originally supposed to produce fifteen purses, he perhaps makes to yield forty. The peasantry is thereby ruined: but this does not enlarrass the *Mocatteji* or *Miltexin*, who is concerned only with what the district will yield during the term for which he holds it. A more absurd system for the administration of provinces cannot possibly be imagined: it is adapted only to the possessions of a horde of rapacious banditti, who expected to be expelled in a year or two from the provinces they had overrun.

"The farmer must oppress in order to reimburse himself for his enormous expenses; or he must fail. The peasant being rated in proportion to the gross produce of the lands he cultivates, cannot possibly do more than glean a scanty subsistence, which may be obtained by slight exertions and the most wretched system of husbandry; and thus, whilst there is, on the one hand, a strong positive motive to oppress, the stimulus to production, on the part of the landholders, is

the most feeble and negative that can be imagined. The practical effects of this system are seen in the depopulation of the country, and the increase of robbers and rebels, the great body of whom, it is known, are composed of peasantry and other subjects of the Porte, who have been thus stripped of their possessions."

"Among the little and ineffectual expedients adopted in a falling empire, the depreciation of the current coinage is generally one. This has been rapidly progressive during the two last reigns in the Ottoman empire. It is superfluous to add, that none of the currency goes out of the territory: its value is very various, even within the limits of it. The *fendouk* and *mauld* are exchangeable in some parts of Asia for a less number of paras than in the capital; in Aleppo for a greater; but their highest value in exchange is in Kahira: in the Upper Egypt they pass for something less. Foreign coinage, particularly Venetian sequins, Dutch and Imperial gold, and Imperial and Spanish silver, are sought after with great avidity. In Antioch and Aleppo, in 1801, the Venetian sequin passed for a sum much exceeding what an equal weight of pure gold would have been exchanged for. The gold of Selim III. contains one fourth part alloy; but some means are used by which a better colour is given to it than that of other gold; marine acid probably enters into the wash used for this purpose. Its indented edges are produced by filing, and not by milling. The nominal silver, it is believed, does not contain much more than a third of that metal; even the paras have been depreciated during the present reign. I was disappointed in endeavouring to obtain more satisfactory details respecting the mint. An English guinea, in 1801, was worth seventeen piastres and a half.

"It is perhaps worth remarking, that the receipts for the Miri, in Anatolia, were within the last two centuries given in a manner similar to the Exchequer tallies among us. The Intendant of a pashalik, at the beginning of the year, caused a number of small sticks to be prepared, exactly resembling each other. One was given to the person of whom the Miri was demanded, and a notch was cut for every payment he made of it. The whole being paid, the second stick was delivered into his hands, which served as an acquittance."

The oppressive mode of farming and collecting the revenues adds to the above evils; and our readers will be astonished to learn, that with all this dreadful system for draining the last para from so great a population of some of the finest regions on the earth, the entire revenue of the Porte is not estimated at more than 90 millions of piastres, or six millions sterling!

*Poems.* By Bernard Barton. London, 1820. 8vo, pp. 288.

This volume will, we believe, be published on Monday; and we are led to take so early a notice of it, as much on account of its merit, as of the rather

peculiar circumstance of its being the production of one of the Society of Friends. We hail this as a strong proof of the progress of liberality—of true liberality, and not of that spurious principle which has usurped the name, and converted a virtue nominally into a real vice. It has been told, probably without foundation, that when the amiable Quaker Poet, Scott of Amwell, was upon his death-bed, some sour bigots exhorted him to repent of his sin of poetry. He died and made no sign; and in that world to which the enthusiasm of poetic inspiration is the nearest approach in this,.... in that heaven where the hymning of praises is the highest enjoyment of blest spirits; he now, we firmly trust, enjoys the reward of a well-spent life, refined, exalted, and improved, by one of the purest studies of mankind.

It has been said, that there was something in Quaker doctrines inconsistent with the Bardic character; and it has been held by many, that in Quaker habits and manners there was an insuperable barrier to poetical cultivation. If these opinions have not been overthrown before, the author now under review has set them at rest for ever. He has shown us fancy in a sober brown garb, tenderness in a broad beaver, and nature in a staid demeanour.

We confess that we are so well pleased with this general beauty belonging to his work, that we may not be quite impartial judges of its defects. But more fastidious criticism will set us right if we err on the side of candour; and we will rely on the ensuing quotations and remarks, to rescue us from the suspicion of undue favour. The publication, we think, extends to a greater length than is expedient, considering the modern fashion; and if Friend Barton had limited his excursion to a moiety of its contents, he would have assumed a more popular form, without endangering the fame which his compositions may obtain. His claims to extracts are, however, increased by this circumstance; and, intending to allow them as far as our limits permit, we shall not occupy their room by further preface.

Some feeling dedicatory verses are addressed to Maria Hack, whose literary talents are warmly appreciated by the writer. He then, after a few brief introductory remarks in prose, enters upon his miscellaneous career with stanzas, supposed to be written in a burial ground of the Society of Friends. They

laud the simplicity of these receptacles for the dead, and condemn the erection of—

“*Storied urn or animated bust*”  
to the memory of those whose resurrection shall be their great memorial. We differ from the author’s sentiment on this subject; and not only love the selfish gratification of adorning the graves of those dear to us while living, but are persuaded that many a volatile, if not guilty soul, has been reclaimed to a sense of the instability of human affairs and the great business of eternity, by such funeral documents. Let us, nevertheless, suffer Mr. B. to speak for himself, which he does in these eloquent lines...

And, therefore, would I never wish to see  
Tombstone, or epitaph obtruded here.  
All has been done, requir’d by decency,  
When the unprison’d spirit sought its sphere:  
The lifeless body, stretch’d upon the bier  
With due solemnity, was laid in earth;  
And Friendship’s parting sigh, Affection’s tear,  
Clam’d by pure love, and deeply cherish’d  
worth,

Might rise or fall uncheck’d, as sorrow gave  
them birth.

There wanted not the pall, or nodding plume,  
The white-robb’d priest, the stated form of prayer;

There needed not the livery’d garb of gloom,  
That grief, or carelessness alike might wear;  
’Twas felt that such things “had no business there.”

Instead of these, a silent pause, to tell  
What language could not; or, uncon’d by care

Of rhetoric’s rules, from faltering lips  
there fell

Some truths to mourners dear, in memory long  
to dwell.

Then came the painful close—delay’d as long  
As well might be for silent sorrow’s sake;  
Hallow’d by love, which never seems so strong,  
As when its dearest ties are doom’d to break.  
One farewell glance there yet remain’d to take:

Scarce could the tearful eye fulfil its trust,  
When, leaning o’er the grave, with thoughts awake

To joys departed, the heart felt it must  
Assent unto the truth which tells us—we are dust!

The scene is past!—and what of added rod  
The dead to honour, or to soothe the living,  
Could then have mingled with the spirit’s mood,

From all the empty show of man’s contriving?

What worthier of memory’s cherish’d living  
With miser care? In hours of such distress  
Deep, deep into itself the heart is diving;  
Aye! into depths, which reason must confess,

at least mine owns them so, awful and fathomless!

Then, be our burial-grounds, as should become

A simple, but a not unfeeling race.

Let them appear, to outward semblance,  
dumb,

As best befits the quiet dwelling-place  
Appointed for the prisoners of Grave,  
Who wait the promise by the Gospel given,—

When the last trump shall sound,—the trembling base

Of tombs, of temples, pyramids be riven,  
And all the dead arise before the hosts of Heaven!

The next piece is entitled “the Valley of Fern,” and displays considerable feeling and art in impressing local imagery and beauty upon a landscape, certainly not intrinsically either imposing or beautiful. We know not how the ideas of Quakers are now regulated with regard to paintings; whether pictures continue to be held in abomination by any portion of that sect;... but if they are, we must say that Mr. Barton has exposed himself to some reproach for drawing a very sweet landscape. For several natural reflections, he thus writes... (reminding us, en passant, of Akenside)...

For the bright chain of being, though wisely extended,

Unites all its parts in one beautiful whole;  
In which Grandeur and Grace are enchantingly blended,

Of which GOD is the Centre, the Light, and the Soul?

And holy the hope is, and sweet the sensation,  
Which this feeling of union in solitude brings;

It gives silence a voice—and to calm contemplation,

Unseals the pure fountain whence happiness springs.

Then Nature, most lov’d in her loneliest recesses,  
Unveils her fair features—

We do not copy the remainder of the verse, from fear that a ludicrous thought which struck us may occur to others; and we are half ashamed of its intrusion.

We know all we see in this beautiful creation,  
However enchanting its beauty may seem,

Is doom’d to dissolve, like some bright exhalation,

That dazles, and fades in the morning’s first beam.

The gloom of dark forests, the grandeur of mountains,

The verdure of meads, and the beauty of flowers;

The seclusion of valleys, the freshness of fountains,

The sequester’d delights of the forest’s bowers:

Nay, more than all these, that the might of old ocean,

Which seems as it was on the day of its birth,  
Must meet the last hour of convulsive commotion,

Which, sooner or later, will uncreate earth.

Yet, acknowledging this, it may be that the feelings

Which these have awaken’d, the glimpses they’ve given,

Comb’d with those inward and holy revelations  
That illumine the soul with the brightness of heaven,

May still be immortal, and destin’d to lead us,  
Hereafter, to that which shall not pass away;

To the loftier destiny God hath decreed us,  
The glorious dawn of an unending day.  
And thus, like the steps of the ladder ascended  
By angels, (beheld with the patriarch's eye,)  
With the perishing beauties of earth may be  
blended

Sensations too pure, and too holy to die.

On this passage we have but one observation to offer, and it is equally applicable to every line in the book... the whole tends to the enlargement of the human faculties, to the moral amelioration, and to the everlasting happiness of the reader. Mr. B., among the crowd of modern poets who have sown poison with their flowers, and infected the effusions of their genius with active corruption, stands clear in his great account, and to the extent of his powers has contributed only to the weal of his fellow creatures. He, at least, may lay his hand on his heart, and say, "I have not abused God's gift." We pass over a good many pages of shorter poems, and select the following, as curious in many particulars.

#### SILENT WORSHIP.

Though glorious, O God! must thy temple have been,

On the day of its first dedication,

When the Cherubim's wings widely waving were seen

On high, o'er the ark's holy station;

When even the chosen of Levi, though skill'd

To minister, standing before Thee,  
Retir'd from the cloud which the temple then fill'd,

And thy glory made Israel adore Thee:

Though awfully grand was thy majesty then;

Yet the worship thy gospel discloses,

Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men,  
Far surpasses the ritual of Moes.

And by whom was that ritual for ever repeal'd?

But by Him, unto whom it was given

To enter the Oracle, where is reveal'd,

Not the cloud, but the brightness of heaven.

Who, having once enter'd, hath shown us the way,

O Lord! how to worship before thee;

Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day,

But in spirit and truth to adore thee!

This, this is the worship the Saviour made known,

When she of Samaria found him

By the patriarch's well, sitting weary, alone,

With the stillness of noon-tide around him.

How sublime, yet how simple the homage he taught

To her, who inquir'd that founttain,

If JENOUAN at Solyma's shrine would be sought?  
Or ador'd on Samaria's mountain?

Woman! believe me, the hour is near,

When He, if ye rightly would hail him,

Will neither be worship'd exclusively here,

Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

For God is a Spirit! and they, who aught

Would perform the pure worship he loveth,

In the heart's holy temple will seek, with delight,

That spirit the Father approveth.

And many that prophecy's truth can declare,

Whose bosoms have livingly known it;

Whom God hath instructed to worship him there,

And convinc'd that his mercy will own it.

The temple that Solomon built to his name,

Now lives but in history's story;

Extinguish'd long since is its altar's bright flame,

And vanish'd each glimpse of its glory.

But the Christian, made wise by a wisdom divine,

Though all human fabrics may falter,

Still finds in his heart a far holier shrine,

Where the fire burns unquench'd on the altar!

This may, we presume, be considered to be a genuine Quaker poem; and it is not on that account the more truly poetical. The author, in our opinion, is unfortunate in the measures which he has adopted in several of his compositions. They are like Burns'; and more congenial to light, or at the utmost, to common, than to gravesubjects. "Meditations in Great Bending's Church-yard," is in a much better style, and possesses a pathetic tone of suitable melancholy—

Then art thou such a spot as man might choose

For still communion: all around is sweet,  
And calm, and soothing; when the light breeze wows

The lofty lines that shadow thy retreat,

Whose interlacing arches, as they meet,

O'er top, and almost hide the edifice

They beautify; no sound, except the bleat

Of innocent lambs, or notes which speak

Of happy birds unseen.

Yes, thou, stern Death! art, after all, the best

And truest teacher, an unflattering one,

And yet we shun thee like some baneful pest.

In youth, we fancy life is but begun:

Then active middle-age comes hurrying on,

And leaves us less of leisure; and, alas!

Even in age, when slowly, murky run

The few last sands which linger in the glass,

We mourn how few remain, how rapidly they pass.

But 'tis not thee we fear, if thou wert all;

'Thou might'st be brav'd, although in thee is much

To wither up the nerves, the heart appal:

Not the mere icy chillness of thy touch,

Nor nature's hopeless struggle with thy clench

In tossing agony: in *thyself*, alone,

Thou hast worse pangs; at least I deem them such,

Than any mere corporeal sense can own,

Which, without future fears, might make the bravest groan.

For, *neer* thou all, in thee there is enough

To touch us to the quick: to part with all

We love, might try a heart of sternest stuff,

And in itself would need what man could call

Of strength and courage; but to feel the thrall

Of rending ties twice closer round the heart;

To see, while on *our own* eyes shadows fall

Darker, and darker, tears of anguish start

In *too'd* *ones* looking on us; saying, "Must we part!"

This is indeed enough. I never stood

But once beside a dying bed; and there

My spirit was not in the fittest mood,  
Perhaps, to be instructed, *have* to BEAR!

And *this* is *anew* that to be taught us, where

We fancied it impossible: I say

But once it yet has been my lot to share

Such scene; and that, though now a distant day,

Convinc'd me what it was to pass from life away.

Yet there was comfort in that death-bed scene:

Piety, resignation, hope, faith, peace—

All that might render such an hour serene,

Attended round, and in the slow decrease

Of life's last lingering powers, for calm release

Prepar'd the sufferer; and, when life was flown,

Though not abruptly could our sorrows cease,

We felt that sorrow for ourselves alone;

Not for the quiet dead, around whom there was thrown—

Calmness, as 'twere a canopy: the spirit

Seem'd, like the prophet in his parting hour,

(When he threw back, to him who was to inherit

His gift, the mantle, as his richest dower,)

To have left behind it somewhat of the power

By which the *o'er*shadowing clouds of death were riven;

So that, round those who gaz'd, they could not lower

With rayless darkness; but a light was given

Which made e'en tears grow bright: "twas light from heaven!"

The subjoined Sonnet to "Winter,"

and Monday, will be found of similar merit.

Thou hast thy beauties: sterner ones, I own,

Than those of thy precursors; yet to thee

Belong the charms of solemn majesty

And naked grandeur. Awful is the tone

Of thy tempestuous nights, when clouds are blown

By hurrying winds across the troubled sky;

Pensive, when softer breezes faintly sigh

Through leafless boughs, with irrevocable

Thou hast thy decorations too; although

Thou art austere: thy studded mantle, gay

With icy brilliants, which as proudly glow

As erst Golconda's; and thy pure array

Of regal ermine, when the drifted snow

Envelops nature: till her features seem

Like pale, but lovely ones, seen when we dream.

#### STANZAS.

We knew that the moment was drawing nigh,

To fulfil every fearful token;

When the silver cord must loosen its tie,

And the golden bowl be broken;

When the fountain's vase, and the cistern's wheel,

Should alike to our trembling hearts appeal.

And now shall thy dust return to the earth,

Thy spirit to God who gave it;

Yet affection shall tenderly cherish thy worth,

And memory deeply engrave it,

Not upon tables of brass or stone,

But in those fond bosoms where best 'twas known.

Thou shalt live in mine, though thy life be brief

For friendship thy name shall cherish;

And be one of the few, and the dearly-loved

dead,

Whom my heart will not suffer to perish

Who in loveliest dreams are before me brought

And in sweetest hours of waking thought,

But oh! there is one, with tearful eye,  
Whose fondest desires fail her;  
Who indeed is afraid of that which is high,  
And fears by the way assail her;  
Whose anguish confesses that tears are vain,  
Since dark are the clouds that return after rain!  
May He, who alone can scatter those clouds,  
Whose love all flesh dispelleth;  
Who, though for a season his face be shrouds,  
In light and in glory dwelleth,  
Break in on that moaner's soul, from above,  
And bid her look upwards with holy love.

The following is one of our favourites; and for a fine lesson told in an easy and affecting manner, deserves to be transplanted into books framed for the instruction of youth.

## THE IVY.

Dost thou not love, in the season of spring,  
To twine thee a flowery wreath,  
And to see the beautiful birch-tree fling  
Its shade on the grass beneath?  
To glory leaf and its silvery stem;  
Oh! dost thou not love to look on them?  
And dost thou not love, when leaves are greenest,  
And summer has just begun,  
When in the silence of moonlight thou leanest,  
Where glist'ning waters run,  
To see, by that gentle and peaceful beam,  
The willow bend down to the sparkling stream?  
And oh! in a lovely autumnal day,  
When leaves are changing before thee,  
Do not nature's charms, as they slowly decay,  
Shed their own mild influence o'er thee?  
And hast thou not felt, as thou stoost to gaze,  
The touching lesson such scene displays?  
It should be thus, at an age like thine;  
And it has been thus with me;  
When the freshness of feeling and heart were  
mine,  
As they never more can be:  
Yet think not I ask thee to pity my lot,  
Perchance I see beauty where thou dost not.  
Hast thou seen, in winter's stormiest day,  
The trunk of a blighted oak,  
Not dead, but sinking in slow decay,  
Beneath time's restless stroke,  
Round which a luxuriant ivy had grown,  
And wreath'd it with verdure no longer its own?  
Perchance thou hast seen this sight, and then,  
As I, at thy years might do,  
Faw'd carelessly by, nor turned again  
That scathed wreck to view:  
But now I can draw, from that mould'ring tree,  
Thoughts which are soothing and dear to me.  
O smile not! nor think it a worthless thing,  
If it be with instruction fraught;  
That which will closest and longest cling,  
Is alone worth a serious thought!  
Should aught be unlovely which thus can shed  
Grace on the dying, and leaves not the dead?  
Now, in thy youth, beseech of Him  
Who giveth, unsparring not,  
That his light in thy heart become not dim,  
And his love be unforgotten;  
And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be  
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee!

In order to show how accurate an observer of nature in its most captivating forms Mr. B. is, we conclude with a few lines from Playford, a descriptive poem... they are very like Wordsworth.

And grassy and green may the path he see  
To the village church that lends;  
For its glossy hue is as verdant to view  
As you see it in lowly meads.  
And he who the ascending pathway scales,  
By the gate above, and the mossy pales,  
Will find the trunk of a leafless tree,  
All bleak, and barren, and bare;  
Yet it keeps its station, and seems to be  
Like a silent monitor there:  
Though wasted and worn, it smiles in the ray  
Of the bright warm sun, on a sunny day;  
And more than once I have seen  
The moonbeams sleep on its barkless trunk,  
As calmly and softly as ever they sunk  
On its leaves, when its leaves were green;  
And it seem'd to rejoice in their light the while,  
Reminding my heart of the patient smile  
Resignation can wear in the hour of grief,  
When it finds in religion a source of relief,  
And stript of delights which earth had given,  
Still shines in the beauty it borrows from  
heaven!

From "Recollections," evidently inspired by a real grief, we take our last quotation; and to that add our last remark... that the author displays not only a goodness of heart, but a vivid perception of natural and moral beauties, and possesses a command of language to clothe his views in pleasing and instructive verse.

Oh, there are hours! ay moments, that contain  
Feelings, that years may pass and never bring;  
Which, whether fraught with pleasure or with pain,  
Can hardly be forgot: as if the wing  
Of time, while passing o'er, had power to fling  
A dark'ning shade, or tint of happier hue,  
To which fond memory faithfully should cling  
In after life: I felt, and own'd it true,  
While I stood still, and look'd upon that moon-  
light view.

I thought of some, who once beheld, like me,  
The peaceful prospect then before me  
spread;  
And its still loveliness appear'd to be  
One of those visions morning slumbers shed  
Upon the pensive mourner's pillow'd head:  
Its beauty, less distinct, but far more dear,  
Seem'd to invoke the absent, and the dead!  
And by some spell to bring the former near,  
Although it could not call the latter from their  
sphere.

Nor did I wish it.—No, dear MARY! no:  
How could I ever wish thou shouldst resign,  
For any bliss this being can bestow,  
Pleasures eternal, deathless, and divine:  
Yet, when I saw the pale moon coldly shine  
On the same path and turf which thou  
hadst trod,  
Forgive my vain regret!—Yet, why repine?  
Its beams sleep sweetly on thy peaceful  
sod,  
And thou thyself hast sought thy FATHER and  
thy God!

For thou wert number'd with the "PURE IN  
HEART,"  
Whom CHRIST pronounced blessed! and  
to thee,  
When thou wast summon'd from this world  
to part,

We well may hope the promise'd boon  
would be  
Vouchsaf'd in mercy,—that thy soul should  
see

Him, whom the angelic hosts of heav'n  
adore;  
And from each frailty of our nature free,  
Which clogg'd that gentle spirit heretofore,  
Exulting, sing His praise, who lives for ever-  
more!

Farewell! thou lov'd and gentle one, fare-  
well!  
Thou hast not liv'd in vain, or died for  
naught!

Of thy worth survivor's tongues shall tell,  
And thy long-cherish'd memory shall be  
fraught  
With many a theme of fond and tender  
thought,

That shall preserve it sacred. What could  
years,  
Or silver'd locks, of added good have brought  
Unto a name like thine? Even the tears  
Thy early death has caus'd, thy early worth  
endears!

We ought to refer to "Sleep," "A  
Dream," and "Leiston Abbey," as other  
agreeable examples of the Quaker  
Muse, which we heartily and kindly bid  
"farewell!"

SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF JOHN WESLEY. 2  
vols. 8vo. (concluded.)

In middle life, the wilder enthusiasm of the Wesleys calmed down. Charles, in the 41st year of his age, was married by his brother at Girth in Brecknockshire, to Miss Sarah Gwynne, and a few years after left off itinerancy, settled, and enjoyed domestic life. A match which John resolved on in 1745 was broken off by his brother, and this caused a breach of their cordiality for some time. He afterwards married a widow of the name of Vizzelle with four children, and called the single men of the society together to show his reasons for so doing, in exception to his own general rule laid down in his treatise in recommendation of celibacy. This marriage was unhappy. Mrs. Wesley was jealous, and a perfect shrew; and the preacher was the reverse of a submissive husband. They separated in a violent and injurious manner on her part, and with no regret on his. She lived ten years after. The characters of the two brothers are thus drawn by Mr. Southey.

"But even if John Wesley's marriage had proved as happy in all other respects as Charles's, it would not have produced upon him the same sedative effect. Entirely these two brothers agreed in opinions and principles, and cordially as they had acted together during so many years, there was a radical difference in their dispositions. Of Charles it has been said, by those who knew him best, that if ever there was a human being who disliked power, avoided pre-eminence, and shrunk from praise, it was he: whereas no conqueror or poet was ever more ambitious than John Wesley. Charles could forgive an injury; but never again trusted one whom he had found treacherous. John could take men a second time to his confidence, after



made for continuing the succession and identity of this body, wherein the administration of the Methodist connection was to be vested after the founder's death. They were to assemble yearly at London, Bristol, or Leeds, or any other place which they might think proper to appoint; and their first act was to be to fill up all vacancies occasioned by death or other circumstances. No act was to be valid unless forty members were present, provided the whole body had not been reduced below that number by death, or other causes. The duration of the assembly should not be less than five days, nor more than three weeks, but any time between those limits at their discretion. They were to elect a president and secretary from their own number, and the president should have a double vote. Any member absenting himself without leave from two successive conferences, and not appearing on the first day of the third, forfeited his seat by that absence. They had power to admit preachers and exponents upon trial, to receive them into full connection, and to expel any person for sufficient cause; but no person might be elected a member of their body, till he had been twelve months in full connection as a preacher. They might not appoint any one to preach in any of their chapels who was not a member of the conference, nor might they appoint any preacher for more than three years to one place, except ordained ministers of the Church of England. They might delegate any member or members of their own body to act with full power in Ireland, or any other parts out of the kingdom of Great Britain. Whenever the conference should be reduced below the number of forty members, and continue so reduced for three years, or whenever it should neglect to meet for three successive years, in either of such cases the conference should be extinguished; and the chapels and other premises should vest in the trustees for the time being, in trust, that they should appoint persons to preach therein."

The covenant, (borrowed from the Puritans) was another of Wesley's institutions, and originated so far back as 1735. It is defined by the author to be "one of the most precious practices that ever was devised by enthusiasm; the entering into a covenant in which the devotee promises and vows to the 'most dreadful' God, (beginning the address with that dreadful appellation!) to become his covenant servant; and, giving up himself, body and soul, to his service, to observe all his laws, and obey him before all others, 'and this to the death!' Mr. Wesley was perhaps have been prejudiced in favour of this practice, because he found it recommended by the non-conformist Richard Allein, whose works had been published by his maternal grandfather, Dr. Annisley; so that he had probably been taught to respect the author in his youth. In the year 1735, he first recommended this covenant; and, after explaining the subject to his London congregation during several successive days, he assembled 'as many as were willing to enter into the engagement, at the French church in Spitalfields, and read to them the tremendous formula,' to which eighteen hun-

dred persons signified their assent by standing up. 'Such a night,' he says, 'I scarce ever saw before: surely the fruit of it shall remain for ever!' From that time it has been the practice among the Methodists, to renew the covenant annually; generally on the first night of the new year, or of first year. They are exhorted to make it not only in heart, but in word; not only in word, but in writing; and to spread the writing with all possible reverence before the Lord, as if they would present it to him as their act and deed, and then to set their hands to it. It is said, that some persons, from a fanatical and frightful motive of making the covenant perfect on their part, have signed it with their own blood!"

Wesley's system of education was one of the severest and worst ever advocated: it was a reign of terror from the cradle upwards. Taken altogether, Methodism has produced much good; and done some evil. Its principles are strictly loyal, which in some degree compensates for its schism from the church.

The last chapter in the book which we have thus far epitomized gives a picture of Wesley in his old age. "He was favoured with a constitution vigorous beyond that of ordinary men, and with an activity of spirit which is even rarer than his singular force of health and strength. Ten thousand cares of various kinds, he said, were no more weight or burden to his mind, than ten thousand hairs were to his head: But in truth, his only cares were those of superintending the work of his ambition, which continually prospered under his hands. Real cares he had none; no anxieties, no sorrows which touched him nearly. His manner of life was the most favourable that could have been devised for longevity. He rose early, and lay down at night with nothing to keep him waking, or trouble him in sleep. His mind was always in a pleasurable and wholesome state of activity, he was temperate in his diet, and lived in perpetual locomotion: frequent change of air is perhaps, of all things, that which most conduces to joyous health and long life."

In the course of his life he rode above a hundred thousand miles; and was 69 years of age, when his friends prevailed on him to use a carriage, in consequence of a hurt which produced a hydrocele.

Mr. Wesley still continued to be the same marvellous old man. No one who saw him, even casually, in his old age, can have forgotten his venerable appearance. His face was remarkably fine; his complexion fresh to the last week of his life; his eye quick, and keen, and active: when you met him in the street of a crowded city, he attracted notice, not only by his band and gussock, and his long hair, white and bright as silver, but by his pace and manner, both indicating that all his minutes were numbered, and that not one was to be lost. After his eightieth year, he went twice to Holland, a country in which Methodism; as Quakerism had done before it, met with a certain degree of success. Upon completing his eighty-second year, he says, "is any thing

too hard for God? It is now eleven years since I have felt any such thing as weariness. Many times I speak till my voice fails, and I can speak no longer. Frequently I walk till my strength fails, and I can walk no farther; yet, even then, I feel no sensation of weariness, but am perfectly easy from head to foot. I dare not impute this to natural causes."

"In his eighty-fourth year, he first began to feel decay; and, upon commencing his eighty-fifth, he observes, 'I am not so agile as I was in times past; I do not run or walk so fast as I did. My sight is a little decayed. My left eye is grown dim, and hardly serves me to read. I have daily some pain in the ball of my right eye, as also in my right temple (occasioned by a blow received some months since), and in my right shoulder and arm, which I impute partly to a sprain, and partly to the rheumatism. I find, likewise, some decay in my memory with regard to names and things lately past; but not at all with regard to what I have read or heard twenty, forty, or sixty years ago."

"Other persons perceived his growing weakness before he was thus aware of it himself; the most marked symptom was that of a frequent disposition to sleep during the day. He had always been able to lie down and sleep almost at will, like a mere animal, or a man in a little better than an animal state,—a consequence, probably, of the incessant activity of his life: this he himself rightly accounted one of the causes of his excellent health, and it was, doubtless, a consequence of it also; but the involuntary slumbers which came upon him in the latter years of his life, were indications that the machine was worn out, and would soon come to a stop. In 1788, he lost his brother Charles, who, during many years, had been his zealous confidant, and, through life, his faithful and affectionate friend. Latterly their opinions had differed. Charles saw the evil tendency of some part of the discipline, and did not hesitate to say that he abominated the band-meetings, which he had formerly approved; and, adhering faithfully himself to the church, he regretted the separation which he foresaw, and disapproved of John's conduct, in taking steps which manifestly tended to facilitate it. Indeed, Mr. Wesley laid aside, at last, all those pretensions by which he had formerly excused himself; and, in the year 1787, with the assistance of two of his clerical coadjutors, Mr. Creighton and Mr. Pearl Dickinson, he obtained two of his preachers, and consecrated Mather a bishop or superintendent. But this decided difference of opinion produced no diminution of love between the two brothers. They had agreed to differ; and, to the last, John was not more jealous of his own authority, than Charles was solicitous that he should preserve it. "Keep it while you live," he said, "and after your death, *datur digniori*, or rather, *dignioribus*. You cannot settle the succession: you cannot divine how God will settle it." Charles, though he attained to his eightieth year, was a raelitidian through the greatest part of his life. In consequence, it is believed, of having injured



his constitution by close application and excessive abstinence at Oxford. He had always dreaded the act of dying; and his prayer was, that God would grant him patience and an easy death: a calmer frame of mind, and an easier passage, could not have been granted him; the powers of life were fairly worn out, and, without any disease, he fell asleep. By his own desire he was buried, not in his brother's burying ground, because it was not consecrated, but in the church-yard of Mary-le-bone, the parish in which he resided; and his pall was supported by eight clergymen of the Church of England."

"On the first of February, 1791, he wrote his last letter to America. On the 17th of that month, he took cold after preaching at Lambeth. For some days he struggled against an increasing fever, and continued to preach till the Wednesday following, when he delivered his last sermon. From that time he became daily weaker and more lethargic, and, on the 21 of March, he died in peace; being in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and the sixty-fifth of his ministry."

"During his illness he said, 'Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen; and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the chapel.' Some years before, he had prepared a vault for himself, and for those itinerant preachers who should die in London. In his will he directed, that six poor men should have twenty shillings each for carrying his body to the grave; 'for I particularly desire,' said he, 'there may be no hearse, no coach, no ostentation, no pomp except the tears of them that loved me, and are following me to Abraham's bosom. I solemnly adjure my executors, in the name of God, punctually to observe this.' At the desire of many of his friends, his body was carried into the chapel, and there lay in a kind of state becoming the person, the day preceding the interment, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown, cassock, and band; the old clerical cap on his head, a Bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other. The face was placid, and the expression which death had fixed upon his venerable features, was that of a serene and heavenly smile. The crowds which flocked to see him were so great, that it was thought prudent, for fear of accident, to accelerate the funeral, and perform it between five and six in the morning. The intelligence, however, could not be kept entirely secret, and several hundred persons attended at that unusual hour. Mr. Richardson, who performed the service, had been one of his preachers almost thirty years. When he came to that part of the service, 'Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother,' his voice changed, and he substituted the word *father*; and the feeling with which he did this was such, that the congregation, who were shedding silent tears, burst at once into loud weeping."

"Mr. Wesley left no other property behind him than the copyright and correct editions of his works, and this he bequeathed to the use of the connection after his debts should have been paid."

"Such was the life, and such the labours of

John Wesley; a man of great views, great energy, and great virtues. That he awakened a zealous spirit, not only in his own community, but in a church which needed something to quicken it, is acknowledged by the members of that Church itself; that he encouraged enthusiasm and extravagance, and spread superstition as well as piety, could hardly be denied by the candid and judicious among his own people. In its immediate effects the powerful principle of religion, which he and his preachers diffused, has reclaimed many from a course of sin, has supported many in poverty, sickness, and affliction, and has imparted to many a triumphant joy in death."

"The remarkable talents with which the Wesley family were endowed, manifested itself in the third generation as strikingly as in the second. One of the nieces of Mr. Wesley, named Melchisedech, after her mother, was that Mrs. Wright, who attained to such excellence as a modeller in wax, and who is said to have acted with great dexterity in conveying treasurable intelligence to the Americans, during the war. The two sons of Charles were among the most distinguished musicians of their age. Their father, perceiving the decided bent of their genius, very properly permitted them to follow it, and made the science of music their profession. In a letter to his brother, he said, 'I am clear, without doubt, that my son's concert is after the will and order of Providence.' When John printed this letter, after his brother's death, he added, in a note, 'I am clear of another mind.'"

"It was reported that Charles had said, his brother would not outlive him more than a year. The prediction might have been hazarded with sufficient likelihood of its fulfilment; for John was now drawing near the grave."

"We have no wish to add to our long review of this interesting and valuable work, which may now be consulted by readers, having been published within these few days. To complete the sketch of Methodism, abridged in our columns, it may be mentioned, that several separations took place among its original disciples, on various points of doctrine. The first division was led by Maxfield, Wesley's earliest lay-preacher, who joined Bell and other mad enthusiasts, pretending to prophecy and work miracles. Wheatley, a lascivious gospel preacher, headed the next schism, and turned the love-feasts and other nocturnal meetings into monstrous orgies. One Reilly was the organ of another sect, which held the opinions of universalists and latitudinarians;...that Christ had done away original sin, and that sin was a disease wanting a cure...not a crime deserving of punishment. This sect still prevails in America, Reilly having been one of Washington's chaplains."

Other separations of less note have also occurred; but in general the Wesleyan system has far exceeded in prosperity any of its co-rivals."

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS, FOR DECEMBER, 1819. (*Concluded.*)

Art. II. Histoire de Jeanne d'Albret reine de Navarre, par Mlle. Vaauilliers.

When we gave an account some time ago of the historical Essays on Berny, by the late Mr. Faget de Baure, we regretted that this work did not furnish any details of the life and administration of the mother of Henry IV. The accounts concerning her, scattered in general histories, and in some private memoirs, had not been any where collected. A history of Jeanne d'Albret was, therefore, still a desideratum, which Mlle. Vaauilliers has supplied with much care and success.

Art. III. The Kamoo or the Ocean, an Arabic Dictionary, &c. 2 vols. small folio. Calcutta.

Baron Silvestre de Sacy, in a short notice on this important work, says, "The Editor of the Kamoo could not have undertaken a task more worthy of our entire gratitude, than an edition of this work. We have long expressed the desire to see the Dictionaries of Dejaweri and of Errozabadi rendered accessible, by the press, to all lovers of oriental literature; but we were far from flattering ourselves that this wish would be realized during our life. Not only is it accomplished, at least with respect to the most necessary of the two works, (and we have seen the original of the Kamoo appear at Calcutta, and a Turkish translation of the same work issue from the press of Scutari almost at the same time,) but what is not less fortunate, the Arabic edition has been made with all the care necessary in so important an undertaking. Without doubt all those who cultivate Arabic literature will participate in our sentiments towards the editors of the Kamoo, and towards the Government, which, with a kind of profusion, places every means of success in the hands of men capable of making so good a use of them."

Art. IV. The Dramatic Works, (in German) of Dr. George Reinleick, 3 vols.

This collection contains seven pieces, three of which may be considered as original, three others are avowed imitations of French or Russian pieces, and the seventh, though called original by the author, is so full of passages evidently borrowed, that we hesitate, says Mr. Vauderbourg, so to class it. Though the reviewer enters into a long account of these volumes, we do not intend to follow him; his opinion of them is on the whole unfavourable; and from what he says of the plots, we are inclined to think he is not wrong in his judgment, notwithstanding the caution with which French criticisms on German works, especially dramatic, must be received. It seems too, from Mr. Reinbeck's own account, that none of his plays have obtained general success in Germany, notwithstanding the extreme indulgence of the public. To us it appears that it would have

been very easy to find some German work far more worthy of occupying so many pages in the Journal des Savans.

Art. V. Supplement to the Chinese and Latin Dictionary of Basil de Glemont, published by order of the King of Prussia, by Julius Klaproth.

When we mentioned this work in our 164th Number, we stated that we should take further notice of it when the review was completed.

Mr. Klaproth has placed at the head of his work a "Critical examination of the edition of the Chinese Dictionary of P. Basil de Glemont." This piece, which fills 29 folio pages, contains a view of all the faults and omissions in the printed dictionary, exposed and commented upon with a degree of severity, which Mr. A. Remusat finds excessive, and which would induce him to pass over the critical examination in silence, did it not contain some notions which he thinks new, and of general utility. It is besides necessary, because there is a perfect correspondence between the two parts of the work, the errors and omissions pointed out in the critical examination being corrected or supplied in the supplement. Did not the very great pressure of the matter compel us to be as concise as possible, we should feel real pleasure in closely following Mr. Remusat in his simple and able review of a work which must prove of such great importance to all those who in future apply to the study of Chinese literature. We must observe, that though Mr. R. as we have stated, appears to blame the severity with which Mr. Klaproth has spoken of Mr. Duguignes, the editor of the printed dictionary, he bestows unqualified praise on the indefatigable industry, the profound research, and the judicious arrangement of Mr. Klaproth. Though this work, he adds, is principally intended to complete Mr. Duguignes' edition of the dictionary of P. Basil, it would be equally necessary even if we already possessed the excellent dictionary by Keys, which Mr. Morrison is publishing at Canton. A great number of compound expressions are omitted by Mr. Morrison, as they are in the dictionary of Khang-hi, which the English author has taken as the basis of his labours. Besides, whatever may be his industry, several years must pass before we have his dictionary complete. Since 1815, only 3 numbers, or about one ninth of the first part, has appeared; and from a prospectus which Mr. Morrison has sent to Europe this year, we find that he has suspended the printing of his great dictionary by Keys, to publish an alphabetical dictionary in 4to. of 1000 pages, which will appear at the beginning of next year. This gives still more cause to review with pleasure Mr. Klaproth's Supplement, the printing of which may be finished in a few months.

Art. VI. Reply of Mr. De Luc, author of the History of the Passage of Hannibal over the Alps, to Mr. Letronne; and Mr. Letronne's Observations on that Letter.

In our analysis of the Journal des Savans for January, 1819, we gave a full account of Mr. Letronne's criticism on the work of

Mr. Deluc, whose opinion on the place where Hannibal passed the Alps, we thought then, and still think, he fully disproved, and at the same time satisfactorily shewed where it had really been effected. Mr. Deluc, in his reply, endeavours to invalidate Mr. Letronne's objections, and advances some additional circumstances in his own favor; but we must own that it appeared to us, even before reading Mr. Letronne's observations upon the reply, that Mr. Deluc has still failed in removing the objections to his system.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### T. CAMPBELL'S LECTURES ON POETRY.

We mentioned a few weeks ago, that the distinguished poet whose name we have just written, was to deliver a course of lectures, at the rooms of the Royal Institution, on the art to which he is so great an ornament. He commenced on Wednesday; and in an address of nearly an hour and a half, developed his principles, to the infinite delight of a very numerous assembly. That we can transfer so small a share of that gratification to our readers, we exceedingly regret; but it is out of our power to convey any idea of Mr. Campbell's happy illustrations, and we must confine ourselves to even a very concise outline of his general views and sound opinions.

On setting out he described poetry rather by what it was not than by what it was; and showed its distinction from prose, not only in the characteristic features of imagery, fiction (generally), and harmony, but in the absolutely necessary quality of a regularly recurring measure or rhyme. The difference between elevated prose composition and measured poetry, then, was that in the former the ear of an auditor was not prepared to follow a reciter, whose successive periods might all possess unlike forms and construction; whereas, in the latter case, the ear anticipated the pauses and modulation of the whole when once accustomed to a few of the sentences.

Mr. Campbell next enquired, whether any words were peculiar to poetical composition, or whether the entire range of language was not at the command of the bard. He decided for the last; and held, that provided the application was judicious, and the arrangement harmonious, no expressions whatever ought to be excluded from poetry. Thus a general would not chuse to fight with a few picked men; but to ensure victory would employ his whole army, only taking care to suit the stations of every branch of his force to its talents and powers.

He allowed the same latitude in the choice of subject. The poet ought not indeed to select the high and exalted alone, for that shut him out from much of nature: nor ought he to confine himself to the mean and common, for that would disgust; and poetry, like painting, should keep unimportant things in their proper situation, nor obtrude the disagreeable upon attention, by pressing it too forward in the picture. A due mingling of the elevated with the true was the right

medium, which produced a genuine effect on mankind.

He further said, that art as well as nature furnished subjects for poetry, and such had been chosen by the greatest poets. Quotations from Tickell, Milton, &c. illustrated this sentiment, which our readers may remember, is supported in the prefatory Essay to the Lecturer's "British Poets."

Popular superstitions were also fine topics for poetry; but to be fully felt, the author ought to live at the era when they were accredited; and should himself partially believe in them. Otherwise he exhibited a phantasmagoria at noon, and had to exclude the sun to darken the room.

The last point to which Mr. C. turned in his admirable *coup d'œil*, was to the progress of philosophy and science, as daily diminishing the territories of the poet. Fairy rings were now explained on natural grounds, and hard-hearted chemists took away the giant-cave of Fingal by mere crystallization. But the mind of man would also expand, and the imagination grow with difficulties, and conquer them.

There are, we understand, to be four more lectures; of which we trust to be able to give sketches less imperfect than this of the first.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### OXFORD, APRIL 15.

Wednesday, the first day of Easter Term, the following Degrees were conferred:

MASTER OF ARTS.—Rev. James William Bellamy, St. John's College, incorporated from Queen's College, Cambridge. Rev. William Staunton Marvin; Rev. Rowland Thomas Bradstock, University College; William Morgan, Jun. Deputy of Magdalen College; Rev. John William Hughes, Trinity College; Rev. Thomas Lequeune Jones; Rev. Francis Benson, Queen's College; Hon. Horner Fox Strangways; John Shuldham; Rev. James Six May; Henry Palmer, Esq. Christ Church; Frederick Ackers Dawson; Henry Jonas Barton; Thomas Johnson, Brazenose College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—Samuel Brett Shirreff, Wadham College; Edward Everett, Balliol College; William Harrison, Christ Church.

Yesterday the Rev. William Wilson, M. A. Fellow of Queen's, and the Rev. Wyndham Knatchbull, M. A. Fellow of All Souls, were admitted Bachelors in Divinity.

### CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 14.

The Rev. Henry Godfrey B. D. Fellow of Queen's College, was on Sunday last elected President of that society, in the room of the late Very Rev. Dr. Milner.

## FINE ARTS.

### EXHIBITIONS.

Several new exhibitions of pictures are on the tapis. That of Mr. Glover opens in Bond Street on Monday. Mr. Inahey, the celebrated French painter, has brought over

his Pygmalion as the principal of a collection of his works, to display before the British public. Another great production, from the late Louvre Gallery, is about to be presented at Mr. Bullock's fine rooms in Piccadilly. The Water-colour annual show in Spring Gardens is also about to be opened: and as we learn that Sir Thomas Lawrence does not send his distinguished portraits to the Royal Academy, it is not improbable that he may make a separate exhibition of them.

With regard to the Portrait Gallery, (British Institution) Pall Mall, we understand that it will contain the finest series of Vanduys ever seen together, and some remarkably curious specimens of the early arts in this country, among which an undoubted original of Henry IV may be mentioned.

#### FINE ARTS.—FOREIGN.

The king of Naples has had a monument erected on the royal domain of Chiaja, on the side towards Sorrento, the birth-place of Torquato Tasso, in honour of this celebrated poet and philosopher.

The statue of a priestess, with the inscription—*Eumachia L. S. Sacerd. Publ. Fulvior*, has been dug up at Pompeii, out of the middle of a large public building, which, according to the inscription, was, with all the adjacent habitation, built at her expense. It is the most beautiful which has hitherto been discovered there.

#### Venice, March 22.

The public papers have committed a gross falsehood in stating that the English were employed in carrying away our public buildings piece by piece, to re-erect them in England. On the contrary, our government has strictly prohibited the demolition of our palaces, and buys all those standing empty; if they can possibly be used for the public service. Considerable improvements have been made; canals filled up, so that we have broad and convenient streets; the *Merceria* has been restored, and has a fine appearance. The Emperor has ordered for this city an increased income of 150,000 *lire* annually for the repair of churches and monuments. It requires an express permission of government to export the least work of art. Trade indeed languishes, but the government can not alter the course of European commerce. The Emperor has ordered the debts of the city to be liquidated in a limited number of years.

Norway's enchanting scenery, has induced two young skillful artists to publish a collection of the most remarkable prospects between Christians and Bergen, under the title of, "Picturesque Tour to the high Mountains of Norway," accompanied by descriptions in Swedish and French.

#### FAIR EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY !

We are not among those, who, founding themselves on instances of individual assurance, would hibel a whole people with the stigma of impudence; and therefore, in

noticing the following example of Transatlantic Modesty, we beg to be understood by the most sensitive advocates for the moral superiority of the New World, not to insinuate that effrontery is an American characteristic. But we confess, that in Europe we have never met with a proposal altogether so "note" and amusing as the following, which a friend of ours received a few days ago.

"Philadelphia, February 4th, 1820.

"To Mr.

"Sir,—I take the liberty of soliciting the honour of your painted portrait, which I should be proud and happy to receive, and which highly merits a place in my gallery of portraits.

"My institution is extensive and brilliant, and is the only one of the kind in America.

"If I should be favoured with your portrait †, it shall be numbered in the printed catalogues of the gallery, and a copy sent to you.

"Permit me, sir, to enclose, for your kind acceptance, an engraved likeness of one of our distinguished men.

"With every sentiment of respect for your distinguished talents and character,

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient and humble servant,

"JOSEPH DELAPLAINE."

The foresaid engraved portrait, which is that of Alexander Hamilton, by Leney, may be looked at threepence; and in return, the modest exhibitor, Mr. Delaplane, only asks a painting in oil, costing at least from 20 to 50 guineas, to be worth a place in his gallery, and a record in his catalogue! What a fine hint for the Directors of the British Gallery, for collecting portraits for an exhibition in Pall Mall!!!

[We acknowledge a letter from Mr. François Ferrière, the painter of the very beautiful imitations of bronze exhibited at the Royal Academy and British Gallery. He informs us that an artist of considerable talents has become his enemy, because the Literary Gazette spoke so highly of his performance, and had not noticed some productions of his adversary. Alike unknown to us, we can only advise Mr. Ferrière to disregard the detractions of envy. Of his works we spoke as we thought; doing common justice to a foreigner, certainly not at the expense of any other artist; and still consider them to be the clearest specimens of the deceptive ever seen in this country.]

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

HYMN.

(From *Milman's Fall of Jerusalem*.)

Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,  
Oh Earth! I shall that last coming burst on thee,  
That secret coming of the Son of Man.  
When all the cherub-throning clouds shall shine,  
Irradiate with his bright advancing sign:

When that Great Husbandman shall wave his fan,  
Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away:

† It may be sent to the book-store of Mr. J. Murray, who will forward it to me.

Still to the noontide of that nightless day,  
Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course main-  
tain.

Along the busy mart and crowded street,  
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,  
And marriage feasts begin their jocund strain:  
Still to the pouring out the Cup of Woe;  
Till Earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,  
And mountains molten by his burning feet,  
And Heaven his presence own, all red with  
furnace heat.

The hundred-gated Cities thien,  
The towers and temples nam'd of men  
Eternal, and the thrones of Kings;  
The gilded summer palaces,  
The courtly bowers of love and ease,  
Where still the bird of pleasure sings;  
Ask ye the destiny of them?  
Go gaze on fallen Jerusalem!  
Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll,  
'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is  
unfurld.

The skies are shewell'd like a burning scroll,  
And the vast common doom ensepulchres the  
world.

Oh! who shall then survive?  
Oh! who shall stand and live?  
When all that hath been, is no more:  
When for the round earth hung in air,  
With all its constellations far,  
In the sky's azure canopy;  
When for the breathing earth, and sparkling sea,  
Is but a fiery deluge without shore,  
Heaving along the abyss profound and dark,  
A fiery deluge, and without an ark.

Lord of all power, when thou art there  
alone

On thy eternal fiery-wheeled throne,  
That in its high meridian noon  
Needs not the peris'd sun nor moon:  
When thou art there in thy presiding state,  
Wide-accepted Monarch o'er the realm of  
doom:

When from the sea depths, from Earth's  
darkest womb,

The dead of all the ages round thee wait:  
And when the tribes of wickedness are strewn  
Like forest leaves in the autumn of time ire:  
Faithful and true! thou wilt save thine own!  
The saints shall dwell within thy unarming  
fire,

Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm,  
Even safe as we, by this still fountain's side,  
So shall the Church, thy bright and mystic  
bride,

Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird of calm.  
Yes, 'mid you angry and destroying signs,  
O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shies,  
We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,  
Almighty to avenge, Almighty to redeem!

[By Correspondents.]

#### MEDITATIVE LINES

On the Death of the late venerable President of the  
Royal Academy.

Farewell below'd and honour'd West!—farewell,  
Benignant being: whose indulgent smile  
And gentle bearings, linger on my heart,  
With such a sweet attraction, I forget,  
In this yet early hour, all other claims  
Of sorrow for thy loss. Thou wert a man,  
Of whom the elements so kindly boast,  
That genius, whose all potent fires too oft  
Consumed the milder qualities of mind,  
In lighting up its prowl attributes,  
Attempt'd to shine alone with lucid beams,  
And flung their radiance with no niggard hand,  
Thro' every path of life—doar, were the hours

\* Note.—Though under the head of the *Fine Arts*, we request our readers to omit the word *fine*, in regard to this article.

Thy social converse gave, and rich the stores  
Accumulated long, which talent, taste,  
Investigation deep, and thought profound,  
Had treasured in thy mind. Age had not chill'd  
Thy genuine sensibility, nor care,  
That upset of the soul, impair'd its powers:  
Still could'st thou mourn the flattering dove's  
distress.

Which struck thy heart in boy-hood's ardent  
hour.

(And on the latest canvas claims a sigh)  
And still with eye new lit, and quivering lip,  
Could'st dwell upon thy mother's rapturous kiss,  
When thy first powers burst on her gladden'd  
scene,

And hail'd her parent to a son of Fame.

Seldom alas! in a heart-hardening world,  
So full of buffeting, so prone to lures  
Of wild ambition, avarice, envy, strife,  
Do such sweet nestlings of the youthful heart,  
(Spring doctor'd, soft humanities of life)  
Retain their hallow'd forms—where cherish'd  
thus,

As in a home congenial, virtue dwells;  
And thus she dwelt with thee, lamented one.—  
Powers like thine own shall paint the artist's  
fame.

Thy genius, talents, industry and toil;  
Thy patient labour mounting to the goal  
By steps of noble daring—trace with joy  
Thy young imagination's flowery field,  
Mature judgment, and experience sage;  
Thy power to charm the eye, to melt the heart,  
Recall from Time's vast deep the vanish'd  
forms

Of patriots, heroes, martyrs, and e'en Him  
Whom Deity enshrin'd—our suffering Lord.  
The gifted bard exultingly may point  
To dying Wolfe, to Scotland's Royal Hunt,  
Calypso's wien majestic, Pharaoh's rage,  
The den of dark Despair, the widow's love  
Of great Germanicus, proud India's pompous  
train,

Boyc'st the battled surge, great Edward's regal  
rites;

The merces and the sacrifice of Him  
Who is the king of kings:—but not for me  
Is such high task decreed.—I but presume  
To drop with trembling hand and fearful eye,  
A floweret from the wild heath's russet bed,  
Upon the tomb of him rever'd in life,  
And lo! beyond the grave.

B. H.

#### IMPROMPTU

On a recent Prosecution; the Prosecutor recom-  
mending the barbarous assaults of his wife to  
mercy.

Since tender D—w for mercy called

On those who much his wife had maul'd;  
Had they quite murdered her, so suited,  
He surely had not prosecuted.

Uxon.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

##### PROFESSOR ESCHENBURG.

This very celebrated and learned writer,  
and amiable man, died lately at Brunswick.  
As we hope shortly to be enabled to present  
our readers with some interesting biography.

\* When Mr. West was very young he had at-  
tained great skill in the use of the bow and ar-  
row, and was one day unfortunately successful  
in bringing down a dove, at which he aimed, ra-  
ther in the thoughtlessness of play than design.

cal details respecting him, we refrain at  
present from any account of his works, and  
shall content ourselves merely with expres-  
sing a wish, that his rich collection of  
"Shaksperian Literature," the fruits of  
fifty years' labour, which we happen to know  
is matchless on the continent, and would  
hardly be equalled even in England, may not  
be dispersed. It is a treasure worthy of being  
added to some public library in this  
country.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### DECOYING ELEPHANTS.

The following interesting communication  
is addressed to the Editor of the Madras  
Courier, and dated Coimbatore, April 21,  
1819.

Early in February last, about 3000 people  
were assembled in a place of rendezvous on  
the skirts of the Jungle, and the haunts of  
the Elephants being ascertained, a semi-cir-  
cular line of people provided with fire arms,  
tom-toms, &c. and extending for several  
miles, was then formed round them, each  
end of the line reaching a chain of hills, the  
passes through which had been previously  
stopped and guarded by parties of match-lock  
men. The object of this line was to drive the  
elephants towards a particular narrow place  
surrounded with steep hills; and when they  
had once entered, and the passes from it  
properly guarded, it was next to impossible  
for them to escape, and in which there was  
abundance of food and water for several  
days. This, however, was not an easy task,  
as the Elephants frequently attempted to  
force the lines and get off to the eastward—  
but the line gradually closed on them, and  
halted at night and kept up large fires to  
prevent their breaking through; and after 10  
or 12 days labour, at last succeeded in driving  
them into the intended place, where they  
were closely surrounded and kept in for  
several days. In the mean time, at the  
debutche of this pass, several hundred  
people were busily employed digging a  
deep ditch, enclosing about a quarter of  
a mile of ground, leaving only the space of  
a few yards as an entrance untouched.

Two ditches were cut from the entrance,  
to a hill on one side, and to a rock on the  
other, to prevent the elephants passing the  
enclosure. (On the outside of the ditch, a  
matting of branches about 6 feet high was  
placed, to give it a formidable and impos-  
sible appearance, and green bushes and  
branches were also stuck about the entrance  
to conceal the ditch, and to give it as much  
as possible an appearance of Jungle. When  
all this was completed, the people were re-

The mournings of its widowed mate made an im-  
pression on his mind which never erased,  
and occasioned him frequently to introduce the  
dove in his pictures. The simplicity and feeling  
he displayed in relating this and many other in-  
cidents of his early life, will never be forgotten  
by those who heard them; for cold indeed must  
be the heart which did not sympathize with sensibility  
so unaffected, and so closely allied to the  
highest energies of intellect.

moved from that place; and those at the  
other end commenced firing, shouting, and  
making as much noise as possible, with  
drums and cholera horns, which so intima-  
dated the elephants that they made the best  
of their way to the opposite end; and the  
people following close, with the assistance of  
a few rockets, drove them straight into the  
enclosure, when the remaining part was dug  
away and the ditch completed. People were  
immediately posted round the outside of the  
ditch, armed with long spears and match-  
locks, to repel any attempt the Elephants  
might make to cross it.

Next day, eight tame female elephants  
were introduced into the enclosure; the Ma-  
houts couched close on their necks, cov-  
ered with dark cloths. The object of the  
tame ones was to separate one of the wild  
from the herd, and mob him. When this  
was accomplished, four Kut Mahouts, whose  
profession is to catch elephants, creep be-  
tween the legs of the tame ones, and having  
fastened strong ropes to the hind legs of the  
wild fellow, secured him to the nearest tree;  
but the Kut Mahouts then retired towards  
the ditch, and the tame elephants, leaving  
the captive to his struggles, went after others.

In this way 23 elephants were captured in  
six days, without the parties engaged meet-  
ing with the slightest accident, to the great  
amusement of the spectators, who perched  
on trees overhanging the enclosure, witnessed  
the sport without sharing in the danger. The  
sagacity of the tame Elephants—the address  
and courage of the Mahouts in approaching  
the wild ones—the anxious moments which  
passed from the cast of the first rope, until  
the last band was tied—the rage of the  
animals upon finding themselves entrapped,  
and their astonishing exertions to get free—  
afforded altogether a scene of extraordinary  
novelty and interest.

One of the elephants calved in the en-  
closure; and the young one was sufficiently  
stroog to run about with its mother the first  
day. To naturalists, it may be satisfactory  
to know that the young elephant sucks with  
the mouth, and not with the proboscis, as is  
generally supposed.

#### THE DRAMA.

No novelties worth notice this week in the  
dramatic world.

#### VARIETIES.

On the first Tuesday of the present month  
the shock of an earthquake was severely felt  
at Cork and adjacent parts of Ireland.

Madame Bianchi and Mr. Lacy's arrival  
in India has excited a strong sensation in  
the musical world.

At a recent sitting of the French Academy,  
M. Alexander Duval read his comedy in  
verse, entitled *—l'Orateur Anglois, ou l'E-  
cole des Deputés*, preceded by remarks on  
comedy.

At the *Vaudeville*, a parody on *Ma y  
Stuart* has been produced. The scene of  
the difference between the two queens is

hishly amusing. It commences in a very curious strain, and ends with the *tearing of eyes*.

**INDIAN JUGGLER.**—A Juggler, named Jalla, performing at Madras, intimates that among other tricks he "will make disappear any gentleman's shirt from his back without his knowing it."

In Number 167 of the *Literary Gazette*, we mentioned, that a carriage with sails had been exhibited in the *Jardin Marbeuf*, at Paris. It appears that this carriage is of English construction; the object of the inventor is to substitute sails for horses. The mechanism is simple and ingenious. A helix fixed at the hind part of the carriage, serves to guide it; and by the aid of sails fastened on masts, it receives the force necessary for impelling it forward. It is said, that in favourable weather, a carriage constructed on this plan is capable of travelling thirty miles an hour.

The original idea of this machine is by no means new. About the year 1774, the Count de Gribauval, an officer of artillery in the French service, exhibited the model of a mechanical carriage, which was set in motion without the help of horses. In Russia and Sweden, when a boat is surprised by frost in a river or lake, it is placed on skids, and continues to advance by means of its sails. Such is probably the origin of the new invention.

On the 30th of March, the French Academy proceeded to the renewal of its Bureau; M. Laya was appointed Director, and M. Charles Lacretelle, Chancellor.

It appears by a Summary of the Members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, in their Calendars for 1819 and 1820, that the following is the number:—

1819. Oxford. Members of Convocation	1874
_____ on the Books	3984
1820. _____ of Convocation	1873
_____ on the Books	4102
1819. Cambridge. Members of the Senate	1492
_____ on the boards	3698
1820. _____ of the Senate	1352
_____ on the Boards	3953

*Anecdote.*—A short time since a mixed company at one of the cantonments in India were eulogizing the poetical merits of Lord Byron. After a variety of elaborate declamations on the genius displayed in "Childe Harold," in which all were endeavouring to display knowledge, taste, and critical acumen, an enraptured amateur declared, that "Byron was undoubtedly a genuine son of the *Muse of Poetry*;"—the company were entertained by the following burst of praise, from an energetic Milesian; "*Arise, my jewel, now be sage, the Muse of Poetry! by my soul, Lord Byron is a son of the whole nine of the hussies, and moreover had the Graces, for a godmother, my hancy.*" (*Calcutta Journal.*)

*Ana.*—The following singular story is related of the Bermah and Pegue people. The first authority the Peguers had on the Ava dominions was about the year 1609: they were afterwards subdued by the Burnahs, and only seven of each sex escaped the general massacre; but the progeny of these in

1740, with their allies, entered Syrian, and massacred in return all the Burnahs found therein, of every sex and condition.

The French Royal Academy of Sciences held a public sitting on the 27th of March, at which Baron Sané presided. The following documents were read and listened to with the greatest interest:—

1. An Essay on the Progress of the Arts and Sciences relative to naval affairs since the peace, by M. Dupin.

2. On the influence of moral and physical agents on courage; a medical and anecdotal notice, by Baron Percey.

3. A historical eulogy on M. Palisot, Baron of Beauvois, by Baron Cuvier, the Perpetual Secretary.

At its public sitting of the 16th of March, 1818, the Academy proposed the following question, as a subject for the mathematical prize: "To form by the theory of universal gravitation alone, and adopting from observations, only the arbitrary elements, tables of the phases of the moon, as precise as the best tables which we now possess."

The Academy awarded a prize of 3000 francs to each of the two memoirs which were received on the above subject. The first was written by M. Damoiseau, and the second by M. M. Carliui and Piana.

Among the works sent for competition, the Academy considered as worthy of the first rank, each in its kind, M. de Serre's Memoire on the Laws of Osteogeny, and the Essay by M. Edwards, on the influence of the physical agents on animal verber.

The accessit was awarded to the memoir by M. M. Bieschet and Villermé, on the appearances of the Callus; and honourable mention was made of the essays of M. Isidore Bourdon, on the mechanism of respiration.

The statistical prize was deferred. The prize of astronomy, founded by M. Delalande, was divided between M. M. Nicolle and Eucke.

The following is a list of the principal prizes proposed for ensuing competitions:

1. A grand statistical prize, (to be awarded at the public sitting in March 1821) which will consist of a gold medal worth 1060 francs.

2. A mathematical prize for "the best work or memoir on pure or practical mathematics, which shall appear, or shall be communicated to the Academy, during the space of two years, the time allotted for the competition."

The prize will consist of a gold medal, worth 3000 francs, to be adjudged at the public sitting of March, 1822.

3. A prize of experimental physiology, to be awarded at the public sitting of March 1821, and to consist of a gold medal, worth 440 francs, to the printed or manuscript work which shall be declared to have contributed most essentially to the advancement of experimental physiology.

Finally, a mechanical prize, worth 500 francs, which is also to be a judged in March 1821, for the best invention or improvement of the instruments useful for agriculture, the mechanical arts, and the practical and speculative sciences.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

We hear that another book, besides Louis's history of his reign in Holland, emanating from the Buonaparte family, is about to appear: it is a system of education for the ex-king of Rome, drawn up under the eye of his father the ex-emperor, and formed in the cabinet at St. Cloud.

A German view of England in 1816 may shortly be expected, as the king of Prussia's librarian, Dr. Spiker, has published his travels among us, and they are being translated.

*Contents of the Journal des Savans for Mar. 1820.*  
Nurlberg, Codex Nazarens.—Reviewed by M. Silvestre de Sacy.

Bauur-Lornniau, La Jérusalem délivrée.—Raynouard.

Tessier, Mémoire sur l'Importation en France des Chèvres à duvet de Cashemire.—Abel Reimuss.

Dom Clément, l'Art de vérifier les Dates.—M. Daumou.

Sir W. Gell, Itinerary of Greece.—M. Letronne.

Raoul Rochette, Denx Lettres à Milord Aberlemb.—M. Letronne.

Bronsted, Documents relative to the History of Denmark (in Danish).—Raynouard.

Note sur une Inscription Grecque récemment apportée de Delos à Marseilles.—Raoul-Rochette.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

APRIL, 1820.

Thursday, 13.—Thermometer from 41 to 57. Barometer from 30.06 to 29.99.

Wind N. N. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Cloudy. Rain in the afternoon and evening.

Friday, 14.—Thermometer from 44 to 55. Barometer from 29.77 to 29.81.

Wind N. b. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Cloudy, and almost generally raining.

Rain fallen .225 of an inch.  
Saturday, 15.—Thermometer from 36 to 56.

Barometer from 29.97 to 30.06.  
Wind N. W. 1. and W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally clear,

clouds passing at times, with showers of rain in the afternoon.

Rain fallen .225 of an inch.  
Sunday, 16.—Thermometer from 30 to 62.

Barometer from 30.19 to 30.31.  
Wind S. W. and W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Morning clear,

clouds most of the afternoon, and became clear again in the evening.

Rain fallen .025 of an inch.  
Monday, 17.—Thermometer from 27 to 65.

Barometer from 30.40 to 30.35.  
Wind W. and N.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally clear.

Tuesday, 18.—Thermometer from 44 to 66.  
Barometer from 30.36 to 30.30.

Wind F. 1.—Clear.  
Wednesday, 19.—Thermometer from 37 to 69.

Barometer from 30.36 to 30.27.  
Wind N. b. E. and S. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Clear.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

I believe it is not generally enough known, that the death of a wasp now, and to the end of May, is the destruction of a nest of them for each wasp.

Conclusion of Captain Surphys in our next.

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

**MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE** of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," is now open for Exhibition, at Bullock's Great Room, upstairs to the right, from ten till six.—Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.  
"Fear not Daughter of Zion! behold thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt."

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Others, Malone's Shakespeare, 16 vols.; Holcroft's Lister, 4 vols.; Parliamentary, 108 vols.; and many other interesting and valuable Works.

To be viewed two days preceding, when catalogues may be had.

**THE MEDICAL OFFICERS** of His Majesty's Navy, intend to dine at the FREEMASON'S TAV-  
ERN, Great Queen Street, on Friday, the 26th of April instant, being the Anniversary of the Birth of the late Lord Melville, to celebrate the establishment of the Supplemental Fund, for the Benefit of Widows and Orphan of deceased Members of the Corps. JOHN WILSON CROKER, Esq. M. P. L. D. F. R. S. and President of the Society, in the Chair. Stewards.—F. M. Gannister, M. P.; Isaac Wilson, M. D.; Robert Curwen, M. D.; W. Tait, M. D.; Andrew Douglas, Esq. Surgeon, M. D.; Thomas Robertson, Esq. Surgeon, M. D.; W. Gladstone, M. D. Surgeon to the Naval Academy; K. M. G. M. D.; George Roddam, Esq. Surgeon, R. N.; B. W. Bumpfield, Esq. ditto; George Pennes, Esq. ditto; William McIntire, Esq. ditto; Thomas Storr, M. D.; Thomas Maude, Esq. Dinner on the table at half-past five o'clock precisely.  
[1] No Collection or Subscription to be proposed.  
[2] Tickets 1s. each, to be had of the Stewards, or at the Bar of the Tavern.

[3] Any Member of the Corps desiring to introduce a friend, will be pleased to furnish him with a Ticket.

### BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

#### New Novel.

Is the press, and will be speedily published, by G. and W. B. Whittaker, 13, Ave-Marie-lane,  
**LOCHIEL, or The Field of Culloden.**  
A Novel, in three volumes 12mo. This Novel is from the press of an eminent author, whose works have uniformly delighted the public; the incident and illustration of Scottish character will be found highly interesting and amusing.

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TRICK CAREY, 1681. Edited, with a Preface, by Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. 4to. 18s. A very few Copies are printed.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

### TIMBUCTOO & HOUSA.

*An Account of a Journey from Fas to Timbuctoo, performed in or about the year 1787. A. C. By El Hage Abd Shabeeny.*

The person who communicates the following intelligence is a Muselman, and a native of Tetuan, whose father and mother are personally known to Mr. Lucas the British consul. His name is Assed El Hage Abd Salam Shabeeny. His account of himself is, that at the age of fourteen he accompanied his father to Timbuctoo, from which town, after a residence of three years, he proceeded to Housa, and after residing at the latter two years he returned to Timbuctoo, where he resided seven years, and then came back to Tetuan.

Being now in the twenty-seventh year of his age, he proceeded from Tetuan as a pilgrim and merchant, with the caravan for Egypt to Mecca and Medina, and on his return established himself as a merchant at Tetuan his native place, whence he embarked on board a vessel bound for Hamburg, in order to purchase linens and other merchandize that were requisite for his commerce.

On his return from Hamburg in an English vessel, he was captured and carried prisoner to Ostend by a ship manned by Englishmen, but under Russian colours, the captain of which pretended that his imperial mistress was at war with all Muselmans. There he was released by the good offices of the British consul\*, Sir John Peters, and embarked once more in the same vessel, which by the same mediation was also released; but as the captain either was or pretended to be afraid of a second capture, El Hage Abd Salam was sent ashore at Dover, and is now†, by the orders of government, to take his passage on board a king's ship that will sail in a few days.

In the following communication Mr. Beaufoy proposed the questions, and Mr. Lucas was the interpreter.

\* Confirmed by Sir John Peters.  
† In the year 1795.

Shabeeny was two years on his journey from Tetuan to Mecca before he returned to Fas. He made some profit on his merchandize, which consisted of haicks, a light garment manufactured at Fas, red caps and slippers, euclidean, and saffron; the returns were line India muslin for turbans, raw silk, musk, and gubalia, a fine perfume that resembles black paste. He made a great profit by his traffic at Timbuctoo and Housa; but, he says, money gained among the Negroes (being idolaters) has not the blessing of God on it, but vanishes away without benefit to the owner; while that acquired in a journey to Mecca proves fortunate and becomes a permanent acquisition. On his return with his father from Mecca they settled at Tetuan, and often carried cattle, poultry, &c. to Gibraltar.

He considers himself now as fixed at Tetuan, where he has a wife and children.

Such are the particulars related to us of a person who now comes forward to throw that important light upon African geography which we proceed to concentrate in the following pages. How exceedingly interesting it is we shall not stop to impress, but at once proceed to our task, with feelings of great pleasure and pride at being the first to lay so remarkable a communication before the public. The volume whence it is derived will we presume be published in a few days, ... till then, the Literary Gazette precedes the march to the much-sought and celebrated city of Timbuctoo.

From Fas, Shabeeny went to Taflelt, the place of general meeting for all the merchants and caravans going to Timbuctoo. "The territory of Taflelt contains no towns, but abounds in fortresses with mud walls, which the natives call El Kassar, and which contain from three to four hundred families; in these fortresses there is a public market (in Arabic, Suke) every week, where the inhabitants purchase provisions, &c."

Shabeeny's next stage was to Draha, a province of the circuit of 4 or 5 days journey at the foot of Atlas, and famous for dates, which he reached in six days. In three days from Draha, whose natives are almost black, the caravan, now augmented to 300 or 400 camels, entered the desert or Sahara, which for the first 20 days is a plain

of sand resembling the sea. On the right and left, the country is inhabited by roving Arabs at the distance of three or four days journey from the track of the travellers. At the end of the 20 days, there is a change on the face of the country, particular spots, called *El Hah*, being fertile, and the Seldrah or wild myrtle, on which camels browse, in abundance. There is also a small quantity of grass: and about 8 or 10 inches below the sandy surface a yellow or reddish earth, in strata of four feet in depth, beneath which again there is a brownish earth, and water which springs out of a light sand about 5 or 6 feet lower down. This last tract it also requires 20 days to pass. The country, right and left, is occupied by independent Arabs governed by their own Sheiks.

"From Akka to Timbuctoo, a journey of 43 days, they meet with no trees, except the seldrah, no rivers, towns, or huts. From Draha, which is a country abounding in camels, to Timbuctoo, the charge per camel is from 16 to 21 ducats\*. That so long a journey is performed at so small an expence, is owing to the abundance of camels in Draha. The caravan generally contains from 300 to 400 men, of whom a great part prefer walking to the uneasy motion of the camels."

We now come to the situation and state of Timbuctoo.

"On the east side of the city of Timbuctoo there is a large forest, in which are a great many elephants. The timber here is very large. The trees on the outside of the forest are remarkable for having two different colours; that side which is exposed to the morning sun is black, and the opposite side is yellow. The body of the tree has neither branches nor leaves, but the leaves, which are remarkably large, grow upon the top only: so that one of these trees appears, at a distance, like the mast and round top of a ship. Shabeeny has seen trees in England much taller than these: within the forest the trees are smaller than on its skirts. There are no trees resembling these in the Emperor of Morocco's dominions. They are of such a size that the largest cannot be girded by two men. They bear a kind of berry about the size of a walnut, in clusters consisting of from 10 to 20 berries. Shabeeny cannot say what is the extent of this forest, but it is very large. Close to the town of Timbuctoo, on the south, is a small rivulet in which the inhabitants wash their clothes, and which is about two feet deep.

\* From Fas to Taflelt, 20 days, for 1 ducat per camel. Taflelt to Draha, 6 days, for 11 ducats. Draha to Timbuctoo, 43 days, for 1½ ducats. — 69 days, for 3½ ducats per camel load, which is about the rate of one farthing per quintal per mile.



It runs in the great forest on the east, and does not communicate with the Nile, but is lost in the sands west of the town. Its water is brackish; that of the Nile is good and pleasant. The town of Timbuctoo is surrounded by a mud wall: the walls are built tabia-wise\* as in Barbary, viz. they make large wooden cases, which they fill with mud, and when that dries they remove the cases higher up till they have finished the wall. They never use stone or brick; they do not know how to make bricks. The wall is about 12 feet high, and sufficiently strong to defend the town against the wild Arabs who come frequently to demand money from them. It has three gates; one called Bab Sabara, or the gate of the desert, on the north: opposite to this, on the other side of the town, a second, called Bab Neel, or the gate of the Nile: the third gate leads to the forest on the east, and is called Bab Kibla. † The gates are hung on very large hinges, and when shut at night, are locked, as in Barbary; and are further secured by a large prop of wood placed in the inside slopingly against them. There is a dry ditch, or excavation, which circumscribes the town, (except at those places which are opposite the gates,) about 12 feet deep, and too wide for any man to leap it. The three gates of the town are shut every evening soon after sun-set: they are made of folding doors, of which there is only one pair. The doors are lined on the outside with untanned hides of camels, and are so full of nails that no hatchet can penetrate them; the front appears like one piece of iron.

\* The town is once and a half the size of Tetuan ‡, and contains, besides natives, about 10,000 § of the people of Fas and Morocco. The native inhabitants of the town of Timbuctoo may be computed at 40,000, exclusive of slaves and foreigners. Many of the merchants who visit Timbuctoo are so much attached to the place that they cannot leave it, but continue there for life. The natives are all blacks; almost every stranger marries a female of the town, who are so beautiful that travellers often fall in love with them at first sight."

\* The tabia walls are thus built: they put boards on each side of the wall supported by stakes driven in the ground, or attached to other stakes laid transversely across the wall; the intermediate space is then filled with sand and mud, and beat down with large wooden mallets, (as they beat the terraces) till it becomes hard and compact; the cases are left on for a day or two; they then take them off, and move them higher up, repeating this operation till the wall be finished.

† El Kibla signifies the tomb of Mohamed: in most African towns there is a Kibla-gate, which faces Medina in Arabia.

‡ That is about four miles in circumference. Tetuan contains 16,000 inhabitants; but, according to this account, Timbuctoo contains 50,000, besides slaves, a population above three times that of Tetuan: now, as the houses of Timbuctoo are more spacious than those of Tetuan, it is to be apprehended that Shabney has committed an error in describing the size of Timbuctoo.

§ Who go there for the purposes of trade.

There are Inns or Caravanseras, where strangers lodge, and fondacs where they deposit their merchandize. These fondacs are called Wool by the Negroes, and in 1800 many of them were reuted from the king, whose name was Woolo. In the houses little furniture is seen, besides beds, mats, and carpets covering the whole room, which are about 14 feet by 10.

"Timbuctoo is governed by a native black, who has the title of sultan. He is tributary to the sultan of Housa, and is chosen by the inhabitants of Timbuctoo, who write to the king of Housa for his approbation. Upon the death of a sultan, his eldest son is most commonly chosen. The son of a concubine cannot inherit the throne; if the king has no lawful son (son of his wife) at his decease, the people choose his successor from among his relations. The sultan has only one lawful wife, but keeps many concubines: the wife has a separate house for herself, children, and slaves. He has no particular establishment for his concubines, but takes any girl he likes from among his slaves. His wife has the principal management of his house. The sultan's palace is built in a corner of the city, on the east; it occupies a large extent of ground within an inclosure, which has a gate. Within this square are many buildings; some for the officers of state. The king often sits in the gate to administer justice, and to converse with his friends. There is a small garden within it, furnishing a few flowers and vegetables for his table; there is also a well, from which the water is drawn by a wheel\*. Many female slaves are musicians. The king has several sons, who are appointed to administer justice to the natives. Except the king's relations, there are no nobles nor any privileged class of men as in Barbary †: those of the blood-royal are much respected. The officers of state are distinguished by titles like those of Morocco; one that answers to an Alkaid, i. e. a captain of 700, of 500, or of 100 men; another like that of bashaw. The king, if he does not choose to marry one of his own relations, takes a wife from the family of the chiefs of his council; his daughters marry among the great men. The queen-dowager has generally an independent provision, but cannot marry. The concubines of a deceased king cannot marry, but are handsomely provided for by his successor."

The revenue accrues from land, mercantile duties on goods exposed to sale, and 2 per cent. on produce. The troops are paid by the king of Housa, and armed with pikes, swords, cutlasses, sabres, and muskets. In war they amount to 12 or 15,000; and even in peace the establishment receiving daily pay is 5000: they are all infantry.

\* A wheel similar to the Persian wheel, worked by a mule or an ass, having pots, which throw the water into a trough as they pass round, which trough discharges the water into the garden, and immerses the plants.

† The privileged class of men in Barbary are the Falcaks; but no one in Barbary is noble but the king's relations, who are denominated shereefs.

Punishments are the bastinado, imprisonment, and fine. If a native stabs another he must attend and support him till he is cured, and then suffer fine and bastinado; if he dies, the offender is put to death. The capital inflictions are beheading, hanging, strangling, and bastinadoing to death.

"Behanding is preferred; it is thus performed: the criminal sits down, and a person behind gives him a blow or push on the back or shoulder, which makes him turn his head, and while his attention is thus employed, the executioner strikes it off. Hanging and strangling are seldom used; and bastinadoing to death, is only inflicted when the crime is highly aggravated. Capital crimes are, murder, robbery with violence, and stealing cattle. Small offences, as stealing slaves and other articles, are punished by the bastinado. The lawless estates of criminals are never forfeited. The police is so good, that merchants reside there in perfect safety."

The slaves are all foreign, and their lives entirely at the disposal of their master; but they are entitled to freedom on three grounds, viz. want of food, want of clothes, want of shore. The succession to property and administration of justice are settled in a manner worthy of a civilized people. A man pays a certain sum to the father of his wife, who returns it double in jewels bestowed on his daughter; the girl is sent home, and a night-feast ensues. Rape is punished capitally. "Seduction and adultery are not cognisable by law. The law says, 'a woman's flesh is her own, she may do with it what she pleases.' Prostitutes are common. A man may marry his niece, but not his daughter." Circumcision is not practised.

"Timbuctoo is the great emporium for all the country of the blacks, and even for Morocco and Alexandria."

"The principal articles of merchandize are tobacco, kameeinas ‡, beads of all colours for necklaces, and cowries, which are bought at Fas by the pound §. Small Dutch looking-glasses, some of which are convex, set in gilt paper frames. They carry neither swords, muskets, nor knives, except such as are wanted in the caravan. At the entrance of the desert they buy rock-salt of the Arabs, who bring it to them in loads ready packed, which they carry as an article of trade. In their caravan there were about 500 camels, of which about 150 or 200 were laden with salt."

"The returns are made in gold-dust, slaves, ivory, and pepper; gold-dust is preferred and is brought to Timbuctoo from Housa in small leather bags. Cowries and gold-dust are the medium of traffic. The shereefs and other merchants generally sell their goods to some of the principal native merchants, and immediately send off the slaves, taking their gold-dust with them into

§ But go to the next heir.

‡ Kameeina is the Arabic word for the linen called *plattina*. They are worth 50 Mexico dollars each, at Timbuctoo.

§ Called, in Amsterdam, *Felt Spiegels*, and in Timbuctoo, *Merrak de jaan*.

other countries. The merchants residing at Timbuctoo have agents or correspondents in other countries; and are themselves agents in return. Timbuctoo is visited by merchants from all the neighbouring black countries. Some of its inhabitants are amazingly rich. The dress of common women has been often worth 1000 dollars. A principal source of their wealth is lending gold-dust and slaves at high interest to foreign merchants, which is repaid by goods from Morocco and other countries, to which the gold-dust and slaves are carried. They commonly trade in the public market, but often send to the merchant or go to his house. Cowries in the least damaged are bad coin, and go for less than those that are perfect. There are no particular market days; the public market for provisions is an open place fifty feet square, and is surrounded by shops. The Arabs sit down on their goods in the middle, till they have sold them.

"The black natives are smiths, carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, and masons, but not writers. The Arabs in the neighbourhood are weavers, and make carpets resembling those of Fas and of Mesurata, where they are called telisse; they are of wool, from their own sheep, and camels' hair. The bags for goods, and the tents, are of goats' and camels' hair; there are no palm-tree trees in that country."

The country is well cultivated except on the side of the desert; the produce consists of rice, beans, and a corn called *Allia* the *Drah* of Barbary; they have no wheat or barley. Dews are very heavy, and irrigation by canals cut from the Nile, and by wells, as in Egypt, is employed. They have violent thunder storms in summer, but no rains. The winter lasts two months, though the weather is cool from September to April. Rice is the principal food. They roast, boil, bake, and stew; and take three meals, breakfast, dinner, and supper, at 8 o'clock, 3, and soon after sunset. They drink only water or milk, and have no palm wine, or fermented liquor. When they want to be exhilarated after dinner, they provide a plant of an intoxicating quality called of *hushika* ♀, of which they take a handful before a draught of water.

Of their animals "goats are very large, as big as the calves in England, and very plentiful; sheep are also very large. Cattle are small; many are oxen. Milk of camels and goats is preferred to that of cows. Horses are small, and are principally fed upon camels' milk; they are of the greyhound shape, and will travel three days without rest. They have dromedaries which travel from Timbuctoo to Tafeliet (1200

♂ *El Hushika*. This is the African bump plant: it is esteemed for the extraordinary and pleasing voluptuous rancidity of mind which it produces on those who smoke it: unlike the intoxication from wine, a fascinating stupor pervades the mind, and the dreams are agreeable. The leaf is the flower and seeds of the plant: it is a strong narcotic, so that those who use it cannot do without it. For a further description of this plant, see Jackson's Morocco, 2d or 3d edit. p. 131 & 132.

British miles) in the short period of five or six days.

"They have common fowls, ostriches, and a bird larger than our blackbird; also storks, which latter are birds of passage, and arrive in the spring and disappear at the approach of winter; swallows, &c.

Offish, they have many extremely good in the Nile; one of the shape and size of our salmon; the largest of these are about four feet long. They use lines and hooks brought from Barbary, and nets, like our casting nets, made by themselves. They strike large fish with spears and fish-gigs.

Of their dress, we learn that the "Sultan wears a white turban of very fine muslin, the ends of which are embroidered with gold, and brought to the front; this turban comes from Bengal. He wears a loose white cotton shirt, with sleeves long and wide, open at the breast; unlike that of the Arabs, it reaches to the small of the leg; over this a *caftan* of red woolen cloth, of the same length; red is generally esteemed. The shirt (*kumja*) is made at Timbuctoo, but the caftan comes from Fas, ready made; over the caftan is worn a short cotton waistcoat, striped white, red, and blue; this comes from Bengal, and is called *juliba*. When he is seated, all the sleeves are turned up over the shoulder, so that his arms are large, and the air is admitted to his body.

"Upon his turban, on the forehead, is a ball of silk, like a pear; one of the distinctions of royalty. He wears also a close red skull cap, like the Moors of Tetuan, and two sashes, one over each shoulder, such as the Moors wear round the waist; they are rather cords than sashes, and are very large; half a pound of silk is used in one of them. The subjects wear but one; they are either red, yellow, or blue, made at Fas. He wears, like his subjects, his sash round the waist, also made at Fas; of these there are two kinds,—one of leather, with a gold buckle in front, like those of the soldiers in Barbary; the other of silk, like those of the Moorish merchants. He wears, (as do the subjects) breeches made in the Moorish fashion, of cotton in summer, made at Timbuctoo, and of woollen in winter, brought ready made from Fas. His shoes are distinguished by a piece of red leather, in front of the leg, about three inches wide, and eight long, embroidered with silk and gold. When he sits in his apartment, he wears a dagger, with a gold hilt, which hangs on his right side: when he goes out, his attendants carry his musket, bow, arrows, and lance.

"His subjects dress in the same manner, excepting the distinctions of royalty; viz. the pear, the sashes on the shoulders, and the embroidered leather on the shoes. The sultan wears a caftan, open in front from top to bottom, under this a slip of cotton like the kings, an Indian shawl over the shoulders, which ties behind, and a silk handkerchief about her head. Other women dress in the same manner. They wear no drawers. The poorest women are always clothed. They never show their bosom. The men and women wear ear-rings. The general experience of a woman's dress is from two dinats

to thirty. Their shoes are red, and are brought from Morocco. Their arms and ancles are adorned with bracelets. The poor have them of brass; the rich, of gold. The rich ornament their heads with cowries. The poor have but one bracelet on the leg, and one on the arm; the rich, two. They also wear gold rings upon their fingers. They have no pearls or precious stones.\* The women do not wear veils."

The king keeps 500 or 600 horses, and hunts the antelope, wild ass, ostrich, and aoudou, or wild cow of Africa, described by Jackson in his Morocco (chapter on Zoology). They have the finest greyhounds in the world, with which they pursue the antelope only, the ostrich being too fleet for any dog. All these animals of chase are gregarious. They are shot both by the musket and bow. There are no lions, tigers, or wild boars near Timbuctoo.

The games for play are chess and draughts, at which the natives are very expert; they have no cards; but tumblers, jugglers, ventriloquists, whose voices seem to come from under their arm-pits; music which is pleasing and of more than twenty sorts; dances, some of which are very indecent.

"They measure time by days, weeks, lunar months and lunar years; yet few can ascertain their age. They have no temples, churches, or mosques, no regular worship nor sabbath. But once in three months they have a great festival, which lasts two or three days, sometimes a week, and is spent in eating and drinking. He does not know the cause; but thinks it, perhaps, a commemoration of the king's birth day; no work is done. They believe in a Supreme Being and another state of existence, and have saints and men whom they revere as holy. Some of them are sorcerers, and some ideots, as in Barbary and Turkey; and though physicians are numerous, they expect more effectual aid in sickness from the prayers of the saints, especially in the rheumatism. Music is employed to excite ecstasy in the saint, who, when in a state of inspiration, tells (on the authority of some departed saint, generally of Seely Muhammed Seef,) what animal must be sacrificed for the recovery of the patient: a white cock, a red cock, a hen, an ostrich, an antelope, or a goat. The animal is then killed in the presence of the sick, and dressed; the blood, feathers, and bones are preserved in a shell and carried to some retired spot, where they are covered and marked as a sacrifice. No salt or seasoning is used in the meat, but incense is used previous to its preparation. The sick man eats as much as he can of the meat, and all present partake; the rice, or what else is dressed with it, must be the produce of charitable contributions from others, not of the house or family; and every contributor prays for the patient.

"The nails and palms of the hands are stained red with henna, cultivated there: the Arabs tattoo their hands and arms, but not the people of Timbuctoo. These people are real negroes; they have a slight mark on the face, slapping from the eye; the Foul-

\* This seems to differ from the statement that brides receive jewels on their marriage.—Ed.

lans have a horizontal mark; the Bambarrahs a wide gash from the forehead to the chin. Tombs are raised over the dead; they are buried in a winding-sheet and a coffin; the relations mourn over their graves, and pronounce a panegyric on the dead. The men and women mix in society, and visit together with the same freedom as in Europe. They sleep on mattresses, with cotton sheets, and a counterpane; the married, in separate beds in the same room. They frequently bathe the whole body, their smell would otherwise be offensive; they use towels brought from India. At dinner they spread their mats and sit as in Barbary. They smoke a great deal, but tobacco is dear; it is the best article of trade. Poisoning is common; they get the poison from the fangs of snakes; but, he says, most commonly from a part of the body near the tail, by a kind of distillation."

"There are no Arabs between Timbuctoo and the Nile; they live on the other side, and would not with impunity invade the lands of these people, who are very populous, and could easily destroy any army that should attempt to molest them. The lands are chiefly private property. The Foulans are very beautiful. The Bambarrahs have thick lips and wide nostrils. The king of Foulan is much respected at Timbuctoo; his subjects are Muhamedans, but not circumcised. They cannot be made slaves at Timbuctoo; but the Arabs steal their girls and sell them; not for slavery, but for marriage."

"Girls are marriageable very young; sometimes they have children at ten years old."

"Thus far we have gleaned the information relating to the far-famed and little known Timbuctoo. We now take up the equally remarkable circumstances of the "Journey from that city to Housa."

"Shabeeny, after staying three years at Timbuctoo, departed for Housa; and crossing the small river close to the walls, reached the Nile in three days, travelling through a fine, populous, cultivated country, abounding in trees, some of which are a kind of oak, bearing a large acorn, much finer than those of Barbary, which are sent as presents to Spain. Travelling is perfectly safe. They embarked on the Nile in a large boat with one mast, a sail, and oars; the current was not rapid: having a favourable wind, on his return, he came back in as short a time as he went. The water was very red and sweet. The place where they embarked is called Mushgreelia; here is a ferry, and opposite is a village. As the current is slow, and they moved every night, they were eight or ten days sailing down the stream to Housa. They had ten or twelve men on board, and when it was calm, or the wind contrary, they rowed; they steered with an oar, the boat having no rudder. He saw a great many

boats passing up and down the river; *there are more boats on this river between Mushgreelia and Housa than between Rosetta and Cairo on the Nile of Egypt.* A great many villages are on the banks. There are boats of the same form as those of Tetuan and Tangiers, but much larger, built of planks, and have ribs like those of Barbary; instead of pitch or tar, they are caulked with a sort of red clay, or lole. The sail is of canvas of flax (not cotton) brought from Barbary, originally from Holland; it is square. They row like the Moors, going down the stream."

"There is a road by land from Timbuctoo to Housa, but on account of the expence it is not used by merchants: Shabeeny believes it is about 5 days' journey. If you go this way, you must cross the river before you reach Housa. They landed at the port of Housa, distant a day and a half from the town; their merchandise was carried from this port on horses, asses, and horned cattle; the blacks dislike camels; they say, "*These are the beasts that carry us into slavery.*" The country was rich and well cultivated; they have a plant bearing a pod called mellochias, from which they make a thick vegetable jelly. There is no artificial road from Timbuctoo to the Nile; near the river the soil is miry. Shabeeny travelled from Timbuctoo to Housa in the hot weather when the Nile was nearly full; it seldom falls much below the level of its banks; he travelled on horse-back from Timbuctoo to the river, and slept two nights upon the road in the huts of the natives. One of the principal men in the village leaves his hut to the travellers and gives them a supper; in the mean time he goes to the hut of some friend, and in the morning receives a small present for his hospitality."

"*The River Neel or Nile.*—The Neel El Kebeer, (that is the Great Nile,) like the Neel Musser or Nile of Egypt, is fullest in the month of August, when it overflows in some places where the banks are low; the water which overflows is seldom above midleg; the banks are covered with reeds, with which they make mats. Camels, sheep, goats, and horses, feed upon the banks, but during the inundation are removed to the uplands. The walls of the huts both within and without are cased with wood to the height of about three feet, to preserve them from the water; the wells have the best water after the swelling of the river. The flood continues about ten days; the abundance of rice depends on the quantity of land flooded. He always understood that the Nile empties itself in the sea, the salt sea, or the great ocean. There is a village at the port of Housa where he landed; the river here is much wider than where he embarked, and still wider at Jinnie. He saw no river enter the Nile in the course of his voyage. It much resembles the Nile of Egypt; gardens and lands are irrigated from it. Its breadth is various; in some places he thinks it narrower than the Thames at London, in others much wider; at the landing place they slept in the hut of a native, and next morning at sunrise set off for Housa, where they arrived in twelve hours through a fine

plain without hills; the country is much more populous than between Timbuctoo and the Nile. Ferry boats are to be had at several villages."

"*Housa.*—They did not see the town till they came within an hour from it, or an hour and a half; it stands in a plain. Housa is south-east of Timbuctoo, a much larger city and nearly as large as London. He lived there two years, but never saw the whole of it. It has no walls; the houses are like those of Timbuctoo, and form irregular lanes or streets like those of Fas or Morocco, wide enough for camels to pass with their loads. The palace is much larger than that of Timbuctoo; it is seven or eight miles in circumference, and surrounded by a wall; he remembers but four gates, but there may be more; he thinks the number of guards at each gate is about 50: it is in that part of the town most distant from the Nile. The houses are dark coloured and flat roofed. He thinks Cairo is about one third larger than Housa; the streets are much wider than those of Timbuctoo; the houses are covered with a kind of clay of different colours, but never white. They have no chalk or lime in the country."

At Housa the religion, government, administration of justice, trade, disposition of property, &c. are not much different from Timbuctoo. They write from right to left, possibly the ancient Carthaginian character: it is very large, probably half an inch long. The king can raise an army of 70 or 80,000 horse and 100,000 infantry. They fight with matchlocks, manufacture gunpowder, and are wonderfully dexterous with the lance and bow."

"The hour is an indefinite term, and assimilates to our expression of a good while; it is from half an hour by the dial to six hours, and the difference is expressed by the word *wahad saa kaberr*, a long hour; and *wahad saa sercer*, a little hour; also by the elongation of the last syllable of the last word."

"He saw no camels at Housa, but heard they use them to fetch gold, and cover their legs with leather, to guard them from snakes. They have dogs and cats, but no scorpions or snakes in their houses. Lice, bugs, and fleas abound. He saw no wild animals or fowl in the neighbourhood of Housa."

"In person the natives are of various sizes, but the tallest man he ever saw was at Housa. The city being very large, he seldom had an opportunity of seeing the king, as at Timbuctoo. He saw him but twice, in two years, and only in the courts of justice; he was remarkable for the width of his nostrils, the redness of his eyes, the smoothness of his skin, and the fine tint of his perfectly black complexion."

"The ground where gold is found is about sixteen miles from Housa. They go in the night with camels whose legs and feet are covered to protect them against snakes, they take a bag of sand, and mark with it the places that glitter with gold; in the morning they collect where marked, and carry it to refiners, who, for a small sum, separate the gold. There are no mountains or rivers

• All true Muhamedans are circumcised, so that they must partake of Paganism if uncircumcised.

near the spot; it is a plain without sand, of a dark brown earth. Any person may go to seek gold; they sell it to the merchants, who pay a small duty to the king. The produce is uncertain; he has heard that a bushel of earth has produced the value of twelve denars, three pounds sterling, of pure gold. They set out from Housa about two o'clock in the afternoon, arrive about sun-set, and return the next day seeking for gold during the whole night."

"The limits of the empire beyond Timbuctoo, on the north side of the Nile, are very extensive. Afuoo is subject to the king of Housa; no slaves can be made from thence. Darfueel is near Afuoo; the latter is on the north side of the river, nearer to its source, and a great way from Timbuctoo. No Arabs are found on the banks of the Nile. He supposes the circumference of the empire to be about twenty-five days' journey; he has heard that many other large towns are dependent upon it, but does not remember their names.

"The neighbouring countries are Bambarra, Timbooo, Mooshee, and Jinnic; all negroes. He has heard of Bernoo as a great empire."

"The iron mines are in the desert; the iron is brought in small pieces by the Arabs, who melt and purify it. They cannot cast iron. They use charcoal fire, and form guns and swords with the hammer and anvil. The points of their arrows are barbed with iron; the cross bows have a groove for the arrow. No man can draw the bow by his arm alone, they have a kind of lever; the bow part is of steel brought from Barbary, and is manufactured at Timbuctoo. They do not make steel themselves.

"They inoculate for the small-pox; the pus is put into a dried raisin and eaten. *Roska Dinlooka* is a kind of oath, and means, by God. They believe only one God. After dinner they use the Arabic expression, *El Hamed Ullah*; praise to be to God.

"They believe the immortality of the soul, and that both men and women go to paradise; that there is no future punishment; the wicked are punished in this world. Happiness, after death, consists in being in the presence of God."

The remainder of the volume whence we have made these selections, so curious and important in African geography, is replete with matter, which, much as we desire to lay before our readers, we must reserve for hereafter. We can only say, that Mr. Jackson has laid us under a deep obligation by his notes and intelligence concerning this third portion of the Old World, independent of the accounts of that particular region, in the attempt to reach which, Parke and others of our bravest countrymen have perished.

*The Diary of an Invalid; being the Journal of a Tour in pursuit of Health in*

*Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, and France, in the years 1817, 1818, and 1819.* By Henry Mathews, A. M. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 518.

This performance is very accurately described, in its concluding paragraph, to be "a volume, which, from the desultory and careless character of its contents, can have no higher pretensions than to furnish the pocket of a travelling chaise, or occupy the settee of a parlour window." It might perhaps be wished that some curtailments had rendered it more portable for the former use, and less bulky for the latter; for, really, five hundred and odd pages constitute rather a heavy plaything, and fifteen shillings is a sum super-trifling. Mr. Mathews, however, has chosen a good title *ad captandum*, and generally trundles us along with him in a neat pleasing way. Had not Mr. Rose preceded him in manner, and a good deal in subject; and Forsyth, Williams, and other recent travellers, anticipated him so entirely as to divest three fourths of his work of the charm of novelty, it would have been infinitely more entertaining; but this defect lies in the thing itself, and not in the execution. The author may indeed be most truly said to be one of the tribe of gentlemen who write with ease; but it is not equally true of his penmanship, that your easy writing's d—d hard reading. That we consider his book to be too long by at least one third, is the fact; and that he is occasionally flippant, and oftener peremptory and dogmatical in his opinions concerning foreign manners and customs, there is no denying; but withal there is an excellent common-sense foundation in all his remarks; and on classical subjects, or those connected with the fine arts, we think he displays much taste and judgement. But the few observations with which we shall have occasion to interlard our extracts will more appropriately define our judgment and we advance to that mode without further introduction.

During a short residence at Lisbon the author could, it may be supposed, pick up nothing new. Amongst the minor plagues of the place, with which, and the Portuguese character altogether, he seems to have been mightily disgusted, he mentions the flies. "The rooms," he says, "are full of them; they attack you in countless myriads, and their annoyance is intolerable. With what different feelings would one read the story of Domitian, in England and at Lisbon!—There I sympathised with the flies—here with Domitian; whose hostility seems very justifiable, and whose expertness is the

daily subject of my emulation." Again, "As I was returning from my stroll, I sat down on the steps of a statue; but I was hurried away by observing a man ridding himself of a numerous retinue of vermin on the other side of the pedestal, and cracking them by dozens on the steps. And so much for the Lusitanian, or as it might with more propriety be called, the Lusitanian metropolis. I shall quit it without one feeling of regret. In fact, to remain in it is impossible—I am fairly stunk out."

The first of these extracts is playful: the last too much *la Rose*. It is strange, that among one class of educated persons, and of those moving in the upper circles, there should be a sort of slang, regardless of propriety and delicacy, apparently put forward as evidence of smartness and humour, but in sober sadness, offensive to politeness and taste, and not half so amusing as the vulgarities of the absolutely vulgar. We have rarely seen university wit clear of this blemish. The stupid jokes of the college had are retained with fond pertinacity by the learned man; and even Mr. Mathews' puns upon *Jupiter* and *Jew Peter*, as if the jest were worth the reprinting in the diary of even an invalid. On the same principle of dislike to this species of literary or fashionable indecorum, which caused us to censure his prototype in sickness, in resorting to Albemarle Street for the cure of his mania in the topical use of the press, and in throwing out the disorder in the shape of *Travels*... we mean Mr. Rose; we cannot but repeat our disapprobation of such phrases as those about Jews crossing the breech, cardinals' train-bearers or tail-twisters, &c. &c. and especially of those details (page 191), which he justly states are unfit for a modest page, and yet inserts (partially but too largely), in the face of his own declaration.

From Lisbon, the author sailed to Leghorn, and thence visited most of the principal cities of Italy. At Florence the Venus struck him as it does every man of genuine feeling and taste, and he thus very sportively, yet in part beautifully, relates the impression made upon his mind. "The statue that enchants the world—the unimitated, the humitable Venus. She has now resumed her old station, after her second visit to Paris; for I am surprised that the French did not argue, that her adventure with the shepherd on Mount Ida was clearly typical of her late trip to their metropolis. One is generally disappointed after great expectations have been raised; but in this instance I was delighted at first sight, and each succeeding view has charmed me more. It is indeed a wonderful work in conception and execution, —but I doubt whether *Venus* be not a mis-

namer. Who can recognise in this divine statue, any traits of the Queen of Love and Pity-ure? It seems rather intended as a personification of all that is elegant, graceful, and beautiful; not only abstracted from all human infirmities, but elevated above all human feelings and affections; for, though the form is female, the beauty is like the beauty of angels, who are of no sex. I was at first reminded of Milton's Eve; but in Eve, even in her days of innocence, before 'she damned us all,' there was some tincture of humanity, of which there is none in the Venus; in whose eye there is no heaven, and in whose gesture there is no love."

We do not quite agree with this view; but it is spiritually taken. Mr. M. rates the Apollo far below our estimate of that divinely impressive statue. At Florence, the news of the death of the Princess Charlotte was received, and all the British went into mourning. At that period our author went to an evening party given by the Countess of Albany. "She still maintains the form and ceremony of Queen Dowager, wearing the arms of England on her carriage, and receiving a circle every Saturday evening, with a strictness of etiquette exceeding that of the Grand Duke's Court. She was almost the only person out of mourning. This was, to say the least of it, had taste. If there is no alliance of blood, there is a pecuniary relationship between her and the English government, from which she receives an annual pension of 1500*l.* that might well have afforded a black gown. It would be difficult to trace in her present appearance, any remains of those charms, that could attract the fiery and fastidious Alferi."

At Florence, there is a sculptor of the name of Bertolini, who takes excellent likenesses, and is in great request among our countrymen. They not only sit to him in great numbers, but procure casts of celebrated individuals from London, which he copies in marble, and delivers in this metropolis, free of all other charges, and greatly to the injury of our native artists; at the small cost of 22*l.* each. On the passion for their representation in stone, the author observes, "If this fashion hold, it will give posterity some trouble. Family pictures are easily put out of the way; but family statues would be sadly durable lumber,—unless, indeed, they found their way to the lime-kiln."

From Florence we proceed to Rome, passing safely the Riccrai, a mountain stream, near Sienna, which the guide-book quaintly enough tells the traveller he must cross four times, if he is not drowned in any of the [three first] first throes. Mr. M. recommends Vasi as the best book to consult for directing the stranger to the curiosities of Rome; his own experience, however, produces very little information not previously common. His descriptions are, nevertheless, very judicious and clever; it was impossible that they could be new. We select, therefore, only two or three anecdotes.

"Plus the Vith's passion for recording his own glory, in the constant inscription, *Manifestum Pii Scati*, was wittily satirized during a period of scarcity, when the *pagnotta*, or little roll of two *baiochi*, answering to our penny roll, which never varies in price, however its size may be affected by the price of corn, had shrunk to a most lamentable littleness. One morning, one of these Lilliputian leaves was found in the hands of Pasquin's statue, with an appended scroll in large characters,—*Manifestum Pii Scati*."

"One day, (says the author,) in my way home, I met a funeral ceremony. A crucifix with black, followed by a train of priests, with lighted tapers in their hands, headed the procession. Then, came a troop of figures, dressed in white robes, with their faces covered with masks of the same materials. The hier followed—on which lay the corpse of a young woman, arrayed in all the ornaments of dress, with her face exposed, where the bloom of life yet lingered. The members of different fraternities followed the hier—dressed in the robes of their orders—and all masked. They carried lighted tapers in their hands, and chanted out prayers, in a sort of mumbling recitative. I followed the train to the church, for I had doubts whether the beautiful figure I had seen on the hier, was not a figure of wax—but I was soon convinced it was indeed the corpse of a fellow-creature—cut off in the pride and bloom of youthful maiden beauty. Such is the Italian mode of conducting the last scene of the tragedy of life. As soon as a person dies, the relations leave the house, and fly to bury themselves and their griefs in some other retirement. The care of the funeral devolves on one of the fraternities, who are associated for this purpose in every parish. These are dressed in a sort of domino, and hood; which, having holes for the eyes, answers the purpose of a mask, and completely conceals the face. The funeral of the very poorest is thus conducted, with quite as much ceremony as need be. This is perhaps a better system than our own, where the relatives are exhibited, as a spectacle to impertinent curiosity, whilst from feelings of duty they follow to the grave, the remains of those they loved. But, ours is surely an unphilosophical view of the subject. It looks as if we were materialists, and considered the cold clod, as the sole remains of the object of our affection. The Italians reason better; and perhaps feel as much as ourselves, when they regard the body,—deprived of the soul that animated and the mind that informed it, as no more a part of the departed spirit, than the clothes, which it has also left behind.—The ultimate disposal of the body is perhaps conducted here with too much of that spirit which would disregard all claims that 'this mortal coil' can have to our attention. As soon as the funeral service is concluded, the corpse is stripped, and consigned to those, who have the care of the interment. There are large vaults, underneath the churches, for the reception of the dead. Those, who can afford it, are put into a wooden shell, before they are cast into one of these Golgothas—but the great mass are tossed in without a rag to

cover them. When one of these caverns is full, it is bricked up; and, after fifty years, it is opened again, and the bones are removed to other places, prepared for their reception. So much for the last scene of the drama of life—with respect to the first act, our conduct of it is certainly more natural. Here they swathe and swaddle their children, till the poor urchins look like Egyptian mummies. To this frightful custom, one may attribute the want of strength, and symmetry of the men, which is sufficiently remarkable."

We may here notice, that Canova is not so great a favourite with Mr. M. as Thorwaldsen. He thinks the former has a reputation beyond his merits, and that, though there is much grace in his works, the effect is too often spoiled by an affected prettiness, or a theatrical display. That there is a fine fashionable air about his female figures; and his men all attitudinarians. And that he has studied the ancients, and M. Angelo, too much as an imitator, while the designs of the Danish artist possess freshness and originality, guided by the purest taste.

The following is a characteristic anecdote of Consalvi, the Pope's prime minister, who is designated as "a shrewd, intelligent, and well-looking man." As he passed out of chapel, a well-dressed person in the court-yard threw himself upon his knees before him, and Consalvi, as if he thought the man had some petition to present, advanced towards him; but, when he found that his only object was to kiss his hand, he put him aside; being, as it is said, very impatient of all such public demonstrations of homage."

In the library of the Vatican, it is stated, "you see many curious relics of Roman furniture, with a sample of their household gods, which are the queerest little things in the world; and, if *Æneās*'s, were not on a larger scale, he might have carried away a hundred of them in his pocket." In the Campo Vaccino the author saw another extraordinary sight. There was a large herd of about a hundred pigs, and he "arrived just as three men were commencing the work of death. They had each a stiletto in their hand, and they dispatched the whole herd in a few minutes. The stab was made near the left leg, and seemed to go directly to the heart, for the animal fell without a groan or struggle. This appears to be a less cruel, and is certainly a more quiet mode, than our own, where the pence of a whole parish is disturbed by the terrible uproar which is occasioned by the murder of a single pig. It is to be hoped that the stiletto may soon be confined to this use."

*A propos des boites*, or, rather, according to English version, *talking of wine*, reminds us of an anecdote with which we shall conclude our Roman extracts. The Princess Prosselli is said to be an amiable and interesting woman, the eldest daughter of Lucien Buonaparte by a former wife, and the lady who refused to marry Ferdinand of Spain. This match was proposed to her when on a visit to her uncle the Emperor, and she had the courage to contemn his threats. Being asked if she did not feel afraid of the conse-

\*Mr. M. is too good a scholar not to know, what, indeed, every two know, that there were *Venuses*, with other, and very different attributed, in the ancient Mythology.—Ed.

beel under that deceased English Virago, and by her flesh in our blood and ruin : to do this I had many agents, first, divers couriers who were hungry and gaped wide for Spanish gold, secondly, some that bare him at the heart for inveterate quarrels; thirdly, some foreigners, who have in vain sought the elixir hitherto, hope to find it in his head; fourthly, all men of the Romish faith, who are of the Spanish faction, and would have been my blood-hounds to hunt him or any such to death willingly, as persons hating the prosperity of their country, and the valor, worth, and wit of their own nation; in respect of us and our catholic cause; lastly, I left behind me such an instrument composed artificially, of a secular understanding, and a religious profession, as he is every way adapted to serve himself into the closet of the heart, and to work upon feminine levity, who in that country have masculine spirits, to command and pursue their plots unto death. This therefore I account as done, and rejoice in it, knowing it will be very profitable to us, grateful to our faction there, and what though it be c.oss to the people, or the clergy, we that only negotiate for our gain, and treat about this marriage for their own ends, can conclude or break off when we see our time, without respect of such, as can neither profit us, nor hurt us; for I have certain knowledge, that the commons generally are so effeminate and cowardly, that they at their masters, which are seldom and slight, only for the benefit of their master masters of a 1000 soldiers, scarce a hundred darts discharge a musket, and of that hundred, scarce one can use it like a soldier; and for their arms they are so ill provided, that one corslet serveth many men, when such as shew their armour one day in one place, lend them to their friends in other places to shew, when they have use; and this if it be spied, is only punished by a mulct in the purse, which is the officers aim, who for his advantage, winks at the rest, and is glad to find and cherish by connivance profitable faults, that increase his revenues; thus stands the state of that poor miserable country, and which had never more people and fewer men; so that if my master should resolve upon an invasion, the time never fits as at this present, security of this marriage, and the disuse of arms having cast them into a dead sleep, a strong and waking faction being ever amongst them ready to assist us, and they being unprovided of ships, or arms, or hearts to fight, an universal discontentment following all men: this I have from their master masters, and captains, who are many of them of our religion, or of none, and so ours ready to be bought and sold, and desirous to be my masters servants in fee.

Thus we see, that to draw the picture of England as a ruined country, is not a modern invention: we leave it to the reformers of 1820 to compare the two eras.

From the "Life and Death of Queen Henrietta," we select a few pas-

sages which seem most likely to pass muster for novelty. Her Majesty's landing, 22d February, 1642; from the continent, with troops to aid her royal spouse against the parliamentary forces, is thus painted in her own words: ..

The next night after we came to Burlington, four of the parliaments ships arrived, without being perceived by us, and about five of the clock in the morning, began to ply us so fast with their ordinance, that they made us all rise out of our beds, and leave the village; one of the ships did me the favour to flank upon the house where I lay, and before I was out of my bed, the cannon-bullets whistled so loud about me, that all the company pressed me earnestly to go out of the house, their cannon having totally beaten down all the neighbour houses, and two cannon-bullets falling from the top to the bottom of the house where I was; so that (cloathed as well as in haste I could be) I went on foot some little distance out of the town, (under the shelter of a ditch, like that of Newmarket) whither before I could get, the cannon bullets fell thick about us, and a serpent was killed within seventy paces of me, we in the end gained the ditch, and stayed there two hours, whilst their cannon play'd all the while upon us; the bullets flew for the most part over our heads, some few only grazing on the ditch, covered us with earth, &c. till the ebbing of the tide, and the threats of the Holland Admiral put an end to that danger.

The coronation of her son, Charles II. is very concisely and peculiarly described.

Now come we to his Majesties coronation, where we may see those regal ornaments that for several years had lain obscure: This, was the crown profained by the lewd hands of those prostitute members at Westminster, when they seized on the Regalia, which by H. Martin, his advice was thought fit to be shared amongst the usurers; this was the crown, afterwards violated, deprived and widowed of that sacred and royal head of King Charles the martyr: this was the crown that alone of all the insignia of majesty, abhorred the idolatry of Cromwells usurpation, and escaped the ravishing and polluted hands of that tyrant; this was that crown which the malignity of a dire pestilence had envied the sight and blessing thereof to the city of London; his majesties imperial chamber, at his royal father's inauguration, and this was that crown, under whose just and ancient descent, we have flourished ever since we were a nation, till our late monarchy.

His Majesty on the 22d of April, early in the morning, passed from Whitehall to the Tower by water; from thence to go through the city to Westminster Abby, there to be crowned.

Two days were allotted to the consummation of this great and most celebrated action, the wonder and delight of all persons, both foreign and domestic, and pity it was that the solid and lasting happi-

ness it portended should not have taken up a month, and given it the name *Coronatio*. I should give a relation of the magnificent ceremonies performed therein, but it being too large for an intended small tract, I choose rather to refer the reader to what on that subject hath already been made publick.

Infinite and innumerable were the acclamations and shouts from all the parts, as his Majesty passed along, to the no less joy than amazement of the spectators, who beheld those glorious personages that rid before and behind his majesty. Indeed if we were in vain to attempt to express this solemnity, it was so far from being unutterable, that it is almost unconceivable, and much wonder it caused in outlandish persons, who were acquainted with our late troubles and confusions, which way it was possible for the English to appear in so rich and stately a manner.

These examples are sufficient to illustrate our subject; and we have only to add, that this author asserts that the Queen married the Earl of St. Albans, after the execution of the Martyr King.

#### ARCTIC ZOOLOGY.

(Extracted from Seabury's valuable publication.)

Captain S. thinks the whale reaches the magnitude called *siz*, that is, with a six feet length of whalebone, in twelve years, and attains its full growth at the age of twenty or twenty-five. Whales, doubtless, live to a great age. The marks of age are an increase in the quantity of grey colour in the skin, and a change to a yellowish tinge of the white parts about the head; a decrease in the quantity of oil yielded by a certain weight of blubber; an increase of hardness in the blubber, and in the thickness and strength of the ligamentous fibres of which it is partly composed.

The maternal affection of the whale, which, in other respects, is apparently a stupid animal, is striking and interesting. The cub, being inescapable to danger, is easily harpooned; when the tender attachment of the mother is so manifested as not unfrequently to bring it within the reach of the whalers. Hence, though a cub is of little value, seldom producing above a ton of oil, and often less, yet it is sometimes struck as a snare for its mother. In this case, she joins it at the surface of the water, whenever it has occasion to rise for respiration: encourages it to swim off; assists its flight, by taking it under her fin; and seldom deserts it while life remains. She is then dangerous to approach; but affords frequent opportunities for attack: She loses all regard for her own safety, in anxiety for the preservation of her young;—dashes through the midst of her enemies;—despises the danger that threatens her;—and even voluntarily remains with her offspring, after various attacks on herself from the harpoons of the fishers. In June 1811, one of my harpooners struck a sucker, with the hope of its leading to the capture of the mother. Presently she arose close by the "fast boat;" and seizing the young one, dragged

about a hundred fathoms of line out of the boat with remarkable force and velocity. Again she arose to the surface; darted furiously to and fro; frequently stopped short, or suddenly changed her direction, and gave every possible intimation of extreme agony. For a length of time, she continued thus to act, though closely pursued by the boats; and, inspired with courage and resolution by her concern for her offspring, seemed regardless of the danger which surrounded her. At length, one of the boats approached so near, that a harpoon was hove at her. It hit, but did not attach itself. A second harpoon was struck; this also failed to penetrate: but a third was more effectual, and held. Still she did not attempt to escape, but allowed other boats to approach; so that, in a few minutes, three more harpoons were fastened; and, in the course of an hour afterwards, she was killed.

There is something extremely painful in the destruction of a whale, when thus evincing a degree of affectionate regard for its offspring, that would do honour to the superior intelligence of human beings; yet the object of the adventure, the value of the prize, the joy of the capture, cannot be sacrificed to feelings of compassion.

Whales, though often found in great numbers together, can scarcely be said to be gregarious; for they are found most generally solitary, or in pairs, excepting when drawn to the same spot, by the attraction of an abundance of palatable food, or of a choice situation of the ice.

The superiority of the sexes, in point of numbers, seems to be in favour of the male. Of 124 whales which have been taken near Spitzbergen in eight years, in ships commanded by myself, 70 were males, and 54 were females, being in the proportion of five to four nearly.

The mysticetus occurs more abundantly in the frozen seas of Greenland and Davis' Strait,—in the bays of Baffin and Hudson,—in the sea to the northward of Behring's Strait, and along some parts of the northern shores of Asia, and probably America.

The Esquimaux eat the flesh and fat of the whale, and drink the oil with greediness. Indeed, some tribes who are not familiarised with spirituous liquors, carry along with them in their canoes, in their fishing excursions, bladders filled with oil, which they use in the same way, and with a similar result, that a British sailor does a dram. They also eat the skin of the whale raw, both adults and children; for it is not uncommon, when the females visit the whale ships, for them to help themselves to pieces of skin, preferring those with which a little blubber is connected, and to give it as food to their infants suspended on their backs, who suck it with apparent delight. Blubber, when pickled and boiled, is said to be very palatable; the tall, when par-boiled and then fried, is said to be not unsavoury, but even agreeable eating; and the flesh of young whales, I know from experiment, is by no means indifferent food.

I shall conclude this account of the mysticetus, with a sketch of some of the charac-

ters which belong generally to cetaceous animals.

Whales are viviparous; they have but one young at a time, and suckle it with teats. They are furnished with lungs, and are under the necessity of approaching the surface of the water at intervals to respire in the air. The heart has two ventricles and two auricles. The blood is warmer than in the human species; in a narwal that had been an hour and a half dead, the temperature of the blood was 97°; and in a mysticetus recently killed, 102°. All of them inhabit the sea. Some of them procure their food by means of a kind of sieve, composed of two fringes of whalebone; these have no teeth. Others have no whalebone, but are furnished with teeth. They all have two lateral or pectoral fins, with concealed bones like those of a land; and a large flexible horizontal tail, which is the principal member of motion. Some have a kind of dorsal fin, which is an adipose, or cartilaginous substance, without motion. This fin, varying in form, size and position, in different species, and being in a conspicuous situation, is well adapted for a specific distinction. The appearance and dimension of the whalebone and teeth, especially the former, are other specific characteristics. All whales have spiracles or blow holes, some with one, others with two openings, through which they breathe; some have a smooth skin all over the body; others have rugged or sulci about the region of the thorax and on the lower jaw. And all afford, beneath the integuments, a quantity of fat or blubber, from whence a useful and valuable oil, the train-oil of commerce, is extracted.

The B. Physalis is the longest of the whale tribe; and, probably, the most powerful and bulky of created beings.

It differs from the mysticetus in its form being less cylindrical, and its body being longer and more slender; in its whalebone being shorter; in its produce in blubber and oil being less; in its colour being of a bluer tinge; in its fins being more in number; in its breathing or blowing being more violent; in its speed being greater; in its actions being quicker and more restless, and in its conduct being bolder.

The length of the physalis is about 100 feet; its greatest circumference 30 or 35.

One was found dead in Davis' Straits 105 feet long, and 38 feet in circumference. The B. Musculus, or broad nosed whale, is not unlike the preceding, and frequents the coasts of Scotland, Ireland, Norway, &c. This is the creature usually killed on our shores. The other varieties are the B. Boops or Finner, and the B. Rostata, or Beaked Whale, which grows to the length of from 20 to 30 feet. The Narwal, or unicorn, is another of the inhabitants of the northern seas. The tusk is confined to the males, and generally from 3 to 6 feet in length: it projects from the left side of the head, that on the right side, (about 9 inches long,) remaining embedded in the skull. The Narwal is gregarious.

The Delphinus Deducator, called also the Caring, or Leading Whale, grows to the

length of 24 feet, and its herds are very numerous. This dolphin resembles the grampus, and it is often stranded. Hundreds have been destroyed at a time through accidents of this kind. The Beluga, or White Whale, is met with in families of from 5 to 10 together.

Of the quadrupeds inhabiting Spitzbergen and the icy seas adjacent, Capt. S. gives an interesting history; but we must abridge his observations without mercy. The Walrus, Morse, or Sea-horse, is a singular animal, and forms the connecting link between the mammalia of the land and the water, corresponding, in several of its characters, both with the bullock and the whale. It grows to the bulk of an ox. Its canine teeth, two in number, are of the length, externally, of 10 to 20 inches, (some naturalists say 3 feet,) and extend downward from the upper jaw, and include the point of the lower jaw between them. They are incurved inward. Their full length, when cut out of the skull, is commonly 15 to 20 inches, sometimes almost 30; and their weight 5 to 10 pounds each, or upward. The walrus, being a slow, clumsy animal on land, its tusks seem necessary for its defence against the bear, and also for enabling it to raise its unwieldy body upon the ice, when its access to the shore is prevented.

The walrus is found on the shores of Spitzbergen, 12 to 15 feet in length, and 8 to 10 feet in circumference.

When seen at a distance, the front part of the head of the young walrus, without tusks, is not unlike the human face. As this animal is in the habit of rearing its head above water, to look at ships, and other passing objects, it is not at all improbable but that it may have afforded foundation for some of the stories of mermaids. I have myself seen a sea-horse in such a position, and under such circumstances, that it required little stretch of imagination to mistake it for a human being; so like indeed was it, that the surgeon of the ship actually reported to me his having seen a man with his head just appearing above the surface of the water. Seals exhibit themselves in a similar way; the heads of some, at a distance, are not unlike the human head; the resemblance, however, is not so striking as that presented by the walrus.

The walrus is a fearless animal. It pays no regard to a boat, excepting as an object of curiosity. It is sometimes taken by a harpoon when in the water. If one attack fails, it often affords an opportunity for repeating it. The capture of a walrus in the water, cannot always be accomplished without danger; for, as they go in herds, an attack made upon one individual, draws all its companions to its defence. In such cases, they frequently rally round the boat from whence the blow was struck; pierce its planks with their tusks; and, though resisted in the most determined manner, sometimes raise themselves upon the gunwale, and threaten to overset it. The best defence against these enraged animals, is, in this crisis, sea sand; which, being thrown into their eyes, occasions a partial blindness, and

quences of irritating so irascible a being, she very nobly replied, "Oh no! we fear every devil from those whom we do not esteem." ("O que non! on craint peu, celui qu'on n'estime pas.")

From Rome our author went to Naples, where the same pre-occupation of the field by former writers begets the same sterility in his accounts of that city, and all its adjacent marvels. The squalid looks of the inhabitants of the Pontine Marshes, justified the answer given to a traveller, who inquired of a group of these animated spectres, "How do you manage to live here?"—"We die," and so they did in another way at Pompeii, which Mr. M. visited, and tells us, that, among other human remains dug up, "In the stocks of the guard-room, which were used as a military punishment, the skeletons of four soldiers were found sitting; but these poor fellows have now been released from their ignominious situation, and the stocks, with every thing else that was moveable, have been placed in the museum; the bones being consigned to their parent clay."

At Naples, we have an odd story of a bishop stealing 20 dollars; but a notice, more agreeable to our objects, is taken, of some admirable statues in the church of St. Severo. These are executed by a Venetian of the name of *Corradini*. "One represents a female, covered with a veil, which is most happily executed in marble, and has all the effect of a transparency. There is another of the same kind, a dead Christ, covered with the same thin gauze veil, which appears as if it were moist with the cold damp of the dead. There is also a statue of a figure in a net, the celebrated work of *Queirolo*, a Genoese, which is a model of pains and patience. It is cut out of a single block; yet the net has many folds, and scarcely touches the statue."

The Campo Santo, the great golphtha of Naples, is much more horrible than what we have transcribed respecting the funerals at Rome.

"It is situated on a rising ground behind the town; about a mile and a half from the gate. Within its walls, are 365 caverns; one is open every day for the reception of the dead, the great mass of whom, as soon as the rites of religion have been performed, are brought here for sepulture. There were fifteen cast in, while we were there; men, women, and children,—without a rag to cover them; literally fulfilling the words of Scripture,—"As he came forth out of his mother's womb, naked shall he return, to go as he came!" I looked down into this frightful charnel-house;—it was a shocking sight;—a mass of blood and garbage,—for many of the bodies had been opened at the hospitals. Cock-roaches, and other reptiles, were crawling about in all their glory.—"We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots; that's the end!"

"We made the sexton of this dreary abode, who, by the way, had been employed in this daily work for eleven years, open the stone of the next day's grave, which had been sealed up for a year. The flesh was entire-

ly gone; for, in such a fermenting mass, the work of corruption must go on swimmingly. Quick lime is added to hasten the process, and nothing seemed to remain, but a dry heap of bones and skulls. What must be the feelings of those, who can suffer the remains of a Friend, a Sister, a Mother, or a Wife, to be thus disposed of! Indifferent as I feel to the posthumous fate of my own remains, Heaven grant, that I may at least rest and not alone; and not be mixed up in so horrible a human hash as this!

"There were some women, saying *Arc Maria*, within the square, for the departed souls of their friends; but, our arrival took them from this pious work, and set them upon some calculations, connected with us, and our carriage, and the number of it; to direct them, in the selection of lucky numbers in the lottery, upon their return to Naples!"

Quitting this city, Mr. M. visited Capri, Velletri, on his way back to Rome, where he witnessed an execution founded on some remarkable circumstances. He says,

"The culprit was a 'Fellow with a horrid face,' who had murdered his father. The murder was detected in a singular manner, affording an extraordinary instance of the sagacity and faithful attachment of the dog to his master. The disappearance of the deceased had given rise to inquiry, and the officers of police went to his cottage, where, on examining his son, they learned that his father had gone out to work as usual, a few days before, and had not been seen since. As the officers were continuing their search in the neighbourhood, their attention was excited by observing a dog, lying in a lone place; who seemed to endeavour to attract their notice, by scratching on some newly turned earth. Their curiosity was excited by something peculiar in his action and manner, to examine the spot;—where they found the body. It would seem that the dog must have been an unobserved witness of his master's murder, and had not forsaken his grave. On returning to the cottage with the body, the son was so struck with the discovery made by the officers by means which he could not divine, that, concluding it must have been by supernatural intimation, he made a full confession of his guilt;—that he had beaten out his father's brains with a mallet, at the instigation of his mother, that he had dragged him to this bye-place, and there buried him. The mother was condemned to imprisonment for life;—the son to the guillotine. He kept us waiting ten o'clock till almost three; for the execution is delayed till the culprit is brought to a due state of penitence.

"At last the bell rung, the Host was brought from a neighbouring church, that he might receive the last sacrament; and soon afterwards, the criminal was led out. *Inglesse* was a passport on this as on other occasions. The guards that formed in a square round the guillotine, made way for me to pass; and I was introduced, almost against my will, close to the scaffold.

"A crucifix, and a black banner, with

death's heads upon it, were borne before the culprit, who advanced between two priests. He mounted the scaffold with a firm step, and did not once flinch till he stooped to put his head into the groove prepared to receive it.

"This is the trying minute, the rest is the affair of the tenth part of an instant. It appears to be the best of all modes of inflicting the punishment of death; combining the greatest impression on the spectator, with the least possible suffering to the victim.

"It is so rapid, that I should doubt whether there was any suffering; but from the expression of the countenance, when the executioner held up the head, I am inclined to believe, that sense and consciousness may remain for a few seconds, after the head is off. The eyes seemed to retain speculation for a moment or two, and there was a look in the ghastly stare with which they glared upon the crowd, which implied that the head was aware of its ignominious situation. And indeed there is nothing improbable in this supposition, for in all injuries of the spine, whereby a communication with the sensorium is cut off, it is the parts below the injury which are deprived of sensation, while those above retain their sensibility. And so, in the case of decapitation, the muscles and nerves of the face and eyes, may for a short time continue to convey impressions to the brain, in spite of the separation from the trunk."

The remainder of the volume is much more dry than that portion whence we have compounded our review. Florence, Bologna, Venice, Padua, Milan, the Simples, rambles about Switzerland, Lyons, Langue-doc, Toulouse, Bourdeaux, and Paris, appear too much in the uninteresting shape of an itinerary, with politics and criticism swelling out the table of contents, to afford entire content on the desk in the study. We shall not follow this course, but, in conclusion, pick out the plums for our readers, and leave the rest of the pudding, as Mr. M. would say, to be digested by more voracious appetites.

Venice is at present remarkable for containing eight horses; the four of St. Mark, and four kept by Lord Byron, who astonishes the natives by riding them on an island—choosing to be different from those about him; thus a swan among eagles or owls, as a British Senator, he must be a fowl of another feather among the swans, ducks, or geese of the Venetian canals. Venice is also reported as famous for the manufacture of very small gold trinkets. The author bought a gold chain for 20 francs, an inch and a half long, and worked with the aid of microscopic glasses; surely these are not the links which restrain the noble band from his country.

In the incubations on France, we are informed, among other inhuman horrors of the revolution, that—

"Near Montellinar was the *Chateau de Grignaa*, where Madame de Sévigné fell a victim to maternal anxiety, and was buried in the family vault. The Chateau was destroyed during the fury of the Revolution."



and the leaden coffins in the vaults, presented too valuable a booty to be spared, by the brutal ruffians of those days. The body of Madame de Sévigné had been embalmed, and was found in a state of perfect preservation, richly dressed;—but no respect was paid to virtue even in the grave; every thing, even to the dress she wore, was pillaged and taken away; and the naked corpse left to mingle, as it might, with its native dust.

"This unnatural war with the dead is one of the most revolting features of the French revolution. No respect was paid to rank, or sex, or virtue; and this was not a solitary act of rage, committed at a single place, but the general practice throughout France.—A fellow passenger tells me: that he saw the body of Laura, the mistress of Petrarch, exposed to the most brutal indignities, in the streets of Arignon. It had been embalmed, and was found in a mummy state, of a dark brown colour. It was the same everywhere; and the best, and the worst of the Bourbons, Henry IV. and Louis XI., were exposed to equal indignities, nor could the deeds of Turcotte himself protect his corpse from the profanation of these ferocious violators. All the crimes commit ed upon the living, during the reign of blood and terror, will not stamp the French name with so indelible a stain, as these unmanly outrages upon the dead."

"A very curious inquiry into the subject of the famous Iron Mask, leads the author to infer that *Fouquet* might be the sufferer; but we have no room to enumerate the coincidences on which this hypothesis is supported; and must conclude, which we shall, with the mention of a man whom the author encountered at Toulouse, and who is so much admired by all, that we are sure it will gratify our readers to hear a report of his being about to return to England, and undertake the management of Covent Garden Theatre. • Mr. M. pays a farewell visit to "Mr. Kemble, to whom I have been indebted, for many pleasant evenings of social intercourse. It is delightful to see the father of the English stage, enjoying the evening of life, in the tranquillity of literary leisure;—a man to whose public exertions, we have all been indebted for the highest intellectual gratification; who, by the charm of his art, has become so identified in our imagination with the ideal characters of Shakspeare, that those who have seen him can scarcely think of Macbeth,—King John,—Wolsey,—Hotspur,—Brutus,—or Coriolanus, without embodying them in the form and features of—John Philip Kemble."

*Smeaton's Historical and Biographical Tracts.*

No. 13. *A choice Narrative of Count Gondamor's Transactions during his Embassy in England.* By Sir Robert Cotton. 1659.

No. 14. *The Life and Death of Henrietta Maria de Bourbon, Queen to that blessed King and Martyr, Charles I.* &c. 1685.

\* We state this as a rumour that has reached us; not as appearing in the Diary.

At pages 597, 611, and 714, of our last year's volume, we noticed, as they issued from the press, the earlier specimens of these republished tracts, which are cheap, curious, and neatly got up. The two numbers at the head of this article, together with seven of a historical nature previously printed, make a very entertaining little 4to, belonging to the period of the Stuarts, and enabling us to read scarce works without the cost of bibliomania, the whole nine amounting in price to no more than 40s.

Gondamor's account of the transactions in England, is a political pamphlet fictitiously put into the mouth of that celebrated person, whose dexterity as an ambassador was not relished by a large party in this country\*. The wri-

\* Spanish ambassadors have frequently cut a conspicuous figure at our court: for example, take the following anecdote from a work entitled '*Mémoires d'un Voyageur qui se repose.*' When the attempt upon the King was made by Margaret Nicholson, as his majesty was going to St. James's to hold a levee, in consequence of that event a council was ordered to be held as soon as the levee was over. The Marquis del Campo, being apprised of that circumstance, and knowing that the council would detain the King in two or three hours beyond his usual time, took post horses and set off for Windsor the moment the levee was over, alighted at the palace, and called upon a lady there with whom he was acquainted. The Queen finding that the King did not return at the usual time, and understanding that the Marquis was in the palace, sent to ask him if he had been at the levee. He replied that he had, and that he had left his majesty in perfect health, going to council. When the King arrived he of course told her majesty the extraordinary occurrences of the morning. The Queen expressed great surprise that the Marquis del Campo, who had been near three hours in the palace, had not mentioned the subject to her: he was sent for, and he then told her majesty, that finding upon his arrival at the palace no rumour of the attempt upon the King had reached the Queen, he did not think it expedient to apprise her of it, till his majesty's arrival gave full assurance of his safety; but at the same time, as some incorrect and alarming reports might be brought down, he thought it right to remain in the palace, in order in that case to be able to remove all apprehensions from her majesty's mind, by acquainting her with the real facts.

This fine compliment was paralleled in a different way by another ambassador from Spain, who, when the Sardinian ambassador called all the foreign ministers resident in London together, and urged a complaint of their privileges being violated by the seizure of some smuggled articles in his residence, and it appeared that he had really lent his protection to cover the nefarious traffic, observed, that it was true the privileges of ambassadors ought to be held sacred; but if the King of Sardinia could not afford to send a gentleman, he ought not to keep a minister at the English or any court. This remark, we need hardly add, settled the business of the meeting. Ed.

ter makes him relate to the Duke of Lerma, and a council of Spanish ministers, how he had employed himself, and what he had achieved by his intrigues; and some of his statements are remarkable even to the present day. Among other things, he says,

All their voyages to the East Indies, I permit rather with a colourable resistance than a serious, because I see them not helpful but hurtful to the state in general, carrying out gold and treasure, bringing home spice, silks, feathers, and the like toys, and insensibly wasting the common stock of coin and bullion, while it fills the custom-house, and some private purses, who thereby enabled to keep this inconvenience on foot by bribes, especially so many great persons (even statesmen) being adventurers and sharers in the gain; besides this, wasteth their mariners, not one of ten returning, which I am glad to hear, for they are the men we stand in fear of.

Their West Indian voyages I withstand them in earnest, because they begin to inhabit there, and fortify themselves, and may in time perhaps raise another England, to withstand our new Spain in America; as this old England opposeth our present state, and clouds the glorious extents thereof of Europe; besides, there they trade for commodities without waste of their treasure, and often return gold for knives, glasses, and the like trifles, and that without such loss of their mariners, as in other places; therefore I crossed whatsoever intentions were projected for Virginia, or the Bermudes, because I see they may be hereafter really helpful to them, as now they serve for drains to unload their populous state, which else would overflow its own banks, by continuance of peace, and turn head upon itself, or make a body fit for any rebellion.

This is a singular view of our East and West India trade and colonies nearly two centuries ago. The ambassador continues.

But the last service I did for the state was not the least, when I underwrought that admirable engine, *Ratleigh*, and so was the cause his voyage threatening much danger and damage to us was overthrown, and himself returning in disgrace, I pursued almost to death; neither but (I hope) need I say almost, if all things hit right, and all strings hold; the determination of my commission would not permit me longer to stay to follow him to execution, which I desired the rather, that by concession I might have wrung from the inconsiderate English, an acknowledgement of my masters right in those places, punishing him for attempting there, though they might prescribe for the first foot; and this I did to stop their mouths hereafter, and because I would quench the heat and valour of that nation, that none should dare hereafter to undertake the like, or be so hardy as to look out at sea, or breath upon our coasts; and lastly, because I would bring to an ignominious death, that old pirate; who is one of the last now living,

obliges them to disperse. When on shore, they are best killed with long sharp pointed knives.

The tusks of the walrus, which are hard, white, and compact ivory, are employed by dentists in the fabrication of false teeth.

Seals (Phocæ), are too well known to need much observation. The voice of the young seal, when in pain or distress, is a whining cry, resembling that of a child. Seals appear to hear well when under water; music, or particularly a person whistling, draws them to the surface, and induces them to stretch their necks to the utmost extent, so as to prove a snare, by bringing them within reach of the shooter. The most effectual way of shooting them is by the use of small shot fired into their eyes; when killed with a bullet, they generally sink and are lost. Seals are often seen on their passage from one situation to another, in very large shoals. In such cases, for the sake of respiration, they all appear every now and then at the surface together, springing up so as to raise their heads and necks, and often their whole bodies out of the water. Their progress is pretty rapid; their actions appear frisky; and their general conduct is productive of amusement to the spectator. The sailors, when they observe such a shoal, call it a 'seal's wedding.'

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

*(From the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.)*

**LITHARS' ENGRAVINGS.**—In the operation of engraving, the desired effect is produced by making incisions upon the copper-plate with a steel instrument of an angular shape, which incisions are filled with printing-ink, and transferred to the paper by the pressure of a roller, which is passed over its surface. There is another mode of producing these lines or incisions by means of diluted nitrous acid, which is well known, and in which the impression is taken in the same way. The new mode of engraving is done upon a principle exactly the reverse, for instead of the subject being cut into the copper, it is the interstice between these lines which is removed by diluted acid, (commonly called *Aqua-fortis*) and the lines are left as the surface: from which the impression is taken, by means of a common type printing-press, instead of a copper-plate press.

This is effected by drawing with turpentine varnish, coloured with lamp black, whatever is required upon the plate, and when the varnish is thoroughly dry, the acid is poured upon it, and the interstice of course removed by its action upon the uncovered part of the copper. If the subject is very full of dark shading, this operation will be performed with little risk of accident, and with the removal of very little of the interstice between the lines; but if the distance between the lines is great, the risk and difficulty is very much increased, and it will be requisite to cut away the parts which surround the lines with a graver, in order to prevent the dabber with the printing ink from

reaching the bottom, and thus producing a blurred impression. It is obvious, therefore, that the more the plate is covered with work, the less risk will there be in the preparation of it with the acid, after the subject is drawn; and the less trouble will there be in removing the interstice (if any) from those places where there is little shading.

A great degree of facility will be obtained by etching out the first line with the common etching-needle, and afterwards putting on the cross line with the varnish; and by this means there will be much more variety, regularity, and beauty in the effect, than if the whole had been done with the varnish.

I have found from experience, that the best mode of proceeding is to lay an etching ground upon the copper, as in the ordinary operation of etching; to remove the first lines, or rather *interstices*, with the needle, and then to put on the cross-lines with the varnish. Should this cramp the freedom of the artist in some parts, he can easily scrape off the etching ground, and draw those with the varnish.

Although this discovery must still be considered in its infancy, and very incomplete, yet it is probable that much may be done with it, if proper materials can be found out to work with. It possesses every advantage which common engraving does, and at the same time all the advantages of engraving on wood; and, above all, it enables us to procure as many impressions as can be taken from types. The greatest difficulty to be surmounted, is to obtain a substitute for the varnish, which will flow from a pen or pencil like Indian ink; for as the varnish has a tendency to dry, and get tough in the pencil, the operation is by this circumstance very considerably impeded. Other substances than copper may be used; and experience may prove them to be better adapted to the purpose. I, says Mr. L., the inventor have tried wood covered with white lead and strong glue, with considerable success, but not with so much as copper; and it may be as well, for the sake of those who may think it worth their while to make other trials, to mention that I have used lead, pewter, type-metal, zinc, and brass, all with various success, but have still found copper superior to them all. Mr. Sivright of Meggetland, a gentleman well known in this city for his scientific acquirements, and to whom, during these experiments, I was much indebted, used with very great success the same kind of limestone which is employed in lithography.

I have also tried various kinds of varnishes, viz. mastic varnish, japan, liquid etching-ground, copal varnish, and spirit varnish, but have found the best to be common turpentine varnish, or resin dissolved in turpentine.

**ROYAL INSTITUTION.**—Mr. Campbell, on Wednesday, gave his second Lecture upon Poetry. He began with adverting to the most ancient poetry with which we are acquainted, viz. that of the Old Testament; and pointed out some passages of great beauty and sublimity. He said that the Hebrews did not cultivate poetry, and observed, that

whatever advantages they possessed over the Gentiles in the purity of religious worship, they certainly were behind them in literature and the elegant arts.

Mr. Campbell then turned to the poets of Greece, and began of course with Homer. It would be doing great injustice to Mr. C. and no credit to ourselves, if we were to attempt to give to our readers, from memory, even a sketch of this part of the lecture. His observations upon the great Grecian bard were so interwoven, and arose so naturally out of each other, his illustrations were so happy, and conveyed in language so correct and so brilliant, that we feel ourselves unequal to the task of even general description. Mr. C. differed entirely from Mr. Bryant and Professor Wolf; the former of whom disbelieved the existence of Troy, and of the war which forms the subject of the *Iliad*; and the latter of whom doubted the identity of Homer himself, for he considered him only as one of many rhapsodists who sang the war of Troy, although the whole poem has reached us under his name. Upon the first point he said, that although Homer had enriched his story with all the ornaments of poetry, yet, as to the main fact of the confederation of the states of Greece against Troy, he saw no rational ground for scepticism. It never was doubted by the Greeks themselves, who certainly had better means of forming a judgment upon the subject than any modern critic, however learned. With regard to the other point, viz. whether Homer was really the author of the whole poem, he considered the authority of the Greeks, again, as decisive, and they had never raised a question upon the subject. Besides, the *Iliad* itself contained intrinsic evidence that it was the production of one mind—the unity of the plan—the consistency of all its parts, and of the characters, shewed that it could not have been composed by a number of unconnected individuals, and collected in after ages into one poem.

We shall only add, that Mr. C. seemed to think that Homer was fully deserving of the exalted station in which he has been placed by the common consent of mankind.

*Henkelum, March 28.*

An inhabitant of this place, of the name of Wilgen, has found upon his land, which has been inundated to a great depth, a very large mass of solid clay, which is supposed to have been washed up from the depth of 68 feet below a bed of soft earth. Perceiving some bones project from it, he carefully took away the earth, and found the whole upper part of the head of an animal of immense size, 46 inches long, 30 broad, and weighing above 200 lbs.

A voyage of discovery is to be undertaken next summer, from the mouth of the Lena into the Frozen Ocean, to examine the north coast of Siberia, and the islands to the north of that country which were discovered several years ago. As the islands in question (which for any thing we know may form a considerable continent), have only been visited in winter; it will no doubt be very interesting

to examine whether the ice will allow ships to approach them in summer, and to ascertain their extent.

## FINE ARTS.

### SPRING GARDEN EXHIBITION.

The Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours, opened their sixteenth exhibition on Monday. It is not so fine as some which have preceded it, but contains, notwithstanding, some very capital specimens of British Art. Among these, on a cursory glance, we noticed a highly finished picture, No. 17, "The Tight Shoe," in Richter's best manner, the story humorously told, and the painting superb; some exquisite drawings by G. F. Robson; a grand poetical composition of Jupiter nursed by the Nymphs in Crete, J. Cristall, the grouping and general character belonging to the foremost class of design; Eton and Windsor, two sweet little pieces by J. Varley; a clever landscape or two by J. Wilson; several glowing copies of nature by C. Fielding; the trial of Algernon Sydney by Stephano; the Veteran: a curiously painted subject, by W. H. Watts; Una in the forest by W. Bewick; uncommonly well executed views of French Towns, by Trout; admirable pictures of dogs, by E. Landecker, and something of the same kind by J. Christinas; together with other pleasing contributions by Barrett, A. Robertson, Linton, Lewis, Miss Gouldsmith, J. Graham, Boaden, Linnell, Nash, Vincent, Barker, Hayter, &c. &c. forming altogether a delightful lounge, and eminently deserving the countenance of the British Public.

### ROYAL ACADEMY.

A private view of the rooms yesterday, enables us to speak but shortly of the ensuing exhibition: the form of our publication, and the number printed, rendering it impossible to afford much space to any subject so late in the week. The collection is upon the whole, showy and attractive; and there are a few admirable pictures. Portraits, as usual, predominate, and we observe little difference in the styles of the best known artists. Sir T. Lawrence has some fine works in this class, the chief of which is the late Sir William Grant. Phillips has also some excellent heads; one or two of them of public men, who would be very glad to be either so young or handsome as the painter has made them. Beechey, Shee, Raeburn, Howard, Jackson, Owen, Stewardson, Joseph, Geddes, Masquerier, Lane, E. Hastings, and one or two others, appeared to us most prominent and numerous in similar productions. In the higher branches of art, we were struck with some exquisite pieces from the Decameron, and Gil Blas, by Storhard; the Opening of the Will, from Waverley, perhaps Wilkie's chef-d'œuvre; a Dead Calm, by Calcott, of infinite beauty; the Wolf and the Lamb, by Mulready, a most amusing and characteristic scene; the Widow of Siegfried the Swift, a large picture by Fuzeli, in a high tone of imagination; Lear, well treated by

Howard; Christ raising the Daughter of Jairus, Thomson; Venus intruding on the bath of Diana, Hilton, admirably painted; Rome, from the Vatican, an extraordinary performance, by Turner; an arch Cupid, by Owen; a charming Loudon's Gypsy, by Leslie; the Storm Retiring, a sea view, by Phillips; Venus showing her wound to Mars, a good subject, and very clever in expression, by Hayter; the last scene of Sir Giles Overreach, with good portraits of Drury-Lane performers, by Clint—one of the best dramatic things we have ever seen; a Market, full of incident, by Rollins Sharples; Melicor and Atalanta, a classical composition, by R. T. Bone; and smaller, but in various ways highly meritorious works, by J. Gandy, Etty, A. E. Chalon, Jones, Stephano, Cooper, Ingallton, Briggs, &c. &c. In the landscape department, we noticed interesting productions by Collins, Nasmyth, W. Wilson, J. Wilson, Samuel, Powell, and many others. Animals, by Ward, and young Landseer, deserve to be particularized. In the Architecture, Mr. Soane has a splendid picture. In Sculpture, an Eve, by Bailey, is one of the finest specimens of modern art; a Sleeping Child, with an exquisite head, by Chantrey; a Sketch, by I. Golt; an alto relievo, by Westmacott; a basso relievo, by Flaxman; busts, by Chantrey, Turnerelli, S. Joseph, Milligan, caught our attention. We of course had only a rapid glance, and have probably omitted many works which merited positive distinction.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

### CONSUMPTION.

A FRAGMENT.

It is not so hard to die as I believed it to be. The preparation is the difficulty—I bless God I had time for that.—the rest is worse to beholders than to me. I am all blessed hope—hope itself. She looked what she said.—*Chorus Heroines.*

The cheek where health so lately shed  
Its constant bloom of softest red,  
Soon like her pollard open brow,  
Was linkless as the purest snow;  
Saw when delight or fever thro'  
A feeble blush of crimson hue  
O'er its pale surface, her dark eye  
Sparkled with clearer brilliancy.  
Her wasted snowy arm no more,  
Its former rounded beauty wore,  
But every azure vein within  
Shone thro' the soft transparent skin;  
The touching charm, the pensive grace,  
Diffused around her form and face,  
Her pure decaying loveliness,  
Might well some virgin saint express,  
Exchanging for the light of heaven  
The transient joys this earth had given.

She rose, and from her temples flung  
The rich dark curls which o'er her tunic hung;  
Half fainting then she forward leant,  
With drooping head, and figure bent.  
Her pale lips quiver'd; from her eye  
Large scaling tears fell heavily;  
While her small trembling hand in vain  
(Striving to dull their throbbing pain)  
Her fever'd temples press'd: there came  
A shivering o'er her feeble frame.—

Recovering slowly, by degrees  
She rais'd her head to catch the breeze  
Which freshly thro' the casement blew:  
Gasping, with lips apart, she drew  
The cool reviving air, again  
Her looks, her form, composed gain.—  
In tones, so weak they well betray'd  
Each vital source of strength decay'd,  
She spoke of the delights which gave  
A cheering aspect to the grave;  
While with increasing eloquence  
She seem'd around her to dispense  
The comfort she had vainly supplied—  
But

ARTHUR STANLEY.

### SONG.

Stranger, rest and sleep securely,  
Let no doubt thy breast annoy;  
Who sleeps here, believe, shall surely  
Wake to life, to hope, and joy.  
Soft music on the air is floating;  
All fragrant breathes the fresh fragrant gale;  
The bird's last hymn thou hear'st unnoting—  
Unmarked the balmy air inhale.  
Unconscious bliss art thou receiving,  
For thy rapt soul is borne away;  
Fancy, thy mental sight deceiving,  
Gives to thy view joy's future day.  
In mischief o'er the senses stealing,  
In perfumed dews at evening's close,  
Visions of future bliss revealing,  
Comes the Genius of repose.  
All inert, in slumber lying,  
Perception shall thy senses keep;  
Its consciousness alone denying,  
Gives thee all the bliss of sleep.

Glasgow, Mar. 16, 1820.

TOLKAM.

MR. BREAKWIND, flattered by the kind attention paid to him by the Editor of the Literary Gazette, by the speedy insertion of all his fragments, has been induced to parody a few popular airs, which he hopes will meet with his approbation, and that of a generous public, and "all that sort of thing," as his friend Mr. Randall says.

### AIR.—The Legacy.

When in jail I shall calm recline,  
Beneath my best coat to some pawnbroker near,  
Shew him how stylish the gilt buttons shine,  
And ask him a price that is not too dear;  
Bid him not search for bank notes in the pocket,  
For they were *hugg'd* out to discharge a bad debt;  
And all that he'll find will be an old locker  
Of Sol's, which she gave me the last time we met.

When the use of each *gin car* is o'er,  
Sack them, and take them over the way;  
For I know the *corv*, and he'll lend you more  
Than any *flut* can afford to pay;  
Bid him not turn 'em up for the ransing,  
That oftentimes lies at the bottom so dim;  
But tell him, my *old one*, without any mincing,  
You *mopp'd* them out \* ere you brought them to him.

Take then this glass, which the *fail-bird* is twin-  
ing  
With bright *flashy* flowers which spring for him  
yet,  
And think how oft in it we've seen the *gin* shin-  
ing,  
And bath'd our ripe lips in the *Dandy's* light *seet*.

\* Drink up the remainder.

And wonder not if in some inspired minute,  
 I lately you gaze on this cup o'er and o'er,  
 A *ye of blue* ruin should start up within it,  
 The inside of your white neck to break once more.  
 R. RECKWINDOW.

## BIOGRAPHY.

At Sylhet, July 14, died Mr. R. Smith, aged nearly 80, and for the last ten years, assistant to the superintendent of the Botanic Garden at Calcutta. His contributions to this establishment endeared him to the lovers of Indian Botany; and his loss is regretted by the public, not merely on account of the arduous and skill with which he cultivated the pleasing pursuit in which he was engaged; but of his liberality in communicating rare and beautiful specimens to others who were fond of his favourite science.

## THE DRAMA.

**DAWKY LANE: KING LEAR.**—On Monday this play was produced, with Kean in the principal character. Somehow or other,—by having got the question, whether he would perform it ill or well into pretty general discussion, by the puff preliminary, collateral, and direct, by strange advertisements, and by various means, more readily felt even in this great metropolis than described, and, perhaps, above all, by a prevailing sense of the difficulty of the enterprise, and of the rare talents of the actor—a very high degree of public curiosity was excited. The periodical press was *bespoke*, we do not mean improperly, but merely that very cogent reasons were urged for obtaining a verdict as favourable as circumstances would permit; and in so far as the dramatic world was concerned, the point of success or failure was declared of the very deepest importance. Even our philosophy was infected, and we went early to witness the solution of the momentous problem, involving the fame of Shakspeare and the glory of Kean—both matters of immortal interest, no doubt; but we scarcely think both equally at issue upon this occasion. Indeed, it ought to be premised, that the Tragedy as performed is not the Swan of Avon's Lear, but the 34 Number of Elliston's Shakspeare—see *Bills*—or, in other words, that miserable, mongrel transmutation of Tate's, which most un-schematically changes gold into base metal, and utterly ruins one of the finest conceptions that ever sprang from a human mind. We mean that trashy piece of foppery, which not only destroys the grand, leading, natural idea of the sublime poet, by altering the catastrophe, but which poisons and mangles every member of it,—excludes the privileged fool, that admirable foil to the King's weakness and wandering—introduces a paltry amour between Edgar and Cordelia, thus dispelling by moonshine meetings the whole charm of Poor Tom's assumed madness, and making as common as the scene shifter, the sweet heroine whom the intuitive genius of Shakspeare kept, like a divinity, out of sight, and only

brought back at last to swell the dreadful pathos of his denouement;—converts the creditable steward of Goneril, who ought from his station to be shrewd and steady, into a coxcomb, by way of compensation for the part omitted, consequently, spoiling the excellent scene preceding Kent's being put in the stocks;—and, in fine, contrives so to disguise the original, as to render it quite unnecessary to prohibit the admission of “*The free List*,” out of any notion of the hostility of that happily named body to Shakspeare, whether it be that their enmity arises from being on the free list, or that the grant of being on the free list is owing to their enmity. If the latter, we can only say that Shakspeare has had, and has, about the Theatres, greater foes than they are. But to the performances.—Whatever might be the feeling towards the mighty author, it was very evident that a large portion of the audience was exceedingly well disposed towards the play as about to be acted, and towards the actors. The applause began as soon as possible, that is to say, immediately after the lamps were lighted; and thenceforward every thing was cheered and shouted to—an encouragement, if genuine and within bounds, but an impropriety when carried to so palpable an excess. The first scene was one of indifferent promise. In dowering his daughters, Lear allowed no scope for the bye-speeches of his youngest, for he quitted his throne and came close up to her; and his own delivery of the text indicated but too surely, that all the poetry of Shakspeare would be lost—sacrificed, it may be, for a half dozen striking theatrical effects. So it turned out. None of those delightful passages of lament, of remorse, of self reproach, of melting tenderness, to which there is a key-note in Kean's voice that might respond so admirably, were rendered even moderately affecting; the whole were dismissed for a few bursts of rage or anguish, some of them very powerful, but others unmeaning and inconsistent. The play proceeded, and it soon became quite clear to our judgment that Lear, (at least if our idea of it be correct) was not a character suited to this able performer. He gave us the passion, but not the dignity; he gave us the declamation, but not the nature; he gave us the folly, but not the fine philosophizing vein of the broken-hearted king. The curse on Goneril was very forcible, yet our blood did not run chill, as it ever did when Kemble pronounced this awful imprecation. During all the tempest scenes, instead of the overflowings of a wounded spirit; the bitterness of a mind stung to the quick by unlooked for ingratitude, “much sharper than a serpent's tooth,” of the pathetic reflections on the instability and guilt of human affairs, Mr. Kean conceived it to be right to anticipate that madness which ought to be afterwards caught, as it were, by infection from Edgar, and to draw a picture of mental alienation, where only a high-wrought indignation and affliction of soul is painted by the author. It was not yet time for

—Matter and impetuosity mixed,  
 Reason in madness.

But Mr. Kean even mistook the obvious import of particular passages: after calling on *caitiffs* and close put-up guilt to tremble, at the elemental rage of heaven, Lear, drawing the consoling contrast with himself, exclaims,

—/ I am a man

More sinned against than sinning—

the performer laid the emphasis on “*am*,” a new but very erroneous reading; and indeed there were several like examples. These however, it would be tedious to enumerate, and we rather state our opinion of his general misconception of the character. He made Lear an idiot,—occasionally a mere dauling old man, twiddling his hands about, fumbling his clothes, patting his brow, and parting his hair with an expression of doubt whether he were really lunatic or not. Many of his sentences were uttered exactly as a drunken person, endeavouring to be plain with big sonorous words, would speak; and the well-known stage trick of horrid suspirations and hysterical growls, was repeated far too often. None of these marks, we presume to think, belong to the true Lear. He is infinitely greater in his madness than when sane. There are forgetfulness, bursts of grief, rage, rarely depression; but nothing like mean imbecility. Shakspeare, indeed, changes his language from poetry to prose; from the heroic measure to an unmeasured style; but assuredly the beautiful sentiments which he puts into his mouth, ought to save him from the misrepresentation of insane and silly helplessness. When he apostrophises the unsophisticated nature of poor Tom, who owes the worn silk, the beast no hide, &c.; when he bids anatomise the hard heart of Regan; nay, even when he takes his theme from the eyeless Gloucester, and lashes the vices of mankind, his aberrations are somewhat unconnected, yet still of the noblest character. Lear's mind is hurt, not destroyed; his understanding is disturbed, not overthrown; and there are not six sentences, in the whole character, which betray more than a wounded spirit, far less decided insanity. Mr. Kean would do well to re-study it with this consideration: but he took quite another view of the subject, in which, if our premises be accurate, he was decidedly in error. In what he did, the best scene by far was that in which he recovers from his opiate sleep, and recognises Cordelia. He was also much applauded for the way in which he said “Who put my man i' the stocks?”—The conclusion, as it now stands, no actor can prevent from being tame; but Mr. Kean made no observable effort to elevate it, and the play wound up like a nursery tale. We have exceeded our bounds, and have no room for the other parts. Rac was very respectable in Edgar, though he left out some fine lines, if they have been permitted to stand in Elliston's Shakspeare. Dowton appeared to us to act Kent in a quizzical way, as if laughing in his sleeve at Lear, and taking no pains to support him. Mrs. West, as Cordelia, in white muslin, deserved much praise; and Misses Glover and Egerton, were exceedingly good in all that Goneril and

Regan put in their power. The scenery was only tolerable, and some gaping and nodding trees made a ludicrous exhibition when agitated by the storm. The tragedy is likely to be continued for some time.

On Thursday, the farce of the *King and the Miller of Mansfield* was revived, with Mr. S. Kemble as the Miller. In consequence of some blackguard in the gallery choosing to interrupt the performance, by calling for the health of the queen being drunk, a row was got up, and the acting reduced to dumb show. Shakespeare denies the clown the privilege of saying more than is set down for them; and the stage would soon come to an intolerable pass, if such licence of interpolation were allowed to any one of a promiscuous audience. The thing "is a villainous ambition," (we care not what the matter attempted to be introduced may be,) and the public ought to aid the manager decidedly in resisting the practice.

COVENT GARDEN. *Henri Quatre*.—A dramatic romance so called, composed of sundry French pieces by Mr. Morton, with music got together by Mr. Bishop, has been successfully brought out at this house. It consists of some adventures of Henri in one of those ex-royal rambles of which he was so fond; and an episode of loves, duels, and generous actions, in which two of his officers are the principals; but the plot is too complex for detail, without a greater waste of paper than we are inclined to yield. Suffice it to say, that it is one of those pretty pleasing entertainments, which are seen and listened to with great satisfaction, as they require no effort to follow, and provoke no passion to analyze. The music is uncommonly sweet, and the scenery exquisitely beautiful. Macready in Henri, C. Kemble and Abbott in the Officers, Fawcett, Johnston (restored for one season more to his friends and the stage), Liston, Emery, Blanchard, Duruset, Hunt, and Egerton, all in parts well suited to their respective talents, give great strength and éclat to the acting; while Misses Stephens, and M. Tree, and a Master Longhurst, augment the melody by some very delicious singing; and Miss Brunton also adds her elegant comic powers to a cast unwontedly rich and comprehensive. The dialogue is terse and amusing; the lyrics very natty-pamby. Taken altogether, it is long since we saw a more agreeable drama; for though it possesses none of the higher qualities of composition, it is alternately gay and affecting, the incidents are well put together, the story generally interesting, and the performances, musical and histrionic, excellent. There ought to be a canon for theatrical pronunciation,—the law of the prompter, and hung up in the Green Room. The various ways in which Henri is pronounced, is quite amusing.—Hangroë, Hongrie, Henry, Hengry, Hanri, &c. &c. were met by Sully, Soollie, Salles, Sully, and an equivalent number of intonations, in the name of his prime minister.

THE NEW HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The site of this theatre is determined, and the building will be almost immediately commenced. We hear that forty subscriptions of 250*l.* each, are to constitute the chief fund.

The house will be about 16 feet more in width than the old theatre, and very little more in depth. By this plan, commodious passages may be obtained, and nearly the same admirable size preserved in the stage and audience parts. It will occupy the ground in the Haymarket, now filled by the three houses immediately below the theatre, and facing Charles Street, and thus there is an opportunity of having a handsome front towards St. James's Square. We trust the whole will be managed in a way lucrative to the parties, ornamental to the metropolis, and auspicious to the sterling drama.

THEATRE DES VARIETES.—First representation of *Destouches, ou le Philosophe marié*.—Destouches was an avowed enemy of the modern philosophy, which he ridiculed by thousands of epigrams. Perhaps one of the best he ever wrote is the title of the comedy, the *Philosopher marié*. Can any thing more completely satirize this singular kind of philosophy, than to represent, as one of its disciples, a man so weak and so far a slave to his dissolute companions, that he is ashamed to own his marriage?

This comedy is looked upon as a sketch of the author's family: he has painted his wife in *Arlette*; his sister-in-law in *Célestine*; her lover in *Damon*; his own father in *Lisimore*; and himself in *Arite*.

On this anecdotal sketch the new piece is founded. The uncle of Destouches, an old bachelor and a great enemy to matrimony, has sworn to disinherit his nephew if he should ever think of marrying; and he urges him to take orders, to ensure the impossibility of his ever submitting to the yoke of hymen. Destouches, who is already united to an elegant and accomplished woman, determines to keep his marriage a profound secret, through the fear of losing a fine fortune. The embarrassing situation in which he is placed between his uncle, his wife, and her sister, gives rise to several highly comic scenes, and he resolves to introduce them into a new comedy which he intends to bring out, under the title of *le Philosophe marié*. This the whole is discovered; but Madame Destouches has, in the mean while, succeeded in overcoming some of the uncle's prejudices, and he gives his consent to the union.

## VARIETIES.

Professor Kugelgen, a distinguished painter of Saxony, was murdered last month in the vicinity of Laschwitz.

The language of the interior of Sumatra, of the Javanese, of the inhabitants of Borneo and the Celebes, of the Philippine Islands, of Japan, of Cambodia, and Siam, are all, (with the exception of some imperfect ideas of the Japanese given in Kämpfer's excellent History of Japan, and Thunberg's Travels,) untouched by Protestant nations, or very little known.

*Holyhead Road*.—Whilst cutting through the corner of a field, called in Welsh Dol Trebeddw, in the line of road making be-

tween Lima and Carnegie, the workmen discovered upwards of forty graves, about two yards in length, most of them cased with rough stones, and all lying in the compass of 20 yards by 10. Bones were found in many of them, but not the least vestige of any coffins. On the under side of the stone which covered one of the most perfect of the graves was the following inscription, in rude Roman capitals, the letters in several instances joined together—

BRIO HO NASLI  
IAT HIC IACET  
ET VXOREM CAVNE.

This stone is preserved for the inspection of the curious, and may be seen, together with some of the bones, at Pentrefolias. The oldest inhabitants have not the least recollection of hearing anything concerning these graves; but it is very probable, that at a remote period this place was the scene of some of those contests which were continually taking place prior to the subjugation of Wales, and that the township of Trebeddw took its name from the circumstance, Dol Trebeddw signifying the Field of the Graves. *Salopian Journal*, April 12.

Near Gogain, the Mahratta capital, the bergot tree attains a very large size; there is one at Kurrode, a village twenty-five miles south of Neemuck, on the road to Gogain, which covers a space not less than five hundred and fifty yards in circumference; the different stems are innumerable, the parent stem full twelve feet in diameter, of irregular shape, and in its immediate vicinity are about thirty-five stems, from six to eight feet diameter. There is one limb of the parent stock which stretches out in a horizontal direction about one hundred feet, six feet from the ground, and at every ten feet a stem of eighteen inches in diameter falls perpendicularly, and has root in the earth. The last stem rises as a tree different from the others. Viewing this tree, at a little distance from the circle it describes, its appearance is strikingly fine, and through the openings of its branches and foliage other trees are seen in different directions with very pretty effect.

MASONIC ANECDOTE.—At an inn, in a town in the west of England, several people were sitting round the fire in a large kitchen, through which there was a passage to other apartments of the house, and among the company there was a travelling woman and a tailor. In this inn there was a Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons' old, and it being lodge-night, several of the members passed through the kitchen in their way to the Lodge apartments; this introduced observations on the principles of masonry, and the occult signs by which Masons could be known to each other. The woman said there was not so much mystery as people imagined, for that she could show any body the Mason's sign; "What," said the tailor, "that of the free and accepted?" "Yes," she replied, "and I will hold you a half-crown bowl of punch, to be confirmed by any of the members whom you please to nominate. "Why," said he, a woman was never admitted, and how is it possible you could procure it?" "No mat-

ter for that," added she, "I will readily forfeit the wager if I do not establish the fact."

The company urged the unfortunate tailor to accept the challenge, which he at last agreed to, and the bet was deposited. The woman got up, and took hold of the tailor by the collar, saying, "Come, follow me," which he did, trembling all, fearing he was to undergo some part of the discipline in the making of a Mason, of which he had heard a most dreadful report. She led him into the street, and pointing to the sign of the *Lion and Lamb*, asked him whose sign it was? He answered, "It is Mr. Loder's," (the name of the inn-keeper). "Is he a Free Mason?" "Yes," "Then," said the woman, "I have shewn you the sign of a Free and Accepted Mason."

The laugh was so much against poor Snip, for having been taken in, that it was with some difficulty he could be prevailed on to partake of the punch.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

APRIL, 1820.

Thursday, 20—Thermometer from 41 to 62.  
Barometer from 30, 30 to 30, 39.  
Wind W. and N. W. 3.—Cloudy about noon, the rest of the day generally clear.  
Friday, 21—Thermometer from 37 to 63.  
Barometer from 30, 46 to 30, 43.  
Wind E. b. N. 4, and S. E. 1.—Clear.  
Saturday, 22—Thermometer from 34 to 67.  
Barometer, from 30, 52 to 30, 55.  
Wind E. b. S. 4 and N. E. 1.—Clear.  
Sunday, 23—Thermometer from 36 to 65.  
Barometer from 30, 64 to 30, 64.  
Wind N. E. 2.—Clear.  
Monday, 24—Thermometer from 36 to 65.  
Barometer from 30, 68 to 30, 65.  
Wind N. N. E. 1 and 3.—Generally clear.  
Tuesday, 25—Thermometer from 36 to 63.  
Barometer from 30, 60 to 30, 34.  
Wind N. E. 3, and 1.—Morning cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.  
Wednesday, 26—Thermometer from 29 to 65.  
Barometer from 30, 16 to 29, 89.  
Wind S. W. and N. W. 1.—Morning clear, the rest of the day generally cloudy.  
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.  
Lat. 51. 37. 32. N.  
Lon. 0. 3. 51. W.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to postpone many articles meant for insertion.

John Braddick is assured, that we called the *Society of Friends*, Quakers, with no intention of, but merely to alter the phraseology of our critique; and certainly not imagining that a name so judiciously applied could be held as ought but a distinction now, however sarcastically employed in the first instance. Other sects, the Methodists, for example, glory in that which was originally a nickname and reproach.

## Miscellaneous Advertisements.

(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

THE SIXTEENTH Annual Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours, is now open, at the Great Room, Spring Gardens. Admission 1s.—Catalogue 6d.

COPLEY FIELDING, Sec.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE OF "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," is now open for Exhibition, at Bullock's Great Room, upstairs to the right, from ten till six.—Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.  
"Fear not Daughter of Zion; behold thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt."

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ROBERT BALMAYNO, Honorary Secretary. Tickets 17s. to be had of the Secretary at the Tavern or of the Secretary, 25, Muttoning Place, Regent's Park. Dinner on the Table at half-past five precisely. The Benevolence of this Institution may be claimed as matter of right by the Widows and Orphans of all Artists of merit, resident in the United Kingdom, who contribute an annual tribute (too small to be named) in aid of a Supplemental Fund for their own relief, should their necessities ever require it. There is no restriction of Sex, or of Country. All Artists of merit are hereby invited to join and partake in its benefits.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

LOUIS BUONAPARTE'S WORK.

*Historical Documents and Reflections on the Government of Holland.* By Louis Buonaparte, Ex-king of Holland. London, 1820. 8vo. 3 vols.

It is quite a novelty to criticise an ex-king; and however Majesty comes in for its share of political remark in our days, it is seldom that it affords grounds for literary comment. The ex-sovereign of Holland, the best member of a very extraordinary family, has chosen an honest epigraph for his book,

Do what you ought, happen what may; which, we believe, much to his honour, was his rule of conduct during his reign. To a publication of this size, the first copy of which that issued from the press, was delivered into our hands on Tuesday, it is evidently impossible for us to do analytical justice on so short an acquaintance; but it is the character of the Literary Gazette, to bring immediately under the public eye, some account of such works as appear peculiarly worthy of attention; and we shall therefore hazard a very concise outline, and a few of the most anecdotal extracts, on the spur of the moment.

The affairs of Holland from 1806 to 1810 are fully treated of, and a very intelligent history, is enhanced in value by the picture of the king, from his accession to his depression, and enlivened by characteristic traits of Louis's more ambitious brother, his ministers, and partizans.

The author defends the Buonaparte family from the calumnies uttered against them, and asserts that they were both French and noble. On the latter point he says—

"As to the nobility of the Buonaparte family, whatever libellers may pretend, it is very ancient, and well identified in the annals of Italy. It is said, that when the marriage of Napoleon with the archduchess Maria Louisa was about to take place, the French emperor, in answer to some remonstrances on the subject, observed, 'I should not enter into this alliance, if I did not know, that her origin is as noble as my own.' A collection of documents, extracted from the archives of different towns of Italy, was then presented to the emperor Napoleon, from which it appeared, that the Buonapartes, at a very remote period, were lords of Treviso. Napoleon threw it into the fire, energetically observing, 'I wish my nobility to con-

tinence only with myself, and to hold all my titles from the French people."

Louis represents himself as grave and romantic, ardent and phlegmatic, at the same time: also as brave and courageous, of which he instances several proofs while serving in the early campaigns of Napoleon. The following are further details.

"Louis possessed a strong constitution, but he had not taken sufficient care of himself in his campaigns. He was left to himself at too early an age, without sufficient preparation. He had received several very severe falls from his horse, the worst of which nearly cost him his left eye, on which a deep scar afterwards remained. He met with this accident at Nice, after the siege of Toulon. While returning from a mission at full gallop, on a young and fiery horse of the full Spanish breed, he was met by the aide-de-camp Junot on foot, who frightened the horse to try the skill of the rider, which the horse mastered: Louis fell, and the wound he received was so ill attended to, that he has always preserved the scar. After the peace of Campo Formio, when the Egyptian expedition was in contemplation, Louis wished to serve in it, but at the same time to set out later than the rest, in order to try the waters of Barrege, which had been recommended to him. When he last returned with the news of peace, his horses became restive in descending the high mountain of St. André, in Saroy, when he dislocated his knee. His brother himself decided, that he should take his departure, to join the army of Egypt, with the first vessel which sailed after the close of the bathing season.

"Louis, for a secret reason, was desirous of remaining at Paris. His sister Caroline was at the celebrated boarding-school of Madame Campan, at St. Germain. Thither he frequently repaired, where he used to meet a female friend of his sister, whose father had emigrated in the commencement of the revolution. He felt a warm interest in her behalf, esteemed the qualities both of her heart and mind, and thought her altogether the most beautiful person he had ever seen.

"Walking one evening in the garden of the Tuilleries with Casabianca, a reduced naval officer of rank, and the friend of his brother, an honourable, amiable, and intelligent man, but timid and apprehensive at the same time, and who in the first storms of the revolution had saved himself by his excessive prudence, he could not contain his sentiments, and he confided them to this gentleman. Casabianca was alarmed. 'Do you know,' said he, 'that this marriage would be attended with the most injurious consequences to your brother, and would render him suspected to the government? and that too at a moment,

when he is setting out on a hazardous expedition, and when it is of the utmost consequence to him, to make as many friends as possible, or at least not to make any enemies, or to become suspected."

"Next day Napoleon sent for his brother, and ordered him to set out instantly with three of his other aides-de-camp for Toulon, where they were to wait his arrival, and from whence they were to accompany him to Egypt. Louis discovered, a long time after, that Casabianca instantly informed Napoleon of the sentiments and intentions of his brother, and, instead of losing time in attempts to persuade an amorous young man, Napoleon procured from the minister of war an order for his immediate departure."

After taking something of a French view of the glorious battle of the Nile, the following affecting story is related.

Such was the famous battle of Aboukir, which immortalized Nelson, but ought to convince the English, that the French will have a navy, whenever they set seriously about it, or rather whenever they shall make the attempt. During the fatal explosion of the Orient, the conduct and death of the young Casabianca were deserving of remark. This boy, whose age did not exceed 13, displayed the utmost activity. Stationed among the guns, he encouraged the gunners and sailors, and when the firing happened to be impeded in the heat of the action, through excess of zeal and agitation, he restored order and tranquillity by a coolness, which was quite astonishing for his age; he made the gunners and sailors sensible of their inadvertencies, and took care that each gun was served with cartridges suited to its calibre.

He did not know, that his father had been mortally wounded; and when the fire broke out on board the Orient, and the guns were abandoned, this courageous child remained by himself, and called loudly on his father, to tell him, if he could quit his post like the rest without dishonour. The fire was making dreadful ravages, yet he still waited for his father's answer; but in vain! At length an old sailor informed him of the misfortune of Casabianca, and told him, that he was ordered to save his son's life by surrendering. He refused, and ran to the gun-room. When he perceived his father, he threw himself upon him, held him in his close embrace, and declared, that he would never quit him. In vain his father entreated and threatened him; in vain the old sailor, who felt an attachment to his captain, wished to render him this last service. "I must die, I will die with my father!" answered the generous child. "There is but a moment remaining," observed the sailor; "I shall have great difficulty in saving myself; adieu!"



The flame reaching the powder, the vessel blew up, with the young Casablanca, who in vain covered with his body the mutilated remains of his father. Such is what the old sailor related to general Kieber and Louis, on landing at Alexandria.

Louis's marriage is a curious subject. In October 1801, on returning to Paris, he says—

His sister-in-law again spoke to him of his marriage. She gave him daily invitations; but Louis laughed at this project, of which the execution seemed to him impossible. However, one evening when there was a ball at Malmaison, his sister-in-law took him apart, his brother joined them, and, after a long conference, they obtained from him his consent. The day for the ceremony was fixed, and on the 4th of January, 1802, the contract, the civil marriage, and the religious ceremony took place. Louis became a husband. Never was there a more gloomy ceremony.—Never had husband and wife a stronger presentiment of all the horrors of a forced and ill-suited marriage.

This was the commencement of his misfortunes; of his physical and moral sufferings; he was then 22 years of age. His constitution had been early formed, but his mind and his character were not yet entirely so. He possessed that *naïveté*, that excessive sincerity, which belongs essentially to infancy, the result of a private education, and of the grave and reflecting disposition of a man, forced to accustom himself to live within himself.

This troublesome situation changed his character; it also affected his health, progressively, but without his perceiving it, as it were: from thenceforward he was a stranger to repose.

No calamities can be more real or more insupportable than domestic troubles, because, from whatever part they proceed, they directly reach the heart.

Those of Louis stamped on his mind and his whole existence a sort of profound melancholy, a dejection, an aridity, so to speak, which nothing ever could, or ever will, remedy.

We shall now add a word or two with respect to his marriage, that we may avoid returning again to a subject, which has supplied libellers with so many calumnies and absurd stories.

Before the ceremony, during the benediction, and ever afterwards, they both equally and constantly felt, that they were not suited for each other, and yet they allowed themselves to be drawn into a marriage, which their relations, and the mother of Hortensia more especially, conceived to be essentially politic and necessary. From the 4th of January, 1802, down to the month of September, 1807, when they finally parted from each other, they remained together in all not more than four months, and that at three separate periods, with long intervals between; but they had three children, whom they loved with equal affection. The eldest, named Napoleon Charles, died in Holland,

on the 5th of May, 1807; Napoleon Louis, the second, was baptised at St. Cloud, by his holiness, Pope Pius VIII., during the residence of the sovereign pontiff in France. This is the son whom Louis endeavoured to put in his place when he abdicated in 1810. The third received the name of Charles Louis Napoleon.

This constraint must appear singular, and would, in fact, be incredible in ordinary times; but in those in which they lived, in their position, and with their characters, as this work will exhibit them, the circumstance will appear less strange.

During the years 1802, 1803, and 1804, he was almost always either with his regiment, or at the mineral baths.

In 1804 he was named general of brigade, and retained the command of his regiment.

At this period the conspiracy of Georges, the death of Pichegru, and that of the duke d'Enghien took place. Louis could do nothing to prevent this catastrophe. He was then at Compeigne, where, besides his regiment, he commanded a brigade of dragoons, under the orders of general Buregny d'Hilliers. He immediately repaired to Paris with Hortensia, when they learned this misfortune at Compeigne; but he was too late; besides, he could not have prevented it, as the first consul was then deceived by too many intrigues. He could only add his tears to those of his mother-in-law, of Hortensia, and of his sister Caroline, all equally affected on account of such a misfortune. Napoleon was himself for several days melancholy, absent, and extremely slowly. There cannot be a doubt, that he was peridically and rapidly drawn into this calamity.

These extracts, which are derived from the first part of the first volume, must suffice till our next.

*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Louis de Camoens.* By John Adamson, F. S. A. 2 vols. large 12mo. Newcastle and London, 1820.

This valuable addition to Portuguese literature has just been published. It supplies in a very perfect form that copious "information respecting the life and writings of Camoens," which has long been a desideratum; and is altogether one of the most copious and well arranged works of the kind which we have recently seen. The author of the noblest (it would hardly be too much to say the only) poem in the Portuguese language has indeed been brought before the British public in many and various shapes; his history, and his productions have not failed to attract the attention of biographer and bard; but still a compendium placing the whole in one point of view was wanted, and Mr. Adamson has ably performed this task, especially (though not at the length we could have desired), in regard to the Rimas which, in the universal admiration of the greater Lusiad, had till very lately failed to be known in any degree equal to their merits.

But however gratifying this production must be to the admirers of the Portuguese

musé, it affords very small scope to us for critical observation. Mickle's work, of which many editions have been printed, affords to general readers competent information relative to India, where Camoens spent so much of his life, and the conquest of which he made the theme for his immortal poem; and also to the circumstances of that conquered and unhappy life, spent in trouble, painful vicissitude, poverty, and sorrow, and terminated in an hospital. His translation of the Lusiad is acknowledged by every one to be a spirited and splendid performance, often compressing into vigour what is weak and diffuse in the original, and admirable in its version of all the descriptive parts. The only objection which we ever heard urged, was by Portuguese scholars, who, naturally more than fondly alive to the beauties of their distinguished countryman, fancy that every alteration is a fault, and every departure from his text a blemish. They have therefore, said that Mickle's poem was a recomposition rather than a translation; but still they, in common with less fastidious judges, have acknowledged his powers and confessed his genius.

We need hardly refer to Sir R. Fanshawe's translation, which preceded Mickle's by a hundred years—that century and its own imperfections had rendered it obsolete before the latter appeared. Lord Strangford's Poems from Camoens, which were published ten or twelve years ago, contributed something to a more diffused acquaintance in this country with the minor pieces of the author of the Lusiad. His Lordship gave spirited and elegant transcripts of forty or fifty of the romances, and of a part of the sixth book of the principal poem, in ottava rima; and Southey, Hayley, and others, have in various detached shapes translated a number of the sonnets, trifles, and elegies.

To these English transfusions, Mr. Adamson has now added a comprehensive view of the subject, and several further specimens of translation. His two volumes are very neatly and suitably printed, and adorned with well-executed engravings. From the biography of Camoens, which is ably illustrated from his writings, we should have a difficulty in extracting any new facts; the author however mentions that "A project for erecting a monument to his memory was lately formed at Lisbon, where subscriptions, which have since been aided by contributions in London and Paris, were entered into for carrying it into effect. The amount of the donations for this purpose, is represented to exceed 800*l*.; and, although some temporary suspension may at the present moment exist, so desirable and praise-worthy a scheme is entitled to our best wishes for its fulfilment. The place which has been fixed upon for the erection of the monument, is the convent situated at Belem, within three miles of Lisbon, and which was built by the King Dom Manoel, to record to posterity the discovery, by the Portuguese, of the route to India."

Thus will a tardy tribute be raised to the memory of the man whom tempestuous times and an ungrateful country left to beggary and starvation, and who, in the midst of wretch-

edness and affliction, erected his own imperishable monument. Such has too frequently been the lot of great talent; and it is curious to remark, how under every species of patronage, it has so happened that the ornaments of the world have languished in obscurity and perished in misery. From the age when Homer, blind and in want, sought charity and hymned his glorious lays, to this hour, when the successful few flourish, while the many pine and endeavour with vain struggles to achieve a name; there has been but one aspect of the planets which influence the fate of genius. If, of the Troubadours, some sang to kings and heroes, the multitude were but wandering vagrants, picking up a bitter morsel from the scanty allowance of the lowly ranks. When civilization improved the condition of mankind, it did little towards diminishing the "Calamities of Authors;" and if we look at our own history, there are but one or two brief exceptions to the common rule of neglect and contumely. These were—

"Like angel visits, few and far between;"

a royal gleam of warmth and splendour burst from a Stuart; and, as we gather from the anecdotes of the age, the reign of Anne was adorned by a galaxy of noble and ministerial men, themselves ornaments to literature, who esteemed it to be the duty of wealth and power to reward the labours and nourish the efforts of less fortunate genius. Since that period little or nothing has been done for literature. Like every thing else in this commercial country, it has become a thing of traffic, and hapless is the merchant who has not a large capital to trade upon. There is hardly an instance of success from small beginnings, encouraged by the sunshine of early praise, and sustained by the props of timely support.

A new reign, commenced with fair auspices, revives the almost dead hope, that we may yet witness a better disposition of patronage and regard towards rising merit. How noble would it be to go down to posterity as the Augustus of the nineteenth century!—how splendid a destiny to be the Mæcenas of that Augustus! But this can never result from a slight, partial, and fitful system of countenance: the rays of light and heat must fall upon the cottage as well as upon the castle; upon the sweet valley as well as on the towering mountain. George the IV. is, we firmly believe, anxious to foster the arts and learning; and his own taste and intelligence peculiarly qualify him for the exalted station of being their most accomplished and beneficent friend. We trust that he will set before his eyes the never-ending glory of such a character; and, taking his royal share of the patronage of literature out of the hands of book-sellers, and surrounding his throne with princes, peers, and enlightened rank, favourable to the object in view, revive or recreate a golden age of British Genius.

We ask our readers pardon for this digression, which we rely on the more sincerely on account of the rareness of such an offence on our parts; but the matter is of deep im-

portance, and the present is the crisis on which its determination depends. In returning to Camoens and Mr. Adamson, we have only to subjoin two very pretty examples of the manner in which the latter has rendered such of the rimas as he has selected for the exercise of his pen. The first is the sonnet "A formosura desta fresca serra."

The mountain cool, the chesnut's verdant shade,  
The lot'ring walk along the river side,  
Where never wore her sad abode lath made,  
Nor sorrow lingered on the sil'ry tide—  
The sea's hoarse sound—the earth with verdure gay—

The gilded pool of Phœbus' parting rays—  
The flocks that tread at eve their homeward way—

The soft mist yielding to the sunny blaze.—  
Not all the varied charms and beauties rare  
That nature boasts—when thou, my sole delight!

Art absent from me, to my aching sight  
Can comfort give, but as a prospect drear  
And cold before me stand—I onward go,  
And as the joys increase, increase my woe.

The other is a sweet sonnet, commencing,

"Ditoso seja aquella que sómente  
Sequeixa de amorosas esquivanças."

Happy the man who but of Love complains,  
His dear delusions and his coy disdains—  
Some days of comfort may be yet in store,  
His hopes are safe, and when his trial's o'er—  
His lengthened care may end, and peace succeed to pains.

Happy the man, who, absent from the source  
Whence flowed his grief, his sorrows had their course,

Feels but the memory of departed joy:  
Anticipates ill his thoughts employ;  
Thus when the evil comes, 'tis with diminished force.

Happy his state, who from contentment seern  
Suffers alone: But woe to him the smart  
Of faults to pardon which must wound the heart,

And place within the soul, of sin the thorn.

This last is not so well translated as the preceding, but is more faithful than poetical. Upon the whole, the publication, though more minute than is agreeable to mere readers for amusement, must we think be accepted as a valuable addition to their stores, by the lovers of the language and literature of Portugal.

*Winter Nights, or Fire-side Lucubrations.*

By Nathan Drake, M. D. &c. London. 1820. 2 vols. crown 8vo.

With how pleasing a pen Dr. Drake writes, is well known to the literary world. The present light and recreative performance will not diminish his reputation, nor fail to afford similar amusement to the lovers of the *belles lettres*, with the former works of the same tasteful and cultivated mind. It embraces subjects of criticism (a usurpation of our province!) prose fiction, and poetry; and we have perused none of these without feeling that either a winter night or a summer morning may

be very agreeably spent in company with the author. Kirton Priory, a tale, occupies about a volume—too much ground for us to cover; and we must (especially as the book has come into our hands late in the week) select a sample for our readers, rather recommended by its convenient bulk than by its superior interest.

The very striking and romantic incident on which I have founded the following little tale, was first given to the public by the Rev. Philip Parsons, in his work entitled "Monuments and Painted Glass," 4to. 1794; and as it is a necessary, and, at the same time, an interesting introduction to the poem, I shall present it to my readers in the words of that ingenious antiquary:—

"I cannot conclude this account of Haddleigh," he says, "without giving an anecdote in some degree connected with the place, and in itself exceedingly remarkable.

"I was informed that in the parish church of Llandulph, in Cornwall, there was a memorial of a lineal descendant of the Imperial line, who married a wife from Haddleigh.

"The account was so highly curious and yet so improbable, that I wished to be certain of the truth. To this purpose I wrote to the officiating minister at Saltash, which I judged to be the nearest post town to Llandulph, and in consequence soon received an obliging answer, of which the following is an extract:—

"In the chancel of Llandulph church is a mural monument, containing the following inscription on a brass tablet, in length twenty-one inches, in breadth seventeen, and fixed about five feet from the ground. Every letter is in Roman capitals, and the original spelling is preserved.

"*The Inscription.*

"Here lyeth the body of Theodoro Paleologus, of Pesanio, in Italye, descended from the Imperiall lyne of the last Christian Emperours of Greece, being the sonne of Camilio, the sonne of Prosper, the sonne of Theodoro, the sonne of John, the sonne of Thomas, the second brother to Constantine Paleologus, the eighth of that name, and last of the lyne that reigned in Constantinople, until subdued by the Turke, who married with Mary, the daughter of William Bolls of Hadlye, in Suffolke, gent., and had issue five children:—Theodoro, John, Ferdinando, Maria, and Dorothy, and deppied this life at Clyfton the 21st of January, 1636.

"Above the whole, in an escutcheon of brass, are engraved two turrets, with the figure of an eagle with two heads, resting a claw on each turret.

"Wm. TREVANION BARLOW."

"On receiving this account, so convincing in regard to the existence of such a monument, I made further enquiries in respect to the person, but with much less success.

"Thomas, brother of Constantine Paleologus, of whom Mahomet II., emperor of the Turks, gave this character—that in the

• Llandulph is a few miles from Callington.

great country of Peloponnesus, he had found many slaves, but never a man but him,\* after defending the castle of Salmonica a whole year against the Turks, made his escape from that fortress, when all hopes of relief had been abandoned, and fled into Italy, where Pope Pius II. allowed him a pension till his death. It is probable that Theodore, the descendant of Prince Thomas, who lies buried at Llandulph, sought an asylum in England, in consequence of the hostility shown towards the Greeks by Pope Paul V. and his successor Gregory XV. I have not been able to learn what became of the sons of this descendant of the Imperial line: his daughter Dorothy was married at Llandulph, to William Arundel, in 1656, and died 1681; and his daughter Mary, who died unmarried, was buried there in 1674, as appears by the parish register.

"A kind friend has searched, at my desire, the old register of Hadleigh, in which he finds the family of the Balls very numerous."

"In the register of marriages," says he, "there is one dated May 27, 1617, with the names erased, and four :: dots left in the place; now why may not I, in the spirit of an antiquary, suppose that this might be the very marriage, as it is about nineteen years before Theodoros died?"

"If this conjecture be well founded, the erasure (and the erasure of a register is something extraordinary) might arise from resentment, or a desire of concealment. And the idea is something corroborated by a similar erasure, equally remarkable in the baptisms of the family of the Balls; it is this:—

Mary . . . . . Dr. to . . . . . 1591.

It should seem that this was the Mary Balls, who was married in 1617, and who then would be twenty-six years of age." †

#### MARY OF HADLEIGH.

Through the dim arch, with mantling ivy crown'd,  
The moon's wan orb had shed a sickly light;  
Along each echoing aisle, with sullen sound,  
The midnight storm was rushing on its flight:  
When o'er the heath, as pour'd the piercing air,  
The cry of "murder" rose upon the blast;  
The traveller starting, breath'd a hurried prayer,  
Rein'd his dark steed, and turn'd his ear agast.  
Groans, as from parting life's convulsing frame,  
At times were heard upon the gale to swell;  
And, led by these, with fearful step he came,  
Where, bath'd in blood, the hapless victim fell.  
Stretch'd on the green-sward as in act to die,  
Though breathing still, a gallant youth he found,  
The moon-beam glancing as the rock swept by,  
Show'd his rich vesture pierc'd with many a wound.

With anguish seiz'd and horror at the deed,  
Awe-struck while he gaz'd, then, leaping down,  
Bound the worn sufferer fainting on his steed,  
And led him heedful to the neighbouring town.  
Here, where the Breta winds her rippling wave,  
And views her tall spire lift its tip ring head,  
Where Hadleigh still can point to Guthrun's grave,  
And still the tear o'er martyr'd Taylor shed,

\* Vide Knolles's History of the Turks.  
† Parson's Monuments and Stained Glass, &c., 1794. pp. 544, 545.

Speechless and cold, and pierc'd with thrilling pain,  
The drooping stranger to his roof he brought,  
Instant for aid dispatch'd his mental train,  
And each kind means to save existence sought,  
Nor sought in vain; for soon, tho' pale and weak,  
Though tremulous still, and labouring to respire,  
Health dawning smil'd upon his faded cheek,  
From his eye-balls shot returning fire.  
Yet, danger shifting, varied treachery tries,  
And, mask'd in charms, from beauty's bosom flows;  
From looks of pity, love-inspiring sighs,  
From lips that breathe, and cheeks that shame the rose.

Ah! what defence could Theodoros boast,  
When o'er his couch as evening breezes die,  
He saw the blushing daughter of his host  
In languid sorrow bend the fearful eye.

First of the forms that ever poet drew,  
Was Mary graceful as the bounding roe;  
On her ripe lip sat love embath'd in dew,  
Or ambush'd close where heaves the living snow.  
Free from her forehead, curl'd and clust'ring bright,

Profuse and rich her raven tresses fell!  
Whilst 'dark and full, and thrond' in humid light,  
How many a tale those eyes of sweetness tell!  
Nor was her mind less lovely than her frame.—  
For all that suffer'd she had learnt to grieve;  
A lily shrinking from the noon-tide flame,  
But pouring perfume on the gale of eve.

Oh! woman's pity each dread ill can cure,  
It whispers peace, and seems to open heav'n;  
It gives the breast to glow with passion pure,  
Breathes its warm vows, and hope to be forgiv'n.

Thus felt the youth, and soon sweet Mary knows  
What soft infection on his accents flows.  
As she sits listening to the varied woe  
That one by one his manly heart had wrung.

Of many a deed in glory's fields he told,  
Of many a danger pass'd on shore and flood;  
E'en to the night when, fr'd by thirst of gold,  
His faithless servants dip't their hands in blood.

There is a sympathy in noble minds,  
A bond of love which vice and folly fly,  
A confidence which only virtue finds,  
As, touch'd by truth, she bids the heart reply.

And these did Mary and her lover feel,  
Though round the youth a veil of mystery hung;  
Though parents murmur, and though friends appeal,

And many a censure flows from many a tongue.  
Ah, where! if not in that eye's open cell,  
As pledges sure of manly honour giv'n,  
If not on that clear brow, they love to dwell,  
Oh, where shall faith and fondness find their heav'n!

In triumph trusting, and with joy imprest,  
No fear had Mary or of guile or art;  
But, in the temple where her fathers rest,  
Gave to the man she lov'd a willing heart.

Swift from the altar to an unknown roof,  
Th' enamour'd stranger bore his blooming bride;

And years roll'd on, whilst from the world aloof,  
No search could trace them, and no rumour guide.

When, one dark night, as, round Mount Edgcombe high

The whirling tempests their hoarse descent sung,  
And, in wild concord with the sea-mew's cry,  
O'er Cornwall's cliffs the foam of ocean flung,

From a lone vessel wreck'd on Tamer's flood,  
And nigh the wreck by Llandulph's fame enshrin'd,

Thrown on the coast an aged pilgrim stood,  
His grey locks streaming on the winter's wind.  
Round in dismay, of friendly aid in search,  
Through the deep void he turn'd an anxious eye,  
When from the chancel of high Llandulph church,

With sudden flash a beam of light shot by.  
Rapt in amazement, yet led on by fate,  
O'er the dim pile one fearful look he cast;  
Then trac'd its walls, and through its western gate,

Half open found, with trembling footstep past.  
On the ground kneeling, near a scutcheon'd tomb,

A female form he saw, and rob'd in white;  
Whilst, hung on high, through shades of murk-  
klest gloom,

A lamp pale gleaming shed a sickly light.

Slow, and with noiseless stealth, he onward stept,  
His heart-pulse flutt'ring with suspended breath;  
Till, close behind the mourner as she wept,  
Silent he stood, a statue still as death.

Oh! who the sorrows of lost love can speak,  
As to her bosom press'd her infant clung!  
Fast fell the tears that bath'd its dimpled cheek,  
Whilst her clasp'd hands in agony she wrung.

On a brass tablet rear'd above her head,  
O'er which the lamp a waning splendour threw,  
Her eyes were fix'd, and thither instant led,  
Fix'd the deep anguish of the pilgrim too.

For there with pangs no utterance could make known,

With wonder mingling, and with shudd'ring awe,

Theodoros, heir of the Imperial throne.  
Commix'd with Mary's humble name he saw!

Groans, as if life its utmost seat forsook,  
At length escap'd the pilgrim's tortur'd breast;  
And Mary, rising, turn'd with ghastly look,  
"My father!" shriek'd, and instant sank to rest!

*The History of Spain, from the earliest Ages, &c. to 1814. With Chronological and Genealogical Tables, &c. By Frances Thurlte. London, 1820. 12mo. pp. 498.*

A popular abridgment of the History of Spain was very much wanted, and we are glad that the task of making it has fallen into such good hands as those of Miss Thurlte; or we should rather say, of Mrs. Jamieson, for it happens to be our pleasing duty to add, by this review, a literary sweet to the sweets of her honeymoon. The recent exploits of British heroism in that country, and its present political aspects, increase the interest of the publication; and we think the fair authoress not only fortunate in her design and execution, but particularly so in the time at which her work appears. It is scarcely necessary to multiply quotations from a performance of this class, which steers very cleverly between the rocks of dry detail and superfluous ornament; and resembles in some parts (for example, in the reign of Philip II.) the manner of Goldsmith,—that model for all historians, as far as style and clearness of expression are concerned. The annals of the Moors in Spain, notwithstanding their conciseness, preserve the romantic character of the people and of those chivalrous times; the chronological tables are excellent;

the first volume, descriptive of the city, adjoining country, and various traits of manners and customs, for the purpose of at once introducing the reader to the interior of the harem and palace, of which it forms a part.

"On approaching the castle of the bashaw, you pass the first intrenchments, escorted by the haupers (the bashaw's body-guards). The castle is surrounded by a wall upwards of forty feet high, with battlements, embrasures, and towers, in the old manner of fortification, and is of ancient architecture, much disfigured on the inside by irregular additions made by the present bashaw to contain the numerous branches of his family. Having passed through the gate, you enter the first court-yard of the castle crowded with guards, waiting before the skiff or hall, where the Chiah sits all day. This is the highest office belonging to the Bashaw, and the most in his confidence. He is invested with supreme power whenever the bashaw is absent. No subject can approach the bashaw on any affairs but through him. A number of guards with black slaves and Mamelukes attend him. Through this hall is a paved square with a piazza supported by marble pillars, in which is built the messesley or council chamber, where the bashaw receives his court on gala days. It is finished on the outside with Chinese tiles, a number of which form an entire painting. A flight of variegated marble steps leads up to the door of it."

The fair author had not been many days in Tripoli, when she had the good fortune to be presented at court, at least to the female portion of it. Lilla Kebbiara, or Hallana, to use a more poetic appellation, wife to the bashaw, is represented as being extremely affable, and possessing the most insinuating manners. Though at that time forty years of age, she was still very handsome, having light blue eyes and flaxen hair. She was adored by her subjects. The appearance of Lilla Hallana and the apartment in which the author first saw her, are described as follows.

"The Moorish habit for mourning consists only in the clothes being entirely deprived of their new appearance, and the deeper the mourning is meant to be the more indifferent and even shabby the clothes; therefore when she orders a new cap, which is so richly embroidered that it is like a solid plate of gold, she never puts it on till it has passed through water before her, and all the beauty of it destroyed. She weeps over the operation, and her tirewomen make extempore verses on the cause of her distress. The rest of her clothes were grand, and she wore costly jewels; a transparent veil of many yards, flowing carelessly about her in graceful drapery, displayed through it the whole of her rich dress; and her figure was altogether majestic, with the sweetest countenance. The apartment she was in was hung with dark green velvet tapestry, ornamented with coloured silk damask flowers; and sentences out of the Koran were cut in silk letters and neatly sewed on, forming a deep border at the top and bottom; below this, the apartment was finished with tiles forming landscapes. The sides of the

doorway, and the entrance into the room, were marble; and according to the custom of furnishing here, choice china and crystal encircled the room on a moulding near the ceiling. Close beneath these ornaments were placed large looking-glasses with frames of gold and silver; the floor was covered with curious matting and rich carpeting over it; loose mattresses and cushions placed on the ground, made up in the form of sofas, covered with velvet, and embroidered with gold and silver, served for seats, with Turkey carpets laid before them. The coffee was served in very small cups of china, placed in gold filigree cups without saucers, on a solid gold salver, of an uncommon size, richly embossed: this massive waiter was brought in by two slaves, who bore it between them round to each of the company; and these two eunuchs were the most richly habited slaves we had yet seen in the castle: they were entirely covered with gold and silver. Refreshments were afterwards served upon low and beautifully inlaid tables, not higher than a foot from the ground; and amongst the sherbets was fresh pomegranate juice, passed through the rind of the fruit, which gave it an excellent flavour. After the repast, slaves attended with silver filigree censers, offering, at the same time, towels with gold ends wove in them near half a yard deep."

Though want of room prevents our extracting some of these anecdotes which succeeded the above passage, we cannot omit one illustrating the wretched state of the females in Barbary, where their very lives are in the hands, and at the disposal of men alternately the slaves of caprice and jealousy. The Tripolitan ambassador to Morocco had a Circassian slave who lived near the family residence, and whom he suspected of infidelity; but after having often threatened and as often pardoned her, she at length fell a victim to the rage of a Mameluke in the service of her lord.

"This wretch was an enemy to his master, and an unsuccessful admirer of the fair Circassian. Hearing that his master was engaged at an entertainment given by the Christians, he came to him late in the evening, and worked on his imagination till the fatal tasker was obtained. The Mameluke immediately rode off full speed to the garden where she resided, and had departed on the wretched errand but a few moments, when the visible alteration and the agony in the countenance of the ambassador, led his friends soon to the supposition of the cruel orders he had issued, and he was easily persuaded to countermand them. He sent horsemen with every inducement given them to overtake the sanguinary Mameluke, and arrest his hand from the murder he was so eager to perpetrate. They reached the garden a few seconds after him; but he knowing of a breach in the garden wall, had, assassin-like, entered that way to prevent alarm, and found the fair Circassian walking solitarily in the garden at that late hour. At the sight of him she fled, having long considered him as her destined murderer. She, in her terror, climbed up the garden

walls, and ran round the top of them. Those who were sent to save her saw her run in vain. They forced the gates and entered them; in the mean while, twice they heard a pistol fired, and soon after the dying groans of the unfortunate female, whom the Mameluke, to prevent explanations, had stabbed to death, after having discharged two pistols at her."

Instances of a similar nature were quite common at Tripoli in those days. In page 156 of *passim*, of the first volume, there is a very interesting account of the treatment to which Christian slaves were formerly exposed at Tripoli, in the person of a Spanish lady and her two children. Those who read it, will be thereby still better enabled to appreciate the services rendered to Europe and humanity by Great Britain, in having abolished that horrible practice altogether.

In 1785 and the following year, Tripoli was exposed to the double calamity of a plague and famine, which carried off a third of its inhabitants. Even to this day, it would seem that the melancholy experience of the past, has been of little service to the Mahometans, who from their implicit faith in predestination, consider it as altogether superfluous to take any precautions against the introduction of these destructive scourges. Alluding to the effects of the epidemic on this occasion, the author observes:—

"The city of Tripoli, after the plague, exhibited an appearance awfully striking. In some of the houses were found the last victims that had perished in them, who having died alone, unvisited and unassisted, lay in a state too bad to be removed from the spot, and were obliged to be buried where they were; while in others, children were wandering about deserted, without a friend belonging to them. The town was almost entirely depopulated, and rarely two people walked together. One solitary being paced slowly through the streets, his mind unoccupied by business, and lost in painful reflections: if he lifted his eyes, it was with mournful surprise to gaze on the empty habitations around him: whole streets he passed without a living creature in them; for beside the desolation of the plague before it broke out in this city, many of the inhabitants, with the greatest inconvenience, left their houses and fled to Tunis (where the plague then raged), to avoid starving in the dreadful famine that preceded it here."

Turning from this wretched picture, we shall present a more cheerful sketch to the reader. A lady of distinction being desirous of celebrating the return of Hadgi Ablerrahman, who has been already alluded to, a number of female friends were accordingly invited, and amongst the rest our author, who gives the following account of an evening party at Tripoli.

"The festive song for this rejoicing we heard long before we reached the house, and it was not without difficulty and delay that we could be conducted through this crowded assembly to the ambassador's wife and family, who were seated with the most distinguished part of the company. At sunset, about an hour after we arrived, Lilla Au-

man rose and led the company to the galleries of the house, fitted up in the same manner as the area, covered with awnings and furnished with a profusion of mats, carpets, and cushions. In these galleries were placed low Moorish tables, furnished with viands of every delicacy the place could afford. The chief beverage was a sherbet I have before described to you, made of boiled raisins mixed with sugar and the juice of lemon. Between two and three hundred weight of this fruit is made use of at one of these feasts. Lilla Annani and the ambassador's eldest daughter walked round the tables while the guests were seated, to talk with them, and see they were properly served.

"During the entertainment of the music, Lilla Zenobia, the wife of Sidi el Buny and favourite of the bey, with a lady related to Haanet Hogia's family, and some other beauties of a gay description, unavoidably found entrance for a short time. Not long after they came in, a report spread through the apartments which caused a serious alarm: it was that Sidi Useph was present, having introduced himself disguised as a female, among the attendants. As such a discovery might have proved fatal to him, the thought of its happening at the ambassador's house was truly terrifying to Lilla Annani. At the instant this report was spread, and every one in commotion, a number of women who had crowded into the avenues about the house, rushed into the street and disappeared; and it was positively affirmed that Sidi Useph was amongst them. Lilla Zenobia, with her friend; departed the same instant."

Thus it is that throughout the work, its charm is greatly heightened by a minuteness of detail which brings the reader in immediate contact with the objects and scenes described. Having shown the Moorish ladies "at home," the sketch would be incomplete were we to overlook the opportunity afforded, of exhibiting them during a visit to the house of Mr. Tully, where his lady and the fair author had the honour of entertaining the wife of Halgi Abderrahman, an event of very rare occurrence amongst Mahometans.

"The ambassador came himself first at nine o'clock in the evening: in about ten minutes after, his lady and his eldest daughter by his first wife, and two Moorish ladies, relations of the family, with their black and white women attendants, arrived. The gentlemen retired, and none of the male servants were suffered to appear. As soon as the ladies came, the ambassador left us, as agreeably to the custom of the country, he could not have appeared at the repast with his family. The Moorish ladies, when they entered the house, were so entirely concealed, that it was impossible to discover them, and they could only be known by the crowd of attendants that surrounded them, and by the whiteness and delicate texture of their drapery. When their slaves removed the upper covering, the next transparent web or barcan discovered the most costly dresses, with great quantities of jewels. Abderrahman's Greek was not painted, but

the rest of the ladies were. Lilla Annani gave us a reason for not adding this ornament to the rest of her dress, that being the mother of a family, she was just arrived at that age when the Moorish prayers could not be dispensed with; and as paint cannot be worn by any one during their orisons, she must, if she painted, be obliged, each time she attended her devotions, to wash it off and paint afresh."

The author adds: "It was very entertaining to us to see the curiosity and surprise every thing through the house excited in our visitors: they beheld in every second article something quite novel. They admired very much the books that were lying about, as they are only accustomed to see, or rather hear of manuscripts, and they seemed hardly to credit that ladies sat down to read through the books they saw. On the apartments being shown to them which were allotted for officers and gentlemen to sleep in occasionally, some of them manifested no less surprise at male visitors being permitted to sleep in the same part of the house where the ladies of the family were. When they were shewn the beds, they considered the building (as they termed it) of the bedsteads, inclosed with curtains, as distinct apartments: their own beds or couches are laid on the floor of their sedda or bedchamber, filling up an alcove, enclosed with rich curtains, as I have before described. At supper none of the ladies made use of a knife and fork, except Abderrahman's wife and daughter, who seemed to use them with some grace. They touched no wine, but drank sherbet and lemonade; and were in high spirits, and as much delighted as we were. Supper was not ended when the ambassador returned: a small part of our company attended him in the drawing-room, it being totally against the Moorish custom to have introduced him into the room where his wife and family were."

That in point of labour, at least, the female dandyism of Tripoli is not inferior to that experienced at an European toilet, may be conceived from the number of persons employed, and the great pains taken to adorn a Moorish lady. In addition to five or six dressers who are busily employed in laying on cosmetics, painting the eye-lashes, putting on the jewels, placing the head dress, and adjusting the other parts of the figure, we beg to call the attention of those who lead the fashions in more civilized countries, to the coiffure of Lilla Uducia, the ambassador's daughter. "A profusion of the richest Arabian perfumes and scented waters were used, and cloths reduced to the finest powder, simply by themselves, were prepared in a larger quantity than appeared possible to be used at once; but they proved only sufficient for the present occasion. The whole of this powder, near a quarter of a pound, was put into two large tresses of hair, descending from each side of the head behind, which were plaited to a size far beyond what the greatest quantity of hair growing on the head could accomplish, by mixing a quantity of black silk in them, prepared with strong perfumes by the slaves

present: here they have no idea of false hair. The operation of painting the eyelashes with a black tincture, laid on by a gold bodkin, is very tedious, and the method of shaping the eyebrows, by pulling out every single superfluous hair, was evidently most painful."

The affecting story of two slaves, a man and his wife, who had been exposed for sale in the market of Tripoli, will not fail to excite its due share of sympathy in a country, which boasts the exclusive honour of being the first to abolish the traffic in human flesh: but we must for the present terminate our remarks with the portrait of an African chief, Shaik Alieff, who paid Mr. Tully a visit during his temporary stay at the Tripolitan capital.

"This Gætulian, or Numidian, perfectly resembled in his habits and manners the description given of the first inhabitants of those countries. His dress was that of the Jibeelen, or mountain Arab, whose habit is precisely the same as it is described in the time of our Saviour. The fineness of the Arab's dress is proportioned to his fortune, Shaik Alieff's upper covering, or barcan, made of Barbary wool famous for its beauty and whiteness, appeared at first sight to be of the finest muslin, many yards in length, which he had rolled in simple folds around his head and body. He wore a curious wrought belt (of a manufacture peculiar to this country and to the hand of an Arab), ingeniously woven in a variety of figures resembling Arabic characters: it was wound several times tight and even round his body, and one end being doubled back and sewed up, served him for his purse. In this belt he wore his arms, and he prided himself much on them, not on account of their richness, but from the proof he had had of their execution. After the manner of the Arabs, he wore sandals, which he took off on entering the apartment, and thus paid a compliment to those who received him; for among the Arabs no one can approach his superior with his slippers on. His air was noble, his gait haughty, and his figure about the middle size. The Arabs are in general tall. Shaik Alieff's features were perfectly regular, and strongly marked; his complexion nearly black; his countenance very cheerful, though he was not a young man; and a settled vivacity seemed to be his characteristic; yet he retains all the ferocity of the ancient Arabs, and considers himself one of the masters of the desert of Tripoli; for the Vargummas and the Noilles, the two most powerful tribes known in these parts, hold the sovereignty of the deserts."

Our extracts from the second volume, which are unavoidably postponed, will relate to matters of a more serious nature than the foregoing, and tend to depict the untamable ferocity of the Moorish character better than any work we have hitherto met with on the same interesting subject.

#### LORD BYRON.

A Parisian critic, in reviewing the French translation of Lord Byron's works, recently published, gives the following observations

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION.

On Wednesday, Mr. Campbell gave his third Lecture on Poetry. Having concluded his observations on the Iliad, in the former one, he now proceeded to notice the *Odyssey*, which, he said, was distinguished by two remarkable characteristics, viz.—the richness of fancy which it displayed, and the extraordinary information which it gave, as respecting familiar life, in the heroic ages. In commenting upon the character of Ulysses, he said that, to modern readers, it might at first view, appear to contain too much cunning; but, a due consideration of the manners of the age, and the general state of society at that period, would shew that the poet had not assigned to his hero any quality inconsistent with the dignity of his character. Mr. Campbell spoke in terms of great admiration of Homer's Calypso, and contrasted her with the Calypso of Fenelon: the French writer, he said, had given to his Calypso the air of a coquette, instead of the dignified and interesting tenderness of her prototype. Mr. C. observed that, in the *Odyssey* was to be found the origin of enchantment: various modifications of it had been given by subsequent poets, but its invention could only be attributed to the creative genius of Homer. He then proceeded to defend the poet against the charge which had been made against him by La Harpe, of turpitude in the action of the *Odyssey*. That critic had complained that no less than twelve books of the poem were occupied by the adventures of Ulysses, after his arrival in Ithaca. In answer to this charge, he had to state, that, if the detail was minute, it was always interesting. The art of the poet made the reader sympathize with the hero, even in his caution. The discovery of Ulysses to his friends and to his wife might have been made earlier, and the catastrophe accelerated; but if it had, the poem, in his opinion, would have lost much of its nature, and consequently, of its beauty. Mr. C. recited some passages, describing the discovery of Ulysses, by his nurse, Euryclia; his interview afterwards with Penelope, and his father, Laertes. He read those passages apparently without effort, but with very great effect. In that most beautiful description of the interview between Laertes and Ulysses, in which the latter, in order to remove his father's doubts as to his identity, reminds him of the trees which Laertes gave him while yet a child, in that very garden where they were talking, Mr. C. was very visibly affected. Leaving Homer with apparent reluctance, the lecturer took a cursory view of the poets that flourished between his time and that of the Greek Dramatic Writers. He then described the nature of Greek Tragedy, and contrasted it with that of modern times; and having explained the nature and office of the chorus, observed, that though many attempts had been made to introduce it on the modern stage, they had all failed. No one who thoroughly understood and enjoyed the beauties of the tragic writers of Greece, could view

the remains of its sculpture which had reached us, without being conscious of a kind of union and connexion between them, which must be strongly felt though not easily described. In speaking of the effect of fine sculpture upon the mind, he illustrated his meaning by stating the sensations he experienced on the first view of the Apollo Belvedere, in language so beautiful, so sublimely eloquent, that it is impossible to describe the effect it produced upon his audience. Mr. C. will resume his observations on the Greek stage in his next lecture. Dr. Crotch gave his first lecture on Music on Friday last.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## OXFORD, APRIL 28.

On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

**MASTERS OF ARTS.**—David Howell, Esq. Christ Church, grand compounder, G. Hall, Scholar of Pembroke College, Rev. S. Curlew Lord, W. Morgan Williams, and Rev. C. Griffith, Wadham College; J. F. Benwell, and Cornelius Copner, Magdalen Hall; Rev. J. Morrill, and Gilbert Henderson, Fellows of Brasenose College; Charles Ranken, W. J. Monson, and Rev. Ralph H. Leeke, Christ Church; W. Gresswell, Fellow of Balliol College; J. Jones, and Rev. Peter Price, Fellows of Jesus College. **BACHELORS OF ARTS.**—Rev. H. Bellairs, St. Mary Hall, grand compounder. H. R. Fowler, and J. Frampton, Exeter College; J. Crayton, Pembroke College; J. Pruett, St. John's College; W. Charlton, Magdalen Hall; W. Duthy, Scholar on the New Foundation, Queen's College; Brook H. Bridges, Oriel College; W. J. Brodric, Esq. Balliol College. The same day in convocation, C. Bellamy, Student in Civil Law, and Fellow of St. John's College, was unanimously elected Vinerian Scholar. Yesterday the Rev. R. J. Carr, M. A. of Worcester College, was admitted Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity. The Rev. J. Bullock, Scholar of Worcester College, was admitted Master of Arts; and J. Colville, of Magdalen Hall, was admitted Bachelor of Arts.

Lord Grey, eldest son of the Earl of Stamford, is admitted Nobleman of Trinity College. J. Cottingham, Esq. M. A. of Trinity Hall, Barrister at Law, was on Tuesday last admitted into the Fellowship vacant by the resignation of Lewis Duval, Esq.

## CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 21.

The following gentlemen were on Friday last admitted to the under-mentioned degrees:—

**MASTERS OF ARTS.**—James Foulkes Roberts, and Edward Curtis Kemp, St. John's College. **BACHELORS OF ARTS.**—Richard Walker Fowler, and Lawrence Peel, St. John's College; James Crawford Gordon, John Turner, John Hollams, and Bartholomew Nichols, St. Peter's College; James B. Cartwright, Alexander Graves, and Edward White, Queen's College; William John Hall, and Arthur Hussey, Corpus Christi College. The Rev. W. Parish, M. A. of

Magdalen College, Jacksonian Professor of Chemistry, was on Sunday last admitted Bachelor in Divinity. The following gentlemen were on Tuesday last admitted to the under-mentioned degrees:—

**MASTER OF ARTS.**—Nicholas Fiott, St. John's College. **BACHELOR IN CIVIL LAW.**—Henry B. Martin, of Trinity Hall. **BACHELOR OF ARTS.**—William Henry Foster, of St. John's College.

The Norrisian prize for the year 1819 is adjudged to Mr. R. Brough, of Benet College.

## FINE ARTS.

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

We shall, in this Number, briefly remark upon a few of the pictures belonging to the School of Design; and to the higher productions in landscape. In our last, we did injustice to Mr. Sharpe, by omitting to mention his Sunday Morning (61) a clever and humorous picture of a boy being washed at a pump, which we had marked "1" in our catalogue, but lost sight of in the hurry of translating our pencillings into language.

No. 152. *Christ raising from Death the Daughter of Jairus.*—H. Thomson, R.A.

The subject of this picture, (from St. Matthew, chap. ix., v. 18 to 25), as well as the style of execution, is of the highest class. The interest it excites is of the deepest kind, and all must sympathize where all can understand. The purity of virgin white clothes the reanimating figure, and also surrounds her form. The garland of flowers beautifully contrasts the pallid hue of her countenance; which now appears to take the quiescence of sleep rather than that of death. The attitude and expression of the mother may vie with the finest of Guido's heads, nor is the trembling and eager agitation of the father less happily delineated. The figure of Christ in some degree shares the fate of many other representations; though we think, in the present instance, the deficiency arises rather from the elevated character of the three figures, which we have particularized, and which form the subject of the Saviour's regard. The colouring and manner have all the gravity of history, some monotony, and the figures rather short, and remind us of the works of Poussin. With perhaps a little of his marble or statue-like studies, this noble picture possesses all his grandeur and is altogether a splendid contribution to our native arts.

No. 206. *Rome from the Vatican.*—J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

It is with some diffidence as well as deference, that we give our opinion of this extraordinary picture. To the choice of the view we can have nothing to object; it is grand, new, and magnificent; but how far the prevalence of colours the most gaudy and obtrusive, and the absence of all repose, can be justified by any of the rules of art, is a matter of extreme doubt. There is always great interest given to a view, as seen through an arch or opening, which generally serves by its depth or local colours, as a frame-

work to confuse and give value to the distance, and also by its proximity to the sight, to form a substance of clear and decided contrast. We have no wish to see every thing neutralized, or any systematic sacrifice made of one part to another; but merely the display of colours for the sake of colours, is, we think, an absurdity unworthy the grand genius of the professor of perspective. But Mr. Turner must "think his own thoughts," and so will the public: for ourselves, we must confess that this appears to be a brilliant but outré and unsuccessful experiment.

Nos. 26, 66, 71, 92, 98, 146, 160, 214.—*T. Stothard, R. A.*

Mr. Stothard has given in substance six of the subjects which he exhibited last year upon a small scale, from the Decameron of Boccaccio; to which he has added his *Amphitrite*, and a picture of *Sancho Panza* conversing with the Duchess and her maids. This last is equally characterized by the elegance and taste, as by the humour, of his pencil; while the *Meadow*, the *Mill*, and the *Supper by the Fountain*, have a freshness and fancy exclusively his own. There is quite a reviving delight in the contemplation of these works,—they transport us entirely to the scenes which they represent, and give a local habitation to things which hitherto floated in indistinct visions upon our fancy. Assuredly, this painter is the painter to the imagination, and one of the greatest artists of his country and age.

No. 152. *The Reading of a Will.*—*D. Wilkie, R. A.*

It would hardly have been imagined in the commencement of British Art, that a union of the Flemish school with the characteristic humour of Hogarth, should have been found in the pencil of any single artist. Yet so it is, and the picture of Mr. Wilkie will bear us out in this remark, by the varied and confirmed talent which it exhibits. It is difficult to imagine a subject in which character and expression, costume, scenery, and accessories, could have found a field of more ample scope for a play of the picturesque. The interesting and interested widow listens without seeming to attend. She has an ear for the right and another for the left of what is going on; it is evident that the testament and the soldier divide her attention, while the quiet indeflexibility of the lawyer is finely contrasted with the impassioned features of those about him. His repose is the tumult of others, and reverses the idea of Pope, "Sleepless himself to give his readers sleep." Near the widow is placed an unoccupied arm chair, probably that of the dear departed; and full in view the strong box, with its valued boards of plate, &c. An old lady, followed by her footman and lap dog, is quitting the scene with feelings which cannot be mistaken. In short, every part of this inimitable performance is replete with interest, and needs no details either to make it understood or admired. The still life partakes of the same character, and is equally appropriate, and happily executed. An oval picture is as true to reality as can be achieved. Though we regret that this pic-

ture leaves the country, being painted for the King of Bavaria, it is a satisfaction to observe that it must greatly extend the fame of British Art upon the continent.

No. 13. *The Coral Fisher; Venus and her youthful Satellites arriving at the Isle of Paphos.*—*W. Etty.*

Equally poetical in its forms and colouring, it possesses also some of the most brilliant qualities almost exclusively attributed to the works of the Venetian school and the old masters, together with some of those inaccuracies in drawing, which the same exclusive attention to colouring produced in them. The principal figure, however, in Mr. Etty's picture, is graceful, and the whole is full of taste.

No. 17. *Landscape.* 148. *Harwich.*—*J. Constable, A.*

The interest of this, as well as of all the works of this artist, arises from its truth and locality. But it is truth and locality as given by a *Ruysdael* or a *Hobbins*, not the every day representation of pictorial scenery.

No. 81. *A dead Calm on the Medway, with small Craft dropping down.* &c. *A. W. Calcott, R. A.*

All that can be expressed by the quiet stillness of such a scene, is truly and happily effected. The nearer vessels are made to contrast with, and relieve from the more remote, with the utmost skill, and the aerial perspective is kept without the least appearance of system, or violence of opposition, either in tone or colour. To say that the composition is in every respect suitable, and the execution beautiful, is but to repeat that, which we have always observed in the works of Mr. Calcott.

No. 248. *The Storm retiring.*—*T. Phillips, R. A.*

This is a variety in the pencil of the artist, and exhibits him to great advantage. There is a simplicity in this awful effect of the storm, which adds amazingly to its excellence. The prostrate body and the single ear tell the tale with a pathos more touching than could be done by many details or exaggerated colours.

No. 356. *An ancient City, by Moonlight.*—*T. C. Hoofland.*

This is an effect of moonlight, brought to bear upon a scene of suitable grandeur to the majestic orb of light. It exhibits the various powers of its splendour, upon the land, and upon the water; it illumines the clouds, sheds its rays upon the mountains, and touches the towers and the temple; without departing in a single instance from that truth and character with which the study and observation of the skilful artist have clothed the scene.

#### ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

On Monday, the friends of this commendable association held their anniversary dinner at the Freemason's Tavern, where good cheer so frequently stimulates the pulse of philanthropy: the Marquis of Lansdowne presided; and several members of the Royal Academy, foreign artists, and English gentry, sat around him. With the toasts sev-

have little to do after drinking them; and with the songs and music, scarcely more,—except to say, as they belong to the Fine Arts, that Tinney's rich bass, and Broadhurst's admirable lullaby-style, contributing much to the enjoyments of the meeting.

The chairman, on giving "The Royal Academy," spoke of its new President in the highest terms; and Mr. Shee acknowledged the compliment in the name of the body of which he also is so distinguished a member. We were rather surprised that he should make occasion to justify the Academy from suspicions or imputations of selfish feelings and lukewarmness in the cause of the Arts; nothing having been said in the room to call for a defence of this nature. We certainly do not understand whence arises the tenderness of reputation always evinced on the part of the Royal Academy; and indeed the public know very little about the affairs of that public institution. That it is abundantly rich, and that it does much good, we have every reason to believe; that it is a desirable thing for an artist to belong to it, in every point of view, is obvious. Perhaps we, and the country, would like to be a little better informed as to its "whereabouts," and wish that, like most other establishments to the aid of which there is a contribution from the nation, its exertions for the benefit of the arts should be more apparent. But we have at the same time, a firm reliance on the integrity, humanity, and patriotism of its administration; and from a personal acquaintance with many of its members, are convinced, that though they may act mistakenly they never would act wrongfully.

There is one point which it would be gratifying that any one of them took an opportunity to explain: we allude to the sending abroad, and supporting in their studies, such young men as afford evidence of abilities likely to be cultivated to the honour of their profession and native land. We have not recently heard of any such appointments; and yet they form a very prominent feature in the purposes for which the Royal Academy was founded.

The other proceedings of this anniversary furnish little for observation or record, suitable to our columns. The British Institution—Canova and the Arts of Italy—the Memory of the Artists of Greece—Mr. Shee and the union of Poetry and Painting—and other appropriate sentiments, were honoured with vinous libations. Mr. Balmanno, the Honorary Secretary, prefaced the reading of the subscription list, amounting to above 400*l.*, with some remarks which seemed to us to go farther into detail than was absolutely needful; but this gentleman has been from first to last so zealous a friend to the Fund, and has done so much to promote its interests, that even in questioning his judgment on this point, we must applaud his intention.

Somewhat of restlessness in their seats marked the conduct of a few of the party at the lower ends of the tables; and though curiosity is a potent stimulus, gentlemen ought to remember, that wherever one rises and walks to the top of a room for the purpose of hearing what is spoken more distinctly, others

and, taken altogether, we would recommend this volume as extremely amusing and instructive for youthful readers, and as a well-changed help to the memory of the elder and better informed in historical science.

The first book contains a sketch of ancient and modern Spain, its produce, government, religion, &c. We select a passage.—

"The Spanish horses, which are supposed to have been brought originally from Arabia, are proverbial for their beauty and fleetness. The sheep also of Spain have acquired much celebrity from the superior quality of their wool. They possess no beauty, for they are rather ill-looking than otherwise. And here we must not omit to mention, that these *very sheep*, which are called *Merinos*, and which the English graziers are now so anxious to cultivate, were, it is said, originally sent to Spain from a farm at Ryland in Gloucestershire by Edward III.; and it is not quite unworthy of remark, that after the lapse of 400 years and upwards, a present of the same kind, should be received by George III. from that country, which was originally indebted to one of his ancestors, for the sheep which have so long formed one of the principal sources of its revenue. It has been computed that Spain receives annually, no less a profit upon wool, than 80,000,000 rials, a sum equivalent to 1,666,666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* of our English money.

"The Spaniards, however, have been very jealous at the importation of Spanish sheep into France and England; but they need be under no apprehension as to the effect produced on their revenue from this circumstance, as far as relates to the latter country; for it is proved in England that the wool of the *Morinos* does become coarser in the space of a few years. The trial in France has been more fortunate, for M. Bourgoing asserts, that although the wool does not possess that *pliability* and *softness*, which distinguishes the real Spanish wool, it is *equally fine*, and is in great request in the French manufactures for broad cloths. Climate has certainly an influence on the wool, for the descendants of English sheep sent to New South Wales, are found to become nearly equal to the Spanish *Merinos*."

Spain, finally conquered by Pompey, flourished as a Roman province during the period of the Emperors. After the lapse of five centuries the country became subject to the Goths, and was ruled by Gothic princes for a century and a half. The Moslems, who had for a considerable period infested the coasts of Spain, now invaded that fertile land in force, and about the beginning of the eighth century subdued it, by "defeating Roderick the last of the Goths."

"After the death of Roderick, Count Julian, untouched by the woes of his native land, continued his disgraceful intrigues with Musa, whom he strongly advised to prosecute his conquests, and proceed immediately to Toledo. The march of the Moorish ge-

neral Tarik, was directed through the Sierra Morena, and his success and progress were astonishingly rapid. The city of Toledo, however, after a brave resistance, obtained an honourable capitulation, and the Jews, who had assisted the Moslems, were rewarded with peculiar benefits and privileges. Indeed, the friendship between these two people continued indissoluble, until the final expulsion of the Moors from Spain. Their former animosity was forgotten, and mutual support and protection formed the tie which now bound them in the closest bonds of amity. Murcia, Leon, and several other cities, submitted to the conquerors; the surrender of Medina Celi, was, however, the most splendid and lucrative of all the conquests of Tarik. Among the spoils of value; was the celebrated table of emerald, having three hundred and sixty feet of massy gold, enriched with emeralds and pearls, brought originally from the east by the Romans; acquired by the Goths at the pillage of Rome; seized by Tarik at the siege of Medina Celi, and presented by him to the throne of Damascus.

"Musa, who had remained quietly in Africa till this period, began, at length, to feel jealous of the renown and fame acquired by Tarik, whose victorious arms were attended by the most brilliant conquests. He had returned in triumph to Toledo, when Musa cited the 'victorious chief to appear before him; investigated his every action with the most scrupulous jealousy; demanded a strict account of all the spoils he had taken, and finally threw him into prison. He then proceeded to visit every part of Spain, and even crossed the Pyrenees, while his unfortunate rival and forerunner languished in a dungeon, from whence he was released by the express command of the caliph.

"Musa himself was now accused of dangerous and ambitious intentions, and summoned to Damascus, in order to answer the several charges preferred against him. He refused to obey; but a messenger in the name of the Commander of the Faithful arrested him in the camp, and conveyed him to the presence of the caliph, but his march resembled that of a triumphant rather than a captive general. Four hundred Gothic nobles, eighteen thousand female slaves, an immense quantity of gold and silver, and other precious articles preceded him, and attracted the admiring gaze of the inhabitants of those countries through which he passed, from Ceuta to Damascus. Upon a strict investigation of his conduct, he was found guilty of peculation, and under the decent pretence of a holy pilgrimage, was banished to Mecca, where he died of a broken heart. Previous to the execution of this sentence, he had the misfortune of hearing that his son, Abdalaziz, a man of mild and peaceable disposition, was arrested on the plea of having been induced by his wife Eg-lona, (the widow of Roderick) to form the ambitious design of erecting a kingdom independent of the Caliph. If such were his designs, they were most unpropitious, for he was put to death by his followers. His head was sent to Damascus, and inhumanly

exhibited to his father, who, upon being asked if he knew those features? "Yes," replied the unfortunate old man, "I know them, and I imprecate the same, a juster fate, on the authors of my son's death. Tarik" is supposed to have died in obscurity. Count Julian's fate is not ascertained, and his nephews are said to have experienced the ingratitude of the Moors; but the apostate Orpas, who forsook his country and his God, and exchanged the mitre for the turban, met with his well merited fate from the hands of Pelagius, the noble restorer of his country's fame.

This Pelagius headed the Spaniards who fled to the northern provinces, and founded the kingdom of Asturias, while the Moors took possession of the rest.

"The royal legion of Damascus was planted at Cordova; that of Enessa, at Seville; that of Kinnairn, or Chalcis, at Jaen; that of Palestine, at Algeziras, (which formerly belonged to Count Julian) and Medina Sidonia. Toledo became the residence of the natives of Persia and Yemen; while ten thousand horsemen of Syria and Irak, the most noble of the Arabian tribes, pitched their tents in the luxuriant environs of Granada."

In the heart of all this barbaric power stood the throne of Pelagius, the extent of whose kingdom was only twenty-five miles in length and twelve in breadth; but it was defended by barren rocks and noble spirits; and therefore remained firm and unbroken amid "the wreck of nations."

The kingdom of Navarre was also founded at the same era.

"When the Moors invaded Spain, some of the natives withdrew as we have seen to Asturias, while others found a refuge from slavery in the Pyrenees, where they lived independently, scattered about in various parts of the mountains. A certain hermit dying whose holy life and exemplary manners had greatly contributed to the harmony and prosperity of this unconnected community, his funeral was attended by 600 persons, including several nobles, and this meeting gave rise to the kingdom of Navarre. The inconveniences that had frequently arisen from occasional disputes, and which the deceased hermit had always settled, were now likely to become a serious evil, since there was no person to whom they could appeal for decision. At this critical juncture some one proposed electing a king, in whom the power of administering justice should be invested; the proposal met with a general assent, and the united suffrages of this little society conferred the honour on Garcias Ximenes, who died A. D. 758. His arms were a red shield

• In an old Arabian manuscript the following circumstance is related as having happened to Tarik upon his first landing. A poor woman approached him, fell at his feet and embraced them, telling him, at the same time, "that Spain was destined to be conquered by a stranger, having a mole on his right shoulder, and having one arm shorter than the other." In the prosecution of his conquests Tarik is said frequently to have reminded his soldiers of this circumstance.



without any hearing. At the battle of Tolosa, A. D. 1212, Sancho added chains and an emerald in the middle to commemorate his having broken the Moorish chain. The hermit's cell was the spot on which a royal palace was erected. A short time after this event, Charlemaigne A. D. 772, got possession of Navarre, which, with part of Biscay and Catalonia, constituted a French province. On the dissolution of his vast empire, the governors seized the province, assuming first the title of counts, and eventually of kings.

From A. D. 716 to 1492, when the Moorish monarchy of Grenada was destroyed, the history of the wars between the Christians and Moslems in Spain, is one chain of glorious adventure, heroic display, revolution, and bloodshed. The accounts are interesting, and full of matter for speculation to the philosopher; and many of the events, hitherto unimpaired, suggest fine subjects for the pen of the poet, and the pencil of the painter. We quote what relates to the foundation of the Inquisition about the year 1220.

"In the mean while James I. king of Arragon, succeeded Peter his father, who was slain in an engagement before the castle of Murrelle, in Gascony. He had taken arms in defence of the Albigenses\*, inhabitants of Alby, in the Pays de Vaud, whom the Church of Rome persecuted because of their dissenting from her superstitions. Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, was employed as the leader of this impious enterprise, and the celebrated St. Dominick signified himself particularly in the establishing at Toulouse [sic] a holy commission to try and punish these heretics. By the command of St. Do-

minick, and under his immediate eye, the fertile provinces of Languedoc and Gascony, were over-run by the soldiers of this Catholic crusade, who spread death and destruction in every direction. And the benefits of the holy commission were judged to be so great, that it henceforth became a permanent establishment, known by the name of the Inquisition.

We may mention, that "The ancient dukes of Spain were generals, and they had the privilege of coining money. Hence the coin *ducalo*, or *ducato*. Its value varies: at Madrid, Seville, and Cadiz, it is worth 4s. 11d. at Barcelona, Saragossa, Valencia, &c. it is sometimes worth 6s. 2d. sometimes 5s. 10d. and a fraction."

Having now quoted enough to show the manner in which the authoress has executed her task, we shall not advert at all to the more modern history of Spain, from the accession of Ferdinand and Isabella to the union of the Crowns of Leon and Castile. We shall merely add, that some antiquarian notes are to be found in the work, and that it has many anecdotes of different nations agreeably interspersed. The dates are generally accurate; but we observed two or three (probably typographical errors) which require revision, and also a few grammatical inaccuracies, which should be removed in ensuing editions. Line 4 from the bottom, p. 178, and l. 6 from the top 288, are instances of this: in the former "was" should be "had," and in the latter, "perfectly" should be "quite." We will not, however, part in censure: the publication is calculated to be very useful, and is a valuable addition to the class to which it pertains.

*Letters (Tully's) written during a Ten Years' Residence at the Court of Tripoli, &c. with coloured Plates. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 707. London, 1820.*

Having amongst other unavoidable omissions so long neglected this amusing and deservedly popular work, we feel much pleasure in being at length enabled to make the *anecdote honorable*; and when we add, that it falls to our lot to do so with a *third edition*, and in an octavo form, the fair author will, it is hoped, do us the justice to believe that we have not intentionally overlooked a production which has met so flattering a reception with the public.

Although the gallant and successful attack of the fleet under Lord Exmouth, has, in addition to liberating the unfortunate christian slaves, repressed, if not entirely removed the system of piracy, which the Barbary powers had, to the disgrace of civilization established so long; it has neither tended to produce greater confidence, nor increase to any considerable extent their commercial intercourse with the nations of Europe. Consequently nothing that is calculated to make us better acquainted with the manners and customs of the people or their governments, has by any means diminished, while the same impenetrable mystery in which religious dogmas and jealous habits have hitherto concealed them, only stimulates curiosity, par-

ticularly towards those works that bear internal evidence of having been prepared on the very spot where the facts they relate occurred, or in which the manners and customs described, still continue to prevail in all their original force. Such is the case with regard to the volumes before us, which were written by the sister-in-law of the late Mr. Tully, British Consul General at the court of Tripoli; between whose family and that of the bashaw, the closest intimacy subsisted for many years.

Previous to our giving any of the singular anecdotes with which these letters abound, our readers will perhaps be pleased to know something of the place in which the author collected her materials. It is thus described—

"Previous to entering the Bay of Tripoli, a few miles from the land, the country is rendered picturesque by various tints of beautiful verdure: no object whatever seems to interrupt the evenness of the soil, which is of a light colour, almost white, and interspersed with long avenues of trees; for such is the appearance of the numerous palms planted in regular rows, and kept in the finest order. Their immense branches, coarse when near, are neat and distinct at a distance. The land lying low and very level, the naked stems of these trees are scarcely seen, and the plantations of dates seem to extend for many miles in luxuriant woods and groves. On a nearer view, they present a more straggling appearance, and afford neither shelter nor shade from the burning atmosphere which every where surrounds them. The whole of the town appears in a semicircle, some time before reaching the harbour's mouth. The extreme whiteness of square flat buildings covered with lime, which in this climate encounters the sun's fiercest rays, is very striking. The baths form clusters of cupolas very large, to the number of eight or ten crowded together in different parts of the town. The mosques have in general a small plantation of Indian figs and date-trees growing close to them, which, at a distance, appearing to be so many rich gardens in different parts of the town, give the whole city, in the eyes of an European, an aspect truly novel and pleasing. On entering the harbour, the town begins to discover dilapidations from the destructive hand of time, large hills of rubbish appearing in various parts offit. The castle, or royal palace, where the bashaw resides, is at the east end of the town, within the walls, with a dock-yard adjoining, where the bey, (the bashaw's eldest son, and heir to the throne) builds his cruisers. This castle is very ancient, and is enclosed by a strong high wall which appears impregnable; but it has lost all symmetry on the inside, from the innumerable additions made to contain the different branches of the royal family; for there is scarcely an instance of any of the blood royal, as far as the bashaw's great grandchildren, living without the castle walls. These buildings have increased it by degrees to a little irregular town."

As our extracts will frequently relate to events which took place in the bashaw's castle, we shall pass over the early part of

+ This is confusedly written: the historian, we presume, means by "this event," the election of Ximenes; but the intervening date, relating to a subsequent act perplexes the sense.

Ed.

\* This sect originally sprang up in Armenia, under the name of *Paulicians*, and from thence spread over Europe under various names. In England, the Lollards; in Holland, the Waldenses; in Bohemia, the Hussites; in France, the Albigenses, all originated from the same source. As the human mind became enlightened, their doctrine, which was at first closely interwoven with mystic error, became gradually more perfect; till at length, purified by persecution, and the lapse of ages, it formed the basis of that religion, which has emancipated the greater part of Europe from the slavery of superstition.

A. D. 660. In the time of Constantine Syllanus, the founder of the sect, who lived during the reign of Constant II. emperor of the east, the Bible was solely confined to the clergy. A copy of this valuable book having fallen into his hands, he perused it with the most eager attention, communicated the contents to several of his friends, and made the New Testament the foundation of his actions as well as his faith.

Their tenets consisted in a rejection of the Old Testament; of the real presence in the Eucharist; the adoration of the virgin; the intercession of saints, and the worship of relics. They addressed the Deity himself in prayer, justly concluding, that there would be no presumption in approaching the Supreme Being, since our Saviour had taught and commanded us to address him by the affectionate title of "Our Father."

on the noble author, on the authority of a traveller who lately visited Venice.

"Imagine a young man, alternately gay, haughty, and timid; with an expression of countenance such as the pencil of Raphael would have traced to represent a great poet; carrying away, as if in the whirlwind of a lofty mind, all that approaches him; boasting of his noble birth like a fool, and as proud of his genius as a plebeian; more gratified by the publicity which a celebrated English heiress gave to his love letters, in a fit of revenge, than by the eulogiums which all the literary reviews in Europe have pronounced on his works; loving liberty, as the source of all that is generous and true, and woman as the most perfect image of the beau ideal of the fine arts; cherishing solitude, that first of all inspirations which may be compared to the nymph Egeria, whom the Roman legislator courted for genius and wisdom; sometimes silent, sometimes inspired by his interlocutors; speaking the elliptical language of genius, for the more one thinks, the less one explains; preferring in conversation moral speculations to literary dissertations, for it is better to discuss ideas than words; seizing with the vivacity of an imagination which magnifies all that it hears and sees, the ideas which in conversation escape the most illiterate men, and describing in fine poetry the emotions he has received, so that his poems are an extensive, animated, and pure mirror of external impressions, reflected by his imagination;—such are the principal traits of the character and habits of Lord Byron; and such, in my opinion, are the manifestations of a great poet.

"The present decline of literature, particularly in France, has inspired Lord Byron with a kind of literary misanthropy. 'Come, d'Argens,' Frederick II. used to say, when he was low-spirited, 'Describe to me the levy of Louis XV.,' and the great King would laugh until the tears started into his eyes. The same effect is produced on Lord Byron, by reading the vague sonorous poetry which we term imitative and descriptive, and which resounds in the ears without ever penetrating the soul or the understanding. He cannot endure the society of literary men, because he considers the greater number to be mean and envious—'*Idi i bei spiriti*,' he exclaims, *e m'accorsi che non erano ne belli ne spiritosi*.

"Lord Byron speaks fluently both the ancient and modern Greek, and also French, Italian, and Arabic. In the morning, when he is usually in a melancholy mood, he composes two hundred lines of poetry, sometimes in his closet, but more frequently while he is riding on horseback. He spends a long time at dinner, when he happens to meet with a friend or guest to please him; for though extremely temperate, he loves to prolong the conversation over the desert. After dinner he hears music, and then, animated by the emotions it excites, he shuts himself up in his closet to reduce to fifty the two hundred lines which the inspiration of the morning had reserved for evening meditation. Thus three hundred guineas are lost to Lord Byron; for Mr. Murray, the bookseller, pays

at the rate of two guineas per line for his manuscript poems. His abode at Venice is an old Abbey, surrounded by trees as sublime and gloomy as his genius. It has been remarked, that a residence in Venice cannot be very consonant to Lord Byron's habits; for being, like Alfieri, passionately fond of the exercise of riding on horseback, he must naturally feel some degree of constraint by being surrounded by canals and gondolas. But there is a sandy tract of ground in the vicinity of Venice, where he rides for three or four hours daily. Since he has lived in Italy, several of his works have been translated into the language of Dante. The influence of the climate and manners of the south, have however contributed to soften down the severity of the author of *Conrad and Lara*; for within the last two years he has produced *Don Juan* and *Beppo*, which, far from being developed in the obscure clouds of northern melancholy, perhaps display their Italian nudity under too transparent a veil.

"There is an anecdote related of Lord Byron, which reflects equal honour on his character and genius, and which is sufficient to refute the scandalous imputations cast upon him in the libels dictated by conjugal jealousy, or literary envy. An insurrection broke out in Scotland, on the very spot where Lord Byron's most extensive property is situated. The insurgents, on approaching the estates of the great poet, agreed among themselves to pass through his immeasurable fields one after another, so as to trace along them only a narrow path, whilst they had completely destroyed the corn of other noblemen in the neighbourhood. Pindar's house received, amidst the flames of Thebes, the interesting homage of a King, too devoted to glory not to respect the genius which confers it; but a hundred times happier is the poet who could quell the fury of rebellion, and whose two-fold distinction, of wealth and noble birth, were pardoned for the sake of his genius."

"The perusal of Lord Byron's works sufficiently demonstrates the influence of his life over his talent, and of his passions over his glory. At every page we recognise the poet in his hero:—Lara, Childe Harold, Manfred, all are Byron; all is misfortune and genius throughout his works, which are inspired by the despair which they in their turn inspire. The satirical misanthropy and bitter melancholy which have poisoned his soul, are evinced in that gloomy style of composition, which unfolds all the misery and anguish of present life, and pictures only despair for the future. Is it to ennoble great crimes, or to calumniate great virtues, that they are confounded in the same heart? Has not contempt of prejudice carried Lord Byron too far, by forcing him to despise even the definitions of the words *vice* and *virtue*, such as mankind has established them; and has he not adopted too indiscriminately the doubt which M. de Chateaubriand expressed in a moment of despair:—'*Savons-nous ce qui*

*est bien, savons-nous ce qui est mal?*' Lord Byron seems to conclude that we do not know it, or that we know it very imperfectly. When we examine the heart of a man discontented with his fate, and yet satisfied with his own conscience, can we wonder that such a man, being unable to blame himself for his misfortunes, should accuse external objects and circumstances—all that does not belong to himself—finally social order; and as he has not enjoyed through life the virtue natural to his own heart, may he not conclude that the evil is unconnected with himself, and that it exists in society? Hence comes the trampling down of received convictions, the transposition of contempt and glory, the misplacing of esteem and blame, of vice and virtue, of good and evil. Such is, in a few words, the secret of the melancholy of superior minds, which has created a new style in literature, animated by contempt of mankind and love of humanity. The misery of a virtuous man is a reproach on social institutions; and when this virtuous man is at the same time a man of genius, his genius avenges his misfortunes on society. Such was Rousseau and such is Byron."

#### ARCTIC ZOOLOGY.—(Concluded.)

(Extracted from Scoresby's valuable publication.)

"The Arctic Fox is rarely seen by the whale fishers, as these animals appear most in the winter months. The Polar, or Greenland Bear, the sovereign of arctic animals, is powerful and courageous; savage and sagacious; apparently clumsy, yet not inactive. His senses are extremely acute, especially his sight and smell. As he traverses extensive fields of ice, he mounts the hummocks and looks around for prey; on rearing his head and snuffing the breeze, he perceives the scent of the carrion of the whale at an immense distance. A piece of kreg thrown into a fire, draws him to a ship from the distance of miles. The kreg of the whale, however offensive to a human nose, is to him a banquet. Seals seem to be his most usual food; yet, from the extreme watchfulness of these creatures, he is often it is believed, kept fasting for weeks together. He seems to be equally at home on the ice as on land. He is found on field ice, above 200 miles from the shore. He can swim with the velocity of three miles an hour, and can accomplish some leagues without much inconvenience. He dives to a considerable distance, though not very frequently.

"He may be captured in the water without much danger; but on the ice, he has such power of resistance at command, that the experiment is hazardous. When pursued and attacked, he always turns upon his enemies. If struck with a lance, he is apt to seize it in his mouth, and either bite it in two, or wrest it out of the hand. If shot with a ball, unless he is struck in the head, in the heart, or in the shoulder, he is enraged rather than depressed, and falls with increased power upon his pursuers. When shot at a distance and able to escape, he has been observed to retire to the shelter of a

\* This story, to use the old newspaper language, "stands in need of confirmation." Ed.

hummock, until, as if conscious of the typical effect of cold, apply snow with his paws to the wound.

"Though possessed of courage and great means of defence; he always, unless urged by hunger, retreats before men. His general walk is slow and deliberate; but when impelled by danger or hunger, he proceeds by a galloping step; and, upon ice, can easily outrun any man.

"The flesh, when cleared of the fat, is well flavoured and savoury, especially the muscular part of the hump. I once treated my surgeon with a dinner of bear's hump, who knew not, for above a month afterwards, but that it was a beef-steak. The liver, I may observe as a curious fact, is hurtful and even deleterious; while the flesh and liver of the seal, on which it chiefly feeds, are nourishing and palatable. Sailors, who have inadvertently eaten the liver of bears, have almost always been sick after it: some have actually died; and the effect on others, has been to cause the skin to peel off their bodies. This is, perhaps, almost the only instance known of any part of the flesh of a quadruped proving unwholesome.

"Bears, though they have been known to eat one another, are remarkably affectionate to their young. The female, which has generally two at a birth, defends them with such zeal, and watches over them with such anxiety, that she sometimes falls a sacrifice to her maternal attachment. A pleasing and very extraordinary instance of sagacity in a mother bear was related to me by a credible and well informed person, who accompanied me in several voyages to the whaling, in the capacity of surgeon. This bear, with two cubs under its protection, was pursued across a field of ice, by a party of armed sailors. At first she seemed to urge the young ones to an increase of speed, by running before them, turning round, and manifesting, by a peculiar action and voice, her anxiety for their progress; but finding her pursuers gaining upon them, she carried, or pushed, or pitched them alternately forward, until she effected their escape. In throwing them before her, the little creatures are said to have placed themselves across her path, to receive the impulse; and, when projected some yards in advance, they ran onwards until she overtook them; when they alternately adjusted themselves for a second throw.

"Several instances of peculiar sagacity in these animals have been observed.

"A seal, lying on the middle of a large piece of ice, with a hole just before it, was marked out by a bear for its prey, and secured by the artifice of diving under the ice, and making its way to the hole by which the seal was prepared to retreat. The seal, however, observed its approach, and plunged into the water; but the bear instantly sprung upon it, and appeared, in about a minute afterwards, with the seal in its mouth.

"The captain of one of the whalers being anxious to procure a bear, without wounding the skin, made trial of the stratagem of

laying the noose of a rope in the snow, and placing a piece of kregg within it. A bear, ranging the neighbouring ice, was soon enticed to the spot by the smell of burning meat. He perceived the bait, approached, and seized it in his mouth; but his foot, at the same moment, by a jerk of the rope, being entangled in the noose, he pushed it off with the adjoining paw, and deliberately retired. After having eaten the piece he carried away with him, he returned. The noose, with another piece of kregg, being then replaced, he pushed the rope aside, and again walked triumphantly off with the kregg. A third time the noose was laid, but, excited to caution by the evident observation of the bear, the sailors buried the rope beneath the snow, and laid the bait in a deep hole dug in the centre. The bear once more approached, and the sailors were assured of their success. But bruhi, more sagacious than they expected, after snuffing about the place for a few moments, scraped the snow away with his paw, threw the rope aside, and again escaped unhurt with his prize.

"In the month of June 1812, a female bear, with two cubs, approached the ship I commanded, and was shot. The cubs, not attempting to escape, were taken alive. These animals, though at first evidently very unhappy, became at length, in some measure, reconciled to their situation; and, being tolerably tame, were allowed occasionally to go at large about the deck. While the ship was moored to a floe, a few days after they were taken, one of them, having a rope fastened round his neck, was thrown overboard. It immediately swam to the ice, got upon it, and attempted to escape. Finding itself, however, detained by the rope, it endeavoured to disengage itself in the following ingenious way. Near the edge of the floe was a crack in the ice, of a considerable length, but only 18 inches or 2 feet wide, and 3 or 4 feet deep. To this spot the bear returned; and when, on crossing the chasm, the bight of the rope fell into it, he placed himself across the opening; then suspending himself by his hind feet, with a leg on each side, he dropped his head and most part of his body into the chasm; and, with a foot applied to each side of the neck, attempted, for some minutes, to push the rope over his head. Finding this scheme ineffectual, he retired to the main ice, and, running with great impetuosity from the ship, gave a remarkable pull on the rope; then going backward a few steps, he repeated the jerk. At length, after repeated attempts to escape this way, every failure of which he announced by a significant growl, he yielded himself to his hard necessity, and lay down on the ice in angry and sullen silence.

"Accidents with bears occasionally occur, though not so many, by any means, as the ferocity of these animals, and the temerity of the sailors, who embrace every opportunity of attacking them, might lead one to expect."

"A bear which was attacked by a boat's crew, in the Spitzbergen Sea, made such a

formidable resistance that it was enabled to climb the side of the boat and take possession of it, while the intimidated crew fled for safety to the water, supporting themselves by the gunwale and rings of the boat, until, by the assistance of another party from their ship, it was shot as it sat indolently in the stern. And, with regard to narrow escapes, I shall only add, that a sailor, who was pursued on a field of ice by a bear, when at a considerable distance from assistance, preserved his life, by throwing down an article of clothing, whenever the bear gained upon him, on which it always suspended the pursuit, until it had examined it, and thus gave him time to obtain some advance. In this way, by means of a hat, a jacket, and a neck handkerchief, successively cast down, the progress of the bear was retarded, and the sailor escaped from the danger that threatened him, in the refuge afforded him by his vessel."

It would far exceed our limits even to catalogue the remainder of Captain Scoresby's zoological inquiries, including the rein-deer, sharks, birds, amphibians, &c. &c. We shall merely quote a passage concerning the *Squalus borealis*, or Greenland Shark, which, as far as we know, has not heretofore been described. "The sailors imagine this shark to be blind, because it pays not the least attention to the presence of a man; and is, indeed, so apparently stupid, that it never darts back when a blow is aimed at it with a knife or lance.

"The *squalus borealis* is 12 or 14 feet in length, sometimes more, and 6 or 8 feet in circumference. Its liver, which is remarkably oily, will fill a barrel. In its general form, it very much resembles the dog-fish. The opening of the mouth, which extends nearly across the lower part of the head, is 21 to 24 inches in width. The teeth are serrated in one jaw, and lancet-shaped and denticulated in the other. On each side, there are at least four or five rows; on one side sometimes seven or eight.

"This shark is one of the foes of the whale. It bites it and annoys it while living, and feeds on it when dead. It scoops hemispherical pieces out of its body, nearly as big as a person's head; and continues scooping and gorging lump after lump, until the whole cavity of its belly is filled. It is so insensible of pain, that though it has been run through the body with a knife and escaped; yet, after a while, I have seen it return again on the whale, at the very spot where it received its wounds. The heart is very small. It performs 6 or 8 pulsations in a minute; and continues its beating for some hours after taken out of the body. The body, also, though separated into any number of parts, gives evidence of life for a similar length of time. It is, therefore, extremely difficult to kill. It is actually unsafe to trust the hand in its mouth, though the head be separated from the body."

Again repeating our approbation of Mr. Scoresby's work, we refer our readers to it, for much further and curious matter, which we have not space to notice.

will do the same, and confusion be the consequence. Our Artists, however, may plead high pretence; for the House of Commons exhibited in the same way on the opening of the session by the King; and when summoned to the Peers, made such a rush at the train of Mr. Speaker, that the unlucky Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir William Curtis, and others, not formed for struggling in a crowd, were, as we have been told, completely thrown out of the disorderly procession.

**EMATA.** In our notice of the *Royal Academy*, in our last Number, endeavouring to compress it as much as possible, a few words, but of very important meaning, were accidentally omitted. In mentioning Sir T. Lawrence's admirable portrait of Sir W. Grant, instead of "the late Sir W. Grant," it ought to have been, "the late Master of the Rolls, Sir W. Grant;"—that eminent lawyer and distinguished man being still alive, and an ornament to his country, though retired from his professional duties. Wilkie's *Reading of a Will* is not from *Waverley*, but as we imagine, the hint taken and the idea enlarged upon from another novel by the same author, quoted rather oddly in the catalogue.

#### MR. GLOVER'S EXHIBITION. [Bond Street.]

The difficulty of sustaining the character of variety, and keeping up attention by the works of any artist singly, is sufficiently known: in the present instance, however, there is in Mr. Glover's Exhibition, a display of talent fully equal to the task. He speaks a language which all understand; and the truth and locality of his representations carry conviction to every observing mind. There is also a greater variety of subject than we had anticipated. His cattle, many of which are the size of life, occupy a large portion, and are in themselves equally entitled to the admiration of the public at large, and to that of the amateur. Among his landscapes, Nos. 78, and 61, struck us as possessing peculiar interest; the former by the grandeur of its composition, the almost boundless extent of its distance, and the clearness and brilliancy of its execution;—the latter by the novelty of its character, as giving the most perfect idea of height and magnitude, with an effect of light catching the tops of the tallest trees, and chequering the level scene below. Upon the whole, we consider this collection to be entitled to very high eulogy, and eminently honourable to the artist and his country.

**LITERARY FUND.**—The anniversary of the Literary Fund was observed on Thursday; we purpose giving an account of it, with remarks on the subject, in our next.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### A MAD SONG.

Come ye to seek me? then bear me home;  
To the home which I covet—the silent tomb!  
For the lover is vanish'd, the bridegroom is come!

Here ye the chime of the marriage bell?  
You shall soon hear it sounding my funeral knell.  
Wartle your blithest strains to-day;  
Soon shall you chant a deeper lay.

Blind my head with a myrtle wreath;  
Twine it at eve with the garland of death!  
Scatter sweet flowers in my thorny way,—  
I shall wither as fast as they:  
The flowers that sparkle with morning dew,  
At evening my quiet grave shall strew.  
Clothe my form in a robe of white,  
So shall it serve for my shroud to-night.  
Pluck a lock from my raven hair,  
Which next to my heart this morn I'll wear:  
Pluck it at eve from my clay-cold breast,  
And give it to him that loves me best:  
And say to the youth, as ye bear me home,  
The lover is dead, though the bridegroom is come!  
April 24, 1820.

##### [By Correspondents.]

*The Hindoo Girl's Song, and her Lover's Reply.*

BY RICHARD RYAN.

Oh take this rose, and let it lie,  
Close to thy fond devoted heart;  
There let it live its hour and die,  
And never from the dear rose part.  
For yester-morn at noontide's hour,  
As wand'ring by the Ganges' stream,  
Oppress'd and faint, I sought a bower,  
And fairies sent me this sweet dream:  
I thought a sylph, with wings of light,  
Bade me select the brightest tree,  
And gather for my soul's delight  
A sun-bright rose, and give it thee.  
Then take this rose, and near thy heart,  
Oh! ever wear of love this token,  
And never from the dear rose part,  
For if 'tis lost my heart is broken!

##### THE REPLY.

You gave a rose, and bid me keep,  
From all my nuptials the fragrant gem;  
But, sad mischance, while deep in sleep,  
The lovely rose was stol'n by them.  
They kiss'd its leaves, and stole its dew,  
To scent their own delicious breath;  
And each to each the bright rose threw,  
Until it sunk from bliss to death.  
Then every leaf that late had giv'n,  
To nymphs as bright its odours sweet,  
Whose breath was as the breath of heav'n,  
Was trod beneath the fair one's feet.  
So like to thee, ill-fated flower,  
Is he, who trusts in beauty's eyes;  
For tho' in bliss glides many an hour,  
Yet grief o'erakes him ere he dies.

##### LINES.

Sweet river, by thy lacent flowing stream,  
I oftimes wander to recall the past,  
The fairy moments of Love's golden dream,  
Too gaily bright,—and oh! too pure to last.  
But most I haunt thy emerald tinted shore,  
When day's bright orb has sunk into the west,  
When all its sparkling beams are seen no more,  
Leaving the sky in roseate splendour hest;  
And in that hour my fancy flies to thee,  
Lost Julia! if thy blest spirit's free  
To look on earth from the divinity,  
Turn thy seraphic gaze in smiles on me,  
For I am still unchanged, tho' thou art gone—  
My wishes are for thee, and death alone.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

M. Balzac, a French architect, well known for his beautiful designs from Egyptian monuments, which appeared in a work published by order of the French government,

died in Paris, on the 31st of March, of an apoplectic fit. He was an excellent man and a skilful artist, animated by sincere enthusiasm for the advancement of art. He preserved the energy of youth to a very old age. M. Balzac also cultivated poetry with success. Besides a multitude of designs and architectural plans, he has left behind him a collection of poems published last year, also a comedy in verse, and other manuscript works.

**Deaths of Celebrated Men.**—Several men of great celebrity have died within a short period. On the 12th of April, Arthur Young, so universally known for his works on agriculture, died at the age of 79. Major Topham, a person distinguished not less for figuring in the periodical press, than in the circles of fashion; the author of two or three fables; the life of the miser Elves; and himself a very eccentric character, died last week, at Doncaster, in his 69th year. The Earl of Selkirk, and Colonel Mudge, are also among the recent deaths: the former distinguished as a practical political writer, the latter as a geographer and man of science. In France, the famous (Count) Volney, the author of the *Ruins of Empires*, and of many literary and political productions, died at the age of 65, in Paris. He was a native of Craon in Bretagne, a member of the French Academy, and a Peer, created by Buonaparte. Volney was a correspondent of the Literary Society of Calcutta, and has bequeathed 1200 francs of *rente* for ever, to found a premium for the best Essay on the Oriental Languages, and particularly on the simplification of their characters. His funeral obsequies were performed in the Church of St. Sulpice on the 28th, and his remains carried thence to the cemetery of P. Lachaise. Mr. Lévêque de Pouilly, the author of several esteemed works on antiquities, is also dead, at Rheims, having attained the great age of 86.

#### THE DRAMA.

**KING'S THEATRE.**—On Thursday, that deserving individual and highly accomplished singer, Madame Bellocchi, had her benefit, (which was brilliantly attended), and produced for the occasion Rossi's Opera of *Il Tancredi*, with Rossini's score. Madame Bellocchi sustained the part of Tancredi; the other characters were filled by Angriani, Torri, Deville, and Signoras Corri and Mori. The piece was delightfully performed, and the heroine hero often, in the course of her exertions, received the loudest tributes of admiration. She was peculiarly fine and expressive in *Tu che accendi questo core*; and grand in a duet, where

"Ecco le trombe  
Al campo, al campo!"

occurs. But we want space for particulars; and shall only add, that the gratification experienced by the audience was throughout of the highest order.

**DRURY LANE.**—An afterpiece of a musical cast, and called "*The Lady and the Devil*," was produced at this theatre on

Wednesday. It consists of the manoeuvres of a young lady (Miss Kelly), to induce her lover (Elliston) to take the last step, matrimony; and terminates by her efforts being crowned with success, when she confesses to those stratagems, which the gentleman on whom they were practised had erroneously imputed to the agency of the Devil. Mrs. Bland has some pretty airs, and Harley, as a valet of the Leporello genus, a good deal of work in the line which he fills so ably. The early scenes drag heavily, but there is a good deal of bustle towards the close;—the former will no doubt be compressed, and the latter heightened by practice in the performers; after which the piece will deserve to live its day, as an amusing entertainment. The four actors whom we have named, did much for it by their exertions and talents.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—In rivalry to the theatres of the out-skirts, a pseudo-dramatic thing, called *Montoni* or the *Phantom*, was brought out at Covent Garden on Wednesday. The public seems to have come over pretty generally to our opinion, and to be tired of these senseless exhibitions, which assuredly fulfil no one of the purposes of the stage, for they neither reflect the manners of the age, nor improve the morals of the people. As this drama experienced the reception it deserved, we shall not waste our readers' patience, by recording the virtues and vices of the defunct. Suffice it, that not even the powerful art of Macready, aided by the gentlemanly vigour and discrimination of Abbott, the sidelong glances of Miss Foote, and the clever though unfinished acting of Yates, could avert the doom of *Montoni*.

A new tragedy, on a subject of Roman history, has been accepted, and is forthcoming at Covent Garden. We hear a very favourable account of it as a spirited production, and one possessed of high dramatic qualities, from a literary friend of very competent judgment.

The Drury Lane bills also announce a new tragedy, entitled "*Virginius*," not unlikely to be founded on the same story with that at Covent Garden.

## VARIETIES.

**Bolany.**—A letter from New York mentions, that in the month of February, a large collection of seeds, &c. of the trees and plants of South America, were embarked for Havre, to be sent to the Central Museum of Natural History at Paris.

An astronomical observatory similar to that at Greenwich, is about to be erected at the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. F. Tallows, of Cambridge University, is appointed astronomer: the situation is finely adapted for the advancement of science.

**French Newspapers.**—The Parisian opinion newspapers present a curious appearance at present; in every column almost, you see a hiatus of ten lines or more, wherever the censors have objected to the article.

Thus the journals are like fragments of political essays, and the reader is left to fill up twenty blank spaces in every sheet, according to his imagination.

During the storm scene in *Lezar*, on Wednesday, one of the trees was so exceedingly agitated (by the performance), that it fell down flat on the stage. A hypercrite objected to it, that though, in an upright position, it looked something like a tree, when it lay flat it was *nothing but a tree!*

*Replay.*—A French officer quarrelling with a Swiss, reproached him with his country's vice, of fighting on either side for money, while "we Frenchmen, (said he), fight for honour." "Yes, sir, (replied the Swiss), every one fights for that which he must want!"

*Anecdote.*—A woman anxious to get into Notre Dame, whence a sacred procession had just issued with the *Verger*, who denied her entrance. "I want the blessing of the *Good God!*" said she: "The Good God is just gone for a walk," was the answer; "there is no use in being so troublesome—he is not at home!"

*Memorandum from an Artist's Sketch Book.*—I divide my sky and clouds into kings, lords, and commons. To the sun I give the powerful and regulating influence of the laws. The azure vault of heaven reigns as king. The light and fleecy clouds are the lords; while the commons are distinguished by those of a darker and graver tone, sometimes approaching to a threatening tone, and bearing in them the destructive qualities of a tempest. The due equilibrium of these, is health and fertility to the globe we inhabit. For it may be observed, that when the sky as king, continues, or asserts his prerogative to continue, too long, without the intervention of his subjects, the clouds; or, if he regards the fleecy or showery forms of the higher powers, in preference to the lower but more useful,—sterility and barrenness are the consequence; and when necessity compels him to call for their aid, they seldom fail to show their strength, and come clattering in, obscuring the bright vision of the monarch, defying even the power and influence of the sun. Should the bright clouds, or lords, obtain a partial attention, or be suffered to hold too long a sway, they will diminish or obscure the brilliancy of the sovereign, holding out only promises of supply; whereas a due mixture of the sober commons gives the fruitful showers and the abundant harvest.

It is no uncommon thing for artists to contrive some short sentence, or even a word, to assist their memory in the observations they leave occasion to make; as, R. Y. B. Ryb, Red, Yellow, Blue; or in a couplet—

"When the shadows are bright,  
What becomes of the light?"

An earthquake, in the direction of from east to west, and accompanied by a detonating sound, was experienced at Brest, on the 21st ult. For the few days preceding the sky was uncommonly serene, and the sun brilliant; and even at the time of the explo-

sion the moon shone delightfully, and the atmosphere was untroubled. Phenomena of this kind are much more rare on the coast of the ocean than on the Mediterranean shores.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

APRIL, 1820.

**Thursday, 20**—Thermometer from 39 to 45.  
Barometer from 29, 83 to 30, 96.  
Wind N. and N. E. 3 and 4.—Cloudy.  
Rain fallen, 1 of an inch.  
**Friday, 21**—Thermometer from 35 to 53.  
Barometer from 30, 16 to 30, 20.  
Wind N. & E. 1, and S. W. 4.—Morning cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.  
**Saturday, 22**—Thermometer from 32 to 59.  
Barometer, from 30, 27 to 30, 29.  
Wind S. W. 4.—Generally clear till noon, when it became cloudy, and continued cloudy the rest of the day.  
**Sunday, 23**—Thermometer from 37 to 59.  
Barometer from 30, 39 to 30, 44.  
Wind W. N. W. 4 and N. E. 4.—Generally cloudy till the evening, when it became clear.

MAY, 1820.

**Monday, 1**—Thermometer from 29 to 52.  
Barometer from 30, 47 to 30, 49.  
Wind N. 4 and S. 4.—Clouds generally passing; clear at times. A white frost in the morning. The wind very variable to-day.  
**Tuesday, 2**—Thermometer from 35 to 59.  
Barometer from 30, 42 to 30, 31.  
Wind S. W. 1, N. W. 1, N. E. 4 and E. 4.—Generally cloudy; sunshine at times. The upper part of a halo formed between 6 and 7. A. M. strongly coloured.  
**Wednesday, 3**—Thermometer from 32 to 52.  
Barometer from 30, 32 to 30, 26.  
Wind E. 4 and S. E. 4.—Generally cloudy.  
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.  
Lat. 51. 37. 32. N.  
Lon. 0. 3. 51. W.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor would be glad to be enabled to send a letter to *Pala Nations*.

We are obliged to C. A. R. With regard to his first point, it does not appear to us to merit the description given: there never was and never shall be seen in the *Literary Gazette*, a word or idea calculated to offend the chaste female eye, or only the purest female heart: with regard to the second, it occurred in the business part, which occupies very little of the Editor's attention, and thus it might be rejected by him.

Our very ill-used Subscribers at Glasnevin, are informed that we decline all favours which cannot submit to the judgment necessary for sharing a miscellany for the public. Both time and manner of insertion must be left to our sense of fitness; and though, as grateful for kindnesses real or intended, and willing to oblige, we cannot fill our journal with particular intimations.

W. N. S., and other Correspondents, will please to receive the same intimation.

• It is our intention, in our next Number, to give an account of the *Anniversary of the Suppression of the Navy*, established by the *SURGEONS OF THE NAVY*—an Institution which appears to us to merit the particular observation of the public, not only as commencing from a class of men distinguished for attainments and science, but as a worthy example of prudent philanthropy, to be followed by other numerous bodies in the country.



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\* Some specimens from the Poems of Patrick Carry, were published by the present possessor of the manuscript, in the Edinburgh Annual Register, for the year 1810. As they have attracted, from time to time, the notice of our poetical antiquaries, the Editor has been induced to place them beyond the chance of total obliteration, by the present very limited edition. The Reader is here introduced to a Bard of the seventeenth century, as staunch a cavalier, and nearly as good a poet as the celebrated Colonel Lovelace. Of the poems, only one manuscript copy is known to exist. It was presented to Mr. Walter Scott, the present possessor. The volume is a small duodecimo, written in a very neat hand, (the author's autograph), is perfect, and in tolerably good order, though scribbled on the blank leaves, and striped of its silver clasps and ornaments. The proportion of a unique manuscript is apt to over-rate its intrinsic merit; and yet the Editor cannot help being of opinion, that Carry's playfulness, gaiety, and ease of expression, both in satirical verses and political satire, entitle him to rank considerably above the "mob of gentlemen who write with ease."—*Abbotsford, April.*  
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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Travels in Brazil, in the years 1815-6-7.* By Prince Maximilian, of Wied-Neuwied. London. 1820, 4to, pp. 335.

Our last Number commenced with the review of a *ci-devant* King historian: this begins with the notice of a Prince traveller and man of science. Certainly, the fraternity of authors must feel elevated by the junction of such distinguished auxiliaries. With the pursuits and talents of Prince Maximilian our readers are partially acquainted, as we have had several opportunities of laying before them accounts of his Highness's proceedings in Brazil. We shall therefore abstain from preface, and, taking it for granted that the writer and his course are sufficiently known, fall at once into the middle of his scientific labours, especially as a naturalist; and curious observations on the natives, whose haunts he has explored, under the protection of the government, and whose habits he has described more minutely than any preceding traveller.

The first excursion from Rio Janeiro, is to Cape Frio. The author set out on the 4th of August, and almost immediately got into the heart of scenery of the grandest kind, and teeming with botanical and animal wonders. A brief extract here will afford an idea of the country, and of the author's inquiries and mode of stating their result.

The forest itself was a dark wilderness of ancient trees of colossal magnitude, composed of the *minasa*, *tiguan vite*, *bomba*, *bigonasia*, and others, which as usual, were attended by a number of parasite plants, such as *brometia*, *epidendrum*, *passiflora*, *haskinia*, *banisteria*, &c. the climbing stems of which are rooted in the ground, while their leaves and flowers occupy only the highest summits of their supporters; they cannot therefore be examined without cutting down one of those gigantic monarchs of the forest, the extreme hardness of whose wood often defies the sharpest axe. Among these creeping plants, a *banhinia* is very remarkable: its strong woody branches always grow in alternate arcs of circles: the concavity of each arc is as artificially hollowed, as if the gnawing chisel of a statuary had been employed for the purpose, and on the opposite

side convex side is a short blunt thorn. This singular plant, which might easily be mistaken for a production of art, climbs into the tops of the highest trees. Its leaf is small and bilobed. But I never saw the flower, though the plant itself is very common. The odour exhaled by many of these creeping plants is strong, but extremely various: the *cipo craro* smells very agreeably, something like cloves; another, on the contrary, which is mentioned by La Condamine as growing on the banks of the Amazon, has the smell of garlic. Many of them shoot downwards long branches, which take root; thus impeding the progress of the traveller, who must cut them down before he can proceed. Such pendent branches, when agitated by the wind, frequently inflict severe blows on the traveller in these forests. In general, vegetation is so luxuriant in these climates, that every old tree we saw presented a botanical garden of plants, often difficult to come at, and certainly for the most part unknown.

We shot many fine birds here: amongst others, the *trogon viridis* of Linnaeus was very common; his voice and oft-repeated whistle, sinking from high to low, is every where heard. We soon learned to imitate it, and could thus easily entice the bird, which settled on low branches near us, where we could shoot it with ease. Woodpeckers, of different beautiful species, were equally numerous. We often killed great numbers of the little parrots with a wedge-shaped tail, here called *tiribas*. Towards evening I had the good fortune to obtain the *pacó*, or red-necked magpie of Azara. This is a beautiful black bird, of the size of a crow, the fore-part of the neck of a brilliant red colour. Mr. Sellow did not find many new plants; but he frequently met with the *alatroemeria ligata*, bearing a red and white striped flower. He also caught a snake, which, though very common here, is the most beautiful of its species. This animal is known in the country by the names of *cobra coral*, or *cocaça*; but it must not be confounded with the *cocaça* described by Lacépède and others. The name of coral-snake is most justly assigned to it; the most brilliant scarlet alternates on its smooth body with black and greenish white rings, so that this innocent reptile may be compared with a string of variegated beads. I have frequently preserved it in spirits of wine; but could never succeed in retaining its fine red colour. In the Linnaean system this species of snake has doubtless been described by the name of *coluber fulvius*, from specimens which had lost their splendid hues in spirits.

From Cape Frio the Prince journeyed across the country to St. Salvador, on

the river Paraíba. We copy the most novel particulars.—

The route over a sandy soil was fatiguing, but the magnificent scenery of the forest richly indemnified us for every exertion. Upon the trunk of a tree which grew obliquely, I found a lead-coloured snake six or seven feet long, which I shall denominate *coluber plumbeus*. It suffered us all to ride past without moving. I had desired one of my hunters to shoot it, but a negro, who carried the plants we collected, was with great difficulty prevailed upon to carry this large, wholly innoxious animal, which we tied up in a cloth at the end of a long stick, across his shoulders. After he had gone a considerable distance, he perceived a slight motion in his burden, and was so terrified, that he threw it down and ran away.

Near the river Ostras, before you reach the sea-beach again by this road, you pass over some hills, which are for the most part covered with a species of reed from thirty to forty feet in height, called *taguarrum*, or the great cane. Its colossal stems, which are as much as six inches in diameter, shoot upwards, and have a gentle bend at the top: the leaves are feathery, and upon the branches are short strong thorns which render such a barrier impenetrable. This kind of bamboo forms extremely intricate thickets, which from their numerous dry leaves and their withered sheaths produce, with the slightest wind, a peculiar rustling noise. They are extremely welcome to the hunter; for on cutting off such a reed below the joint, the stem of the younger shoots is found to be full of a cool pleasant liquid, though of a rather flat, sweetish taste, which immediately quenches the most burning thirst. This remarkable plant loves mountainous, dry situations; it therefore abounds particularly in the capitania of Minas Gerais, where drinking-vessels are made out of its stems.

At St. Fidelis a visit is paid to a tribe of the Puris, whose good-will had been previously secured by presents. The author thus relates the circumstances—

We had scarcely left the house the next morning, when we perceived the Indians coming out of the woods. We hastened to meet them, treated them immediately with brandy, and accompanied them to the forest. When we rode round the sugar-works of the

• The length of this animal was six feet, one inch, four lines; it had two hundred and twenty-four divisions on the belly, and seventy-nine pair of tail-scales. The upper parts are of a dark lead colour; the lower of a fine yellowish white, shining like porcelain.



*fazenda*, we found the whole horde of the Puris lying on the grass. The groups of naked brown figures presented a most singular and highly interesting spectacle. Men, women, and children, were huddled together, and contemplated us with curious but timid looks. They had all adorned themselves as much as possible: only a few of the women wore a cloth round the waist or over the breast; but most of them were without any covering. Some of the men had by way of ornament a piece of the skin of a monkey, of the kind called *mono (teles)* fastened round their brows; and we observed also a few who had cut off their hair quite close. The women carried their little children partly in loudages made of bass, which were fastened over the right shoulder; others carried them on their backs, supported by broad bandages passing over the forehead. This is the manner in which they usually carry their baskets of provisions when they travel. Some of the men and girls were much painted; they had a red spot on the forehead and cheeks, and some of them red stripes on the face; others had black stripes lengthwise, and transverse strokes with dots over the body; and many of the little children were marked all over, like a leopard, with little black dots. This painting seems to be arbitrary, and to be regulated by their individual taste. Some of the girls wore a certain kind of ribbons round their heads; and the females in general fasten a bandage of bass or cord tightly round the wrists and ankles, in order, as they say, to make those parts small and elegant.

The figure of the men is in general robust, squat, and often very muscular; the head large and round; the face broad, with mostly high cheek-bones; the eyes black, small, and sometimes oblique; the nose short and broad, and their teeth very white: but some were distinguished by sharp features, small aquiline noses, and very lively eyes, which in very few of them have a pleasing look, but in most a grave, gloomy, and cunning expression, shaded by their projecting foreheads.

One of the men was distinguished from all the rest by his Calmuck physiognomy; he had a large round head, the hair of which was all cut to an inch in length; a very muscular robust body; a short thick neck; a broad flat face; his eyes, which were placed obliquely, were rather larger than those of the Calmucks usually are, very black, staring, and wild; the eye-brows were black, bushy, and much arched; the nose small, but with wide nostrils; the lips rather thick. This fellow, who, as our attendants said, had never been seen here before, appeared to us all so formidable, that we unanimously declared we should not like to meet him alone unarmed in a solitary place. The Puris are in general very short, and all the Brazilian tribes are inferior in this respect to the Europeans, and even to the Negroes. All the men here carried their weapons, consisting of long bows and arrows, in their hands.

Fire, which the Puris call *poté*, is a prime necessary of life with all the Brazilian tribes: they never suffer it to go out, and keep it up the whole night, because they would other-

wise, owing to the want of clothing, suffer severely from the cold; and because it is also attended with the important advantage of scaring all wild beasts from their huts. Such a habit is abandoned by the savages without regret, when the adjacent country no longer supplies them with a sufficiency of food; they then remove to other parts where they find greater abundance of monkeys, swine, deer, *paca*, *aguti*, and other game. In this neighbourhood the Puris are reported to have shot a great number of the bearded ape, and they in fact offered to sell us several half-roasted pieces of that animal; one of these was a head, the other a breast with the arms, but without the head; a truly disgusting sight! especially because they roast all their game with the skin on, which is thus scorched black. These tough half-ran dainties they tear in pieces with their strong white teeth. They are said to devour in the same manner human flesh out of revenge; but as for their eating their own deceased relations, as a last token of affection, according to the report of some early writers, no trace of such a custom is to be found, at least in our times, among the *Tapuyas* on the east coast. The Portuguese on the Paraíba universally assert that the Puris feast on the flesh of the enemies they have killed, and there really seems to be some truth in this assertion, as will appear in the sequel; but they would never confess it to us. When we questioned them on the subject, they answered that the Botocudos only had this custom. Maye relates that the Indians at Santa Gallo ate birds without plucking them. I never saw a savage do this; they even carefully take out the entrails, and probably had a mind to amuse the English traveller by shewing him some extraordinary trick.

In the huts there were great numbers of women and children; and in some of them several sleeping-nets, though in general there was only one in each hut. A Puris, on my offering him a knife, took down his sleeping-net and delivered it to me: others bartered away the bands of apes'-skin round their forehead, their necklaces, and the like. Mr. Freyreiss entered into a negotiation with one of the Puris for the purchase of his son, and offered him various articles in exchange. The women consulted aloud, in the singing tone peculiar to them, and some of them with gestures indicative of disapprobation; most of their words ended in *o*, and were drawn out, which produced a very loud and singular concert. It was evident that they were unwilling to part with the boy; but the head of the family, an elderly gray-looking man with good features, spoke a few words with great emphasis, and then stood for some time lost in thought with his eyes fixed on the ground: a shirt, two knives, a handkerchief, some strings of coloured glass beads, and some small mirrors, were successively given to him: he could not withstand this temptation: he went into the wood, and soon returned leading by the hand a boy, who was however ugly, and in some measure deformed, and was therefore rejected; hereupon he brought a second, who was accepted. It is incredible with what indifference

this boy heard his fate. He did not change countenance, or even take leave of his friends, but mounted cheerfully behind Mr. Freyreiss. This callous indifference on all occasions, whether agreeable or melancholy, is met with among all the American tribes. Joy and grief make no lively impression on them; they are seldom seen to laugh, and not often heard to speak very loud. Their most urgent craving is food; their stomach requires to be constantly filled; they accordingly eat uncommonly quick, with greedy looks, their whole attention being directed to their repast. But they are said to be equally capable of enduring hunger for a long time.

As we could not obtain flour at the *fazenda* to feed all these people, we considered of other means to satisfy the loud calls of their stomachs. The master of the house gave us a small hog, which we presented to them, telling them to shoot it themselves; so that we had an opportunity of seeing with what savage cruelty they prepare animals for their food. The hog was eating near the house; a Puris advanced softly, and shot it too high, under the back-bone; it ran away screaming, and dragging the arrow along with it. The savage then took a second arrow, shot the animal, while running, in the shoulder, and then caught it. Meantime the women had kindled a fire. When we all came up, they shot the animal again in the neck, to dispatch it, and then in the breast. It was not, however, yet dead; it lay screaming and bleeding profusely: but without regard to its cries, they threw it alive into the fire to singe off the hair, and laughed heartily at the groans which its sufferings extorted. It was not till our loudly expressed displeasure at this barbarity became more and more impatient, that one of them advanced, and plunged a knife into the breast of the much tortured animal; on which they scraped off the hair, and immediately cut it up and divided it. From the small size of the animal, many of them did not obtain a share, and went back grumbling to their woods.

Our ensuing extracts are taken from a portion of the work which relates to the route from St. Salvador to the river Espirito Santo, and thence to the Rio-douro.

The heat being very intense, we suffered much from thirst, which our young Puri taught us an infallible method of allaying. This was to break off the middle stiff leaves of the bromelias, in the corners of which very good water from the rain and dew collects; and this nectar is caught by applying the plant quickly to the mouth.

On the projecting points of the coast, we this day found stony hills, upon which grew a great number of slender wild cocoa-palms, the fine leaves of which proudly waved in the

Neither here, nor in the sequel, did I find among the savages any confirmation of what Mr. Freyreiss says in Eschwege's Journal of Brazil, namely, that the savages never eat the flesh of animals which they have killed themselves.

fresh sea-breeze. The oyster-cater was every where common, as well as plovers and sand-pipers. In a beautiful ancient forest we were highly amused with the loud notes of various birds, among which, as the evening approached, an owl (*scops*) was also heard; parrots screamed aloud, and the sweet call of the *jao* (*tinamus*) resounded far off in this multitudinous concert, through the solitary wilderness. We took up our night's lodging at the *Fazenda de Agô*, where maniocca, cotton, and coffee, are cultivated. Extensive woods, filled with all kinds of wild beasts, nearly adjoin the plantations on the land side. In the preceding night, a large ouce (*guaraceta, felis onca, lina*) had killed a mare belonging to the proprietor, whose hunters, with their dogs, had in vain searched the neighbouring forests. Not far from the *fazenda*, a lofty rounded insulated mountain, called Morro de Agô, rises from among the contiguous woods. It consists of rocks and steep naked precipices, and is surrounded by high hills; its summit is said to command a magnificent prospect. Near the dwellings I found a little marsh, where I was astonished, at night-fall, by the remarkable voice of a frog hitherto unknown to me: it sounded exactly like a tinman or brazer working with his hammer; only the sound was on the whole deeper or fuller. It was not till long afterwards that I became better acquainted with this animal, which, on account of its voice, is called by the Portuguese the smith. Another curiosity, was a thick bush, of a kind of *heliconia*, which we had not yet seen; and which constantly leads down the stalks of its flowers arching, at a certain height, and then turns up the end again; many flowers, with scarlet calices, cover the crooked part of the stalk, which is of an equally fine colour. This magnificent shrub formed a perfect bower.

Two of our hunters found in the wood a large venomous serpent. It lay quietly in a hollow, where it was not easy to get at it; one of them therefore mounted on a low tree, from which he shot the animal. This beautiful serpent is called in this country *curucuch*, attains the length of eight or nine feet and a considerable thickness, is of a pale reddish yellow colour, with a row of lozenge-shaped spots on the back. The form of the shields, scales and tail, shows that it is the great viper of the woods of Cayenne and Surinam, described, though rather incorrectly, by Daubenton, under the name of *lachesis*. Its bite is much dreaded, and persons who are wounded by it are said to die in less than six hours.

At Pedra de Agôa the author says—

As evening came on, the cattle that had been out grazing began to assemble; we observed among them a singular sheep, which we learnt on enquiry to be a cross of a ram and a she-goat. The animal greatly resembled its dam; it was thick, corpulent, and round, had soft goat's hair, and the horns turned rather more outwards.

In these forests, now that the summer was just setting in, numerous butterflies of vari-

ous kinds, especially *nymphalæ*, were fluttering about. We found here the remarkable bag-shaped nest of a little bird of the tody genus, which always builds near the nests of a certain species of wasps, (*marimbondo*.) for the purpose, as it is affirmed, of securing itself from the attacks of its enemies. I attempted to approach the nest of the bird, but was prevented by the wasps, which actually made their appearance immediately.

(To be concluded in our next.)

*The Poetical Decameron, or Ten Conversations on English Prose and Poetry, particularly of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I.* By J. Payne Collier, of the Middle Temple. Edinburgh and London, 1820. Cr. 8vo. 2 vols.

Mr. Collier, whose debut upon the lettered stage is, we believe, made on the present occasion, has pitched upon a period for research and elucidation, which has unrivalled charms for the lovers of English literature. In this he has evinced not only a sound judgement but a highly laudable ambition; and it gives us pleasure to add, that considerable stores of bibliographical information are the result of his inquiries. Having read much on the subject to which he has devoted his pen, Mr. C. has thrown the results into the form of dialogue, in which the interlocutors, three friends of the names of Blount, Elliot, and Morton, maintain the conversation in a pleasant manner. Of course the Decameron is divided into ten sittings. In these, the author's object, while canvassing the productions of our early writers, seems to have been to shun as much as possible the common places of poetry, and to adduce at least as much novelty as his purpose could bear. Nor is it to be supposed that preceding labourers in the same rich field have left him gleanings only: so far from it, we look to see rich harvests gathered in for many seasons yet to come, even after that of Mr. Collier's reaping. It is true, however, that the course which he has adopted, has led him more into the examination of rarities, than into the development of unknown beauties. He is more of the antiquarian than of the poetical critic. And as a literary antiquarian, he has been rewarded by the discovery, among other scarce tracts, of the original novel on which Shakespeare founded his Twelfth Night;—a poem dedicated to Isaac Walton, the celebrated angler, with which his biographers were not acquainted;...an original poem by Thomas Churchyard, never before quoted;... Lord Morley's translation of Petrarch's

Triumphs;...Markham's heroic poem on Sir Richard Grenville;...and several other curious tracts, little, if at all known, even to the most diligent bibliophiles. These matters alone are sufficient to recommend the Poetical Decameron to a large class of readers; and Mr. C. has endeavoured to make it more generally acceptable by the way in which he has relieved its dryness.

We confess, that to our tastes it would have been more agreeable without a portion of this seasoning; but we have no doubt that it will render it more palatable and popular with the majority of our readers.

We extract a passage from the preface, to explain the author's own opinion on this point.

"With regard to the manner, the form of dialogue has been selected, as allowing more ease and familiarity of observation, and at the same time a greater facility of excursion from one book or from one subject to another. It is a saying of refined antiquity, that a meeting of friends should never consist of more than the Muses, or of fewer than the Graces: the latter has been chosen in this instance for greater convenience and simplicity, and as much diversity of character has been displayed as the nature of the conversations would easily allow. Congeniality of feeling was of course necessary, and different modifications of it was nearly all that could be attempted.

"There is but one of the succeeding conversations, the seventh, which can be properly called miscellaneous, for all the rest have one leading object, more or less strictly pursued. Thus in the first, a very rare poem of much talent by Fitzgeffrey, may be said to be the ground-work; all the digressions in their degrees contributing to illustrate it. The second treats particularly of the rise and progress of undramatic blank verse in English, used at least a century before the publication of *Paradise Lost*. The four next conversations are devoted to the origin and improvement of satirical poetry, of which Bishop Hall, with a little of what Lord Bacon calls "the varnish of boasting," falsely claims and has been generally admitted to be the earliest inventor or practitioner, when, in truth, he was preceded by several celebrated writers. The seventh contains a collection of curious poems, independently of such as the author had introduced in his progress in furtherance of the main designs. The eighth criticises an original novel, on which Shakespeare founded his "Twelfth Night," very recently discovered, and unknown to all his numerous editors: it also adverts to other productions to which our great dramatic bard was indebted. The ninth and tenth conversations embrace a review of many of the most rare productions for and against theatrical performances from the earliest times to the Restoration: it of course includes not a few interesting particulars illustrative of the history of the stage, and

some tracts that have hitherto escaped notice."

There is an induction, which contains some pertinent remarks on Shakspeare and his Commentators; after disposing of whom the author proceeds to his "First Conversation." With this, relating to Charles Fitzgeffrey's poem on the death of Sir Francis Drake, we shall not now meddle more than to quote two verses from that performance.

"Their enemies fled with such great hast,  
They left their roosts on the spit;  
Hens and chickens well crou'd and baste,  
Tables covered ready to sitte:

Wine and sugar they found good store  
Their guests were come unlook'd for."

"Ulysses with his Naue great  
In ten yeres space great valloft wome;  
Yet all this time did no such feate,  
As Drake within one yere hath doone.  
Both Turk and Pope and all our foes,  
Doe dread this Drake where ere he goe."

Neither shall we go through the intervening conversations, which dwell largely on the early English satirists, but content ourselves with quoting from the 7th and 8th, such extracts as will afford fair grounds for judging Mr. Collier as an author.

The seventh conversation turns on books of miscellaneous character, which may be styled literary curiosities. It sets out with Churchyard, who "began writing in the reign of Edward VI., but 1559 is the earliest date of any extant and known performance by him, and he did not cease to publish until after the death of Elizabeth. [A very rare work of Churchyard's is then mentioned, which seems to have been unknown to Chalmers, Warton, and Risson: *Bourne* says it is called] 'The Miserie of Flaynders, Calamitie of Fraunce, Misfortune of Portugall, Vniuersitue of Irelannde, Troubles of Scotlannde: And the blessed State of Englannde. Written by Tho. Churchyard, Gent. 1579.' Imprinted at London for Andrewe Munnscill. The size, you see, is the old small quarto, and is consists of only 20 leaves."

Parts of this poem might well apply to circumstances within our own recollection; for example, on the "*Calamitie of Fraunce*,"

"For lost in feld two hundred thousande men,  
Yet still their mindes on murder ran so faste  
They went about nothing but bloodshed then  
To fight it out, as long as life might last;  
Reverend did worke & weane an endlesse webbe  
Desire of will, a wofull thredde did spinne,  
The flood of hate, that neuer thinking of ebbe,  
A swelling sea of strife brought gushing in.  
The rooted wrathe had spread such branches out,

That leaues of loue were base on the bowe,  
Yet spitefull twigs began to be faste to sprout  
That from the harte the tree was rotten throue.  
No kindly sappe did comfort any sprale,  
No hark & stocke and bodye did decalle:  
So that it seemde the soile infected was  
With malice moods that smells of mischief greate.

Their golden lande, was turn'd to rustic Brus,  
And eke the thing wrought, as God had curst the soote;

The ground thought scorne to bryng forth frute  
in time,

The Vines did rotte, the blade would beare no  
corne,  
Like winter foule became the Sommers Prime,  
The pleasant plotts brought forth wilde brier &  
thorn

With Raine & storme the lande was vexed still:  
The ire of God the people could not slunne,  
Great grewe the grief that came by headstrong  
will,

And all these plagues by proude conceit begonne,  
That thought to rule perhappa past reasons lore;  
Threat that who please, my muse not tramde  
therefore."

And again—

"O Fraunce, who looke vpon thy bloodie waite,  
And notes but halfe the pagant thou hast plac'd,  
Will be therefore the wiser all their daies,  
Or at the least, will howrely bee afraide  
To plaie such pranks as thou poore Fraunce  
hast doon:

Thou hast a tyme and wretched care to run  
For others weale, that can good warning take;  
Thy neighbours haue had laisure to regard  
The harms of thee, and so a mirrour make  
Of thy greate doole and fulfilld destine harde.  
Can greater plagues bee seen in any soile  
Then reuill rage and hauocke euery waile!  
A ciuile warre, with wicked waile & spoile;  
A deadlie botche that strikes stoute harte by daie  
And kills by night the harmles in his bedde:  
O ciuile warre, thou hast a Hidra hedde;  
A Vipers kinde, a Serpentes nature throwr,  
A Spiders shape, a forme of vllie Toide,  
A Deuillish face, a shamelesse belidde browe,  
A bloodie hande at home & eke abroad."

Churchyard's picture of Scotland is also curious.

"Shall man that hath the reason to forbeare  
Be worse then beast? O God that fault forbid!  
Shall malice find a phase and sower there,  
Where such greate gifts ought lie like treasure  
hid?

Shall harts of men (the temple of the Lorde)  
Lodge murdier vile, & nourish foule discorde?  
Shall those that knowes what lawe & peace is  
worth  
Breake Lawe and Peace, and breede dissention  
atill?

The tree is bad that bryngs suche branches  
forth,  
The heddes are vaine, that shewes no deeper  
skill;  
The ground is nought that breeds such scratching  
brers,  
And soile not good where murder still spers."

The contrast with England shall finish our illustration.

"Here haue we scope to skippe or walke,  
To romme & plaie at base;  
Still roide of feare and free of minde,  
in euery pointe and cace,  
Heere frends maie meete and talke at will,  
the Prince and Lawe obaid;  
And another strange nor home borne childe,  
of Fortune stands afraide,  
Here hands doe reape the seeds thei sowe,  
and heads haue quiet sleepe;  
And wisdome gouerns so the worlde,  
that reason order keeps.

Here merce rules, and mildnesse reigns  
and peace greate plentie bryngs;  
And solace in his sweetest voice  
the Christmas carrowle syngs.  
Here frends maie feast, and triumph too,  
in surcite roide of ill;

And one the other welcome make  
with mirth and warme good will.  
The grounde it bryngs such blessing forth,  
that glad are forraigne all,  
Amid their want and hard extreams  
in fauour here to faull:  
Here wounded staets doe heale their harms  
and strangers still repaire;  
When mischief makes them marche abroad,  
and driue them in dispaire.  
Here thousands haunt and find relief,  
that are in beouie cace.  
And friendly folke with open armes  
doeth sillie soules embrace.  
Here things are cheape, and easily had,  
no soile the like can shoue;  
No state nor Kyngdome at this daie  
doeth in such plentie floure.  
The trau'lar that hath paste the worlde,  
and gone through many a lande:  
When he comes home, and notes these thyngs,  
to heauen holds vp hande;  
And mushe how this little plotte  
can yeild suche pleasures greate;  
It argues wheree suche graces growe,  
that God hath best the seate."

We wish we could say as much now!

This chapter also contains notices of Lewicke, who versified the well known story of Titus and Gisippus; of Markham, who wrote the tragedy of "Sir Richard Grenville, Knt.," of Constable, from whom four unprinted Sonnets are inserted; and of others, their contemporaries.

The last of Constable's sonnets, which are addressed "to Sir Philip Sydney's Soule," is a good specimen of the poetry of the age.

Great Alexander then did well declare  
How great was his united Kingdomes might,  
When eu'ry Captaine of his Army might  
After his death with mighty Kings compare:  
So now we see after thy death, how far  
Thou dost win in worth surpass each other  
Knight,

When we admire him as no mortal wight,  
In whom the least of all thy vertues are:  
One did of Macedon the King become.  
Another sat on the Egyptian throne,  
But only Alexander selfe had all:  
So courteous some, and some be liberrall,  
Some witty, wise, valliant, and learned some  
But King of all the vertues thou alone.

But we must apply the small remaining space which we can allot to the Eighth Conversation, which treats of the novel hitherto undiscovered, whence Shakspeare took the plot of *Twelfth Night*. The title of the book in which it is found is "Rich his Farewell to Militarie Profession; Containing very pleasant discourses fit for a peaceable time. Gathered together for the onely delight of the courteous Gentlemen both of *Englannde* and *Ireland*, for whose onely pleasure they were collected together, and vnto whom they are directed and dedicated. Newly augmented. By *Barnabe Riche*, Gentleman.—*Malui me diuitem esse quam vocari*."—Imprinted at London by G. E. for Thomas Adams, 1606."

And Mr. Collier thus proceeds:

"Morton. Was not Twelfth Night written before 1606, the date of Rich's book, where you say the original novel is inserted?

"*Bourne*. No; but if it were, I could still satisfy you that the novel in this volume was employed by Shakespeare. However, it seems agreed by the commentators, who have taken some pains upon the subject, that Twelfth Night was not written until after 1612. Mr. Chalmers says in 1613, and Mr. Tywhit, and after him Malone, in 1614. So that 6, 7, or 8 years most likely elapsed between the publication of Rich's work, in 1606, and the writing of Twelfth Night. • • I have never seen any other edition of Rich's *Farewell* but this of 1606, but independently of those words 'newly augmented,' I can decisively establish from the prefatory matter, that it must have been originally written and printed between 1578 and 1581: if, therefore, Twelfth Night had been our great dramatic poet's first, instead of being his last play, he might still have been indebted to this source.

"*Elliot*. What does the prefatory matter consist of?

"*Bourne*. The point I refer to is established by the epistle 'To the noble souldiours both of England and Ireland' for the author says in it, 'I remember that in my last work, intituled the *Alarum to England*, I promised to take in hand some other thing.' Therefore the '*Alarum to England*' immediately preceded what is before us, and that *Alarum* bears date in 1578.—In 1581 Rich published the first volume of his '*Strange and wonderful adventures of Do Simonides*,' so that the '*Farewell*' must have appeared between 1578 and 1581, or Rich could not have mentioned his '*Alarum to England*' as his last work.

"*Morton*. Is there any thing else in the volume to confirm the opinion that 'Rich his Farewell' was first printed much earlier than 1606?

"*Bourne*. There is; and the proof is remarkable on another account, from its reference to Sir Christopher Hatton, who is spoken of as alive, and who died in 1591. He appears to have been the 'Maister & vnderholder' of Barnabe Rich, and was himself a poet. In all probability he penned the fourth act of '*Tancred and Gismunda*,' in Dodsley's Collection, and if we may rely upon the authority of the writer of *Polimanteia* (who not publishing until four years after Sir C. Hatton's death) seems to have had no motive to flatter, he must have been a considerable poet. 'Then (says he) name but Hatton, the Muses favorite, the Church's music, Learnings Patron, my once poore lands ornament; the Courtiers grace, the Schollars countenance and the Guardes Capitaine.'

"*Elliot*. A fine specimen of the art of sinking in prose, for the ridicule of a new Mortuus.

"*Bourne*. I quote it for the inference, not for the style: 'Sir Christopher Hatton, L. Chancellor of England,' is inserted in the margin, and from hence it would seem that he had written much more than has come down to our time.

"*Morton*. Ritson only mentions an acrostic by him, and there is some doubt about that: 'the Church's music,' in what you read

from *Polimanteia*, would imply that he had translated Psalms, or at least, written some sacred poems. Horace Walpole, if I recollect rightly, attributes to a kinsman of Sir Christopher's a translation of the Psalms, not printed till 1644, and Wood assigns them to Jeremy Taylor. It is not impossible that they were in fact the work of Lord Chancellor Hatton."

The author indulges in several episodes, and then returns to Rich, as follows.

"*Bourne*. The word *Disconce* had a very undefined meaning at that time: Rich uses it to express what we now call novels or tales, and of these there are eight in this small 4to. volume, so that they are not of very considerable length. In an address 'to the Readers in general,' Rich observes: 'The Histories (altogether) are eight in number, whereof, the first, the second, the fifth, the seventh, and eight are tales that are but forged onely for delight; neither credible to be believed, nor hurtfull to be perused. The third, the fourth, and the sixth are Italian Histories written likewise for pleasure by maister L. B.'

"*Elliot*. And which of these is the foundation of Shakespeare's play?

"*Bourne*. The second. The commentators anticipated what has now fortunately occurred, that the original novel of Twelfth Night might, at some future time, be discovered. The likeness in parts is extremely strong, and indeed there will be no room for any doubt, whether Shakespeare did or did not employ it.—The history is entitled 'Of Apoloniuss and Silla,' and you will find that throughout Shakespeare has changed all the names, as indeed in such cases he frequently did.—The argument of the story is thus given after the title.

"*The Argument of the second Historie.*

"Apoloniuss, Duke, hauing spent a yeares seruice in the warres against the Turke, returning homeward with his companie by sea was driven by force of weather to the Ile of Cyprus, where he was well receiued by Pontus gouernour of the same Ile, with whom Silla, daughter to Pontus, fell so strangely in loue that after Apoloniuss was departed to Constantiнопole, Silla with one man followed, and coming to Constantiнопole, she serued Apoloniuss in the habite of a man, and after many pretie accidents falling out, she was knowne to Apoloniuss, who in requittall of her loue married her."

"*Morton*. Excepting the circumstance of Silla serving the duke in man's attire, and their subsequent marriage, the argument does not indicate any other resemblance to Shakespeare's play: Rich lays his scene in Constantiнопole, but Shakespeare in Illyria.

"*Elliot*. Sebastian and Olivia, or any persons answering to them, seem entirely omitted by Rich.

"*Bourne*. In the argument, not in the story: you would not wish to have the argument as long and as particular as the narrative: it cannot include every thing; notwithstanding, it was merely casting my eye over the argument that first led me to suspect a resemblance, which I afterwards

found most satisfactorily confirmed. The body of the history opens with various reflections on the influence of 'Daunc Error' in human affairs, and especially in those of love, after which it relates that Apoloniuss, 'a worthy Duke,' a very young man, who had leved an army and served against the Turk, while Constantiнопole was yet in the hands of the Christians, returning home after one year's victories, was compelled, by stress of weather, to seek shelter in Cyprus (or *Cyprus* as Rich calls it): he was here entertained very courteously by Pontus, the gouernor, who had a son named Sillio and a daughter named Silla: the latter soon fell desperately in love with Duke Apoloniuss, and 'used so great familiarity with him, as her honour might well permitte, and fed him with such amorous baits as the modesty of a maide could reasonably afford.'

"*Elliot*. Then does Sillio, brother to Silla, correspond with Shakespeare's Sebastian, brother to Viola?

"*Bourne*. Throughout.—Apoloniuss makes no return, and indeed scarcely seems to notice the attentions of the young lady, but with the first fair wind sails home to Constantiнопole. Thither Silla resolves to follow him, and is aided in her design by Pedro, a faithful servant, in whose company, and as whose sister, she embarks in a galley that happened to be preparing to quit the port."

Mr. Collier goes on to point out other coincidences. Silla is wrecked, but preserved in a chest, which she breaks open, and clothing herself in the male attire which it contains, travels to Constantiнопole, and presents herself to the Duke, who 'Perceiving him to be a proper smogne young man, gaue him contentuamente.' Silla at this time took upon herself her brother's name. We now come to Olivia, or the lady who in Rich's novel answers to her: she is called Iulina, and is represented as a young beautiful widow, whose husband had died lately, and left her extremely rich. Shakespeare thought it would have a better effect to describe her as a virgin whose brother was recently deceased. 'To this Lady Iulina, Apoloniuss became an earnest suter, and according to the manner of woces, besides faie wordes, sorrowfull sighes and piteous countenances, there must be sending of louing letters, Chaines, Braceletes, Bronches, Ringes, Tabletes, Gemmes, Iuels and presents, I know not what. So my Duke who in the time that he remained in the Ile of Cyprus, had no skill at all in the arte of Lowe, although it were more then half proffered vnto him, was now become a scholler in Loues Schoole, and had alreadie learned his first lesson; that is, to speake pitifully, to looke ruthfully, to promise largely, to serue diligently and to speake carefully: Now he was learning his second lesson, that is, to reward liberally, to giue bountiflully, to present willingly and to write louingly. Thus Apoloniuss was so busied in his new study that, I warrant you, there was no man that could challenge him for playing the truant, he followed his profession with so good will: And who must be the messenger to carrie

the tokens and love letters to the Lady Iulina but Silio his man: in him the Duke reposed his only confidence to goe between him and his Lady."

"*Elliot*. Now the resemblance begins to open upon us.

"*Bourne*. And it will grow more and more striking every minute. After some reflections on the cruel situation in which Silla, *alias* Silio, was placed, Rich goes on thus: 'Iulina now having many times taken the case of this young youth Silio, perceiving him to be of such excellent perfect grace, was so intangled with the often sight of this sweet temptation that she fell into as great a liking with the man, as the maister was with her self: And on a time Silio beyng sent from his maister with a message to the Lady Iulina, as he became very earnestly to sollicite in his maisters behale, Iulina interrupting him in his tale said: Silio, it is enough that you have said for your maister; from henceforth either speake for your self or say nothing at all. Silla, ashamed to heare these words, bega in her mind to accuse the blindness of Ione, that Iulina, neglecting the good of so noble a Duke, would preferre her love unto such a one as nature it selfe had denied to respence her liking.'

"*Elliot*. Ay, now we enter into the very heart of Shakespeare's play: *Le vrai peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable*, and this was an instance, for your assertion did not at first seem borne out.

"*Bourne*. I thought you were at first a little incredulous; you seemed afraid of coming under the ironical censure of our old friend *Rabelais*, 'un homme de bon sens croit toujours qu'on lui dit & qu'il trouve par écrit.' We now come to Silla's brother Silio, the Sebastian of Shakespeare: Silio at the time of these transactions was in the interior of Africa, and was not like Sebastian wrecked in the same ship with Viola. Returning to Cyprus, he vows to discover Silla, and after various travels, he arrives at Constantinople, 'where as he was walking in an evening for his owne recreation on a pleasant greene yard without the walles of the Citie, he fortuned to meet with the Lady Iulina, who likewise had been abroad to take the aire; and as she sodainly cast her eyes upon Silio, thinking him to be her olde acquaintance, by reason they were so like one another, as you have heard before, said unto him, sir, Silio, if your hast be not the greater, I pray you let me have a little talke with you, seeing I have so luckily met you in this place.'

The rest of the resemblance is traced very satisfactorily; but we can only add, that the whole is worthy of the attention of the admirers (and who are not the admirers?) of Shakespeare.

In more minute particulars, we could instance to Mr. Collier, several curious facts, to show how very inadequately the foundations on which Shakespeare built, have been examined by his commentators. It is perhaps little known, for example, that the famous speech

"He that steals my purse, steals trash" is almost literally translated from an Italian poet of no mean rank; and that the whimsical definitions of Touchstone are to be found in the same language.

Mutius, an Italian, published in 1566, a treatise on duelling; the following are the heads of some of the chapters.

Of all kinds of lies that may be given.

Of the lie direct.

Of the lie hypochondriacal.

Of the lie general.

Of the lie special.

Of the immaterial lie.

#### LOUIS BUONAPARTE'S HOLLAND. [Second Notice.]

After disposing of his early life, his Ex-Majesty proceeds to the more important part of his history, as connected with the Buonapartean dynasty in Holland. We pass the preliminary forms acted by deputies, &c. under the authority of Napoleon: it is sufficient to say, that the denouement was the accession of King Louis, *nolens volens*, without being consulted about the business, in June, 1806. Upon this the monarch in spite of his teeth remarks, (using the third person, as he does throughout these volume.)—

"The existence of Louis in France became every day more insupportable. Without domestic comfort; without tranquillity; mute in the council; having no military occupation; seeing his functions in this respect confined to the introduction of officers for the purpose of administering the oath to them, and visiting the military school from time to time; bearing evident marks of disfavour; and few persons daring to visit him, he felt himself in a state of constraint and moral *appon*, which he could not have any longer supported, if events had not torn him from his position. "In Holland," he said to himself, "interests of various kinds, matters of necessity, and public affairs, will wholly occupy me. I shall bestow on my country all the affection, which I cannot display in my own family. I shall thus perhaps gradually recover from my physical and moral depression."

His address on receiving the crown, is worthy of being reprinted, as a specimen of the style of these days, though, unhappily for Louis, he had more sincerity in his declarations than was usual on such occasions.

On the 23d of June, Louis made his solemn entry into the Hague, and soon found that the indications of oppression from France, and the total negation of his purpose of free agency for the good of Holland, were but too deeply rooted in the system which was to be pursued towards him. Subsequent events are prefaced by a general view of the country, at the period of the accession; and his Majesty shows at least a strong desire to legislate justly and wisely on all points. A proof of the extent of this

family failing may be instanced in what he writes concerning the physicking of his new people.

"With regard to health, each province possessed a medical committee, subject to a general superintendent, who was connected with the ministry of the interior. But though this superintendent was one of the first physicians of the country, his instructions were obeyed with great difficulty. The committee of each province communicated with the government, agreeably to old habits, in the manner in which one college communicates with another. They seemed to think that the central point of the ministry was merely destined to collect the expression of the wishes of the provinces: they consumed too much time in deliberating.

"The King projected meliorations with regard to the health and salubrity of the country. Subject himself to a slow and extraordinary disease from the age of 22, he had been induced to reflect on this important object, and to convince himself of certain truths in this respect. Medicine is more than a mere name. A great number of plants possess real virtues, and there are remedies for many chronic diseases, whilst those of this description which cannot be cured are either supportable, such as the gout, the rheumatism, &c. or are few in number, and connected with organic defects; but then observation is difficult. When a physician has attained sufficient knowledge to enable him to become useful, he dies. Diseases and the effects of remedies differ in the case of each individual. What care and trouble are necessary to guard against mistaking one symptom for another, and to distinguish the different diseases! Reasoning is frequently belied by experience; because, in our wonderful organization, there are secrets and subtleties which escape, and will always escape all reasoning and research. Notwithstanding these circumstances, physicians act as if their science was certain. Rousseau was in the right when he said, '*Let us have medicine without Physicians*;' an expression full of good sense, which perfectly explains the difficulty of this science. The best mode of practice, except in the case of several acute diseases, which are subject to certain rules, and may be said to be completely under command, is not to set out from fixed principles, as in the exact sciences, but to study the effect of the remedies, and their difference in the same case in different constitutions.

"He would have wished to establish a college, for the purpose of collecting from all parts of the known world all possible remedies, and to diffuse and publish the knowledge of them throughout the kingdom. It was his opinion, that the measure, which is resorted to in times of contagion, ought to be adopted for diseases in ordinary times; that houses of convalescence should be established, where all deviation from the regimen and diet necessary for the recovery of the patient would be impossible. He wished also to establish a severe critical tribunal for physicians, to examine and decide on their conduct, and to publish the result of that examina-

tion in a particular journal every time a man died; and, on the other hand, to recompense all those who should cure remarkable diseases; to diminish the number of physicians; prohibit the sale of all medicines, which should not be of the first quality; to distribute them gratis to the poor, and in the villages. He had begun, at Amsterdam, the establishment of a royal laboratory, &c.

"There are certain contradictions or inconsistencies in society, which it is hardly possible to remark. For instance: What can be more essential to society than good physicians? and yet those who follow the medical profession are so numerous! How advantageous, therefore, would it be to diminish considerably the number! They ought to be distributed into several classes, for the purpose of pointing out to the public who are really the best, and preventing patients from misplacing their confidence, as they so frequently do. For two other projects he felt a warm interest, and meant to have bestowed on them the utmost attention. The first of these was, the ridding the country as much as possible, and by degrees, of mutilated, deformed, and rickety persons, and of all the children of a defective conformation, by facilitating their establishment in the colonies, by preventing marriages between people of this description, and by preventing the settlement, or even the long residence of deformed foreigners in the kingdom. The second project was, to enter into an arrangement with other countries, for the purpose of extirpating from Europe venereal diseases, the yellow fever, small pox, &c.; to establish, for that purpose, lazarettos; and to adopt measures analogous to those resorted to as a security against the plague. Is not society established for the alleviation of the lot of unfortunate mortals; a race visibly degenerated, and placed here below as in a place of trial and purification?"

There is really something ludicrous in these schemes: they seem more calculated for burlesque royalty on the stage, than for *bona fide* kingship in real life! Yet the intentions of Louis were pure, though his head's weakness is not a little demonstrated by such absurdities.

The manner in which Napoleon persecuted Holland, and endeavoured to make his brother the agent of his tyranny, is absolutely incredible. One extract will display it in full force; and English readers will find, in Italian, a singular reason assigned for the hatred which the *et-dearest* Emperor entertained towards the Dutch.

"The King was frequently unable to repress a painful foreboding with respect to the intentions and sentiments of his brother towards him; but he in vain attempted to discover the object of them. The thought, that he, perhaps, wished to unite Holland to his dominions through him, and by making a sacrifice of him, frequently came across his mind; but he could not bring himself seriously to entertain this idea. How could he believe, that he wished to make his name,

his brother, his own work, an instrument of perfidy, and of death for a whole people!! He endeavoured to discover other reasons, and persuaded himself, that there were some secret causes for such conduct. In the first place, the resemblance of the Dutch to the English might render the Emperor their enemy.—In the next place, said he to himself, he wishes, perhaps, the introduction of the conscription, that the Dutch, the neighbours of the French, may not enjoy an advantage over them. And, lastly, he wishes a bankruptcy, because he believes that Holland will then be able to supply France abundantly with troops, vessels, and money."

A remarkable communication previous to the Prussian war, affords a high idea of the military talents of Napoleon. He thus writes to his brother—

"You will make a useful diversion at Wesel (he said), where I request you to assemble your army, augmented by French troops. This army will take the name of army of the North. You will manage matters so as to induce a belief, that it is much stronger than it really is. If the Prussians show themselves in Holland, and allow themselves to be deceived, they are ruined. If they do not adopt this course, they are still ruined. Whilst they suppose that I am establishing my line of operations parallel to them and the Rhine, I have already calculated that in a few hours after the declaration, they cannot prevent me from outflanking their left, and attacking a greater force against it than they can oppose to me, and than is necessary for its destruction. When their line is once broken, all their efforts to afford assistance to their left will operate against themselves. Separated and cut off in their march, they will fall successively into my lines. The results are incalculable. Perhaps I shall be at Berlin in less than six weeks. My army is stronger than that of the Prussians, and though they should even beat me at first, they would immediately find me in their centre with a hundred thousand fresh troops, pursuing my plan," &c. &c.

The battle of Jena fully confirmed the ability of these dispositions, and the sound foundation for these anticipations.

The second volume is more important than entertaining, being chiefly filled with political documents belonging to 1807—8. We however select a few characteristic traits.

"One of the greatest works in Holland is the New-Diep, formed by a wooden pier, which its skillful engineer has contrived to answer the purpose of deepening the harbour, by keeping back the ebb tide.

On this inspection the king conceived the design of removing the naval dockyard, now at Amsterdam, to this spot, and of making the Hehler a place of strength; a business of no difficulty, but expensive.

While he was in the road of the Texel, observing the manoeuvres of the squadron, he saw several vessels enter, some Americans, others Swedes. One of the great officers of his household, astonished to see the flag of the latter nation, with which the French were at war, asked him with a respectful but malignant look, if he had observed these

vessels, belonging to a nation with which France was at war, and with which all communication was prohibited. "I see nothing but trading vessels;" answered the King, turning his back upon him. But it appears, that this officer, to whom the King was greatly attached, and on whom he had conferred the most striking marks of his favour, did not stop here, but sent to Paris an account against him, whom he called his friend, his master, his benefactor: since a few days after he was compelled, on the pressing instances of France, to declare war against Sweden; an ill-timed act, and without a motive, since this state of war had long existed. The king was desired also, to place all Swedish property in a state of sequestration: but to this he would not consent."

"After the conclusion of the treaty of Tilsit, the emperor had returned to Paris. The king received information of it in the Pyrenees, as well as of the fresh complaints and fresh threats against Holland. Messages had been sent to the Hague, addressed to the regency, which led to a momentary belief that the king was dead; but happily one of the couriers, whom he was in the practice of despatching daily, arrived, and contradicted this news. He was made acquainted with the state of affairs, and hastened to quit the baths, and return to Holland.

"On his passing through Paris, as the king paid a visit to his brother, the latter told him, laughing, that he should not be surprised to hear of his having been informed, that the French custom-house officers and gendarmes had entered the Dutch territories to punish the smugglers;" however," he added, "this will take place immediately." The king listened to nothing more, withdrew, and set off in all haste. He reached Antwerp without stopping. Scarcely had he arrived in this city, when he learned, that gendarmes in disguise had introduced themselves into the fortified towns of Bergen-op-zoom, Breda, and Bois-le-duc, had arrested an individual in each, under pretence of smuggling; and had carried them off to France, to the disgrace of the local magistrates and garrisons. The king's indignation was extreme. He removed general Paravicini de Capelen, governor of Bergen-op-zoom, who had been the dupe of the gendarmes, and ordered him to be brought to trial before the proper judges. He dismissed the president of Breda also: but in spite of all he could say or do, he could not obtain in France the liberty of the Dutchmen, who had been carried off; and who, having been conveyed to Paris, remained there several years. Among them was an infirm and very respectable old man, who could not obtain his liberty till after this period, and by means of a ransom. To the statement of these facts the king could add nothing, and ought not."

Napoleon's proposal, to transfer Louis from Holland to Spain, is a curious document.

As early as the 27th of March, 1806, the emperor had sent a courier to the king of Holland, with the following letter.

"My brother; the king of Spain has just abdicated. The Prince of the Peace has been put into prison. The commencement of an insurrection has broken out at Madrid. On this occasion my troops were forty leagues from Madrid: the Grand Duke of Berg must have entered the place on the 23rd, with forty thousand men. To this moment the people are calling for me aloud. Assured that I shall have no firm peace with England, but by impressing a grand motion on the continent, I have resolved to place a French prince on the throne of Spain. The climate of Holland does not agree with you. Besides, Holland cannot extricate itself from its difficulties. In the whirlwind of the world, whether peace take place or not, it cannot sustain itself. In this state of affairs I have thought of you for the throne of Spain. You will be the sovereign of a generous nation of eleven millions of men, and of important colonies. With economy and activity Spain may have sixty thousand men in arms, and fifty ships in her harbours. Answer me categorically, what is your opinion of this project? You will be aware, that it is yet but a project; and that, though I have a hundred thousand men in Spain, it is possible, from the circumstances that may supervene, that I shall march directly, and settle every thing in a fortnight, or that I shall proceed more slowly, and that it may be the secret of several months' operations. Answer me categorically: if I name you king of Spain, will you agree to it? may I depend upon you? As it is possible, that your courier may no longer find me in Paris, and must then traverse Spain amid chances that cannot be foreseen, answer me simply these two words: I received your letter of such a date, my answer is *yes*; and then I shall reckon on your acting as I wish: or *no*, which will imply, that you do not agree to my proposal. You may afterwards write a letter giving your opinion at large on the part you take, and address it under cover to your wife at Paris. If I be there, she will give it me; if not, she will return it to you.

"Let nobody into your confidence, and do not mention the subject of this letter, I entreat you, to any person whatever; for a thing should be done, before we avow having thought of it, &c."

The surprise of the king equalled his indignation at receiving a proposal, which he considered as impolitic, unjust, and shameful. It has been seen, that he was on terms of friendship with Charles IV. He refused therefore sharply. "I am not the governor of a province," he said on this subject. "For a king there is no promotion but to heaven: all are equal. With what face can I go to demand an oath of fidelity from another people, if I do not remain faithful to that, which I took to Holland, when I ascended the throne?" In consequence his answer was a direct refusal.

Another article hurt him severely. He was convinced anew of what he endeavoured in vain to conceal from himself. These words: "The climate of Holland does not agree with you: besides, it is ruined beyond recovery." incontestably proved, that he

had been forced upon the throne, to ruin it and the country also.

On the 7th of June king Joseph received the congratulations of the different bodies of the Spanish government. He made known his accession by a proclamation of the 11th of June. He confirmed Prince Murat in his office as lieutenant-general of the realm.

Thus we see, that as of lords, it is of kings—

'A breath can make them, as a breath has made.'

We shall reserve the third volume for another notice.

#### SUPERSTITION.

We translate the annexed from a French publication, as an example of the superstitious opinions which even in our times prevail, to a considerable degree, in an otherwise enlightened country. The subject, it will be seen, is a record of the supernatural forewarnings of the murder of the Duc de Berri.

In ancient as well as modern times, on the approach of one of those events which change the destiny of nations, people have imagined the accustomed harmony of the universe to be broken, and that forebodings of a gloomy or a cheering nature, announced what they had either to hope or to fear.

These forebodings, real or imaginary, serve at least to shew the importance which people attach to certain events: thus for instance, the various miracles which took place at Rome previous to the assassination of Cæsar, enable us to judge of the horror which the death of that great man excited among the Romans; and the phantom which appeared to Brutus, on the eve of the battle in which he lost his life, proves how the attention of Rome was fixed on that event, which hurried the republic in the toils of Brutus. Finally, when we call to mind the forebodings which tormented Henry IV., on the very morning of his assassination, it is natural to conclude that France, when she beheld the death of the conqueror of the League, could not but fear that the League would again take up arms.

The Duc de Berri, the august victim of the ferocity of Louvel, has drawn down as many tears as the victim of Ravallac; and the signs which announced the death of the late Prince, are now the theme of conversation in France.

The forebodings, dreams, and visions, which preceded the death of the Duc de Berri, have lately been collected and published in a little pamphlet, from which we extract the following.

On the 13th of February, Madame M.... was walking in the Faubourg St. Honoré at the time when the Duc de Berri's carriage passed on its way to the Opera. Some unaccountable fancy or horrible presentiment led her to observe to the Chevalier Dal...., who accompanied her, "I did not know that funerals were suffered to take place at this late hour." "Funerals?" exclaimed M. Dal.... "Yes," added the lady, "a

hearse has just now passed us," M. Dal.... looked round, and then turning to his companion, said, "You are mistaken; it was the Duc de Berri's carriage."—"Indeed!" said Madame M.... with strong emotion, "how singular, that I should have taken it for a hearse!"

We are informed by one of his late Royal Highness's grooms, that the Prince's favorite horse, did nothing but neigh and start during the night of the 13th of February.

It is remarkable, that several Ducs de Berri have suffered a melancholy death. Louis XVI. was a Duc de Berri.

At the Pension Royale of St. Denis, a young woman dreamt, on the 13th of February, that she received a crown of white roses from his Majesty, and that after plucking off the flowers and the leaves, she placed the thorns on the head of the august widow of the most unfortunate of Princes.

The audience, on quitting the Bourdeaux Theatre on the 13th of February, beheld a luminous globe in the air, which did not vanish until day-break.

On the same night, a peasant of La Vendée three times heard the cry: *to arms!* and three times he jumped up to seize his sword.

M. G...., who died a few days after the Prince, had a most singular dream. The noble Peer, whom His Royal Highness honored with his friendship, dreamt, on the 11th of January, that as he was standing with His Royal Highness at one of the windows of the Castle of the Tuileries, they observed a magnificent procession advancing towards the Louvre. A hearse richly decorated, and drawn by eight horses having appeared in sight, the Prince asked,—"Whose funeral is that?" on which M. G.... replied, "It is yours, Prince:" in a few moments, another hearse, less rich than the first appeared, and M. G.... having in his turn asked who was to be buried? the Prince replied, "It is you, Count." When M. G.... related this dream to His Royal Highness, the latter laughed.

An officer of the Royal Guard dreamt, on the 13th of February, that a red cap was fixed on the top of the Opera House; he was roused by the rolling of the thunder which he fancied he heard, and which, in his dream, appeared to destroy the Opera-House, and the cap of the year 93.

The following is an anonymous letter which the Duc de Berri received an hour before he went to the Opera, and to which he unfortunately paid no attention.

Monseigneur,—Do not venture out without an escort. A poniard is raised against you. Your confidence will prove fatal to you. Preserve your life for the sake of France, of which you are the idol and the hope. Distrust particularly fair men!

A respectful admirer of your Royal Highness's virtues.

A Frenchman.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

On Wednesday, Mr. Campbell resumed

his Lectures. After giving a description of the form and constitution of the Greek stage, he proceeded to comment upon the works of the tragic writers, Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; and illustrated his observations with apposite quotations.

#### NAVAL SURGEONS' SUPPLEMENTAL FUND.

Pursuant to the promise in our last Number, we proceed to notice this excellent Institution, the anniversary of which, excepting a very brief paragraph in the Morning Post, has been passed *sub silentio* by the periodical press. Of course *we* shall confine ourselves to those features which are most allied to literature and science; and indeed, it is only in the view of the intimate connection with, and large part in the literary and scientific sphere of Britain, which the gentlemen forming this association fill, that we take up the subject.

Their yearly meeting is observed on the 28th of April the birth-day of the late Viscount Melville, whom they, in common with the rest of the naval service, justly consider to have been their great friend and benefactor. This topic is so ably illustrated by an address which was delivered at a former meeting, that we obtained a report of it, intending at that period to insert an article similar to the present, which circumstances having then prevented, we now resort to our copy for this explanatory document. We need only say further, that the speaker was Dr. Veitch, whose professional talents are so well known by his various publications, and whose exertions in promoting the formation and interests of this Society are, we learn from his brethren, most highly appreciated. Dr. Veitch said,

"After what has just now passed I cannot avoid offering myself to your indulgence and attention on this most interesting occasion: our worthy secretary has this instant acquainted us, that the heart of Lord Melville is with this meeting—an intimation which was peculiarly grateful to all who heard him; and I can in return assure him, that the heart of all present is with the name of Melville. The virtues of the late illustrious individual of this name have long held a conspicuous and distinguished place in the eye of his country, and of the navy at large; and to his liberality and his discernment, the medical department of that service are eminently indebted. The duty therefore which I now assign to myself, is at once grateful and easy, as I am supported by the consciousness of being engaged in no doubtful cause; where eloquence, to which I have no pretensions, is required to influence the mind. I am satisfied that the circle I now address, is strongly impressed with the sentiments of independence, as well as the feelings of gratitude: and I am therefore convinced that there will be no hesitation in venerating the memory of the man who has aided to our professional respectability; who has enabled us to cultivate that independence so generally and justly felt by all, with fairer prospects of success, and also to avert many of those evils that are peculiarly incidental

to naval life. I will here presume to state to you, that at the termination of the war originating in the French revolution, and after ten years' services in the capacities of assistant and surgeon, and also as surgeon and acting physician to the fleet under the late lamented Admiral Tott, and after having traversed the western ocean thrice, so that the greater part of those services were performed in a climate (the West Indies) the most inhospitable to health, I was paid off without being entitled to one sixpence of remuneration, in the form of half pay.

"Such a state of things has now ceased; a great monument has been erected to the cause of humanity, by the encouragement given to medical men, and in the advantages of which arrangements all participate, from the humblest to the highest rank. This favourable change we owe to the late Lord Melville; and I am anxious that we should this day prove, that no time is likely to efface our admiration and gratitude for a deed springing from true benevolence, combined with a disposition to exalt our professional character in the eye of the service and of our country. It is not to be denied, that his ever to be lamented death, left much of this, his favoured plan, unfinished, and to the completion of which, sensibility, energies, and a masterly judgment, will be required; but I will not allow myself to despair of seeing this measure, so grateful to his memory, carried into effect, under the name and auspices of another Melville; and in a manner worthy of him with whom this great design originated. The admiral and captain, whose duty it is to promote the health of their men; the parents, whose great pleasures flow from the safety of their offspring; the country, that delights in the safety of the wounded warrior; are all interested in the progress and perfection of this measure. Liberalism, wisely directed, is the road to true greatness. This principle, whether contemplated through the medium of history, or immediate action, is sure to command for its possessor the most delightful deference. Without it, I had almost said there can be no virtue; however I will affirm, that without it all other virtues are greatly obscured. Under the influence of this ennobling and exalted principle, the illustrious Clatham fearlessly drew forth merit; and in doing so, he consolidated that union which has kept this great nation entire, amidst the degradations and misfortunes of surrounding empires. Thus has the Highland arm, terrible in the field, but to the vanquished so mild and unassuming as the retiring maid, been enabled to surround his name and grave with trophies which no length of time can conquer. Our illustrious patron saw the importance of the navy to his country; and he cultivated its energies with all the powers he possessed; hence a band of heroes arose, who drove from the face of our dominions, the Ocean, every thing like the vestige of a foe; and but for those exertions the battle of Waterloo, for which this day stands so gloriously and proudly distinguished, would never have been fought. I mean not to

detract from the merits of the army, of which no man can think more highly than I do. In our time we have seen the world as it were driven from its centre; but the councils, the unparalleled courage of the army and navy of our country, have proved the levers by means of which it has been as it were restored to its natural position. It must I think be obvious to all, that we never could have met under the delightful circumstances we have this day done, but for the aid of the illustrious individual noticed; and I have therefore to suggest that his birth day shall constitute an anniversary among the medical corps of the navy, and that it shall be divested of all political object, so that the heart and mind may indulge in the pleasing and more exalted feelings of respect and gratitude."

Under the auspices of Lord Melville, the medical service of the navy rose to its due rank; and it only became necessary to adopt some plan by which the widows and orphans of men whose station had been marked in society, should be prevented from falling into unmerited poverty and distress. The pension which the national gratitude and justice could allow, was quite inadequate to support the respectability of the one, or supply means for the fitting education of the other. In this state of things the Supplemental Fund was projected; and to the honour of the present First Lord of the Admiralty (of whom in reference to his father it may be said, *Nati natorum et qui nascuntur ab illis*), and of Mr. Croker, it met with that continuance and encouragement which it deserved. Its growth has been accelerated by their fostering care; and though the meeting which has drawn these observations from us was only the second anniversary, the statement made by the Secretary, (Mr. Finlayson) displayed the Fund in eminently useful operation and prosperity.

Every surgeon of the navy contributes 2l. 12s. per ann. out of his pay; and thus the institution is enabled to add 40l. a year to the Widow's Pension of 40l. from government. Such a sum in aid of the public allowances makes all the difference between pining necessity and moderate comfort—between that inferiority of station which is painful to humanity, and that decent provision which is due to the relics of those whose lives have been worn out in the performance of the most arduous duties.

It is a melancholy coincidence to state, that at the very hour when the last Meeting was drinking better health to Mr. McLachlan, a surgeon, who had distinguished himself by his indefatigable zeal for establishing the Fund, that worthy man breathed his last. Were not his closing moments brightened by the good which he had done? The subject is one of exquisite pathos—a lesson of mortality, but a lesson of virtue—which the mind cannot dwell upon without being affected in the deepest manner.

On this occasion were present Mr. Searle in the chair, of whose services the navy is gratefully sensible, and who only added one

\* The motion was unanimously adopted.



to many obligations, by this attention to the medical branch of it; Sir W. Johnston Hope, under whose auspices a similar institution is being formed for the benefit of the Widows and Children of the Lieutenants of the Navy; Mr. Ommamey, Drs. Tait, Rhodan, Wilson, Veitch, and many eminent naval and medical characters. It is not our province to deal in boasts and compliments: we have given this account for only one reason—to enforce the expediency and humanity, the usefulness and the wisdom, of other classes of men, be they literary, scientific, or professional, following the admirable example of this Supplemental Fund; and forming associations which shall, when they are no more, preserve those most dear to them on earth from the unhappiness of poverty, and the degradation of falling into the dregs of social life.

**HIVING BEES.**—When a hive is too weak to stand over winter, or when it is wished to deprive the bees of their honey, without suffocating them, it is now the general practice to unite the hives, in either of these situations. The method of uniting bee-hives, as practised by M. Huish, except in the hands of a very experienced apiarian, is attended with very considerable risk to the lives of the bees; whilst Bonnar's method is not unfrequently attended by the destruction of a considerable proportion of the community. A safe and effectual mode of uniting hives, particularly when the honey season is advanced, has been successfully practised for 30 years, by the Rev. Richard Paxton, Minister of Tundergarth.

Mr. Paxton's method of uniting hives is this:—An empty hive being procured, is inverted on the hive from which it is wished to dislodge the bees, either to take their honey, or to unite them with another hive. Betwixt the two hives thus connected, a small piece of wood is so placed, as to keep these two hives about an inch apart on one side. The reason of placing this stick across the mouths, and between the two hives, is to prevent the bees, after being driven up the one side of the hive, descending (which they would do) by the other to the hive from whence they were dislodged. The hives being in the situation now described, the operator strikes on the under hive, (taking care not to strike so strong as to hurt the combs), till the bees, being terrified by the noise, take refuge in the upper hive. A quantity of small beer must be made milk warm, and as much soft sugar melted in it as will make a thin gruel. A bunch of feathers, or brush, must also be ready. The operator now gently lifts the hive containing the dislodged bees: his assistant also is ready to lift up the hive with which these are to be united. The hive which is to receive the new colony is turned with its mouth upwards, when a person standing ready sprinkles as quick as possible the bees as they show themselves with the liquor already described. When he thinks all are pretty well drenched, he stops. The same operation having been performed on the other hive, that is, the hive which was dislodged from their own work, these bees

are enjilted into the hive destined to receive the colony as quick as possible, and swept with a bunch of feathers into the interstices between the combs. The hive is instantly reverted, and placed on the stand.

The operation is best performed in the evening. In a few hours after the union, all will be quiet. Next day, you may perhaps see a few skirmishes, owing to the sprinkling liquor having missed some of them: but very few will suffer death. This year I do not think I lost three score of bees by the operation. Four quarts of small beer, with 14lb. of common soft sugar, should do for the uniting of two common sized hives.

In this method of uniting hives, there is no danger of drowning the insects, as there is in uniting them by Mr. Huish's manner, or creating a bloody and exterminating civil war, the general consequence of Mr. Bonnar's plan.

The explanation of the principle may be left to naturalists. It would appear, that bees judge very much by the smell, and that all those scented by the small beer and sugar are thus induced to regard each other as friends and associates.—(*Ed. Phil. Journ.*)

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### CAMBRIDGE, May 5th.

Robert Woodhouse, Esq. M. A. F. R. S. Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, was on Monday last unanimously elected Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, in the room of the late Dr. Milner, President of Queen's College.

The following gentlemen were on Tuesday last admitted to the undermentioned degrees: **DOCTORS IN DIVINITY.**—The Rev. Dr. Ellington, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, admitted *ad eundem*. The Rev. R. Roberts, of St. John's College.

**HONORARY MASTERS OF ARTS.**—H. A. Wallop Fellows, Trinity Hall. Edmund G. Hornby, and George McNeill, Trinity College.

**MASTERS OF ARTS.**—W. Taylor Rayne, and J. T. Austen, St. John's College.

**BACHELORS OF ARTS.**—G. Powlett-Thomson, St. John's College. Edward Curtis, Sidney College. J. Brooks Crowe, Pembroke Hall.

**Sir W. Browne's Prizes.**—The two medals not disposed of in former years were on Tuesday last adjudged as follows:—For the Latin Ode, to Mr. Henry Thompson, Scholar of St. John's College. For the Greek and Latin Epigrams, to Mr. Richard Oakes, Scholar of King's College.

The Senate have not agreed to the report of the Fitzwilliam Syndicate, relative to the site of the intended Museum.

**May 6th.**—Thursday the following Degrees were conferred:—

**BACHELOR IN MEDICINE.**—F. Hopkins Ramage, St. Alban Hall, incorporated from the University of Dublin.

**BACHELOR IN DIVINITY.**—Rev. John Williams, Fellow of Exeter College.

**MASTERS OF ARTS.**—George Fitz Ernest, Esq. St. Alban Hall. Rev. T. Gunston

Calhoun, Demy, and Ichabod Charles Wright, Fellow of Magdalen College. Rev. George Rolleston, Merton College. Rev. Daniel Francis Warner, Magdalen Hall. Rev. John Jones, and Rev. George Woodhouse, Trinity College.

**BACHELORS OF ARTS.**—John Hunt, St. Alban Hall. W. Ives, Magdalen Hall. W. Leonard Shuldham, Christ Church. G. Burnister, and F. W. Gray, Trinity College. Adam Foskett, Worcester College.

The Rev. John Jones, M. A. of Jesus College, and Archdeacon of Merioneth, has been elected Canon Bampton's Lecturer for the next year.

On Saturday last the Rev. Thomas Kettle, M. A. was admitted Fellow of Corpus Christi College.

## FINE ARTS.

### ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 99. *Captain at work drawing up fishing boats.*—W. Collins, R. A. Elect.

Attractive among the attracting, the unobtrusive excellence of this artist's works are sure to win the regard of the judicious, and the admiration of the uninitiated. A glance is sufficient to discern light, and this quality pervades in a particular manner the pictures of Mr. Collins. His coast scenes, and they are generally his choice, have been studied with reference to the peculiar effects of light both as it operates on sky and distance; and though his foreground details have little on which to animalvert, they are always appropriate and picturesque. Such are the performances of this artist; and if we may judge by the continued character of his pencil, they will continue to command the attention of every lover of art.

No. 311. *The last Scene in Massinger's Play of a New Way to pay Old Debts, with portraits.*—G. Clint.

We have said, "This is one of the best dramatic things we have ever seen." In making this remark we do not mean to exalt it above many preceding works of this kind. More especially, such as those of Zofany, Harlowe, or of Mr. Clint's own performance in the last Exhibition. The impression it makes is very striking, and the skill displayed is very great; one objection however is, to its being too theatrical. The arrangement is that of the theatre; the dresses those of the theatre; and the characters of course the same. As likenesses they are excellent; but that quality invariably interferes, more or less, with qualities of art. We need only instance that of the principal figure—Kean, in Sir Giles Overreach. Neither his figure nor his youth give the idea of the sordid and tempestuous character drawn by the poet, for the individual likeness breaks the charm of the imagination. The theatre is not a school for painting; a hint may be taken, an expression may be caught, but they must be moulded into form by the skill of the artist. Still this picture, for what it aims at, is fully entitled to public admiration: the artist, in productions of the class to which it belongs, has many and great difficulties to

contend against, which Mr. Clint was very ably surmounted.

No. 106. *The Wolf and the Lamb*.—*W. Mulready, R. A.*

It is among the best characteristics of modern art, that the interest given to pictorial works arises principally from the truth of character which they display, rather than from that technical skill, which has so long held the admirers of *veritas* in the shackles of connoisseurship. Like a skilful pugilist, Mr. Mulready never aims a blow without making it tell; and it is impossible not to feel the full force of his powers. In the subject under consideration, he has illustrated the fable of *Æsop*, by the most apt delineation of different boyish dispositions, contrasting his characters by the most familiar and natural positions in which they can be placed, and throwing in his accessories with the most judicious arrangement that can be imagined. A timid boy entering a door is in danger of a blow from one of pugnacious propensities; a child is running from the mingled rage and terror; a woman is watching—the whole exquisitely true to nature.

No. 61. *Sunday Morning*.—*M. W. Sharpe.*

This laconic title is given to a picture as full of incident and interest as almost any thing we have witnessed. We are broke in upon by surprise in the management of the subject, which represents a boy being submitted to a thorough washing with soap-suds, in furtherance to the cleanliness necessary for his sabbath appearance. This "Preparation for the Sabbath" is new to the public, and it is impossible to contemplate it without laughter at the ludicrous treatment of the story, while at the same time our admiration is excited by the skill of the painter. The scenery is beautifully picturesque; the colouring excellent; and it is saying perhaps all that can be said in praise of the whole, that, in our opinion, it surpasses even the best of Mr. Sharpe's former productions.

No. 170. *Venus in search of Cupid, surprises Diana at her Bath*. (From *Spenser*, b. iii. c. 6.)—*W. Hilton, R. A.*

This is a very splendid display both of form and colouring; but perhaps too much scattered for concentrated effect. The principal group is full of taste, and beautifully contrasted by the positions of the surrounding nymphs. In fact we never observed in any picture more expression in attitude than in this. The doubtful air of Venus, the various passions excited by her intrusion on the dignified Diana and her attendants, are admirably depicted. Nothing can be more rich than the landscape, though it is not "the wilderness for her unmet" of the quotation, but rather the "sweet bowers with pleasure fraught," which it tells us she has left in search of her son.

No. 141, 165. *Scenes from Henry IV. and Twelfth Night*.—*H. P. Briggs.*

These dramatic representations do great credit to the pencil of Mr. Briggs: his comic powers are more especially distinguished in the picture of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, &c. The whole scene displays the joke and ri-

baltry of the characters. It is executed in a style clear and brilliant; but the figures are rather too short. Falstaff, in the other, is a portrait, which may account for its not being so successful; and the figure of the Prince is beneath the dignity of his station, and inconsistent with Shakespeare's description of him.

*British Gallery, Pall Mall*.—This gallery will be opened with an exhibition of portraits, representing some of the most distinguished persons in the history and literature of the united kingdoms, on Monday, the 22d. instant.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.  
(Mr. Haydon's Great Picture.)

The air is filled with shouts, and trumpets' sounding—

A host is at thy gates, Jerusalem.

Now is their ran the Mount of Olives rounding;

Above them Judah's lion banners gleam,

Join'd with the palm and olive's leafy stem:

Now swell the nearer sounds of voice and string,

As down the hill-side pours the living stream;

And to the cloudless heaven Hosannas ring;

"He comes, the son of David comes—the mighty King!"

The cymbals' Roman heard; and grasp'd his shield,

And rush'd in fiery haste to gate and tower;

The post! from the battlement beheld

The host, and knew the falling of his power—

That shout gave sign of Zion's final hour.

Still down the marble road the myriads come,

Spreading the way with garment, branch, and flower,

And deeper sounds are mingling, "Woe to Rome!"

"The day of Freedom dawns—rise Israel from thy tomb!"

Temple of beauty,—long that day is done,

Thy ark is dust, thy golden clerubim

In the fierce triumph of the heathen gone.

The shades of ages on thy altars swim,

Yet still a light is there, tho' wavering dim;

And has its holy lamp been watched in vain?

Or lives it not until the finished time,

When he who fixed, shall break his people's chains;

And thou be the lov'd, the crown'd of God again!

But then thou wast of earth the splendid wonder,

And matchless beauty sat upon thy walls;

At once, as with a peal of midnight thunder,

Startled the crowd within thy ivory halls;

The priests with turban'd brows, and purple

falls.

The son of Mammon, the pale usurer,

Like men that see the lightning ere it falls,

From their polluted seats sprang smote with fear—

That shout, like Judgment's Trumpet, burst

upon their ear.

He comes, yet with the burning host nam'd;

Pale, pure, prophetic, God of Majesty!

Tho' thousands, tens of thousands round him

arm'd,

None durst abide that depth divine of eye;

None durst his waving garments' hem draw nigh.

But at his feet was laid the Roman's sword:

There Lazarus bowed to see his King pass by;

There Jairus, with his age's child, adored.

"He comes, the King of Kings, Hosannah to the Lord!"

THIS IS.

[The following Monody on the death of Captain Norris, who was washed overboard, from *H. M. Packet, Bradford*, on Wednesday, March 17th, 1815, has been printed for private distribution among those who lamented the fate of that gallant and interesting officer. It is the production of Mr. F. Howard, and we copy it as a tribute that will be agreeable to the many friends of its subject, both at home and in Germany.]

High foams the surge! and wave impelling wave  
Come towing on—the tempest has gone forth.

And rides the billows that in madness rave!

Whilst the fierce slave of the infuriate North

Whitens and drives along!—there is no space

Between the heav'n and sea—the skies descend

In waters on the ocean—whose wild fate

Frowns on the heav'n's, and terrific blend

All elements of horror!—ah! but mark!

Seen dimly through the haze that struggling

speck,

—'Tis gone—again 'tis seen—it is some bark,

And gallant hearts are there; see, on the deck

With calm firm dignity there stands a form,

That like a genius guides the little wreck

Through the vast abyss of the welcoming storm!

Divide! ye Clouds, and pour your thunders

round!

Ye Waters, swell! Ye mountain billows roll!

Yawn thou dread Ocean, to thy depth profound!

Ye cannot move that great, intrepid soul!

Though Death in ghastly shapes is hovering

near,

Not from one visage does the colour fly,

Or has one seaman given a shriek of fear!

Whilst Norris lives, they feel hope cannot die:

But see that giant wave in dreadful state

Crown'd like a king of waters, with a wreath

Of foam, move on terrifically great,

And from our ear subject billows far beneath!

Brave Norris views it, anxious—without fear,

Marks it approach—nor shrinks to meet the

doom.

And bids his crew against the shock prepare

And looks with calmness on his coming tomb!

It comes!—his lips are severed with the word

Of caution and command—beware! beware!

That wave has come! and now, no more is heard

But one wild burst of horror and despair!

And nought is seen but one dark host of wave!

That toss in triumph their huge heads in air—

Again the Bark slow rises from its grave—

"The Captain is not there—far down the tide

Some saw, or thought they saw his streaming

hair,

And one, his lifted hands to Heav'n, descried:

—And he is gone for ever—on his brow

His widow's tears shall fall not—the green

nod

Shall lie not on his breast—yet is he now

Though buried in the wave, as near unto his

God!

And he is gone for ever—in his youth

Wash'd like some flower from off the river's

side;

The hand of Friendship and the heart of Truth,

Lie cold beneath the Baltic's stormy tide.

Yet still his memory some relief must yield,

To ease the anguish that would else o'er-

whelm;

Dies not the soldier best upon the field?

And did not Norris bravely at the helm?

Died he not bravely? ah! but he is dead!

And in that thought all consolation dies!

Can we recall the spirit that has fled?

Can we allure him from his kindred skies?

How many now that look'd to him alone,

For hope, and comfort, and support, are left

Of all in him? how many more will own  
None can supply the place that he has left  
In the warm breast. The manly virtues grew  
And flourish'd with him—yet of tender heart,  
In honor spotless, and in friendship true,  
He bore at once the brave, and gentle part.  
And me, ye seamen! gallant, hardy race!  
Nor blush to find a tear in trickling down  
The furrow'd traces of each sea-beat face,  
That heart wrung true virtue is proud to own!

Oh, come and mourn your Brother and your  
Friend!

He knew and loved ye, and was loved again—  
And think on Norris sometimes when ye bend  
In pensive sadness o'er his grave—the Main!

### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

The following account of a prevented sacrifice, in India, contains particulars of Hindu superstitions, with which we were previously unacquainted. The transaction took place at Puchmurry, in the Goand Hills.

At a short distance from Puchmurry, there is a celebrated natural cave, in the bottom of a solid rock, and this being sacred to Mahadeo, and otherwise very famous, great numbers of pilgrims annually resort to it for the purpose of prayer and ablution, in a small quantity of water, with which the bottom of the cave is always covered, owing to a continual dripping from the roof. The female part of the pilgrimage, however, have more sensible motives for their visit to this wild, unattractive place of worship; and it is their zeal for increasing the native population that gives rise to one of the most cruel and murderous sacrifices that takes place in India.

When a woman has been so long barren as to make even hope itself turn to despair, she proceeds thither, and after going through the usual ceremonies, entreats Mahadeo to remove her unfruitfulness, and concludes the whole with vowing to sacrifice her first-born infant at his shrine, by dashing it headlong from a high and craggy rock, close to the one in which his cave is! This most dreadful act is executed, I was told, yearly, by at least one mother; but it bore a different aspect while I was there, and it is this of which I am about to inform you. The case was that of a full grown woman, who came to destroy herself in conformity with a former vow of her mother's, and my curiosity being greatly excited, I went in company with another gentleman, to witness the whole proceeding—in the event of our not being able to put a stop to it altogether. We found the woman sitting near the base of the rock, from which she was to cast herself headlong; having in one hand a knife and a cocoa-nut, and in the other a small looking glass. She appeared to be about thirty, and as ugly as any woman could well be; several Brahmins were near her, but she seemed to regard no one,—merely exclaiming, at the intervals, "Deo bhur Jee," in a loud and disagreeable tone of voice.

On enquiring into the cause of the approaching suicide, I was informed that the woman's mother had vowed, in former days, to offer up her first-born, to Mahadeo; and that her sterility having thereby been

removed, she had borne this child and several others. Either through forgetfulness, however, or the strength of maternal affection, she neglected to destroy this eldest proof of the god's omnipotence, and the girl grew up, and got married in due course of time. Her husband soon after died, and a second, whom she wedded, followed the example of his predecessor; as did her father and mother not long after. These accumulated misfortunes drove the woman nearly mad, and for two months previous to the time of which I am speaking, she had done nothing but wander about the village, eating every thing that was offered her—no matter by whom. In consequence of this she had soon lost her caste, and the seclusion from her own friends, which this circumstance rendered indispensable, completed her misery: and having taken it into her head, that all these mishaps were the consequences of her mother's vow remaining unfulfilled, she determined to proceed and execute it in her own person.

Colonel Adams had, with that humanity which forms so conspicuous a part of his character, directed his own principal hircarrah, and a Brahmin to accompany us, and to explain to the woman that no such sacrifices were ordered, or in any way authorized, by any of their own laws, and to use their utmost endeavours (excepting force) to prevent the self-destruction. The Brahmins who accompanied the woman, joined us most heartily in our efforts to change her resolution. She was perfectly sensible, and understood every thing we said to her; but a decided negative was the only answer we could get to our entreaties that she would refrain from sacrificing herself. Her Brahmins told us that if she would only return, her friends would willingly and kindly receive her, and that no disgrace whatever would attach itself to her name if she declined fulfilling the vow of her mother. We likewise made known to her that Colonel Adams would have her conducted safely back, and the Subadar of Hurlah, the place of her residence, would (as the Brahmins said) he had offered to do before she set out) give her a pair of bullocks and a small piece of ground for her support. In fine, every thing that could possibly be urged, and every advantageous offer that could be made, proved quite ineffectual in shaking, even in the least degree, her resolution of dying.

The warmth and good will with which the Colonel's hircarrah (himself a high-caste Hindoo) endeavoured to save the unhappy woman, were not less creditable than surprising; and every Brahmin present seconded his efforts with the most sincere good will imaginable. She was so determined, however, upon taking the leap, that instead of listening to us with satisfaction, she repeatedly ordered the music to play, so that our voices might be drowned; but a slight and silent hint from us, was quite enough to insure disobedience to her orders on the part of the musicians; and indeed every one present seemed heartily to wish us success. One old Brahmin was so very importunate with her, that she threw the before-mention-

ed cocoa-nut at his head, with such force and violence as would, had it struck him, have very speedily stopped his rhetoric; but luckily it came against a stone and was dashed to pieces.

After remaining there several hours, during which time great quantities of sweetmeats were offered to her, of which she ate very greedily, and seeing that her determination had not been in the least degree subdued, I thought it useless to stay any longer; but left the hircarrah there with directions to continue his efforts, and to give me a regular account of the sacrifice, in case he found it impossible to put a stop to it. About two hours after my return to camp, I had the pleasure of seeing the woman enter it also, accompanied by an immense crowd; and on enquiry I learned that after my departure she had continued inexorable till she got near the top of the precipice, when she fainted away, and remained senseless for a long time; that upon coming to herself again, Ram Sing (the hircarrah) seeing a little irresolution in her countenance, took advantage of the circumstance, and, falling at her feet, conjured her to abandon her horrible intention. The Brahmins joined with him until she was prevailed upon to return to camp, whence Colonel Adams, having furnished her with money to defray her expenses, got her conducted home.

From the above account, for the authenticity of every part of which I can vouch, it may be inferred that these sacrifices are not owing to the Brahmins, and that no intoxicating drugs or liquors are made use of to stimulate the victim's resolution, or to lull her feelings; but that the Brahmins themselves are ready and willing to see all their endeavours to prevent so horrible a custom. The infanticide, which is practised at Puchmurry, is a most horrible and barbarous custom, but that is the act of the parents, not of any one else; and it would, I doubt not, be prohibited altogether if practised in our territories; but those hills belong to the Bhoonalah; and we have of course nothing to say to them.

### SECT OF INDIAN DEISTS.

The following account of the *Sauds*, a religious sect in the Upper Provinces, is from the Second Report of the Calcutta Committee of the Church Missionary Society.

1. In March 1816, I went with two other gentlemen from Futteh-gurh, on the invitation of the principal persons of the *Saud* sect, to witness an assemblage of them, for the purpose of religious worship, in the city of Furruckabad, the general meeting of the sect being that year in that city.

2. The assembly took place within the Court-yard (*Daulan*) of a large house. The number of men, women, and children, was considerable: we were received with great attention, and chairs were placed for us in front of the *Deurkee*, or hall. After some time, when the place was quite full of people, the worship commenced. It consisted solely in the chanting of a hymn, this being the only mode of public worship used by the *Sauds*.

3. At subsequent periods, I made par-

cular enquiries relative to the religious opinions and practices of this sect, and was frequently visited by Bhuwanee Dos, the principal member of the sect, in the city of Furruckhabad.

4. The following is the substance of the account given by Bhuwanee Dos, of the origin of his sect:

5. About the Sunabit year 1600, or 177 years ago, a person named Beer, bhan, inhabitant of Beer, bhanur near Narnoul, in the province of Delhi, received a miraculous communication from Ooda Dos, teaching him the particulars of the religion now professed by the Sauds—Ooda Dos, at the same time gave to Beer, bhan marks by which he might know him on his re-appearance: 1st. That whatever be foretold should happen. 2d. That no shadow should be cast from his figure. 3d. That he would tell him his thoughts. 4th. That he would be suspended between heaven and earth. 5th. That he would bring the dead to life.

6. Bhuwanee Dos presented me with a copy of the *Pot, her*, or religious book of the Sauds, written in a kind of verse, in the *Tenth* Hindue dialect, and he fully explained to me the leading points of their religion.

7. The Sauds utterly reject and abhor all kinds of idolatry, and the Ganges is considered by them with no greater veneration than by Christians, although the converts are made chiefly, if not entirely from among the Hindoos, whom they resemble in outward appearance. Their name for God is *Sutgur*; and *Saud*, the appellation of the sect, means, servant of God. They are pure deists, and their form of worship is most simple, as I have already stated.

8. The Sauds resemble the Quakers, in their customs, in a remarkable degree.

9. Ornaments and gay apparel of every kind are strictly prohibited; their dress is always white.

10. They never make any obeisance or *suhm*.

11. They will not take an oath, and they are exempted in the Court of Justice; their *asseveration*, as that of the Quakers, being considered equivalent.

12. The Sauds profess to abstain from all luxuries, such as tobacco, paun, opium, and wine.—They never have nauches or dancing.

13. All attack on man or beasts is forbidden but in self defence, resistance is allowable.

14. Industry is enjoined. The Sauds, like the Quakers, take great care of their poor and infirm people. To receive assistance out of the *punt* or tribe, would be reckoned disgraceful, and render the offender liable to excommunication.

15. All parade of worship is forbidden.—Secret prayer is commended; alms should be unostentatious; they are not to be done that they should be seen of men.

16. The due regulation of the tongue is a principal duty.

17. The chief seats of the Saud sect, are Delhi, Agra, Jypoore, and Furruckhabad, but there are several of the sect scattered

over the country. An annual meeting takes place at one or other of the cities above mentioned, at which the concerns of the sect are settled.

18. The magistrate of Furruckhabad informed me, that he had found the Sauds, an orderly and well conducted people; they are chiefly engaged in trade.

## THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.—*Midas*.—This very popular burlesque was performed, for the first time this season, on Wednesday; Apollo by Duruset, and Myra by Miss Tree. Both are favourites with us; the former from his melodious voice and unaffected style, the latter from her sweet notes and pleasing manner. Duruset touches the heart as much as any vocalist we ever heard, and never fails to make us love music by the simple yet graceful way in which he sings; displaying at once a rich organ, and cultivated talent. Mr. and Mrs. Liston, and Emery, played their old parts, with their old effect.

## FOREIGN DRAMA.

### SECOND THEATRE FRANÇAIS.

First representation of *Les Comédiens*, a comedy in 5 acts, by M. Casimir Delavigne (author of the *Sicilian Vespers*).

Molière once intended to write a comedy on the *players*: but he confined himself merely to two excellent scenes in his *Impromptu de Versailles*, and he thus apologizes for not having fulfilled his original design:—"I have my reasons for renouncing it; and to say the truth, I never thought the thing worth the pains. It is a trifle, a joke which would never excite laughter."

What appeared so hazardous to Molière, has not, however, frightened a very young author.

M. Delavigne has chosen actors for his leading characters, and he seems to have introduced himself among them; for the dramatic author who is the victim of the vanity and rivalry of the performers, resembles M. Delavigne, since he is a young poet full of ardour, imagination, and talent.

He sends a new comedy to the manager of the Bourdeaux Theatre, and after a thousand refusals and complaints, the performers are prevailed on to accept their parts and the evening is fixed for the first representation.

The author is more than usually interested in its success, as on that success depends his marriage with a young and beautiful actress of the Bourdeaux Theatre. On the other hand, a cousin of the young actress, arrives *incognito* from India, to marry her, or at least to make her a sharer in an immense fortune bequeathed to him by an uncle.

The young gentleman accidentally meets the principal comic performer of the Bourdeaux company, from whom he learns that his fair cousin has embraced the theatrical profession.

He wishes to see her without being known, and for this purpose he assumes the character of a theatrical inspector from Paris. The comic actor, before mentioned, transforms himself into an author, and gives him a roll of blank paper, which is humbly presented to the president of the

committee, who promises to extend his protection to the new work.

There is another character, a young English nobleman, who has become acquainted with a Baroness, a charming widow, whom he resolves to marry. The Baroness, however, is no other than a comic actress of the theatre, whom the noble lord, to his no small mortification, recognizes on the stage in the part of a chambermaid.

These characters have a peculiarly original and comic colouring. When the evening appointed for the representation of the author's play, is near at hand, some disputes arise between the performers, as to the merits of their respective characters. These difficulties are however surmounted, and the piece is performed with the highest success. He now arrives at the *dénouement*. Of course all mistakes are cleared up. The British peer is in a furious rage, at being duped by an actress; the Indian cousin renounces the hand of Lucille, who receives a fortune of two hundred thousand francs, and the two lovers are united. Lucille is represented as a model of decorum and virtue.

The first and second acts were loudly applauded; some degree of coolness was manifested during the third; a few symptoms of disapprobation occurred during the fourth; and the fifth was crowned with enthusiastic success. Such is the history of this representation, which attracted a numerous and brilliant audience.

At Versailles, Paesicello's opera of *King Theodore at Venice* has been revived. This opera, when first brought out at Paris, about thirty years ago, was performed for seventy successive nights.

### THEATRE DES VARIETES.

First representation of *Ennui*, or *Le Comte Derfort*.—Arthur Count Derfort, being sated with pleasure of every kind, falls a victim to *ennui*; his days are spent in indolence, and his life becomes such a burden to him, that he resolves to rid himself of it, and to transfer his fortune to his friend Arundel. The latter, however, instead of accepting the offer, undertakes to cure the Count. He persuades him that the title and estates of the house of Derfort, which he possesses, are the property of the gardener Robin, who has been unjustly deprived of his right. Thus, supposing he is reduced solely to his own resources, Arthur feels all his faculties developed with fresh ardour and activity; his heart opens to sensations which he had lost, and he endeavours to render himself servicable to his old servants whom he had neglected. He exerts himself to obtain the liberation of Arundel, who is confined for debt, and he engages to take the management of a manufactory. Finally, he is happy, and his happiness would be augmented should the young and beautiful Marie consent to become his wife; but being now destitute of fortune, he cannot presume to offer her his hand. Marie, however, guesses his secret; she loves him, and delights in being able to console him for the losses he has sustained.

Concluding that his remedy has completely succeeded, and that the Count has no

longer any reason to apprehend an attack of the spleen, Arundel explains the stratagem he had employed. On hearing this Marie wishes to return the ring which Derfort presented to her as a pledge of his attachment; but the Count resolves to marry her.

### VARIETIES.

*Augsburg, 19th April.*—Last night at 7 hours 32 minutes, there was seen here a meteor, which appeared nearly three times as large and three times as bright as the beautiful planet Venus. This meteor came from the East South East, passed by the moon 3° to the north, and by Venus 10° to the south, and descended within 8° to the western horizon, where it disappeared behind a cloud. It passed in 4 seconds from the neighbourhood of the moon to the place where it vanished in the western horizon; it emitted a beautiful bright red and bluish lustre.

The Philadelphia theatre was destroyed by fire, said to be the work of incendiaries, on the 4th of April.

*Munich, 22d April.*—The celebrated traveller, Mr. F. W. Sieber, has sold to the Royal Academy, his collection of Antiquities collected in Candia, Egypt and Palestine; but interesting as these objects are, much greater attention is excited by a pamphlet which Mr. Sieber has just published, under the title of "the Cure of declared Hydrophobia." The author speaks with such decided conviction of the discovery, that neither the physician nor the psychologist can avoid feeling hope and confidence.

A dramatic writer, whose piece was hissed, was consolingly told by a "d—d good-natured friend," that he should submit without irritation to the voice of the public:—"Poh!" he exclaimed, "don't talk to me about it, unless you can tell me how many fools make the public!"

They seem determined in France to follow up the new order of Parnassus, which has, so creditably to his Majesty, been commenced in the person of Sir Walter Scott, as we find prefixed to a translation of "LALLA ROOKEH," just published in Paris, a biographical sketch of the author, entitled "Notice sur Sir Thomas Moore."

*Extra-judicial, Medical Criticism on the Drama!* Dr. Pearson has invaded our province, and we cannot allow his broad to pass without resistance. In the Drury Lane Play-bill of Monday, (a very unfair vehicle for such an attack as he has made on the dramatic talents of the proprietor and manager of that theatre) the learned Doctor says,

"I think it my duty to state, for the satisfaction of the Public, that although Mr. ELLISTON is considerably relieved from his late severe disorder, he is still so ill as to be incapable of any performance in his profession without considerable hazard.

"GEORGE PEARSON, M. D.

"Sunday, May 1, 1820, George Street, Hanover Square."

Now why the Esculapian critic should imagine it would give satisfaction to the public

to know that Mr. Elliston was prevented by illness from appearing before it, is to us incomprehensible; especially as the repetition of a successful new piece, no less than the Lady and the Devil, depends on his recovery. We advise the Doctor to stick to the Hanover Square Rooms: and leave the Drama to us, who know how to treat its symptoms.

These Play-bills, *en passant*, are becoming more amusing than in their ancient dry and barren state. That to which we have alluded also desires "The Tradesmen of the theatre to make up their accounts to the 1st of May, that they may be examined and discharged." We look with impatience to see the new act brought into Parliament for amending the Drury Lane building act, printed at the bottom with the accounts of the "broad farcical, pantomimical drama of Harlequin's invasion;" we mean no allusion to Mr. Calcraft, who brought in the (Parliamentary) Bill, nor any pun on the (Theatrical) Bill, in which we advise its insertion.

*Transposition.*—An anagrammatist, looking at the posting bills, in which the success of *King Lear* is so largely inscribed, observed, that it was nothing but *Ish Glare*.

Lear, after to-day, is announced to be performed *thrice* a week, instead of *every night*; and the bills say that the new tragedy of *Virginus* is deferred in consequence of this "increasing attraction." Another paragraph, among these samples of unintelligible absurdity, runs in these words:—

"Mr. KEAN, is sustaining his newly acquired honours with the most astonishing effects, and the whole Corps Dramatique are anxious to uphold the reputation, which their united endeavours have given, to this unequalled production of our immortal Bard."  
—I. e. Mr. Kean's newly acquired honours!!!

### LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. Croly, the author of the noble poem of Paris, and other excellent productions, is about to publish a poem, in the Spenser stanza, entitled, "The Angel of the World," founded on the celebrated story of Haruth and Maruth, told by Mahomet, as a warning against the dangers of wine. The angel delegated to rule the earth, is tempted by a spirit sent to try his virtue, and is undone. The poem abounds in descriptions of the more splendid phenomena of earth and air in the East. The scene of the temptation is placed in view of Damascus, the rose and winder of Asia.

*Warren's Literary Register.*—A weekly sheet under this title has been commenced by a young bookseller in Bond Street, and seems to us to be well entitled to countenance. It is a sort of catalogue raisonné of new works published or imported, and, being circulated in a convenient shape, unmingled with other matter, is calculated to extend the knowledge of what is doing in the literary world, and consequently to promote the general interests of literature. There are several (we are at least acquainted with two) records of this kind in Paris, and it is curious that in London, where so

much more book-selling business is done, there has hitherto been no production of this useful nature, if we except Messrs. Longman and Company's monthly lists, which are however more effective in the country than in the metropolis.

A quarterly literary work has been established at Botany Bay.

*Contents of the Journal des Savans for April.*  
Rouffort, Supplement Glossaire de la Langue Romaine.—Reviewed by M. Raynouard.

Martin, Memoires sur l'Arctique.—M. Silvestre de Sacy.

Walckenaer, Le Monde Maritime.—M. Abel Remusat.

Dochvel, Tour in Greece.—M. Letronne.  
Strabo, French Translation of.—M. Raoul Rochette.

Raoul Rochette, Dictionnaire Universel de la Langue Française.—M. Daunou.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MAY, 1820.

*Thursday, 4*—Thermometer from 39 to 55.  
Barometer from 30, 15 to 30, 05.

Wind E. b. S.  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and N. E. 1.—Generally cloudy.

*Friday, 5*—Thermometer from 31 to 54.  
Barometer from 30, 05 to 30, 08.

Wind N. E. and E. 1.—Generally cloudy, till noon.

*Saturday, 6*—Thermometer from 26 to 61.  
Barometer, from 30, 06 to 29, 95.

Wind S. S. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  and 3.—Morning clear, with a sharp white frost; the rest of the day generally cloudy; Rain in the evening.

*Sunday, 7*—Thermometer from 41 to 64.  
Barometer from 29, 78 to 29, 82.

Wind W. and W. S. W. 1.—Clouds passing; sunshine at times.

Rain fallen, .925 of an inch.

*Monday, 8*—Thermometer from 47 to 62.  
Barometer from 29, 91 to 29, 93.

Wind S. b. W. and S. b. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Generally cloudy; Rain in the evening, and partial showers during the day.

*Tuesday, 9*—Thermometer from 48 to 64.  
Barometer from 29, 92 to 29, 89.

Wind S. b. W. 2.—Morning cloudy, with sunshine; the rest of the day clear. Lightning in the S. E. about 10  $\frac{1}{2}$  M.

Rain fallen, .175 of an inch.

*Wednesday, 10*—Thermometer from 42 to 62.  
Barometer from 29, 79 to 30, 02.

Wind S.W. 3. Alternate showers and sunshine.  
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\*. We are compelled to postpone our intended notice of the *Literary Fund* for another week; and indeed, the present pressure of new and interesting publications, obliges us to curtail our miscellaneous more than at any other period of the season.

Mr. August Bell's extraordinary work, on the Recovery of the Huntingdon Perceage, respecting which we purposed to add another notice to that contained in our No. 165, has been published: but we have not been able to perform our design. The name may be said of Wordsworth's new Poems, of which we have not had it in our power to resume the consideration, since they issued from the press. We hold all these matters, however, to be debts due to our readers, to be discharged as speedily as possible.

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

**MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE** of 'Christ's Entry into Jerusalem,' is now open for Exhibition, at Bell's Great Room, upstairs to the right, from 10 till six.—Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.

—First son Daughter of Zion! behold thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt."

**MR. GLOVER'S Exhibition** of Oil and Water-colour Paintings is now open, at the Great Rooms, No. 16, Old Bond-street, from nine till dusk. Admission 1s.—Catalogue 6d.

**THE CHEVALIER ISABEY**, from France, is now sitting up the spacious Gallery, No. 61, Pall-mall, for the EXHIBITION, in a few days, of his extensive COLLECTION of HISTORICAL DESIGNS, Portraits, Landscapes, and Water-colour Drawings, which have already attracted the attention of the lovers of the Fine Arts in the other capital cities of Europe.

**PUBLIC LIBRARY, CONDUIT STREET.**  
Messrs. COLBURN and Co. beg leave to acquaint their subscribers and the public, that the NEW TO-BEIGN CATALOGUE of this extensive and Valuable Library, comprising a large collection of the most esteemed and Modern Publications in the GREEK, ITALIAN, SPANISH and PORTUGUESE Languages, is now ready for delivery, and may be had through any bookseller in the United Kingdom, or on application at the Library, where printed cards of terms may also be obtained. At this Library, which is regularly supplied with every interesting New Publication, Subscribers may be accommodated at any distance from town, with whatever books they desire, by paying a proportionate subscription.

*Medals and Hooks, Hooks of Prints, Loose Engravings, Napoleon Medals, &c.*

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Wednesday next, at one precisely.

**A Select and valuable LIBRARY of BOOKS**, the genuine property of a private gentleman; among which are, Bayle's Collection of British Portraits; Life of Cromwell, 1, p., illustrated; Portraits of illustrious Personages, proofs; Evelyn's Memoirs, 4 vols., illustrated; Milani's Etruscan Vases, 2 vols.; Handel's Songs, 9 vols.; Parliamentary Debates, 108 vols.; and many other interesting and valuable works. Also a few Books of Prints, and loose Engravings; the Napoleon Medal, &c. To be viewed and Catalogues had three days preceding.

#### Fossils.

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Monday, May 15, at one precisely.

**A Small but very fine Collection of ORGANIZED FOSSILS**, from the Blue Lias Formation at Lyme and Charmouth, in Dorsetshire, consisting principally of Bones, illustrating the osteology of the Ichthyosaurus, Plesiosaurus, and of specimens of the Zoophyte called Pentameris; the genuine property of a private gentleman, and collected at considerable expense. To be viewed three days preceding, and Catalogues had.

#### Birds.

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Tuesday, May 16, and two following days, at one precisely.

**A Very rare assemblage of PRESERVED BIRDS**, comprising some of the most beautiful objects of foreign ornithology that have ever been offered for public sale; including many undescribed species, also a few Quadrupeds in good preservation. To be viewed, and Catalogues had three days preceding, Sunday excepted.

#### Pictures.

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Saturday, May 20th, at one precisely.

**A Small Collection of highly finished CABINET PICTURES**, the genuine Property of a private Gentleman; among which are several specimens of considerable merit, particularly the works of Leo. da Vinci, Tintoretto, Berugelli, Cagliari, Giorgione, Old Masters, Jan Steen, Zuccerelli, &c. To be viewed and Catalogues had three days preceding.

### Drawings and Engravings.

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Tuesday, May 22d, at one precisely.

**A very fine Collection of highly finished Water-colour DRAWINGS**, by the most eminent Artists, chiefly of the English School, comprising many of the finest productions of De Wint, Girtin, Nicholson, Nash, Westall, Hill, Owen, Prout, Pugin, Varley, Laite, Rowlandson, Cux, Smith, Thurstons, Mackenzie, Barney, Dorell. To be viewed and Catalogues had three days preceding.

*Antique and Modern Marble Sculpture, Italian Marble Slabs, &c.*

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Tuesday, May 20th, at one precisely.

**A very valuable assemblage of Antique and Modern ITALIAN MARBLE SCULPTURE**, consisting of Groups, single Figures, and Busts, particularly Groups of the Roman Charity, Prometheus, Hecuba on the Coast, Amalthea, Cupid and Psyche, of the school of Canova; a Venus, by Locatelli; and others of fine execution. Also a pair of Oriental Columns, with beautifully sculptured Marble Capitals, antique and in fine preservation; Verd Antique, Granite, Porphyry, and other Italian Marble Slabs, &c. To be viewed and Catalogues had three days preceding.

### BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

#### Southey's Life of Wesley.

In 2 vols. 8vo. with portraits, 11. 6s. boards.  
**THE LIFE OF WESLEY**; and the RISE and PROGRESS of METHODISM. By ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London. Of whom may be had, by the same author, Poetical Works, 14 vols. fols. 6s. 3s. 10s. 6d. 12s. History of Brazil, 3 vols. 8vo. 7s. 12s. boards, with a Map.

#### New Edition of Debreit's Peccage.

Neatly printed, on a fine paper, in 2 large volumes, price in boards, 11. 4s. a new edition, considerably improved, and corrected to the present time, being the thirteenth of.

**THE TRAVELER OF THE UNITED KINGDOM** OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, with the extinct and forfeited Peccages, a List of their Family Names, second Titles, &c. and a Translation of their Mottoes. Also, a List of Knights Grand Crosses, Knights Commanders, and Commanders of the Bath, alphabetically arranged, and of British Subjects holding Foreign Orders of Knighthood. By JOHN DEBRETT, Editor of the New Baronage of England. Printed for Forington, Egerton, Cutbell, Clark, Longman & Co. Cadell and Davies, Richardson, Booth, Lloyd, Locker, Black and Co. Murray, Baldwin and Co. Bopster, Hatchard, Harding, Rodwell and Martin, and Edwards and Knibb. Of whom may be had, a new edition of the New Baronage of England, in two large volumes, price in boards 11. 8s.

#### Summer Excursions.

Price 1s. bound, an improved edition, corrected to the present time, with an entire new Series of Engravings, by Thomas Bewick, from new designs.

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No. 174.

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1820.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Antar; a Bedouin Romance. Translated from the Arabic, by Terriek Hamilton, Esq. London, 1820. 12mo. Vols 2, 3, and 4.*

When the first volume of this remarkable book was published last year, we expressed a very favourable opinion of it, and quoted copiously from its contents, to justify that opinion. The three volumes now before us, complete (we believe) the first part of the Arabian work, which is of great length; and continue to exhibit a curious picture of the customs and manners of the Arab tribes antecedent to the era of Mahomet. With what change the introduction of his religion has made, these habits seem to have descended to the nineteenth century; and the narrative of the adventures of Antar, though sufficiently marvellous, may be consulted as no bad account of Arabia at the present moment. Four volumes may probably be thought somewhat too much of the matter; but, if we give up, as we in truth must do, the point of entertainment to that extent, we still adhere to our predilection for the publication, as a literary curiosity.

The author continues to relate the loves of Antar and his cousin Ilia; the opposition to their marriage by the family of the latter; the wars and encounters, the treachery, murders, and exploits, arising out of the circumstances, which retard or promote their union. The whole concludes with a magnificent marriage, at which all the tribes of Arabia, 360 in number, are feasted.

There is too much sameness in the combats, and the reader becomes fatigued with the repetition of sword-strokes, which divide men and horses into four equal parts, and other prodigies of valour and strength of the like description. In fact, it requires almost the courage and perseverance of Antar to get through four volumes of fights, all so similar in incidents and results: the novelty ceases, and attention flags, under the ponderous load of exaggeration and wonderful events. We shall, however, endeavour to spare our readers the weariness which we have experienced; and, while we enable them to form a judgment upon Antar, amuse them by selecting the most interesting and diversified passages.

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Chodawend, the son of Chosroe, invades Arabia, and, after a skirmish, the following characteristic circumstances are told.

"And the Persians alighted in their tents, and the land and the desert were filled, and whilst they were reposing, Khodawend ordered a letter to be written to the tribe of Abs commanding them to submit; and let it be mentioned that in that case I will stand as mediator between them and my father, but if they resist I will not spare one of them either high or low. Accordingly the vizier wrote a letter to King Zoheir to the above effect, stating,—Khodawend is advised to destroy you, but he has had compassion on you; he has resolved on acknowledging you the supports of his government, and the abettors of its greatness. Feel therefore the value of this intention, and presume not to thwart the imperial government.

"Having folded the letter, he gave it to a satrap, and ordered him to depart. He also honoured him with ensigns and standards, and gave him an escort of twenty Persian horsemen, with an interpreter called Ocab, son of Terfjem. The tribe of Abs had alighted, and not one remained on horseback but Antar and Maadi Kereb, who on observing the satrap, Antar said to Maadi Kereb, O chief, verily there is a satrap advancing towards us, he probably wants us to surrender ourselves to him that he may take us and hang us on the balcony; I rather wish to begin with them before they commence with us. They were in conversation, when lo! the satrap came up to them; he did not salute them, but asked for King Zoheir. He inquires for King Zoheir, said the interpreter, for he has a letter from Khodawend for him. We, O Arab, said Antar, have read your letter before its arrival; in it your prince orders us to surrender ourselves without fighting or contending. Pull that satrap off the back of his horse, said he to Shiboob; ay, and the rest too. Seize all their property; and if any one dares struggle with you, treat him thus—and at the word he expanded his arm, and pierced the satrap through the chest, forcing the spear out quivering through his back, and he hurled him down dead. When his comrades saw what Antar had done, they cried out for quarter, and surrendered themselves to Shiboob, who bound them fast by the shoulders. As to the interpreter, he shuddered. May God requite you well, said he, for you have answered us before even reading the letter. If this indeed is the honorary robe for a satrap, let it not be so for an interpreter; for I have children and a family, and I am but a poor fellow. I only followed these Persians, but with the prospect of gaining some miserable trifle. I never calculated on being hung; and my children when I am gone will remain orphans.

So he wept, and groaned, and complained, thus expressing himself:

"O knight of the horses of warriors that overthrew; their lion, resembling the roaring ocean. By your awful appearance you have disgraced heroes, and reduced them to despair. As soon as the Persian sees you he is dishonoured; if they approach you, and extend their spears against your glory, they must retreat, or there is no security. Have compassion then on your victim, a person of little worth, whose family will be in misery when he is gone. Not the thrust of the spear or battle are among my qualifications. I profess no fighting; I have no cleaving scimitar. My name is Ocab; but indeed I am no fighting man, and the sword in the palm of my hand only chases pelicans."

"Antar laughed at Ocab's verses. O Aboolfawaris, said Maadi Kereb, it would be foul indeed to hang this fellow. He has confessed his crime. Antar let him go. Return to your family, said he, and go no more to the Persian, or you will be in danger; for when they see you safe they will accuse you, and perhaps will put you to death. You are very right, my lord, said he: by the faith of an Arab, had I known these Persians would have been thus worsted I would not have quitted you, and probably I might have managed to secure some of their goods, and have returned with it to my family. Sheikh, said Maadi Kereb, this business has failed; but, come, take the spoils of this satrap, and return to your family, and pass not your evening a dead man. Ay, my lord, said Ocab, he is a wise fellow who returns safe to his friends. So he ran up to the satrap and despoiled him. Round his waist was a girdle and a sword, and when Ocab saw all that wealth he was bewildered; and having completely rifled him, O my lord, said he to Antar, I will never separate from you again. I wish you would present me to your king, that I may kiss his hand, and offer him my services: then indeed I will for ever cleave to your party, and whenever you slay a satrap I will plunder him. Antar laughed heartily: But, said Maadi Kereb, O Aboolfawaris, you have slain the satrap, and now King Zoheir cannot consult with him. O Maadi, said Antar, whenever any one comes to order us to surrender ourselves to him we will hang him, and not parley with him. Antar joined King Zoheir, and gave him the letter; he read it, and was much agitated. My lord, said Antar, what is the answer? Flanging and beheading must be the answer, said King Zoheir, so that Khodawend may send us no more of his satraps. I have done so, said Antar; and going out he saw that Shiboob had hung most of them; only three remained. He ordered him to shave their beards, and cut off their ears, and sling the



heads of those he had hung round their necks, and send them back to their prince. Shihob did as his brother ordered: one of them died on the road; two arrived, and their clothes were of the cornelian dyes; and when they stood in the presence of Zernekal they grunted and blasphemed, saying, the fault is Khodawend's, who condescends to negotiate with these Arabs. Zernekal introduced them to the prince, and informed him what had passed. Khodawend, on hearing this, swore by the fire that they must bring before him every Arab fettered, with their hands bound round their necks, or he would put to death every Persian he had with him. He passed that night in great anxiety for the appearance of day; and soon the men assembled about the troops; the horsemen mounted; the two armies prepared; the dust arose and obscured the land; the trumpets resounded, and shouts were raised; the imperial standards advanced; the Arab horse pranced, and the tribe of Abs also were eager for the contest in defence of their women and families, but they did not move far from the entrance of the mountains. Antar attacked the Persian, and scattered away their skulls. He wished on that day to keep off the Persians from the assault, but the armies could not be controlled; they shouted in their jargons, and raised their voices; but Khodawend prevented his Arabs from attacking with the Persians. Prince Aswad came forth, and also Belia and Hadisah, and they stood just without the scene of battle, enjoying the spectacle of the contest between the Abisians and Persians. The universe was in convulsions. The sun, with the violence of the dust, was veiled; the earth shook; lives were plundered; men were bewildered; swords clashed; the senses fled; blood flowed; the land was in tumults; the dust rose in clouds; the dead were trampled on with fury; the brave advanced, the cowards shrunk away. Antar and Maadi exhibited all their powers on that day. Khodawend was amazed. And they continued in that perilous confusion till the day fled, and the night came on in obscurity. The whole country was crammed with the dead. The armies of Khodawend alighted at their tents, whilst Antar and Maadi Kerab returned in front of their troops, rescuing the flowers of the Judas tree, so secured were they with the blood of the horsemen. They remained on guard till daylight, when the armies drew up for the battle and the contest. The Abisians stood forth, and in front were Antar and Maadi Kerab like the lions of the waste. Khodawend commanded the Persians to make the attack against the Abisians. Instantly the complexion of the beautiful changed; the cries were incessant; the gates of success were closed upon the Persians; the battle raged; shouts were vehement. The coward thought of his life, and screamed. Skulls were chopped off by the sword; the king of death was eager in the pursuit of souls; energy was excited; all sport was at an end. The horses were drenched in perspiration; great was the agitation; heads were smote and were cleft in twain. The stumbling and slipping were universal;

swords and shields were shattered; hands and necks were clipped off; spears dashed through the eyes; and the heart of Amarah burst."

Amarah is Antar's rival. The subjoined is a description of a volcano near which certain tribes subject to a chief called Nacmah dwelt. Nacmah going on a foray, "sent to the tribes of Iiyah, and Subab, Washab, and Athool, and Barik, and Shamrak, and ordered them to march with all expedition; for these tribes were subject to him, and feared his cruelty. Their residences were round the mountain of volcano, and all had adopted the worship of the moon. This mountain was one of the phenomena of the All-merciful Lord, for there incessantly issued from it something like a black cloud, and whenever the new moon rose, from this mountain burst forth groans, and sparks of fire flew forth. It was a black mountain, and no one was able to ascend it, and iron could not have any effect on its stony sides. An historian has noticed it, saying, The Lord God has been angry with this mountain, ever since he created the world at first, and at the consummation it will be the stone work of hell. In one of my excursions I ascended it, and I saw within it terrific wonders; its summit is divided in two, and in the centre is a sea of fire, that never subsides, but day and night it rolls in waves of flame, and on it are angels of wrath, and stern enormous monsters, that are never weary, but are continually stationed for its punishment by the will of the omnipotent God."

Though the Arabic poetry must lose much of its beauty in prose translation, there is a great deal to admire in many of these compositions. Antar's lamentation for the death of his King Zohair, affords an example:—

"Set is the full moon, though once it was in its zenith; hidden is its light, and all is dark. Eclipsed is the sun, and the moon no more returns in smiles. Fallen are the constellations; they have disappeared; the atmosphere is obscured; the dust of darkness is over it; all the seas are hollow, and are sunk deep; we have lost its dews and its clouds. At the moment that Zohair fell dead infancy shrouded us, and sat upon us. Fortune has made him drink of the cup of death, but likewise fortune will be quick in its vengeance. He was my stay, my armour in adversity; he was my breastplate, my spear, my scimitar. O my eyes, when ye shed not tears, may sleep be denied ye! I swear by Him who slays and brings to life, by Him who rules the light and the darkness, never will I raise my sword in battle till I behold all my enemies in dismay and in shame. O tribe of Amair, O clan of Kelab, dread the light and slande of my sword; soon shall thy wives scream in terrors of captivity; soon shall they weep for their orphaned little ones. I am Antar, son of Shedad, and my star is high raised above the sublimity of the seven heavens!"

"When Antar had finished his verses, his tears gushed out in incessant streams, and he wept bitterly, till he could no more, and

he fainted; but when he recovered from his swoon, he cast his eyes towards King Zohair's seat, and thus expressed himself:

"Weep abundantly, my eyes, in torrents of tears; and me, relieve my woes with weeping! For oh! I have lost a prince that was my support—that was my full moon; but it is now set below the earth! I have lost the sea and the rain by my enemies, and him whose benevolence resembled the deluging clouds. I have lost a lion, but in no lion was there his power. I have lost the knight of war, the invincible hero: my heart is on fire. I have lost all resignation for a prince who taught the Arabs on the day of combat with his spear. O Oais, depend on me; for in my heart is a flame of fire that consumes it, and my forbearance I can no longer persist in. Rise with me; let us seek vengeance speedily, for death is sweeter to my heart than honey. Reproach me not for my wars, —I love them: I will bear neither word nor rebuke. Night is my complexion, and the lions of war know me. The coat of mail be my strong tower, and my heart is hewn out of a rock. Warriors are reduced to contempt by me in the day of combat, as the Arabs can witness for me. Woe, woe to my heart, for what it has lost. Death, now Zohair is no more, is my noblest aim."

(To be concluded in our next.)

*Memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esq. Begun by Himself, and concluded by his Daughter Maria Edgeworth. London, 1820. 2 vols. 8vo.*

When we took up this work we felt apprehensive that two solid volumes would be found too much for the subject; and as we perused the early pages, that apprehension became stronger. We were however agreeably disappointed after we got through the nursery stories of the author's childhood, and, accompanying him into the world, began to fall upon matter of a more entertaining cast.

There is something very beautiful and affecting in the idea of a child completing the biography of a parent; and it loses nothing by the way in which it is put in Mr. Edgeworth's introduction. He says,

"My beloved daughter, Maria, at my earnest request, has promised to revise, complete, and publish her father's life."

"Were she to perceive any extenuation on the one hand, or exaggeration on the other, it would wound her feelings; she would be obliged to alter, or omit, what she did not approve, and her affection for her friend and parent would be diminished:—can the public have a better surety than this, for the accuracy of these memoirs?"

He adds—

"I now take leave of the world, which has been most indulgent to me, as a man, and as an author, and I take leave of the world with this declaration,—that, to speak the truth without harshness, is, in my opinion,

the most certain way to succeed in every honorable pursuit."

The author sets out with the antiquity of his family, into the records of which he enters, favouring us with, here and there, a bull or idle tale. For instance at page 8 it is stated of one of his female ancestors, that "after the rebels had forced this lady out of the castle, and had set fire to it, they plundered it completely;" in other countries they would have plundered it before they set fire to it! At page 14, we have a relation of the well known gallantry which rescued a candle from a barrel of gunpowder, ascribed to a Lady Edgeworth; at page 18, the story of a coin put under the seal of a deed which exposes the roguery of the parties, and invalidates the forged document, (told nearly word for word in "Patronage;") and indeed, the whole of the early parts, are disfigured by the repetition and appropriation of jests famous in joocular literature, and by anecdotes of marvellous precocity belonging to the infancy of the writer. Looking to Mr. E. as an advocate for a better system of education than, unfortunately, is usually pursued in respect to children, we have a graver objection to an account of a transaction which followed his having thrown a hot iron at his brother. He tells us—

"When my mother heard what I had done, I saw she was struck with horror, but she said not one word in anger to me. She ordered every body out of the room except myself, and then drawing me near her, she spoke to me in a mild voice, but in a most serious manner. First, she explained to me the nature of the crime, which I had run the hazard of committing; she told me, she was sure that I had no intention seriously to hurt my brother, and did not know, that if the iron had hit my brother, it *must* have killed him. While I felt this first shock, and whilst the horror of murder was upon me, my mother seized the moment, to conjure me to try in future to command my passions. I remember her telling me, that I had an uncle by the mother's side who had such a violent temper, that in a fit of passion one of his eyes actually started out of its socket. 'You,' said my mother to me, 'have naturally a violent temper: if you grow up to be a man without learning to govern it, it will be impossible for you then to command yourself; and there is no knowing what crime you may in a fit of passion commit, and how miserable you may in consequence of it become. You are but a very young child, yet I think you can understand me. Instead of speaking to you as I do at this moment, I might punish you severely; but I think it better to treat you like a reasonable creature. My wish is to teach you to command your temper; nobody can do that for you, so well as you can do it for yourself."

Here the precept is good; but how many times more dangerously powerful is the example of a parent telling lies to her child, in order to persuade him to act rightly? It was not true that the iron *must* have been fatal; and it was a falsehood that any one's eye

started from the socket in a fit of passion. These are the fatalities in forming the youthful mind; and though the author praises his mother's knowledge of human nature, he has herein set up a beacon to be avoided, not an example to be imitated. But we pass to pleasanter subjects, only premising, that in 1761, the author entered Corpus Christi College, having studied previously at Dublin: his bent however appears to have been almost exclusively towards mechanics, which became his ruling passion."

The following story is told of Sir Francis Delaval's electioneering at Andover.

"His attorney's bill was yet to be discharged. It had been running on for many years, and though large sums had been paid on account, a prodigious balance still remained to be adjusted. The affair came before the King's Bench. Among a variety of exorbitant and monstrous charges there appeared the following article.

"To being thrown out of the window at the George Inn, Andover—to my leg being thereby broken—to surgeon's bill, and loss of time and business—all in the service of Sir F. B. Delaval.—Five hundred pounds."

"When this curious item came to be explained, it appeared, that the attorney had, by way of promoting Sir Francis's interest in the borough, sent cards of invitation to the officers of a regiment in the town, in the name of the mayor and corporation, inviting them to dine and drink His Majesty's health on his birthday. He, at the same time, wrote a similar invitation to the mayor and corporation, in the name of the officers of the regiment. The two companies met, complimented each other, eat a good dinner, drank a hearty bottle of wine to His Majesty's health, and prepared to break up. The commanding officer of the regiment, being the politest man in company, made a handsome speech to Mr. Mayor, thanking him for his hospitable invitation and entertainment. 'No, colonel,' replied the mayor, 'it is to you that thanks are due by me and by my brother aldermen for your generous treat to us.' The colonel replied with as much warmth as good breeding would allow: the mayor retorted with downright anger, swearing that he would not be choused by the bravest colonel in His Majesty's service.—'Mr. Mayor,' said the colonel, 'there is no necessity for displaying any vulgar passion on this occasion. Permit me to shew you, that I have here your obliging card of invitation.'—'Nay, Mr. Colonel, here is no opportunity for bantering, there is your card.'

"Upon examining the cards, it was observed, that, notwithstanding an attempt to disguise it, both cards were written in the same hand by some person, who had designed to make fools of them all. Every eye of the corporation turned spontaneously upon the attorney, who, of course, attended all public meetings. His impudence suddenly gave way, he faltered and betrayed

• As an example of this, it has been stated to us, that when a beloved daughter died, Mr. Edgeworth relieved the distraction of his soul by inventing a patent coffin for her corpse. *Ed.*

himself so fully by his confusion, that the colonel, in a fit of summary justice, threw him out of the window. For this Sir Francis Delaval was charged five hundred pounds."

Mr. E. married in 1763, and lived principally in Berkshire, where he became very intimate with Mr. Day, cultivating at the same time an intercourse with most of the literati of the time.

The eccentricities of Mr. E. and of some of his friends, are unfolded in some whimsical anecdotes. We copy the following in a miscellaneous way.

"In one of my journeys from Hare Hatch to Birmingham, I accidentally met with a person, whom I as a mechanic, had a curiosity to see. This was a sailor, who had amused London with a singular exhibition of dexterity. He was called *Jack the Darter*. He threw his darts, which consisted of thin rods of deal, of about half an inch in diameter, and of a yard long, to an amazing height and distance; for instance, he threw them over what was then called the New Church in the Strand. Of this feat I had heard, but I entertained some doubts upon the subject; I had enquired from my friends where this man could be found, but had not been able to discover him. As I was driving towards Birmingham in an open carriage of a singular construction, I overtook a man, who walked remarkably fast, but who stopped as I passed him, and eyed my equipage with uncommon curiosity. There was something in his manner, that made me speak to him; and, from the sort of questions he asked about my carriage, I found that he was a clever fellow. I soon learned, that he had walked over the greatest part of England, and that he was perfectly acquainted with London. It came into my head to inquire, whether he had ever seen the exhibition, about which I was so desirous to be informed. 'Lord! Sir,' said he, 'I am, myself, *Jack the Darter*.' He had a roll of brown paper in his hand, which he unfolded, and soon produced a bundle of the light deal sticks, which he had the power of darting to such a distance. He readily consented to gratify my curiosity, and after he had thrown some of them to a prodigious height, I asked him to throw some of them horizontally. At the first trial he threw one of them eighty yards with great ease. I observed, that he coiled a small string round the stick, by which he gave it a rotary motion, that preserved it from altering its course; and at the same time it allowed the arm, which threw it, time to exercise its whole force.

"If any thing be simply thrown from the hand, it is clear, that it can acquire no greater velocity than that of the hand which throws it; but if the body, that is thrown, passes through a greater space than the hand, whilst the hand continues to communicate motion to the body to be impelled, the body will acquire a velocity nearly double to that of the hand which throws it. The ancients were aware of this, and they wrapped a thong of leather round their javelins, by which they could throw them with additional violence. This invention did not, I believe, belong to the Greeks; nor do I remember

is being mentioned by Homer or Xenophon. It was in use among the Romans; but at what time it was introduced or laid aside I know not. Whoever is acquainted with the science of projectiles will perceive, that this invention is well worthy of their attention."

The author spent several years in France :

The society at Lyons was at this time emulating the polish of Parisian manners, and approaching fast to the dissipation and relaxation of morals, which prevailed in Paris. Among the trifling anecdotes, that have remained in my memory, I may mention a repartee of a belle at Lyons, a Madame Bobu. This lady had given some offence to M. de Vespillier, the mayor of Lyons. At a masquerade, the major discovered this lady in her disguise, and accosted her in a sarcastic tone, with a quotation from the syllables of the Primer:—"Comment vous portez vous, Madame Ba-Be-Bi-Bo-Bu?"—She answered, "Très bien! Monsieur Ca-Ca-Co-Co!"—A sarcasm, which was not applied at hazard.

A few more slight anecdotes will mark the manners of that day at Lyons, and the good and bad qualities apparent in the different ranks of society. An English gentleman, who seemed to be very popular among his companions, had brought himself into sudden distress by an unlucky run at play. He was arrested, while he was entertaining several of his countrymen at dinner. Not one of them interfered in his favour; but when he retired from the room, a valet de place, who had lived with him for two years, offered him a purse containing more than the debt for which he was arrested, telling him, that he had earned that money by the English, and that it could not be better employed, than by saving a gentleman of that country from disgrace. The offer was accepted, and the English gentleman, soon afterwards repaid the sum, with the addition of a handsome present.

"Another instance of generosity, shewn to an Englishman in distress, occurred while I was at Lyons. A gentleman was arrested for numerous debts, which he had incurred by living in a very extravagant manner with Mademoiselle St. Clair, an actress of great celebrity and some beauty. She had fascinated the gentleman so completely, that he had lavished upon her all the money, and had exhausted all the credit, which he could command. Tradesmen to whom he was indebted, becoming acquainted with his situation, found it necessary to enforce payment by securing his person. None of the English came forward to his assistance, and he was actually placed in confinement. He was not, however, left long in this situation; for Mademoiselle St. Clair sold all her plate and jewels, and released him. When her lover flew to her, to express his gratitude, he was astonished to find a reception very different from what he expected: after expressing in the fondest manner her affection, she declared it to be her fixed determination, to live with him no longer. In vain he pleaded his constancy, his entire devotion to her wishes.

She acknowledged all his claims, but steadily refused to continue a connexion, which must necessarily end in his ruin. She had given such a signal proof of her disinterestedness and affection, that no meretricious motive, or any caprice of sentiment, could be attributed to her conduct; she therefore claimed the merit of the greatest sacrifice in giving him up, to preserve him from himself. All the Lyons world applauded her generosity: she was caressed and invited to some of the best houses in that city. I have dined with her at Madame de Vespillier's, with a large society of the best company. Had I not known that she was an actress, I could not have discovered her situation by any thing in her manners or conversation."

Having returned to England on the death of his wife soon after the birth of a daughter, Mr. E. shortly married Miss Honora Sneyd, and retired to his family seat, Edgeworthstown, in Ireland. On her death, he married her sister Elizabeth.

The second volume is the production of Maria Edgeworth, and infinitely better written than the first, but not so light and amusing from its gossiping character. We select merely one letter, which describes the death of Dr. Darwin.

"Among the foreigners, who came to England about this time, was Professor Pactet of Geneva, brother of the editor of the *Journal Britannique*, who translated *Practical Education*, and with whom my father had had some correspondence on the subject. Professor Pactet visited Ireland, and came to Edgeworthstown. He decided us to go abroad, by the kind offers of introduction to numerous literary friends at Paris; and assurances, that from what they already knew of him, through his writings on Education, they were prepared to receive him and his family with cordiality. The tour was arranged for the ensuing Autumn, and the pleasure of revisiting some of his old English friends, Dr. Darwin in particular, was full in his contemplation, when he received the following letter.

"FROM DR. DARWIN TO MR. EDGEWORTH.

"*Priority, near Derby, April 17, 1802.*

"Dear Edgeworth,

"I am glad to find, that you still amuse yourself with mechanism, in spite of the troubles of Ireland.

"We have all been now removed from Derby about a fortnight, to the *Priority*, and all of us like our change of situation. We have a pleasant house, a good garden, ponds full of fish, and a pleasing valley somewhat like Shenstone's—deep, imbraguous, and with a talkative stream running down it. Our house is near the top of the valley, well screened by hills from the east, and north, and open to the south, where, at four miles distance, we see Derby tower. Four or more strong springs rise near the house, and have formed the valley, which, like that of Petrarch, may be called *Val chiusa*, as it begins, or is shut, at the situation of the house. I hope you like the description, and hope further, that yourself and any part of your family will sometime do us the pleasure of a visit.

"Pray tell the authoress, that the water-nymphs of our valley will be happy to assist her next novel.

"My bookseller, Mr. Johnson, will not begin to print the *Temple of Nature*, till the price of paper is fixed by Parliament. I suppose the present duty is paid."

"At these words Dr. Darwin's pen stopped. What follows was written on the opposite side of the paper by another hand.

"Sir,

"This family is in the greatest affliction. I am truly grieved to inform you of the death of the invaluable Dr. Darwin. Dr. Darwin got up apparently in health; about eight o'clock, he rang the library bell. The servant, who went, said, he appeared fainting. He revived again,—Mrs. Darwin was immediately called. The Doctor spoke often, but soon appeared fainting; and died about nine o'clock.

"Our dear Mrs. Darwin and family are inconsolable: their affliction is great indeed, there being few such husbands or fathers. He will be most deservedly lamented by all, who had the honor to be known to him.

"P.S.—This letter was begun this morning by Dr. Darwin himself.

"The shock, which my father felt, must in some degree be experienced by every person, who reads this letter, where the playfulness of the beginning is in such contrast to the end. There is, in the sudden stroke of death, something that no human creature can behold with indifference, even when it falls on one quite unconnected with ourselves, or on one, who had in no way distinguished himself from his fellow mortals; but how much more awfully the blow resounds through the world, when it levels to the dust one preeminent in talent!"

The following are specimens of Mr. Edgeworth's poetry.

#### EPICRAM

*On some recent Scotch Marriages and Divorces.*

To ready Scotland boys and girls are carried,  
Before their time, impatient to be married,  
Soon wiser grown the selfsame road they run,  
With equal haste, to get the knot undone;  
Th' indulgent Scot, where English law too nice  
Is,

Sanctions our follies first—and then our vices.  
Ed. 1811.

*On receiving a Pencil-case from Mrs. F. Edgeworth, with a Black Lead Pencil at one end, and at the other a gold pen.*

If in some heedless hour my careless strain  
Should chance to give my loved Eliza pain,  
May the rude lines the fading pencil trace!  
May the rude lines her gentle hand efface!  
But when her worth, or when my love is told—  
Oh! may the sterling line be graced with gold.

The work is adorned with neat engravings, and will be found curious to literary readers.

*A New Dictionary for the Fashionable World; translated from the French, with selections and additions. London, 1820. 12mo. pp. 132.*

This is but a weakly performance,

and wants the whim and pungency which alone can make such a thing amusing. We copy a few of the best of the definitions and explanations, as a sample of the work.

*Ability*.—Those who possess the most, frequently make the least use of it.

*Abuse*.—A word of attack against a man in place; a word too often abused in its application. To put an end to *abuses*—to remedy *abuses*—in the mouths of many, means, your place suits me, or, give me a place!

*Answerable*.—A most hazardous thing to be, for any one, or any thing, in this world.

*Apothecary*.—A man who mixes drugs, with the qualities of which he is little acquainted, to operate upon a constitution with which he is still less acquainted.

*Bankruptcy*.—A way to enrich yourself, (A. D. 1815).

*Barrow*.—A great delight to an antiquary, as he finds a method of gratifying his wish of obtaining a few old broken jars, and perhaps may have the luck of getting some of the ancient bones of a Roman or Saxon hero, all which are more to him, than gold and jewels.

*Block*.—A heavy thick sort of head, upon which wigs are placed, sometimes of wood, sometimes upon the shoulders of individuals; and these last are called *block-heads*.

*Books*.—An ornament in all fashionable rooms, and sometimes of use, when they have not been cut down to fit into a beautiful little book-case! which we are assured has been done, by the desire of a lady, who was disappointed to find she could not get her books to fit in without this happy contrivance.

*Botanist*.—A person who delights as much in the antiquary in bones, or the miser in gold.

*Dandy*.—A creature unknown in England till of very late years. It is supposed to have some great defect in the formation of the head: some think the organ of folly is of such an extreme size in these animals, as to push every other organ in the head out of its place, and entirely to compress the brain; for *sense* they certainly have none, and *motion* is almost wholly denied them; incurvation is totally out of their power, and they are the most helpless of any two-legged animal upon the earth; yet they are as imitative as monkeys, and appear to follow every profession; and we have even been shocked to see them in the highest walk of our church!

"We have heard of a buck, maccaroni, and spark, but a dandy, (poor thing) was unknown in the ark."

For Noah had never endeavoured to save A thing of no use from the deluge's wave."

*Delight*.—Experienced in its true sense by the girl who is dressing for her first ball.

*Gratitude*.—The memory of the heart, which reminds us of benefits received, and disposes us to acknowledge them.

*History*.—A word so abused, that it is become synonymous with *folly*.

*Home*.—The seat of every comfort; more particularly understood by the English than any other nation. The French, indeed, have no word in their language for *home*. Nothing can convey a more just idea of the delight of *home* than an old Italian proverb:—"Ad ogni uccello, il suo nido par bello."

*Home (at)*.—A fashionable mode of invitation, and of rendering home the very reverse of a seat of comfort. It fills the house in a way to make it difficult to ascertain whether the mistress really be at home or no [not]. Indeed we have heard of a lady who took advantage of her at home, to go and pay a comfortable visit to a friend, who expressed surprise at seeing her, "Lord, my dear, my at home is just when I cannot be missed!"

*Inventions*.—Old things, by new names.

*Journal*.—A memorandum book for the assistance of those who have a short memory. We have heard of a Frenchman who frequently travelled from Paris to Lyons writing one day in his memorandum book, "Me souvenir de me marier en passant par Nevors."

*Love*.—A privilege for all the absurdities that can be committed, and all the nonsense that can be talked.

*Prodigies*.—Every first child; and if it fortunately remains an only one, continues to be a prodigy to the end of time.

*Vanity*.—A passion which demands every thing, and grants nothing.

Perhaps we ought in justice to annex the author's idea of a critic.

*Critic*.—An unmerciful searcher of faults. Very little wit, and a large share of ill-nature, is all that is necessary to form a good critic.

As we have made the writer his own critic, it will appear that he is wrong in parts of this character. His extracts indeed display 'very little wit': but they are not ill-natured.

*An Historical Sketch of the Campaign of 1815, illustrated by Plans of the Operations, &c.* By Captain Batty, of the 1st Grenadier Guards. 2d. edition. London 1820. 8vo pp. 162.

This very able general view of the operations of the important year 1815, with the excellent plans that illustrate its skillful and impartial narrative, may be consulted historically as a corrective to the partisan accounts which have issued from the press relative to the war. For military men, we presume its value to be still greater; but as its literary merits come most within our purview, we need only exemplify them by a brief extract. The following is the conclusion of the sketch of the battle of Waterloo.

A victory of such magnitude, and of such importance from its consequences, could not of course be achieved without great loss

on the part of the victorious army. It is impossible to enumerate in this place the many instances of brave and distinguished officers who fell or were severely wounded in this hard fought battle. The Prince of Orange at the head of his corps had distinguished himself throughout the day, by the example of his gallantry and activity, in rallying the troops when partially disorganized by the severe attacks of the enemy, till he was severely wounded and borne from the field. The Earl of Uxbridge, who, during the contest, had headed the different charges, was seen in his splendid uniform moving like a meteor across the plain, followed by the British cavalry, whose course was marked by the slaughter it made. In the advance of the whole army, at the close of the day, he was one of many who suffered from the last deadly volley of the enemy's artillery, and had one of his legs shattered by a cannon shot. Many of the Duke of Wellington's personal staff were killed or wounded. The brave Gen. Barne, Adjutant-General to the army, was severely wounded, and the Quarter-Master-General, Col. De Lancey, received a wound, which, unfortunately for the country at large, proved fatal. It is but a just tribute to this distinguished officer's great worth, to add, that when assistance was offered to him on the field, he declined accepting it, from a consciousness that his wound was mortal, and at the same time desired that those who came to assist him would give their immediate attendance to such of his brave countrymen who might be benefited by it, and he remained on the field during the night.

It appears from all accounts that Napoleon was confident of being enabled to defeat the army of the Duke of Wellington without the assistance of the troops which he had detached under Marshal Grouchy: he should have remembered the peculiar qualities of English troops in days of battle; the campaigns in the Peninsula should alone have proved to him that in the open field they were never defeated; and he should have borne in mind one of the essential rules, in which, in his instructions for days of battle, he impresses, "cette maxime, qu'un homme de guerre ne peut pas se graver dans l'esprit, que ce sont les plus opiniâtres qui gagnent les batailles."

And when, later in the day, he received intelligence of Bulow's corps being in march upon his right flank, he seems to have calculated on Marshal Grouchy being able to come up with its rear, notwithstanding the distance and difficult roads between Mont St. Jean, and Wavres, whither Grouchy had received instructions to proceed. However, it seems to be the opinion of many able men, that Marshal Grouchy should at once have marched upon the scene of action at Mont St. Jean, as the cannonade which he heard evidently was that of the whole force of Napoleon engaged against the Duke of Wellington's. With regard to the policy of accepting battle from the enemy on the plains of Waterloo, which the French writers have considered so great a fault in the tactics of

the Duke of Wellington; it must be observed, that had Belgium been a country whose political and commercial interests would have led it to oppose invasion with energy, the best system to have been followed by the army of the Netherlands would be that of availing battles and drawing the enemy further from his resources, and thus extending, and consequently weakening, the line of his operations, and compelling him to a warfare in detail; whilst the allies, retiring on their resources, would have accumulated strength, and might have selected their own time and place for giving battle to the invading army; and whilst the immense armies collected on the Rhine and in Lombardy, by invading France, would of necessity compel the French troops in Belgium to retreat.—But as Belgium had for so long a period formed an integral part of the French empire; as both her political, and yet more her commercial interests, were assimilated with those of France, and, as may reasonably be supposed, a great portion of the population eagerly looked for the advance of Napoleon, it is manifest under these circumstances, that the farther he could penetrate into the country, the greater probability there would be of his success. The proclamations and other documents found in his baggage, which was captured, prove his confident expectation of gaining over the whole country to his cause, and the losses he might sustain in actions would then have been recruited in the country he invaded. It was therefore as much, nay more, the interest of the Duke of Wellington to meet the enemy, if not on the very frontier, as near to it as possible, and by an obstinate defence, still to secure the plan arranged for the combined efforts of all the allied armies against France. Could the Duke of Wellington have merely maintained his ground at Waterloo, so as to prevent the farther advance of the French army; or could he effect a junction with the Prussian army, his object would have been equally gained; but, to prevent the enemy from gaining possession of the Flemish capital was of vital importance. It would appear, therefore, that as the French army, inferior in numbers to the united forces of Wellington and Blücher, could not at the same moment defeat both armies, there can hardly be a doubt that, subsequent to the battle of Ligny, all his efforts should, without delay, have been exerted against the Duke of Wellington's army, and these, with every man who could be spared from the pursuit of the Prussians, for it would have been against all the rules of war to quit with his main forces the road between Charleroi and Bruxelles, which was the true base of his operations, to follow the Prussian army along the bad cross roads in the direction of Louvain, and thus leave open his communications to the army of the Netherlands.

These opinions of an experienced and peculiarly well informed officer, are worthy of attention on the contested subjects to which they refer. The appendix contains several interesting documents, including Mr. Samuel Ro-

gers's account of the attack of Colonel Ponsonby's regiment, drawn up on the gallant Colonel's own month, and originally published in the Literary Gazette.

PRINCE MAXIMILIAN'S TRAVELS IN BRAZIL.  
(Concluded.)

Between the Rio Doce and St. Matthews, we have a characteristic trait of Brazilian travelling.

We missed the first watering-place, called Caçimba do S. João, but found the second, which is a *lagoa*, in a small low valley called Piranga, on the road side, at noon, when we had dispersed in all directions in search of water: it afforded some refreshment to us and our cattle. At the place where we stopped for the evening our search for water was however fruitless; none was to be found, and we were consequently unable to make use of the provisions which we had brought with us, they being too hard to be eaten without the addition of water. Our only resource was to satisfy our hunger with a little dry maize flour, and the turtles' eggs fortunately collected by the soldiers, which we could boil in sea water. While our people were employed in fetching some, and in picking up drift wood on the beach, we found to our great surprise, at a short distance from our fire, a prodigious sea-turtle (*testudo mydas*, Linn.) which was just going to deposit its eggs: nothing could be more welcome to our hungry company; the animal seemed to have come expressly to provide us with a supper. Our presence did not disturb it; we could touch it, and even lift it up; but to do this it required the united strength of four men. Notwithstanding all our exclamations of surprise and our deliberations what to do with it, the creature manifested no signs of uneasiness, but a kind of hissing, nearly like the noise made by the geese when any one approaches their young. It continued to work, as it had commenced, with its fin-like hinder feet, digging in the sand a cylindrical hole from eight to twelve inches broad; it threw the earth very regularly and dexterously, and as it were keeping time on both sides, and began immediately after to deposit its eggs.

One of our two soldiers laid himself all along on the ground near this purveyor of our kitchen, and took the eggs out of the hole as fast as the turtle deposited them; and in this manner we collected 100 eggs in about ten minutes. We considered whether we should add this fine animal to our collections; but the great weight of the turtle, which would have required a mule for itself alone, and the difficulty of loading such an awkward burden, made us resolve to spare its life, and to content ourselves with its eggs.

Those huge animals, the *midas*, and the soft-shelled turtle (*testudo mydas* and *coracora*), as well as the *testudo caretta*, or *cawanna*, deposit their eggs in the sand in the warmest months of the year, particularly in

this uninhabited part of the coast, between the Rincho and the Mucuri; they come on shore for this purpose in the evening twilight, drag their heavy bodies up the sandy coast, dig a hole, in which they deposit their eggs, fill it up with sand, which they tread down, and an hour or two after sun-set return to the sea. This was the case with the turtle which had so amply supplied us; when we came back to the strand a few hours afterwards, it was gone; it had filled up the hole, and the broad track left by it in the sand shewed that it had returned to its proper element. A single turtle of this kind can furnish an abundant repast with its eggs for a whole company; for the *midas* is said to lay at once ten or twelve dozen, and the soft-shelled from eighteen to twenty dozen. These eggs are a very nutritious food, and are therefore eagerly sought after on this desert coast by the Indians, and in the neighbourhood of the colony also by the whites.

In the woods on the banks of the river St. Matthew, the uncivilized Indians are very numerous, and they all live in constant warfare with the whites in this part of the country. In the course of the last year seventeen persons were killed by them. The northern bank is haunted by the Patachos, Cumannochs, Machacalis (called by the Portuguese Machacaria, they themselves cannot pronounce the *r* well), and other tribes, as far as Porto Seguro. The Botocados also are numerous, and said to be chiefly in possession of the south bank; they are feared by the other tribes, and are considered as enemies by the rest, who, on account of their inferior numbers, make common cause against them. The plantations belonging to a *fazenda* higher up the river were frequently robbed by the savages, till the proprietor devised a singular expedient to get rid of these hostile visitors. He loaded an iron cannon, which was at the *fazenda*, with pieces of old lead and iron, fastened the lock of a musket to it, placed it in the narrow path by which the savages always used to come in a column, and laid a piece of wood across the path which was connected with the trigger by means of a string. The savages appeared in the dusk of the evening, and trod on the piece of wood, as had been intended. When the people of the *fazenda* hastened to the spot to see the result, they found the cannon burst, and thirty Indians killed and mutilated, some still on the spot and others scattered in the woods. The cries of the fugitives are said to have been heard far around. Since this terrible destruction the *fazenda* is said not to have been again disturbed by the savages.

In the river St. Matthew, the original Brazilian name of which is *Cricaré*, is found a rare animal, which at present is met with in only very few rivers on the east coast. This is the *manati*, or *prairie boi* of the Portuguese. The natural history of this singular animal is still obscure in many points; it is pretty frequent in this river, but is said sometimes to go into the sea, and along the coast, and then into other rivers; thus it has been taken, for instance, in the *Aleboaga*. At St. Matthew, the favourite haunt of the ma-

nati, is a *lagoa*, or inland water, much overgrown with grass and reeds. The hunting of it is attended with some difficulty. The hunter rows carefully and without noise in a small boat among the grass and reeds; if he sees the animal with its back above the water, as it usually appears when grazing, he approaches cautiously, and throws at it a harpoon fastened to a cord. The manati yields a great quantity of blubber, and its flesh is esteemed. The orbicular bone of the ear is looked upon by the ignorant people as a powerful specific, and sold at a high price. Though I repeatedly made great promises, during my three or four months' stay in these parts, with a view to obtain one of these animals, my hopes were disappointed, and I was forced to content myself with the sight of the stuffed manatis, which I saw on my return from Brazil, in the cabinet of Natural History at Lisbon.

At Villa Viçosa, the suite of the Ouvidor, or Commisitant, included ten or twelve of the Botocudos; of whom the Prince says :—

The sight of the Botocudos astonished us beyond all expression; we had never before seen such strange and singularly ugly beings. Their original countenances were farther disfigured by large pieces of wood which they wore in their lower lips and in their ears: the lip is thus made to project very much, and the ears of some of them hang like large wings down to their shoulders: their brown bodies were covered with dirt. They were already very familiar with the *ouvidor*, who had then always in the room with him in order to gain their confidence more and more. He had some persons who spoke the Botocudo language, and let us hear some specimens of their singing, which resembles an inarticulate howling. Most of these young Indians had lately had the small pox: they were still covered all over with marks and scars, which, as their bodies were emaciated by the disease, considerably increased their natural ugliness.

The following picture of the travellers is interesting :—

To form some idea of our mode of life at Marro d'Arara, conceive a wilderness in which a company of men forms a solitary outpost, sufficiently provided by nature with the necessities of life, in abundance of game, fish, and good water; but at the same time, by its distance from inhabited places, entirely confined to its own resources, and obliged to be constantly on its guard against the savage natives of the forest, by whom it is on every side surrounded.

Patachos, and perhaps Botocudos, prowled about us daily, to watch our motions; for this reason we all went constantly armed; we numbered between fifty and sixty able bodied men. The wood on the side of a mountain, on the bank of the *lagoa*, had already been felled, so that it lay confusedly together like a rude abatis. Twenty-four Indians, who were particularly serviceable for this purpose, went out daily to work; some of them were furnished with axes, others

with a sickle-shaped instrument (*fouce*) fixed to a long handle; the former cut down the trees, the latter the underwood and young bushes. When a large tree was felled it drew down many other trees with it to the ground; because all these forests are interlaced and twined together by the strongest lianes climbing plants; many trunks were broken off by others, and remained standing like colossal pillars: prickly plants, especially the stems of the *ari* palm, which are covered with thorns, lay every where on the ground, and made these abatis perfectly impenetrable. The *ouvidor* had caused five or six huts to be built near the *lagoa*, the roofs of which were covered with urucana leaves. Four of our Indians, who, like most of their countrymen, were very good hunters, and still better fishermen and boatmen, were sent out every morning for the whole day, to fish, hunt, and examine our *mundoes*, or traps for animals, and they always brought home in the evening, game and abundance of fish, principally *piabanhas*, *trairas*, *pian*, *robol*, and other species. As soon as all our people were collected together in the evening, we had no cause to fear an open attack of the savages. Against a surprise by night, which they do not readily attempt in dark, but preferably in moonlight nights, we were secured by the vigilance of our dogs. A large dog belonging to the *ouvidor* distinguished himself above the rest; he seemed to scent the savages when they prowled about on the mountain, beyond the *lagoa*. On these occasions he was quite furious, and barked long and without intermission towards the suspicious quarter. The Patachos, from their dark lurking places, doubtless observed us, not without wonder and dissatisfaction, and our hunters had need of great caution not to approach them unguardedly. We often heard these savages imitate the notes of the owls (*carajá*), of the *capucira*, and other animals, especially the night-birds; but our Indians, who were equally skilled in this art, never failed to distinguish the imitation from nature. A person not acquainted with it, would perhaps have attempted to follow the call of the bird, when the arrows of the savages would have shewn him his mistake. When our people danced the *badora* by moonlight, and played the guitar to it, which is always accompanied by the clapping of hands; this clapping was repeated by the savages on the other side of the *lagoa*. The *ouvidor*, who on all occasions took much pains to gain the savages, made frequent endeavours, while we were here, to entice them, and called out to them *Schamanik*! (comrade) or *Capitum Ney*\* (great chief), &c. but all his endeavours were vain; though our Indians, whom we sent out on the watch, frequently perceived by the footsteps of the savages, that they had approached the abatis in the night, and reconnoitred our encampment on all sides. As we ourselves expected one evening to be suddenly attacked, because our dogs were uncommonly uneasy, we were always on our guard, and

those who had to fetch water, collect fuel or do any thing else in the forest, always took care to be well armed.

We must now conclude, which we do with an account of a Botocudo combat.

One Sunday morning, when the weather was most beautifully serene, we saw all the Botocudos of the Quartel, some with their faces painted black, and others red, suddenly break up, and wade through the river to the north bank, all with bundles of poles on their shoulders. Soon afterwards Captain June, with his people, came out of the wood, where a number of women and children, had sought refuge in some large huts. Scarcely had the news of the approaching combat become known in the Quartel, when a crowd of spectators, among whom were the soldiers, an ecclesiastic from Minas, and several strangers, whom I also joined, hastened over to the field of battle. Each took for his security a pistol or a knife under his coat, in case the combat should be turned against us.

When we landed on the opposite bank, we found all the savages standing close together, and formed a half circle about them. The combat was just beginning. First, the warriors of both parties uttered short rough tones of defiance to each other, walked sullenly round one another like angry dogs, at the same time making ready their poles. Captain Jeparack then came forward, walked about between the men, looked gloomily and directly before him, with wide staring eyes, and sung, with a tremulous voice, a long song, which probably described the affront that he had received. In this manner the adverse parties became more and more inflamed: suddenly, two of them advanced, and pushed one another with the arm on the breast, so that they staggered back, and then began to ply their poles. One first struck with all his might at the other, regardless where the blow fell: his antagonist bore the first attack seriously and calmly, without changing countenance; he then took his turn, and thus they belaboured each other with severe blows, the marks of which long remained visible in the large wheals on their naked bodies. As there were on the poles many sharp stumps of branches which had been cut off, the effect of the blows was not always confined to bruises, but the blood flowed from the heads of many of the combatants. When two of them had thus thrashed each other handsomely, two more came forward; and several pairs were often seen engaged at once: but they never laid hands on one another. When these combats had continued for some time, they again walked about with a serious look, uttering tones of defiance, till heroic enthusiasm again seized them, and set their poles in motion.

Meanwhile, the women also fought valiantly; amidst continual weeping and howling, they seized each other by the hair, struck with their fists, scratched with their nails, tore the plugs of wood out of each other's ears and lips, and scattered them on the field of battle as trophies. If one threw her adversary down, a third, who stood be-

\* This is a curious coincidence with the name of a late French Marshal.—*SV.*

hind, seized her by the legs, and threw her down likewise, and then they pulled each other about on the ground. The men did not degrade themselves so far as to strike the women of the opposite party, but only pushed them with the ends of their poles, or kicked them on the side, so that they rolled over and over. The lamentations and howlings of the women and children likewise resounded from the neighbouring huts, and heightened the effect of this most singular scene.

In this manner the combat continued for about an hour; when all appeared weary, some of the savages showed their courage and perseverance, by walking about among the others, uttering their tones of defiance. Captain Deparck, as the principal person of the offended party, held out to the last; all seemed fatigued and exhausted, when he not yet disposed to make peace, continued to sing his tremulous song, and encouraged his people to renew the combat, till we went up to him, clapped him on the shoulder, and told him that he was a valiant warrior, but that it was now time to make peace; upon which he at length suddenly quitted the field, and went over to the Quartel. Captain June had not shown so much energy; being an old man, he had taken no part in the combat, but constantly remained in the back-ground.

All of us then left the field of battle, which was covered with ear-plugs and broken poles, and returned to the Quartel; where we found our old acquaintances Juckerke, Medcann, Ahô, and others, sadly covered with bruises; but they shewed to what a degree man can harden himself, for none of them paid any regard to his swollen limbs; but they sat or lay down on their open wounds, and ate with a hearty appetite the flour which the commandant gave them. The bows and arrows of all these savages had stood, during the whole combat, leaning against the neighbouring trees, without their touching them; but it is sad sometimes to have happened, on similar occasions, that they have thrown aside the poles, and taken to their arms, for which reason the Portuguese do not much like to have such combats in their neighbourhood. It was not till some time afterwards that I heard the cause of the combat, of which we had been spectators. Captain June, with his people, had been hunting on the south bank of the river, in the grounds of Deparck, and killed some wild swine. This was considered by the latter as a great insult; for the Botocudos always observe, more or less strictly, the boundaries of a certain hunting-district, beyond which they are in general careful not to trespass: such offences are the usual occasions of their quarrels and wars. Only one combat similar to that here described had ever occurred before near the Quartel dos Arcos, and it was therefore a peculiarly lucky accident, that afforded me the view of this spectacle during my short stay at this place. It is very rarely that travellers witness such a scene, which is however so important to those who would obtain a thorough knowledge of the savages, and their character. Not long after my departure from the Quartel, as I was informed,

another and a still greater combat took place there, on occasion of the return of Captain Gipeken, who was a friend and ally of Captain June.

This is but the first part of the prince's work, which is, it seems, to follow the modern fashion of publishing periodically; but it is satisfactory to learn, that only one other volume is expected.

By ornithologists in particular, it will be esteemed as contributing largely to extend the bounds of natural history. To common readers, however, it does not offer more attraction than our extracts promise; and the plates are but indifferently executed.

#### LOUIS BONAAPARTE'S HOLLAND.

[Third and last Notice.]

The third volume of this work takes up the history of Louis's government in 1809: the new criminal code, a system of weights and measures, and accounts of furious insurrections in the "anarchicous nation," afford nothing to tempt us into quotation, though their *Watterdoff* is a subject of infinite impudence to our Dutch neighbours.

In attending to the war in Spain Louis displays great ignorance of the events which took place in that country; and, while in relating his own acts, there are some which do him credit, there are others which show how much wanting he was in sincerity and honour to his subjects. We select for extract an instance of each.

A day of prayer and fasting was appointed: on which occasion "the new minister of Vilpen, a village situate a few leagues from the capital in North Holland, indulged himself in a rally of the most violent nature. This village and its vicinity were inhabited by a great number of the principal persons of the capital, most of whom were attached to the court. General indignation was excited, and many of the audience did not fail to express it. Some called for the punishment of the author of a discourse as calumnious as malignant, and so little consistent with the purpose the government had in view, in ordering a day of fasting and prayer. The pastor was sent for by the ministers both of the police and of the interior. The King was desirous of seeing him. He was a very young man, and appeared not without agitation. He deserved severe punishment; and the king was requested to inflict it on him, to make him an example to such as might be tempted to imitate his conduct: but the king would do it only in his own way. He received him coldly, but politely; demanded of him an account of the whole; caused all the expressions the pastor had used to be repeated; then pointed to him his own situation and that of the kingdom; and obliged him to confess, that he had been as cruel as unjust in blaming the government. The young man was convinced of his injustice, promised to alter his conduct completely, and they parted good friends. In fact, he

voluntarily made public atonement for it in his own church; and afterwards conducted himself in an exemplary manner. When it was proposed to the king to punish him severely, he answered, 'It is of more importance to me to convince him, than to punish him.'

The opposite example is displayed when Napoleon, whose detestation of, and tyranny over the Dutch, his brother so completely exposes in every page, chose, without saying a word to him on the subject, to make his son the "Prince Royal of Holland," the grand duke of Berg. In the letter which Louis wrote to the legislative body, announcing this transaction, he says, "The nation will see also in this an incontrovertible proof of the good disposition of my brother and of France towards this country; and it ought to impose silence on the discourses and calumnies of the intriguing and the superficial." After all he has told us himself of the evil disposition of his brother and France, these words evince a spirit of hypocrisy, more congenial to the mystifying manoeuvres of St. Cloud, than the declared obvious policy of Amsterdam. While thus disingenuously acting the king, we may show how the father felt. The historian adds, "Two things in this act could not however fail to hurt him more than the preceding consideration. The first was, the not having been previously advised of arrangements so essentially interesting to his son, and the being informed of the cession by a simple letter. The second, and the most painful of the considerations to which it gave rise, was to find, that his son was separated from him for ever, and he deprived of his indisputable right of having him under his guidance and protection, without his consent, and even without being consulted. He did not give vent however to the resentment arising from his affection."

A notion of the minuteness into which Louis carried the science of legislating, which indeed seems to have been a family characteristic, will be given by the following.

"The king (in one of his progresses) remarked with pain and surprise, that many of the country-women, instead of bringing up their infants on their first and natural food, gave them cow's milk and pap; and enjoined the ministers of religion, to use all their efforts to remove this abuse. He interrogated many of the Zealand women respecting this custom; and perceived with astonishment that it was become a system among a people, whose women are almost without exception excellent mothers and faithful wives. The magistrates avowed the inutility of their endeavours to alter this practice. The women of Zealand are accustomed to wear a sort of half-veil of very fine linen, which falls over the back part of the head and the temples, but does not descend lower upon the face than the forehead, where it is fixed by a slip of gold, which the married women wear on one side of the forehead, and the unmarried on the other. Without infringing on this custom, the king ordered, that those women who suckled their infants should alone be permitted to

wear a complete circle of gold on the forehead; and that three rich ornaments of this kind should be distributed annually to the three mothers who should have suckled the greatest number of infants."

At the conclusion of the last Austrian war, Louis found it expedient to visit his unhappy brother at Paris. The shifts and precautions to which he had recourse, singularly display the posture of affairs.

"He was afraid, that, during his stay in Paris his name would be employed against his will, to authorize many things in Holland: that such acts, as the Emperor might think proper, would be printed in the French papers, while he was deprived of all power of disavowing them: and under this idea he had settled with his ministers, that every act or paper whatever, not ending with some Dutch words, or with the device of the order, *Doe well ensie niet om*, should be considered as a nullity. It was for this reason also, that he gave orders to the commanders of the fortresses of Brabant, not to admit any troops without an order written and signed by his own hand. His aim was to render all diplomatic falsehood or treachery impossible."

It is quite ludicrous to contemplate a monarch of very limited power pretending to resist the strong hand which raised him, and to play the Independent where there was not a chance of success. Buonaparte cared not a straw for these struggles; in his speech at opening the legislative assembly, to which Louis was not invited, he said, "Holland is in reality only a part of France. This country may be defined by saying, that it is the alluvion of the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt, that is, of the great arteries of the empire. The nullity of its customs houses, the dispositions of its agents, and the spirit of its inhabitants, which incessantly inclines to a fraudulent trade with England, make it a duty to prohibit trade on the Rhine and the Weser. Thus crushed between France and England, Holland is deprived both of the advantages repugnant to our general system, which it must renounce, and of those it might enjoy. It is time, that all this should return to its natural order."

"The astoundment and indignation of the king, when he heard this passage, may easily be conceived. He was then sensible of the great fault he had committed by this cursed journey; and how difficult it would be for him, not to say impossible, to escape the snares laid for him. As Louis and Hortensia had lived almost always separate since their marriage, except three short periods of a few months, they each demanded of the family council a separation, presently after Louis arrived at Paris. But after a meeting of the family council was granted, the separation was refused, though it had long existed in point of fact.

"He was informed of the refusal of the family council verbally: no document whatever was transmitted to him on a result, on which however depended the ease, condition, and fame of a man of honour.

"The marriage of the Empress Josephine was dissolved; a demand for the purpose be-

ing made to the senate on the 15th of December. This demand was *immediately* preceded\* by so many feasts, balls, and amusements, that they might have been supposed the accompaniments of a general peace, rather than of a painful and affecting transaction. Be it as it may, the Empress Josephine gave her consent to it, as did her children. The king, who had affairs enough on his own hands, and had at first refused his consent, yielded to these last considerations. He was required to be present at the ceremony. He was present likewise at the farewell festival, as it might be called, given the Empress Josephine by the city of Paris; and at the ceremony of the 1st of January. These were the only times of his appearing in public during five months stay at Paris."

In point of fact he was a state prisoner; and the narrative proceeds:

"As soon as the king found the turn which affairs took, he made attempts to escape: but measures to prevent it were too well devised, as he was convinced in the different excursions he made with this design at St. Leu. His house was guarded, and the guard made its report every day to the grand marshal of the palace: he was watched most strictly; he was made a prisoner. At first he merely suspected it; but he soon obtained certainty on this point, though he affected not to perceive it. He consented to go and reside at Trianon: but it was not long before he returned from it abruptly. At the moment when he was expecting the fulfilment of the promises made him, at the moment when the projected marriage of the Emperor gave reason to hope for a change of system and conduct with regard to him, the measure of injustice and ill usage was heaped up. He did not despair however of finding means to escape."

In the end Holland was united to France, and the poor fly in the spider's web at Paris was enjôled, tortured, and persecuted in the most infamous manner.

On the subject of Buonaparte's own marriage, it is interesting to read his brother's statement. He says,

"The Emperor had inclined at first to an alliance with Russia; but the latter refused it, after having almost given a promise. The Emperor then caused Austria and Saxony to be sounded, and the answers were favourable. The Emperor decided at once for the former house, for which he always had a kind of respect and regard, sentiments that displayed themselves in spite of himself, even in his hostile proceedings towards it. Though decided, the Emperor held a privy council on the choice of an empress. Prince Talleyrand, Prince Eugene, the Duke of Bassano, and the Duke of Vicenza, were for Austria: the King of Naples, the minister Fouché, and Cambacérès, for Russia: Prince le Brun, Cardinal Fesch, the Duke de Feltré, and the King of Holland, for Saxony. The reasons of the latter were, that the Emperor and France had been too great enemies to Austria, to hope for a sin-

cere reconciliation: he preferred Saxony to both the others; but Austria to Russia, on account of similarity of religion. In this council the King of Naples argued strongly for Russia to the disadvantage of Austria; which the Emperor, in answering him, puzzled with a warmth, eloquence, and success, that not only disclosed his sentiments and partiality for that house, but astonished the assembly extremely."

In April our shadow of a king was permitted to return to Amsterdam, where he lived, "watched by secret agents, ready to poison every word." In Napoleon's letters at this period, are many memorable passages. He tells Louis—

"When you conduct yourself so as to persuade the Dutch, that you act agreeably to my suggestions; that all your proceedings, all your sentiments accord with mine: you will be esteemed and beloved, and will acquire the stability necessary to restore Holland. This illusion still supports you a little. *The journey you took to Paris*, your return, and the Queen's, and other motives founded in reason, make you people think, it is still possible for you, to revert to my system, and my way of thinking: but you alone can confirm these hopes, and eradicate even the least doubt of them. There is not one of your actions, which your fat Dutchmen do not weigh, as they would an affair of credit or commerce: they know therefore on what to depend. When being a friend of France and of me shall entitle a man to be your bosom friend, all Holland will perceive it, all Holland will breathe freely, all Holland will find itself in a natural situation. This depends on yourself alone.

"Do you think, that the letter you caused to be written to Mollerus, and the assurances you gave him of your affection, at the time when you displaced him, will give you any consequence in the country? Unleavely yourself: every body knows, that without me there is no safety, without me there is no credit, without me you are nothing. If then the example you had before your eyes at Paris; if the knowledge of my character, which is to march straight to my object, without being stopped by any consideration, have not altered you, have not opened your eyes, what would you have me to do?"

"You yourself break your own sceptre. Be assured, no person is deceived. Would you be in the path of sound policy? Love France, seek my glory: this is the only way to serve the King of Holland."

"Do you know why you were the harbour of Holland? It is because you were the seal of an eternal compact with France, the bond of a community of interests with me: and Holland, *became through you a part of my empire*, was dear to me as a province, because I had given it a prince, whom I looked upon almost as a son. Had you been what you ought, I should have been as much interested for Holland as for France, I should have its prosperity as much at heart: and certainly in placing you on the throne of Holland, I thought I was placing there a French citizen, as much devoted to the greatness of France as myself, and as jealous

\* So it is in the original, but the author must surely have meant *succeeded*. Tr.



of every thing concerning the mother country. Had you followed this plan in your conduct, you would now have been king of six millions of subjects. I should have considered the throne of Holland as a pedestal, on which I should have spread Hamburg, Osnabruck, and part of the north of Germany; for it would have been a nucleus of people, that would have broken still more the German spirit, which is the first object of my policy. Far from this, you have taken a course directly opposite; I have found myself obliged to forbid you France, and to seize on a part of your country.

"You do not say a word in your council, you do not entrust any one with a secret, that remains unknown, that does not turn against you and annihilate you; for in the minds of the Dutch you are to them but a Frenchman of four years standing; they see in you nothing but me, and the advantage of finding themselves sheltered from the subaltern agitators and plunderers, who have harassed them ever since the conquest. When you show yourself a bad Frenchman, you are less to them than a prince of Orange, to whose blood they stand indebted for the rank of their nation, and a long series of prosperity and glory. Holland is convinced, that your aversion to France has made them lose, what they would not have lost under a prince of Orange or a Schimmelpenninck."

What a picture is here? Louis could only abdicate, which he did on the 1st of July, and set out for Toplitz. Thence he went to Gratz, and though deserted by all those whom he had taken with him and relied upon, but who were in truth his brother's spies, he resisted all the threats and commands to induce him to return to France.

"He led (as he feelingly states) a very retired life at Gratz, endeavouring to re-establish his health. He waited impatiently for the so much desired period of a general peace, that he might go to Rome, that he might implore the assistance of the august head of his religion, on the score of his marriage, and be enabled afterwards to retire to St. Leu; where he hoped to terminate his career, where in 1804 he had deposited the ashes of his father, and where a place had ever since been prepared for himself. Paris and St. Leu he loved beyond all expression, and considered as the places of his birth."

"But heaven ordered it otherwise; and willed, that the man perhaps least in the world framed for solitude and cecily, the man most French, most peaceable, least a cosmopolite; was obliged to live alone, and in a wandering state, and accused of loving neither tranquillity nor France. May this truth convince both his countrymen and the Dutch of the injustice of those reproaches."

When the crisis of Buonaparte's fate drew on, Louis seems to have forgotten his resentment. He endeavoured to renew their fraternal intercourse; but being frustrated, went to Switzerland in order to be near the scene of action. Here a curious interview took place between him and Murat, after the battle of Leipzig.

"The King of Naples was returning home, to endeavour to save himself, if the existence of the French government should be endangered. He advised his brother-in-law to return to Holland by the assistance of the allies. The latter answered, this he would never do; because Holland would not be permitted to remain perfectly neutral, and no throne in the world would bribe him to make war against his country. "If France prove successful," added he, "what reproaches should I not deserve, for having drawn on the kingdom its hostility and vengeance! If she prove unsuccessful, the allies in the end will give the preference to the Prince of Orange. But," after the departure of the King of Naples, he reflected maturely on the singular situation in which he stood. He felt clearly, that it was a favourable moment, to attempt a return to Holland; and that the French government could not do better, than renounce a country slipping through its fingers, and establish in it a French dynasty. He despatched an officer of his guards to Mentz, with orders to await the Emperor there, and deliver to him a letter, in which he endeavoured to persuade his brother, to lose no time in adopting the only step, that remained for France to take at that moment, with regard to Holland."

"As he could entertain no doubt, that a country about to fall into the hands of the allies would be yielded up to him with pleasure, and that it was important to lose no time; he resolved to proceed immediately to Amsterdam, if the French government gave its consent, and would permit the Dutch then at Paris to accompany him. Accordingly he proceeded towards this capital, after having written to the Empress Regent, and to Prince Cambrésis; but was much astonished to find, on his reaching Pont sur Seine, a refusal to receive him at Paris. He returned to Switzerland therefore, where he was informed of the Emperor's answer by letters from Prince Berthier, Duke of Vicenza, and by what the Emperor said to the officer, who had been sent to him. Both these exactly agreed. "I had rather," said the Emperor, "that Holland should return into the power of the house of Orange, than into that of my brother. If he have a hundred thousand men to oppose to me, he may endeavour to take it from me, &c."

In 1814 Louis returned as a private individual to Paris.

"He alighted at his mother's. He could not see the Emperor till ten days after his arrival. Orders to remove to the distance of forty leagues from Paris were hinted to him. The Prince of Neuchâtel, and the Duke of Vicenza, came to him formally to renew to him these orders, which he refused to obey, because no one had a right to prevent him from dwelling in his own house."

"At length, on the 10th of January he saw the Emperor through the mediation of the Empress. They approached each other coolly, without embracing. It would be difficult to form an idea of what Louis inwardly felt at seeing again a brother, to whom his infancy was so much indebted, but of whom he had so many reasons to complain, since

his life and future prospects had been sacrificed to worldly illusions and politics."

On the entrance of the Allies into Paris, he accompanied the Empress to Blois, thence went to Lausanne, and in September to Rome, where he has since resided, superintending the education of his son.

Though rather a heavy work, and not very purely, though faithfully translated, there is a great deal of important matter in these three volumes; which, if not calculated for mere English popularity, will no doubt find their way to most of the libraries of statesmen and politicians.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### LITERARY FUND.

We have felt rather reluctant to give any account of the annual commemoration of this fund on the 4th, because the meeting was altogether unworthy of the occasion. There were indeed several respectable noblemen and gentlemen present, and some literary characters, whose names are known to the public; but the number assembled was very limited, and both in distinction of rank and letters, and in the amount of the subscription, the results fell far short of what ought to mark the anniversary of so generally interesting and excellent an institution. In truth, there is evidently something radically wrong in the management of this noble charity. This year the failure was ascribed to delays and blunders in not getting stewards in time, and in not apprizing those who had been procured, so as to enable them to act efficiently. But the Literary Fund has never occupied the place it ought to fill among the benevolent associations of the country. There is hardly a club of any sort, or hospital of third rate consequence, which does not outstrip it; and as for the more public charities connected with the arts, the drama, &c. their success trebles and quadruples that of one which ought to stand pre-eminent, as its objects are the encouragement of universal literature, and relief of unfortunate authors. There is no part of the community which does not feel a sympathy with the plan; and yet it pines in comparative obscurity, and but for a remarkable legacy, would hardly be competent to assuage the distresses of a dozen perishing scholars in a twelvemonth.

We take this view of the subject without designing, far less desiring, to impute blame to any of the persons whose names appear among the officers of the society. The zeal, talents, and diligence of several of the most official are acknowledged by those who have better opportunities than we possess of appreciating their services. We only say, that from some cause or other,—either from gentlemen being averse to thrust themselves too forward, or from the duty which many should perform being performed by none,—the thing has been ill conducted.

Happily we trust, for the fund, this fact was stated at the meeting in a neat address,

\* (Quæz, Was he born in two places?)

delivered by one of the stewards, the Hon. Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, and further animated upon by the chairman, the Earl of Blessington. It is therefore to be hoped, that the disposition consequently manifested to promote the good cause, with greater concert and vigour, will not evaporate before the next anniversary. Several useful hints as to previous arrangements were thrown out; and, as they seemed to be unanimously approved of, it is to be presumed they will be strenuously acted upon, and that we shall not again have the painful task of censuring, where it is so desirable that we should have only praise and gratulation to utter.

The meeting amounted to about 120, and included, besides the chairman, Lords Pomfret and Bolton, Sir W. Clayton, G. Watson Taylor, Mr. D. Kinnaird, Mr. Heber, Mr. Chalmers, Dr. Symonds, Rev. C. P. Burney, &c. &c. &c. When the customary toasts were disposed of, and the glee peculiar to the day had been performed, by the veteran Shield, and other musicians, Mr. Fitzgerald went upon a table, and recited an address, being the twenty-fourth which he has composed for these anniversaries. Of the good intention and philanthropy of these exhibitions, no one can entertain a doubt; and the author is most deservedly respected for his constant devotion to the interests of the Literary Fund. But we must question the expediency of talar recitations, which are rather inconsistent with English manners, and are, in themselves, more likely to excite ridicule than to inspire respect. We wish they were discontinued, and Lord Byron's taunt\* disproved in both its branches. Several admirable songs, by Brahms, were more exhilarating; and the statement, by Mr. Yates, that the permanent fund for general purposes amounted to above 6000*l*. was still more cheering.

Towards the conclusion of the evening, the noble president was very successful in creating an enthusiasm in favour of the charity: by some stewards of considerable power having been nominated for next year, we anticipate that an assemblage will take place, at which the highest rank, and the proudest abilities, will be seen crowding, as they ought, to honour and promote the Literary Fund.

#### SPOTS ON THE SUN.

Vienna, 27th April.—M. Steinhelbel, who has for nearly four years daily observed the sun, and carefully noted, in a journal, the dark or bright spots which became visible, noticed, on the 12th of February this year, at 45 minutes past ten, A. M. a spot distinguished from every other, by its well defined, circular form, by its circular atmosphere, by its orange colour, and particularly by its singular motion, as it crossed the sun's disk

in five hours, nearly. As he made this interesting observation during an excursion into the country, it was not possible to have the aid of instruments, or to communicate the phenomenon early enough to others. It would be very possible to attain, in this manner, the discovery of a planet nearer to the sun than Mercury.

*Remarkable Phenomena in the late Eruption of Mount Vesuvius, communicated by a scientific writer of distinction.*

Naples, March 6th.—Vesuvius has continued, ever since October 1818, to pour out streams of lava; that in particular of the last eruption, on the 25th November, 1819, not only continues, but increases. M. Gimbernat prosecutes his observations, in hopes of seeing the end of this long series of eruptions, of which he witnessed the commencement, that he may afterwards examine the effects that have been produced in the interior of the crater, to which access is possible as soon as the volcano becomes more quiet. According to his observations, the following are the principal occurrences since the commencement, in November last. In the night of the 1st of January the stream of lava, which, till then, had remained pretty equal, suddenly rose considerably above the sides of its bed, rushed forwards, and divided itself into two streams of fire. At the same time the principal crater threw out flames and stones in great quantities. On the 4th, at two in the afternoon, there was a loud explosion, which the Neapolitans took for a clap of thunder, as in general they never think of Vesuvius, except when it threatens them.\* With this detonation, several ignited substances, and above 30 feet of the edge of the crater, were thrown into the air, by which the top of Vesuvius lost some toises of its height. The great crater therefore, which was higher than that which is called the little crater, is now the lower, as respects the level of the opening. The smoke, which usually rises from the crater in columns, or in round masses, now often assumes a circular or ring shape, ascends in constant rotation, and changes its white colour to blue, as it spreads in the atmosphere. A second brilliant phenomenon appeared in the night of the 13th. A bright, very much extended light, like the Aurora-borealis, diffused an uncommon lustre to a considerable height over the crater. It was caused by the reflection in the clouds of an immense fire burning in the interior of the volcano; but no flames were at this time visible above the crater. This volcanic meteor illumined seven nights successively with increasing splendour; when, on the 16th, a violent eruption threw up so many stones, that they in a short time choked up the two springs (one of fresh water, and one impregnated with muriatic acid) which Mr. Gimbernat had collected, and kept up for above a year on the summit of Vesuvius. At the same time the stream of lava greatly increased, and diverged into three branches, the longest of which

was 1500 toises in length, and 6 toises in breadth. These streams of fire diminished on the 25th, and, on the following day, the crater again threw out clouds of black smoke. On the 27th, fresh showers of stones again hurried the fountains, the utility of which had induced the guide to Vesuvius, Salvatore, to repair it at his own expense, for the use of the numerous travellers who ascend the volcano, and are generally much incommoded by thirst. In the night of the 28th, flames issued in abundance from the cleft out of which the lava flowed. They formed a pyramid of fire, about 50 feet high, which seemed to be a current of ignited hydrogen gas. This beautiful thermolamp burned without interruption through the night, on the top of the mountain; when the sun rose it disappeared, but it shone again in the following night. At the beginning of February the top of Vesuvius was covered with snow, while its fire raged with redoubled fury. There was then occasion to admire the striking contrasts of nature: deep snow surrounded the flaming mouth of the volcano, and the constantly flowing stream of lava.

On the 13th the inhabitants of Torre del Greco, Resina, and Portici, were alarmed by violent shocks at the foot of the mountain, accompanied by loud explosions inside. An electrical conductor, which M. Gimbernat had erected on the summit of Vesuvius, and which was connected with a voltaic electrometer, showed an uncommonly strong positive electricity about the crater, but with continual variations, not to be ascertained, and which, perhaps, were caused by the great mass of vapours spread by the incessant eruptions during this operation. In the following night, a storm from the south brought torrents of rain, which continued for four days. The fires of Vesuvius raged with still greater fury amidst these floods of water. On the 20th of February, a new eruption of lava succeeded this storm. The melted substances flowed with such rapidity, that they advanced 500 toises in less than an hour. The old stream of lava of the 25th of November, had extended to above 1500 toises. At the same time the flames and the stones rose from the centre above 500 feet into the air, as calculated by the time which the highest of the latter took to descend.

The subterraneous motions which were propagated in the whole wide circumference of Vesuvius, several times shook the houses of Torre del Greco, and other towns on the coast. A quantity of lapilli (little pieces of lava), were thrown above an Italian mile from the crater, and suffocating vapours extended beyond Portici. They rushed, with a loud roaring, from the lateral openings of the volcano; and, as these were too narrow for them, they forced open two new and larger ones, in the form of craters, about 50 feet in circumference, through which stones and flames rose at intervals into the air, for several hours. The principal lava stream increased, overflowed, branched into several fiery currents, and extended to above 50 feet in breadth. The fire issuing from both craters exceeded the preceding, being higher and more frequent. In the night of

\* His Lordship notes the period of Mr. Fitzgerald's recitation as that when the company have drunk so much bad port, as to relish bad verses. Now, the host of the Freemasons' takes care to give good port; and, if the verses were withold, the noble bard's accusation would fall to the ground entirely.

\* The first volume of the Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Naples, is just published: it does not contain a single word about Vesuvius!

the 24th, the mountain displayed its whole dreadful grandeur. The next day it seemed inclined to repose; the columns of fire ceased, the lava stood still, and seemed to be going out. This repose was of no long duration. After throwing out vast clouds of black dust (improperly called volcanic ashes), which, on the 25th were so frequent, and thick, as to darken the Apennines at noon-day, the eruptions of burning matter recommenced on the 27th with great fury. Vesuvius threw large stones to the distance of above a mile into the valley which separates it from Monte Somma, and Ottajano. A new stream of lava poured over the old one, and separated into several branches. The detonations were so violent, and the houses in the neighbouring places trembled so often, that the people passed the night in dread of an impending catastrophe. The quantity and thickness of the lava were such, that notwithstanding the full light of the moon, the stream resembled a red-hot iron arrow, a thousand toises in length, aimed in an oblique direction from the clouds at the earth, amidst the darkness. A violent southwest wind raised, on the 29th, a storm from the sea, which continued five successive days, accompanied with torrents of rain, hail, and claps of thunder. During this storm, the sea ran dreadfully high, and Vesuvius seemed to partake of its fury. In general the activity of the mountain has much increased since the 1st of March. An incessant roaring is heard in its bowels, like the waves of the sea in a storm. Numerous subterraneous shocks shake the doors and windows of the houses in the villages at the foot of the mountain, and the eruptions of flame and stones from the crater are more frequent. In the last six days these fiery eruptions filled the whole mouth of the crater, rose above 100 toises into the air, and recurred at intervals of three to five minutes, accompanied with strong detonations. During the day they appear as immense pillars of white smoke. The lava continues to flow in uncommon quantities. The scene is at present the more attractive, because the high pyramid of Vesuvius, as well as the adjacent mountains, is covered with snow two feet deep. This gives the Gulf of Naples the appearance of one of the great Alpine lakes, and combines the wonders of Vesuvius and of Mont Blanc. Thus the mountain has been at work these fifteen months; and its violence increased during the southerly storm in February and March, constantly in proportion with the motion of the sea. M. Gimbernat has already observed this coincidence six times; and it seems inconceivably to prove the efficacy of sea water, as one of the causes of volcanoes. The observers of Vesuvius now living cannot remember so continued a series of eruptions. Of the lava which issued from the mountain on the 1st of January M. Gimbernat has made medals, in honour of the prince whose liberality has enabled him to continue his researches for so long a period. These Vesuvian medals bear on one side the inscription, "Long live King Maximilian Joseph, Bavaria, and the Wittels backs!" and on the reverse, "Lava of Ve-

suvius, 1st Jan. 1820, as a homage from Gimbernat."

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, MAY 13.

On Saturday last the following Degrees were conferred:

MASTER OF ARTS.—W. Colman, Esq. Brasenose College, grand compounder; Oliver Cave, Balliol College. BACHELORS OF ARTS.—J. Reynolds Johnson, Balliol College; J. Sheffield Cox, Pembroke College.

On Wednesday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

DOCTOR IN DIVINITY.—Rev. William Benson, Rector of Hampton Poyle, &c. and formerly fellow of Queen's College, grand compounder. MASTERS OF ARTS.—Rev. Thomas Walker, University College; Conrade H. Coulthurst, Brasenose College; A. Macdonnell, Student of Christ Church; J. Henderson, Balliol College; Rev. David Williams, and Rev. Walter Powell, Jesus College. BACHELORS OF ARTS.—Sannell Johnson, and John Hampson Johnson, Lincoln College; S. Hartopp Knapp, Merton College; J. Edmund Jones, St. Edmund Hall; E. R. Taylor, Wadham College; G. Edge Larden, Brasenose College.

The subject of the Cambridge Scatonian prize poem for the present year is—*The Omnipotence of the Supreme Being.*

## FINE ARTS.

SPRING GARDEN EXHIBITION.

We gave a general view of this Exhibition on its opening; we now return to notice some of its leading pictures.

No. 17. *The Tight Shoe.*—H. Richter.

Every body can tell where his own shoe pinches, but nobody could excell Mr. Richter in telling, through the medium of the pencil, where another's shoe inflicts this misery upon him. He has given us a truly comic piece, enriched with all the additions of brilliant colouring and masterly execution. The external and internal accessories are made skillfully to augment the humours of the subject; each appropriate, and each in its kind tending to enhance the value of the principal. The stocks in the distance are at once congenial emblems of suffering, and hints at that sobriety of life and conversation of which some of the party may aptly be reminded. The Chelsea Pensioner, with two wooden legs, giving advice, is, rare case! a disinterested counsellor, and his candour is here a matter of innocent joke, and much in unison with the whim of *Tight Shoes*:—

"His limbs are in the grave:  
After life's lengthened marches, he walks well;  
Bullets have done their worst: nor steel, nor  
grape-shot,  
Surgeons domestic, foreign warfare, nothing,  
Can touch him further.

The evident assurance of the cobbler, and his assertions (we hear them), that nothing can fit better; the signs of former suffering in the countryman; and, in short, all the

particulars of this picturesque drama, belong in an eminent degree to the true comedy of art.

*Forty Three Drawings.*—Copley Fielding.

There is hardly one of these drawings but possesses some character of excellence. The artist is fond of extraordinary atmospheric effects; and in some of his delineations of these, the eye which has not looked at these things as a painter's eye does, will be at a loss to reconcile his works to individual truth, though from confessing his powers, it may without an effort be conceded, that his close junction of the utmost warmth and coldness of colour, may in reality have been found in nature.

No. 95. *Jupiter nursed in the Isle of Creta, by the Nymphs and Corymbantes.*—J. Cristall.

This is a highly classical and elevated composition, displaying great powers of poetical feeling, and great skill in some of the superior qualities of art. The tones are however crude, and the purple hues of the flesh are such as no good colourist would admit. The want of keeping, as well as massing, must also be allowed as slight drawbacks to an otherwise very fine performance.

Nos. 103, and 113. *Flora of Windsor and Battersea, from Millbank.*—J. Farley.

Two very clear and beautiful specimens of this artist's talents, uniting the lightness of water-colours with the solidity of oils.

Nos. 2, 3, 12, and about a score of others.—G. F. Robson.

It is difficult to speak in detail of this artist's performances, from the number and variety which they present. Some preference will however fall to distinguish our choice, and the Nos. 12. and 23, of *Sunset and Twilight*, are among the most striking examples of his pencil. No artist appears more master of his means; and the singleness and simplicity of his execution have a charm no labour can bestow.

Nos. 5, 11, &c. &c. &c.—Samuel Prout.

The most prominent picture of the number which this artist exhibits, is 291, an *Indian on Shore*, which is finely adapted to his broad style and pencilling; his ancient towns in France are also of the same character, and display very great genius.

No. 117. *Rival Candidates.*—E. Landreer.

"Two dogs that were as thrang at hame!"

But not the dogs of Burns. In this picture one of the aqueous breed has brought a staff out of the water, which a terrier seizes, and is trying to wrest from him the moment he gets dripping to the shore. The humour and whim of this subject are exquisite: animal expression could not be carried further, and these dogs are exactly what Mulready's boys are, at Somerset House.

No. 141. *Una, from Spenser.*—W. Beick.

We fear that the light in this work is not to be accounted for on rules of art. The painter has attempted too literally to translate the poet. There is nevertheless a degree of stillness and solemnity about the picture, and something of promising execution.

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 79. 89. *Skirmish: Combat, from the Novel of Old Mortality.*—*Ab. Cooper, R. A. Elect.*

These are animated and vigorous illustrations of the same subjects which the artist treated on a smaller scale at the British Institution. They have the merit of being better drawn, and for spirit and execution yield to Wouvermans perhaps in nothing but in the management of the chiar oscuro, and the exquisite touch of his distances. The massing is equally fine; and, if not so highly finished, there is as firm a pencil, and almost similar correctness.

No. 131. *Chreichild, the Widow of Siegfried the Swift, &c.*—*H. Fuseli, R. A.*

This is a scene founded on the ancient superstition, that a corpse would bleed afresh on the approach of the murderers. In our first glance at the Exhibition, we stated that it was composed in a high tone of imagination; and we are sorry that upon further acquaintance, we cannot extend our commendation. Eyes bidding farewell to their sockets, feet like harpy claws, and colouring which involves dead and living in one iron tone, become more and more disagreeable in proportion to the size of the picture; and this is one of the largest which Mr. F. has lately produced. As for perspective, the learned professor seems resolute to confine his knowledge of it to his lectures. The dead body might readily be mistaken for that of a female, instead of a warrior renowned in the Arcutia.

No. 145. *Lear.*—*H. Howard, R. A.*  
With more of elegance than of force, with more of art than of passion, Mr. Howard has made his Lear, at least, far superior as a poetical portrait, to any of his late dramatic representatives. The Dover Cliffs are sweetly painted; but in other respects we observe nothing to distinguish this from the artist's manner in former works.

No. 180. *Village of Waterloo, Travellers purchasing Relics, &c.*—*G. Jones.*

Mr. Jones has advanced far on the high road towards the top of the hill of fame: he is advancing. The present subject is worthy of his talents, and he has applied them admirably to illustrate it. Without going into details, we shall merely state that for design, execution, and interest, we consider his performance to be entitled to the approbation of the lovers of the arts, and of the lovers of their country's glory.

No. 215. *Bargaining for China.*—*W. Ingalton.*

We are glad to notice this artist again in terms of praise. We know not if he reads our remarks, but he has returned to the right path, which he was leaving in one or two of his later pictures. This is an exceedingly clever production, in its class.

No. 274. *Cupid.—H. Owen, R. A.*  
This is a funny-looking arch fellow, of the Puck genus. That his mother was the goddess of beauty, may be doubted. He is the cupid of a Flemish droll, and not of the Midsummer Night's Dream.

## MR. ISABEY'S EXHIBITION.

This celebrated French artist has opened an exhibition of his works at 61, Pall Mall; which he has fitted up in a pavilion fashion, worthy of imitation, both for its neat effect and for the excellence with which it throws the light over the pictures.

It is natural to suppose that the gallery of a foreign artist, and especially of one, like Mr. Isabey, of talents acknowledged to be of so high an order as to rank him among the foremost in the French school, should excite a lively interest among British Painters and Amateurs. With these however it may be a question, whether productions so different from what they are accustomed to admire, and on which their tastes have been formed, can be appreciated altogether without prejudice. For ourselves, we can only say, that we have endeavoured to dismiss from our minds the predilections in favour of particular styles and manners, and not to ground our opinions upon any system of exclusive preference. That there does exist very opposite feelings with regard to art, between France and England, is not to be denied; and if it were denied, this Exhibition would disprove the allegation. The defects, as well as the qualities belonging to each, are distinct; and it may with justice be remarked, that requalifying a portion of dogmatism would be extremely advantageous to either. For if there are errors to avoid, there are also beauties to imitate, on both sides; and in many instances a little of the French finish might be as beneficially bestowed upon our bolder sketches, as in others the spirit of our school might be admitted to elevate the precision of our continental competitors.

Mr. Isabey's Exhibition is attractive on account of its novelty, its variety, the nature of many of its subjects, and its general character, as enabling the public to draw such comparisons as those with which we have set out. On a first visit and examination of the 74 pieces of which it consists, we were most struck by No. 2, "Staircase of the Museum at Paris," in water colours, and painted on copper prepared in a peculiar way by the artist, so as to impart to it the effect of ivory as to finish, and of oil as to vigour and solidity. This is indeed a beautiful specimen. The architecture is admirable, and the figures charmingly painted. A lady in a black gown with a green shawl, is an example of the most successful management of costume and perfect elegance of form.

No. 7, "The Parade on the Tuileries," is the grandest drawing in the room, and eminent both for finish and spirit. The portraits are very interesting; the horses, by Vernet, well executed; and the tout ensemble impresses us with a high opinion of the artist's powers in composition.

Several drawings "à l'estompe" resemble our mezzotint prints. In general we would remark, that Mr. Isabey appears to us to be the Vanderwerf of our day. His miniatures are light, fanciful, and pretty; and these also interest us from the persons of whom they are the likenesses. Some of the

smaller sketches are full of energy;—the frame, No. 61, may be viewed as a good proof of this:—it is only when colours are employed that the artist seems (according to our notions) to fail. In his landscapes of this class, there is no fine feeling, no poetry, nor imagination; and as mere transcripts from nature, the total absence of air-tint, and the use of the crudest green, entirely destroy their claim to consideration as elevated performances. The histre landscapes are better. A few caricatures are exceedingly clever and humorous. The Congress at Vienna is curious, on account of the portraits, but inferior as a work of art to the Parade.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

On Mrs. Hoffman's Picture at the Regent's Academy, of "The Ancient City, by Moonlight."

How beautiful! with what rich mellowed light  
The rising moon illumines the evening sky,  
Dispelling twilight's dim obscurity;  
The distant landscape glimmers on the sight,  
Veil'd in the floating mists of dewy night;  
And in the tranquil pride of majesty,  
The glorious city lifts its walls on high,  
Temples, and palaces, and shadowed tombs,  
Where none could disturb the mournful sigh which comes  
From hearts half breaking o'er them.—Silently  
The deep broad waters flow, where breezes die,  
Rippling the surface, and alone betrayed  
Where one long broken line spreads o'er the shade  
With quenchless splendor, sparkling restlessly.  
May 6, 1820. A. S.

## AN EPITAPH,

BY FRANCIS MAYNARD.

Cy git Jean qui baïssait les yeux  
A la rencontre des gens sobres,  
Et qui ploit souvent les dieux,  
Que l'auteur eût plusieurs Octobres.

TRANSLATED.

Here lies friend John, who droop'd his head  
At sight of a comrade sober,  
And pray'd each night on going to bed,  
That every month were October.

## THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

VIRGINIUS.—On Wednesday a tragedy, founded on the well known and often dramatized Roman story of the death of Virginia, and the consequent revolution, which overthrew the authority of Appius Claudius and the Decemviri, was produced at this theatre. The author is stated to be an Irish gentleman, of the name of Knowles, and a distant relation of the late Mr. Sheridan. As a dramatic writer, he has sustained his claim to that affinity; for it gives us pleasure to say, that his play was most deservedly successful. It is difficult to speak with any degree of correctness upon the poetry or composition of a tragedy, from merely being present at a first night's performance. The impression upon our minds is, that there is more of natural beauty and pathos, than of the elevation of the tragic muse, in Virginia; that the touches of filial and paternal feeling

are more frequent and just, than sustained and deeply wrought; and, in general, that the effects are produced rather by brief and vivid strokes, than by lofty and magnificent bursts of passion. We further noticed some sweet poetical images—such, for instance, as a comparison of the heroine, between girl and woman, to the season which is more than spring, but not yet summer. Several strongly expressed patriotic sentiments obtained their due meed of applause from the audience; and, with very few and unimportant exceptions, (which should, however, be expunged\*) the language appeared to us to be terse and forcible, and not inconsistent with the dignity of the huskin. (We, of course, do not include in this observation the passages intended to relieve the graver colloquy, and in which one Scircus Dentatus very closely imitates Menenius Agrippa, the humourist in Coriolanus. Of these it is enough to say, that however puns may be doomed extra-tragical by critics, they were relished by the great majority of Mr. Bull's family at the theatre on Wednesday.)

In the construction of his plot, Mr. Knowles has displayed considerable art, and some want of skill. With the death of Virginia under her father's knife, in the fourth act, the great interest of the piece terminates; and the fifth act, in which Virginius, rendered insane by his misfortunes, strangles Appius in prison, is not only a work of supererogatory horror, but improbable in action, and injurious to the nobler sensations previously excited. The improbability consists in the free egress and regress to the dungeon where the fallen Decemvir is immured; and the horror, in the violent process of gripping a man by the neck to suffocation upon the stage (though we have a precedent in Othello); and adding to this brutality, which could only be tolerated on the English stage, the Frenchified incident of bringing in Virginius's funeral urn, craped and pallid, in order to restore her distracted parent to recollection and reason. These things, we are of opinion, are not only objectionable in themselves, but very badly associated together. In other respects, the author has evinced his judgement in making Numatorius the uncle of Virginia; in giving her a betrothed husband, Icilius, and an affectionate matron nurse, Servia; and in the conduct by which he has contrived to render a second appearance before the tribunal of Appius, (a great dramatic difficulty), so far from being a dull repetition, a varied and affecting source of excellence.

The characters are all ably drawn, and well marked. Virginius is a powerful union of fatherly love, and stern public virtue. Appius, a good picture of a mind rendered furious by the indulgence of lawless appetites, and the exercise of arbitrary authority. Virginia, innocent and timid, and Icilius, a lover worthy of her and of her father, on account of his tenderness and bravery. There are fine traits in Dentatus; and even the inferior agents, the sycophant favourite,

\* E. K. In describing Virginius as recovering from a trance, Numatorius says, "When to himself he came."

Claudius; the faithful Servia; the fleetly Numatorius, &c., are sufficiently distinguished for the purpose of general interest.

Having thus noticed the principal features of the tragedy, we would wish, before paying a just tribute of applause to the actors, to add up, in one short sentence, that we think it not only a production of much promise, but one of great intrinsic merit, and extremely honourable to the writer, who, if he does not move among the giants of the highest order, has avoided all turgidity and ambitious bombast, and laid the public under a debt of gratitude, for a very natural, pathetic, and pleasing work.

Macready's acting baffles that praise which must be condensed within small compass. His transitions from affection to rage, from rage to grief, and from grief to madness, are hide-cravily fine. They must be seen and felt in order to have an adequate idea of their truth, their nature, and their force. C. Kemble, with a severe hoarseness, played up to this leading part: in the first trial scene, where he has most scope, he is also eminently effective. Abbott's portiture of the tyrant, is just and admirable. Nothing can be better conceived than the fierce and burning energy of his passion for Virginia. Terry, in Dentatus, is finely discriminating; and Miss Foote, as Virginia, though languid, affords a very fair semblance of the hapless virgin. The minor parts were very respectably performed, and the tragedy was entirely successful.

## VARIETIES.

*Liqueur Names.*—A Hamburgh picarescent letter, which we have now before us, contains among the articles of its "Price-current," the following list of Liqueurs—

"Spirit of Cupid; Fire of Love; Pleasure of Venus; Spirit of Wellington; Spirit of Blucher; Belle Alliance; Choice of the Ladies; Perfect Love; Sacrifice of Love; Courage-Water; Forget me not."

The assensus (three in number) of the Saxon Professor of Painting, Kugeleken, have been discovered, and committed to prison in Dresden.

*Dandy Criticism.*—We are fond of dandy criticism, and gather illustrative anecdotes when we can. Two of those worthies were examining Mulready's picture in the exhibition, in which there is a sneaking cur dog; and the following conversation ensued—*Dandy-prima.* "D—(d fine "pon my soul! d—d expressive! what is it?" *Dandy-secondus.* (blowing over the leaves of his catalogue with a gentle breath, and assisting himself with a gloved hand). "The wolf and the lamb." *Dandy-prima.* "Exquisite, by god—(looking at the cur) I see the wolf, but 'pon honour I can't find the lamb!" *Dandy-secondus.* "Perhaps he has eat it!"

Earl Spencer is spoken of as the probable successor of Sir Joseph Banks, who is about to resign the presidency of the Royal Academy.—*M. Post.*

*Anecdotes of Translation.*—A French poet having lately undertaken the arduous

task of translating Shakespeare into his own language, was much puzzled with the lines in Henry IV—

"'Tis such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in look, so woe begone."

The former epithets he got through pretty well; but at length concluded the scene with, "si triste alles; cou en."

Another of these translators rendered "Out, out, brief candle." *Sortez, naites, courte chandelle.*

A third, thus entitled "Much ado about nothing," which he translated for the Parisian stage "Beaucoup de bruit pour peu de chose."

The Vampire story has been dramatized for the Parisian Theatre of the Porte Saint Martin.

Our correspondents from St. Petersburg are full of the treasures brought from the East by our countryman, Sir Robert Ker Porter, and shipped for England, in the form of Antiquities, Drawings, &c. His drawings of Asiatic Architecture are very curious; particularly those of the times of Darius and Shah Abbas; and not a few novel beauties of architectural decoration may be found in the ancient classic and Sarmenic fragments of the palaces of Persepolis, Isaphan, Bagdad, &c. Sir Robert brings home with him some interesting specimens of, perhaps, the oldest building in the world: bricks and cement from the foundation of the Temple of Belus, at Babylon, believed by antiquaries to be the remains of the Tower of Nimrod.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MAY, 1820.

Thursday, 11.—Thermometer from 49 to 63.

Barometer from 30, 11 to 30, 12.

Wind S. by W. 3.—Morning and noon cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.

Rain fallen, 925 of an inch.

Friday, 12.—Thermometer from 42 to 60.

Barometer, stationary at 30, 30.

Wind S. W. 1.—Generally cloudy, with sunshine the greater part of the day.

Saturday, 13.—Thermometer from 37 to 62.

Barometer, from 30, 16 to 30, 07.

Wind S. E. 4.—A foggy morning, and generally cloudy. A halo formed at times in the morning, faintly coloured.

Sunday, 14.—Thermometer from 45 to 65.

Barometer from 30, 04 to 29, 99.

Wind S. by W. 2.—Clouds generally passing, with sunshine, till the evening, when it became clear.

Monday, 15.—Thermometer from 41 to 64.

Barometer from 30, 00 to 29, 97.

Wind S. and S. W. 1.—Generally cloudy, sunshine at times.

Tuesday, 16.—Thermometer from 40 to 58.

Barometer from 29, 87 to 29, 90.

Wind S. W. 2.—Generally cloudy, with showers of rain at times.

Rain fallen, 45 of an inch.

Wednesday, 17.—Thermometer from 45 to 64.

Barometer from 29, 94 to 29, 89.

Wind S. W. 2. and S. by W. 4.—Clouds passing, rain at times. A very strongly coloured halo formed in the afternoon about 3, and a parhellen on each side of it, both very strong. A halo formed in the evening round the moon.

Rain fallen, 1 of an inch.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

**Miscellaneous Advertisements,**  
(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

**MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE** of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," is now open for Exhibition, at Bullock's Great Room, open to the right, from ten till six.—Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.  
"Fear not Daughter of Zion! behold thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt."

**British Gallery, Pall Mall.**

**THIS GALLERY** will be opened with an Exhibition of PORTRAITS representing some of the most distinguished Persons in the History and Literature of the United Kingdom, on Monday the 20th instant. By Order,

JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

**Dramings.**

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Tuesday, May 23d, at one precisely,

A very fine Collection of framed and unframed Water-colour DRAWINGS, comprising some very beautiful hand finished productions, chiefly of the English School, viz.—Dowling, Girtin, Nicholson, Nash, K. and W. Westall, Hill, Owen, Prout, Pugin, J. Varley, Laflite, Rowlandson, Davis, C. Smith, Thurston, Mackenzie, and Burney. To be viewed and Catalogues had three days preceding.

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**The Coinage—Weights and Measures—and Prison Laws.**

Lackington, Hughes, and Co. beg leave to announce the Publication of the following Works, upon Subjects of Importance, which are likely to engage the attention of Parliament during the present Session.—*February 2nd, May 1.*

**ANNALS OF THE COINAGE OF BRITAIN**

and its Dependencies, from the earliest period of authentic History to the Death of George the Third. By the Rev. ROBERTS RUDING, B. D. Vicar of Maldon, in Surrey. F. S. A. and H. M. A. S. of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in five large volumes, octavo, and one quarto volume, containing a Series of Coins, extending through a period of 1800 years, including the late issues of Sovereigns and Crown Pieces, price 6s. 6d. 1s.

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4. In this publication the three French Systems of Metrology are explained; namely, the Ancient System; the Metrical or Decimal System of 1793; and the System of 1842, by which ancient names are restored, and binary instead of Decimal Divisions adopted. The last method is now published for the first time, it is believed, in the English language.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Trivial Poems and Triolets. Written in obedience to Mrs. Tomkins's Commands.* By Patrick Carey, 20th August, 1851. London, 1820. 4to. pp. 67.

This Mr. Patrick Carey, (if such wight there ever were), would be somewhat surprized to see his Trivial Poems in the goodly form of a Quarto, and Mrs. Tomkins's commands enlarged from the small duodecimo volume, which probably contented that lady, into the thin but gigantic shape which they now assume. The introduction assures us that these poems are reprinted from an unique MS. copy which Mr. Murray the publisher presented to Mr. (now Sir) Walter Scott the author; and concludes with an opinion of the latter, that Carey's playfulness, gaiety, and ease of expression, both in amatory verses, and political satire, entitle him to a rank considerably above that "mob of gentlemen who write with ease." When we remember some of the names included in that designation as originally applied, we must, with diffidence, express our dissent from even the high authority of the northern Minstrel here cited; but we rather suspect that it is but a lily, and that the whole production is one of those harmless and good-humoured literary mystifications which put an ideal stamp of antiquity upon the labours of a modern pen. Be that as it may, be Patrick Carey or Walter Scott the bard, and Mrs. Tomkins or Mr. Murray the prime mover, these little poems are only curious and pretty: Ritson, Percy, Ellis, Campbell, are full of finer specimens than any we find among them, of which we shall therefore merely select three or four *exempli gratia*.

Of the Ballades, several are political; and the following verses from one of these, ridiculing the order of the Rump Parliament (in Oct. 1659) that all books of law be put into Engish, are the most poignant that we can pick out.

The shoemaker, beyond the shoe  
Must not presume to hane to doe,  
A painter sayd of old  
Hee sayd aright; for each man oucht  
To meddle with the craft hee's taught,  
And be noe farther bold.

What th' anchor is, few ploughmen know;  
Sayers can't tell what meanes geoe-ho  
Termes proper hath each trade;  
Nay, in our werry sports, the bowler,  
The tennis-player, huntzman, fowler,  
New names for things have made.

See words i' th' lawes are introduc'd  
Which common talke has neuer us'd;  
And therefore sure ther's need  
That the gown'd tribe be sett a part  
VOL. IV.

To learne by industry this art,  
And that none else may plende.  
Our church still flourishing w'land scene  
If th' holy-writt had ever bene  
Kept out of lay-men's reach;  
But, when 'twas English'd men half-witted,  
Nay women too, would be permitted  
To expound all texts, and preach.

Then what confusion did arise!  
Coblers, denies you to dispise;  
See that they could but spell:  
This, ministers to scorn did bring;  
Preaching was held an easy thing,  
Each-one might doe't as well.

This gulfe, church-gouverment did swallow;  
And after will the civill follow;  
When lawes translated are:  
For eu'ry man that lists, will prattle;  
Pleading will be but twittie-twattle,  
And nought but noyse at bar.

Then lett's veng bee content to'bay,  
And to beleue what judges say,  
Whilst for us, lawyers brawl:  
Though fowre or five bee thrice undone,  
Tis better have some iustice donne,  
Then to haue none at all.

Of the love songs which are perfectly in the style of the age assigned to them,—the following are among the better order.

Cease t' exaggerate your anguish,  
Ye, who for the gont complaine!  
Lovers, that in absence laughish,  
Onely know, indeed, what's payne.

If the choyce were in my power,  
Sooner much the racke I'd choose,  
Then, for th' short space of an hour,  
My deare Stella's sight to lose.

Sometimes fcare, sometimes desire  
Seaze (by cruell turns) my heart;  
Now a frost, and then a fire  
(Lass!) I feele in eu'ry part.

Horrid change of paynes! O leue mee,  
With my death else end your spite!  
Absence doth as much because mee  
As both can, of her lou'd sight.

Thus (deare Stella) thy poor louer  
His unlucky fate bemoanes;  
Whilst his parting soule does honour  
'bout his lippes; wing'd by sad groanes.  
Yett thou may'st from death reprieue him;  
Loue such power to Stella giues:  
With thy sight thou canst reueile him:  
As thou wilt hee dees, or liues.

Ned! she that likes thee now,  
Next weeke will leaue thee!  
Trust her not, though she woo  
Ne'er to deceaue thee;

Just as to Tom she swore,  
Yet straight was ranging;  
Then shee'd seerue forty more,  
Still shee'd bee changing.  
Last month I was the man;  
See, if I leue't she can;  
Else aske Francke, Jane, or Nan:  
Ned! fayth looke to itt.

Shee'l prayse thy noyse, thy face;  
Shee'l say, th'art witty;  
Shee'l too try up thy mee,  
Thy state shee'l pitty;  
Shee'l sigh, and then accuse  
Fortune of blindness:  
This forme she still doth use,  
When shee'd shew kindnesse.  
Thou'lt find (if thou but note)  
That t' all she sings one note;  
I'ue le'nd her arts by rote:  
Ned! fayth looke to itt!

With scorning, as now on mee,  
(Lesse may't thou care for't!)  
Ere long shee'l looke on thee,  
Thy selfe prepare for't.  
The next new face will cast  
Thine out of fauour;  
The winds change not so oft,  
As her thoughts wauer:  
If then thou strin't t' enchain,  
Therely thou'lt onely gaine  
Thy labour for thy payne:  
Ned! fayth looke to itt!

And from the second part, which consists of Hymns and other religious compositions, we select the annexed as possessing the greatest merit or originality.

### Scripture Deo, Requiesc.

Are these the things I sigh'd for once, before?  
For want of these, did I complaine of Fate?  
Itt cannot bee. Sure there was somewhat more  
That I saw then, and priz'd at true rate:  
Or a rotten dullness had obscur'd my sight,  
And euen rotten wood glitters i' th' night.

Mine eyes were diuine, I could noe nearer get;  
This trash was with itt's most adun'ce plac'd:  
Noe merayle then, if all my thoughts were sett  
On folly, since itt seem'd so fayrely trac'd.  
But now that I can see, and am gott near,  
Ugly (as 'tis indeed; itt doth appeare.

Now, were I put on th' Eritrean sands,  
I would not stoop the choicest Jewes to take:  
Should th' Indian bring me gold in full-fild hands,

I would refuse all off'ers hee could make,  
Gemmies are but sparkling froth, naturall glasse;  
Gold's but gaily clay, or the best sort of brasse.  
Long since (for all itt's monarchy) that bee  
Which rules in a large hie, I did dispise:  
A nole-hill's chiefest ant I laugh'd to see,  
But any price of men I much did prize.  
The world now seemes to mee noe bigger then  
Mole-hill, or hie; ante, bees, noe lease then  
mee.

Who wishes then for power, or plenty craves,  
O lett him looke downe on them both from  
hence!

Hee'll see that Kings in thrones, as well as graues  
Are but poor wormes, enshroud in mist: see:  
Hee'll find that none are poore who care for  
nought;

But they bawling much, for more hanc soug't.  
Come, poore deluid wretch! clime up to mee;  
My asked hermitage will teach all this:  
'Twill teach thee too where truest riches bee,



And how to geyne a neuer-fading blisse.  
 "Twill make thee see that truly none doe raigne,  
 But those who scur our common souerayne.

*Nulla Fides.*

For God's sake marcke that fly:  
 See what a poore, weakie, little thing it is.  
 When thou hast marck'd, and scor'd it; know  
 that this  
 This little, poore, weakie fly  
 Has kill'd a pope; can make an emp'rour dye.  
 Behold yon sparke of fire:  
 How little hott! how neare to nothing 'tis!  
 When thou hast donce despising, know that this,  
 This contem'd sparke of fire,  
 Has burn'd thow towne; can burne a world  
 entire.

That crawling worme there see:  
 Ponder how ugly, filthy, mild it is.  
 When thou hast seene and loath'd it, know that  
 this  
 This base worme thou doest see,  
 Has quill'd down'd thy parents; shall eate thee.  
 Honour, the world, and man,  
 What trifles are they! Since most true 'tis  
 That this poore fly, this little sparke, this  
 So much abhor'd worm, can  
 Honour destroy; burne worlds; deuoure up  
 man.

*History of the Indian Archipelago; containing an Account of the Manners, Arts, Languages, Religions, Institutions, and Commerce of its Inhabitants.*  
 By John Crawford, F.R. S. late British Resident at the Court of the Sultan of Java. Edinburgh and London. 1820. 8vo. 3 vols.

This copious work is so abundant in useful information, that it will be quite impossible, confined as our limits are, to furnish more than a very cursory insight into its contents. Its general character may, however, be very briefly summed up: it is a complete history of that interesting portion of the earth, known by the name of the Indian Archipelago; and which consists of by far the largest group of islands on the globe; and it places in one point of view the intelligence heretofore to be sought for in Harris's Collection of Voyages, (including Stavorinus), Old Purchas, Marco Polo, Dampier, Sonnerat, Linschoten, Symes, Forrest, Marsden, Hamilton, Raffles, and other authors, to whose stores Mr. Crawford has added the fruits of his own observation, during a residence of nine years in the countries of which he gives an account.

From the north of the great continent of New Holland, to the southern shores of Africa, this mighty clustering of islands extends and fills the ocean. In length, the whole chain "embraces forty degrees of longitude close to the line, namely, from the western extremity of the Island of Sumatra, to the parallel of the Arauc Islands, not including in this estimate, the greater portion of the immense island of New Guinea,

and its breadth thirty degrees of latitude, from the parallel of 11° south to 19° north latitude, thus comprehending, with the intervening seas, an area of 44 millions of geographical, or about 54 millions of statute miles."

Borneo, New Guinea, and Sumatra, are islands of the first rank; and among the other innumerable islands, (exclusive of the Malayan Peninsula) are Java, Celebes, Luzon or Luconia, Mindanao, Bali, Lankook, Sumbawa, Chandana, Flores, or Mangarai, Timor, Ceram, Burao, Gielolo, Puluwan, Negros, Samar, Mandoma, Panay, Leyte, Zebu, &c. &c. better known to the majority of our readers, as the Philippine Islands, Isles of Sunda, &c. &c. or by the names of the more frequented seas that are near them, such as Macassar, Molucca, China Sea, Bay of Bengal, &c. &c.

The Indian Archipelago is throughout of a mountainous nature, and its principal mountains from one extremity to another are volcanoes. It is very generally covered with deep forests of stupendous trees. The number of grassy plains is very small, and there are no arid sandy deserts. It is distinguished from every cluster of islands in the world by the presence of periodical winds, and from all countries whatever by the peculiar character of these. Animal and vegetable productions either differ wholly from those of other countries, or are important varieties of them. In one quarter, even the principal article of food is such as man nowhere else subsists upon. The productions of the ocean are not less remarkable for abundance and variety than those of the land."

The aboriginal inhabitants are, like those of the most southern promontory of Africa, of two distinct races; one of a fair, or brown complexion, and the other a negro race. There are besides many varieties introduced by

\* Since Mr. Crawford wrote, two savages from the Andaman Islands have been brought to Penang, by the crew of a Chinese Junk, who captured them. When pursued in the water, they dived like ducks, and reappeared at a distance. Their limbs and arms are uncommonly small; but they are not ill-formed. One is 4 ft. 6 in., the other 4 ft. 7 in. high; and the weight of each only 76 lbs. avoirdupois. They have large paunches. One is clearly and of ferocious aspect; the other a boy of 17, and of a pleasing expression of countenance. They appear dull and heavy, extremely averse to speaking: when alone, and they think unobserved, they make a noise like the cackling of turkeys. Their skins are jet black, and of an extraordinary glossiness; their bodies tattooed all over; their appetites voracious; and they crunch the bones of fowls as dogs would do. In climbing trees they resemble monkeys. They go quite naked, and being much plagued with insects, their first operation in the morning is, to cover themselves with mud, which drying on, preserves them from bites and stings. Their salutations are performed by lifting up one leg, and smacking the lower part of the thigh with their hand. They are altogether in the most deplorable state of savage nature; and an Andaman (one of a population of from 2 to 3000) may be ranked perhaps as the lowest human being in the scale of creation. Ed.

(Chinese, Hindu, Arabian, Dutch, and Spanish colonists; and the whole population displays man in every intermediate condition, from the brute savage of New Guinea, to the more civilized inhabitant of Sumatra or Java.

The two aboriginal races of human beings inhabiting the Indian Islands, are as different from each other "as both are from all the rest of their species. This is the only portion of the globe which presents so unusual a phenomenon. One of these races may generally be described as a brown complexioned people, with lank hair, and the other as a black, or rather sooty-coloured race, with woolly or frizzled hair. The *brown* and *arago* races of the Archipelago may be considered to present, in their physical and moral character, a complete parallel with the white and negro races of the western world. The first have always displayed as eminent a relative superiority over the second as the race of white men have done over the negroes of the west. All the indigenous civilization of the Archipelago has sprung from them, and the negro race is constantly found in the most savage state. That race is to be traced from one extremity of the Archipelago to another, but is necessarily least frequent where the most civilized race is most numerous, and seems utterly to have disappeared where the civilization of the fairer race has proceeded farthest." The brown coloured tribes are in person short, squat, and robust; their medium height, males about 5 feet, 2 inches; females, about 4 foot, 11 inches, or nearly four inches below the European standard. They are not a well-looking people. The Papua, or woolly-haired race, is a dwarf African negro. A full grown male brought from the mountains of Quenda, was no more than 4 feet, 9 inches high; and the author never saw one from any part whose height exceeded 5 feet. Their frames are spare and puny; their skins not the jet black of Africa, but of a sooty colour; and they are in several physical points so strikingly distinguished from the African Negro, as to be considered a distinct and very inferior variety of the human species. Whenever they are encountered by the fairer races, they are hunted down like the wild animals of the forest, and driven to the mountains or fastnesses for the only safety they can find.

And their cruel hunters are as weak as they are cruel. "All the faculties of their minds are in a state of comparative feebleness; their memories are treacherous and uncertain; their imaginations wanton and childish; and their reason more defective than the rest, when exerted on any subject above the more vulgar train of thought, commonly erroneous and mistaken. No man can tell his own age, nor the date of any remarkable transaction in the history of his tribe or country. If a peasant has been present at some remarkable transaction, such as a murder or a robbery, and is examined ten days after in a court of justice, the probability is, that he can tell neither the hour of the day, nor the day at which such transaction took place, still less give a clear account of what happened."

From the chapter devoted to the description of the manners and customs of the Indian Islanders, we shall now proceed to make a few selections, such as seem to possess the greatest novelty, and to be best calculated to illustrate Mr. Crawford's talents as a historian. For the first characteristic feature, however, we are indebted to Stavorinus, whom Mr. C. quotes as having justly exemplified the patience and fortitude of the natives. A macassar slave was impaled; and the circumstances of this dreadful execution are thus related.—

"The criminal was led, in the morning, to the place of execution, being the grass plat, which I have before taken notice of, and laid upon his belly, being held by four men. The executioner then made a transverse incision at the lower part of the body, as far as the *os sacrum*; he then introduced the sharp point of the spike, which was about six feet long, and made of polished iron, into the wound, so that it passed between the back bone and the skin. Two men drove it forcibly up, along the spine, while the executioner held the coil, and gave it a proper direction, till it came out between the neck and shoulders. The lower end was then put into a wooden post, and rivetted fast; and the sufferer was lifted up, thus impaled, and the post stuck in the ground. At the top of the post, about ten feet from the ground, there was a kind of little bench, upon which the body rested. The insensibility or fortitude of the miserable sufferer was incredible. He did not utter the least complaint, except when the spike was rivetted into the pillar; the hammering and shaking occasioned by it seemed to be intolerable to him, and he then bowed out for pain; and likewise once again, when he was lifted up and set in the ground. He sat in this dreadful situation till death put an end to his torments, which fortunately happened the next day, about three o'clock in the afternoon. He owed this speedy termination of his misery to a light shower of rain, which continued for about an hour, and he gave up the ghost half an hour afterwards. There have been instances, at Batavia, of criminals who have been impaled in the dry season, and have remained alive for eight, or more days, without any food or drink, which is prevented to be given them by a guard who is stationed at the place of execution, for that purpose. One of the surgeons of the city assured me, that none of the parts immediately necessary to life are injured by impalement, which makes the punishment the more cruel and intolerable; but that, as soon as any water gets into the wound, it mortifies, and occasions a gangrene, which directly attacks the more noble parts, and brings on death almost immediately. This miserable sufferer continually complained of unsufferable thirst, which is peculiarly incident to this terrible punishment. The criminals are exposed, during the whole day, to the burning rays of the sun, and are unceasingly tormented by numerous stinging insects.

"I went to see him again, about three hours before he died, and found him conversing with the bystanders. He related to

them the manner in which he had murdered his good master, and expressed his repentance and abhorrence of the crime he had committed. This he did with great composure, yet an instant afterwards he burst out in the bitterest complaints of unsufferable thirst, and raved for drink, while no one was allowed to alleviate, by a single drop of water, the excruciating torments he underwent."

The Indian Islanders are also superstitious; and the author tells us, that "It would require a volume to describe all the forms under which these weaknesses are displayed. They believe in dreams, in omens, in fortunate and unfortunate days, in the casting of nativities, in the gift of supernatural endowments, in invulnerability, in sorcery, enchantments, charms, philtres, and relics. There is not a forest, a mountain, a rock, or a cave, that is not supposed the habitation of some invisible being, and not content with their own stock of these, their comprehensive faith has admitted those of Western India, of Arabia, and of Persia. To lend an implicit belief to all these, characterizes alike the high and the low, from the prince to the peasant. These superstitions are generally harmless and inoffensive, but, at other times, the delusions to which credulity exposes these people operate in the most dangerous and formidable manner. Of the less dangerous forms which it takes, I shall give as an example the frequent practice of professed robbers in Java of throwing a quantity of earth from a newly opened grave into the house they intend to plunder, with an implicit belief in its potency in inducing a deadly sleep. Having succeeded in casting a quantity of this earth into the house, and, if possible, into the beds of the inhabitants, they proceed with confidence in their plunder. It is not the robbers alone that has an entire belief in the efficacy of this practice; the conviction is equally strong on the minds of those who are the objects of his depredations. Quantities of the earth, carefully preserved in cases, have been repeatedly brought to me in the course of my official duties, found on the persons of robbers, who did not fail, when interrogated, to be very explicit in their accounts of its effects. The baleful effects of superstition on the minds of an ignorant and untutored people, is exemplified in the laws against sorcery, which is in force at this day in Bali. The following is an example:—"

"If a person write the name of another on a shroud, or on a bier, or on an image of paste, or on a leaf which he buries, suspends from a tree, places in haunted ground, or where two roads cross each other, this is sorcery. If a man write the name of another on a skull, or other bone, with a mixture of blood and charcoal, and places the same at his threshold in water, this also is sorcery. Whatever man does so, shall be put to death by the magistrate. If the matter be very clear, let the punishment of death be extended to his parents, to his children, and to his grand children. Let no one escape. Permit no one related to one so guilt-

ty to remain on the face of the land, and let their property of every description be confiscated. Should the parents or children of the sorcerer reside in a distant part of the country, let them be found out and put to death, and let their property, though concealed, be sought for and confiscated.

"When the proper cord is touched, there is hardly any thing too gross for the belief of the Indian Islanders. Some years ago it was discovered, almost by accident, that the *spell of a buffalo* was superstitiously conducted from one part of the island to another! The point insisted upon was never to let it rest, but keep it in constant progressive motion. It was carried in a basket, and one person was no sooner relieved from the load than it was taken up by another; for the understanding was, that some dreadful imprecation was denounced against the man who should let it rest. In this manner the spell was hurried from one province to another, and after a circulation of many hundred miles, at length reached the town of Samrang, the Dutch governor of which seized it and threw it into the sea, and thus the spell was broke. The Javanese expressed no resentment, and nothing further was heard of this unaccountable transaction. With whom, or where it originated, no man could tell. In the month of May, 1814, it was unexpectedly discovered, that in a remote but populous part of the island of Java, a road was constructed, leading to the top of the mountain *Samberg*, one of the highest in the island. An enquiry being set on foot, it was discovered that the delusion which gave rise to the work had its origin in the province of *Bangmas*, in the territories of the Sumanan, that the infection spread to the territory of the Sultan, from whence it extended to that of the European power. On examination, a road was found constructed twenty feet broad, and from fifty to sixty miles in extent, wondrously smooth and well made. One point which appears to have been considered necessary was, that the road should not cross rivers, the consequence of which was, that it wound in a thousand ways, that the principle might not be infringed. Another Point as peremptorily insisted upon was, that the straight course of the road should not be interrupted by any regard to private rights; and in consequence trees and houses were overturned to make way for it. The population of whole districts, occasionally to the amount of five and six thousand labourers, were employed on the road, and among a people disinclined to active exertion, the laborious work was nearly completed in two months; such was the effect of the temporary enthusiasm with which they were inspired. It appeared in the sequel, that a bare report had set the whole world in motion. An old woman had dreamt, or pretended to have dreamt, that a divine personage was about to descend from heaven on the mountain *Samberg*. Piety suggested the propriety of constructing a road to facilitate his descent, and divine vengeance, it was rumoured, would pursue the sacrilegious person who refused to join in the meritorious labour. These reports quickly wrought on

the fears and ignorance of the people, and they heartily joined in the enterprise. The old woman distributed slips of palm leaves to the labourers, with magic letters written upon them, which were charms to secure them against wounds and sickness. When this strange affair was discovered by the native authorities, orders were given to desist from the work, and the inhabitants returned without murmur to their wonted occupations. It seldom, however, happens in Java that these wide-spread delusions terminate so happily as in the instances which I have quoted. They are much more frequently accompanied by formidable insurrections, and take place in times of anarchy, or when a province is goaded to resistance by excessive extortion, or other form of mis-government. When a province is in this unfortunate situation, the most contemptible pretender will have a crowd of followers; and one of any talents will be sure to head a formidable revolt. Hence the crowd of pretenders under the name of *Krajan*, that in all ages have disturbed the peace of Java.\* Hardly a year passes that some vagabond does not declare himself a king, a saint, or a prophet, proclaiming his intention of redressing some earthly grievance, or pointing out some new road to heaven. Some of these impostors go the length of preaching a new religion, whilst others content themselves with declaring their lineal descent from some popular monarch of ancient Javan story."

Like other Orientalists, their ceremonies and domestic usages are widely different from those which Europeans are accustomed to look upon as essentially polite and correct, in their external demeanour. With them, for example, "it is respectful to cover the head, instead of uncovering it as among us. It is respectful to sit instead of standing. It is the very highest degree of respect to turn one's back upon a superior, and often presumption to confront him. It is the custom to sit cross-legged and on the ground. When an inferior addresses a superior, his obeisance consists in raising his hands, with the palms joined before his face, until the thumbs touch the nose. This he repeats at the end of every sentence, and if very courtly, at the conclusion even of each clause. When equals meet, their salutation is cold and distant, but in the ordinary intercourse of life, a relative superiority or inferiority of condition is usually confessed, and a demonstration of it constantly takes place. If a son has been long absent from his father, he throws himself at his feet and kisses them. A demonstration of affection, less profound, would extend the embrace only to the knee; but a very obsequious courtier will sometimes take his monarch's foot and place it on his head. The association between loftiness and humility of manner, and physical superiority and inferiority, appears to be constantly present to their minds. An inferior never stands upright before a superior. If he stand at all, the body is always bent; if he sit, it is the same thing, and his eyes are fixed to the

ground. When he advances and retires, he moves as if on all fours, and crawls or creeps rather than walks. There is one mode of demonstrating affection and respect, particularly nauseous and indelicate. It consists in the superior's offering to the inferior the chewed refuse of the betel and areca preparation, as a mark of great affection, which the latter swallows with much satisfaction."

It may be new to many to learn of what this complimentary mouthful consists. The chew is made up of the pungent and aromatic leaf of a species of pepper vine, which grows luxuriantly, and with little care; a small quantity of terra japonica, an agreeable bitter astringent; a minute proportion of quinine; and, above all, the fruit of the areca palm, which, in one or two of the languages, we find distinguished by the name of 'the fruit.' This last is gently narcotic, and hence, no doubt, the charm which renders the whole preparation so bevitching to those who use it. Persons of all ranks, from the prince to the peasant, are unceasingly masticating it, and seem to derive a solace from it which we can scarce understand, and which they cannot explain. When the preparation, through mastication, is mixed with the saliva, the latter assumes a dirty brownish red, which colours the teeth, gums, and lips, leaving, as it dries upon the latter, a black-coloured margin. These nauseous particulars are, to the surprise of strangers, considered a beauty, such is the effect of custom. No mouth is thought handsome that is not engaged in chewing the betel, and in their poetry a lover is often described comparing that of his mistress to the fissure in a ripe pomegranate; the aptness of the simile consisting in the comparison of the stained teeth to the red grains of the fruit, and of the black stain on the lips, to the hue which the broken and astringent rind assumes on exposure to the air.

(To be continued.)

*The Hermit in London; or Sketches of English Manners.* Vols. 4 and 5. London, 1820. 12mo.

No publication can have less to say of this work than the *Literary Gazette*, in which so many of these popular Essays originally appeared. We shall merely state that these two volumes are of a character similar to the three which preceded them, and that they complete the *Hermit in London*. We subjoin one of the papers as a remembrance of their nature; and have only to add that the writer is in the press with the *Hermit in the Country*, from which we shall present our readers with several selections in our ensuing Numbers.

#### LOOKING FOR LODGINGS.

A love of building has been reckoned by some persons, as ruinous a passion as a love of gaming; yet there can scarcely be inclinations of a more opposite description, at least, as far as the principles of each are concerned. It is the province of one to create, of

the other to destroy. One bids magnificent edifices rise "like exhalations" from the earth, to delight the eye with the beauty of their proportions, and the mind with anticipations of the commercial, the charitable, or the hospitable purposes for which they may be intended. The other fells venerable trees to the ground, and robs the face of the country of its greatest ornament, in depriving it of the thick and varied foliage which at once affords shelter to the birds, and shade to the cattle and the traveller; whilst the hearts of those who have associated the remembrance of the spreading branches with every recollection of their youth, are made sad by seeing them laid prostrate at the command of a dupe, to reward the stratagems of a knave. He who builds confers a benefit on posterity. He who games too often affronts the memories of those who have preceded him, by gradually parting with all that they had delighted themselves in amassing for his enjoyment. He who builds, however ruinous the pursuit may be to himself in the end, employs hundreds of industrious persons in the course of it; and at least leaves a memento behind him, that his fortune was not exhausted by low or vicious pursuits. He who games, on the contrary, at every throw of the dice injures the innocent and the helpless; and when he finds himself and those who may unhappily be connected with him reduced to beggary, through his wretched infatuation, he cannot even ascertain who has gained the property which he knows only that he has lost, and lost for ever. I need not, however, undertake the defence of building, for any partiality I entertain towards it myself; on the contrary, the aversion I have for it, in all its branches, even its minor departments of "repairing and beautifying" as the churchwardens term it, is such as to have lately reduced me to the necessity of looking for lodgings, until sundry operations should be performed in my own habitation, which I have deferred so long, that I began to be afraid of literally fulfilling the proverb of "pulling an old house about my ears." To remain under the same roof with a host of bricklayers, plasterers, white-washers, painters, paper-hangers, plumbers, glaziers, carpenters, smiths, and all the rest of the numerous tribe which modern refinements render necessary personages in the constructing or repairing of a dwelling, would be disagreeable to most men; to a hermit, like myself, impossible.—I had only, therefore, to chuse between two evils—to go to an hotel, or to take a furnished lodging. "At an hotel one has perfect liberty," said I to myself—"aye and great comfort too—but then it is comfort that must be paid for—and enormously; one has not the liberty of keeping one's purse in one's pocket—and every time the waiter calls out so briskly, "coming, Sir," he reminds me that my money is going. Shenstone has described the pleasure of being at an inn, but he says not a word of the disagreeable attendant on leaving it—therefore as I cannot expect to share in one without a due proportion of the other, I must content my-

\* *Krajan* is a word of the Javanese language, meaning "rebel."

self with the more moderate accommodation of ready furnished lodgings. But how many *pros* and *cons* are to be considered, in entering upon this kind of uncertain home! The situation; the air; the neighbourhood; the outside of the house; the inside; the furniture; the landlady, generally a weighty consideration; and last, though seldom least, the terms. Innumerable are the fears and doubts on taking a lodging. Does the house smoke? Never, but for the first time. Is the family quiet and orderly? Are there fellow lodgers in this modern ark? (for a man on ship-board and in a lodging house are alike, in being fixed, for a part of their short passage through life, with companions). What sort of a woman is the landlady likely to be? If boisterous, a man wishes to endure the gale as short a time as possible: if talkative, she is the bore of his studies and reflections. Yet there is a degree of humanity as well as complaisance in enduring garrulity, when it has kindness or attention for its main object. Is she curious (she generally is) that becomes troublesome always, and sometimes dangerous. Is she handsome? Still more dangerous. Very ugly? That's disgusting. A large family? Very hostile to a thinking man. A scold? One must move in a week. Has she a drunken husband? or does she herself, in the decline of life, discover that Cupid is a treacherous and mischievous urchin, and therefore turn to Bacchus for support or consolation? Is she over religious, so as to sing psalms aloud? If so, she probably is a hypocrite. But the queries are endless. And now, conceive that I am knocking at the door. "Lodgings to let" appears in a clerk-like hand. *Tout pit!* a fellow of the law perhaps! one who charges legally for every thing: a broken down attorney. But the door opened. There was also a bell. "Well," said I to myself, "if this 'knock and ring' announce an office, I perch not here; or if this is 'Miss Winter's bell,' I will have nothing to do with the concern; and if it be a dancing master's, a tooth-drawer's, an accoucheur's, or a musician's bell, I must also shift my birth, else may I be fiddled, diddled, drummed, trumpeted or disturbed out of my wits."

But now to my landlady. She was a plump woman with a fine healthy complexion. Not a votary of Bacchus, thought I, from this clear tint. She had in her countenance nothing sharp, which always augurs ill. A man may then expect to be felled, directly or indirectly; directly by an exorbitant price, or indirectly by the never-ending outlay for necessary trifles, most of which he neither wants nor are they gotten for him. Neither had she a saucy cocked-up nose: for this a man always pays through the nose, either in money or comfort; and may expect a volley of sharp shot in the way of reproach, if he submit not to the lady's humour, be it what it will. She had a warm smile, a sun-bright eye, and something of benevolence, which made all bargaining impossible.

After mildly showing the apartments, she asked me those unwelcome questions—"are you a married gentleman, or single?" a family or not? an establishment, or are you

to be *done for*?" Now all these are disagreeable queries, because they often remind a man of what he fain would forget; namely, of his misfortune if he be single, and perhaps of his wife, if he be in the holy bonds of wedlock, but separated by fate, by misconduct, or by narrowed circumstances; and the having an establishment or not, is another question of uncomfortable tendency: for it may either remind a man of heavy charges and tradesmen's lengthened bills, or cost him a blush for his want of fortune; and lastly, the being *done for* has such an equivocal sound, that it might puzzle a conjuror to solve the meaning in a moment.

In answer to these kind inquiries, I stated my solitary lot in the world, and begged to ask, in return, if the good lady was married herself? since she came to that. Whether I might expect matrimonial concerts of vocal performance? and whether she could afford me the attendance which I required? She smiled at these counter-questions: which proved that she was not an unmarried person; because she then would have thought it necessary to blush, or to hang down her head, or to look archly, or to play with the ring finger. Neither was she a widow: for then *bon gri! or mal gri!* she would have sighed, and looked as interesting as she could. Nor had she a bad husband: else would she have looked grave, and probably have begun a chapter of grievances. She replied, that she was married, that she had a small family, and that her husband was struggling with the world, and opposing industry to hard times. I immediately felt an interest in their mutual welfare, and paid with tenfold pleasure the stipulated price of my apartments.

A man may proudly enter an inn, command about him, treat all with indifference, from mine host, or fat hostess, down to the flippant waiter and John the ostler. He may be so absent or self-important, as not to know the man of the house from boots, or boots from the bull dog: but in a lodging, it is otherwise. The objects are fewer; they are more immediately proximate; they assume a more important form. The rattling of the fresh post-horses, the snail horn, or Dolly the chamber-maid, does not perpetually ring in your ears, so as to make you wish to be off, giving you at the same time an inimical feeling towards the maker-out of the bill. There one *coup de chapeau* at parting does for host, hostess, family, and all the tribe of charges; but in a lodging, you may have to pass your landlady daily on the stairs, and bows and inclinations of courtesy may be exchanged very frequently in the course of each week between you; so that a man must be void of all sensibility, if he be wholly uninterested about the family in which he lodges.

The common race of lodging-letters, it is true, are guided by self-interest, and are callous to delicacy and scrupulous feeling towards their lodger: but yet there are many exceptions to the rule. How many widows of clergymen, of officers of the army and navy—how many reduced gentlemen are forced to let lodgings? How many half-

provided-for females, or numerous unfortunate, derive benefit from this resource? How many wives of men of talent and genius, struggling to establish the fame they well deserve, cheerfully endeavour to assist their husbands by this means, during the season of obscurity and hardship? Such characters know how to act towards the inmate of their roof; can feel for his wants, take an interest in his welfare, and respect his situation whether retired, studious, sick, or solitary. Can a true gentleman, then, be too delicate towards such as these, too correct in payment, too nice in blending good breeding with his conduct in every respect?

The man who makes an inn of the humble roof of genteel poverty, is an ignorant ruffian. Nay, indeed, I could never enter an inn without a feeling of interest for my fellow men there: and if good treatment and fair charges accompanied my fare, I considered that I owed a subordinate debt of gratitude to the landlord, for the remote species of hospitality named civil and kindly accommodation. A fellow traveller once asked a surly cynic, whether he did not observe that the inn-keeper at whose house they had rested had a remarkably open countenance? The latter replied, that he observed nothing open in the house, except an open door and open hauls. One who could thus close his heart and his accounts with his fellow-creatures, should travel through life alone. To the child of sensibility there is no class, no situation, no abode, which excludes the movements of the heart, which forbids kindly intercourse, or prevents his sympathies from coming into action, whether in a lodging, an inn, a stage-coach, or a passenger-bout: for the journey is always that of life; man is our companion, humanity the first and the most pleasurable duty. I, at least, may catalogize such feelings; for it is owing to them that though some might deem me solitary in the world, I have never yet found myself alone—although I style myself the

HERMIT IN LONDON.

*A Catalogue of the Pictures of Grosvenor House, London; with Etchings from the whole Collection, accompanied by Historical Notices of the principal Works. By John Young, Engraver in Mezzotinto to his Majesty, and Keeper of the British Institution.—London, 1820. 4to. pp. 48.*

Of the splendid collection of pictures at Grosvenor House, this publication conveys an adequate and excellent idea. Without being made out with vain minuteness, the etchings are spirited, and sufficiently detailed for all the purposes for which they are intended. They give a perfect conception of the treasures which the noble Earl possesses from the easels of the greatest masters, whose various qualities are here very happily rendered by the graver, so that a just and accurate notion may be formed of their styles and subjects.

The basis of Lord Grosvenor's Gallery was laid by the late Earl, who purchased some of the best works in Lord Walgrave and Sir Luke Schaub's collections; to which he added a good many capital pictures from Italy, as

well as several of the finest productions of English artists, such as Wilson, West, Gainsborough, Stubbs, Northcote, Hogarth, Hoppner, &c. The present Lord has still further enriched it with valuable specimens of the Italian, Dutch, and Flemish Schools; with the principal portion of the late Lord Lansdowne's paintings; the whole of those belonging to Mr. Agar, and many *chefs d'œuvre* from different countries, including Murillo's, Rubens', Titian's, &c. of almost unequalled merit.

The Rubens's are the most novel, and not the least admirable ornaments to this splendid collection. No. 60 in the Catalogue is the Meeting of Abraham and Melchisedec, one of a series of six pictures, painted by that glorious artist, by order of Philip IV. of Spain, and presented by the monarch to Olivares, for his newly-built convent at Locches. The Duc d'Alva succeeded to these pictures by inheritance; and when the French took possession of Madrid in 1808, he sold four of them to M. de Bourke, the Danish Minister, from whose hands they passed into the hands of Lord Grosvenor about two years ago. The other two found their way to the Louvre, where they now are. No. 60 is on canvas, and of the large size of 14 feet 4 inches high, 19 feet wide. No. 68 is another of the series, 14 feet by 11½ feet, and the subject, the Evangelists. The others are the Fathers of the Church, Pope Gregory, St. Jerome, &c. of the same size; and (we imagine) the *Trasartes* gathering Manna, which is 16 feet high and 13 feet 7 wide.

The Meeting of Jacob and Laban, by Murillo, and one of his masterpieces, is another of the works which the late war in Spain dispersed. It belonged to the Santiago family, and was seized by General Sebastiani, as part of the contributions levied by the robbers under his command.

But it would lead us too far were we to attempt to particularize the chief pictures in this superb collection, of which Mr. Young has etched one hundred and forty-three. Suffice it to repeat, that the catalogue is exactly what an artist or a man of taste would wish, either to refresh his recollection if he has seen the originals, or to furnish him, if he has not, with the means of conceiving their merits.

*Ellen Fitzarthur: A metrical Tale, in five Cantos.* London, 1820. pp. 134.

We observe from a passage in this poem, that it is the production of a female; and gather further, that it is a first essay: its beauty, its purity of sentiment, its merits in descriptive poetry, and its pathos, would do honour to any masculine, or a more experienced pen. It affords us much pleasure to notice it in terms of such high commendation; but we are confident that its popular impression will be even stronger than we rate it at; for its nature and feeling will force a passage to every heart, while the slight blemishes offensive to critical taste, will escape the severity of censure, if not the accuracy of detection.

The story is very simple—Ellen, the in-

nocent daughter of a widowed clergyman, forms the fondest attachment to De Morton, whose life is saved on the coast near their happy dwelling. He desires a secret union, in order to avert the resentment of an uncle on whom he is dependant; but the worthy priest not only refuses his assent to this act, but, censuring De Morton for gaining the affections of his child, when aware of the existence of this obstacle to their marriage, he prohibits further intercourse till it is removed. The lover, after a long absence, returns under the covert of night, and succeeds in persuading Ellen to elope with him. A fictitious ceremony is performed; she bears a child, and is deserted by the ruffian, who has aggravated his guilt by withholding all her applications to her father for forgiveness. Ellen endures the most poignant misery, but at length resolves to seek her once-blessed home, and consign her baby to her parent's care before she expires. Her toilsome journey, and the melancholy catastrophe of its close, are very touchingly painted: she finds her father dead, and gives up the ghost upon his recent grave.

Before coming to those extracts by which we mean to sustain our opinion of this tale of domestic woe, we may briefly observe, that the villany of De Morton is extravagant, and we trust, too, more demoniacal than is consistent with nature. The abandonment of his victim is an event perhaps only too probable; but why he should take means to exclude her and the infant from all chance of paternal mercy, is hardly to be accounted for even on principles of excessive human depravity. In point of versification, a too frequent recurrence of the same common place rhymes and epithets; a few tame lines, and mean phrases; and occasional grammatical oversights, are the most prominent defects. In the management of metaphor, the author is rarely successful. It is in landscape, and in the delineation of tender feminine feeling and distress, that her power and excellence lie. She is also original; for though there are passages which betray an intimacy with Thomson, Goldsmith, Scott, Rogers, and Tigghe, they are new developments rather than reminiscences, and the produce of a mind enriched by judicious reading, rather than the servile labour of partial imitation.

We know not what the author may think of our mentioning the faults of her performance; but we can assure her, that did we not greatly admire the talent she has displayed, we should not have taken the trouble of pointing them out. They are but the errors of carelessness in some, and of the want of practice in correctly critical composition in other instances; but her fine vein of poetic imagination, and her genuine pathos, of which we shall now subjoin several deeply affecting examples, would redeem a hundred fold greater blemishes than those on which we have animadverted.

A tasteful introduction claims a modest place on the bifurcated hill for the fair writer. We quote it entirely.

PARNASSUS! to thy heights sublime,  
Thy awful steep, I may not climb

Where rays of living light surround  
Thy sacred fane, with laurels crowned,  
And gushes with melodious flow  
Thy fountain, from its source below.  
I may not look with eagle gaze  
Unshrinking on those living rays;  
I may not soar on eagle's wing,  
To drink of that celestial spring;  
Reserv'd for bolder hands than mine  
The amaranthine flowers to twine.

That on its borders glow;  
But strays there from that sacred source,  
No wand'ring rill, with silver course  
That seeks the vale below?  
Where peevish willows, on the brink  
Of its pure crystal stoop to drink,  
And the low violet's perfume  
Betrays where lurks her purple bloom.

There might I haunt;—enough for me  
Far off, the laurel'd mount to see,  
To breathe with deep inhaling acme  
The floating odours wafted thence,  
To catch the distant melody  
Of golden harps, resounding high—  
There might I haunt, and haply there  
Of wild-flowers, weave a chaplet fair,  
Such as the virgin brood of Taste  
Might wear, by artless Feeling placed;  
Oh! might I to such mood aspire!  
Blest were thy strains, my simple lyre!  
Companion of my chillblooded thou,  
Friend of my happy youth; and now  
Kind soother of the days, o'ercast  
With sad remembrance of the past.

But should the world's approving smile  
(Reserved for happier minstrel's toil)  
Withhold its sunny light from thee,  
Submit me to the stern decree,  
We'll hush the unsuccessful strain,  
And seek our silent shades again.  
Cold is the fondly partial ear

That would have listened to my lay;  
And clam'd the eyes, whose suffrage dear  
Had smil'd the world's cold looks away.  
But still in solitude and shade  
Lie thy low sounds, my lyre! essay'd;  
No longer with presumptuous aim,  
One kindly foot'sting glance to claim,  
But that on life's dark lonely stream,  
Thou still wilt shed a cheering gleam,  
Smooth its dark passage to the deep,  
And lull me to my latest sleep.

The poem commences with a picture of the good Pastor, desolate in his old age, and then reverts to the chain of incidents by which he was deprived of his sole earthly comfort. The former contains these passages.

One earthly love he still confess'd,  
One tie, the purest and the best,  
That bound a widowed father's care  
To one sweet blossom, frail and fair—  
She whose young life's first clouded ray  
Beamed on a dark and troubled day,  
The guiltless messenger of death,  
Bequeathed with love's expiring breath—  
She who in smiling infancy  
Had clasped his neck, and climbed his knee,  
Whose first imperfect words, dispelling  
The silence of his widowed dwelling,  
Had wakened in his heart the tone,  
That vibrates to that sound alone.  
Oh, moment of parental pride!  
When first those hushing accents tried  
The parent hymn, which earth can raise,  
An infant's, to its Maker's praise.  
Sweet was the task her voice to guide,  
When first they totter'd by his side,

Sustain'd at first with broad firm band,  
Till soon the little clasping hand  
The finger held, and bolder grown,  
A few short steps were triced alone;  
And soon unquitted, firm and free,  
They ranged in wider liberty.  
Then—sweet companion of his walk!—  
She prattled her imperfect talk,  
A broken language of her own,  
Distinct to parent's ear alone.  
Or bounding far, like playful fawn,  
O'er blue-bell path, and daisied lawn,  
Brought to his care her flowery store;  
To treasure, while she sought for more;  
A promised kiss the trifler's lure,  
To make th' important trust secure,  
And never miser's golden hoard,  
Than Ellen's weeds, was safer stored.

Unruffled flow'd with noiseless way  
Their stream of life—each passing day,  
And ev'ry season's course renewing  
Some peaceful joy, some flower-strewing;  
For where the heart's warm sunniness glows,  
Its clime no change of season knows,  
Pleasure but yields a faint perfume,  
A prishing, imperfect bloom,  
And haplessness, of heav'nly birth,  
But drops and languishes on earth;  
Scarce budding on this mortal sphere,  
Its fruit can never ripen here.

The fiendish arts of De Morton verify this  
painful truth. His long absence preys on  
the health of the confiding Ellen.

The heavy hours dragged slowly on,  
Till days, long tedious days, were gone,  
And hope, that with the morning rose,  
Went down in tears at evening close,  
"Twas passing strange! but undesign'd—  
De Morton could not be unkind."  
Some cruel chance, some trust betrayed,  
The promised joy so long delayed:  
Or might it not—Oh blest surmise!—  
Might not that long delay arise  
From happier cause? glad news to bring,  
Perhaps *himself* was on the wing!  
Perhaps, ere night, that voice so dear,  
Might breathe glad tidings in her ear.  
Till came, and days succeeded day,  
Till weeks and months were pass'd away,  
Till still, nor line, nor message came,  
Nor sound that bore De Morton's name.  
Conjecture, baffled and deceived  
So oft, no longer was believed;  
And faint and fainter hope became,  
Till quiv'ring like a dying flame,  
Its fitful flash, and latent spark  
At length expired, and all was dark.  
On Ellen's cheek the roses faded,  
The lustre of her eyes was shaded,  
Exchanged their laughing glances bright,  
For languid rays of humid light;  
Ashy-ashes, the rain drops thro'  
Tremble with darkly liquid blue.  
Yet still upon her lips 'erwhile,  
Larger'd a faint and sickly smile,  
Nearer to grief than joy allied,  
And worn in pious fraud, to hide  
From a fond father's eye, the woe,  
Whose inward depth mock'd outward show.  
Falls on some lonely tomb's decay,  
Shine thus, in seeming mock'ry shed,  
Where all within is cold and dead.  
No proud resentment claimed a part,  
In the deep anguish of her heart:  
All there was silent, meek distress,  
And uncomplaining gentleness;

And still with wonted zeal she strove,  
And tenderness of filial love,  
Those thousand dutious cares to pay  
That strew with flowers life's downward way.

A contrast between the sexes, their virtues  
and their sufferings, is here sweetly  
introduced.

To man, aspiring man! we yield  
The trophies of the battle field;  
To him be valor's lofty meed,  
To him, her blood-stained wreath decreed;  
The humbler garland, woman wears  
Unsprinkled, but by pity's tears;  
Hus be the triumph, proudly prov'd,  
Danger and death to meet unmov'd;  
To brave—exulting in his force—  
The torrent in its mountain course;  
To climb the giddy heights, where fame,  
In her proud roll records his name;  
But not in battle's bloody strife,  
Nor in the mountain storms of life,  
The noblest conflicts may be view'd  
Of the pale martyr, fortitude.  
Off in the low and lonely den,  
She shuns the vain applause of men,  
Content her conflict should be known  
To all—wise—and him alone.  
There seek her in her lowliest dress,  
(Long suffer'd, mild, meek tenderness,  
In woman's fair and fragile form,  
That bends, but breaks not in the storm;  
So bends the ozier, till the blast  
That rends majestic oaks is past;—  
Behold her in the hour of pain  
Her groans of agony restrain,  
Lest, haply, the afflicting sound—  
Some anxious hearer's heart may wound:  
With looks of love, behold her fight  
Expiring nature's filny sight,  
And with her last, low flutt'ring breath,  
Speaks comfort from the bed of death.

Following the story, we copy the description  
of the evening when De Morton returns,  
as a favourable specimen of the author's  
skill in that species of poetry.

'Tis at the hour when day-light fades,  
And stealing o'er the western sky,  
Pale evening draws her misty shades,  
That Mem'ry breathes her vesper sigh:  
For then, mysterious Fancy's dream,  
Holds with the dead communion high,  
And then departed spirits seen  
In plaintive murmurs to reply,  
In ev'ry art that breathes around,  
Their low unearthly voices sound,  
And hands unseen, are sweeping shrill  
O'er viewless harps, with dying thrill;  
Indulging long that pensive dream,  
Had Ellen staid, till evening's beam,  
And dusky twilight was receding,  
And deeper, darker shades succeeding.  
Yet still she lingered, list'ning still  
To the low murmur of the rill;  
Whose rippling music, claimed so well  
With Fancy's fond romantic spell,  
The moonlight on the brook was dancing,  
In its clear stream, the stars were glancing,  
And where th' entwined branches made  
A canopy of deeper shade,  
With trembling beam, one star alone  
In the deep pool's dark mirror shone.  
On its soft margin, green and damp,  
The glow-worm lit her tiny lamp,  
Where waving fern-leaves feath'ry shade  
A bower for fairy revels made,  
And crystal drops of unsummed dew,  
Collected by the moon's pale light,

—The nectar of the elfin crew—  
In cowslip cups were sparkling bright;  
And minstrelsy long drawn, and sweet,  
And full, for fairy banquet meet,  
Was near.—A thrush, with mellow note  
Far sounding, poured his tuneful throat,  
And ever as its cadence died,  
A rival song was heard to swell,  
Where, from her hazel bower, replied  
The strains of answer'd Philoniel.  
Unclouded was the deep serene  
Of Heav'n's dark azure,—save were seen  
Around the moon soft fleeces roll'd,  
Bright with the liv'ry of their queen,  
The snowy flocks of Cynthia's fold.  
One might believe in such a night  
Good angels chase that silv'ry car,  
To watch with looks of heav'nly light,  
Their mortal charge, on earth's pale star.

That charge poor Ellen was not. She is  
tempted by the dread of losing her beloved  
for ever, to desert her paternal abode.

In agony she gazed around;  
No foot approached, no blessed sound—  
Died on her lips her father's name—  
Alas! unheard—no succour came—  
Oh! for a moment's pause to think—  
To breathe—to pause on ruin's brink:  
Yet, yet she fingers on its verge:  
Dark late impels—wild terrors urge:—  
Oh! for some saving hand—too late—  
Behind her swung the closing gate:  
Cold on her heart, as 'twere the knell  
Of peace and hope, its echo fell.

Thus closes the 3rd Canto. The fourth is  
the last part of the poem. The incipient  
wretchedness of the deluded Ellen, when her  
seducer relaxes in his attentions, is thus  
portrayed—she thinks with agony on home.

When by her taper's sickly ray  
She watched the evening hours away,  
List'ning for steps, she'd learnt to know  
"Monstr' all that throng'd the street below—  
Then—whispered thought—those passing feet  
Are hurrying on some friend to greet;  
Those eager steps are hast'ning by  
To some dear home, some kindred tie—  
Alas! no kindred heart, for me  
Awaits in fond expectancy—  
Alas! no home for me prepares  
The welcome sweet of social cares;  
That lovely moon, so calm and pale,  
Now gazes on my native vale:—  
Oh star of night! thy beams may look  
On its thick shades, and rippling brook,  
But Ellen's eyes no more must dwell  
On the sweet scene she loves so well.

Ah, mother! would I were at rest  
In thy dark grave, on thy cold breast;  
All hearts reject me, or forsake,  
And mine—is mine too hard to break?  
No—but one hope—one last rest dear—  
Detains the wretched loiterer here—  
A mother's hope—ah tender thought!  
The last with earthly comfort fraught.

It came, the hour of suffering came,  
And Ellen bore a mother's name,  
And to a mother's throbbing breast,  
A second, dearer self was prest.—  
No voice of soothing love was near  
In the dark hour of pain and fear;  
No sympathising heart was there  
A parent's new-born hopes to share;  
No father with impatient elum,  
Assuming proud that sacred name,

Was there with grateful tenderness  
The mother and her child to bless.  
Poor babe! to this dark world of cares  
Welcomed with sighs, baptized in tears.

The account of her deseculation was  
utterly deserted by the betrayer, is very  
beautiful; and the idea of her wandering  
round a place of worship, (p. 80) as if inter-  
dicted by heaven from entering, is exquisitely  
touching. But our bombs compel us to  
advance towards the conclusion, which, we  
imagine, will beguile others besides our  
female readers of their tears. Her resolution  
to return like the prodigal son is taken, and  
she exclaims:—

"Oh! could I reach my father's door;  
"Oh! could I behold his face once more;  
Once more his gentle accents greet,  
And stretch me suppliant at his feet,  
And cry, My father! I have erred  
From thee and goodness—have deserved  
The wrath of Heaven, thy killing scorn,  
Thy hate, perhaps—yet thus forlorn,  
Thus low, expiring in thy sight,  
Thou who was once thy heart's delight,  
Thy little Ellen; she who smiled  
First in thy face, thine only child!  
Canst thou behold, and turn away?  
My father! oh, my father! stay—  
Canst not me yet a pitying eye,  
"Oh! turn and bless me ere I die.—  
Oh! I could with such prayers as these  
Embrace once more my father's knees;  
Thou! all reject his crying child,  
That heart so merciful and mild,  
My father's heart!—would still relent,  
To the returning penitent;  
The vilest, meanest wretch that prayed  
At my dear father's door for aid,  
Was never known in vain to pray—  
And would he send his child away?  
Oh! no—that hospitable door  
Would open to receive once more  
Its altered guest—this weary head  
Might press once more the peaceful bed,  
That once my happy childhood prest,  
And there at least a deeper rest  
'Than infancy's serene repose.  
The wanderer's weary eyes may close,  
Her last sad sigh, breath'd softly there,  
Where first she drew the vital air.

She approaches her journey's end: it is  
evening, and an admirable view of it is finish-  
ed with these master strokes.

Her task of daily labour done,  
The wild bee to her hive was gone;  
The lark was in her grassy nest;  
The bleating flocks were all at rest,  
Close heaped the tufted furze beside,  
Or spread like scattered snow-flakes wide.  
It was a picture of repose,  
So perfect, as if Nature chose,  
By mortal eyes unseen, alone,  
To keep a Sabbath of her own.

She gains her father's door,  
And fancy coloured into light  
The objects dimly shaped by night.

"In such a night,"  
So calm, so fair, so heavenly bright,  
Had Ellen left her father's roof,  
The peaceful shelter of her youth—  
E'en thro' that very gate she passed—  
E'en here one fling'ring look she cast  
On her forsaken home—that look—  
That agonizing glance! half shook  
Her fatal purpose, but too late:

Terror assumed the voice of fate;  
She passed—her better angel shed  
One tender, pitying tear, and fled.  
Now on that long-forsaken spot  
Once more she stood,—the dear low cot,  
On which the silvery moon-beams played,  
Still peeped from its surrounding shade,  
And all the well-remembered scene,  
Looked still as lively and serene,  
As if the ruthless hand of care  
Had wrought no change or havoc there.  
The elms' ring rises, as of yore,  
Profusely blossomed round the door,  
And crissed the little casement still,  
In garlands, such as Ellen's skill  
Had gaily twined in former days.—  
Herself as fast—the moon's pale rays,  
Just on the parlour-casement fell,  
Where Ellen's heart remember'd well,  
Her father sat;—'twas darkness all—  
No light upon the chamber wall,  
Flushed from within—like Ellen's fate,  
All there was dark and desolate.  
She listened—so intensely still,  
So breathless, that the fluttered thrill  
Of her own heart she seemed to hear;  
Save that, no sound of life was near.  
Trembling, in fearful pause she stood,  
Cold damps her shudd'ring brow bedew'd—  
Oh! dark suggestion of despair—  
Had Death, indeed, been busy there?  
Yet, wherefore so?—day long had closed,  
And all within the cot reposed;  
While guilt its fearful vigil keeps,  
Perchance the poor old pastor sleeps—  
Aye, sleeps—but where? what peaceful bed  
Fellows his venerable head?  
"Hence, dreadful thought! Oh, righteous  
Heav'n!

Spare, spare him, till I die forgiven."  
She dares not call, she dares not knock—  
She dares not leave the dreaded shock;  
Yet come it must, and soon.

She is recognized by the faithful dog, but  
dares not enter to satisfy her terrors; at  
length a simple note suggests itself, as cal-  
culated to determine her suspense.

Near where she stood, the garden gate,  
Just on the church-yard path across;  
Beneath that holy turf, reposed  
Her mother's dust—a simple stone  
Graved with her name and age alone,  
Told where she lay; with vacant space  
Beneath, for after time to trace  
Another name,—and tears would rise,  
Prophetic tears!—so Ellen's eyes,  
When on that vacant spot she gazed,  
And many a prayer to Heaven she raised,  
That long its gracious will would spare  
One parent to her filial care,—  
Ah! little did her heart presage,  
She should forsake him in his age.

Once more, to seek that humble tomb,  
The trembling daughter turn'd—her doom,  
The confirmation of her fear,  
(If all too true) was written there;  
And soon her noiseless footsteps trod,  
Once more the consecrated sod.  
Beneath the venerable shade  
Of an old Lime, her mother laid,—  
Smooth was the verdant turf that spread  
Its dewy pall above her head;  
But now—was it the shadowy light,—  
The flick'ring moon,—that marked her sight?  
Or had some recent cause defied  
The even sod? What hand had placed  
Those blossoms on the grave? Her own  
Had often decked it thus. The stone

Peered not her view—its farther side  
Bore the inscription—agony supplied  
A despairing impulse—no despairing haste—  
Yet, for a moment, o'er her eyes she plac'd  
A trembling hand, close prest, as if to gain,  
'Twixt her and fate, a respite short and rain—  
Short, shudd'ring interval: she fronts the stone—  
The cold hand drops,—one glance, and all is  
known:

One cry, one fearful cry, of wild despair  
Bursts from her heart—another name is there!

A villager, whose dewy way,  
The church-yard cross'd at break of day,  
Stopt, as he pass'd its grassy mounds,  
Whence (faintly heard) low plaintive sounds  
Assail'd his ear:—he paused—'twas night—  
A wailing babe's distressful cry  
Smote on his heart—that feeble moan  
Guided his footsteps to the stone  
Where Ellen lay,—but life was fled,  
And the poor wanderer's weary head  
Had found, at last, a resting-place  
Upon her father's grave; her face  
Was turned on earth, as if to hide  
The bitter pang with which she died;  
And the poor babe's cold form was pressed  
To its dead mother's colder breast.  
Old Carlo close beside was laid  
Resting, near Ellen's cheek, his head,  
As if the poor old servant staid  
To guard the living and the dead.

We shall not add even the pathetic lamen-  
tation of Ellen's nurse to this extract, nor will  
we weaken its effect by repeating our praises,  
far less by recording the trifling blots which  
harshly speak its beauty. If we say that  
something of the skillful use of language,  
obtained only by practice in writing, and of  
poetic art, are wanting, we must in justice  
allow, that there is no deficiency in natural  
expression and true poetic interest.

### Antar; a Bedoueen Romance.

(Concluded from our last.)

The following is illustrative of the state of  
Arab society—

"Now Locat, son of Zurarah, was an un-  
controllable knight; he was the bold one of  
the age and period, and the Arabs called him  
the Eagle of War, and the Knight of Woe.  
Locat had nineteen brothers by the same  
father and mother, and he was the eldest;  
and their father was conspicuous among men  
for his birth and parentage.

"One day, their father being seated in  
his tent, his sons came to him, and com-  
plained of their brother Locat's excessive  
pride and haughtiness, and stated their resolu-  
tion to emigrate. He sent for Locat, who  
in fact was a great coxcomb in his gait, and  
most ostentatious in his general deportment.  
My son, said he (for he was exceedingly an-  
gry and indignant at such conduct), you are  
indeed a most self-sufficient fellow, and be-  
have in a most overbearing manner towards  
your brothers and your comrades. Had you  
even in your pastures a thousand of the As-  
seer camels, or were you possessed of Be-  
dret-ul-Yemen, the daughter of Mozemzen,  
the lord of the Pavilion and the Palace, or  
could you even overcome in battle the Chief  
Antar, the Knight of Hidjaz, you would not  
even then strut about as at present, neither  
would you swagger your limbs in this brag-



ging, mustering style. What! father, said Locait, then these are the three accomplishments which should a man attain, he would acquire the highest glory among the brave and the heroic? What can be superior to these three acquisitions? added his father. At the instant, up started Locait and went to his uncle, and asked his assistance. This uncle was also a brave and valiant hero, and he promised to aid him.

"They mounted their steeds, and taking with them two she camels to carry water and provisions, and two sturdy slaves, they quitted their tents under the cover of the night; and when they were at some distance, after consulting which they should attempt first, they were unanimous in the opinion, that they should first of all proceed to the king Moazem.

"Now this king was a mighty monarch, and a stout horseman. He was the lord of armies, and troops, and lauds, and cities; his country lay on the borders of the cities of Nihaz, and it was called the land of As, where he possessed a strong impregnable fortress, in which was an idol named Jebbar, which this king and his people worshipped. He had also a daughter called Bedret-ul-Yemen, of whom he was very fond; and out of his great affection, he consigned her over to the idol, and rejected every suitor and every wooer.

"Locait and his uncle travelled on till they reached the country of King Moazem, where they beheld populous cities, abundant cultivation, and tents and dwellings, and spears and swords, at which sight Locait was much disordered; he turned towards the fountains and the waters, and having bathed, and clothed himself in magnificent robes, he with his uncle proceeded to King Moazem. Near his palace they met the officers and satraps, to whom Locait addressed himself: My wish, said he, is to visit your king. The satraps entered: the king deliberated, but at last exclaimed, Go out, and ask him his name; for if it be Locait, son of Zarahah, invite him in; if any one else, turn him away: for thus has the idol ordered. Moreover, I saw a dream, in which I was standing in front of the idol, and I demanded of it a husband for my daughter. In these days, it replied, there will be sent for thy daughter a valiant husband, and a brave hero, called Locait, son of Zarahah. Marry him to thy daughter, and let him share in thy favours (but this dream was the result of his fears about his daughter).

"So the attendants went out, and asked Locait his name. He said, Locait! The king Moazem admits thee, said they: and he entered in the presence of the king, who directed him to be seated; and having also imparted to him the dream he had seen, he prepared feasts for three days, after which he pitched the marriage canopy, and introduced Locait to his daughter, without marriage, any dowry, or dower. Locait went to her, and saw she was a full moon no description can attain; but he was ashamed to approach her without a wedding present, lest he should become a scandal in every land. So he turned his back towards her,

and slept till the damsel also fell asleep; when he started up, and awoke his uncle. Arise, my uncle, said he, let us repair to King Numan to procure a marriage dower: and they sallied forth by night."

"Early next day, Locait resumed his journey till he reached the land of Irak. In the excess of Locait's good fortune, he arrived during Numan's days of festivity; when he clothed every one in splendid robes; and as soon as the slaves beheld him, they crowded towards him from every direction, and continued to load him with robes of honour till his horse could move no further. But Locait presented himself to Numan, who complimented him, and asked his rank, and parentage, and his tribe, and his Arab connexion. My lord, said he, I am of the tribe of Darem, lords of honours, and distinctions, and spears, and swords; and I am Locait, son of Zarahah. Be so obliging, said Numan, as to demand what you want, and be sure of attaining it in these days of joy. Upon this Locait took courage, and informed Numan of his marriage, and the cause of his expedition; and I ask of you a marriage dower for my wife Bedret-ul-Yemen. By the protection of an Arab, said Numan, had you demanded my kingdom, I would have made it over to you. And he ordered him a thousand Asnafer she camels, to which he added an infinity of other things, as he said to his attendants, Do ye also give this youth all the cattle and flocks that you drove to the pastures this day. After this, he ordered them to pitch tents for him without the city, and convey him wine and meat.

"Three days Locait passed very merrily, but on the fourth he departed, habited like a powerful monarch, with horses, and mules, and he and the camels, and slaves and cattle; and with his uncle he continued his journey over the deserts; and the world was too compressed for the excess of his joy and exultation. As to the father of his bride, his misfortune was severe; for his countrymen irritated his heart with reproaches; yet he expressed outwardly his resignation, and concealed his affliction and vexation till Locait's return with the cattle and the camels. The whole country was in confusion: with delight the King himself went out to meet him, with the grandees of the tribe, and saluting him, inquired whither he had been? O my lord, answered Locait, you acted towards me on my arrival here as no one ever acted before, and heaped upon me obligations beyond my powers to bear; you even married me to your daughter Bedret-ul-Yemen; but I could not submit to the idea of possessing the daughter of a king without a marriage-donation, and I be called too the Knight of the Universe: so I went away to

"It had happened that Numan, in a fit of intoxication, had ordered two of his companions to be killed. When he recovered, he was so struck with remorse, that he raised a tomb to their memory, and set aside two days in every year, one of which he called his day of sorrow; the other, his day of joy. On the first, whosoever he met, he slew on the tomb; on the other, whoever came to him he would load with gifts, and grant every request.

seek some gain, and the God of old has bestowed on me these favours.

"Thus saying, he gave orders to his slaves, and they led away the noble steeds, decorated with housings of gold, and the Asnafer camels, which are the wonders of wonders, and exhibited all he had of garments, and cattle, and high-priced jewels. The King was astonished at the extraordinary things he beheld, and he gloried in such an illustrious husband for his daughter. He made splendid feasts, and sent for musicians, and made his daughter a second marriage-banquet. He married her to Locait, and all his griefs and troubles were at an end. Thus they caroused and feasted till the day dawned."

"We quote part of a highly poetical account of the marriage of Prince Malik.

"The feast was immediately commenced; the damsels waved the cymbals, and the horsemen flourished their swords; exclamations of joy arose, and the cups went round; and thus they continued till the laughing day was spent, when the nymph was married to Malik. All the chiefs and lords of the tribe soon fell asleep, on account of the watchings and fatigue; but by morning their joys were converted into sorrows, and shots were precipitated at them from arrows, for which there is no surgeon; for fortune never gives, but it pillages; is never stationary, but it resolves; is never merry, but it sorrows; never bestows, but it takes back; never joys, but it grieves; never sweetens, but it embitters."

The cause of this interruption to their happiness is explained; and Malik, the dearest friend of Antar, is slain by Hadifah on his marriage night. The narrative pathetically proceeds:—

"The party opposed to Antar were soon diminished, and most of them being slain, he returned to Malik, just to see him in the agonies of death, where he was lying bathed in blood in front of his horse. At this sight he screamed and threw himself upon him: he smote himself with his hands like a woman deprived of her children. O full moon of perfection! he exclaimed, never, never did I imagine such would be thy end. And he let his head fall upon his knees; he kissed his face till he nearly swooned upon his body; and his tears streamed over Malik's cheeks, who at last just opened his eyes. He attempted to speak and move his lips, but he could not, so violent was the fate that had fallen upon him; he could only point with his fingers towards him; he bade him farewell, and his spirit groined in the excess of agony. Antar's afflictions became more vehement; and whilst they were in this state, behold! Malik's bride rushed forth, her face uncovered, her hair dishevelled, and surrounded by a number of women and high-bosomed damsels beating their breasts and throwing dust upon their heads. Malik's bride smote her cheeks with her hands: and when she reached the death-place of her husband, she thus spoke:

"I will weep for thee, not in festivities or nuptials, but in spears, and swords, and shields. I will weep for him who is gone,



and has abandoned me after having become my husband. I will weep for him who is gone and made me heir to interminable grief, even to the end of time. I will weep for the full moon, whose light is fled, whose glory is eclipsed and destroyed. Alas! my lord has vanished from me; he has left me a solitary being; he is concealed from me in the darkness of the grave. I am left forlorn in the morning to mourn my beloved, whom I knew but yesterday. I will weep for him: I will mourn for him as long as the moon of heaven and the sun shall shine. No joy shall ever again please me; never again shall my soul be at ease. I will weep for my lord; I will grieve for him who has widowed me on my marriage morn. O that before his dissolution I had drunk of the cup of death in my soul. I will make fortune and the world weep in concert with me for my beloved, or my senses must be annihilated. Never will I cease to mourn him in sorrowing strains, as long as the bird of the Enak shall pour its piteous notes."

"Malik's bride did not cease till Malik, with a sigh, expired, and he was united to his God. Antar wrapped him up in his clothes, and tying him on the back of his horse, took him away; and as he sought the land of Abs, he thus exclaimed:

"Alas! O raven hastening in thy flight, send me thy wings, for I have lost my support. Is it true that I have seen the day of Malik's death and murderer, or has it befallen me in dream? The light of day is darkened in grief for the youth, the hero of Abs and of Ghifan. O that Ghafra had never been! that Dahia had never been!—that the day had never been, when that wager was made! O it was a day black in look, harsh and stern, the night wanderers of evil might dread its calamity. O by God! my eyes will ever be ulcered on his account in ever streaming tears, till the moment I see the bones of Hadifah dispersed, and death close upon him. Alas! my force is weakened; I am weighed down by misfortune, and my heart is in continued palpitation for him who was my strength whenever the foes unsheathed their swords against me to cut off my fingers. Now he is gone, who will be our defence when the nocturnal invaders shall surprise us? O woe is me! how fell he from his horse, and my sword and my spear were not near him? The fatal arrow of the all-bounteous Archer cast him down. O that when it cast him down, it had cast me down too! O that my soul had bled freely, and that his hands had not beckoned to me a double adieu! Alas! his kindnesses, were I to comment on them, my tongue would fail ere I could repeat them. I swear I will not sleep from taking vengeance! I will not repose, but on the back of my station. Never shall my sword cease to cleave those Fazearens, till the desert be converted into a sea of crimson blood."

An Arab execution is thus described:—

"Harith having finished these atrocious expressions, all the mob cursed him and reviled him; they dragged him off the camel, and

nailed him against the city-gate, and shot at him with arrows till he was like a hedgehog, and pelted him with stones. After that they dug a pit for him and kindled a fire, and burnt him. And may God never have mercy on the mound of his tomb, or the tomb of his father!"

Portrait of the hero in battle, as drawn by one who wished to attack him:—

"But he saw him a mountain, mountains could not overpower, and a sea visited by no calm, and a measure for which there was no standard."

Among other chivalrous combatants there is a Syrian knight, who encounters Antar, and the mention of a christian in these early days has considerable interest. When he provokes Antar to the fight, for instance, he exclaims:—

"Who am I, that thou shouldst censure me, son of a dastard! and my heart is cauterised with absence, and opposition, and anguish. By the truth of the Messiah, the purest of every living thing, who created a bird out of clay with his miraculous breath, and recalled life into the corpse when it was shrouded and delivered to the bowels of the grave deprived of life, I will stretch ye both on the centre of your land, and I will lead your weeping damsels captive, and I will cry out with a loud voice in the plain of war, Come forth towards me, behold wonders in me."

We intended to copy the details of Antar's own wedding; but our limits do not permit of it. Two or three extracts will afford an idea of its extraordinary character.

"The least, said Oorwah, that you can wish to slaughter on your marriage, will be ten thousand he and she camels, for thy guests will be numerous. O Ebe-oul-Elyez, said Antar, ten thousand shall not suffice for the slaves alone; the least that I shall slaughter will be twenty thousand she camels, and twenty thousand he camels; twenty thousand sheep, and twenty thousand goats, and a thousand lions, for my guests will be many. I wish to make at Ibla's wedding five separate feasts; I will feed the birds and the beasts, the men and the women, the girls and boys, and not a single person shall remain in the whole country but shall eat at Ibla's marriage festival."

At Antar's request Oorwah "wrote numerous letters to all the Arab tribes, and the number of letters he despatched to the tribes was three hundred and sixty, to the three hundred and sixty tribes of Arabs of the cultivated and uncultivated plains."

Wine was procured from Syria. "Antar every day mounted his horse, and roamed over the mountains and the hollows, hunting lions and tigers, till he had taken seven hundred lions and two hundred tigers, which he secured in a valley, and he stationed a number of slaves over them to feed them. He then exhibited the pavilion which he had brought with him from Chosroe, and ordered his slaves to pitch it for Ibla; and when

spread out, it occupied half the land of Shurebah, for it was the load of forty camels, and there was an awning at the door of the pavilion, under which four thousand of the Absian horse could skirnish. It was embroidered with burnished gold, studded with precious stones and diamonds, interspersed with rubies, and emeralds set with rows of pearls, and there was painted thereon a specimen of every created thing, birds, and trees, and towns, and cities, and seas, and continents, and beasts, and reptiles; and whoever looked at it was confounded by the variety of the representations, and by the brilliancy of the silver and gold; and so magnificent was the whole, that when the pavilion was pitched, the land of Shurebah and Mount Saadi were illuminated by its splendour. The Absians produced their richest stores; in short, the dwellings appeared like a flower-garden; the whole country was in agitation; and the sun shone with reflectal rays."

"Oorwah was not absent more than three days, and on the fourth day he appeared, and with him abundance of wine; and whilst they were in this state, behold, some she camels advanced, and he camels came forward from the valleys and the mountains, amounting to sixty thousand she camels, and sixty thousand he camels; and Antar ordered Shibob to conduct three thousand of them to the mountains, there to slaughter them, and skin them, and feed the birds. Shibob obeyed, and went to the mountains, where he slaughtered the camels; and so the slaves flayed them of their hides, Shibob ascended the highest mountain, and cried out in a loud voice, O ye birds of prey, ye cultures of death! come down and eat of Antar's marriage-feast; be this day invite ye all. The next day he took two thousand more, and slaughtered them on the mountain-tops, crying out, O ye voracious hawks, ye mighty tigers, all of ye come down and eat of the marriage-feast of Antar, son of Shedd, for he this day invites ye all. After this, Antar ordered the butchers to slaughter he and she camels, and sheep, and fattened deer, and to prepare every species of viands, and to make the wine to flow, and to decorate the dwellings of his guests and friends for four days."

The arrival and gratulations of Antar's friends, and their carousings, are all described in the same style; but we must conclude with only one brief extract more.

"Now there was a curious custom current among the Arabs at that period. The night on which a bridegroom should wed his wife, they brought a quantity of camel packsaddles, and heaped them one upon the other, decorating them with magnificent garments. Here they conducted the bride, and having seated her on high, they said to the bridegroom, Come on, now for thy bride! And the bridegroom rushed forward to carry her off, whilst the youths of the tribe drawn up in line, right and left, with staves and stones in their hands, as soon as the bridegroom rushed forwards, began beating and pelting

him, and doing their utmost to prevent his reaching his wife. If a rib or so were broken in the affair, it would be well for him; were he killed, it was his destiny. But should he reach his wife in safety, the people quitted him, and no one attempted to approach him. (I inquired about this circumstance, says Assmaee, and what it was they were about. Assmaee, they answered, the meaning of this is to exhibit the bride to the warriors, that should her husband die, any one else might take a fancy to her, and take her off.")

The King abolishes this dangerous custom in the peculiar case of Autur, and he obtains liba in a manner more worthy of his great exploits. So ends the first, and, we presume from its length, the only part of this interminable Arabian Romance which will ever be seen in an English translation.

[*Note on the Review of Carey's Poems.*—We are confirmed in our opinion that these poems are the production of Sir Walter Scott, by referring (since our first article was written) to the Edinburgh Annual Register of 1810, where the first specimens were published, and where that account appeared, a quotation from which forms the introduction to the present volume. Antecedent to that period the same admirable poet, and extraordinary genius, had tried his hand on imitations of the ancient bards; and it was no doubt from his success in these, that he conceived the idea of inventing the machinery of Patrick Carey, Mrs. Tomkins, and the rest of the drama, with which he has chosen to give interest to a collection of performances of this description.]

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Mr. Campbell concluded his course of Lectures on Poetry, on Wednesday. The works of Aristophanes formed his principal subject on the preceding Wednesday; but the same reasons which we mentioned before, rendered it impossible for us to enter into details. Having taken a rapid view of the Greek Poets subsequent to the age of Alexander, and of the early Poets of Rome, he entered into rather a detailed examination of the works of Plautus and Terence; from which he read several extracts, and with them finished his course. We were we believe, in common with every person who attends the Institution, much disappointed with this abrupt termination. The delight which Mr. Campbell afforded his auditors by his observations on Homer, had naturally excited in their minds high expectations of the gratification they would experience when he came to treat of the Roman Poets of the Augustan age; but at that precise period he stopped—with the intention, however, (though no notification to that effect was given) of resuming the subject next season.

Mr. Soane commences a course of lectures on Architecture, this day.

The Institution was in full activity last week. Monday Sir J. Smith lectured on Botany; Tuesday and Thursday Mr. Millington, Astronomy; Wednesday, Mr. Campbell, Poetry; Friday, Dr. Crotch, Music; and, Saturday, Mr. Brande, Chemistry.

### MOUNT VESUVIUS.

*Remarkable Phenomena in the late Eruptions of Mount Vesuvius.—Letter II.\**

Naples, 24th March, 1820.—Since the 1st of March Vesuvius has continued to discharge from its crater abundance of large stones, so that it is dangerous to ascend it. On the 11th it was uncommonly active; and explosions, which were frequently heard to the distance of four leagues, announced some remarkable phenomenon. M. Gimbernat, the Countess Bathiany Von Skierleer, and the Chevalier Von Menz, Secretary to the Austrian Embassy at Naples, set out together, to observe the volcanic phenomena near at hand. A dreadful and uninterrupted thundering accompanied the travellers as they proceeded. When they had ascended about half way up Vesuvius, they were suddenly stopped by the violent eruptions of stone from the crater, which were thrown to the distance of above 500 toises. They fell by thousands at a time, at least once in a minute, red hot like burning coals, and weighed, probably, several pounds. Prodigious columns of smoke concealed the approach of these volcanic bombs, and made a stay in this spot extremely dangerous, as it was terrible, from the horrid noise of the incessant explosions. The guides were alarmed; but, notwithstanding their fears and their objections, it was resolved to remain on Vesuvius, and await the eruption, which had commenced in so extraordinary a manner. The courageous Countess Bathiany decided the question, by saying, "Vesuvius was too fine to turn their backs upon it." They retired beyond the reach of the showers of stones, and proceeded by a fatiguing and circuitous way to the source of the stream of lava, which has been flowing ever since the 25th of November, 1819. They reached this place in safety. The lava flowed at this time quicker than usual. The breadth of its fiery channel was 10 feet at its origin; it flowed like water, in a state of entire fluidity, under an angle of 60 degrees, over a slope of 1500 toises, when it spread there about 30 feet towards the black sides of the mountain. The sight of the fiery stream was extremely striking; but the crater itself presented another still more wonderful appearance. It incessantly threw up prodigious (*gerbes*) bouquets of fire, which consisted of red hot stones, and, according to M. Gimbernat's calculation, from the time they took in falling, were projected perpendicularly into the air to the height of above 300 toises. These stones rolled in countless number, down the whole declivity of the cone, like so many avalanches of fire of incomparable grandeur. This continued almost without interruption; for scarcely was one burst ended, when another ensued, in which whole columns of fire rose to an incalculable height. Ten seconds seldom elapsed between the eruptions. The circumference of the whole burning mass thus thrown up, was about equal to that of the cone of Vesuvius. The

\* This Letter is nearly three weeks later in date than that in our last Number.

stones, which were projected in an oblique direction, described parabolas, the curves of which were above 1000 toises, and fell in a mass into the valley which separates Vesuvius from the Somma.

In order to observe, at the same time, the flowing of the lava, and the showers of stones from the volcano, the party mounted an eminence, formed by the scorie over a hollow from which the fiery stream flowed like water out of an arched conduit. They looked down through fissures into the burning abyss under this volcanic bridge, while vapours rose from it with a noise louder than that made by fire engines. From the top of the hill, which was a crater in miniature, issued continual flames of the most beautiful blue colour, (indicating the combustion of sulphuric acid gas); and little burning coals were projected into the air. M. Gimbernat placed over one of the fissures the apparatus which he had contrived, to collect the exhalations of the lava, and recognized them to be sea-salt, partly in a fluid state, from which a vast quantity of muriatic acid, mixed with sulphuric acid, was rapidly developed. On the lava itself (though at a heat of 27 degrees at the distance of 12 feet from its bed), he made experiments with saltpetre, which, however, did not inflame as when thrown on hot coals, but evaporated without crackling. This incombustibility of the saltpetre is a phenomenon probably anticipated by chemists, as the lava is properly not combustible, but only the burnt substances from the volcanic furnace. While these experiments were making, and our travellers, with that delight which causes even danger to be forgotten, were contemplating the splendours of the mountain, the guide Salvatore watchful for their safety, who were thus seated over the dreadful abyss, exclaimed, "*Fly!—the mountain trembles—it heaves under my feet.*" On this alarm, the eruption was also indicated by the greater heat, and the more rapid development of the exhalations. They had scarcely gone twenty steps, when the hill, on which they had passed three hours, sunk down with a dreadful noise into the torrent of lava, and a horrid abyss opened wide its fiery jaws, pouring forth immense masses of lava, which, taking a different course from the old bed, and forming a new stream, traversed a space of 1000 toises in less than six hours. It is hardly possible to conceive, and still less to describe, the awfully terrible, the frightful sublimity of this eruption, which arose, as may be said, under the very feet of an intrepid woman.

Immediately after this great discharge of lava, the showers of stones, and the explosions in the crater, diminished; and the latter ceased entirely on the 12th of March, in the morning. They were succeeded by the discharge of vast quantities of dust, like coals, or volcanic ashes, which rose to a great height, in thick clouds, and was driven by the wind to a distance of several leagues. A great quantity of these ashes fell on the 13th upon Naples, and beyond Posilippo. On the 17th it fell in still greater abundance at Pompeii and Sorrento. M. Gimbernat,

who happened to be at Pompeii at the time, made a comparison between the real ashes of Vesuvius, and the substance with which that city is covered, and which is said to be composed of such ashes. He found no similarity between them; so that this time, nature gave no favourable testimony in support of the uncertain accounts of historians respecting the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The discharge of ashes continued almost without intermission for eight days; and mean time the lava increased considerably by several discharges; and flames, but with very few stones, rose frequently from the crater. On the 19th, at eight o'clock in the evening, the eruptions began with renewed violence, and the mouth, which had opened in the night of the 11th, discharged an immense quantity of lava. This stream exceeded all those that had been seen during the last fifteen months. It spread, with extraordinary rapidity, over a space of 400 feet in breadth. Happily this broad stream of fire passed over like a scene on the stage: for it suddenly stood still. Had it not done so, the poor town of Torre del Greco would have been laid in ashes.

The morning following this extraordinary eruption, the lava appeared to be already extinguished; and it might have been concluded, from the quietness of the mountain, that it was going to repose after the activity which it had displayed ever since the 20th of October, 1818. But this repose was only momentary. On the 21st, at ten o'clock at night, the lava again issued forth, in as large quantities as the preceding days, but from a new mouth, rather lower down.

On the 22d, Mr. Gimbernat examined the place where he had so fortunately escaped on the 11th. He ascended from the extreme end to the source of the present stream of lava, always walking on that lava which had flowed out on the 19th, which he found sufficiently cool to tread upon, though it still showed a heat of 25° of Reaumur. When he came to the spot where the eruption took place before his eyes twelve days before, he was astonished at the changes which he found. On the spot where the Countess Bathian had braved the fury of Vesuvius, a crater had opened, from the middle of which rose two conical hills of scoriae, one of which may be 70, the other 50 feet in height. The circumference of the opening, from the middle of which these two hills rose in one night, is about 400 feet. The whole surface of this new crater, which is like a copy of the large one, is covered in the most wonderful manner with saline incrustations of the most varied colours, and in all the shades of yellow, green, and red oxidism. It is not easy to imagine any thing more interesting and remarkable than the strange and picturesque forms which are seen in the interior of the crater, and in the productions of the volcano. The most remarkable is the sea salt, which is found there in great quantities, sublimated, and combined with sulphuric acid natron; a circumstance which seems to M. Gimbernat to be a proof of the influx of sea water, as a principal agent in volcanic eruptions. The sudden

appearance of all these wonders, the consequences of the eruption of the 11th of March, has contributed to attract many travellers to Vesuvius, and greatly excites the curiosity of naturalists, which will, probably, not remain unsatisfied, as the crater, though rather more quiet for these two days, is still very actively at work.

## FINE ARTS.

### ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 7. 30. 197. 216. 255. 337. 591. *Horses, Dogs, &c.*—by J. Ward, R. A.

In these pictures Mr. Ward reveals in all the vigour of his genius. Animal painting never was carried to greater perfection. No. 255 is an admirable portrait of a dog, if indeed we might not say it is the dog itself, ready to step out of the canvas, and bark at the spectator. The principal of these works, however, is No. 337, "Fox Hunting"—Calling the Hounds out of cover." The hounds are alive, and the whole composition imagined and executed in a style which, in our opinion, could not be surpassed. The landscape too is worthy of Rubens; though only the back ground of a hunting scene, it absolutely eclipses every picture about it. A white horse near Leslie's work is also an exquisite performance: not so 197, which, wanting the wings of Pegasus, could not conveniently move, as he is doing, with all four legs off the ground.

No. 317. *Londoners Gypaying*.—C. R. Leslie.

All the details of this picture are excellent, though as a painting it is deficient in effect. The cockney passion for ruralizing is happily ridiculed in the male Londoner, whose recreation, in the midst of nature's loveliness, is the reading of the Newspaper. On the ground are two children tumbling in all the glory of unrestrained freedom, and not more checked by their mother's cautionary gesture that their noise will awaken baby in her arms, than encouraged by the fond admiration with which their grandmother or nurse contemplates their gambols. An episode of two lovers is delightfully arch and sweet; and the whole does infinite credit to the taste of the artist.

No. 194. *The Theft discovered*.—From the *Marriage of Figaro*.—A. E. Chalon, R. A.

The vivacity of the artist's imagination has here kept pace with the *vis comica* of the writer; and the skill of the pencil has embodied what the pen of the dramatist so happily described. It is one of Mr. Chalon's ablest productions, and is aided by more than his usual skill in the use of the means. The satin of the countess's gown is well painted; and though the flesh of his Suzanne is still in his usual crude style, the expression is not lost,—for the development of intrigue, Mr. C. deserves to be made painter to the Court of Love, or Paradise of Coquettes.

No. 428. *View of the Patent Wrought Iron Bridge over the Tweed, &c.*—A. Nasmyth.

A landscape with all the quiet solidity of

Mr. Nasmyth's pencil, which needs no obtrusive violence of colour to produce scenic effect. It is in a low tone, but the picture exceedingly interesting, from its fidelity to nature; while it is also curious from the subject. The weight of the sky seems to be heavy upon a part of the canvas, and does not sufficiently separate from the land.

No. 271. *Etrick Banks*.—W. Wilson.

This is also a sweet landscape. The scene is of an interesting kind, and it is treated with great truth and harmony. This artist has done much to illustrate localities of his native land, with which the most poetical and national feelings of his countrymen are associated.

No. 269. *Venturesome Boys, or the Magpie's Nest*.—W. R. Bigg, R. A.

We cannot tell whether this is meant for tragedy or farce; but the subject is very seriously whimsical. Boys climbing for a magpie's nest, are precipitated with their prey into a pond or lake beneath. These birds have always been reckoned unlucky; and they appear to be peculiarly so in the present instance: a warning to mischievous lads, and a great improvement upon the print in the Primer, whence the idea has been taken. It is one of the artist's cleverest productions.

No. 310. *Venus supported by Iris, complaining to Mars, and shewing the wound she has received from Diomed—Homer's Iliad*.—G. Hayter.

As a composition, this piece has considerable merit, and the colouring is generally good. A rainbow is admirably painted. The horses' heads are spirited, and in classical gusto. Mr. Hayter has however failed in poetical expression; or rather, he has given the subject a character entirely different from that which Homer gave it. The livid wound is a scratch; Venus, like a lady carelessly alarmed at the sight of a spider; the stern and attentive Mars is shamming concern; and Iris is downright laughing at the jest. In this point of view the story is well told; but Homer ought not to be quoted as the text for it, unless it were Homer burlesqued.

No. 432. *Melenger and Atalanta*.—R. T. Bone.

This artist has a fine eye for colour, and has here presented us with a very spirited work upon a grand subject. There is great vigour both in the imagination and pencil; the chief defect is in the drawing.

No. 546. *A Maccan, and other Birds*.—A. Pelletier.

Most splendid specimens of natural history. The brilliancy of the colours is extraordinary, and the feathered tribe hardly lose a pile of their plumage, under the hand of this clever artist.

### SIR JOHN LEICESTER'S GALLERY.

It has been mentioned in some of the newspapers, that Sir John Leicester does not open his fine Gallery of British Art this year. We are sorry to confirm this statement; and to add, that a severe rheumatic complaint is the cause which prevents this distinguished encourager of our native school from gratifying his own liberal disposition,

and the public, in the manner so agreeable to both. As Sir John is, however, adding to his collection, we may hope next season for an exhibition more splendid than before. We have seen one of Northcote's most beautiful productions, (one indeed of rare and extraordinary character, as coming from his easel) and another of Harlowe's sweetest works, which already enrich this superb gallery; and it affords us indeed high satisfaction to notice circumstances which show, that though our annual treat is, unfortunately, impossible, the worthy Baronet is steadily pursuing that course which has procured for him the fame of being, not only the effective patron of British painters and contemporary merit, but the man who has most distinctly contributed to give a right direction to living genius, and promote the formation of a great National School.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## RECOLLECTION.

His mind?—It was a melancholy chart,  
Wherein the shoals on which his youth had  
struck,  
Were well laid down. There love, a bank of art,  
Tho' worn by time, might still be seen in ruins,  
And Passion calmed by Guile, (like oil thrown on  
The turbulent wave), and glittering Vanity  
That peeped out here and there; yet only seen  
At the soul's elb, or when laid bare by storms;  
And there Ambition stood, like a dark rock  
Towering above the rest, dangerous and still  
Unworn—it was a melancholy chart.  
There seemed to be no harbour where repose  
(or safety might be found, and yet a spot  
Of land was seen in the distance;—there his  
youth  
Had been directed, and he had been told  
That the way led to Heaven. R.

## VICK.

It is the curse of vice, that, in some sort,  
The mind doth reach perfection.—He who hath  
sold  
His brother to the yoke, or rifled her  
That trusted him. These have the quicker sight  
For dangers,—stratagems. 'Tis guilt that rules  
From off the human eye its film, and shows  
All the dark world of Terror.—'Tis the knave  
Who best can read the subtle look, and trace  
Amidst the windings of the heart, (tho' smiles  
May deck the visage), each most dark intent.—  
In his own soul, which, like a mirror, holds  
The portrait of his own similitudes  
Up to his view, he reads it all. H.

## VERSES,

Written in India, by a Lady, in answer to Lines  
on her Birth-day, in the Literary Gazette of  
last year.

The circling year has brought again,  
To me, the well-remembered day,  
You honor'd by your graceful strain,  
When she you sung was far away.  
Oh! tell me, may I not in turn  
The flow'ry path of verse pursue,  
And gather from her fragment urn  
One wreath, one little wreath, for you?  
And while with willing hand I twine  
That votive chaplet for your brow—  
Let not the meed of praise be mine,  
But yours, for whom it learnt to flow.

Oh! could your harmony of strain,  
Across the waste of waters float,  
And Echo lend her airy strain,  
To bind awhile each fairy note—  
Then would I borrow from your lay,  
A small, but deeply thrilling part,  
And bid it find its speedy way  
To Friendship's ear, and Feeling's heart.  
But 'tho' the province be not mine,  
To rest in Fancy's haunted cell,  
Where Genius sheds a ray divine,  
To gild the spot he loves so well;  
Still there is much of fairy ground,  
For wand'ring feet like mine to trace,  
Where lovely scene and gentle sound  
Adorn the poet's dwelling place.  
Then deign to listen to my strain,  
Altho' it be of lighter tone;  
Nor let it imitate in vain,  
The friendly image of your own.  
So shall the grateful line express  
The heart-felt wish, the hope sincere—  
That much of health and happiness  
May gild your path for many a year.  
And may we meet in days to come,  
The mutual wish fulfilled to see;  
And sweeten all the joys of home,  
By Friendship and by Courtesy.

Nov. 24, 1819.

ANNE.

## TO MY WIFE AND (THE) SUN.

[By Correspondents.]

When first, great sun! thou leavest thy bed,  
(Scarce able thro' the clouds to move),  
Staring, and round, and rosy red,  
Thou'rt like, (how like!) the wife I love.  
Yet not in all things like, for thou  
Sink'st at silent on thy couch of light;  
She scares the slumber from my brow  
With rapid nonsense all the night.  
Scarlet she looks, all day—for thee;  
Thou but at eve are like the rose;  
Thou keep'st a steady course; but she  
Stumbles, and waddles as the goose.  
So much I love thee, gentle sun,  
There's nought but I would give to thee;  
My wife?—Yes, all her fat and fun—  
Except—that she might smother thee.  
And then, there'd be no day, no light,  
Nor lamps, nor ladies' eyes would shine,  
Long; and I know what endless night  
Would be with chattering wires like mine.

H. T.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## OYA POE.

The German papers mention the following  
trick, which was lately played at Vienna:

"A man entered a coffee-house, with his  
hand pressed close against his cheek, groan-  
ing, stamping, and exhibiting every symptom  
of violent indisposition. He took a seat,  
called for some punch, and made useless ef-  
forts to swallow it. Several people collected  
round him, and inquired the cause of his  
illness; he replied, that he was tormented  
by a violent fit of tooth-ache, which resisted  
every remedy. Various things were pre-  
scribed for him, but without effect. At  
length, a man who was playing at billiards  
in an adjoining room, stepped forward, and  
said, 'allow me to prescribe for the gentle-  
man. I possess a remedy which I am cer-

tain will cure him in five minutes.' He  
drew from his pocket a box, filled with small  
chips of a yellow kind of wood. 'Here, Sir,  
(said he) apply this to your tooth.' The pa-  
tient did as he was directed, and, to the as-  
tonishment of every one present, he imme-  
diately experienced a diminution of pain;—  
the remedy operated as if by enchantment,  
and in less than a quarter of an hour he was  
completely relieved, and drank his bowl of  
punch to the health of his deliverer. 'Sir,  
(said he) you have performed a most won-  
derful cure, and I shall be eternally grateful  
to you, if you will inform me where your  
valuable remedy can be purchased.' 'No  
where,' replied the billiard player: 'I pro-  
cured it during my last visit to South Ame-  
rica, and brought it home with me for my  
own private use; the Indians of Oya Poe  
never use any other remedy.' 'Well, surely  
you will not refuse to let me have a few  
pieces of the wood.' 'Impossible.' 'I  
only ask for twenty pieces, and I will give you  
a ducat for each.' 'Well, I consent out of  
pure humanity; but mind, you are the only  
person to whom I can grant such a favour.'  
Every one present now wished to have some  
portion of the divine wood of Oya Poe; all  
were subject to the tooth-ache; all claimed  
the sacred rights of humanity, and the com-  
passionate traveller was obliged to part with  
nearly all his chips of wood, and to fill his  
box with ducats. The master of the coffee  
house himself, unwilling to suffer such an  
opportunity to escape him, had the good for-  
tune to purchase ten pieces of the wonderful  
wood. We know not whether the remedy  
will operate as effectually on the good people  
of Vienna as on the savages of Oya Poe; but  
the keeper of the *café* has remarked, that  
neither the doctor nor his grateful patient  
have ever since made their appearance in his  
house."

## THE DRAMA.

## COVENT GARDEN.

*The Battle of Bothwell Brigg*:—A sort of  
Scotch Romance, founded on the story of  
Old Mortality, and confoundedly dull, was  
brought out at this theatre on Monday. Not  
one of the characters realized the novel; and  
indeed, they were rather caricatures than  
imitations. Emery's Yorkshire dialect had  
to pass muster for Cuthbert Heddlrig's Clydes-  
dale accent; Farley made Balfour of Burley  
a swaggering pantomimical ruffian, no bull  
watch for the poor Sergeant Bothwell of the  
farce; and neither the king's officers, nor the  
covenanters' leaders, were such as to aid  
the illusion of the scene. Mrs. Davenport's  
spangled gown was the only brilliant thing  
which we noticed in the whole drama; and  
at the end, though the piece itself did not  
go off well, two pieces of cannon, which were  
dragged upon the stage, did. Miss  
Tree sang the delightful air of "Kind Robin  
loo's me," with rather too much of or-  
nament; and there was a pretty duet be-  
tween her and Duriset. The scenery is  
beautiful; but the general effect too sopori-  
fic to afford any promise of longevity to this  
shoot of Old Mortality.

## VARIETIES.

Thorlaksen, the Icelandic poet, who rendered Milton into the language of his country, and to whom the Literary Fund presented a donation, died on the 6th instant. His MS. of the *Paradise Lost* was handed about at the anniversary meeting of the fund.

The French Royal Academy of Sciences has chosen M. Aubert du Petit-Thouars in the room of the late Chevalier Palisot de Beaulieu, whose botanical pursuits were of considerable interest.

**SPORTING ANECDOTE.**—When the present Marquis of B. came to the title, he was very anxious to preserve the game upon his estates, and desired that none of his tenants would keep sporting dogs. One of them, having a favourite, cropped and docked him, rather than part with him. Some time afterwards, a gentleman seeing this animal following a man driving a team, enquired to whom it belonged? "To Farmer \* \* \* \* \* said the fellow,—"Of what breed is he?" "Why, Sir, he was a greyhound, but master cut his ears and tail off, and made a mastiff on him."

**Oyer and Terminus.**—The bar wits have got up a punning definition of our excellent Lord Chancellor and the Vice-Chancellor: the former is said *oyer sans terminer*; and the latter *terminer sans oyer*.

**Form of Payment.**—A fellow in the dockyard at Deptford, had lent a friend five guineas, which he promised to repay at a given time; instead of which, however, he shunned his creditor, and postponed the return. The latter at length met him, and reproached him with this conduct; to which the reply was a long statement of disappointments: "but I assure you (said he), that I will contrive, in a week or so, to pay you in some shape or other." "Well, (said the lender), I'm content to wait; only let it be as much in the shape of two guineas as you can!"

**Equanimity.**—One has heard of Socrates and other philosophers, who bore the ills of life with wonderful patience; but few, in this respect, ever excelled Mr. . . . , a pithy, pragmatic Englishman. His acquaintances said, that nothing could put him out of temper; but the following anecdote proves that it was possible to ruffle him. While shaving one day, his servant ran into the room with looks of horror. "Oh! Sir, Sir!" "What is the matter?" "Oh my God! the nurse has overlaid and killed the poor baby!" (his only child). Mr. . . . wiped, and laid down his razor, exclaiming, "I believe the devil is in that woman, she is always doing some mischief or other."

It is said that a manufacturer at Warwick has succeeded in an invention, by which the smoke of a steam-engine is internally consumed. This would add greatly to the convenience of steam-packets, and to the comfort of every one in the vicinity of manufactures, &c. where these potent machines are employed.

The Paris Journals mention the arrival at Bordeaux, of a Frenchman who has resided long in Cochín-China, and obtained there the

rank of a *mandarin*. He was permitted by the government to visit his native country.

Louis Binaparte has inserted in the *Journal* at Rome, the *Notizie del Mondo*, a notice, that he is not the author of the work published under his name at Paris, and entitled, "A History of the Parliament of England."

**Egyptian Sugar.**—Samples of sugar cultivated and refined in Egypt, have reached Trieste. This is a new wonder of its celebrated Pacha.

**Eastern Titles.**—To a grant of land of the annual value of 20 Kahuns of Cowries, or four Rupees, the following assemblage of titles is attached. "Shree Shree Shree Shree Joot Govind-Chundra Narayana Bahadur, Chief of the race of Pandurvas, descended from the moon, whose actions are glorious as the effulgence of the white umbrella, worthy of homage from all the sovereigns in the universe, the mighty King of Heeramba, Lord of Lords!" Our readers may like to be informed, that the kingdom of Heeramba is a territory more extensive than Yorkshire, and containing half a million of population. It is situated between the north of Bengal, and China.

At Berlin a paper manufactory has been begun on the new plan, for making paper of any length, by rolling it out: it is wrought by a steam engine.

## DESTRUCTION OF A VILLAGE.

The village of Strow in Bohemia, not far from the town of Saatz, has suffered very severely by the sinking of a mountain. In the night of the 21st of March a part of the chain of mountains, extending from that town to the bank of the river Eger, and upon which the village of Strow was built, detached itself from the mass. Of three and twenty houses and two churches, sixteen have been overthrown and are in ruins. According to the account given by the inhabitants, they heard a not very violent noise on the 20th of March, about midnight, at which time probably a part of the mountain gave way; and on the 21st, towards ten o'clock in the evening, the walls of a firm house, and afterwards the very solid parsonage house, fell down; before twelve hours had elapsed, most of the buildings, including the two churches, were a heap of rubbish. Many of the houses were carried forward two hundred paces from the places where they stood, and the ruins are for the most part covered about a fathom deep with earth. Of the seven buildings still left, one has already half fallen down, and the others will hardly be able to escape destruction, as it is feared that a still greater part of the mountain will loosen. That which has already taken place proceeded very irregularly, so that the buildings sometimes advanced 10 paces in an hour, and sometimes 20. No lives were lost on this occasion. This accident appears to have been prepared by the wet seasons which preceded the present, and to have been principally caused in the last instance by the heavy snow of this winter. The spot over which the motion extended, presents the appearance of flakes of ice piled one over the other; and it is even

feared that the river Eger will be partly, if not totally filled up, as the masses of earth have already advanced to its banks.

**Prevention of Contagion.**—Gauze veils, on the principle of Davy's Safety Lamp, have been recommended by a Mr. Bartlett, as preservatives from contagion. This hypothesis is of so much importance to humanity that we hope to see it tried by the most critical experiments.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

The *Memoirs of the Life of Granville Sharpe*, by Prince Hoare, Esq., are, we hear, in a state of considerable forwardness.

We are informed that the translation of the celebrated German tragedy of *Sappho*, of which some extracts appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, is from the pen of Mr. Brauns, a gentleman not unknown in the literary world.

"The Abbot," which is a sequel to the novel of the Monastery, has, we understand, already made considerable progress under the printer's hands. These celebrated novels are quite the rage at Paris at present. "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" has been translated into French, under the title of "Les Prisons d'Edimbourg."

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MAY, 1820.

**Thursday, 19.**—Thermometer from 45 to 57.  
Barometer from 29, 50 to 29, 36.  
Wind N.W. 1 and 3, S. h.W. 5 and 2.—Cloudy and raining till the evening, when it became clear.  
Rain fallen .525 of an inch.

**Friday, 19.**—Thermometer from 47 to 66.  
Barometer from 29, 62 to 30, 08.  
Wind S.W. 2 and 1.—Clouds generally passing, with showers in the afternoon. A distant clap of thunder, about 1 P.M. and a halo formed about 10 o'clock round the moon.  
Rain fallen .15 of an inch.

**Saturday, 20.**—Thermometer from 45 to 66.  
Barometer from 30, 30 to 30, 41.  
Wind S. W. 2 and 1.—Clouds generally passing. The upper part of a halo formed about 3 in the afternoon.  
Rain fallen .25 of an inch.

**Sunday, 21.**—Thermometer from 40 to 63.  
Barometer from 30, 50 to 30, 47.  
Wind S. W. 1.—Generally clear. A fine halo formed about 10 o'clock in the evening.

**Monday, 22.**—Thermometer from 39 to 74.  
Barometer from 30, 39 to 30, 30.  
Wind S. E. 1.—Clear.

**Tuesday, 23.**—Thermometer from 42 to 75.  
Barometer from 30, 20 to 30, 10.  
Wind E. 1.—Clear.

**Wednesday, 24.**—Thermometer from 45 to 72.  
Barometer from 29, 92 to 29, 99.  
Wind E. h. S. 1, and S. W. 2.—Generally clear; clouds passing.  
Edmonston, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Erratum.** In the notice of Mr. Fœn's picture, in our last Number, the word perspective was erroneously placed for anatomy.  
Mr. Mordant forgot to put his Address. The owner deposits entirely on the merit and fitness of the papers to which he alludes.



## THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. XLV.

Contents.—I. Life of the Duke of Marlborough. Memoirs of John Duke of Marlborough, with his original Correspondence, collected from the family Records at Blenheim, and other authentic sources. By William Coxe, M. A. P. II. The Archæology of Wales. III. Van Diemen's Land.—St. Michael's House, the last and worst of the Bush Rangers of Van Diemen's Land. Narrative of the chief atrocities committed by this Great Murderer and his associates, during a period of six Years, in Van Diemen's Land. III. Count Turbin.—Voyage dans le Levant. IV. Roads and Highways: 1. Report of the Select Committee on the Highways of the Kingdom: 2. Practical Essay on the Scientific Repair and Preservation of Public Roads. By John Loudon MacAdam; 3. Remarks on present System of Road making, by J. L. MacAdam; 4. Essay on Construction of Roads, &c. By Richard Lovell Elwell; 5. Practical Treatise on Road making, by James Paterson. V. Parga. I. Proceedings in Parga, and the Ionian Islands, with a series of correspondence and other justificatory documents. By Isaac-C. G. P. II. Cession de Parga, ouvrage écrit originairement en Grec; par un Parganote, et traduit et publié par Ananry Dural, de l'Institut. VI. Modern Greek.—Observations relating to the Modern Greek Language. By M. Coray. VII. Voltaire et Mad. de Châtelet.—*Vue Picturale de Voltaire et Madame de Châtelet, pendant un Séjour de six mois à Cirey.* VIII. Poems, Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery. By John Clare, a Northamptonshire Peasant. IX. De l'Angletierre. Par Monsieur Rubichon. X. The Fall of Jerusalem. A dramatic Poem. By the Rev. H. H. Milman. XI. Africa.—*Voyage dans l'intérieur de l'Afrique aux Sources du Sénégal &c. in Gambia.* Par G. Mollin. XII. Private Life and Manners of the Athenians. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street. No. XL, containing the Second and concluding part of the Index, will be published at the same time. Complete Sets may be had of the first XX. Vols. of the Quarterly Review.

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No. 176.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Memoirs of Granville Sharp, Esq. Composed from his own manuscripts, and other authentic documents, in the possession of his family and of the African Institution.* By Prince Hoare. With observations on Mr. Sharp's Biblical Criticisms, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of St. Davids. 4to. pp. 496.

This interesting biography of a man, who fills as large a space in the annals of philanthropy as any human being that ever existed, will be before the public within a few days of this notice. When complimented with the privilege of an anticipatory inspection of any work about to issue from the press, we hold ourselves bound, if we find we cannot commend it, simply to lay extracts, without opinions, before our readers : and, in general, we wish it to be understood by the public, that as the object of the Literary Gazette is the direct promotion of literature, our course is rather to bring forward books containing something valuable, than to display any critical smartness by lacerating those which are unworthy. This, to liberal minds, will explain the common principle of our conduct, and the prevailing tone of our miscellany. We would rather report on what seems worthy of attention and pass the worthless over in silence, than acquire the reputation of talent for cutting up the unfortunate attempts of mediocrity. It is only when circumstances, the fame of the writer, the presumptuous mode of publishing, or other causes, which render some observation imperative occur, that we are compelled to convert impartial praise into honest reprehension.

But to return to the volume now in hand. Its size and our time prevent us from doing more, at present, than merely introducing it; anxious as we are to contribute our humble share to the knowledge of so excellent a work. Justly was it said by the virtuous conditor of Mr. Sharp in many deeds of charity (Mr. Witherspoon), that "it is desirable to raise to distinction those whose private character has contributed to influence the happiness of mankind;" and we rejoice to see this duty so ably performed as it is by Mr. Hoare. To an exceed-

ingly numerous class of the British community, his labours to raise a monument worthy of his subject, will need no recommendation: that subject, and his qualifications to treat it as it ought to be treated, are quite sufficient. We shall, therefore, abstain from any supererogatory remark upon this point, and as briefly as possible, endeavour to give some idea of the nature of this publication.

It sets out with an account of Mr. Sharp's early life. Of a good family long established at Bradford-cum, Yorkshire, Granville was born at Durham, 10th Nov. 1735, old style. He was the grandson of the well-known Archbishop of York; his father a dignitary in the church. As his elder brothers were devoted to divinity, physic, &c., he was destined to trade, and consequently bound apprentice to a linen draper on Towerhill, a quaker. Owing to various causes, his term was served out under a presbyterian, a Roman catholic, and a free-thinker, so that his young mind had singular opportunities of being formed on liberal religious principles. He relinquished commerce, and obtained an appointment in the Ordnance Office, in which he continued many years, and privately studied deeply the Greek and Hebrew languages.

His first distinguished public efforts in the cause of humanity were those in favour of slaves in England. It is generally notorious, that his exertions on behalf of the negro Jonathan Strong, in 1767, led to the declaration of the Law of England, that freedom was the lot of every man who landed on our shores. "The following expressions, which occurred in the course of Mr. Davy's pleadings, are deserving of being here quoted:—"This was in the case of Cartwright, who brought a slave from Russia, and would scourge him; for this he was questioned, and it was resolved, That England was too free an air for Slaves to breathe in. (See Rushworth's Collections, p. 468). That was in the 11th of Queen Elizabeth. I hope, my Lord, the air does not blow worse since. But, unless there is a change of air, I hope they will never breathe here; for that is my assertion,—the moment they put their foot on English ground, that moment they become free. They are subject to the laws, and they are entitled to the protection of the laws of this country, and so are their masters, thank God!"

His next efforts were directed to extend the blessing to American negroes, to the Caribbees in St. Vincent, and finally to the total abolition of the slave trade and slavery. To pursue these objects he resigned his office; and how much he thus sacrificed on the altar of christian charity may be gathered from the following extract, which is

also eminently characteristic of the good family of which he was a branch.

"Granville's situation, after he had resigned his employment in the Ordnance Office, was sufficiently singular. His resignation had in it all that is considered, in a worldly view, as an excess of imprudence. He had expended the remains of his paternal inheritance and the fruits of his employment in acts of bounty; and the protector of the helpless stood himself without the means of sustenance. But the cordial attachment of his brothers (all now prosperous) brought them instantly around him. In a family overflowing with mutual love and benevolence, the accession to their household of such a relation as Granville had ever been accounted as a treasure, not as a burden. They revered that obedience to conscience which had deprived him of his competency, and they strove to compensate his loss by every act of respect and kindness. The following affectionate testimonial will shew that they had anticipated both the event, and the feelings of their beloved brother in consequence of it.

To Mr. Granville Sharp.

"London, October 5, 1755.

"Dear Brother Granville,—Many thanks for your very affectionate letter of the 26th of last month. We very much approve, here, of your asking a further leave of absence. It will give you a little leisure, which you so very much want, and it will let you have a little enjoyment of the friends you see so seldom; and, above all, it may give some chance for a turn in public affairs: and of this I do not at all despair; but if it should be otherwise, and you should think it proper to give up your employment—I will now speak for my brother William as well as for myself—we are both ready and willing, and, God be thanked, at present able, to take care that the loss shall be none to you; and all that we have to ask in return is, that you will continue to live amongst us as you have hitherto done, without imagining that you will, in such a situation, be burdensome to us, and also without supposing that it will then be your duty to seek employment in some other way of life; for, if we have the needful amongst us, it matters not to whom it belongs—the happiness of being together is worth the expense, if it answered no farther purpose. But I will go farther, I have no doubt but the mutual assistance we are of to each other, and the consequence we acquire by it, is more than adequate to any third employment we might reasonably hope could be obtained; and, in case of the death of either party, much more would be lost to the family by your absence than perhaps might be produced by other means. These



are only a few reasons drawn up in haste, as they appear to me to enforce what I have said above; but I trust you will have no occasion for it: it is not every part of office-duty you object to—you will, of course, refuse particular parts. It may pass on so till times come round—but if not, I shall not be at all uneasy at the resignation, if what is now said shall be agreeable to yourself.

“Your sincerely affectionate Brother,

“JAMES SHARP.”

“Dear Granville, I most heartily approve of what my brother has written above; and I hope you will think of the matter as we do.

“Much love, as due, from your affec-

“tionate Brother,

“WILLIAM SHARP.”

“This offer Granville accepted, and continued to share the table and the purse of those excellent brothers for several years, until an accidental acquaintance with General Ogilthorpe (as will be afterward mentioned) restored him to independence.”

But there was no work of philanthropy in which he did not embark with equal zeal. His attention to the religious instruction of Omai when he visited this country, is an example of this, and one to which we allude in order to enliven our page with a curious extract—

“Of one of his conversations with Omai he has left the following singular relation, of which it may be doubted whether the sense, simplicity, or virtue be most to be admired. It is extracted from an Address to the Maroons in the new English settlement at Sierra Leone, delivered to Mr. Dawes, the governor, at the Court of Directors, November 13, 1800, on the subject of their polygamy.

“..... With respect to the particular point upon which I now address you, it was this, ‘perfect law of liberty, which enabled me, many years ago (in March 1776), to convince a pagan native of the very distant island of Ulaieta, Mr. Omai, a *Black man*, who by custom and education entertained as inveterate prejudices in favour of keeping several wives, as any Maroon or African whatsoever. But though he was entirely ignorant of our religion, yet he had a good share of that natural knowledge of good and evil which is inherited by all mankind since the fall of our first common parents; a knowledge which they willfully took upon themselves, contrary to God’s command, and which, of course, has rendered every man guilty before God, because we do not always act consistently with that assumed knowledge; which, however, may direct us to regain what we have lost, if we persevere in making a right use of it, by choosing the good and rejecting the evil; but more especially by choosing and preferring, before all other considerations, the supreme good, which includes a perfect love of God, and a grateful acceptance of the means he has freely given us to partake of the Divine nature (2 Pet. i. 4), and become sons of God, and joint heirs with Christ (Rom. viii. 14—19; 1 John iii. 2).

“This is the first branch of the *perfect law of liberty*; and we cannot possibly attain it, if we neglect to measure our conduct

towards our neighbours by the second branch of the same *regal law*,’ which enabled Mr. Omai (when it was fairly stated to him upon the case in question) to condemn, with full conviction of the truth, the injustice of his former opinions against the rights of women.

“When sitting with him at table one day after dinner, I thought it a good opportunity to explain to him the Ten Commandments. I proceeded with tolerable success in reciting the first six Commandments. He had nothing to object against any of them, though many explanations were required before he understood all the terms; and he freely nodded his assent. But when I recited the seventh Commandment, ‘Thou shalt not commit adultery,’ he said, ‘Adultery! what that? what that?’

“‘Not to commit adultery,’ I said, ‘is that, if a man has got one wife, he must not take another wife, or any other woman.’—‘Oh!’ says he, ‘two wives—very good; three wives—very, very good.’—‘No, Mr. Omai,’ I said, ‘not so: that would be contrary to the first principle of the law of nature.’—‘First principle of the law of nature,’ said he; ‘what that?’—‘The first principle of the law of nature,’ I said, ‘is that no man must do to another person any thing that he would not like to be done to himself.’ And for example, Mr. Omai,’ said I, ‘suppose you have got a wife that you love very much; you would not like that another man should come to love your wife.’ This raised his indignation: he put on a furious countenance, and a threatening posture, signifying that he would kill any man that should meddle with his wife.

“‘Well, Mr. Omai,’ said I, ‘suppose, then, that your wife loves you very much; she would not like that you should love another woman; for the women have the same passions, and feelings, and love toward the men, that we have toward the women; and we ought, therefore, to regulate our behaviour toward them by our own feelings of what we should like and expect of faithful love and duty from them toward ourselves.’

“This new state of the case produced a deep consideration and silence, for some time, on the part of Mr. Omai. But he soon afterwards gave me ample proof that he thoroughly comprehended the due influence of the law of liberty, when it is applied to regulate, by our own feelings, the proper conduct and behaviour which we owe to other persons. There was an instant on the table, with several pens in it. He took one pen, and laid it on the table, saying, ‘There lies Lord S—’ (a Nobleman with whom he was well acquainted, and in whose family he had spent some time); and then he took another pen and laid it close by the side of the former pen, saying, ‘and there lies Miss W—’ (who was an accomplished young woman in many respects, but, unhappily for herself, she lived in a state of adultery with that nobleman); and he then took a third pen, and placing it on the table at a considerable distance from the other

“‘The royal law, according to the Scripture, ‘Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.’ James ii. 8.

two pens, as far as his right arm could extend, and at the same time leaning his head upon his left hand, supported by his elbow on the table, in a pensive posture, he said, ‘and there lie Lady S—, and cry!’

“Thus it is plain that he thoroughly understood the force of the argument from the law of liberty, respecting the gross injury done to the married lady by her husband in taking another woman to his bed.

“There was no need to explain the rights of women any farther to Mr. Omai on that occasion.”

His exertions relative to the impressment of seamen; his attempt to reconcile the differences between Britain and America; his labours for the establishment of Episcopacy in the latter country; his advocacy of parliamentary reform (with annual parliaments, and more frequent if need be); the foundation of the colony at Sierra Leone in 1786, besides his connection with a multitude of benevolent and patriotic institutions, are all subjects treated by Mr. Hoare in detail, and in a most interesting manner. The early history of Sierra Leone is particularly so. Mr. Sharp was also a strenuous friend to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and as sturdy an opponent to the Catholic claims, as a member of the Protestant Union.

Among many miscellaneous anecdotes, we may cite the following extract from Mr. Sharp’s diary.

“Aug. 20, 1781.—Called on Mr. Eaton, chaplain to the Bishop of London, to complain of the shameful change of the habits of the two sexes at the theatres. He soon afterwards informed me that the Bishop would speak with me about it. I waited on his Lordship, and obtained his permission to acquaint the Archbishop of Canterbury that he wished to confer with his Grace on that subject, in order to apply to the Lord Chamberlain.

“Sept. 6.—Acquainted the Archbishop of Canterbury with the Bishop of London’s message. I read to him the remarks that I had drawn up on the text of Dent. xxi. 5. His Grace promised to consult with the Bishop of London, and to inform me of the result.

“Dec. 22.—The Archbishop desired to see me. His Grace promised to speak to the Lord Chamberlain on the first opportunity.”

“On the subject of morals, to which the three last notes allude, it will be sufficient to recall to the reader’s recollection the representation, then in vogue, of the ‘Begger’s Opera,’ in which the women’s parts were performed by male, and the men’s by female actors!—Granville, in common with many other sensible men, was scandalized at the public indecency of such a performance.

“Nearly at the same time he presented a remonstrance, on an indecorous party of the same nature, to the Archbishop of York, whose son had acted the part of *Thais*, in Terence’s comedy of the ‘*Eunuch*,’ at Westminster school. He read his remonstrance also to Dr. Smith, the master of the school, who promised to represent it to the Bishop of Rochester, and said, that ‘the plays mig

be prevented next year; but the custom of acting them had continued two hundred years, and (he believed) was enjoined by the Statutes."

"I find among Mr. Sharp's papers on this subject, the following stanzas, in his own hand writing, "On the Prospect of planting Arts and Learning in America, By Dr. Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne."

There shall be sung another golden age:

The rise of Empire and of Arts,

The good and great inspiring epic rage,

The wisest heads and noblest hearts—

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;

Such as she bred when fresh and young,

When heavenly flame did animate her clay—

By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of Empire takes its way

The four first acts already past,

A fifth shall close the drama with the day:—

Time's noblest offspring is the last."

(*d for further extracts will appear next week.*)

*Antiquities of the Jews, carefully compiled from authentic sources, and their customs illustrated from modern Travels.* By William Brown, D. D. Minister of Ekdalemuir. London, 1820. 2 vols. 8vo.

A popular history of the Jews, compiled from works of great price, or in languages not generally understood, is unquestionably a work of much interest, and it is but justice to the present author to say that he has bestowed adequate pains and labour upon his subject. Not only have the Pentateuch, the Talmudical writings, Josephus, and such authorities as Lamy, Lightfoot, Calmet, Parkhurst, Godwin, Owen, Buxtorff, Basnage, Spencer, Harmer, Jennings, &c. &c. been carefully consulted, but a new and important feature has been superadded from references to recent Travels in Syria, Arabia, Persia, and the East. Probably something more might have been done in this way; but where the reverend Doctor has employed the productions of modern travellers, he has done so judiciously and aptly. What we most miss among his researches, is that species of illustration which could have been drawn from a knowledge of Chinese literature, especially in respect to the very earliest periods of the world's history. Much valuable information has been published within the last twenty years relative to this ancient race, whose records extend to an era coeval with those of the Hebrews; and it is in itself extremely curious to contemplate a people still existing, with customs transmitted through probably no fewer than 70 generations, almost in the same freshness as at their origin, while their quondam contemporary empires,

Chaldean, and Assyrian, and Egyptian, have passed away; but still more important to a work like Dr. Brown's to consider them attentively as connected with the first diffusion of man after the deluge; and not unlikely, the only unchanged descendants of the patriarchs of that age. The omission of this branch of elucidation is the only marked defect which occurs to us on reviewing the "Antiquities of the Jews:" the learned author shows perhaps a rather partial leaning even to the errors of the Israelites; but due allowance being made for this, he seems no where fully in error, but on the contrary, painstaking, candid, and just. His book is certainly one well calculated for general perusal; and we know few publications that we could more conscientiously recommend for that species of reading, which the good and the grave would allow as the most profitable and instructive for the sabbath evening, or for any serious hour which courted at once amusement and instruction.

The first volume being chiefly occupied with a minute description of the tabernacle, the temple, and its service; the three great festivals of the passover, pentecost and tabernacles, and the inferior feasts and fasts; the synagogue, and other topics familiar to the readers of scripture; we shall copy the few passages which we think necessary to exemplify the author's manner, from the second volume, in which he treats of the idolatry, learning, laws, customs, commerce, agriculture, and sciences of the Jews. After a very copious discussion respecting the marriages of this extraordinary people, the following is the account of one of their peculiar tenets.

"The only other circumstance connected with the Jewish forms of marriage, is that which regards the brother's widow, and is known by the name of *Jus Leviratus*, the law concerning which is given in Deut. xxv. 5—10, and enjoins the brother of the deceased to take his widow, and rear up seed unto his brother, to perpetuate his name and heir his effects; an instance of which we have in Matth. xxii. 25. It is evident, however, from the case of Ruth iii. 12, 13, iv. 5, 10, that the law extended farther than the husband's brother, namely, to such kinsman as had the right of redemption. And it is also plain, from Genesis xxxviii. 8, that the custom of marrying the deceased brother's wife was far more ancient than the Mosaic law. It was under that law, however, that it became doubly binding, for it connected the love of preserving a brother's name with the preservation of property in the several families and several tribes. The name given to it by the Jews was *Ihum*, or "the husband's brother;" and it required no betrothing, for he acquired his sister-in-law by a divine right; neither were there any ceremonies as at ordinary marriages,

only all the effects of the deceased were delivered up to him, and all his claims, for the behoof of the child who should be accounted his heir; yet she was allowed to marry none till three months after her husband's death, that it might appear to all that there was no child.—Such was the practice in ancient times, but it is not now insisted on; that is to say, they go through the form, but they do not oblige the surviving brother to marry the widow. The practice of the Jews, in Buxtorff's time, was as follows: On the preceding evening, after evening prayers at the synagogue, one of the Rabbins was chosen to preside, and two others to assist him as judges. Next morning, after prayers, these with the levir, the widow, and two witnesses, met at a certain place, and the presiding Rabbi asked whether the husband had been dead three months? Whether she was the wife of the levir's brother? Whether the deceased and he were of the same father? And whether the widow had reached her twelfth year? On all which being satisfied, he proceeded to ask whether the levir was willing to marry her, or wished to be separated? Whether he acted willingly or by constraint? And being also satisfied as to these, especially as to the brother's refusal to comply with the law—he commanded the widow to keep the spitte in her mouth till farther orders. A shoe was then brought; it was put upon the right foot of the levir; the woman stepped forward and repeated the following words: "My levir refuses to raise up the name of his brother in Israel. He does not choose to wed me according to the law of the levir;" and the levir assented to her accusation, which being done, she loosed with her own right hand the thong of the shoe; pulled it from his foot, and cast it to the ground, at the same time (not spitting in his face), but spitting on the ground before his face, she distinctly repeated three times the following words: "So shall it be done to the man who does not wish to build up the house of his brother, and his name shall be called in Israel—the house of him that hath his shoe loosed;" after which the judges and spectators all repeated, "The shoe is loosed." The judge then asked the shoe to be kept as an evidence of the transaction; the widow received a writing from the judge to the same effect, a copy of which is given by Maimonides, and the parties were dismissed. It is somewhat remarkable that the Athenians appear to have adopted the spirit of this law of the levir; for "no heiress could marry out of her kindred, but resigned up herself and her fortune to her nearest relation, who was obliged to marry her;" and among the modern eastern nations we still meet with the law or custom of marrying the brother's widow. Thus Olearius informs us, concerning the Circassians, that, "when a man dies without issue, his brother is obliged to marry the widow, to raise up seed to him." The Hon. Mr. Elphinstone says, that "among the Afghans, as among the Jews, it is thought incumbent on the brother of the deceased to marry his widow; and it is a mortal affront to the brother for any other person to marry her with

out his consent. The widow, however, is not compelled to take a husband against her will." Mr. Volney, in his travels into Syria, tom. ii. p. 74, observes, that "the Druzes retain, to a certain degree, the custom of the Hebrews, which directed a man to marry his brother's widow; but this is not peculiar to them, for they have this, as well as many other customs of that ancient people, in common with the inhabitants of Syria, and with the Arabians in general." But Neubuhr says, "It does, indeed, happen among the Mahometans, that a man marries his brother's widow, but she has no right to compel him so to do." So far, then, respecting the levirate."

From the chapter entitled "Marks of honour and disgrace," we extract the following.

"The princes of the East, even at the present day, have many changes of raiment ready, both as an article of wealth, which large wardrobes have always been in that country, and to suit the occasion; and in Persia they are of different degrees of fineness and richness, according to the rank or merit of the persons to whom they are given; but in Turkey they are all nearly of an equal fineness, and the honour lies in the number given. Party-coloured garments are also, in these countries, counted a mark of honour, and were worn even by kings' daughters. Perhaps Joseph's coat of many colours resembled the stuffs in Barbary, which are formed of pieces of cloth, of different colours, sewed together; or it may have been richly embroidered like that which Telemachus, when leaving the court of Sparta in quest of his father, received from Helen, whom Menelaus had received again into favour after the destruction of Troy. For a superior to give his own garment to an inferior was reckoned a great mark of regard. Hence Jonathan gave his to David; and the following extract from Sir John Malcolm may serve to throw some light on Elishah's request to have the mantle of Elijah. "When the Khalifa," says he, "or teacher of the Sooffees, dies, he bequeaths his patched garment, which is all his worldly wealth, to the disciple whom he esteems the most worthy to become his successor; and the moment the latter puts on the holy mantle, he is vested with the power of his predecessor."

"Therent informs us that superiors, in order to court popularity, sometime use the salutation which is given to equals, instancing, as an example, the Grand Signor, when riding along the streets of Constantinople; and every one knows the arts which Ahsalun used to win the hearts of the people from his father: he put forth his hand, and took them, and kissed them; a mark of kindness which David shewed to Barzillai for a better end. I shall next add, that a horn in ancient times was an emblem of power, which the following extract will set forth in a new light. "One thing observable in the caracade which Mr. Bruce witnessed in Abyssinia was the head-dress of the governors of provinces. A large broad fillet was bound upon their forehead, and tied behind, in the

middle of which was a horn, or conical piece of silver, gilt, about four inches long, much in the shape of our common candle extinguishers. This is called *kira*, and is only worn at reviews, or parades after a victory." In the quarto edition of Bruce, a plate is given of this ensign of office, and I may add, that the Abyssinian word *kira*, is the same as *keren*, which is the Hebrew word for horn, and is often alluded to in Scripture. Thus in Ps. lxxv. 4, 5, "I said unto the fools, Deal not foolishly; and to the wicked, Lift not up the horn: lift not up your horn on high; speak not with a stiff neck." Ps. xcii. 10, "But my horn shalt thou exalt, like the horn of the unicorn." And in Ps. cxli. 9, "His horn shall be exalted with honour." Perhaps a remnant of this ancient practice is to be found still in the neighbourhood of Lebanon; for Captain Light, anno 1814, saw the females of the Maronites and Druzes, "wearing on their heads a tin or silver conical tube, about twelve inches long, and twice the size of a common post horn, over which was thrown a white piece of linen that completely enveloped the body. The horn of the civil wife was of gold, enriched with precious stones, and in the vignette prefixed to part ii. ch. 3, he gives us a drawing of a Druze female, in the costume of the country."

"But after having spoken of their marks of honour, we may also notice their marks of disgrace. These were many, but the chief of them were the following: sometimes they condemned men to the employments of women, like the Jewish youth to grind corn in Babylon; cutting off the beard was accounted a great insult, and plucking off the hair was adding cruelty to insult. To spit in the face of a person was also accounted disgraceful, and it is still practised in the East; for Hanway tells us, that in the year 1744, when a rebel prisoner was brought before Nadir Shah's general, "the soldiers were ordered to spit in his face, an indignity," adds the historian, "of great antiquity in the East." Clapping the hands, making a wide mouth, pushing out the tongue, and hissing, were likewise the marks of malignant joy and contempt. Accordingly Job says, "Men shall clap their hands at him, and shall hiss him out of his place." And Jeremiah mentions clapping their hands, hissing, waggling their heads, and gnashing their teeth, as the tokens whereby the inhabitants of Jerusalem showed their hatred. Whilst Isaiah says of Israel, "Against whom make ye a wide mouth and draw out the tongue?"—We formerly noticed the conduct of Shimei to David, in throwing dust in the air, and may now add, that the Jews insulted Paul, many centuries after, in a similar manner: "for it is said of them, that "they gave him audience unto this word, and then lifted up their voices and said, Away with such a fellow from the earth—and they cried out, and cast off their clothes, and threw dust into the air." On which conduct of theirs the following, extract from Captain Light's Travels forms an excellent commentary: "They (viz. the inhabitants of Galabesha, a village on the Nile), seemed more jealous of my appearance among them

than any I had seen. I was surrounded by them, and 'a present, a present,' echoed from all quarters, before they would allow me to look at their temple. One more violent than the rest threw dust in the air, the signal both of rage and defiance, ran for his shield, and came towards me dancing, howling, and striking the shield with the head of his javelin, to intimidate me. A promise of a present, however, pacified him."

"But, perhaps, the greatest insult that could be given, apart of bodily injury, was the contempt that was cast on their mother. Hence the cutting reproach of Saul to his son Jonathan, for the friendship he had shown to David, "Thou son of the perverse, rebellious woman, do not I know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thy own confusion, and unto the confusion of thy mother's nakedness? David, likewise, when reproving Joab, his nephew, uses similar language—"These men, the sons of Zeruiah, be too hard for me." And when Abishai, the brother of Joab, wished to kill Shimei for cursing David, the king replied, "What have I to do with you, ye sons of Zeruiah?" which Zeruiah was David's full sister; but it is not difficult to explain the origin of this tenderness for a mother's character, and desire to resent any affront that is cast upon her. It is owing to polygamy, where the children of the same family became naturally more attached to her, and to each other; and it is to the same source that we have the names of the mothers of the kings of Israel so frequently mentioned. It distinguished them from the other children of the kings by their other wives, and served to ascertain their descent and propinquity. But marks of disgrace were not confined to the living; they often extended even to the dead, by refusing them the rights of sepulture, or raising them after they had been interred; or forbidding them to be publicly lamented; or allowing them to become the prey of ravenous animals; or casting them, like Urijah's, into the graves of the common people; or burning their bones unto lime, as Moab did the king of Edom's."

"Josephus, when deserted by his soldiers through the intrigues of John of Gischala, while governor of Galilee, showed his sense of the disgrace they had put upon him as their general, in the following striking manner: "He leaped out of his house to them, while they were going to set it on fire, with his clothes rent, and ashes sprinkled on his head, with his hands tied behind him, and his sword hanging at his neck." At this humbling sight, they pitied his situation, repented of their fault, and returned to their duty. This suspending the sword from the neck is several times mentioned in Sir John Malcolm's History of Persia, as the mark either of degradation or deep supplication: and the same thing may be said of those who, with sackcloth on their loins, and ropes on their necks, supplicated the conquerors for mercy."

In describing the entertainments of the Jews, we find this notice.

"The most ancient example that is per-

haps, to be met with of a grace, or short prayer before meat, is at a feast which Ptolemy Philadelphus gave to the seventy-two interpreters; and it is thus mentioned by Josephus: "When they were thus sat down, he (viz. Nicanor, who had been appointed by Ptolemy) bade Dorotheus attend to all those that were come to him from Judea, after the manner they used to be ministered unto in their own country. For which cause he sent away their sacred heracle, and those that slew the sacrifices, and the rest that used to say grace; but called to one of those that were come to him, whose name was Eleazar, who was a priest, and desired him to say grace, who then stood in the midst of them, and prayed, 'That all prosperity might attend the king, and those that were his subjects.' Whereupon an acclamation was made by the whole company, and when that was over they began to sup." The next example we have is the practice of the Essenes both before and after meat in Josephus' Jewish War. The next is that of our Saviour, in Mark vii. 6. John vi. 11, 23, and St. Paul, Acts xxvii. 35; and the next is the form of a grace or prayer for Christians at the end of the fifth book of the Apostolical Constitutions, which seems to have been intended both for before and after meat.

"Having said this much as to the probable manner in which the ancient Jews might have lived, I shall add from Buxtorff that of the modern Jews, in those countries especially where they are most populous. They are very particular, he informs us, not only in the selection of the articles of food, but in the manner of preparing them. As to the selection of food, those guests only are eaten which have the hoof divided, and chew the cud, as oxen and sheep; fishes that have fins and scales, &c. They do not eat the fat of the inward parts and kidneys; have a book with directions for killing; and the butcher who can fulfil them gets a certificate from a Rabbi as to his qualification for the business, which commonly procures him much employment. The certificate is as follows:

"To day (in such a month and year) I saw and examined the excellent and remarkable N, the son of N, and found him skilled in the art of killing, both by word and hand, therefore I permit him to kill and examine cattle; and whatsoever he hath killed and examined, may be freely eaten, on this condition, that for a year to come he shall once every week persevere diligently the directions for killing and examining; the second year once a month; and during the rest of his life once every three months only. Attested by Rabbi M." In examining the faults of cattle, particular attention is paid to the lungs; and if the butcher is found negligent, he is admonished the first time, and his certificate taken from him the second. With respect to their manner of preparing their victuals, their culinary utensils are either bought new, or if of metal or stone, at second hand, they undergo the purification of fire and water. They have two kinds of vessels for the kitchen and table, the one for flesh, and the other for preparations of milk. The vessels for milk have three distinct marks, because

Moses had thrice said, "Thou shalt not see a kid in his mother's milk." Sometimes, however, they write the words, *Heleb*, milk, and *Hecher*, flesh, to show the distinction. They have also two knives to each, the one for flesh, and the other for cheese and fish: if they use the one instead of the other by mistake, it undergoes a strict purification. Preparations of flesh, and preparations of milk, are not cooked together on the same fire, nor brought to table at the same time, and they have distinct table cloths for each. He who eats of flesh, or of broth made of flesh, ought not to eat cheese for an hour after, and those who affect piety abstain for six hours; but if he eat cheese first, he may eat flesh immediately after. If fat fall into a dish of milk, it becomes unclean; but flesh may be never so fat and yet eaten. The eggs of clean birds only are eaten. Flesh and fish are not brought to table at the same time—they even wash the mouth between them, or eat fruit, or a crust of bread. No milk that has been drawn by a Christian, or cheese or butter that has been made by one, is permitted; and they refrain from drinking from a covered well, for fear of poisonous animals. As to their preparation of bread, we may remark, that as it is said in Num. xv. 20, "Ye shall offer up a cake of the first of your dough for a heave offering," therefore at every baking they separate a portion called *Holeb*, which, as they cannot now offer to the Lord, they throw into the fire. The size of a grain of barley is sufficient; but the wise men had fixed upon the 40th part for private families, and the 48th for bakers. These last, however, are considered only to have been binding while the temple stood, and the priesthood required maintenance, for a small portion now is reckoned sufficient, and they even find no difficulty in some countries of eating bread that hath been baked by Christians. Indeed, when we inquire into the customs of modern Jews, we find them much affected by local circumstances; for the Jews in Germany have usages different from those in Britain, and the same may be said of other places.

(To be concluded in our next.)

*Chefs d'œuvre of French Literature, consisting of interesting Extracts from the Classic French Writers in Prose and Verse, with Biographical and Critical Remarks on the Authors and their Works. Vol. 2. Verse. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 400.*

In our Literary Gazette for the 22d of January last, p. 56, we noticed the first volume of this interesting publication, which consisted of extracts from the French prose writers; the second part has now appeared, including the most celebrated French poets. The terms of commendation which we thought it our duty to bestow on the former volume, are in a high degree applicable to the present: the selections have been made with the greatest attention, as well to beauty as to delicacy; and the extracts display in many instances great felicity of thought and elegance of expression. In the examples of

the style of Bernard, (usually called le gentil Bernard) perhaps it would have been as well to have inserted his famous "Elegy on the Rose," which is certainly superior to the specimens here afforded. The short biographical notices of the poets, prefixed to the quotations from their respective works, are in no respect unworthy of those in the former volume, exhibiting great clearness of style and compression of matter: and we cannot close the book without expressing our hearty approbation of the correctness and beauty of the edition, in the minor but still important department, of printing. Among the poets whose works afford the flowers from which the honey is here collected, will be found the names of Scarron, Corneille, Racine, (with a beautiful extract from his *Athalie*) Boileau, La Fontaine, J. B. Rousseau, Bernard, Piron, Bernis, Voltaire, Florian, La Harpe, De Lille, &c. &c. We copy one or two of the lighter pieces, for the amusement of our readers.

The following is from the charming pen of the Duke de Nivernois.

*Le Chien mal secouru, ou le Combat de Nuit.*  
Par une nuit tout-à-fait noire,  
Un voyageur à pied traversoit de grands bois,  
Il n'y voyoit pas clair jusqu'à un bout de ses doigts;  
Mais il vouloir arriver à la foire,  
Qui dans un village prochain  
S'ouvroit, à ce que dit l'histoire,  
Dès l'aurore du lendemain.  
Un gros bâton armoit sa main;  
Un gros chien lui servoit de page:  
C'étoit-là tout son équipage.  
Il marchoit sans songer à rien,  
Quand, pour le malheur de son chien,  
Un loup se trouve en leur passage.  
Aussitôt grand combat: le dogue étoit puissant,  
Le loup passé maître en carnage.  
L'homme au bâton, dans ce péril pressant  
Voulut secourir l'innocent.  
Eile gourdin dans les airs se dépiole;  
Mais, attendant l'obscurité,  
Trop aïssent il se fourvoie,  
Et maintes fois tombe à côté.  
A la fin il frappe un tête,  
Mais ce n'est pas celle du loup;  
Le bon matin reçoit le coup.  
Et c'est fait de la pauvre bête.  
Or, j'en appelle à la sincérité  
De messieurs de la faculté:  
N'est-il pas vrai que dans cette aventure  
On reconnoît un accident  
Qui leur arrive assez souvent!  
La maladie et la nature  
Sont les deux agens du combat:  
L'homme au bâton survient pour finir le débat;  
Mais pas malheur, la nuit est bien obscure.

Scarron, whose life was a series of vicissitudes, writes the following epitaph on himself.

Celui qui cy maintenant dort  
Fait plus de pitié que d'envie,  
Et souffrit mille fois la mort,  
Avant que de perdre la vie,  
Passant, ne fais ici de bruit;  
Garde bien, que tu ne t'éveilles;  
Car voici la première nuit  
Que le pauvre Scarron sommeille.

A madrigal, by Alexandre Lainez, thus concludes.

Quoi! toujours, raison trop sévère,  
Tu t'opposes à nos desirs,

Et viens troubler tes trais mes plaisirs !  
Vois-tu cette hoché : imite sa lumière ;  
Elle anime nos jeux et ce charmant repas ;  
Éclairc mes plaisirs, et ne les trouble pas.

LITERARY BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoires de M. de Coulanges, suivies de Lettres inédites de Madame de Sévigné, de son fils Armand d'Audilly, D'Arnaud de Pomponne, de Jean de Lafontaine, &c.*

In the atmosphere of glory which surrounded the reign of Louis XIV.—among the *Cornailles, Racines, Molières, &c. &c.* it certainly would have required a penetrating eye to discern the literary merit of *Coulanges*, not had his witty cousin, Madame de Sévigné, taken his fame under her protection. She so frequently mentions *Coulanges* in her charming letters, that she has succeeded in making him known to the literary world ; and his name will descend to posterity, when other authors of greater talent will probably be forgotten.

The present volume contains an entertaining account given by *Coulanges*, of a visit which he paid to Germany in his youth. The contrast which then existed (in 1657) between the two courts of Bavaria and Wurtemberg, is extremely curious. The former, he tells us, resembled a monastery : it was customary to rise at six in the morning, to hear mass at nine, to dine at half past ten, and to attend vespers every day. At six in the evening no one was to be seen in the palace ; all stripped and retired to rest at nine o'clock. The court of the Duke of Wurtemberg was not quite so edifying. *Coulanges* and his travelling companions were invited to dine with the Duke, who began by drinking the health of the King of France, and successively of all the powers in the world. Our author, who before he got out of Europe, felt the necessity of mixing water with his wine, called for the former in vain. He was told that "water was never allowed to enter the hall of a great prince like the Duke of Wurtemberg." His Highness paid the utmost attention to his guests ; four servants were in attendance to carry out those who were unable to move ; and the court carriages were in readiness to convey them home. This wicked philosophy has occasioned such a perversion of manners, that it is probable the good people of Munich neither attend prayers so regularly, nor retire to rest quite so early, as they formerly did ; but, though a little more water be drunk at Stuttgart, it must be confessed there is at least some compensation.

A real literary treasure, contained in this collection, is a poetic epistle from La Fontaine to the Duke de Bouillon, and some letters to his wife, in which he gives an account of a journey to Limoges, and a description of the Chateau de Richlieu, which at that time was a kind of Museum, filled with works of art. The style of the *bonne homme* is apparent throughout the poem and the letters : in the latter he relates to his wife even the amorous aberrations of his journey, which certainly proves he knew how plainly he could deal with her. We content ourselves with this slight notice of the volume.

*Mazeppa Traveled : a Poem. With an Address to the Goddess of 'Milling.'*  
London, 1820. pp. 34.

The fastidious will doubtless call this production "d—d low" ; for it relates the adventures of a higgler, who for an intrigue with a Tophill-feld companion's lady, is tied neck and heels upon a jackass, and set scampering, just as his prototype *Mazeppa* was upon a wild horse, for his amour with the Polish countess. It is full of slang, or fancy terms, but not deficient in humour. Without venturing to follow the long race, the circumstances of which it records, as told to Scroggins while resting under a tree after his beating at Monleury Hurst, and still less the affair that gave rise to it, we do not see any impediment to laying one example before even our gentlest readers. We pitch upon a bit of the run. The unhappy culprit undergoes all the earlier troubles of the nobler mounted *Mazeppa* ; and at length, having forded a pond, the narrative proceeds—

Like a drown'd rat, with skin all dripping,  
Shiv'ring with cold and hunger, still  
Neddy went onwards, without whipping,  
Straight up a neighbouring hill :  
We topp'd it, and I look'd around—  
Before me what a space of ground !  
That stretch'd as far as I could see,  
(For a thick fog much bother'd me,)  
With here a tree, or stump of one,  
And there a bush to look upon,

A ditch, a puddle here,  
As through the mist the moon look'd down,  
(Just as she look'd when we left town,)

With visage rather queer.  
Small use the light she did bestow ;  
No house of call that light did show ;  
No candle bright in window flaring,  
Could I see there, though I sat staring.  
Not a glim could I behold ;  
But all was dark, and drear, and cold.  
Then had some straggling *brig* pass'd by,  
Although he'd laugh'd to see my plight,  
I had been glad to view the sight,  
As sign to me that aid was nigh.

We toddle'd on—but not so fast  
As we had gone before and so ;  
His sullen heart gave in at last ;  
His back was raw and sore :  
A tailor might have rode him then,  
Or e'en your neighbour's boy, young Ben ;  
But that to me was nought.  
His sudden weakness was no use ;  
Though tir'd, I could not get me loose :  
I knew that if I sought,  
My strength would fail ; but hard I strove  
To break the rope—too well 'twas wove,  
Alas ! 'twas fast as ever.  
Though cunning I as many men,  
I tried, and tried, and tried again—  
The knots they would not sever.  
The donkey's strength seem'd nearly done :  
Just then I saw the rising sun ;  
I thought it very lazy.  
I thought the day would never break,  
And with that thought began to quake ;  
I knew not what of it to make,  
The weather was so hazy.

At length he came—the stars fell back ;  
The dinky moon he gave the snick, †  
• "The word that is now all the go,  
Go wherever you will, sir, is toddling."  
Song.—"Chapter of Todding."  
† Sent her off.

And fill'd the earth, the shining elf,  
With light made good by himself.  
Up jump'd the sun ; off went the fog—  
As fast away as it could go,  
From heath, and hill, and fell, and bog—  
But what avail'd it Joe ?  
Heath, hill, or fell, bog, valley, plain,  
They did not give me ease from pain ;  
No soul was there whom it might suit  
To set me free, nor man nor brute,  
Not e'en the cawing of a rook ;  
It seem'd as all the spot forsook  
At sight of me. Along we went—  
How his poor knees beneath him bent !  
And his rough sides so lean had grown,  
It would have touch'd a heart of stone !  
At length, as we along did pass,  
I heard the braying of an ass,  
Behind a heap that look'd like clover—  
Is it a bray ? and is it over ?  
No ; from behind that heap a score  
Of asses come, with voices loud ;  
Perhaps their number might be more—  
There was indeed a motley crowd.  
My donkey join'd them in their roar ;  
They come along with shuffling trot—  
The devil a rider have they got :  
Aye, look a score—nay, doubt me not—  
With whisking tails, and lifted legs,  
Tossing about their nely mags,  
Without or either bit or bridle,  
On they come, with legs not idle.  
The sight of such a frisky set  
Made my poor bearer lively get ;  
He ran to them ; but ere they met,  
He tumbled o'er a stone.  
'Twas over with him—one low bray  
He gave, as on the ground he lay—  
His wind from him had flown.  
The brood came up, and on his creep  
They saw Mill-Gardie tied ;  
I thought that all with me was up,  
So aly my plix they ey'd.  
They look'd at me, as up they pass'd,  
Male and female, every ass ;  
But when they saw the flannel jacket,  
And apron blue, that I had on,  
All in a moment ceas'd their racket ;  
They turn'd, and soon were gone.  
They left me there, nor came again,  
Tied to their dead and brother beast,  
In whose cold carcase life had ceas'd,  
The most ill-us'd of men.  
Outworn with pain I'd borne so long,  
A shadow of what once was strong ;  
He dead, I nearly—there we were,  
Stretch'd out upon the plain,  
A pretty melancholy pair !  
I never thought again  
To find myself alive, so much  
That jolting did my *cats-meat* ; touch.  
The whole twelve hours did I lay there,  
Expos'd alike to sun and air ;  
With patience great as Job pines'd,  
I saw the sun go down to rest,  
Not knowing, when he sunk, if I  
Again should see him in the sky,  
In all that sulkenness of mood  
We feel when by ourselves we brood  
On things, and fear that we shall cease,  
Till Death at last appears a joke ;  
Albeit, when our pleasures falter,  
We seek the fellow with a halter,  
Or in some paitry brook :  
And yet Death is a thing unpleasant,  
Though lightly on't we talk at present,  
However fair it look,

; Lungs, &c.

Perhaps a little more gross than Lord Byron, or we had better say a little less refined, there is nevertheless a good deal of parodical fun in this poem, which is at once a travesty and a satire.

#### INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.\*

Gaming, the almost universal vice of mankind, is most passionately pursued by most of these islanders; and some of their means of gratifying the propensity, (besides games of hazard, cards, dice, &c. chess, and other games on checkers, cock and quail fighting, and other animal combats) might contest the palm for ingenuity with our most celebrated gamblers.

"The Javanese (says Mr. C.) do not disdain to be amused by a battle between two warlike crickets, called, in their language, *jangkrek*, nor hesitate to bet considerable sums on the result. The little animals are excited to the combat by the titillation of a blade of grass judiciously applied to their noses!!

"The puerility of the Javanese in matters of this sort does not end here. They will risk their money on the strength and hardness of a particular nut, called the *keniri*, and much skill, patience, and dexterity, are consumed in the selection and the strife. At other times the combat, which is to decide the fortune of the parties, is between two paper kites: the object in this strife being the fall of the adversary by the destruction of its string. In a favourable day, fifty or sixty of these will be sometimes seen hovering over a Javanese city. Other diversions, depending on the courage or ferocity of animals, and independent of play, are common. Among the Javanese, the most interesting of these is the combat of the tiger and buffalo. The buffalo of the Indian islands is an animal of great size and strength, and of no contemptible courage; for he is an overmatch for the royal tiger, hardly ever failing to come off victorious in the fight with him. It must be confessed that there is no small satisfaction in seeing this peaceful and docile animal destroy his ferocious and savage enemy. Neither are possessed of much active courage; the tiger, indeed, is a coward, and fights only perfunctorily, or through necessity. On this account, it is necessary to confine them within very narrow limits, and farther, to goad them by various contrivances. A strong cage, of a circular form, about ten feet in diameter, and fifteen feet high, partly covered at the top, is for this purpose constructed, by driving stakes into the ground, which are secured by being interwoven with bamboo. The buffalo is first introduced, and the tiger let in afterwards from an aperture. The first encounter is usually tremendous; the buffalo is the assailant, and his attempt is to crush his antagonist to death against the strong walls of the cage, in which he frequently succeeds. The tiger, soon convinced of the superior strength of his antagonist, endeavours to avoid him, and when

he cannot do so, springs insidiously upon his head and neck. In the first combat of this nature to which I was witness, the buffalo, at the very first effort, broke his antagonist's ribs against the cage, and he dropped down dead. The buffalo is not always so fortunate. I have seen a powerful tiger hold him down, thrown upon his knees, for many seconds; and in a few instances, he is so torn with wounds that he must be withdrawn, and a fresh one introduced. In nineteen cases out of twenty, however, the buffalo is the victor. After the first onset, there is little satisfaction in the combat; for the animals, having experienced each other's strength and ferocity, are reluctant to engage; and the practices used to goad them to a renewal of the fight are abominable. The tiger is roused by firebrands and boiling water, and the buffalo, by pouring upon his hide a potent infusion of capsicums, and by the application of a most poisonous nettle, (*amadu*), a single touch of which would throw the strongest human frame into a fever.

"Wild hogs, which are in vast abundance in Java, are ensnared and fought against rams and goats, a ludicrous, but bloodless combat. The wild boar of Java is an animal of little ferocity, and not much strength.

"A combat between two bulls, such as the people of Butan, and other countries to the north of Bengal, delight in, is a favourite exhibition among some of the people of the island of Madura."

The heat of the climate disposes the natives to all sorts of active exercises; even their dances are infected with the slothful habits of a tropical temperament.

"This dancing is of three kinds: viz., "their serious dances on public occasions—the private dances of individuals at festivities—and the exhibitions of professed dancers."

"Of the first kind are the war dances of the people of Celebes. If a warrior throws out a defiance to his enemy, it is done in a dance, in which he brandishes his spear and kris, pronouncing an emphatic challenge. If a native of the same country runs a duck, ten to one but he braves death in a dancing posture. When they swear eternal hatred to their enemies, or fidelity to their friends, the solemnity is accompanied by a dance. There is (observes the author) a good deal more vivacity on these occasions than I ever saw exhibited on any other of the same kind.

"All orders executed in the presence of a Javanese monarch, on public occasions, are accompanied by a dance. When a message is to be conveyed to the royal ear, the messenger advances with a solemn dance, and retreats in the same way. The ambassadors from one native prince in Java to another follow the same course when coming into and retiring from the presence of the sovereign to whom they are deputed. When the persons whose business it is to let the tiger loose from his cage into the hollow square of sparsmen, as above mentioned, have performed their duty, and received the royal nod to retire, on an occasion, one would think, when dancing might be spared, they do so in a slow dance and solemn strut, with

some risk of being devoured by the tiger, in the midst of their performance.

"Previous to the introduction of the Mahomedan religion, it appears to have been the custom of all the oriental islanders, for the men of rank, at their public festivities, when heated with wine, to dance. Upon such occasions, the exhibition appears to have been a kind of war dance. The dancer drew his kris, and went through all the evolutions of a mock-fight. At present the practice is most common among the Javanese, with every chief of whom, dancing, far from being considered scandalous, as among the people of Western India, is held to be a necessary accomplishment. Respectable women never join in it, and with that sex, dancing is confined to those whose profession it is. In the most crowded circle of strangers, a Javanese chief will exhibit in the mazes of the dance with an ordinary dancing girl, or, in other words, with a common prostitute. I have often seen the sultan of Madura, a most amiable and respectable prince, in this situation. The dance at such times is nothing more than the slow and solemn pacing exhibited on other occasions.

"The professed dancers differ little but in inferiority of skill, from the common dancing girls of Hindustan. The music to which the dancing is performed is, indeed, generally incomparably better than that of Western India, although the vocal part of it is equally harsh and dissonant. Now and then a single voice of great tenderness and melody may be found, but whenever an effort is made at raising it for the accommodation of an audience, it becomes harsh and unmusical. The songs sung on such occasions are often nothing more than unpremeditated effusions; but among the Javanese, to whom I am now more particularly alluding, there are some national ballads, that might bear a comparison with the boasted odes of the Persian minstrels."

The dramatic productions and performances of a people have generally been considered a tolerable test of their barbarity or civilization. (Heaven forbid that the present state of Britain should be tried by that standard.) The following relates to the stage of Java.

"Among the Javanese there are no dramatic writings; there is no stage, and no attempt at scenic deception. The acting is of two kinds, in equal esteem among the people themselves, one consisting in the performance of living actors, and the other in that of puppets. The first sometimes exhibit without masks, but much more frequently with them. They are invariably men, for women never perform. The second are of two kinds, one consisting of ordinary puppets, much inferior, in ingenuity, to those among ourselves, and the other of certain scenic shadows, which are peculiar and marvellous. Those that are monstrous and grotesque figures, of about twenty inches long, cut out of a stiff untanned buffalo hide, and commonly very highly gilt and painted. In the representation they are moved by the prompter behind an oblong screen, of ordinary white cloth, rendered translucent by having a lamp suspended behind.

\* Continued from Crawford's History, 3 vol. 6vo. Vide Lit. Gaz. No. 173.

"All their acting may be considered as a kind of pantomime, for, even in the most perfect exhibitions, there is little dialogue. Each player does not study his part, or, at least, get it by heart; but the little he says he furnishes unprompted, as his recollection of the story, or his fancy, may assist him.

"The great mover in the drama, whether mock or real, is the prompter, or *dalang*, as he is called in the native language. This person's office is very inadequately described by calling him the prompter; he is the soul of the whole drama, and his functions are better depicted by comparing him to our ancient bards or minstrels. He sits full in front of the audience, holding before him one of the common metrical romances, from which, in the chaunting accents of the *East*, he repeats, before the interlocutors commence acting, the narrative of what they have to perform. This practice he preserves in from the beginning to the end of the play. He does the same thing with the scenic shadows, seldom venturing, however, to furnish a dialogue for the puppets.

"From this account of the Javanese drama, it will be easily seen that a play or piece is not intended to be a skillful and interesting representation of the real business of the world, or of human passions, enjoyments, and sufferings, but the simple and artless relation of a common tale, some of the most prominent adventures of which are dramatized in the representation, while the principal stream of the narrative is conducted by the relation of the bard.

"The acting, consistent enough with the manners of the people, is heavy and monotonous. There is no life nor action in it, and nothing natural. The players dance instead of walking, and when they speak, it is in a counterfeit and fictitious tone of voice, burly, in short, in the accents of human beings. Their dresses are characteristic and proper, generally in the ancient costume of the country, suitably to the parts they have to perform. A full band of Javanese music, in the manner of a chorus, constantly accompanies every kind of acting.

"The subjects of the Javanese drama are the Hindu legends of the Rannyan and Mahabarat, and those of the fabulous periods of their own history. The empire of custom, so arbitrary among all barbarians, renders it a rule not to be transgressed, that the performance by scenic shadows should be confined exclusively to the representations of Hindu story; the true acting to the most ancient portion of their own legendary history, and the ordinary puppet-show to the more modern.

"Besides the more regular dramatic entertainments now alluded to, there are two others occasionally introduced, in the manner of interludes, between the scenes of the more regular performances, which afford more amusement to the stranger. One is an exhibition of buffoonery, which I have seen so well acted as to afford much merriment. The only personages who can be *factions*, by the rules of the Javanese drama, are

*Samar* and *Bugeng*, the redoubted friends and servants of Arjuna and Rama. The acting of the persons who represent these characters is less constrained, more bustling, and more natural than that of any others. So much drollery is frequently displayed as to convince us that the Javanese have considerable comic powers; and that, if the sphere of their acting were enlarged, and their talent cultivated, they might make excellent comic actors.

"The second description of acting is a kind of pantomimic exhibition of wild beasts, where the players, dressed out in the figure of the various animals of the forest, personate their habits and exhibit their manners. The matter is so well managed as to make us almost believe that we are in the disagreeable company of the tiger, the leopard, or the wild boar."

We advise Messrs. Harris and Elliston to pay particular attention to this subject, from which very useful hints may be gathered. The former may produce novelty and improve his melodramas, by importing a few Javanese beast-actors; and the latter may bring over a clever *dalang*, as a co-adjutor to Dr. Busby, the present sole *dalang* of Drury Lane.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

Dr. Meissner, a German Physician, who, with a view to improvement in his profession, lately visited the principal medical schools of Europe, has published at Halle an account of part of his tour, under the title of *Bemerkungen aus dem Taschenbuch eines Arztes*, &c. (Observations extracted from the Memorandum Book of a Physician).

Among other curious matter contained in this work, is a description of the establishment formed at Berlin, by Wolfart, for the cure of diseases by Animal Magnetism, and of the practice followed by that zealous disciple of Mesmer.

The author arrived in Berlin towards the close of the year 1816. In visiting the principal medical establishment of that city, he had to chuse between *La Charité* and Wolfart's Magnetic Hospital. He decided in favour of the latter; indeed the opportunity of seeing nearly all diseases without exception, treated, and even, as many asserted, cured, by means of magnetism, was so novel and extraordinary, that he was eager to avail himself of it.

The following is his account of what he saw and heard during a three months constant attendance on Wolfart's magnetic practice and lectures.—

"That magnetism is not a mere chimera, I was fully convinced during my residence at Bamberg; though the mode in which it is there practised is far from being the right one. The youthful vivacity which characterizes the whole conduct of old Dr. Marcus, and his unconquerable desire to make him-

self acquainted with every thing new, whether relative to medicine, philosophy or art, naturally urged him to devote attention to the subject of animal magnetism, which had a short time before been revived. A number of female patients in the hospital were magnetized; but I do not recollect a single case in which a cure was effected. Attention was chiefly devoted to displaying the phenomena of somnambulism; and it was a grand point gained, if the patient could be made to distinguish metals, to play at cards, or perform tricks during the crisis.

"Thus all was caricature at Bamberg: every individual connected with the hospital was ridiculous, and would have snuffed a writer of comedy with abundance of subjects. A young physician of the hospital, who was engaged in magnetising from morning to night, became at length so exhausted that he glided about like a ghost; and it was said that his drowsy and languid appearance had the effect of putting the patients to sleep. In my medical practice I have but seldom had recourse to magnetism; and its composing power in disorders of the nerves is all I can attest from my own experience. During my long absence from Germany I had no knowledge of the works that have been published on the subject; I had not seen a banquet, and never dreamed that magnetism had again been adopted as a universal remedy.

"My first visit to Professor Wolfart was in the evening. I readily gained access to his establishment, and he invited me to accompany him to the apartment where he was engaged with his patients. I do not recollect having ever witnessed a more extraordinary sight. I was ushered into a spacious chamber, illuminated only by two study-lamps, shaded by screens, which diffused a kind of mystic light. On two benches were seated about twelve patients, men, women, and children, all set in motion by means of friction on the conductors. Here, as well as in the adjoining apartment, which was still darker, a number of females were sitting asleep in arm chairs, shaded by screens, and muttering incoherently during the crisis. Large glass globes lined with tin-foil, were suspended from the ceiling, for the purpose, as I was afterwards informed, of reflecting and strengthening the magnetic power. The gloomy effect of the light, the strange motions of the patients, and the deep silence that prevailed all around, were singular enough; but the whole was rendered still more fantastical by the appearance of Wolfart himself, who stalked about like an enchanter, holding a long iron rod, resembling a magic wand, in his right hand, with which he alternately agitated the conductors, and traced large circles above the heads of the sleepers, or, with his wand in his left hand, made the most singular motions before those whom he wished to rouse. The water bottles which stood on the benches were repeatedly replenished, for the consumption of water was immense. Having for some time silently observed these mysteries, I turned to a spectator, who, as I afterwards learnt, was one of Wolfart's most intimate friends;



he furnished me with some explanations, and strongly advised me to study Mesmer's work, which he assured me, displayed the profoundest penetration. Wolfart now joined our conversation. He observed that it is entirely erroneous to proceed by fixed degrees in the progress of magnetism; and that it were as easy to lay down seven thousand as seven rules, since the treatment is totally different in every individual patient. "In diseases of every kind," added he, "whether fever, cutaneous eruptions, or debility, magnetism may be resorted to; out of six or seven hundred of my scarlet-fever patients, only one has died: indeed, in this disease, I merely make a pretext of administering medicine. Magnetism may be applied in every case: if a patient has a splinter in his finger, of course it must first be extracted; but the suppuration will be most speedily removed by magnetising the finger." He pointed to one of his sleeping patients, who had been cured of staphyloina; I could no longer conceal my astonishment; and he desired me to call on the following morning, when I should see patients who had recovered from staphyloina, and other diseases of the eye still more inveterate. During the two succeeding months I did not venture to visit Wolfart's establishment in the evening, as the patients who came to the banquet were for the most part persons of the first rank, who might have felt offended at the idea of being thus exhibited to strangers. I was, however, the more regular in my attendance in the morning, the time assigned to the poorer class. Mondays and Thursdays were the days appointed for magnetising the male patients, and Tuesdays and Fridays for the females. The operation of magnetising is far more speedily performed than is generally imagined; in the space of an hour, from 20 to 30 patients were magnetised, including the medical examinations of the new visitors. None but those who have been eye-witnesses can form a notion of the superficial mode in which these examinations are performed, partly by Wolfart himself, and partly by two of his most confidential pupils; one of whom, Dr. E.... was a young man only twenty years of age. Wolfart is a mere Diagnosticist; and probably his total want of every requisite essential to the physician induced him to resort to the universal specific of magnetism. His pupils, who are all provided with rods, which they constantly carry about with them, are even more deficient in medical knowledge than their master. They deem it sufficient to ascertain in which of the three regions of the system, traced out by Wolfart, the disease is seated; whether in the head, the thorax, or the abdomen; and as the organs of the senses are the poles of the brain, the hands, those of the thorax, and the feet those of the abdomen, the magnetising physician effects his cure of each region by magnetic attraction, towards its pole. The medicinal applications consist solely of elderberry juice, infusions of cummin or camomile, foot-baths, linseed-poultices; and magnetised water: in fact I never heard Wolfart prescribe any thing else.

"After my first morning visit to Wolfart's

establishment, I noted down in my Journal the following observations on the most important cases that came under my observation:—

"1. Five patients with staphyloina; on the eye of one, merely a spot on the cornea was observable, though he had been deprived of the power of vision in both eyes by complete staphyloina. In the other patients, as I was informed, the tumours had diminished to about half their original size; this was particularly remarkable in the case of a child, who, when first brought to Wolfart, was unable to close its eyes, though when I saw it, the staphyloina permitted the eye-lid to be drawn down with ease. Wolfart assured me that this was the largest he had ever seen. I asked him what further recovery he expected in the case of this child; and he replied, "You see from what I have effected in the space of four weeks, and also from the first case, in which all that remains of the staphyloina is merely a slight obscuration of a part of the cornea, that I am entitled to all the merit of a complete cure. The child's eyes will soon become as good as yours!"

"2. Several cases of amaurosis. One of the patients was a woman who had been stone blind for twelve years, and who can now distinguish the colour of a dress.

"3. Only a slight dim spot on the cornea was observable in many cases, in which it had originally been totally obscured.

"4. A child with Rachitis. Wolfart assured me, in the presence of the mother, that only a year before the child was a perfect monster. When I saw it, its deformity was not by any means remarkable.

"5. Several cases of paralytic and rheumatic Ophthalmia, Hemiplegia, and a woman for tape-worm. The latter patient received two touches on the abdomen with the wand, and, unlike all the rest, she manifested no symptoms of amendment; she was, however, dismissed along with the rest, with the best hopes for future recovery. Among the new visitors, there were several with inflammation in the eyes, a woman with a wen, and a man with a liver-complaint. Only one patient, namely, a girl, with a cancer in her throat, was sent to Hufeland's Polyclinical establishment.

Most of the above patients were declared recovered, and dismissed, in the course of eight days; and in no case did the operation of magnetising occupy more than three minutes. I every morning saw a number of various cases, and Wolfart pronounced every patient to be convalescent. Every one, however, whom I recollect to have seen a second time, after an interval of a week or fourteen days, and who were for the most part afflicted with diseases of the eye, appeared to me to have undergone but little change. The following circumstance, which occurred during the second month of my visits to the establishment, did not greatly contribute to strengthen my faith in Wolfart's declarations.

"On the 4th of February, 1817, a girl of eight years of age named Bertha Schwartz was brought to Wolfart by a woman, apparently either her mother or her nurse. On being asked how the child was, the woman replied, that her eyes were quite well, and

that she brought her merely because Wolfart had expressed a wish to see her occasionally. 'This patient has been cured of Amaurosis,' said Wolfart, turning to me; and after I had examined the child, he carried it to two Polish ladies, who were seated on the banquet, and said:—'Voilà, mesdames, un enfant, qui a été tout-à-fait aveugle, et qui maintenant a parfaitement regagné sa vue.' Whilst the ladies were expressing their astonishment, and Wolfart was noting down the result of the cure in his journal, I had time to exchange a few words with the woman\*. Our conversation was as follows.

"Was the child quite blind?—Heaven forbid!—Did she suffer from head-ach?—Never!—Did she sometimes feel as if sparks or small insects were flying before her eyes?—I never heard her complain of any such thing.—Then what ailed the child?—When at school she complained that she did not know her letters, and that they appeared to float on the paper.

"Wolfart now returned from his writing-table, and I was obliged to relinquish my examination. I carefully noted down the day when I saw the child, together with her name, for it appeared to me almost incredible that a Physician should suppose he had cured a child of amaurosis, and declare her to have been *tout-à-fait aveugle*, because she could not tell her letters when at school!

"The following is all that I can attest respecting the healing powers of magnetism, exercised according to Wolfart's method; and all that I ascertained while I continued for three months an impartial observer of his operations:—

\* Those who visit Wolfart's establishment must not place implicit faith in all his declarations; for if they venture to question the patients, they will often meet with similar commentaries on his cures. But such unbelievers will not be the most welcome visitors to Wolfart; for he will regard their scepticism as impeding the operative power of the magnetiser. I subjoin a few observations from Wolfart's lectures respecting the advantages of the magnetic treatment. The passage is remarkable in more than one respect.

"The magnetic treatment must not only secure the advantage that the opinion of the magnetiser cannot be called in question, but also that the thing ceases to be a spectacle to the bye-standers. All that tends to give the treatment the appearance of a spectacle must be carefully avoided. The doubts of any person present will weaken the operation; for such persons operate anti-magnetically, and banish the pure harmonic working. They exercise their confused, inharmonious magnetism on the patient; therefore it is wrong to attempt to magnetise in a large party, to recover any one from a fainting fit. Magnetised remedies may be administered to the patient without his knowledge. In Gothe's *Natural Daughter*, the Doctor, in order to bring Eagonia to herself, merely pours a few drops of some liquid on a pocket-handkerchief. Yet it is probable that Gothe had no correct idea of magnetism.—It is not necessary that particular effects or phenomena should be manifested during the magnetic treatment; it is sufficient if the patient derive benefit from the operation."



"1. I never witnessed any complete cure of amaurosis, cataract, or staphyloma, though the deformity of the latter was, in many instances, greatly diminished. This was particularly remarkable in the case of a soldier, whose staphyloma was the consequence of what is termed the Egyptian inflammation of the eyes; before my departure from Berlin it had diminished one half. The man was at first completely blind; but latterly, owing to a transparency round the rim of the cornea, he could distinguish light from dark colours.

"2. I observed a visible diminution of specks on the cornea, though I never knew of an instance in which they entirely disappeared.

"3. I witnessed great amendment in cases of lameness, nearly a perfect cure of Anchylosis, and immediate relief in an epileptic attack.

"But even in cases where evident convalescence or cure took place, it is not certain that those effects are to be solely attributed to magnetism. Several of my acquaintances saw patients who had attended Wolfart's establishment, in those of Professors Grafe and Verends. I myself saw a patient with a rheumatic inflammation in the eyes, magnetised for nine hours, and he afterwards received the application of eye-water in Professor Busse's establishment, for twelve hours. In Wolfart's Journal many patients may be stated to be cured, who have been receiving medical aid elsewhere; for it is supposed by the people, that magnetism cannot do harm if it be not productive of good, and they therefore continue to visit Wolfart's establishment. It is also very probable that many patients sit on the baguet and jest with the credulity of the magnetiser. I myself once saw an old Polish lady, who, whenever Wolfart came near her, pretended to be asleep, and opened her eyes as soon as he turned his back; turning to one of her countrymen who was sitting near her, she said in the Polish language:—"I feel not the slightest sensation, I only pretend so for the Joke's sake!" This lady was, if I mistake not, a countess; she little suspected that I understood what she was saying.

"I mention these circumstances, not with the view of turning the thing to ridicule, but merely to shew how much self delusion on the part of the magnetiser, and deceit on that of the magnetised, are daily displayed in the history of diseases. After an impartial observation, I conceive myself justified in coming to the conclusion, that magnetism, as it is practised by Wolfart during the morning hours among the poorer classes, cannot be regarded as a general remedy for disease. The phenomena of animal magnetism would certainly be deemed incredible were they not confirmed by the testimony of unquestionable witnesses; yet it is not to be presumed that the cure of the most complicated diseases, which have resisted every previous remedy, can be effected merely by the will, and by a momentary touch of the magnetic rod, which is frequently given only after long interrupted intervals. Only absurd and unavailing obstinacy will now attempt to deny

the relationship existing between the magnetiser and the magnetised, the disclosing and foretelling faculty, and the many inconprehensible facts within the region of sympathy; but no cool observing physician is yet fully convinced, that a few rotatory movements with the rod can produce, in the cornea, changing through staphyloma, a magnetic inflammation, as Wolfart terms it, thereby to effect reabsorption, and finally fully to restore the visual power; or to impart transparency to an obscured crystalline lens, or susceptibility to a squabbed retina. Does it follow from this, that Wolfart plays the hypocrite? Certainly not; but inconceivable self deception, credulity, and blind devotion to the declarations of Mesmer, have occasioned this inconsistency in a man, who is in other respects shrewd and sensible. He gives implicit credit to whatever Mesmer asserts—he quotes in his lectures that the tying of the umbilical cord is the seed of most of the diseases of children, and to this the prophet Ezekiel is dragged in to bear witness. He declares that all the discoveries in natural philosophy which can be made for ages to come, will only serve to confirm Mesmer's system, in which they are already anticipated. Owing to his boundless credulity, he is not disgusted by intercourse with men who entertain the most absurd notions; for if they bind implicit faith to what he advances, he in return readily believes all they assert.

"During the last months of my residence in Berlin, I attended Wolfart's establishment in the evening, and I was often much amused by the ridiculous stories of Dr. E. one of the magnetisers. He had cured a woman, who, according to his own account, was entered in Wolfart's journal as suffering from *Pithia Cordialis*; which term, I understood, was employed to designate a contraction of the veins of the heart. That such was really her disease, Dr. E. was fully assured, both by the declaration of the patient herself, during the crisis, and that of another magnetised subject. The latter slept for three successive days, during which period she rose, ate, drank, and bathed. In the course of this remarkable crisis, she also wrote mystic verses of astonishing beauty, in the Album of a Mr. B. He asserted that he had, received from another patient some important disclosures respecting the future, which he intends one day to publish. She likewise satisfactorily explained to him the origin of meteoric stones; namely, that iron and nickel are melted and volatilized in Vesuvius, and formed into meteoric stones in the upper regions. This patient declared, that a Jew could never become a good magnetiser; and that the presence of a Jew, or any one who does not love Christ, is insupportable to a magnetic seer. Dr. E. further assured me, that the power of the Bourbons to heal scrofula is an incontrovertible fact; and that this power was first communicated to them by the anointing at Rheims. To my enquiry whence the kings of England had received this power? he replied, that they never possessed it. I referred to the English name of the disease, and to the allusion of Shakespeare in *Macbeth*; but Dr.

E. attached no consequence to either, as the patient had distinctly affirmed, that the consecrated oil of Rheims was alone capable of conveying this power.

"To the honour of the human understanding, only a small number, I believe, of Wolfart's pupils carry their absurdity thus far. It must be confessed, however, that animal magnetism is a subject on which many sensible men may be misled; for it is one of the first peculiarities of this species of superstition, that, those who once yield to it, generally come at length to set no bounds to their credulity; and it is therefore possible, that many conceive the acquiring a confused notion of the seat of the patient's disease, the wishing for a cure, and the aiding that good wish by common family medicines, the best of all medical systems. Woe to the state, were its physicians ever to imagine, that they can effect cures solely by the *croyez et vous serez gué* system."

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### SOCIETY OF ARTS, &c.

The annual distribution of the rewards adjudged by this Society took place on Tuesday at the Argyle Rooms. These rooms were unfortunately too small for the occasion, and several hundreds of persons provided with tickets were disappointed of admission and turned from the doors. Such arrangements are extremely faulty, and should be amended hereafter. It is quite absurd to issue twice as many cards as can by possibility obtain entrance. We were little more lucky than those who did not get in at all; for early possession of the seats, which were besides, (awkwardly for a Society of Arts) contrived to stand sideways towards, instead of fronting, the Royal President (the Duke of Sussex) doomed us to so distant and inconvenient a station, that we could neither hear nor see what was done. We are sorry to have thus been deprived of the pleasure it always affords us to promulgate the advances and promote the interests of this useful and valuable body: should we be able to procure the notes of any intelligent friend on the subject, we shall present the result to our readers next week.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### OXFORD, MAY 20.

On Wednesday last the prize compositions were adjudged as follows:—

#### CHANCELLOR'S PRIZES.

*Latin Essay*.—"Quoniam sacris Conciliis Amphitheatrum constituto, et quam vim in tuendis Gemis libertatibus, et in Populorum motibus studentibus habuerit."—James Shergold Broom, Student of Christ Church.

*English Essay*.—"On the influence of the Drama."—Alexander Macdonnell, M.A. Student of Christ Church.

*Latin Verse*.—"Newtoni Systema."—William Ralph Churton, some time of Lincoln College, and now of Queen's College, on Mr. Michell's foundation.

SIR ROGER NEWDIGATE'S PRIZE.

*English Verse.*—"The Temple of Diana at Ephesus."—William Ewart, Commouer of Christ Church.

CAMBRIDGE, May 19.

The following degrees were conferred on Wednesday last:—

**DOCTOR IN DIVINITY.**—The Rev. Thomas Canston, of St. John's College, Prebendary of Westminster. **MASTER OF ARTS.**—The Rev. Owen Darys, of St. John's College. **BACHELOR IN CIVIL LAW.**—The Rev. Furtenque Todd, of Jesus College. **BACHELOR OF ARTS.**—R. Beeline Radcliffe, T. H. Hall, R. Abercrombie Denton, Fellows of King's College. H. T. Burne, of Trinity College. Gostwick Prideaux, of Sidney College.

## FINE ARTS.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION.

**GALLERY OF PORTRAITS.**—This exhibition possesses greater interest for vision than for report; and we hardly know how to convey any adequate idea of it to our readers. As paintings, few of the pictures rank very high: there are some, however, of the very foremost character; and what the others want as specimens of excellence in that respect, they make up as likenesses of famous men, and as examples of what is curious in ancient art. There are 183 subjects, monarchs, statesmen, warriors, beauties, scholars, poets, painters,—names familiar to history, or dear to science. It is impossible to contemplate such an assemblage without being plunged deeply into feelings of no common cast;—without being transported in imagination to periods full of extraordinary events, recalling vividly the deeds and the destinies of persons for whom our passions have been intensely touched, and almost living in ages far distant from our own time. In an inferior degree the costumes of other periods attract our attention; and the means and manners of the artists whose works are thus brought together, afford an abundant field for speculation and inquiry. From specimens more antique than Holbein, we follow the chain adorned by Rubens and Vandyke, to the later productions of the last reign. Among the rest are More, Zuccherro, Dobson, Cooper, Riley, Lely, Kneller, Horath, Reynolds, Copley, Dance, Gainsborough, and Hoppner; and among their subjects, many of the most remarkable personages of the last three centuries.

His Majesty has graciously contributed a number of the portraits from the royal palaces, than which nothing could more enhance the value of the exhibition; for these are little known to the world, and very curious in themselves. A descriptive catalogue has been published at the Gallery; but if we, as we intend, return to this subject, we shall endeavour to entertain our readers with notices both of the painters and of their patrons, with which a good deal of research has enriched the common-place book of a very able contributor to the Literary Gazette.

MR. FAWKES' GALLERY.

Mr. Fawkes, with the same liberality which induced him last year to throw open his splendid mansion, and admit visitors to view his collection, of water colour paintings, (a collection, we may repeat, unequalled in the world), has this season again devoted every Thursday for several weeks to the same laudable purpose. We observe few alterations in the pictures, though there are some interesting additions; and we only notice the matter in order to make a public record of conduct well calculated to encourage the arts; to gratify foreigners as well as residents with a very pleasing recreation; and to display the matchless achievements of British artists in this peculiarly national style. On the 23d of June the privilege ends.

## ROYAL ACADEMY: PORTRAITS.

It will not be too much to say of the new President of the Royal Academy, that in him the elements of fine taste, and most of the essential qualities of art are so happily blended, that his name must shed a lustre on the arts of the country, and his works furnish examples both for instruction and imitation to the rising and future generation of artists. And while we say this, we are no less aware of the power and excellence of contemporary talent: we view the variety of styles as creating a charm, by which the pleasure of contemplating works of art is continued through an endless diversity of means, to arrive at the same end. Hence our portraits have the air and character of historical subjects; and it is impossible to pass over, either in this or any exhibition since the first establishment of the Royal Academy, the great talents which have brought this branch of the fine arts to its present state of unrivalled excellence.

No. 171. *The very fine whole length of Sir W. Grant, by Sir T. Lawrence*, has already had our remarks, from a private view; and now that it is publicly seen, bears out to the utmost our encomiums on its merits. In this portrait, the admirable lawyer is expressively contemplative, and full of dignified thought; and this excellence is rendered more striking from the same subject being far less happily treated in these respects, on the same walk, though by one of the chief ornaments of our native school.

No. 115. *Portrait of J. Abernethy.*—The same.

An admirable and speaking likeness. The expression is that of cunning combined with good humour. Shrewdness, we take it, would have been more just; but, Lavater's rules are not infallible. The subject and the execution, except in the drawing, alike deserve this picture to future celebrity.

No. 122. *Portrait of the Daughter of the Archduchess Charles of Austria.*—The same.

This avoidance of the mention of the father, is rather an odd sort of insinuation, which we suppose the able president, by this time so well acquainted with continental courts, can explain. Be the parentage as it may, the child is a little fat imperialist, tying a red shoe.

No. 32. *The Duke of Kent.*—Sir W. Beechey, R. A.

This we consider to be one of the best whole lengths ever exhibited by the artist. It is a good likeness, and a feeling picture. The air and attitude are deserving of much praise; and upon the whole, we reckon it one of the most valuable reminiscences of the deceased prince. Turnerelli's bust of his Royal Highness, which we mentioned when nearly completed, and which is now in the sculpture room below, furnishes an interesting opportunity for comparison with this portrait.

No. 1. *Portrait of W. Williams, Esq. Provincial Grand Master for Dorsetshire, &c.*—H. W. Pichersgill.

This is a clever work, and does credit to the artist. It is, perhaps, worthy of being observed, that though splendid and curious, we never saw a picture in masonic emblemata that was at all interesting.

No. 18. *Portrait of the Earl of Hopetoun.*—H. Becham, R. A.

A well-toned and excellent whole length, with a war horse, painted in a grand style. The possessor may be sorry if time lowers this canvas; for it is now (if our eye be not deceived by the surrounding exhibitionary glitter,) precisely what it ought to remain, in point of colour.

No. 31.—*Portrait of the Duke of Wellington.*—G. Hayter.

An able performance of the same kind; but wanting something of the heroic elevation of the preceding.

No. 51. *Portrait of Earl Grey.* 304. *Mr. Brougham.*—T. Phillips.

We couple these together, rather politically than according to numerical order in the full list (8) of Mr. Phillips' productions. As works of art they bear the impress of that master's hands—are finely coloured, clear, and natural. As likenesses, we certainly cannot compliment them; and whatever liberties criticism may allow on behalf of ladies—

— "Ever fair and young;—

we think that statesmen ought not to be beautified in this way.

No. 404. *A Lady.*—S. W. Reynolds, Jun.

This picture of a fair damsel, with a harp, wants what these of Mr. Phillips has got—

"A little flattery does well, sometimes."

No. 379. *Portrait of a Gentleman.*—T. Stewardson.

This portrait (one of six or eight by the same able artist) rises to our view (we say rises, because it is placed somewhat below the eye) with all the distinguishing marks of character and genius; which we can no more mistake than we can the skill of the artist in giving it a form. We may be led away as to the traits, by our knowledge of facts, but to the power of the painter every eye will bear witness; and the acknowledgment will be unanimous, that this performance confirms him high in the scale of merit. The head is vigorous, well painted, and full of intellect.

No. 270. *Portrait of D. Laing, Esq. F. A. S.*—S. Lane.

A picture of great merit, painted with vi.

gor and strength both of colouring and character. The choice of attitude is good, and the whole exhibits the artist's talents to great advantage.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

ADDRESS TO LOVE.

Quem non mille fere, quem non Sthenelus  
hustus,  
Non potuit Juno vincere; vincit Amor.

OXFORD.

By the Author of *Lines on the Death of Sir John Moore*.

Sovereign Love! with insidious art,  
Thou approachest the unsuspecting heart,  
There to abide, in life's happy morn,  
Destroying its peace with remorseless scorn!

Bearing thy quiver, with wings for flight,  
A blind, naked, young elfe, of unequalled might,  
'Tis said thou art—so, the muse thee arrays—  
So the painter's skill, thy form portrays.

Yet how vain to say that Love is blind—  
When full'd he, the mark'd-out prize to find?  
How foolish to think, a wanton boy  
The heart's living-peace, had the power to destroy!

Then com'st thou, Love, in a warlike guise,  
Helmed with steel, to seize thy prize?  
Art thou seen amidst the battle's strife,  
On the blood-stain'd field where death is rife?

Or, ridest thou in the raging storm?  
Or, appear'st thou by night, in some fairy form,  
Thy vigils and influence alone to keep,  
While we lie echin'd in the arms of sleep?

Till thy silken net was thrown around me;  
Till thy Syren charms, as with spells had bound  
me;

Methought I scorn'd thee in life's happiest hour,  
And talk'd lightly of thee, and thy boasted power.

I saw thee glancing from full-dark eyes—  
I mark'd thy smile from dewy lips rise—  
Though death lay concealed, in the labyrinth's maze

Of locks, like the raven's wing,—yet would I gaze—

As heedless of danger I gaz'd, nor felt dread  
For 'twas thou, (sly deceiver) who seem'd most afraid;

As thou needest but dissemble well,  
To ensnare thy slaves with prevailing spell.

K. A. E. A.

*Lines addressed to His Grace the Duke of Marlborough, on his composition of the song entitled "You gave me a Rose."*

As flies so often brilliant seem,  
Reflected thro' the amber's gleam;  
Thus my poor words and verses shine,  
When circled by such notes as thine.

RICHARD RYAN.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

### THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

I am so partial to Scotland that I always peruse even the humblest tribute in its praise with great pleasure. A couple of letters on the subject having accidentally fallen into my hands, I accordingly lay them before my readers, that they may sympathize in the delights of a cockney, escaping from the noise and dust of Cheapside, to freedom and fresh air in the land of cakes and heather.

EDINBURGH.

*Letters from Mr. Peter Prig, traveller to the house of Clumph and Company, to his friend in London.*

"Dear John,—What an advantage travelling gives a man over the rest of his neighbours! A fellow who stands like a fixture behind his counter, has no chance of enlarging his mind, whilst the traveller who shakes off the London dust from his trowsers, divests himself of prejudice and the vernacular tongue together, and becomes not a citizen of London, but a citizen of the world; he is easily naturalized (not neutralized as Mrs. Clumph would call it) any where, because he is himself a child of nature, and takes his mother for his guide. I was never so much convinced of this, as after sojourning a while in the Caledonian metropolis, that Emporium of Science, the great northern mart, as we say. How you untravelled Cocknies do mistake the Scot! You think Sandy a heavy, uncouth, uncultivated creature: he is nothing of all this. Well then you consider the Aberdonian to be a sharp, tricky, shippy, selfish fellow: this is equally false. He may have a bit of these ingredients in his composition; but he is just as honest as ourselves,—much pleasanter and easier to deal with, but that's not to my purpose,—sink the shop!

"On my first arriving on the Scottish borders, I was brimful of prejudice, and was prepared to quiz Sandy, as much as I could; and to mark the decided inferiority betwixt him, and ourselves. How my heart and my reason smite me for such an unworthy thought! kindness and hospitality have taken their revenge of me, in this point. The first savage sound which assailed my ears, was, "come, Ben." For this familiarity I took the liberty of observing, that I did not stand nick names, that I was neither Ben nor Dick, and that I thought the address more free than welcome. The chambermaid stared; she was a pretty girl; and blushing modestly and enchantingly, she replied, "I hope, Sir, no offence; will you step in, to the fire?" "No, my dear," replied I, "for if I did, I should burn myself; and as it is, I am between two fires, a noble one of Scotch coal, and your bright eyes, which is the most ardent of the two." "What's your will," replied Jeannie (such was her name). "Why, love, I have not made my will, and I have no will of my own near such a sweet creature as you." "Tut," cried Jeannie, "I cannot be fashed wi' you; you speak over high English for me, but my mistress will be at you in a moment." What this meant

I knew not, but I was resigned. Her mistress came in—as lady-like a woman as ever I saw, and treated me with the most courtly respect and attention; I was half reconciled to Scotland already.

"At this moment a barbarous fellow entered with "come awa' lassie; fire my choppers weel, and be dune as quick as possible; where awa's the guid wife?" "What gibberish!" "I hope," thought I to myself, "that they went to tempt to fire my choppers; but I'm determined, for the fun of the thing, to have a complete Scottish dinner. I therefore ordered a sheep's head and a baggis, with the view of seeing as much of the country manners as I could, and I left the third dish to the landlady's good taste, calling for whiskey by way of beverage. Now, John, the sheep's head was singed, and had whole turnips around it; so that it looked like a black-amoors head garnished with snow balls; 'twas the most disgusting thing I ever saw. At this moment my epicureanism got the better of my politeness and knowledge of the world, and I cried, with an oath, "take away that monster of a thing!" "Oh! said a pert hussy, with coal black eyes, and auburn hair, (a very pretty girl too) "you dinna like sheep's heed, abins you'll hae enough o' that at hame!" "Devilish sharp, thought I—

"She now brought me some decentish barley broth, and a boiled fowl, which was tol' low, but overdone; some very fine fish, and a bottle of as good port as any in the Lord Mayor's cellar. This made me a little easy; and the active buxsome style of the lass quite struck my fancy. I had, however, only seen her face. Looking down I beheld her naked feet, which quite turned my stomach; but I was determined to be condescending, and to make myself agreeable to the natives; so smiling, "Bonny lassie," said I, (for I am an apt scholar, and had picked up that much Scotch already) "I think you have got your birth-day stockings on!" "An you hae gotten your ball stays," replied she, alluding to my Cumberland corset. "Oh! Oh!" thought I, "quizzing, which I had made the order of the day, went do here; so I changed my tone.

"I now came to the haggis. Genial! what a horror! It looked like a boiled bagpipe; and when I stuck my knife in it, out gushed such a flood of abomination, that I was almost suffocated. I dispensed with master baggis; but when I came to taste the whiskey, it took me so powerfully by the throat, that I thought it would have suffocated me again. I can compare it to nothing but blue blazes, and gunpowder, fire and smoke. I now drank a bottle of Bell's ale—nectar and ambrosia! finished my wine, and ordering my horse, paid a very moderate bill, and prepared for my departure.

"Well, said I to myself, first impressions are strong. I am now but a few miles in Scotland, and I find civil treatment, moderate charges, good wine, and pretty girls: a man may do well enough here. I took a private lodging at Edinburgh, and made myself comfortable. I lodge and board in the new town, which beats Bath hollow, at a widow McClarty's. I took her at first for a

- "Is he a God that ever flies the light? — Or, naked he, disgru'd in all untruth? If he be blind how hitteth he so right? How is he young that tam'd old Phœbus' youth?"

Sir Philip Sydney.

† Just published.

poor distressed woman; but she has a fine sideboard of plate, engraved with the arms of the McClarty family, as proudly as if she were a duchess; table linen enough to set up a draper's shop, and the most splendid Bible I ever saw in my life, which she is always quoting; besides a very decent library, and handsome furniture. She says the late lodgings for company's sake, being a lone woman, but that's all my eye. However she is an uncommonly worthy, good sort of person.

"At table, I expected to show off, for the party consisted of two ministers (as they call the parsons) and two young students, one of physic and the other of law; but I could scarcely get in a word edgewise. I began to flash a little about the state of Europe, when the elder minister, who might have been a minister of state for his knowledge, opened upon me, until I was quite dumb-founded. He had history at his finger's ends, and he knew more about the continent than I did about the counting-house, altho' a very uncouth shabby looking chap. The younger parson, too, would quote you all the British poets, and authors, with a facility that astonished me, but all in a broad accent, which proved that he had never crossed the borders. The law fellow seemed to want to talk nothing but Greek and Latin, mathematics, arts, and sciences; but the medical gentleman, an Irishman, was as gay and flighty as you could wish, and seeing how flustered I was, he took me under his wing to shew me life. We finished the evening together, and with this I will finish my letter. Edinburgh is a rare place for learning, as you shall hear another time. In the mean while I remain,

"Dear John, Yours very truly,

"PETER PRIG."

"P. S. The lace *takes* finely; *vous m'entendez*, as we say in French. Pray take care of my bull-bitch, and pay up my subscription to the club."

## THE DRAMA.

### DRURY LANE.

*Virginius*.—We write doubtfully touching this play, because we are not sure that it will survive to reap the benefit of our criticisms. It is a very feeble piece of work, and destitute of any one quality to recommend it. The language is not poetry—the incidents are not affecting—the manners are not Roman; altogether it is sadly *infra dig*. The author, a Mr. Barlow, we hear, has succeeded in parodying many passages of preceding dramatists; and his genius, far from refining and elevating what it borrowed from others, has invariably debased their standard, and deteriorated their currency. It is hardly worth while to notice any particular blemishes in such a production; but what will classical readers think of a story founded on events that occurred during the iron customs and ascendancy of Rome, the only tolerable scene in which depends on a moonlight *strategic* meeting between the Decemvir Appius and Miss Virginia, the daughter

of Virginius, the Centurion, but here represented as the Commander in Chief of the Roman legions, with Nobles, Senators, Consuls, Decemvirs, and all, quite obedient to his orders! What will readers of common sense think of the *patriot* Virginius, banning the soldiers for offering to march home because they were (only) starving to death; but ordering them to march when his own private affairs required their swords against the government! Perhaps this was meant for a sly hit at professed patriotism; if so, a tragedy is not the proper vehicle for political satire. What will the ladies think of the means taken to degrade the heroine, and of the scandalous author, instead of rendering her worthy of being the cause of a splendid revolution, making her the object of even her father's suspicions. This is surely a proof of a very bad taste, as well as of a lamentable want of judgment. It was impossible, with the materials afforded by the poet, for even Mr. Kean to produce any effect. (He tried fairly in one or two scenes to make hits; but though a man may strike hard with a sword or sledge hammer, it is out of his power to dent an audience with a bodkin or a bladder.) Mrs. West was as lachrymose as the bad dreams with which her part was impregnated could warrant, and indeed so far was she, or any of the performers, from getting rid of the frequent night-mare with which the author afflicted them, that we were often tempted to fancy that they were all dreaming together, bound by a somnulent spell, out of which lethargic state neither dagger, fistic, nor tyranny, could rouse them. Mr. Penley however held his head up like a man, in Julius, and so doubtless would Dentatus have done, who we dare say would have been the ablest character in the play, but he was murdered before it began. From the similarity of the invented characters in this play and that at Covent Garden, we presume that the frame-work has been more entirely copied than we before imagined. An energetic prologue, spoken by Mrs. Egerton, and a somewhat tedious lump of fun, in the epilogue way, by Oxberry and Knight, were the accessories to this dramatic tragedy.

An amusing Extravaganza, entitled Giovanni in London, originally performed at the Pavilion Theatre, has been successfully transported to this theatre. Madame Vestris, Miss Carew, and Harley, are its prominent supports; but the whole is whimsical and amusing. In these dull times one is glad to laugh at any thing; and pleased with any thing at which one can laugh.

### THEATRE FRANCAIS.

*Revue of Les Templiers*.—This representation attracted a numerous audience. In addition to the desire of witnessing the revival of the tragedy, public curiosity was excited by the new debut of Talma, who, for the first time, performed the part of the Grand Master, in which Saint-Price gained such high and deserved reputation.

It cannot be said that the new *Molay* was inferior to his predecessor. At least, it is certain, that in the third act, and particu-

larly in the invocation scene, Talma displayed such a degree of religious sensibility, as, perhaps, no other tragedian of the present day is capable of delineating. But considering the performance as a whole, St-Price more fully corresponded with the idea which is naturally formed of the Grand Master of the Knights Templars.

Saint-Price, besides his athletic form and sonorous voice, had an air of rude and phlegmatic frankness, which well accorded with the unpolished manners of the 14th century, and with the historical character of *Molay*. Talma, however, with fewer physical advantages, and a less profound study of detail, was infinitely more affecting. In him we admire the resignation and pious philosophy of the christian, and the firmness and heroic qualities of the warrior. In spite of their extreme difference, the two styles are equally good, at least in many respects; and it is easy to conceive that a third performer, and who might partake of both these styles, would be preferable to either Talma or Saint-Price.

## VARIETIES.

The Emperor of Austria has given orders for the building of a Temple at Vicenza, which is to be in every respect a copy of the celebrated temple of Theseus at Athens. The famous group of Theseus, by Canova, is to be placed in this temple.

A trial of Mr. Parke's invention for the consumption of smoke in steam engines, and other furnaces, has, we observe from the newspapers, been tried at Messrs. Barclay's Brewery, before several gentlemen of science, whose opinions were unanimously favourable to the experiment.

1200l. was collected at the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund Anniversary, on Saturday week.

A subterranean cemetery of very remote antiquity, was lately discovered by a farmer on the Carmichael estate, near Hyndford Bridge, between Douglas and Lanark. Several stone coffins have been found.

L'ABBE DENOIS.—The following particulars respecting this distinguished historian of Oriental Manners, &c. are extracted from the *Journal* of Mr. John Haids, a Missionary at Bellary, Mysore. "His principal residence is at his chapel in the Pettah, near Seringapatam. He regards the obstacles which oppose the progress of Christianity (the Roman Catholic religion) in his congregation, as insuperable; and looks on the Hindoos as rejected of God. The last 25 years of his life he has spent entirely among this people, of whom he has about 6,000, called Christians, under his charge in the Mysore. The Abbe is a venerable looking old man, with a long flowing beard. He has adopted most of the customs of the Hindoos, in respect to dress, diet, &c. His Canara congregation amounts to about 200 persons.

Mr. Pond and Dr. Young, Englishmen, and Professors Hausmann and Stroneweyer, Germans, have been elected members of the class of Natural Philosophy, by the Danish

Academy of Science: General Mudge, a member of the Mathematical Class.

**Precious Stones.**—A diamond said to be worth 20,000*l.* and consequently one of the largest in the world, was among the spoils of the Peishwa, and is now in the East India Company's treasury, to be sold for the benefit of the captors. It was brought to England by the ship York. A block of amethyst, or rather a mass of amethysts, has been sent from Brazil to Calcutta. This extraordinary specimen is four feet in circumference, and weighs 98 pounds. It is in its rough state, and consists of more than 50 irregular columns, smooth, transparent, purple and white, shooting up like crystals from a common matrix.

The Protestant Bible Society of Paris has published its first Annual Report.

A great number of authors, composers, actors, &c. connected with the Parisian Theatres, have presented a petition to the Minister of the Interior, requesting that they may be shut during the summer months, like the theatres of the rest of the world. They plead that the worst consequences to health ensue from visiting these crowded resorts in hot weather.

Moliere's *Tartuffe* has been translated into Swedish, and performed at Stockholm.

A German Journal asserts, that an artist at Cumberg, in Prussia, has constructed a watch which imitates the human voice, and answers questions in German and Polish; besides executing musical airs.

**Philosophic Girl.**—The Italian Journals mention that a young lady, only 13 years of age, named Maria Caterina (Gherardi, a native of Serola, has maintained in public a series of philosophic theses, in the Latin language.

**Perfect Horse.**—It has become a proverb, even among the most experienced horse-jockeys, that the best horse is never without some fault. The race has indeed derived some amelioration from its increase, but every endeavour to obtain perfection has only served to shew the impossibility of effecting that object.

A person residing at Ransville, about two leagues from Caen, who has been engaged all his life in breeding horses, pretends to have met with that which amateurs have so long sought for, namely, a horse perfect in every respect. This animal has already been visited by the inspectors of the French Government, and it is said that even the most fastidious connoisseurs have not been able to discover any blemish in him. He will no doubt excite great curiosity in the sporting world; if it be really declared perfect, it will deserve to be named the *Phoenix*. It is said that the breeder demands 60,000 francs for him; and a considerable premium in addition to this price.—(*French Journal*.)

## LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. Mills, the author of the *History of the Crusades*, with which our review has shown how highly we were gratified, is, we hear, engaged in preparing for publication,

*Travels in Europe, during the Pontificate of Leo X.*; a work, though different in subject, similar in plan, to the Abbe Barthelme's *Travels of Anacharsis*.

Readers are always pleased, we know, to have a peep, *a priori*, into the preparations of the critics: the forthcoming Number of the Edinburgh Review, we are informed, will contain articles on the Life of Curran—Spence's Anecdotes—Restrictions on Foreign Commerce—History of Music—State and Prospects of Manufactures—Dispositions of England and America—Sanskrit and Greek—Sanskrit Poetry—Macculloch's Western Islands—Civil List and Retrenchment—Education of the Poor in France.

### GRECIAN LITERATURE.

*Athens, February 26, 1820.*—The society of "*Lovers of the Muses*," established here about five years ago, begins to flourish through the activity of its directors. Its chief object is the instruction of the Greek youth; and they have now a professor of ancient as well as of modern Greek language; and also of the French: they have besides engaged a professor of the Italian language, who will likewise give instructions in Geometry, Trigonometry, Geography, &c. These new instructors use all their diligence to bring this school to the same point of perfection as that at Chios. The school has a library, which has been already greatly enriched by the contributions of the members. Each of these contributes annually three Spanish Pistres for the salaries of the professors, the support of poor students, the expenses of the building, &c. The Athenians have sent four young Greeks to Italy and Germany to study, to enable them, some years hence, to fill professorships at home. The society of "*Lovers of the Muses*" consists at present of 300 members.

### LEIPZIG BOOK FAIR.

*Season, April 18th, 1820.*

From the catalogue of this fair, it appears that the number of booksellers who have either come in person, or sent their publications, is 354; 18 more than last fair: and the number of publications furnished by them, is 2907; 49 more than in the last year's Easter fair. On a cursory examination of this catalogue, we find it to contain in the various branches of knowledge, as follows:—

*Education and Instruction.*—Elementary works, 65; books for children and youth, 162.

*Philology in general*, 169; the German language, 25; and foreign languages, (including the books in those languages on different subjects brought to the fair) 272.

*Elements of Rhetoric*, &c., 24; single poems and collections, 68; Plays, 63; Novels, 148; Music, 11; the Arts of Design, 44; Archaeology, 22; Calligraphy, 19.

*Arithmetic*, 51; *Geometry*, 27; *Astronomy*, 14.

*Natural History in general*, 13; *Mineralogy and Mining*, 20.

*Botany, including Horticulture*, &c., 78; *Zoology*, 27.

*Natural Philosophy and Chemistry*, 43. *Medicine, Surgery, and Farriery*, 179.

*Rural and Domestic Economy*, 86.

*Mechanics*, &c., 37.

*Commerce*, 36.

*Geography, Topography*, &c. 131; *Maps*, 43; *Plans*, 14; *complete Atlases*, 8; *State Atlases*, and *complete Atlases*, 13.

*History, general and particular*, 115.

*Political Institutions*, and *Law*, 70.

*Political Economy and Administration*, 28.

*Legislation and Jurisprudence*, 81.

*Police*, 21.

*Military Sciences*, 42.

*Speculative Philosophy*, 28; *Ethics*, 30.

*Divinity*,—Catholic elementary works, 31; Protestant, 86; Protestant books of devotion, 60; Catholic, 70; Protestant Prayer Books, 56; Catholic, 20.

*Ecclesiastical Law*, 28; *Ecclesiastical History*, 31.

Works for and against the Jews, 18, among which are two Jewish books of Sermons in the German language.

*Bibliography*, 35.

Academical and other collections of writings on miscellaneous subjects, together with such as cannot be chased under any of the above head; 65; *Journals for entertainment*, &c., 40.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MAY, 1820.

*Thursday*, 25.—Thermometer from 46 to 63. Barometer from 29.94 to 29.90.

Wind S.W. 2 and 4.—Cloudy and showery.

Rain fallen .5 of an inch.

*Friday*, 26.—Thermometer from 40 to 65.

Barometer from 29.89 to 29.93.

Wind S.W. 2.—Morning fair; the rest of the day cloudy with rain at times.

Rain fallen .125 of an inch.

*Saturday*, 27.—Thermometer from 49 to 60.

Barometer from 29.95 to 29.80.

Wind N. N. W. 1 and S. W. 4.—Sunshine and rain alternately.

Rain fallen .175 of an inch.

*Sunday*, 28.—Thermometer from 47 to 58.

Barometer from 29.78 to 29.68.

Wind S. W. 2.—Cloudy, and almost generally raining. A little sunshine at times.

Rain fallen .35 of an inch.

*Monday*, 29.—Thermometer from 43 to 56.

Barometer from 29.50 to 29.53.

Wind S. b. W. 1.—Generally fair, with rain at times. Several claps of thunder, about 11 A. M. and showers of hail in the afternoon.

Rain fallen .15 of an inch.

*Tuesday*, 30.—Thermometer from 42 to 61.

Barometer from 29.51 to 29.54.

Wind S. W. 3.—Clouds generally passing.

The upper part of a halo was formed about 7 A. M. with two parallel east and west of it; and about noon, the greater part of a halo.

Rain fallen .225 of an inch.

*Wednesday*, 31.—Thermometer from 43 to 60.

Barometer from 29.54 to 29.59.

Wind S. W. and W. 3.—Clouds generally passing; at times clear.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

*Erratum.* By an error of the press, the word *Africa* was printed instead of *Asia*, in line 8 from the bottom of the first Column, page 338 of our last Number.

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

**MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem,"** is now open for Exhibition, at Bullock's Great Room, beguiling to the right, from the left, Admission is, Catalogue 6d.  
"Year out Daughter of Zion; behold thy King coming, sitting on an ass's colt."

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### CENOTAPH to the MEMORY of her Royal

Highness the late PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.—As great an interest has been excited upon this subject, and as the final erection of it in some public spot must be yet a work of time, Mr. WYATT thinks that the EXHIBITION of the MONUMENTAL GROUP will be gratifying to the Public; he therefore begs to inform them, that it is NOW OPEN to their view, at 19, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square.—Admission, One Shilling.

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#### Sunday Newspaper.

**THE BRITISH LUMINARY, and Weekly Intelligence.** Consisting of 24 Columns of closely Printed Matter, price Seven Pence, or 6d. per Quarter.

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This Weekly Paper is conducted on the principles of *Liberty, Impartiality*, and presents an impartial Report of the Domestic Occurrences of the Week, the most important Foreign News; Proceedings in Parliament, and the Courts of Justice in the Metropolis and at the County Assizes; State Papers; Public Documents; Commercial, Agricultural, Civil, Military, Naval, and Philosophical Intelligence; Notices of Works of Science, Literature, and the Fine Arts; Transactions of the Universities, of Religious, Bible, Missionary, and all Public Societies; Memoirs of Eminent Persons; choice Poetry; Political Criticisms; Accounts of Public Amusements, Exhibitions, Discoveries, Inventions, and Patents; Poetry; Regiments; Prices of Stocks; State of the Markets; Lists of Births, Marriages, Deaths, &c. &c. &c. The steady extensive circulation of this paper renders it needless to expatiate on its utility. Suffice it to say, the Public will find in its contents general information, and that liberal inquiry which is connected with the Policy, Manners and History of their own and every Nation. Heads of Families, and those concerned with the education of youth, may safely confide in the British Luminary, as nothing of an offensive nature will pollute its columns. In short, the Proprietors are determined that no exertions or expense shall be spared to maintain the respectability of this publication. Subscribers, therefore, who preserve the numbers after their weekly use, will by binding them at the end of the year, possess a valuable Annual Register, and complete Epitome of the Times. The British Luminary is regularly received at the distance of upwards of 100 miles from London, every Sunday Morning; and it contains all the news of Saturday, in addition to that of the week, it is particularly calculated for the County, Scotland, Ireland, and all our Colonial Posses-

sions. Published by W. Chambers, One Bell Yard, Strand, where Orders and Communications for the Editors are requested to be addressed, post paid. Orders are likewise received by all Post-masters, Booksellers of the Roads, Booksellers, and Newsellers, in the United Kingdom.

New Works to be published in June, by Longman, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

**1. THE HISTORY of the REBELLION in 1745,** and 1746, containing the Causes of the Pretender's Defeat at Culloden, and a Variety of interesting Anecdotes hitherto unknown. By Chevalier Johnstone, Aide-de-Camp to Prince Edward Charles Stewart, and Lord George Murray. With an Account of his subsequent Adventures in Scotland, England, Holland, France, Russia, and America. The Manuscript of Chevalier Johnstone was originally deposited in the Scots College at Paris.

2. Letters written during a Tour through Normandy, Brittany, and other Parts of France, in 1818; including Local and Historical Descriptions, with Remarks on the Manners and Character of the People. By Mrs. Charles Nothard. With numerous Engravings, after Drawings by Charles Nothard, F.R.S.

3. *Bygone and the Real.* By a Travelling Member of the Royal Curate Society, extracted from his Journal. By Thomas Brown, the Younger, author of the "Fudge Family," "Twopenny Post Bag," &c.

4. The Reign of George the Third. To which is prefixed, a View of the progressive Improvement of England in Prosperity and Strength. By Robert Duguet, L.L.D.

5. *Author of the Life of Burke, &c.* Continued to the Death of the King. In six vols. 8vo. A new edition.

6. *Tales of the Heart.* By Mrs. Opp. 4 vols. 12mo.

7. *Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay.* Vol. 2. In 4to. Illustrated with engravings.

8. *Historical Sketches of the South of India.* In an attempt to trace the History of Mysore. From the Origin of the Hindoo Government of that State, to the Extinction of the Mahomedan Dynasty in 1760; founded chiefly on authentic authorities, collected by the author while officiating for several years as Political Resident at the Court of Mysore. By Colonel Mark Wilks. In 3 vols. 8vo. Second Edition.

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PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

### BARRY CORNWALL'S NEW POEM.

MARCIAN COLONNA, with an early copy of which we have been favoured, will issue from the press next week.

Its author has within a very short period risen upon the poetical horizon, and attained a degree of fame, such as many bards of no mean talents have toiled for during life in vain. There seems to have been a unanimous consent in the critical world to place him, even on his first essay, among the crowned heads of modern poetry... (heaven send that all crowned heads were equally popular): and he, like other potentates, again comes travelling forth, preserving his well-known incognito title of *Barry Cornwall*. But though he affects this privacy, it is impossible that he should avoid the homage due to genius; and it gratifies us to be the foremost to lay a tribute before his throne. Nor will he, we trust, be so despotic as to require a slavish adherence... our allegiance must be that of Britons to a limited monarchy; and as poetic kings have no responsible ministers, we must be permitted to notice those points wherein we think themselves do wrong.

Thus understood, we proceed to *Marcian Colonna*.

*Marcian Colonna*, though very different in many essentials, reminds us powerfully of *Hamlet*. His mind is unsettled by various supernatural impressions, and severe usage from his parents. He loves, and is repelled—he feels the pressure of fate upon him, and has a sure presentiment that he never can be happy. Haunted by all the horrors of a morbid imagination, and, perhaps, tainted with a hereditary insanity, he is plunged into a convent in order that his elder brother may enjoy without division the nicely-portioned fortunes of his house. In his cell, *Marcian* alternately raves in despair, and is soothed by the vision of *Julia Vitelli*, whom he had seen in *Rome*. After the lapse of one time, the heir of *Colonna* dies, and his younger son is restored to the world. He also revisits Italy, the widow of a rural husband, *Orsini*, reported to have perished at sea. She is united to *Marcian*, from love redemptive from the gloom of his misery, and they are blessed in each other, till alas! the current of true love never did

VOL. IV:

run smooth;—*Orsini* returns, and *Marcian* and his bride fly their native land, she unconscious of the cause of their sudden departure. For a period they dwell on the shore in the humble disguise of fishers; but here they are discovered by a “slave” of *Orsini*. Again they fly, and take up their residence in a cave on the Apennines, near the convent where *Marcian* spent his early years. *Julia* at length learns the fatal truth that her first husband is alive—he cannot, dares not, live in love and sin, but takes poison from the hand of *Colonna*, and dies.

Such is the general outline of the story, from which we annex as many examples as our limits permit, and with as few remarks as possible, because we think they stand in need of no index to point attention to their beauties.

The first of the three parts, of which the poem consists, opens with an apostrophe to Italy, and contains a fine *coup d’œil* upon her poetic ornaments.

Yet first of all thy sons were they who wrote  
Thy silent language into tales of love  
And sailest forth the gentle forms that shine  
In thy own poets’ lary songs divine.  
Oh! long as lips shall smile or pitying tears  
Rain from the eyes of beauty,—long as fears  
Or doubts or hopes shall sear or soothe the heart,

Or flatteries softly fall on woman’s ears,  
Or witching words be spoke at twilight hours,  
Or tender songs be sung in orange bowers:  
Long as the stars, like ladies’ looks, by night  
Shall shine,—more constant and almost as bright.

So long, tho’ hidden in a foreign shroud,  
Shall Dante’s mighty spirit speak aloud;  
So long the lamp of fame on *Petrarch*’s urn;  
Shall, like the light of learning, duly burn;  
And he be loved,—with his hundred tales,  
As varying as the shadowy cloud that sails  
Upon the bosom of the April sky.  
And musical as when the waters run  
Lapping thro’ sylvan haunts deliciously,  
Nor may that gay rhapsodist who hath told  
Of knight, and damsel, and enchantment old,  
So well, be e’er forgot; nor he who sung  
Of *Salern*’s holy city, lost and won;  
The seer-like *Tasso*, who enamoured hung  
On *Leonora*’s beauty, and became  
Her martyr,—blasted by a mingled flame.

The author’s descriptive powers may be appreciated by his landscape of the mountain scenery, where the convent of *Laverna* stood—

There is a lofty spot,  
Visible amongst the mountains Apennine,  
Where once a hermit dwelt, not yet forgot  
He or his famous miracles divine;  
And there the Convent of *Laverna* stands  
In solitude, built up by saintly hands,  
And deemed a wonder in the elder time;  
(Chasms of the early world are yawning there,  
And rocks are seen, craggy and vast, and bare,

And many a dizzy precipice sublime,  
And caverns dark as Death, where the wild air  
Rushes from all the quarters of the sky:  
Above, in all his old regality,

The monarch eagle sits upon his throne,  
Or floats upon the desert winds, alone,  
There, belted ’round and ’round by forest-drear,  
Black pine, and giant beech, and oaks that rear  
Their brown diminished heads like shrubs between,

And guarded by a river that is seen but  
Flushing and wandering thro’ the dell below,  
*Laverna* stands.—It is a place of woe,  
And ’midst its cold dim aisles and cells of gloom,  
The pale *Franciscan* meditates his doom.

While *Marcian* is immersed with these, far different are the hours, in the palace of *Colonna*. *Revel* reigns, and at one of the splendid entertainments, *Julia*, the heroine, is thus introduced and painted.

On that same night of mirth *Vivell* came  
With his fair child, sole bedress of his name,—  
She came amidst the lovely and the proud,  
Fearless; and when she moved, the gallant  
crowd

Divided, as the obsequious vapours light  
Divide to let the queen-moon pass by night;  
Then looks of love were seen, and many a sigh  
Was wasted on the air, and some aloud  
Talked of the pangs they felt and swore to  
die.

She, like the solitary rose that springs  
In the first warmth of summer days, and flings  
A perfume the more sweet because alone—  
Just bursting into beauty, with a sigh  
Half girl’s half woman’s, smiled and then forgot  
Those gentle things to which she answered not.

She inquires for *Marcian*, and gathers his dark doom from the guilty looks of his brother—and

—She dwelt upon that night till pity grew  
Into a wilder passion, the sweet glow  
That linger’d in her eye ’ for pity’s sake,  
Was—(like an exhalation in the sun):  
Dried and absorbed by love. Oh! love en-  
take

What shape he pleases, and when once begun  
His fiery inroad in the soul, how vain  
The after-knowledge which his presence gives;  
We weep or rave, but still he lives and lives,  
Master and lord, ’midst pride and tears and  
pains.

We pass to the reception of *Marcian*, when recalled to his father’s mansion.

Then *Marcian* sought his home. A ghastly  
gloom

Hung o’er the pillars and the wrecks of *Rome*,  
And scarcely, as the clouds were swiftly driven  
In masses shrouding the blue face of heaven,  
Was seen, by treacherous glimpses, the pale  
moon.

Who looked abroad in fear, and vanished soon.  
The winds were loud amongst the ruins, where  
The wild weeds shook around their ragged hair,  
And sounds were heard, like sobb from some  
lone man,



And murmuring 'tween his banks the Tyber ran.  
In the Colonna palace there were tears  
Flowing from aged eyes that seldom wept;  
Their son was gone—the hope of many years  
Cold in his marble home for ever slept.

—The father met his child: with tremulous grasp

He pressed his hand, and he returned the clasp,  
And spoke assuring words—'that he was come  
'To soothe his grief and cheer his desolate home.'

And then he bade him quite forget the past.  
Thus hand in hand they sat awhile; at last  
A deep deep sob came bursting from the gloom  
That hid the far part of the palace room,  
And, after, all was silent as the grave.  
Colonna 'rose, and by the lamp that gave  
A feeble light, saw, like a shape of stone,  
His mother couching in the dusk, alone:  
Her hand was clenched, and her eye wandered wild

Like one who had lost and sought, (in vain,) a child;

And now and then a smile, but not a tear,  
'Told that she fancied still her darling near;  
And then she shook her head and crossed her arms

Over her breast, and turned her from the light,  
And seemed as tho' she muttered lowly words

To scare some doubtful phantom from her sight.  
He spoke to her in vain: her heart was filled  
With grief, and every passion else was stilled.  
Was buried,—lost. Just as the mighty rains  
Which, gathering, flood the valleys in the days  
Of Autumn, or as rivers when slow decays  
Sweep all things in their course, 'dill nought remains

Distinguishable,—earth, and roots, and grass,  
And stones, and casual things, a mingled mass,  
Driven onward by the waters, and o'erborne  
'Till but the stream is seen: So they who mourn  
Deeply, and they, 'tis said, who love the best  
In one wild mastering passion lose the rest.

The first meeting of the lovers, is very delightful, and we quote it also as explanatory of the poem.

And Julia saw the youth she loved again:  
But he was now the great Colonna's heir,  
And she whom he had left so young and fair,  
A few short years ago, was grown, with pain  
Of thoughts unuttered (a heart eating care),  
Pale as a statue. When he met her first  
He gazed and gasped as though his heart would burst.

Her figure came before him like a dream  
Revealed at morning, and a sunny gleam  
Broke in upon his soul and lit his eye  
With something of a tender prophecy.

And was she then the shape he had seen,  
By day and night,—she who had such strange power

Over the terrors of his wildest hour?  
And was it not a phantom that had been  
Wandering about him? Oh with what deep fear

He listened now, to mark if he could hear  
The voice that lulled him;—but she never spoke;

For in her heart her own young love awoke  
From its long slumber, and chained down her tongue,

And she sat mute before him: he, the while,  
Stood gazing on her melancholy smile,  
Till o'er his eyes a dizzy vapour hung  
And he rushed forth into the freshening air,  
Which kissed and played about his temples bare,

And he grew calm. Not unobserved he fled,  
For she who mourned him once as lost and dead,

Saw with a glance, as none but women see,  
His secret passion, and hence silently  
His sweetest rejoicing, 'till Vitelli asked  
'Wherefore her spirit fell,'—and then she tasked  
Her fancy for excuse wherewith to hide  
Her thoughts, and turn his curious gaze aside.

The second part commences with an invocation to love.

Oh power of Love, so fearful and so fair—  
Life of our life on earth, yet kin to care—  
Oh! thou day-dreaming spirit, who dost look  
Upon the future, as the charmed clock  
Of Fate were open'd to thine eyes alone—  
Thou who dost call, from moments stolen and gone

Into eternity, memorial things

To deck the days to come—thy revellings  
Were glorious and beyond all others: Thou  
Didst banquet upon beauty once; and now  
The ambrosial feast is ended!—Let it be  
Enough to say 'It was.'—Oh! upon me  
From thy o'ershadowing wings ethereal

Shake odorous airs, so may my senses all  
Be spell-bound to thy service, beautiful power,  
And on the breath of every coming hour  
Send me faint tidings of the things that were,

And aid me as I try gently to tell  
The story of that young Italian pair,  
Who lov'd so lucklessly, yet ah! so well.

The union and happiness of the youthful pair now occupy the foreground; but these are not perfect.

Once—only once—('twas in a lonely hour)

He felt the presence of his evil power  
Welching upon him, and he left his home  
In silence, amidst fresher scenes to roam.  
—'Twas said that he did wander far and wide  
O'er desert heaths, and on the Lætan plains  
Hared his host forehead to the falling rains,  
Which there bring death; and, with a heart allied

To gentle pleasures still, on the green hill's side

Would stretch his length upon the evening grass,

Shedding sweet tears to see the great sun pass  
Away like a dream of boyhood. Darkness then  
Grew his familiar, and he caverns then

(By the strange voice of silence lulled asleep,  
He oft would hide himself within its arms;  
Or gaze upon the eyes of Heaven, when

She stands illustrious with her midnight charms  
Revealed—all unobserved by moon or sun,  
Glow-tinted cloud, or airy rainbow won

From light and showers; and when storms were high

He listened to the Wind-God riding by  
The mountain passes, and there took his stand,  
Harkening his voice of triumph or command;

Or heard him thro' the piny forests rave,  
Ere he went murmuring to his prison cave.

And then unto the rocks of Tivoli

He went: Alas! for gone Antiquity—  
Its holy and mysterious temple where

The Sybil spread abroad her honny hair,  
And spoke her divine oracles. Her home  
Is crumbling into dust, and sheeted foam

Now sparkles where her whitened tresses hung;  
And where her voice, like Heav'n's, was freely sung

Unto the echoes, now fierce torrents flow,  
Filling with noise and spray the dell below.  
Not useless are ye yet, ye rocks and woods  
Of Tivoli, altho' long since have vanished

From your lost land its gorgeous palaces,  
And tho' the spirit of the place be banished  
The earth for ever—yet your silver floods  
Remain, (immortal music!) and the breeze  
Brings health and freshness to your wailing trees.

For weeks amongst the woods did Marcius rove

And wilds: At last, unto his widowed love  
He came again, while yet the fever stained  
His cheek and darkness on his brow remained.

This is, however, but a passing cloud—  
The dreadful storm appears in the shape of  
Orsini, whom Marcius encounters in one of  
his rambles. This event is exquisitely introduced.

Oh! full of anguishment, too deep to last,  
The bridal hours in happy beauty passed,  
(The feather-footed hours!—and hourly Time  
Smoothed his pale brow, and with a look un-  
like mine,

From out the stream of joy a measure quaffed,  
And young love shook his rosy wings and  
laughed.

Dance and Arcadian tale and sylvan song,  
While to these moments did of right belong,  
Went round and then returned; the morning Sun

Met brighter eyes than e'er he glanced upon,  
And evening saw them still the same, and night  
Looked from her starry throne on stars more bright.

The morn was given to tale, the noon to ease  
And musing beneath shade of branching trees;  
The night to slumber; but at evening gray,  
When the too fiery sun had passed away,  
Music was heard beneath the smiling moon,

Till midnight came, (it ever came too soon),  
And songs which lovers once were wont to sing  
Of knight forlorn and lady tripping;—

And flowers that lie upon the breast of May,  
Like gems, were plucked to fashion garlands gay.

And luxury green to deck the poet's head,  
For then the bard was loved and honoured.

We now leave the narrative, as condensed in  
our introductory notice; and passing by  
the admirable account of the storm \* which  
overtook Colonna and his love, when fleeing  
from Italy, hasten to lay before our readers,  
we think, the most beautiful passage that  
the author has yet written:—an apostrophe to  
Ocean—worthy of the highest name in the  
records of poetry.

O thou vast Ocean! Ever sounding Sea!  
Thou symbol of a dream immensity!

Thou thing that windest round the solid world  
Like a huge animal, which, downward bur'd  
From the black clouds, lies wetting and alone,  
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.

Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep  
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.

Thou speakest in the east and in the West  
At once, and on thy heavily laden breast  
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life

Or motion yet are moved and meet in strife.  
The earth hath nought of this; no chance nor change

Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare  
Give answer to the tempest-waken air;  
But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range

At will, and wound its bosom as they go;  
Ere the same, it hath no ebb, no flow;

This passage appeared in the Literary Gazette, No. 167,

But in their stated rounds the seasons come,  
And pass like visions to their viewless bowe,  
And come again, and vanish: the young Spring

Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming,  
And Winter always winds his sullen horn,  
When the wild Autumn with a look forlorn  
Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies  
Weep and flowers sicken when the Summer  
dies.

—Thou only, terrible Ocean, hast a power,  
A life, a voice, and in thy wrathful hour,  
When thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds,  
A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds  
Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be  
driven

Backwards and forwards by the shifting wind,  
How quickly dost thou thy great strength un-  
braid,

And stretch thine arms, and war at once with  
Heaven.

Thou trackless and immeasurable Main!

On thee thou couldst ever live again

To meet the land that writ it: line nor lead  
Hath ever fathomed thy profoundest deeps,  
Where haply the huge monster swells and  
sleeps,

King of his watery limit, who 'tis said  
Can move the mighty ocean into storm—  
Oh! wonderful thou art, great element:  
And fearful in thy spleenful humours bent,  
And lovely in repose: thy summer form  
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves  
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,  
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,  
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,  
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—  
"Eternity, Eternity, and Power."

The catastrophe comes:—

—Hark! the timbers part  
And the sea-billows come, and they clasp  
His pale pale beauty, closer to his heart,  
The ship has struck. One kiss—the last—Love's  
own.

—They plunge into the waters and are gone.  
The vessel sinks,—'tis vanished, and the sea  
Rolls boiling o'er the wreck triumphantly,  
And shrieks are heard and cries, and then short  
groans,

Which the waves stifle quick, and doubtful  
tones

Like the faint moanings of the wind pass by,  
And horrid gurgling sounds rise up and die,  
And noises like the choking of man's breath—  
—But why prolong the tale—it is of death.

The state of the Colonna family is now po-  
etically described:—

The palace of his fathers, once so gay,  
Was mossed and green, and crumbling to de-  
cay:

The pillars yellowed in the marble halls,  
And thro' the ruined casements the wild rains  
Rushed with destroying wrath, and shapeless  
stains

Ran o'er, disfiguring all the painted walls.  
Few servants tended on their antient lord,  
And mirthful revel, banished from his board,  
Sought refuge with the humble. Song or sound  
Edged no more within the gallery's bound,  
But in a lonely tower a lamp at times  
Was seen, and starting thro' the silent air  
Few shrieks; as from a wretch whom many  
crimes

Had seized, and driven to life's last hold,—De-  
spair—

Friends passed, by one, and one, and one, away:  
His foes grew glad; his brother's children gay  
Cut dice for his domain.

The lovers, however, escape the sea.

—When the winds and thunder met  
In tumult, and around in many shapes  
Death hovering with his dart, Fate turned aside  
The arrows, laughing o'er the waters wide,  
Till the sea trembled. Ah! but who escapes—  
Who can escape from Fate? It frowned, and  
lune

Darker than Death itself, the foreheads o'er  
Of that sad pair, and when the billows flung  
Their limbs in scorn upon the foamy shore,  
Uprose the veering wind, and the next wave  
Scarcely touched the ringlet of Colonna's hair,  
Which, screaming black upon the strand, lay  
there

The image of his fortunes—Dark and wild,  
Neglected, torn,—with an unquiet grave  
Open beside him, there Colonna smiled,  
Or so it seemed, in death; but in his grasp  
Still held the lost and lifeless Julia.

There tempest-stricken—in each other's clasp,  
Beautiful on the sea-beat shore they lay:  
Around her body were his arms enwove,  
Her head upon his bosom, close as love.

We are warned by our space to the con-  
clusion. Julia is poisoned, and thus ends  
the tale.

He sat and watched her, as a nurse might do,  
And saw the dull sun steal across the blue,  
And saw, and felt her sweet forgiving smile,  
That as she died, parted her lips the while.  
Her hand? Its pulse was silent—her voice gone,  
But patience in her smile still faintly shone,  
And in her closing eyes a tenderness,  
That seemed as they would fain Colonna bless.

She died, and spoke no word; and still he  
sat

Beside her like an image. Death and Fate  
Had done what might be then: The morning

Rose upon him: on him?—his task was done.  
The murderer and the murdered—one as pale  
As marble shining white beneath the moon.

The other dark as storms, when the winds rail  
At the chafed sea,—but not to calm so soon—  
No bitterness, nor hate, nor dread was there;  
But love still clinging 'round a wild despair,  
A wintry aspect, and a troubled eye,  
Mourning o'er youth and beauty, born to die.

Dead was she, and her mouth had fallen low,  
But still he watched her with a steadfast brow;  
Unaltered as a rock he sat, while she  
Lay changed to clay, and perished'd. Drearily  
Came all the hues of death across her face;  
That look, so lovely once, had lost its grace,  
The eye its light, the cheek its colour, now.

—Oh! human beauty, what a dream art thou,  
That we should cast our life and hopes away,  
On thee,—and dost thou like a leaf decay,  
In Spring-tide as in Autumn?—Fair and frail,  
In bud or blossom, if a blight prevail.  
How ready art thou from the world to fly;  
And we who love thee so are left—to die.

Fairest of all the world, thy tale is told:  
Thy name is written on a record old,  
And I from out the legend now rehearse,  
Thy story, shaping it to softer verse.  
—And thou, the lost Colonna,—thou, whose  
brain

Was fever-struck with love and jealous pain,  
A wanderer wast thou lonely thro' the earth?  
Or didst thou trudge, clad in thy pride of birth,  
With high patrician step the streets of Rome?  
I know not; no one knew. A heavy gloom  
Wrapped thy last fortunes, luckless Marcon!  
—Some told in after times that he was found,  
Dying within the inquisition's bound;

Some said that he did roam, a wretched man,  
In pilgrimage along the Arabian sands,  
And some that he did dwell in the far lands  
Of vast America, with savage men,  
The chase his pastime, and his home a den.

What object is there now to know? what gain?  
He passed away, and never came again.  
He left his house, his friends, his titles, all,  
To stand, or live, or perish in their pride,  
And, seeking out some unknown country,—died.  
He died, and left no vain memorial  
Of him or of his deeds, for scorn or praise;  
No record for the proud Colonna race  
To blot or blazon, cherish or compare,  
His fate is lost: his name (like others,—air.

My tale hath reached its end: yet still there  
dwells

A superstition in those piny dells,  
Near to Laverna. For 'tis said, as seen  
Beside the cave where once Colonna lay,  
And shadows linger there at close of day,  
And dusky shapes amongst the forests green  
Pass off like vapours at the break of morn;  
And sometimes a faint figure, (with a star  
Crowning her forehead,) has been seen afar,  
To haunt the cliff and hang her head forlorn:  
And peasants still at the approach of night,  
Ere at distance, smitten that starry light,  
And dread 'the Lady of the Mountains' when  
She rises radiant from her haunted glen.  
The convent? still it stands: its pile is strong,  
And well it echoes back the tempest's song;  
And still the cave is there; but they, alone  
Who made it famous,—they are passed and  
gone.

Having finished our extracts from the  
principal poem (for the volume contains  
some dramatic scenes, and miscellaneous  
poesies for notice hereafter); we shall be very  
short in our closing remarks. The great  
popularity which attends this writer, is, we  
think, to be traced to a simplicity of manner  
peculiarly his own; to a fine feeling for the  
pathetic, with which his verse abounds; and  
to a taste and refinement of perception, which  
lends him to revel among the delicate luxu-  
ries of poesy. If we add, that there is some-  
times a little apparent affectation in these  
elegancies, it is but in verbal criticism, and  
not to the ideas or images, that we can ap-  
ply the charge. For example, we are of  
opinion that the verb to do, is too often  
employed; after a few repetitions of that  
form of construction, the recurrence of *did*  
becomes a mere expletive. A like obser-  
vation may be made on the superabundant  
use of parentheses, and of such expressions  
as "Twas said," &c. The phrase, "pro-  
gress'd," (p. 23) is one of American politics,  
not of English poetics. "Weuch" has been  
rendered *pleby* custom, but a low word for  
a young girl, however sanctioned by the  
olden bard; and the author seems too  
fond of "beauty" (we mean the *word*) with  
all its derivatives. Homer sleeps occa-  
sionally—the boat in which the lovers  
sail, is afterwards a barque and a ship; but  
these are mere specks on a very brilliant  
production. What the composition is, will  
be seen from our quotations: there are some  
rugged, and one or two prosaic lines, which  
infect the passages where they occur with an  
air of blank verse; but upon the whole, the  
style is eminently sweet, as the conceptions  
are truly poetical.

*Essays, and Sketches of Life and Character.* By a Gentleman who has left his Lodgings. 12mo. pp. 248.

There is no truth in this title page: the writer is too clever a person to need to leave his lodgings. We mean neither of the branches of this proposition in the invidious sense—we do not by “clever man” insinuate what the Recorder of the city of London insinuates, when, in passing sentence of transportation, he tells the culprit that he is too clever a man to stay in this country; and as to leaving his lodgings, our only notion of the author is, that though he has seen a great deal of the world, and consequently quitted many a temporary residence, he never did so clandestinely, without paying his rent, in the manner here pretended. In fact this is clearly an assumed character, and so inconsistent with the liberal and enlightened principles maintained in the work, that the mask drops off with the preface; and we become acquainted with a very correct, able, and intelligent essayist.

National manners, politics, dramatic criticism, the study of mankind, and lighter subjects, occupy this neat volume. In the treatment of these, we discover a mind excellently stored, the opinions of a temperate whig, and the views of a scholar and a gentleman. For our own parts, we should have been glad if more illustration had been assigned to general and literary topics, and less to political inquiries: the latter are indeed important enough to claim a full share of attention; but newspapers and pamphlets have so surfeited us with the eternal theme, that it has become,

As tedious as a twice told tale,  
Vexing the dull ear of a sleepy man.

What the author has done in this way, we must however admit he has done well; but in submitting him to the public tribunal, we shall, owing to the feeling just intimated, direct ourselves in preference to some of the other matter.

We commence, as in order bound, with the preface, which sketches the frame-work of the design, in a pleasant manner.

“About a year ago a gentleman, without a servant, took an apartment on the first floor of my house. He was, apparently, a young man; but his look was not diffident and unpractised, like that of most young men, but bold and decided, like the countenance of a lieutenant of hussars, who has served a campaign or two, and as piercing as that of an Old Bailey lawyer. He wore long black hair over his forehead, and used some words in his language, which I never saw any where but in the Bible and Common Prayer, and which, I suppose, are now out of use. He took two servants, and began to frequent the world. I observed he went to Almack’s, and the French play; was admitted into the Travellers’ club, wore stays, and used much starch in his neckcloth. Notwithstanding this, his life was not so regular as that of most young men of fashion. He did not always go out to dinner at a quarter before eight, nor always come home at five

in the morning, nor always get up at half-past two in the afternoon. I thought this extraordinary, because I had observed, that those who pretend to any fashion, and claim merit from their want of punctuality, are generally the most exact people possible to be always twenty minutes too late wherever they go.”

My lodger on the contrary, very often went out riding upon his return from a hall, and then came and dined by himself, or with my family, at four or five o’clock: nor was he of the usual placid, indifferent humour, that men of the world generally are. Sometimes a darkness would come over his face, and he would sit frowning at the chimney-piece in his own room for a fortnight together. Every now and then too he would go away for a few days to Dublin or to Edinburgh, without any apparent reason. But, on the 6th of February last, he set out from my house, about twelve at night, saying, he should return in a few days. Since that time I have heard nothing of him; and being in great want of money to pay my taxes, I went to search, to see if there were any thing I could sell for rent, of which I had not received one farthing. I found a few old clothes, a dozen pair of boots, and a large number of manuscripts: these were written in all kinds of languages, ancient and modern, more than I had ever heard of: some few were in English; and one called, “On the State of the Constitution,” is a totally different hand. I suspect it was written by the gentleman, for there was only one, who used sometimes to pay my lodger a visit. With these papers in my hand, I went off directly to Mr. Longman; and he has given me some hopes that I may recover a part of my rent by their means. Who the author may be, I do not pretend to say; or whether the last paper relates at all to himself: I leave that to the courteous reader; and I beg him to recollect, that I am not answerable for the opinions of a gentleman who has left his lodgings.

JOSEPH SKILLET.

*Sackville Street, May 24, 1820.*

The following paper is recommended as a specimen by its brevity.

#### FOREIGN TRAVEL.

Paris, 1815.

“The English and the French, after an absence of twenty years, have again met in the common intercourse of life, and are exchanging bows, ideas, and sentiments.

“I overheard, one day, a young Englishman entertaining a French lady with profligate principles, and profane jests: although she had often heard morality and religion attacked before, she was so scandalised by the coarseness of his conversation, that she,

“Our author’s definitions in this respect are not quite so decisive as those of a celebrated dandy, of which we have heard. Walking one day with a friend on the Mall, he was saluted by a fashionable looking person, to whom he bowed in return. “Who’s that?” enquired the friend. “I don’t know,” was the answer, “all I know is, he’s not a gentleman.” How do you know that? Why, I dined with the fellow the other day, and he was helped twice to fish, and wore a blue under-waistcoat!—he’s not a gentleman.”

at last, told him his language might suit the vicious society of London, but was too wicked for Paris: his companion, was, at the same time, telling an obscene story to a young lady who fell asleep in the middle of it;—these young men are not improved by travel.

“An English married lady, whom I knew, was remarkable for the plainness of her dress, the modesty of her manners, and the piety of her conduct. She went from Paris this year, with her head made into a stand for flowers, her ears never open but to flattery, and her mouth full of the pretty phrases, “a little flirtation,” “innocent behaviour,” “harmless dissipation,” “stupidity of married women in England,” “greater liberality in general society,” &c.—she is not improved by travel.

“I know a sensible English tradesman, who used to shut a Frenchman out of doors; and laughed at every body who did not speak English as correctly, and even as vulgarly as himself; he was so pleased with the kind reception he got in France, and the patient attention with which all his blunders were listened to, that he promises he will go and do likewise!—he is improved by his travels.

“A farmer of good sense, and good heart, travelled through France soon after the peace: he found that the people were neither sulky in their manner, nor full of hatred against the English, nor utterly abandoned to vice and folly, as he had been told; but on the contrary, civil, gay, and ingenious; say, he found tolerable farmers, and honest fathers of families: fewer papers than in England, and much good effected by the revolution; he imputed the old quarrels of his nation with theirs to the government, and recommends to the people to give each other the right hand of friendship:—this man is improved, and will improve others.

“Travellers from the Continent seldom stay long enough in England to understand the nature of her institutions, and sound the deep seas of her prosperity. The French think they have shown great discernment, as well as liberality, in establishing *Trial by Jury*. They do not seem to perceive that the goodness of the stuff depends on the material of which it is made, and that a jury must not only consist of twelve men, but of twelve honest men; otherwise it is only a shirt very well made with rotten thread. As long as the members of juries in France are liable to be gained, or awed by Government, the institution is good for nothing, and indeed rather pernicious.

“The Spaniards, in the same humour, borrowed from England the liberty of the press; but they forgot to provide for the liberty of the individual who was to print; and the consequence was, that any author who published against the reigning authority, was immediately seized and imprisoned. England, like a work of genius, deserves and requires a slow and frequent perusal to understand its beauties.

“Many an anomalous custom contains an important lesson, and many a paradoxical law is deduced from a profound and salutary observation.”

That the author has reaped much benefit from travel, his acute and sensible observations on national character prove. In an excellent essay in which Spanish, Italian, German, French, and English claims to precedence, are drawn with a skilful hand, we find the Frenchman, after dilating on the glories of the *grande nation*, its restaurateurs, and theatres, observe—

"You will affirm that these sensual, and marketable enjoyments destroy the taste for domestic happiness; but it is not so: no people are more attached than the French to their near relations; and England cannot easily produce a mother more attached than Madame de Sevigné. It is the same with all the domestic relations; and it is sufficient to go to the *cimetière* of Pere la Chaise, to be convinced how true the affection which the mothers, and sons, and sisters of France have for each other. How simple, and yet how tender the inscriptions upon the tombs! There the sister goes to renew the tender recollection of her sister, and a son to place a garland over the grave of his mother. With you, the dead are never mentioned, never visited, and, I believe, seldom remembered. With the kindest feelings to their relations, the French, it is true, do not think it inconsistent to mix the sociability of a larger circle; and they endeavour to be happy through the short period of existence allotted them: whilst the English lose half their lives in becoming acquainted with those who are jumbled into the same half-century as themselves."

We have quoted this passage, not so much for its peculiar applicability and merit, as for the purpose of illustrating it, by a copy of a few of the inscriptions referred to, with which we were struck, as the author seems to have been, on visiting the interesting cemetery of Pere la Chaise, and which we consequently transferred to our memorandum book. The following are a few of them.

*Written in pencil on the tomb of a girl aged 16.*

Adieu, doux charme de la vie,  
Plaisir d'aimer que j'éprouvais,  
Adieu, trop malheureuse ami,  
Qui me quitte, hélas! pour jamais.

A ma Théodore.

A notre bon père,  
Ses fils reconnaissants.

Oh ma fille chérie, tu m'es donc ravi! Je n'aurais que toi sur cette terre de douleur. Ah! pourquoi m'es-tu abandonnée? Chère enfant, il me reste plus à toi malheureuse mère, que les larmes et le desespoir.

Repose-toi en paix, ma bien aimée. Celeste! demain nous reviendrons te voir.

A peine cinq printemps vécut notre Pauline. C'était le gage heureux de l'homme le plus doux. Chacun aimait son air et sa grace enfantine— Ah! de notre bonheur le destin fut jaloux!

Le Malheur, l'Amour,  
La Reconnaissance,  
Au modèle de toutes les vertus,  
Delice,  
A son excellente Zéphirine.

Tu reposes, mon fils, et ta mère  
Est dans la douleur!

*On the monument of St. Jean d'Angely, who died on the day of his return to Paris from his exile.*

Français! de son dernier soupir  
Il a salué la patrie.  
Le même jour a vu finir  
Ses maux, son exil,  
Et sa vie.

The following description of a great ruling passion appears to us to be finely expressed.

"Ambition, instead of being always a bad passion, is one which has led to many of the enterprises most beneficial to mankind. A desire of distinction inspired a Sully and a Franklin, as well as a Richelieu and an Alberoni. The difference is, that this passion is subservient to the welfare of mankind in good and well regulated dispositions, whilst, in bad hearts; it tends only to the aggrandisement of the individual. A man of pure ambition will always sacrifice his own elevation to his principles, whilst he whose ambition is impure will always sacrifice his principles to his own elevation." And the same essay contains these just reflections. "Great merit is often placed in abstinence from sensual enjoyments. There are, undoubtedly, examples of men who give so exclusive attention to the preparation of luxuries for their own personal use, that they can hardly afford time for the duties which they owe to their God and to their neighbour: but for a person to say, that he must renounce the indulgence of the senses altogether, for fear of being entirely absorbed by it, is to confess a degree of physical appetite and a want of moral taste, which does but little honour to his temperance. Nor is there any sense in supposing that we are intended to derive all our pleasures from the mind. Our bodily constitution is so joined to the mental, that our pains are always communicated from the one to the other; and the Stoic himself could not be insensible to the attack of a cholera, or the amputation of a leg. Why, then, should we not take advantage of the dispensation of nature, which also gives a participation of pleasures? And ought we to lose any opportunity of partaking in the bounty, and being grateful for the providence of our Creator? The man who gives a feast is offended is none come to partake of it; may not the Supreme Being have somewhat of the same feeling to those who reject his gifts? But, say the well-meaning persons who disdain and despise the usual conduct of the world, is it not wicked to consume in luxuries what might afford subsistence for thousands of poor people? This argument, which might have had weight in times of ignorance, is indisputably disproved by the science of the present day. It is now evidently demonstrated, that the industry which is spent on manufactures of convenience and luxury supports the families of industrious labourers, whilst that which is indiscriminately given in charity too often tends to the increase of an idle and miserable population.

The result which I would enforce is,

that we should enjoy the conveniences of this life, without setting too great a price on them. Our occupation should always be to improve our own lives, and add to the happiness of our neighbours; but a pleasure which fairly offers itself, and which has no vice in it, should not, because it is a pleasure, be avoided."

A view of the state of society in London must conclude this notice.

"It may happen, that, although individuals may exist in a society, endowed with every power of entertaining and enlightening, yet the forms of society may be such that it is very difficult to obtain the full advantage of their superior qualities. This difficulty is the misfortune of London, where there are more men of cultivated understanding, of refined wit, and literary or political eminence, than in any metropolis of Europe. Yet it is so contrived, that there is little freedom, little intimacy, and little ease in London society. "To love some persons very much, and see often those that I love," says the old Duchess of Marlborough, "is the greatest happiness I can enjoy." But in London it is equally difficult to get to love any body very much, or to see often those that we have loved before. There are such numbers of acquaintances, such a succession of engagements, that the town resembles Vauxhall, where the dearest friends may walk round and round all night without ever meeting. If you see at dinner a person whose manners and conversation please you, you may wish in vain to become more intimate; for the chance is, that you will not meet so as to converse a second time for three months, when the dice-box of society, may, perhaps, turn up again the same numbers. "Not that it is to be inferred that you may not hardly see the same features again; it is possible that you may catch a glimpse of them on the other side of St. James' Street, or see them near to you at a crowded rout, without a possibility of approaching. Hence it is, that those who live in London are totally indifferent to one another; the waves follow so thick that any vacancy is immediately filled up, and the want is not perceived. At the same time the well-bred civility of modern times, and the example of some very popular people, have introduced a shaking of hands, a pretended warmth, a sham cordiality, into the manners of the cold and the warm alike—the dear friend, and the acquaintance of yesterday. Hence, we hear continually such conversations as the following:—'Ah! how d'y'e do? I am delighted to see you! How is Mrs. M.—?' 'She is very well, thank you.'—'Has she any more children?'—'Any more! I have only been married three months. I see you are talking of my former wife—she has been dead these three years.'—'Oh! My dear friend, how d'y'e do,—you have been out of town some time—where have you been—in Norfolk?'—'No, I have been two years in India.'—

"Thus, ignorant of one another's interest and occupations, the friendships of London contain nothing more tender than a visiting-card. Nor is it much better,—indeed it is

much worse,—if you renounce the world, and determine to live only with your relations and nearest connections: if you go to see them at one o'clock they are not up; at two the room is full of indifferent acquaintance, who can talk over the night before, and of course are sooner listened to than yourself; at three they are gone shopping; at four they are in the Park; at five and at six they are out; at seven they are dressing; at eight they are dining with two dozen friends; at nine and ten the same; at eleven they are dressing for the ball; and at twelve, when you are going to bed, they are gone into society for the evening. Thus you are left in solitude: you soon begin again to try the world—let us see what it produces.

"The first inconvenience of a London life, is the late hour of dinner. To pass the day *impudens*, and then to sit down to a great dinner at eight o'clock, is entirely against the first dictates of common sense and common stomachs. Some learned persons, indeed, endeavour to support this practice by precedent, and quote the Roman supper; but those suppers were at three o'clock in the afternoon, and ought to be a subject of contempt, instead of imitation, in Grosvenor Square. Women, however, are not so irrational as men, in London, and generally sit down to a substantial luncheon, at three or four: if men would do the same, the meal at eight might be lightened of many of its weighty dishes, and conversation would be no loser; for it is not to be concealed, that conversation suffers great interruption from the manner in which English dinners are managed: first the host and hostess (or her unfortunate co-adjutor) are employed during three parts of dinner, in doing the work of the servants, helping fish, or carving large pieces of venison to twenty hungry souls, to the total loss of the host's powers of amusement, and the entire disfigurement of the fair hostess's face. Much time is also lost by the attention every one is obliged to pay, in order to find out (which he can never do if he is short-sighted) what dishes are at the other end of the table; and if a guest wishes for a glass of wine, he must peep through the Apollos and Cupids of the *plafond*, in order to find some one to drink with him; otherwise he must wait till some one asks him, which will probably happen in succession, so that after having had no wine for half an hour, he will have to drink five glasses in five minutes. Convenience teaches that the best manner of enjoying society at dinner, is to leave every thing to servants that servants can do; so that you may have no farther trouble than to accept of the dishes that are offered to you, and to drink at your own time, of the wines which are handed round. An English dinner, on the contrary, seems to presume before-hand on the silence, dullness, and stupidity of the guests, and to have provided little interruptions, like the jerks which the chaplain gives to the archbishop, to prevent his going to sleep during sermon.

"Some time after dinner comes the time of going to a ball, or a rout; but this is sooner said than done: it often requires as

much time to go from St. James's Square to Cleveland Row, as to go from London to Hounslow. It would require volumes to describe the disappointment which occurs on arriving in the brilliant mob of a ball-room. Sometimes, as it has been before said, a friend is seen squeezed like yourself, at another end of the room, without a possibility of your communicating except by signs; and as the whole arrangement of the society is regulated by mechanical pressure, you may happen to be pushed against those to whom you do not wish to speak, whether bores, slight acquaintances, or determined enemies. Confined by the crowd, and stifled by the heat, and dazzled by the light, all powers of intellect are lost; wit loses its point, and sagacity its observation; indeed, the limbs are so crushed, and the tongue so parched, that, except particularly well-drest ladies, all are in the case of the traveller, Dr. Clarke, when he says in the plains of Syria, that some might blame him for not making moral reflections on the state of the country; but that he must own the heat quite deprived him of all power of thought.

"Hence it is, that the conversation you hear around you, is generally nothing more than 'Have you been here long?'—'Have you been at Mrs. Hottroom's?'—'Are you going to Lady Deathsqueeze's?' Hence, too, Madame de Stael said, very justly, to an Englishman, 'Dans vos ronds le corps fait plus de frais que l'esprit.' But even if there are persons of a constitution robust enough to talk, they yet do not dare to do so, as twenty heads are forced into the compass of one square foot; and even when, to your great delight, you see a person to whom you have much to say, and, by fair means or foul, elbows and toes, knees and shoulders, have got near them, they often dismiss you with shaking you by the hand, and saying, 'My dear Mr.—how do you do?' and then continue a conversation with a person whose ear is three inches nearer. At one o'clock, however, the crowd diminishes; and if you are not tired by the five or six hours of playing at company, which you have already had, you may be very comfortable for the rest of the evening."

There is a curious paper entitled the *Wandering Jew*, but too long for our miscellany; and we close our page with an observation on a celebrated comedy, which is probably new to most of our readers.

"The *School for Scandal*, which is, perhaps, the best of our comedies, contains imitations of no less than three of the comedies of Moliere. The design and the character of Joseph Surface are evidently taken from the *Tartuffe*, the scandal scene from the *Misantrope*, and the broker scene from the *Avare*."

*Journal of a Tour through part of the Snow Range of the Himala Mountains, and to the Sources of the Rivers Jumna and Ganges.* By James Baillie Fraser, Esq. London, 1820. Large 4to. pp. 548.

Of this copious and highly (we speak

without a pun) interesting work, which has just been published, we can hardly be expected, within so short a period, to afford more than a very cursory view.

The bare reading of the title page will, we think, be a strong recommendation. There is in human nature, an innate curiosity respecting the sources of rivers, not unminged with reverence. From the Nile and Niger, to the inmost streamlet of our native Isle, our minds are excited in no ordinary degree, whether by accounts of the exploration of their origin, or by personal visits to their nascent springs. How strongly then must the feelings be affected when the subject is so raised by all the accessories which can add to its novelty and awfulness; when the most remarkable regions of the earth, the cradle of one of the earliest religions of mankind, the ultimate abode of a mythology which still has credence among one tenth of the people of the earth,—when the mighty, celebrated, and sacred Jumna and Ganges, are traced to their snowy birth-place, for the first time, by a European footstep.

The Himala range of mountains is in every way worthy of attention; as now the last boundary between the British power in Asia and the jealous empire of China; as a phenomenon in the grand structure of our globe; as replete with extraordinary productions of nature, and as the ground on which remarkable variations in the great families of the human race meet and mingle. No notice from such a site can be otherwise than valuable; and though the author, in a very diffident preface, and frequently in the body of his work, laments his scientific deficiencies, we may say that, with a few exceptions as to manner, we have found him abounding in useful information, eminently instructive as a geographer and topographer, entertaining as a historian, and pleasing and, unassuming as a relator of facts, which in the course of a hitherto unexplored route came under his own observation.

Such is in our opinion a fair character of this volume; whence, passing over the details of the Nepal war, which has annihilated the Ghoorka tyranny in these parts for ever, and what relates to the lower districts, we shall for the present, extract only a few passages descriptive of the author's journey to Gungtore, near the source of the Bhagiruttee (the principal fount of the Ganges), in the centre of the range of the Himala, called Roodroo Himala.

In ascending to this stupendous altitude, Mr. Frazer and his party, experienced that difficulty of breathing, which is felt on reaching the height beyond the region of vegetation, and which, notwithstanding that circumstance, the natives very strangely attribute to the perfume of flowers! The author says,

It was ludicrous to see those who had laughed at others yielding, some to lassitude, and others to sickness, yet endeavouring to conceal it from the rest. I believe I held out longer than any one; yet after passing this gorge every few paces of ascent seemed an insuperable labour, and even in passing along the most level places my knees trembled under me, and at times even sickness of stomach was experienced. The symptoms it produced were various: some were affected with violent headache; others had severe pains in the chest, with oppression; others sickness at the stomach and vomiting; many were overcome with heaviness, and fell asleep even while walking along. But what proved the fact that all this was the effect of our great elevation, was, that as we lowered our situation, and reached the region of vegetation and wood, all these violent symptoms and pains gradually lessened and vanished. The appearance of the higher cliffs, however, both snowy and rocky, and the sensations of this day, proved most satisfactorily that it would be a very arduous undertaking, if not an impracticable one, to ascend even nearly to the tops of these loftiest hills. We could not have been within several thousand feet of even those peaks of snow which were tolerably near us.

The vegetable productions of this day's march are very various, and many of them new, and differing from those formerly met with. Two flowers particularly attracted attention. One was called *goo-gool*, and grew somewhat like the common flat thistle, with leaves radiating from a centre like a sun, in which centre grew a flower, on a level with the flat leaves, and much resembling the blossom of a pine-apple. This plant is held in much religious veneration. The other was a very curious one; a stalk covered with large and long leaves, somewhat like those of a primrose, ended in a cup like that of a tulip, but which appeared merely the continuation of those leaves closing, and forming the petals of a very noble flower, in the centre of which the stamens and pistil were seen. The leaves which compose this flower have a green tinge at their insertion like those on the stalk, but the middle and higher parts are black and yellow, as is the centre of the cup, but more vivid. It is called by the hill people *brimah counla*, because, as the guide informed us, it was like the rajah among the other flowers; the "sequitur," of which I vain searched for, particularly as I could get no translation of the component parts of this name. It has since been suggested to me that the name is *brimah counla*, the latter part of which (*counla*) means the flower of the lotus plant, from which Brimah was produced at the commencement of creation,

according to Hindoo mythology, and therefore of course a flower held in high esteem, which caused its being likened to a rajah among the flowers.

Various, rich, and lovely were the myriads of large and smaller blossoms which decked these wild scenes, and I much regret my inability to give their names and botanical descriptions. Many varieties of the primrose and polyanthus, many orchids, and others resembling our common meadow flowers, grew in profusion. The only other plant, however, that I shall notice, is one which was found on the very extreme verge of vegetation alone: like the *goo-gool* it was low, but not quite flat, perhaps about four inches high, somewhat resembling a thistle just blooming; but the leaves did not lie on the ground; they shrouded the blossom, which was enveloped in a thick covering like the web of a spider, which, spangled with dew, had a most singular appearance. The root was small, but firmly fixed in the ground: it displayed no colour but a brownish green. I could not obtain any name for this very curious mountain production. It seems to delight only in the close vicinity to the snow. During this day's march no living thing was seen except the monals, which flocked together, and which I suspected to be of a species somewhat different from that which is met with lower down. They sat on the gray stones like ptarmigans on the loftiest hills at home, and in the short brown moss and grass looked exactly like grouse. I shot only one young one, which was a little larger, but precisely like a young moorcock or blackgame, but could not succeed in killing any of the older birds.

The scenery of the upper parts, mentioned in the first of these quotations, is afterwards painted with a pencil which fills the mind with ideas that shrink the boldest landscape of Salvator into a wart as compared with Ossa.

It is not easy to describe the change of scene effected by this change of situation: not only is luxuriant foliage more rare, all rich and lively greens giving way to the dark brown of the fir, which spots the face of the rock, but even that rock is evidently more continually acted on by the severity of the storms. Instead of being covered with rich and varied hues, the effect of lichens and the smaller herbage, that usually clothe and variegate even a precipice, the rocks here are white, gray, red, or brown, the colour of their fracture, as if a constant violence was crumbling them to pieces. Their sharp and splintered pinnacles spire up above the general mass: their middle region and feet are scantily sprinkled with the sombre unvarying fir-tree; while the higher parts, retiring from the view, present little more than brown rock, except where a lofty mass of snow overtops them, and calls to our recollection how nearly and completely we are surrounded by it. No green smiling valleys yield their waters to the river: the white and foul torrents which swell its stream pour their troubled tribute through chasms cleft in the solid

rock, or are seen tumbling down its face, from the snow that gives them birth.

The whole scene casts a damp on the mind: an indefinite idea of desert solitude and helplessness steals over it: we are, as it were, shut out from the world, and feel our nothingness. Like the scenes they are placed among, the inhabitants of this village are wild in their appearance, and uncouth in their manners; but there is no essential difference between them and those with whom we have heretofore met. I met, indeed, with one or two who were peculiarly intelligent; but their language forms a considerable obstacle to taking advantage of their acuteness: it was still Hindoostanee, but so dignified by accent and dialect, and altered by new terminations and expletives, that it was difficult to understand the simplest sentences without an interpreter, or frequent repetitions. The Pandit was not only an intelligent man, but gave his information in the most intelligible language. Their dress is the same as that of the peasantry at Cursalee, black and gray blankets of coarse wool.

Just at the entrance to this village I found a true gooseberry-bush, a plant I had long looked for without success: it was to all appearance wild and neglected; but there was fruit nearly ripe on it, small and sour; and there could not be a shadow of doubt concerning the plant. Thus almost all the European garden fruits had now been recognized in these hills.

It is related that, about thirty-five years ago, a band of four or five hundred men from Bhurassoo, and the remote parts of Gurkhal, made an incursion through the hills into the Chinese country, with a view to plunder the cattle. I could obtain but few particulars, either relating to their route, or to the length of time they were absent; but they did effect their purpose, and brought back a good many sheep. This, if true, itself proves that there are passes, besides those which are well known and frequented, through these hills, which lead into the Chinese territories, and that, though difficult, it is yet practicable to bring even small animals by those routes.

There is an acknowledged, though small portion of that territory which approaches very near to this place, not more distant, it is said, than one day's journey; but it is a mere desert, an uninhabitable mass of rock, no village being within many days' march.

(To be continued.)

#### BROWN'S ANTIQUITIES OF THE JEW.

Having, in our last Number, quoted enough to indicate the style and nature of this publication, especially as applying to the manners of the Hebrew people, we shall only offer one extract more, on the treatment of the dying; and conclude with a singular passage on the most important of all subjects to a Christian reader, touching one of the greatest miracles at the death of our Saviour.

Visiting the sick was enjoined to be neither in the three morning, nor in the three evening hours, from motives of delicacy and convenience for the distressed, and when they went, they commonly said, "God pity you, and all the sick among the Israelites." If the person was dangerously ill, either the friends or some Rabbi discoursed with him on subjects suited to his situation; and if near death, they had a formula for the confession of sin, which is given by Buxtorff: for they considered a natural death as the expiation of all his sins; a doctrine which, although it might soothe the patient with a false hope, was yet of dangerous tendency to his eternal interests. At the approach of death, the person dying assembled his children round his bed and blessed them, well knowing that the heart was then susceptible, and that the instructions of a dying parent might be remembered when his body was mouldering in the grave. The patient then, if not formerly, made his will, bequeathing his property equitably among his children, and if he was rich, he gave legacies to the poor, for the endowment of schools, and for the erecting of synagogues. They had a strange custom of changing the name of a person before he died, the reason of which will be seen in the following prayer: "O God, take pity on N, and restore him to his former health; let him be called henceforth O; let him be glad in his new name, and let it be confirmed to him. Be pleased, we intreat thee, O God, that this change of name may abolish all the hard and evil decrees against him, and destroy the bad sentence. If death be decreed upon N (his former name), it is not decreed upon O (his present one). If an evil decree was made against N, lo, this hour, he is another man, a new creature, and, like a child, born to a good life and length of days." In the prospect of death, the patient was never left alone, that he might receive advice and every attendance; and when about to expire, the nearest relation, or dearest friend, closed his eyes, and kissed him. Hence Philo, when relating Jacob's complaints on the unexpected death of Joseph, makes him say, that "He will not have the comfort of closing his eyes, and giving him the last embrace."

**Treatment between the death and funeral.**—When the person had breathed his last, the nearest relations tore their upper garment from head to foot, but the spectators tore about a handbreadth in length on the left side, which was also a heathen practice. Immediately upon the decease, dismal cries were raised by the people in the house and their neighbours, who thronged in on hearing of the event; and at the death of persons in better condition, women were hired to howl, and sing doleful ditties, in which honourable mention was made of the age, beauty, strength, courage, virtues, and actions of the deceased, with the intention of increasing the sorrow of the afflicted relations; and minstrels were employed to accompany them with instruments of music. But what kinds of lamentations these were, will be best understood by the following extracts from Sir John Chardin's manuscript observations, as

quoted by Harmer: "I was lodged, in the year 1676, at Ispahán, in Persia, near the royal square. The mistress of the house next mine died at that time in the night. The moment she expired all the family, to the number of 25 or 30 people, set up such a furious cry, that I was quite startled. These cries continued a long time, and then ceased all at once. They began again at daybreak, as suddenly, and in concert. It is this suddenness which is so terrifying, together with a greater shrillness and loudness than one can easily imagine." In Barbary they term this screaming *scoullah wao*, because it consists in the repetition of that word.—But let us attend to their care of the corpse. The first thing done was to extend the body on a cloth, on the floor or table, with the face covered, and to wash it with a warm infusion of camomile flowers and dried roses. This was done for two reasons; to restore life if suspended, and to make the perfumes enter the pores more easily. Women were the persons formerly employed in this office, and hence the two Marys went to the sepulchre of our Lord, but afterwards it was thought more decorous to employ persons of the same sex. When the washing was completed it was laid on a table, all the vents shut up, and the body embalmed. This embalming was different according to the rank or vanity of the deceased. The most common way was to anoint the body with a solution of some odoriferous drugs, and wrap it in linen; but to persons of affluence, spices in great abundance were used. Thus Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, because they were wealthy, and wished to do honour to Jesus, wrapped his body in a linen cloth, with a hundred pounds weight of myrrh and lign aloes, which was said to be the manner of the Jews to bury; not that they all employed so many spices, but thereby implying that they merely wrapped the body in spices, and did not embowel it. The two Marys, not knowing what was done by these worthy men, and never suspecting a resurrection, had also prepared spices and ointments. After the washing with water and embalming, the body was bound up in grave-clothes, and laid in an upper chamber. The shrouds were either simple or magnificent, according to circumstances, and sometimes they retained their ordinary clothes, or were buried in a shroud of their own preparing. But although embalming, by being wrapped in spices, was the usual way of the Jews to bury, it was not the only one, for they also embowelled, in the manner of the Egyptians, and the common way of doing of it was this: "The body was given to the embalmers, who first took out the brains and entrails, and washed them in palm wine, impregnated with strong assurgent drugs; after which they began to anoint the body with oil of cedar, myrrh, cinnamon, and cassia, and this lasted thirty days. They next put it into a solution of nitre for forty days longer, so that they allowed seventy days to complete the embalming; after which they wound it up in swathes of linen, besmeared with gum. Being then able to resist putrefaction, it was delivered to the relations, inclosed in a paper or

wooden figure, somewhat resembling a coffin, and laid in the catacomb or cave belonging to the family. Thevenot says, that "the mummy he examined had above a thousand ells of filleting about the body, besides what was wrapped about the head." The ancient Jewish method seems to resemble the modern eastern practice, however, rather than the ancient Egyptian, which, according to Dr. Perry, consists in wrapping up the body in two, three, or more different sorts of stuffs, according to the circumstances of the deceased, with spices intermixed.—

Those who were engaged in preparing the body for burial were considered ceremonially unclean for seven days; the first three more so than the remaining four, and on the last of the first three days they were sprinkled with water, in which were some of the ashes of the red heifer. According to Sir John Chardin, however, the Persians carry matters farther after the death of their kings, for they displace (mazouli) the physicians and astrologers; the first for not having driven away death, and the second for not having predicted it; and he very ingeniously conjectures that Daniel had been displaced, or mazouli, on the death of Nebuchadnezzar, which was the reason why he was unknown to Belshazzar the son, but well known to the queen his mother, who had seen him frequently, and knew his worth in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, her husband.—From the time that the corpse was shrouded, and taken to an upper chamber, it lay upon a bed till the time of burial, and was either in greater or less state, according to circumstances. If poor, it lay upon a plain bed, in an open coffin or bier; but if rich, on a magnificent bed, and in a magnificent coffin, open to the inspection of all who chose to visit it.

#### At the funeral—

When come to the sepulchre, they said, "Blessed be God, who formed thee, fed thee, preserved thee, and has taken away thy life. O dead! He knows the number of thy members, and shall one day restore thy life. Blessed be he who takes away life and restores it." They then placed the coffin on the ground, walked round it seven times, repeated a prayer, and sometimes an oration, recounting his virtues; the relations threw a handful of earth upon the bier, and in places where burial was used after the present manner of inhumation, they filled up the grave, consigning the dust of their relation to the dust of death. Coffins were not in general use in Judea, nor are they general even at present in the East. They were very ancient, indeed, in Egypt among the great, and were made of sycamore wood, or of a kind of pasteboard, formed by folding and gluing cloth together a number of times, which were curiously plastered, and then painted with hieroglyphics. But in Judea they seem to have been contented with wrapping the body closely in spices, and carrying it to the grave, like the widow of Nain's son, in a bier, from whence it was taken to be laid in the sepulchre; or, if poor, it was tumbled into the grave, and the bier brought back for

further use. Hence a coffin to Joseph was looked upon as an honour.—Before leaving the churchyard, the modern Jews each pluck up three handfuls of grass, and throwing it behind them say, "They shall flourish like the grass of the earth." They also, in some places, throw dust on their heads, and say, "We shall follow thee as the order of nature shall require." At a burial none saluted each other, and when they retired, then began the standings and sittings, as they were called, by which the company comforted the relations. The number of persons which composed the minivan in this duty was ten; but it might be as many more as pleased. The common number consisted of all the company, and the custom was, at each sitting and standing, for the relations to sit, and the company to stand round them, and weep aloud. Between the grave and the house were seven of these sittings and standings, and they might not be nearer each other than what could contain four cabs of seed, which was fixed to be thirty-three cubits and two hand-breadths broad, by fifty cubits long, or, as others explain it, the distance between them was regulated by circumstances, but the space allowed them to stand on was of that extent, that they might not be interrupted by the persons who passed.

The entertainment of the company invited to the funeral did not precede, but follow the solemnity. Among the heathen it was over or around the grave, but the Jews had it at home. This entertainment was commonly liberal: they drank two cups of wine before it, five while eating, and three after; at least they had the offer of so many. But as this implied greater abundance than was in the power of many to give, the want was supplied by the liberality of their neighbours, both as a mark of sympathy, and in the expectation that they would return the compliment when themselves should be visited with a similar affliction.

The passage to which we have above alluded relates to the eclipse at the crucifixion of Jesus Christ.

This darkness was not confined to Judea, for we read of a heathen philosopher, in a distant land, who on seeing it, and knowing that it could not be occasioned by an eclipse, exclaimed, "Either the God of nature suffers, or the frame of the world is dissolving." I shall conclude the article with an extract from the *Tracts* of Mr. James Fergusson, well known for his popular writings on various branches of Natural Philosophy. "I find by calculation," says he, "that the only passover full moon, which fell on a Friday from the twentieth year after our Saviour's birth to the fortieth, was in the 4764th year of the Julian period, which was the thirty-third year of his age, reckoning from the beginning of the year next after that of his birth, according to the vulgar era; and the said passover full moon was on the third day of April. Phegon informs us, that in the 2024 Olympiad, or 4764th year of the Julian period, there was an eclipse the same as this mentioned here, which could be no other than this; for an ordinary one never totally

hides the sun from any one part of the earth above four minutes. Besides, it must have been miraculous, because no eclipse ever happens at full moon, it being at that time in the opposite side of the heavens." One is pleased to hear the sentiments of a person so well qualified to judge.

We finish as we began, with recommending this book as a sensible, useful, and sound compilation, well calculated to please the grave and inform the general reader.

#### *Prince Hoare's Memoirs of Granville Sharp, Esq.*

This volume has been published since our last Number appeared, and we continue the extracts there begun. "Among his (Mr. Sharp's) MSS. is one thus inscribed, 'A letter by G. S. to the Author of a Tract on Prophecy, entitled, *Application of a Prophecy in the eleventh Chapter of Daniel to the French War.*' To this superscription is added, in the hand writing of Mr. Sharp, the following notice, which discloses a circumstance, probably little known, and of no common stamp in the annals of the political world. 'The anonymous writer, to whom this letter was addressed by G. S., as an *unknown Author*, very soon afterwards acknowledged the receipt of it, as well as his full approbation of the contents. That author was the *late very worthy and learned Spencer Perceval, Esq.* at that time his Majesty's Solicitor-General, but afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer. During all the time of his last high and important office of Prime Minister, he steadily maintained a just and proper sense of the anti-Christian principles of the papal apostacy, and regularly, to the day of his death, opposed the false and mistaken benevolence of the inconsiderate advocates for what they call *Catholic Emancipation.*'"

Some additional, though less important, memoranda, taken from these manuscript Notes, for which no place in the narrative obviously-presented itself, are proper to be here added, as contributing to the display of his opinions and affections, and of his constant and various actions.

"1786. May 26. Met Dr. B., who talked of Dr. Johnson in the highest terms. When I replied, that I thought he was apt to build arguments on false foundations, and contrary to natural rights, he said, 'Dr. Johnson thinks, that the *garrulosity* of the people about their rights did infinite harm, and is injurious to good government and morality.' Thus the quondam professed advocate for popular rights and liberty has swallowed the perverted notions of the *prisoners*, and indiscriminately adopted his groundless sophistry, in favour of passive obedience, and, in his own words, *garrulosity.*'"

"1786. January 10. Mr. Strasburg, a Jew, read the two texts on Jeremiah exactly like myself.

"11th. Called on Mr. Shiph, priest of the Portuguese synagogue.

"12th. On Mr. Moses, priest of the Dutch synagogue.

"16th. Read to Mr. Shiph, the priest of the Portuguese synagogue, the answer to the queries which he gave me.

"1793. July 16. Attended at Guildhall, and was bound to prosecute the young man and boy who picked my pocket on the 11th. Jocelyn, the constable, swore to the fact. I only swore to my property, and that I had lost my handkerchief.—(The trial about the 31 of September.)

"June 28th. Called on Mr. King, the American Ambassador, to enforce the necessity of *frank-pledge* in America.

"1798. May 18. Society for Propagation of the Gospel: spoke to the Archbishop about schools at Sierra Leone.

"September 3. Colonel Tatcham called about his new work of embanking fens, &c. Sat the whole morning, from half-past eleven to three o'clock, in searching etymology of words for him.

"1804. December 8. The Bishop of St. Asaph called upon me, and has consented to form a compendium of my rules for the Hebrew Syntax."

"1806. October 8. Wrote to the Bishop of St. David's about forming a compendium of Hebrew Grammar and Syntax, which the Bishop of St. Asaph (Howley) had undertaken, of whose death I was informed last night.

"1813. Jan. 14. The whole morning with Mr. Way, at my chambers, talking on religious subjects.

We have not left ourselves room to speak of Mr. S.'s private life. It was as amiable as his public life was admirable. We select a few descriptive passages.

"After the last meeting of the *Protestant Union* in 1813, Mr. Sharp's efforts were few. He had for some months experienced a failure of quick recollection, wholly unusual to his ready and methodized intellect. At the meetings of the African Institution, he rarely took any share in the discussions; and, though he was welcomed with a respect approaching to veneration, the advantages, which his powerful mind had so long continued to afford, were no more to be gained from his presence. At those of the Bible Society, though he did not wholly forbear to express his sentiments, his arguments were vague; his reason wandered from its aim; and regret and silence were all that was left to his hearers, when he ceased to speak. He seemed, however, less aware than his friends, of the rapid change that was taking place, and he persevered in a strict attendance on the public meetings of both establishments. These exertions were contemplated by his anxious family with a dread which the affections of our nature prompt on such occasions. They entreated him to desist; but in vain: he could not consent to yield a post which he thought it his duty to maintain. One effort, at length, which had nearly proved fatal to him, turned the scale, and compelled him to submission."

"The term which bounds mortality now rose to Granville's view. But, although formed, by the fixed habits of a pious mind,



to a submissive acknowledgment of the dispensations of Providence, and a cheerful resignation to the Divine will, he beheld the approach of death not wholly without emotion. The ardent prosecution of his religious studies had gradually led him to indulge a persuasion, which many of sainted memory have felt, that the epoch foretold in Scripture, when the reign of holy men shall be established on the earth, was on the eve of its commencement. He conceived that it might even precede the natural period of his own earthly existence. The encouragement of this favourite idea had tended incessantly to exempt him from the apprehensions of a time, when the consciousness of Being was to be suspended under the hand of death. That expectation was now shaken—in *what degree* shaken, or how far the soothing image might yet have continued to impress his soul with belief, during the remaining portion of his existence here, is known only to that All-seeing Mind, to whom the hearts of men are open, and who, amidst the darkness of decline and death, is to the righteous an everlasting light and glory\*.

"The distress, which the approaching loss of this excellent man brought on a house of which he was now the sole male representative, needs not be described. He was attended with the most faithful care and tenderness; and the even, although rapid, decay of life within him, allowed almost to its last hour the melancholy pleasure of viewing him still forming a part of the small domestic circle, at the once happy mansion of Fulham. On the day preceding his death, he breakfasted as usual with the family. His weakness was much increased; and he was several times obliged to lie down on his bed during the course of the afternoon. He appeared often to labour for breath. Night, and partial repose, came on. In the morning, his countenance was changed—in colour only;—in expression, it remained unaltered. About four o'clock in the afternoon he fell into a tranquil slumber, in which, without a struggle or a sigh, he breathed his last. His decease was a

"\*An anecdote of an extraordinary nature is related of Mr. Sharp on the above-mentioned point. From an opinion which he had adopted, of the striking resemblance of many actual circumstances of his own time to those which, in the scriptural prophecies, are believed to announce the happy state of the good on earth, he had encouraged in his mind a belief that the desired period was speedily approaching, and once, in the fervour of his hopes, declared its probable arrival in the coming spring. Being then in company with several ministers of the Gospel, he was asked by one of them if he did not speak of these things *foolishly*. 'Not at all,' was his reply, 'but as a positive truth.' Mr. H—, a Baptist preacher, exclaimed, 'What would we give, Mr. Sharp, for such a faith as yours!'

"† Some circumstances, just now communicated by a near relation, are too interesting to be wholly omitted.

"During the further decline of his strength, he frequently entered the room where the family were assembled, and, taking a seat near to them, continued—sometimes for hours—to look steadily on them, appearing pleased with be-

gratual (and, to those who watched around him, an imperceptible) decline into a total rest. He only ceased from his mortal state;—and who shall presume to judge, if the prepossession of his pure and holy feelings was not in that moment accomplished? He ceased from life, when that life could no longer be powerfully exerted to combat the pride, to promote the virtue, and enlarge the happiness, of his fellow-creatures. May it not be pardonable to think, that Providence had allotted to a creature of so pure a spirit the entire development and use of his high faculties in this his station, and that their exhaustion was the signal of his departure? The talent, which had been entrusted to him, was faithfully disbursed, and he returned to the bosom of the Giver.

"He expired on the 6th July, 1813.

*Erratum.* In our last the date of James Sharp's letter p. 353, col. 3, should have been 1775 not 1755.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Extract of a Letter from the Cape of Good Hope.—Cape Town, October 24, 1819.*—On the 4th September, the first stone of a new Exchange was laid with great ceremony. His Excellency the Governor, who laid the foundation, and all the superior civil and military authorities were present, and also a great crowd of spectators of all classes. On the 5th August a market was held for the first time with a savage nation, the Bricquas, who are of a much darker colour than the Hottentots. It took place at Kook Fontein, lasted from the 5th to the 10th, and ended to the satisfaction of both parties. The Bricquas sent a deputation to the Governor to thank him for this mark of his favour, and the value of the business transacted is estimated at fifteen thousand rix dollars. The savages amounted to about a hundred and twenty persons, besides five and twenty carriages, and about fifty teams of oxen. The English, on their side, brought with them, besides manufactured goods, tobacco, fruits, brandy, &c.

"We have a theatre here; at which was lately acted a piece called *Montoni*, or the *Castle of Udolpho*. The dresses and decorations were very superb, and the performances deserved great praise. The play was in the Dutch language. We are in expectation of a tragedy, called *Diego*, or the *Spanish Beggar*. There are ballets with every representation."

ing in their company, but without uttering a word.

"When on his death-bed, his two widowed sisters were his constant attendants. To the last he continued frequently to look at the family portraits, which hung round the room, with the most earnest and affecting expression, as if tracing the resemblances, and then naming them one by one—'My dear Father,' 'My good Mother,' 'My dear brother William.' These affectionate ideas seemed to occupy his mind to the latest moment."

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### METEORIC PHENOMENON.

In the night of the 11th of May some fishermen, who were engaged in the Shad fishery, at Neuenhof, near Coblenz, observed a very remarkable phenomenon. At midnight a light appeared over the firmament so brilliant, that the whole horizon seemed to be on fire: when this blaze had continued for some minutes, it drew together to a point, formed itself into a ball about the size of a grenade, which had a tail or train about an ell in length; the ball then darted with incredible velocity, and with very loud crackling and hissing, in nearly a horizontal position, but rather verging upwards, towards Andernach, and vanished in the mountains. They now heard, for about ten minutes, a crackling and thundering from the mountains, which at last slowly died away. The sky was again clear, and the stars shone bright as before the phenomenon.

A letter from Palermo says, that the Academy of that city had sent some persons to Mount Etna, who affirm that, while they stood on the crater of that volcano, they heard from it the thundering of the late eruption of Mount Vesuvius; which gives room to conjecture that these two volcanoes have some subterraneous communication with each other.

### NOTICE AND WARNING TO MARINERS.

The naval board at Amsterdam has just published the following extract from the Journal of the Ship *Sanarano*, Capt. Jan Scholtys, on a voyage from the Cape of Good Hope to Batavia.

*Aug. 4. 1818.*

At noon the south latitude as observed by six instruments was  $36^{\circ} 43'$ , on longitude by calculation  $52^{\circ} 41'$  E. of Greenwich; longitude by the chronometer  $51^{\circ} 4'$ . Toward 1<sup>h</sup> 3<sup>m</sup> P. M. we discovered to the S. E. by E. something rising above the surface of the sea, and as it appeared to us when viewed through the telescope to be a rock, we steered towards it, and found when we had approached within half a league, that it was really a very considerable one inhabited by a number of birds of different kinds. On the east, as well as on the west side, it had a reef; the direction of E. N. E. and W. S. W., of which that on the east side was a little under water, extended about half a league from the rock to the E. N. E. and caused very little surf; and the more so, as we had very fine weather and little wind. That on the W. S. W. side stretches about half a league into the sea, rises above the surface in two or three small pointed rocks, and has a great surface.

This rock, or sand-bank (*droogte*), is marked in the English chart of the Indian Ocean by J. W. Nouë, in 1814, in latitude  $36^{\circ} 55'$  and longitude  $52^{\circ}$  east of Greenwich, and there called "Atlantes Shoal, doubtful." The mean of our estimated longitude and that of the chronometer is  $51^{\circ} 52'$  east of Greenwich, and according to Dutch calcula-

tion, 08° 37' east of the Peak of Teneriffe, which is very nearly the same, and thus differs only 12' in latitude and 8' in longitude, from Atlantis Shoal. As one of our boats had been washed away by a heavy sea, and we could not have hoisted out the other without great trouble and loss of time, we were unable to approach the sand-bank to bring away any production, stones or the like as a proof of its existence, as it is indicated in the English chart as doubtful; but we are convinced of its existence, and have named it Scholly's Rock, in honor of him who was properly the first discoverer. We have all signed this account, which we are ready to certify on oath, if required.

[Then follow the signatures.]

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

Calcutta, 7th Sept. 1819.

At a meeting of the Asiatic Society, at which the Marquis of Hastings presided, 5th Sept. last, among other papers—A letter was read from Dr. Wallich, transmitting descriptions of several plants, by Dr. Govan, Superintendent of the Botanical Gardens at Saharanpore, to which additional remarks are appended by Dr. Wallich. In the observation on the *Aconite*, called by the natives *Berkh*, or *Beez*, it is said that the idea of its effluvia affecting the air, so as to produce deleterious effects upon those exposed to it, is very prevalent among the inhabitants of Bissapore and Gurhwal. Dr. Govan having been himself, as well as all those who accompanied him, repeatedly exposed both during the day and night to its influence, without having ever experienced any inconvenience, he is inclined to attribute this belief to the circumstance of the plants always occurring at very high elevations, where, we are informed by the highest authority, great inconveniences, similar to those believed to be produced by it, are often felt, viz. giddiness, fainting, somnolency, and difficult respiration; the latter of which symptoms has been usually ascribed to rarefaction of the air, and said to occur when the body remained perfectly at rest. The plant occupies the highest situation in the forest belt investing the sides of the Himalaya, Dr. Govan never having met with it much below where the barometer stood at 19 inches. With regard to his own personal experience of the effects above mentioned, and that of the people who accompanied him in crossing the Himalaya by the Role or Panning Pass in Bissapore, where the barometer stood at 17 inches,—after passing the night, at what he conceived the upper limit of perpetual snow, he can assert that no other inconvenience or difficult respiration was felt, than what was the necessary result of the exertion in ascending, and which ceased whenever the body remained at rest.\* On one occasion a degree of sickness and giddiness was experienced, with anxiety of respiration, not

during the exertion of ascending, and several of the servants would willingly have remained behind to sleep for a short time on the snow; but here the plant was not to be found for many miles, and as the situation was much inferior in elevation to that above mentioned (the barometer having only sunk to 19 in.) Dr. Govan could not help attributing the sensations experienced to the exertion of walking more than ankle deep among snow for nearly six hours, during which the feet were benumbed, and the head exposed to the very powerful action of the rays of the sun. This was in crossing Manjee-ke-khanda, between the Tunes and Tinnontri, in the beginning of October, 1818. *Aconite* is imported into the plains, and sold at the rate of one rupee the seer. It is used in chronic rheumatism, by the native practitioners.

## FINE ARTS.

### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

This Exhibition augments our respect for the judicious zeal which the Directors of the British Institution have manifested for the promotion of their magnificent object, from the commencement of their plans; and we are the more ready to pay them this tribute, being aware of the difficulties that attend the collecting together, and selecting such continued stores of pictures, for the gratification of the public. We feel assured, that the good and the wise will applaud their exertions, which must ultimately produce that general diffusion of taste, so much desired, and so essential to the growth of genius, and the perfection of art. Had such a body of noble and distinguished patrons as that which constitutes the British Institution, appeared half a century ago, in support of the enlarged views of our late sovereign in his regard for the Fine Arts, what might not British genius have achieved ere this? Then had Proctor not died neglected, nor Wilson wanted bread; nor would that genuine child of nature, Gainsborough, have been compelled to quit the sylvan haunts, where he delighted to exercise his rare talent, to ply his reluctant pencil in the study of portraiture.

But happily, we live in "better days," when modern art, as a marketable commodity, commands a higher price\* than the works of ages past. When native talent is sought, to meet its highest desert,—when the pictures of Ward, Turner, Calcraft, Wilkie, Collins, Mulready, Birt, and many other

\* This is a gratifying fact. The experience of the last three years has abundantly proved that the pictures of the Old Masters, excepting where they are of the highest merit—unequivocally so, are sold by comparative superficial measurement, at a fourth, or even a tenth of the sum awarded for the works of native artists.

The elegant pen of the worthy author of *RHYMES ON ART* has mainly contributed to this happy change; and we congratulate him on the beneficial influence, his generous exertions for the profession of which he is so distinguished a member, has wrought on public taste.

distinguished artists, whose pencils, employed in the delightful pursuits of their own imagination, find patrons that do honor to the age that has produced the talent they cherish;—when the sister art, Poetry, too, no longer pining in obscurity, smiling steps forth in native grace, and hand in hand with Painting, is invited to partake of the substantial consideration of the world:—This then is the epoch, the "consummation so devoutly wished," when the first ranks of the country munificently condescend to do the kind offices of agents for the concerns of taste, and devote their time and fortune to promote the interests of genius.

We are gratified to observe, the first portrait that heads this catalogue of British worthies, is that of our late sovereign.—For to his majesty must be ascribed this felicitous change in the affairs of taste; as no sovereign since the time of that unfortunate king whose love of *vergi* induced Vandyke, and other illustrious painters to sojourn in England, has done so much for the Arts.

What we owe to our late king, may now be expressed without the apprehension of censure on the score of flattery. He, nobly superior to religious or political prejudices, disdaining the idle speculations of cold philosophy, determined to extend his fatherly protection to all his deserving subjects; nor feared, that to encourage those pursuits that give the last finish to man in an age of improvement, would weaken the energies of the manufacturer or the commercialist, or lessen the martial spirit of the rising generation, or in any way curb the enterprising souls of Britons. His wisdom, superior to the notions of the worldly wise, foresaw that the cultivation of genius in all the elegant pursuits that become the moral man, was not incompatible with national glory. Hence, architecture, painting, poetry, music, and all the arts and sciences, may, talent in all the ramifications of polite study, have most flourished whilst commerce increased beyond example; whilst our great naval and military achievements have astonished mankind; and when religion and virtue, under the banners of this king of BLESSED MEMORY, had "fought the Good Fight," and restored peace and reason to a disturbed world!

These general reflections are meant to preface anecdotal and biographical notices of this interesting gallery, in our next; and which may form a sort of sequel to the excellent historical catalogue of the Institution.

### ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 123. *View in the Vale of Chamouny, &c.* No. 150. *An Evening View, with Mont Blanc in the distance, &c.*—Sir G. Beaumont, Bart. II.

The knowledge and taste displayed by Sir Geo. Beaumont, as well as by several others of our amateur artists, are widely different from those acquisitions which suffice for the theoretical prattle of the connoisseur; and display in fact the thorough practice of the regular professor, arriving at the same degree of excellence by the same arduous means. The view in the Vale of Chamouny is a variety in the studies of Sir G. Beaumont;

\* May not the properties attributed to the Ups-tree, be accounted for on grounds equally natural and rational?

those which have principally met our eye from his pencil, have been compositions in which the localities of nature were always preserved, along with the union of other qualities of art, such as breadth, firmness of pencil, and harmony of colouring. The first of the views before us partakes of these qualities in an eminent degree; and there is superadded the singular and abstract effect of the scene, in which the contrast of warm and cold objects is brought to harmonize by the most skillful management.

In the Evening View, No. 150, we imagine Sir G. Beaumont has kept Wilson in his eye. It is a sketch of great promise, and we hope to see it realized on a more ample scale at a future period.

No. 361. *The Castle of Chillon, on the Lake of Geneva.*—Rev. W. H. Carr. H.

This appears to us an effort of a picture of Claude Lorraine, brought to bear upon a local view. This is an excellent mode of practice when not carried on too exclusively. The performance does great credit to the taste and skill of this gentleman. A little more firmness and decision of pencil might, we think, further assist his powers.

No. 315. *Study of Beech Trees in Knoll Park.*—H. Howard, R. A.

The painter of landscape was sometimes in the habit of recurring to the pencil of the historical painter for the introduction of his figures; but it seldom happens that the painter of portrait, or of history, has occasion to call in other powers than his own. The back grounds of both the one and the other necessitate this general practice; and we need only instance this Study as an example of the skill with which these varieties of art are managed. The effect, as well as the colouring, is well suited to the scene, in which character and simplicity equally prevail.

No. 338. *Portrait of a Lady preparing for a Masked Ball, attired in the Costume of Charles the First.*—J. Green.

This picture, both from its costume and arrangement, has the air of an interesting subject. It is painted with great care and skill, is rich and harmonious in its colouring, and creates great interest from its design and management.

No. 345. *A celebrated Horse, the property of — Wilson, Esq.*—A. Cooper, R. A. Elect.

More truth and simplicity, both of execution and design, were never, we think, produced; in this the charm of the work consists, and its power will be readily felt and acknowledged by all who see it.

No. 539. *The West Porch of the Cathedral Church at Remen, Normandy.*—H. Edridge.

This, and other edifices of a like kind in France, have been given with great accuracy and spirit by the pencil of Mr. Edridge, and add greatly to the stock of Gothic architecture with which this country has enriched the portfolio of the antiquary, and of the lovers of art.

No. 543. *Portrait of the Earl of Duchan.*—J. J. Managrace.

This, and 272, (Mrs. Elliot Drake) by the same artist, are very clever specimens of portraiture, though both unfortunately hung

so high as to disable the eye from distinguishing all their merits. The Earl of Buchanan's is an uncommon head, and seems to belong to a family of genius. The likeness of the Eskines is strong, and the lineaments those of intellect and intelligence.

**ASTIQUE ACADEMY.**—In this inconvenient and crowded room, where many pictures are hung and few are seen, and in which miniatures, drawings, and paintings in oil, all huddled together, solicit our regard; our notice has been attracted by specimens in each department highly deserving of attention.

The enamels by H. Bone, are in his usual style of ease and finish, exhibiting at once the varied characters of the different schools, and ensuring to posterity their lasting and unalterable record, by means of enamel painting; of which hazardous and tedious process it is but justice to say, that the improvement was first begun, and persevered in, till it reached the high and perfect state which it has now attained, by this eminent artist. See 466, &c.

No. 478. *Imitation of Three Ben Beliecos.*—F. Ferriere.

These beautiful imitations are only less perfect than those of bronze, exhibited last year by this artist; which, like the certain famous in ancient art, imposed alike upon the ignorant and the skilful. In the present objects of our notice, the failure seems to be in the quality of substance; they appear to have been studied from wax rather than from ivory.

No. 846. *Portrait of Master Hutcheson Atkinson.*—S. P. Denning.

This nearly circular miniature is no less conspicuous as a centre, than for its excellence as a work of art. Simplicity, strength, and character, mark its claims to applause.

No. 464. *Portrait of the Earl of Belfast.*—I. S. Rochard.

The character of this artist's pencil very much resembles that of the late Mr. Shelly, clear, fresh, and transparent.

No. 481. *Portrait of Mrs. Scott Moncrief.*—Edinburgh.—W. Nicholson.

One of the clearest and most tasteful whole length drawings we ever remember to have seen, and combines as much talent as the largest scale of painting exhibits.

#### WRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

The great picture, by Mr. Jerricault, 24 f. by 18, which represents the raft from the Medusa, on the 13th day after it was so inhumanly cut adrift, and its burthen of 150 souls reduced to 15, will be publicly exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, on Monday. From a previous view of it, we are enabled to intimate that it is one of the finest specimens of French Art, which have been seen in this country. For character, anatomy, nature, and interest, it is eminently conspicuous; and the fault of colour, with a few partial exceptions to the general merit, alone reminds us of the school to which the performance belongs. The drawing is admirable, and a group of the wretched party throwing out the signal to the vessel which finally rescued them, belongs to the highest

class of painting. Indeed the whole pertains to the true epic; and the tragical subject loses none of its force under the hands of the artist. As present we have no space for detail. The Morgue seems to have been studied as far as it could be without exciting horror;—the head of a father is perhaps the worst, a dead negro the best thing, in the production.

*Extract of a Letter from Rome, dated 28th April, 1820.*—"You ask whether the establishment of an English Academy at Rome, would be beneficial to the arts of our country?—Certainly it would.—Those who urge as an argument on the contrary, the improved state of English art, and our actual wealth in pictures and statues, either have not had an opportunity of observing, or have not duly appreciated, the peculiar advantages offered to the student in Italy. England, it is true, is rich in examples of art; but how and where are they to be consulted? The liberality of some few of the nobility, in opening their collections occasionally for public inspection, is highly honorable to them, and will tend, undoubtedly, to the diffusion of general taste; but I doubt whether much advantage can result to the practical student, from observations made in the heat and throng of a fashionable assembly. The Royal Academy is miserably encumbered with petty regulations\*. The annual Exhibition at the British Institution supplies a wider range of facilities:—perhaps all that can be expected from an establishment whose materials are not fixed and permanent, as a national property. In Rome, on the contrary, the student may turn at all times to the galleries, without the chance of delay, disappointment, or interruption; and we all know the advantages of working from the immediate impression of great examples; but, setting aside the consideration of convenience, the intrinsic quality of the great works in high art, which are to be seen in Rome, and no where else, decides at once the question of that precedence which is due to her. It was here that the present school of France was formed; and the historic style of that school is undoubtedly superior to ours.—I do not allude to individual powers; for I am convinced that the Painters of England would leave, not only those of France, but those of all Europe, at an immeasurable distance, in the historic class of art, as they have already done in every other, if to their strong feeling for nature and executive force, were superadded that severity of conception and correctness of design which would result from the discipline of the Roman Academy. I have just seen a picture which is a full comment on, and confirmation of what I advance. I allude to Mr. Lane's immense picture of THE ANGEL APPEARING TO JOSEPH AND MARY IN EGYPT. Here the design of the artist had evidently been to combine the principles of the Roman and Venetian Schools; and his picture I am certain, will furnish a practical confutation of that hypothesis of Reynolds, which asserts those

\* Why does it not maintain several promising students at Rome.—Ed.

principles to be incompatible, whether in relation to the union of ideal character with the truth of nature, or the correct and determined discrimination of parts with general comprehension, and magnificence of effect. This performance ranks among the greatest examples of art which I have seen. On such works it is that a nation must rest the reputation of its graphic capabilities; but the combination of talents and resources necessary to produce them are not often the lot of any particular student. The magnificence of a nobleman (Lord de Dunstanville) has, I believe, enabled Mr. Lane to pursue his art through a long course of arduous and expensive studies. We shall see the effect; his work will be exhibited in the Pantheon here; and afterwards in London. Let public liberality keep pace with individual energy, and England will not long have to sustain the reproach of wanting an Historic School.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

A MAY MORNING.

Hail lovely morn, slowly you break  
Thro' bronzed clouds, and boldly take  
Thro' her empire from her, 'tis to make  
All nature glorious; for her sake  
Thou dost appear—How freshly green  
The shining leaves! Apollo's beam  
Burns from the east, and then is seen  
One golden flood, the mountain stream;  
And hark, the lark's blithe carolling  
Pours a delicious welcoming.  
While all around, the speckled thrush,  
And the sweet blackbird, gaily sing;  
Making the woods with music ring;  
And from you dew besprinkled bush  
The lively sparrow spreads her wing  
Upon some airy ramble;—there  
The insect tribe disport in air,  
Almost as light as the clear sky  
On which they flutter gracefully.  
Now from her bed of snowy hue  
The youthful village maid is ris'n,  
With glowing cheek and eyes so blue,  
They rival e'en the tints of heav'n.—  
From her window then she glances  
As her lover swift advances  
To meet the sparkling of her eyes,  
All radiant with delight and love,  
Tho' with a laugh of feign'd surprise  
She hides the joy, her blushes prove.  
See, feels she not the morning's power  
To introduce new happiness?  
When e'er where afflictions lower  
The mind an instant loses its distress:  
Behold the wretched captive, see  
How haggard on his couch of straw  
He lies in sleepless misery,  
A victim to despotic law;  
Yet when some bright resplendent streams  
Of light are dancing o'er his cell,  
When joyous dawn in smiling, gleams  
Thro' his grate like some bewitching spell—  
Oh! how his glories he must bless,  
That sweetly bring forgetfulness.  
And this is in the morning,  
Shedding its fairy hues of light,  
E'er' object fresh adorning,  
Making the beautiful more bright;  
Of late each feeling heart, the voice  
Of nature cries aloud 'rejoice.'

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

EDINBURGH.—NO. II.

DEAR JOHN,

I improve every day in my knowledge of the Scots, and every day they improve in my esteem; which I attribute to the enlargement of my views, and my liberality. The student has taken me all over Edinburgh, and shown me a good deal of high life, and low life; of both of which you will easily conceive that there is plenty, when I tell you that I breakfast with a learned doctor, in the first floor from heaven, that is to say, in the seventh story from the ground floor; (high notions you'll allow) and that I dined reels, and supped seven stories below the doctor. Such a breakfast, John! tea and coffee, eggs, hain, boiled fish, honey, marmalade, cold moor-fowl, dried fruit, besides a hundred kinds of bread. I think a fellow must be difficult indeed, if he is not pleased with such fare, tacked on to a hearty welcome.

The doctor is a young beginner, but no doubt he will soon get into practice, for he is very intimate with the fashionable undertaker here, who can introduce him, and then there may be a mutuality of service. Deadly bad, I hear you cry! But I assure you that all is fashion here, from the doctor and the doer, down to the coachmaker and to him whose vehicle is "the carriage after all."

Now lest you should suppose that the doctor and the doer are synonymous terms, I beg leave to tell you that the former is the physician, and the second the lawyer; both, as well as the undertaker, belonging to *grave* professions. Well, in spite of that, the Scotch have fine constitutions, and their lawyers are the honestest I ever met with. One of them recovered a debt for me, free, gratis, for nothing, only because he met me at a twenty-seventh High-land cousin's, whereas my attorney in London dined with me once, and then charged me for his dinner, and almost every word of our conversation.

At the ball below stairs, I expected to be quite the go, but I found that I fell short in my performance there, as well as in the scientific conversation, for every body reads, and every body dances, and learning is so cheap in the Scotch metropolises, that it is no wonder they call it the modern Athens: you may be served out at any price. By-the-by, talking of Athens, I never met with a *Greek* in Scotland: that's another good thing. But to return to dancing, the Scotch women dance with all their souls: such activity! such steps! such good timists! 'Tis admirable indeed! *Entre nous*, I have got a dancing master to give me private lessons, and you may take your oath that I shall be quite the *kick* at the Crown and Anchor. A very peculiar thing here is a practising, and a dancing master's ball; the former in the morning, the latter (of course) at night. There you may see as good dancing, for a mere trifle, as you can upon a London stage. They have what they call a *high dance*, which is inimitable. You see they are fond

of high things, high dances, high living, high stories, and (I assure you) high courage.

But what particularly interested me, is the peculiar character of maternity in which the Scotch dames excel so much. You may see aged grandmothers, and elderly mamas, with half a dozen, or a dozen of their children on the floor at once. The look of lore, of interest, of anxiety, of approbation, and even the tremulous wish that they should excel, do honor to the women of the country, and prove how much heart there is even in this little example. You may, (while, as the Scotch say) detect a look of intelligence between man and wife, kindling into the kindest expression, nay, a tincture of reflectiveness, as much as to say, "such were we, on these very boards, a few fleeting years back."

*Appropos*, the women call their husbands "my man," which you southern blades laugh at; but let me tell you, that there is something very fond in the term; very appropriate, very possessive; and I know some husbands amongst us who do not merit it, in any sense of the word. Happy the husband who is a good *man*! 'Tis a noble title!—From the practising, let me direct your attention to the theatre. It is very fair; but not much attended. I expected to find the mob all quietness; but the gods, as we call them, can kick up a dust even there.

As to the learned professions, why they'll knock you off a gross of Doctors in a morning! I went to see the ceremony, and we had 'em of all nations and colours. They've a grinding machine that hits 'em off to perfection! Mercy upon the poor patients! There was such a lot of 'em, that my Irish conductor, cried out "Oh! murder," as he saw them go up for examination.—They have very learned lectures, too, upon law, physic, divinity, chemistry, and I don't know what besides. What is most extraordinary is, that there is virtue in the *chair* of a professor, so that he who succeeds to it is sure to be a learned man. This virtue, too, goes by inheritance, like a name or an entailed estate, so that some of them descend regularly from father to son. How clever that must be! By the way, it runs in my head, that there is something in the old doctorial hat, which they put upon the candidate at graduation, and you'll allow that if they can thus put an old head on young shoulders, it is a wonderful effort of genius.

The Scotch students *ing* like dray horses, at their studies, but the rest of the pie-balled party of Irish West Indians, foreigners, yankees, &c. are the greatest bloods in the town; so that one would think they must have the merit of inspiration, if they out-do the others, which, nevertheless, is sometimes the case. My student, however, informs me that fashion goes a great way in medicine; so that it is only necessary to put a good face on the business, in order to succeed. I almost wish that I had been brought up to physic, instead of the counting-house, for I know that I have an accommodating manner, which the M. D.'s consider as the placebo, and which I am told is half the battle.

My landlady is an excellent woman. She

introduced me to a writer who "lives on and off with her," that is to say (for I am sure the term will puzzle you) they inhabit the same floor, which they call a land; and he kindly took me to a half uncle's in the country; one of the best fellows I ever met with. Mr. Muckleweir, the lawyer, promised to shew me his policy and his park; but to my great disappointment, the policy was nothing but a very small plantation, and the park was about two acres of grass-land without a tree in it. Well, but the inside of the house was well furnished, and he had as good a library and a cellar as any lord. I just looked over the one, and I slipped a little more into the other, by which means I got what they call *fove*.

After supper we had an exquisite thing which they call *plotty*, that is to say, a little plot against the brain, and it succeeded with me perfectly. I was somewhat mortified at one thing. The next morning, I dressed myself in a complete highland dress, belonging to a young officer, on a visit at Govanbank; and I expected to have attracted the eye of my landlord's niece, a very pretty girl; but she did nothing but laugh at me, whilst a foreigner present cried, "*Il n'est pas montagnard qui rent*!"—he is not a mountaineer who wishes to be one.

Recovered from my vexation, I was overwhelmed with hospitable attention, and I have set down Govanbank in my memorandum book, as one of the places to which my memory will pay a tribute of gratitude, whenever I think of it.—But the post hour approaches fast, and I must conclude. Therefore farewell, and believe me still,

Your faithful friend,

PETER FRIG.

## THE DRAMA.

**KING'S THEATRE.** A grand ballet, on the beautiful, classical, and mythological story of Cephalus and Procris, was brought out on Tuesday. The equally inconstant and equally constant pair, furnish a fine subject for the higher order of dance; and, both in execution and in scenery, this has been so ably produced, as to be one of the most attractive things of the kind ever performed at the King's Theatre. An Aurora scene is admirable.

The theatres are now principally devoted to Benefits; and many performers who have the foremost claims to public encouragement and reward, are, we fear at an unlucky time, when all minds are occupied with the higher drama of politics, before us for the annual acknowledgment of the delight and amusement their talents have afforded. At Covent Garden, Mr. C. Kemble, one of the most general, pleasing, and efficient actors that ever adorned the stage, took his night on Tuesday, but without any novelty. On Wednesday, that admirable comedian, Liston, had we trust that reason to laugh which the proverb assigns; for surely he deserved to win who had so often excited irresistible mirth in his audience. Last night Macready played *Macbeth*, for the first time—his own benefit—of which we shall render some account in our next.

At Drury Lane, the entertaining Don Giovanni does more than Lear, *Virginius*, tragedy or comedy; a strong proof, if any were wanting, that what is slight, agreeable, and humorous, is best suited to the taste of the present day. Madame Vestris, who acquits herself so well in it, had her benefit on Wednesday, and seemed to be rewarded by a full house.

Mr. Keau, we learn, is absolutely bound for America: his "last benefit" is, we hope, solemnly announced for Monday; and a rather egotistical piece is announced for it, in which, in the character of the *Admirable Crichton*, this phoenix of the drama is to give imitations, and display the universality of his attainments in fencing, dancing, singing, harlequinading, &c. &c. This will, we fancy, draw a bumper, and it will be a most deserved one; for though our opinion of Keau, as an actor, is not so enthusiastic as that of many, his rare merit, the service he has done the stage by exciting emulation, his power, energy, and passion, entitle him to the warmest testimony of public approbation.

**Vauxhall Gardens.**—On Wednesday commenced their season, though the weather is as yet unfavourable. Taylor, Miss Percy, a Mrs. Austin, and a Mr. Shaw, were the principal vocalists, and filled the orchestra with considerable effect. Madame Saqui again astonished the natives with fireworks and rupewalks.

## VARIETIES.

**Remains of a Giant.**—A few days since, as some workmen were employed in excavating Knightstone Rock, at Weston Super Mare, (an island lately purchased by Mr. Howe, of Bristol, for the construction of hot and cold baths) the skeleton of a man of enormous stature was discovered a few feet below the surface, and near it an antique earthen vessel, containing bones of a smaller size: the urn and the skull of the larger skeleton were unfortunately broken to pieces by the carelessness of the workmen; but many of the bones are preserved in possession of the curious. Conjecture is very busy as to the antiquity of these remains, and the character of the gigantic personage whose frame they once held together; some suppose they belonged to one of those giants, who, old historians assert, peopled this country many ages before the invasion of Caesar; but as there is an ill encumbrance hard by, which from its construction is probably of British origin, there is little doubt but they are the remains of an aboriginal soldier of distinction. Persons conversant with anatomy infer, from the size of the bones, that he must have been nearly nine feet high.—(*Provincial Journal*.)

**Scotch Bull.**—In the 26th number of Blackwood's Magazine, (May 1819), the following notice, under the head of literary and scientific intelligence, may be perceived by the learned and curious. "STREAM BOAT.—A trial was made at Milan, on the 19th of February, with a boat on a new construc-

tion, which moves either with or against the stream, by means of machinery, *without the aid of steam*, moved by the power of six men, carrying a load of one half of its own weight, which is stated to have answered every expectation." Bravo! a steam-boat without steam!

**English Bull.**—In the 7th volume of the Historic Gallery, a work published a few years ago, there is a print from Rubens' picture of the Education of Mary de Medicis. In the explanation of the plate the following *marceur* occurs:—"If the figures of the men, and particularly that of *Minerva*, exhibit those heavy shapes for which Rubens has been frequently reproached, the females are depicted with greater delicacy!!

**Curious Coincidence.**—In Percy's relics, vol. 1. p. 313. in the ballad of the Patient Countess, extracted from Warner's *Allison's England*, there are the following lines:—

The poor old couple wished their bread

Were wheat, their wish was pretty.

Does not this look like a prophetic anticipation of the great whig oracle, even by name?

A MOVING ORATOR.

Yes, Sir, your speech is moving, I must say,—See half your audience it has moved away.

**Imprudent on the Broken II in Pterodactyl.** Lights! lights! Wood's loyal mob in London reigns:

Heaven save our gracious queen, and all our panca.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JUNE, 1820.

**Thursday, 1**—Thermometer from 41 to 52. Barometer stationary at 29.72. Wind S. W. 2.—Morning clear, the rest of the day generally cloudy.

**Friday, 2**—Thermometer from 45 to 62. Barometer, from 29.75 to 29.77. Wind S. W. and W. 2.—Clouds generally passing with showers at times; heavy rain and hail in the evening.

**Saturday, 3**—Thermometer from 40 to 50. Barometer from 29.92 to 29.97. Wind W. 4 and W. B. N. 1.—Clouds generally passing. Rain fallen, 3 of an inch.

**Sunday, 4**—Thermometer from 45 to 53. Barometer from 30.05 to 30.09. Wind W. B. N. 4.—Generally cloudy. Rain fallen, 0.75 of an inch.

**Monday, 5**—Thermometer from 30 to 62. Barometer from 30.16 to 30.10. Wind N. N. W. 4 and S. W. 4.—Morning clear, the rest of the day generally cloudy.

**Tuesday, 6**—Thermometer from 48 to 59. Barometer from 30.00 to 30.27. Wind N. E. 4 and N. 2.—Generally cloudy; a misting rain at times. Rain fallen, 1.75 of an inch.

**Wednesday, 7**—Thermometer from 45 to 62. Barometer from 30.22 to 30.15. Wind W. 1. and N. W. 4.—Clouds generally overcast; sunshine at times. Rain fallen, 0.25 of an inch.

On Thursday June 15th, at 2 hours, 21 minutes, 21 seconds in the morning, (clock time) the 2d. Satellite of Jupiter, will immerse into an eclipse.

Edmonton, Middlesex.

JOHN ADAMS.

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

**MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE** of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," is now open for Exhibition, at Bullock's Great Room, upstairs to the right, from ten till six.—Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.  
—For our Daughter of Zion: behold thy King cometh, sitting on a war's colt."

**British Gallery, Pall Mall.**  
**THIS GALLERY**, with an Exhibition of **PORTRAITS** of distinguished Persons in the History and Literature of the United Kingdom, is open daily, from 10 in the Morning until 6 in the Evening.  
(By order) **JOHN YOUNG**, Keeper.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.—Descriptive 2d. 2s.

**MR. GLOVER'S Exhibition of Oil and Water Colour Paintings** is now open, at the Great Room, No. 16, Old Bond Street, from nine till six. Admission 1s.—Catalogues 6d.

**THE Private Exhibition of MONSIEUR JERICOULT'S GREAT PICTURE**, (from the Louvre) 21 feet by 16, representing the surviving Crew of the *Médusa* French Frigate, after remaining Thirteen days on a Raft without Provision, at the moment they endured the cruel that saves them, will take place at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, this day, and will open to the Public on Monday.

**Art and Modern Prints, Drawings, Books of Prints, and early editions of the Classics.**

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Friday, June 23d, and following day, at one precisely. **The entire Collection of Ancient and Modern PRINTS**, of the late Rev. William Stevens, Master of Sesherg School, deceased (collected during a long period, with a view of illustrating the Art of Engraving in its most perfect time), consisting of Ancient Subjects, from the designs of the most eminent Masters of the various Schools. Landscapes by celebrated Engravers; Painters' Sketches, Topographical Views, and Portraits; Drawings, Books of Prints, Books relating to the Arts, and some valuable and early Editions of the Classics; a Box of Mathematical Figures in Wood, and several Portfolios. To be viewed, and Catalogues had, three days preceding.

**Valuable Library of Books, 1500 Volumes.**  
By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Friday, June 16, and following day, at one precisely. **THE whole of the choice and well selected LIBRARY of BOOKS of HENRY ROXBURY, Esq.** of Copham Rise, deceased; comprising a great variety of valuable and interesting Works in Divinity, History, Voyages and Travels, &c. &c. of which more descriptive particulars will be given in future advertisements. To be viewed, and Catalogues had, two days preceding.

On 2s. 6d., price 6d. 6s. or 7l. 10s. mounted, either in Rollers or in a Case.

**A GEOGRAPHICAL MAP OF ENGLAND**, Coloured, accompanied by a Memoir; to which is added, an Alphabetical Index to the Hills, and a List of the Hills arranged according to Counties. By G. B. GREENOUGH, Esq. F. R. S. F. L. S. President of the Geological Society. Published by Longman, Hurst, Keen, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster Row; and C. Smith, 172, Strand, London. The Memoir may be had separate, in Quarto, 3s. sewed.

New Works to be published in June, by Longman, Hurst, Keen, Orme, and Brown, London.

**THE HISTORY of the REBELLION in 1745**, the most Defeat at Culloden, and a Variety of interesting Anecdotes hitherto unknown. By Chevalier Jonathan, aide-de-camp to Prince Edward Charles Stewart, and Lord George Murray. With an Account of his subsequent Adventures in Scotland, England, Holland, France, Russia, and America. The Manuscript of Chevalier Jonathan was originally deposited in the Scots College at Paris.

2 Letters written during a Tour through Normandy, Brittany, and other Parts of France, in 1819; including

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*A Queen's Appeal.* London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 83.

This poem takes a very poetical, i. e. imaginary view of the affair which now unfortunately occupies so much attention. It is written as if by the Queen, and gives an account of her various travels, adventures, &c. in a very sentimental way, interspersed with sundry discursive flights, and appeals to Britain, to the King, to the present age, and to posterity. Not addicted to politics, even when pressed upon us, our readers will not expect that we should take up this text for an essay upon so disagreeable a topic. When the elevated and powerful content, the commonality must suffer by being drawn into the vortex ; and it is this consideration which gives to the royal differences a character of national importance. We therefore trust, should it appear that personal passions stand in the way of the public tranquillity, that there is enough of manly spirit and honest independence in the legislature, to lay down a right and fitting course, honourable to all who merit honour, just to every interest, and above all, calculated to save the people of England both from moral taint and from factious convulsion. The duty owing to the country, is paramount to every other ; that to the head of the government is only a part of this whole ; and the civil list is yet so far unsettled as to afford parliament a means of enforcing its recommendations. We now quote a few stanzas as specimens of the poetry of the Queen's Appeal, which, though somewhat involved and high-flown, indicates considerable talents.

### Verse VII.—*Personal feeling.*

It could not be that I should cease to feel  
Both what I am, and what a perjured hand  
Would make me seem. Nor could I wholly  
steal

My heart with pride ; nor yet my tears command.

By thinking on my station in the land.  
How has my bosom swelled, as I have known  
Directed at my false the piteous brand  
That malice where it burns not ! O what throne

On earth, for all my wrongs and sorrows can  
atone ?

VOL IV.

### Verse XVII.—*Waterloo.*

Not that in that great day in which the world,  
As to the flight of eagles in the sun,  
Upturned to the vast war its gaze, you hurried  
The selfish tyrant from his throne, and won  
Sway for the Lilies, that nor toiled nor spun,  
Right glad that any hands for them would toil,  
Content that rivers of true blood should run,  
So they the Corsican's keen eyes might foil,  
And once more strike their roots in abdicated soil.

### Verse LI. LII. LXVI.—*The original cause of separation.*

She had—I mean the source of all my woe—  
The soft persuasive voice, the manners bland.  
The insinuating smile, that those who know,  
Tho' false they know them, scarcely can  
withstand.  
E'en I, her victim—tho' the withering brand  
She lighted first, hath left within my heart  
Some fires, to tell me of her treacherous hand—  
E'en I must own, that more accomplished art,  
Or fairer in display, ne'er acted feuds apart.

Well could she read the human heart, and  
well  
Had studied that, on whose approval hung  
The dearest hopes that e'er in mine might  
dwell.  
She knew if bitter thoughts in secret stung  
The breast, whose cold consent perchance was  
wrong  
By hard necessity, to bear the yoke, &c.  
Against whose weight the indignant spirit  
sprung :  
And hers were all the arts that might provoke  
The pride of such a breast, and skill those arts  
to cloke.

Pence to her dust !—and pardon to her soul !  
Low in the inevitable tomb she lies.  
Death has no ear that flatteries cajole.  
But sculptured marble o'er her grave may rise,  
And the recording chisel, that supplies  
The golden words, that constitute the fame  
Of what we noble call, and good, and wise,  
E'en now, perchance, hath placed around her  
name

All titles that become a high and virtuous dame.

### Verse CHII. CX.—*Travels.*

And Partici sits laughing at thy feat,  
Even on the long accumulated food  
Of Lava fixing in disdain her seat,  
Reckless of that tremendous overthrow  
Of Herculesum bedded deep below.  
So rests the traveller, near the bones of men  
Who sits unheeding, nor appears to know  
From the sad relics spread before his ken,  
He tastes his last repose before the lion's den.

Ye verdant hills that rise o'er Como's towers,  
And in the Larian lake's expanse so clear  
Gloss your high brows ! with you more tran-  
quil hours

I hoped to pass, where nothing insincere,  
Constrained, or courtly hollow might appear.  
I sought you with such keen impatient haste  
As speeds the thirsting traveller, when near

He thinks the pool upon the burning waste,  
And presses panting on, the cooling wave to  
taste.

### CLXII. CL. CLII.—*Argument.*

But I must turn from each foreign clime,  
From scenes of wonder and delight : for now  
To my own England points the hand of Time,  
Where I a crown of empire for my brow  
Wait from my Consort's hand—or shall I bow  
My head at once to undeserved shame,  
And free uninterrupted course allow  
That all the poisonous breath of evil fame  
That sycophant tongues would level at my  
name ?

O days of ancient chivalry ! when forth  
Leaped from the scabbard many a shining  
sword,  
To vindicate insulted woman's worth ;  
When valour ne'er to brighter honours soared,  
Than when to injured woman it restored  
All pure the lustre Slander loves to stain !  
How are ye fled ! But not by me deplored.  
She who is innocent may well disdain  
By force or chance of arms a righteous cause to  
gain.

Why linger my accusers ? Them I cite  
Before a court extended as the pale  
Of social order that disclaims not right,  
Free as the sky that's traversed by each gale,  
And public as the sun, when from the veil  
Of clouds he issues in the noontide heat.  
Let awful Justice in her righteous scale  
The accused and accusers poise, and mete  
To all their guerdon due from her impartial seat.

I ask no law but such as well is known,  
And well defends the meanest subject's right,  
Adapted to the cottage as the throne,  
And hallowed by Religion's sacred light.  
Am I thing guilt-spotted ?—With the blight  
Of shame o'er-run ?—Then let me meet the  
fate

That well may reach me, even on the site  
Of loftied rank. At once precipitate  
Down let me fall from life, from honor, fame,  
and state.

### Conclusion.—CLXIV. CLXV.

O thou, the father of that blessed one  
That was my only comfort here below—  
And by what name mayest thou be sooner won  
The powers of prejudice to overthrow ?  
By her—and by the venerated snow  
Of the loved head that late in peace was laid—  
And by the rows pronounced long years ago—  
Let not the course of justice be delayed ;  
But let me as I am to England be displayed.

So, 'mid the pomp of that suspicious day,  
When all the glories of the realm around  
Are gathered in unguessed array,  
And thine anointed head is stily crowned ;  
Tho' at thy side I may not then be found,  
While thro' the sky loud acclamations ring,  
And the glad trumpets their triumphant sound  
Up to heaven's gates in bound concord fling—  
I will not less be moved to cry " God save the  
King !"



*Lacon: or many Things in few Words; addressed to those who think.* By the Rev. C. C. Colton, A.M. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 207.

There are three difficulties in authorship: to write any thing worth the publishing; to find honest men to publish it—and to get sensible men to read it. Literature has now become a game; in which the booksellers are the kings; the critics, the knaves; the public, the pack; and the poor author, the mere table, or *Thing played upon*.

For the last thirty years, the public mind has had such interesting and rapid incidents to witness, and to reflect upon, and must now anticipate some that will be still more momentous, that any thing like dulness or prosing in authorship, will either nauseate, or be refused; the *realities* of life have pampered the public palate with a diet so stimulating, that vapidity has now become as insipid as water to a dram-drinker, or sober sense to a fanatic.

The attempts however of dulness, are constantly repeated, and as constantly fail. For the misfortune is, that the Head of Dulness, *unlike* the tail of the torpedo, loses nothing of her benumbing and lethargising influence, by reiterated discharges; horses may ride over her, and mules and asses may trample upon her, but with an exhausted and a patient perversity, she continues her narcotic operations even to the end. In fact, the Press was never so powerful in quantity, and so weak in quality, as at the present day; if applied to it, the simile of Virgil must be reversed, "*Non trueno et foudibus efficit unbram.*" It is in literature as in finance—much *Paper* and much *Poverty* may co-exist.

Thus does the author break in with his preface, or, as the fancy folks would term it, his *face*, upon the critics; and he then proceeds to speak of his own qualifications in language, which we repeat, as affording a fair sample and character of the work.

It may happen that I myself am now committing the very crime that I think, I am censuring. But while justice to my readers compels me to admit that I write, because I have nothing to do; justice to myself induces me to add, that I will cease to write, the moment I have *nothing to say*. Discretion has been termed the better part of valour, and it is more certain, that diffidence is the better part of knowledge. Where I am ignorant, and know that I am so, I am silent. That Grecian gave a better reason for his taciturnity, than most authors for their loquacity, who observed, "*What was to the purpose I could not say; and what was not to the purpose, I would not say.*" And yet Shakspeare has hinted, that even silence is not always "*commendable*;" since it may be foolish if we are wise, but wise if we are foolish. The Grecian's maxim would indeed be a sweeping clause in literature; it would reduce many a giant to a pigny; many a speech to a sentence; and many a folio to

a primer. As the great fault of our orators is, that they get up to make a speech, rather than to *speak*; so the great error of our authors is, that they sit down to *make* a book, rather than to *write*. To combine profundity with perspicuity, wit with judgment, solidity with vivacity, truth with novelty, and all of them with liberality, who is sufficient for these things? a very serious question; but it is one which authors had much better propose to themselves, *before* publication, than have proposed to them, by their Editors after it.

I have thrown together, in this work, that which is the result of some reading and reflection; if it be but little, I have taken care that the volume which contains it, shall not be large.

I have addressed this volume to those who *think*, and some may accuse me of an ostentatious independence, in presuming to inscribe a book to so small a minority. But a volume addressed to those who *think*, is in fact addressed to all the world; for although the proportion of those who do think, be extremely small, yet every individual flatters himself that he is *one* of the number. In the present rage for all that is marvellous and interesting, when writers of undoubted talent, consider only what will sell, and readers only what will please, it is perhaps a bold experiment to send a volume into the world, whose very faults, (manifest as I fear they are) will cost more pains to detect, than scoldists would feel inclined to bestow, even if they were sure of discovering nothing but beauties. Some also of my conclusions will no doubt be condemned by those who will not take the trouble of looking into the *postulata*; for the soundest argument will produce no more conviction in an *empty* bowl, than the most superficial declamation; as a feather and a guinea fall with equal velocity in a vacuum.

The following pages, such as they are, have cost me some thought to write, and they may possibly cost others some to read them. Like Demosthenes, who talked Greek to the waves, I have continued my task, with the hope of instructing others, with the certainty of improving myself. "*Labor ipse volupitas.*" It is much safer to think what we say, than to say what we think; I have attempted both. This is a work of no party, and my sole wish is, that truth may prevail in the church, and integrity in the state, and that in both the old adage may be verified, that "*the men of principle may be the principal men.*" Knowledge indeed is as necessary as light, and in this coming age most fairly promises to be as common as water, and as free as air. But as it has been wisely ordained, that light should have no colour, water no taste, and air no odour, so knowledge also should be equally pure, and without admixture. If it comes to us through the medium of prejudice, it will be discoloured; through the channels of custom, it will be adulterated; through the guttle walls of the college, or of the cloister, it will *smell of the lamp*.

Most of the maxims and positions advanced in the present volume, are found

on two simple truisms, *that men are the same*; and that the passions are the powerful and disturbing forces, the greater of the less prevalence of which give individuality to character. But we must not only explain clearly, but think deeply, nor can we concede to Buffon that *style alone* is that quality that will immortalize an author. The Essays of Montaigne, and the Analogy of Butler will live for ever, in spite of their *style*. Style is indeed the *eaten* of genius, and as able one too; but as the true gentleman will appear, even in rags, so true genius will shine, even through the coarsest style.

In an age remarkable for good reasoning and bad conduct, for sound rules and corrupt manners, when virtue fills our heads, but vice our hearts;—when those who would *find* persuade us that they are quite sure of heaven, appear to be in no *greater* hurry to go there than other folks, but put on the livery of the best master only to serve the worst;—in an age when modesty herself is more ashamed of detection than delinquency; when independence of principle, consists in having no principle on which to depend; and free-thinking, not in thinking freely, but in being *free from thinking*;—in an age when patriots will hold any thing, except their *tongues*; keep any thing, except their *word*; and lose nothing patiently, except their *character*;—to improve such an age, must be difficult, to instruct it dangerous; and he stands no chance of amending it, who cannot at the same time amuse it.

Such are the principal points which Mr. Colton touches, in his preface; and it may think (we think) be gathered, that his book is not one to be taken up and read through like a novel or history. Indeed the aspect of it is deterring rather than inviting. Five hundred detached maxims, thoughts, and observations, without a narrative to interweave them, are quite appalling to modern readers. We looked at the volume, full of figures (X's, and D's, and C's and L's) in every page, and we laid it down again—we read one remark, found it piquant; another, just and forcible; a third, curious and entertaining: the author had now caught hold of us, and we believe we have since perused every axiom he has written, and many of them several times over. In fact, we discovered that under the auspicious form of pithy pieces of advice, there was a great deal of originality, and the fruits of much reading, much observation, and much reflection; that, together with a perhaps too frequent repetition of antitheses, a little sprinkling of triteness, and a certain quaintness of style, there was terse philosophical remark, useful instruction, and often elevated ideas in elevated language: upon the whole, that *Lacon* was a book to be dipped into at any

time with pleasure and advantage; and though there are some of the principles to which we cannot subscribe, and some of the inferences from which we differ, we must in justice say, that the general cast is liberal, moral, and essentially good. All that it is necessary for us to add to these remarks, in order to afford an idea of Lacon, may be comprised in a few selections; and these we subjoin promiscuously.

*Avarice* hegets more vices than Priam did children, and like Priam *survives* them all. It starves its keeper to surfeit those who wish him dead; and makes him submit to more mortifications to lose heaven, than the martyr undergoes to gain it. Avarice is a passion full of paradox, a madness full of method; for although the miser is the most unmercenary of all beings, yet he serves the worst master more faithfully than some Christians do the best, and will take nothing for it. He falls down and worships the god of this world, but will have neither its pomps, its vanities, nor its pleasures for his trouble. He begins to accumulate treasure as a *mean* to happiness, and by a common but morbid association, he continues to accumulate it as an *end*. He lives poor, to die rich, and is the mere jailor of his house, and the turnkey of his wealth. Impoverished by his gold, he slaves harder to imprison it in his chest, than his brother slave to liberate it from the mine. The avarice of the miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions, and he successively deav. But unlike other toads, it is enlarged by *repetition*, and strengthened by *age*. This latter paradox, so peculiar to this passion, must be ascribed to that love of power so inseparable from the human mind. There are three kinds of power—wealth, strength, and talent; but as old age always weakens, and often destroys the two latter, the aged are induced to cling with the greater avidity to the former. And the attachment of the aged to wealth, *must* be a growing and a progressive attachment, since such are not slow in discovering that those same ruthless years which detract so sensibly from the strength of their bodies, and of their minds, serve only to augment and to consolidate the strength of their purse.

*Men* will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; any thing but—*live for it*.

The wealthy and the noble, when they expend large sums in decorating their houses with the rare and costly efforts of genius, with busts from the chisel of a Canova, and with cartoons from the pencil of a Raphael, are to be commended, if they do not stand still *here*, but go on to bestow some pains and cost, that the master himself be not inferior to the mansion, and that the owner be not the only thing that is little, amidst every thing else that is great. The house may draw visitors, but it is the possessor alone that can detain them. We cross the Alps, and after a short interval we are glad to return;—we go to see Italy, *not the Italians*.

Of modern theorists, Gail and Spurzheim are too ridiculous even to be laughed at; we admire Locke and Hartley for the profundity and ingenuity of their illustrations; and Lavater for his plausibility; but none of them for their solidity. Locke, however, was an exception to that paradox so generally to be observed in theorists, who, like Lord Monboddo, are the most credulous of men with respect to what confirms their theory, but perfect infidels as to any facts that oppose it. Mr. Locke, I believe, had no opinion which he would not most readily have exchanged for truth. A traveller shewed Lavater two portraits—the one of a highwayman, who had been broken upon a wheel, the other was the portrait of Kant, the philosopher; he was desired to distinguish between them. Lavater took up the portrait of the *highwayman*, after attentively considering it for some time, "Here," says he, "we have the true philosopher, here is penetration in the eye, and reflection in the forehead; here is cause, and there is effect; here is combination, there is distinction; synthetic lips! and analytic nose: Then turning to the portrait of the *philosopher*, he exclaims, "The calm thinking villain is so well expressed, and so strongly marked in this countenance, that it needs no comment." This anecdote Kant used to tell with great glee. Dr. Darwin informs us, that the reason why the bosom of a beautiful woman is an object of such peculiar delight, arises from hence: that all our first pleasurable sensations of warmth, sustenance, and repose, are derived from this interesting source. This theory had a fair run, until some one happened to reply, that all who were brought up by hand had derived their first *pleasurable sensations* from a very different source, and yet that not one of all these had ever been known to evince any very rapturous or amatory emotions at the sight of a *wooden-spoon*!!

The following is a noble picture of time:—

Time is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past, even while we attempt to define it, and like the flash of the lightning, at once exists and expires.—Time is the measurer of all things, but is itself immeasurable, and the grand discoverer of all things, but is itself undiscovered. Like space it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so if it had. It is more obscure in its source than the Nile, and in its termination than the Niger; and advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain, and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs heaviness of her charms, to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house; it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle yet the most insatiable of depredators, and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all, nor can it be satisfied, until it has stolen the world from us, and

us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight, and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise; bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; but like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even the sages discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it; he that has made it his friend, will have little to fear from his enemies, but he that has made it his enemy will have little to hope from his friends.

Our last quotation is made for the sake of mentioning a modern parallel.

Those traitors who know that they have sinned beyond forgiveness, have not the courage to be true to those who, they presume, are perfectly acquainted with the full extent of their treachery. It is conjectured that Cromwell would have proposed terms of reconciliation to Charles the second, could he but have harboured the hope that he would forgive his father's blood; and it was the height of wisdom in Caesar, to *refuse* to be as wise as he might have been, if he had not immediately burnt the cabinet of Pompey, which he took at Pharsalia.

The similar instance to which we allude, happened not long ago in France. M. —, the bosom friend of Louis XVIII., his constant companion in exile, his imitator in dress and appearance, his shadow, and his brother in affection, died abroad after the restoration. His piers were sent home, and some one told the king that all the while he was cherishing this viper, he had been betraying him, and was in fact an agent of Buonaparte. His Majesty rejected the imputation with horror; but, alas for human nature! the chest of papers was opened in the presence of the friends of the deceased, and the very first letter unfolded, too clearly established his guilt. Poor Louis was struck to the heart by this evidence of perfidy where he had so entirely relied; and while his tears bore testimony to the shock which it occasioned, he commanded every document to be instantly committed to the flames. We now bid Mr. Colton farewell. That his book merits to be read by thousands—is our imprimatur.

*An Account of Timbuctoo and Housa, &c.*

By El Hage Abd Salam Shabeeny; with Notes, critical and explanatory. To which is added, Letters descriptive of Travels through West and South Barbary, and across the Mountains of Atlas, &c. &c. By James Grey Jackson. London. 1829. 8vo. pp. 547.

An epitome of Shabeeny's part in this valuable work, was contained in the Literary Gazette, Number 171. Since the date of that publication, the volume now before us has appeared. Sixteen years' residence in the country, has stored the author's mind with a fund of interesting intelligence; and we do not dislike the desultory form in which he has poured it out in this volume. The charm of variety is undoubtedly great; and when it is thrown over matter intrinsically good, he must be a sour critic indeed who can resist being highly pleased with the treat. For such we thank Mr. Jackson, to whom for this week we shall only become debtor for a few miscellaneous extracts from the division of lighter character, entitled "Fragments, Notes, and Anecdotes," and leaving the graver considerations of commerce, civilization, &c. to a future opportunity. This chapter is introduced as follows:

In recording the following anecdotes and fragments, the naked truth is stated, without the embellishments of language, or the labour of rhetoric, which the wiser part of mankind have always approved of as the most instructive way of writing; and all such as are acquainted with books will readily agree with me, that many authors stretch, even to the prejudice of truth, from an affectation of elegance of style.

The following facts, therefore, will form the materials for a history, rather than a history itself.

The study of the language and customs of the Arabs is the best comment upon the Old Testament. The language of the modern Jews is little to be regarded; their dispersion into various nations, having no fixed habitation, being wholly addicted to their own interest, their conformation to the respective customs of the various nations through which they are dispersed; have caused them, in a great measure, to forget their ancient customs and original language, except what is preserved in the Bible and in the exercise of their religion. Whereas the Arabs have continued in the constant possession of their country many centuries, and are so tenacious of their customs and habits, that they are, at this day, the same men they were three thousand years ago. Accordingly, many of their customs, at this day, remind us of what happened among their ancestors in the days of Abraham.

*Timbuctoo coffee.*—Coffee grows spontaneously in the vicinage of Timbuctoo, south of the Nile Elahed. I sent a quantity to Mr. James Willis, formerly Consul for Senegambia: it was of a bitter taste, which is the general character of this grain before it is improved by cultivation.

*Sand Baths.*—The Arabs bury the body erect in sand, up to the chin, as a remedy for several disorders, particularly syphilis.

*Moral Justice.*—The imperial army being

encamped in Temsena, on the confines of Tedla, an Arab chieftain found that a friend of the emperor came into his *hurma*\* at night, and took liberties with his wife. The Arab suspected that he was (*shereef*) a prince, and therefore did not dare to kill him, but preferred a complaint to the emperor. The emperor was vexed to hear of such a gross breach of hospitality, and asked what time he made his visits? "At one hour after midnight," the Arab replied. "Then," said the emperor, "when he comes, do you let me know by giving the watchword to this man, and he will then know what to do; and depend thou on my seeing justice done to thee for the aggression." The marauder came; the Arab repaired to the guard of the imperial tent, and gave the word; the guard apprised the emperor, as he was directed, who personally repaired to the tent of the Arab, and, being convinced of the fact, ran the man through with his lance: this was done without a light. The body was brought before the tent, and it was discovered to be an officer of the imperial guard. The emperor, on seeing that it was not a shereef (a prince) prostrated himself in fervent prayer for a considerable time. The courtiers who were all assembled by this time to witness this extraordinary occurrence, wondered what could induce the emperor to be so fervent in prayer; which his majesty observing, told them, "that he went alone to the tent, thinking that nobody but a shereef would have dared to commit such a breach of hospitality, in so open a manner: therefore he killed him without having a light, lest, on discovering him to be a prince, personal affection might give way to justice; but that when he discovered that it was not a relation, he returned thanks to God Almighty, that, in his determination to have justice administered, he had not killed his own son!"

*Characteristic Trait of Muhamedans.*—One of the emperor's ministers, when an English fleet was cruising off Salee, and just after some impost had been levied on the merchandise already purchased and warehoused by the Christian merchants, suggested the impolicy at that moment, of harsh measures against Europeans: the emperor, in a jocular manner, asked what harm he could suffer from the fleets of Europeans? "They could destroy your imperial majesty's ports," replied the minister. "Then I would build them again for one-half what it would cost them to destroy them. But if they dared to do that, I could retaliate, by sending out my cruisers to take their trading ships, which would so increase the premiums of insurance (for the *knafers*) Indians insure all things on earth, trusting nothing to God!)"

*Customs of the Shellahs of the Southern Atlas, viz. of Idaltit (in Lower Suse.)*—The mountains of Idaltit are inhabited by

\* *Keyna* is the name for an Arab's tent; they are made of goat's hair, and are black.

† The Muhamedans abuse the Christians for their mistrust of Providence, exemplified in their insuring ships, merchandise, &c.

that they would be glad to sue for peace again.

a courageous and powerful people, strict to their honour and word, unlike their neighbours of Elala. They make verbal contracts between themselves, and never go to law, or record their contracts or agreements, trusting implicitly to each other's faith and honour. If a man goes to this country to claim a debt due, he cannot receive it while there, but must first leave the country, and trust to the integrity of the Idaltitee, who will surely pay when convenient, but cannot bear compulsion or restraint. They do not acknowledge any sultan, but have a divan of their own, called *Ejma*, who settle all disputes between man and man. These people cultivate the plains, when there is no khalf in Suse; but when there is, they retire to the fastnesses in their mountains, and defy the arm of power; satisfying themselves with the produce of the mountains.

*Food.*—*Kusnaco* is, flour moistened with water, and granulated with the hand to the size of partridge shot. It is then put into a steamer uncovered, under which fowl, or mutton, and vegetables, such as onions, and turnips, are put to boil: when the steam is seen to pass through the *kusnaco* it is taken off and shook in a bason, to prevent the adhesion of the grains; and then put in the steamer again, and steamed a second time. When it is taken off, some butter, salt, pepper, and saffron, are mixed with it, and it is served up in a large bowl. The top is garnished with the fowl or mutton, and the onions and turnips. When the saffron has made it the colour of straw, it has received the proper quota. This is, when properly cooked, a very palatable and nutritious dish.

*Haasoo* is gruel boiled, and then left over the fire two hours. It is made with barley not ground into flour, but into small particles the size of sparrow-shot. It is a very salubrious food for breakfast, inasmuch that they have a proverb which intimates that physicians need never go to those countries wherein the inhabitants break their fast with *haasoo*.

*El Haasorda* is barley roasted in an earthen pan, then powdered in a mortar, and mixed with cold water, and drank. This is the travelling food of the country—of the Arab, the Moor, the Bereber, the Shellah, and the Negro; and is universally used by travellers in crossing the Sahara: the Akkalis that proceed from Akka and Tatta to Timbuctoo, Housa, and Wangara, are always provided with a sufficient quantity of this simple restorative to the hungry stomach.

*Anecdote of Muley Ismael.*—Muley Ismael compared his subjects to a bag full of rats.—"If you let them rest," said the warrior, "they will gnaw a hole in it: keep them moving, and no evil will happen." So their subjects, if kept continually occupied, the government went on well; but if left quiet, seditions would quickly arise. This sultan was always in the tented-field: he would say, that he should not return to his palace until the tents were rotten. He kept his army incessantly occupied in making plantations of olives, or in building: re-

and rebellion were with him synonymous terms.

**Library at Fas.**—When the present emperor came to the throne, there was a very extensive and valuable library of Arabic manuscripts at Fas, consisting of many thousand volumes. Some of the more intelligent literary Moors are acquainted with events that happened formerly, during the time of the Roman power, which Europeans do not possess. Abdrabman ben Nassar, bashaw of Abda, was perfectly acquainted with Liry and Tacitus, and had read those works from the library at Fas. It is more than probable that the works of those authors, as well as those of many other Romans and Greeks, are to be found translated into the Arabic language, in the hands of private individuals in West and in South Barbary. This library was dispersed at the accession of Muley Soliman, and books commenting on the Koran only were retained; the rest were burned or dispersed among the natives.

**Cairo.**—The city of El Kahira is called by Europeans Cairo. When Kairo was founded, in the 359th year of the Hejra, the planet Mars was in ascension; and it is Mars who conquers the universe: "therefore," said Moaz, (the son of El Mansoor) to his son, "I have given it the name of El Kahira."

**The European merchants at Mogodor escape from decapitation.**—The late emperor, Muley Yezail, proceeded from Mequinas to Morocco, with an army of thirty thousand cavalry, to take the field against the rebellious Abdrabman ben Nassar, bashaw of the province of Abda, acting conjointly with the bashaw of the province of Duquella, who had collected an army of eighty thousand men, of which fifty thousand were horse. The emperor, on his arrival at Morocco, was exasperated against the kabyle of the south; and was informed that the merchants of Mogodor had supplied his rebel subject, Abdrabman, with ammunition. Enraged at this report, which the exasperated state of his mind prompted him to believe, he issued an order to the governor of Mogodor, implicating the greater part of the European merchants of that port of high treason, and ordered their decapitation. This order was brought by one Fenishe, a relation of Tahar Fenishe, who had been, some years before, ambassador from Morocco to the court of St. James's. The governor, however, suspecting that the order had been issued in a moment of irritation, delayed its execution, in the hope that it might be countermanded; or, in the hope that the result of a battle would render it unnecessary to be put in execution.—Soon afterwards, news arrived at Mogodor that the two armies had met, had fought, and the emperor had vanquished his antagonists, who had more than double his force, but was himself dangerously wounded. This induced the governor still further to delay the execution; having now ascertained that the order was obtained by a stratagem of malicious and ill-disposed people. The next day news came that the

emperor suffered extremely from a ball in the upper part of the thigh, which the surgeons could not extract. The emperor, in a fit of frenzy, from pain or passion, took his (*kumya*) dagger, cut open the wound to the ball, and expired soon after. Thus were the merchants of Mogodor saved providentially from an untimely death.

We find some repetitions in Mr. Jackson's work, and some inaccuracies so obvious as not to require being pointed out.

#### BARRY CORNWALL'S NEW POEMS.

Having in our last exhibited the principal poem, Marcian Colonna, to our readers, we this week present a very brief example from the Dramatic Scenes, which follow that tale. The first of these is founded on the death of the Emperor Julian, called the Apostate, and opens thus—

(JULIAN—alone.)

To-morrow?—aye, to-morrow. The bright Sun

Of my life will set in blood. Dark, heavy clouds  
Are rolling round about me, yet my eye  
Can reach into the dim eternity,  
And in its bosom is—my grave. Oh! then,  
Valour and War, farewell! Soldiers and friends,  
Who in tempest of the battle, once,  
With your loves girded me like triple steel,  
I must be gone. Morning and Night farewell!  
And all the beauty of this visible world;  
And thou, fair Air! who music art and perfume,  
Colour and light, and in thy silent arms  
Now nursest with cold dew the sleeping flower,  
And bidd'st the fever'd heart forget its pain,  
Shall I behold thee never again?—Never!  
A dull, protracting, melancholy word,  
That, in an alien language, talks despair.  
'Never'—then Hope is gone and time de-

parted;  
And Happiness that flies and then returns,  
Making its presence precious—all are gone,  
—Is there no armour of the soul wherein  
I may array my thoughts and vanquish Death?  
It may not be: my hour is come—is come:  
And I must tread upon that shadowy strand  
A shadow, a pale solitary thing,  
For ages and for ages, and there be  
A Spirit, filled with human thoughts and pains,  
Langishing for some remote Elysium.  
Great Mars, look down upon me: Am I not  
The son adopted? oh! my patron Mars,  
My father, and my god, I perish here  
For want of succour. Fate and Death, at hand,  
Wait smiling for the dust of Julian;  
And the grave opens, with a sickly smile,  
Its hollow home, inviting me to rest.  
Away—this must not be. Imperial Rome  
Leans on my sword—Who goes?

The second scene commences with a very fine piece of poetical philosophy.

JULIAN (on his couch, wounded); PRISCUS, MAXIMUS.

Max. You're easier now?

Julian. Much easier: many thanks.

—And so you think, good Priscus, that the Soul  
Doth of necessity quit this feeble clay,  
When the poor breath departs—that 'tis not  
hung  
On muscle or nerve, or buried in the blood,

As some will teach. For my part, I believe  
That there is good and evil, and for each  
Due punishment and reward. Shall we not meet  
Our friends hereafter, thank you, Maximus?

Max. I hope so, my dear Lord.

Julian. What think you, Sir?

Priscus. I must believe it. There is in the world

Nothing to fill up the wide heart of man;  
He languishes for something past the grave;  
He hopes—and Hope was never vainly given.

Max. Hope trends but shadowy ground, a  
boast.

Priscus. It is—

Max. A guess,

Julian. And yet, Priscus is right, I think.

And Hope h:z in the soul obscure allies—  
Remorse, for evil acts; the dread of death;  
Anticipative Joy, (tho' that, indeed,  
Is Hope, more certain;) and as, Priscus says,  
That inward languishment of mind, which dreams  
Of some remote and high accomplishment,  
And pictures to our fancies perfect sights,  
Sonnets and delights celestial—(and, above all,  
That feeling of a liminary power,  
Which strikes and circumscribes the soul, and  
speaks

Dimly, but with a voice potential, of  
Wonders beyond the world, ethereal,  
Starry, and pure, and sweet, and never ending.  
I cannot think that the great Mind of man,  
With its accumulated wisdom too,  
Must perish; why, the words he utters lie;  
And is the Spirit which gives birth to things  
Below its own creations?

We merely quote the few last lines;  
the death of Julian, who speaks—

Farewell, I faint: My tongue is withered up.  
It clings against my mouth. Some air—air.  
Ah!

This is death, Priscus. Oh! How like a child  
A Soldier sinks before him. Jove!—(dies.)

Max. He faints.

Priscus. He does indeed, for ever: his last  
breath  
Is mingled with the winds.

The next scene, Amelia Wentworth,  
we like less upon the whole than any  
thing the author has published. It has,  
however, some brilliant passages. A  
death-bed reflection is the only one we  
shall transcribe.

Amel. How slowly and how silently doth Time  
Float on his starry journey. Still he goes,  
And goes, and goes, and doth not pass away.  
He rises with the golden morning, calmly,  
And with the moon at night. Methinks, I see  
him stretching wide abroad his mighty wings,  
Floating for ever o'er the crowds of men,  
Like a huge vulture with its prey beneath.  
Lo! I am here, and Time seems passing on:  
To-morrow I shall be a breathless thing—  
Yet he will still be here; and the blue Hours  
Will laugh as gaily on the busy world,  
As tho' I were alive to welcome them.

The Rape of Proserpine; is a beautiful copy of the pure Greek Tragedy  
but our arrangements for our present  
Number render further extracts in-  
eligible.

#### THE HIMALA MOUNTAINS.

(Account continued from Fraser's Journal.—Ap-  
proach to Gurgutree, one of the sacred sources of

\* El Kahira is the Arabic for the planet Mars, and signifies victorious.

*the Ganges, never before visited by a European.*  
1845.)

July 19.—A misty morning succeeded a night in which drizzling rain had fallen. There were several points to be arranged before we could set off. In the first place, it was agreed to leave all the Mussulmans of the party at the village. The Pandit next represented, that it was not customary to permit any armed person to approach the sacred shrine, nor even to pass beyond the village, and that all persons here put off their shoes, and performed this stage with naked feet.

As by the general voice it was allowed that marauding and plundering were common occurrences in this neighbourhood, I did not deem it proper or safe to go wholly unarmed; but I agreed that only five men should be permitted thus accoutred to attend us, and that I should myself carry my gun. But all these weapons of war were to be put aside before we got within sight of the holy spot, and deposited in a cave near it, under a gourd. I also pledged myself that no use should be made of these instruments, nor any life sacrificed for the purpose of food, either by myself or by any of my people, after leaving the village, until we returned; moreover, that I would not even carry meat of any sort, dead or alive, along with me, but eat only rice and bread. As to the putting off my shoes, they did not even propose it to me, and it could not have been done; but I volunteered to put them off, when entering into the precincts of the temple and holier places, which pleased them greatly. All the Hindus, including the Ghoorkhas, went from the village barefoot.

It was seven o'clock before all these matters were adjusted, and we were fairly in route. The road, for rather more than two cos, lies generally through a wood of large firs, a little above the river bed; the path is good, but there are some very bad spots. We then ascended the projection of a rock, which closes up the view, by a curiously constructed rude set of steps, formed of beams of wood and stones, stuck into the fissures of the rock. From this point the river had run to the village, chiefly in a shingly bed of unequal breadth. But here the rocks close over its stream, and confine it as in a trough: the chasma is very deep, dark, and narrow, and from hence we held a more devious path, over enormous fragments fallen from above, broken pieces of fallen trees, all interlaced together by tangle jungle, to a retired spot beneath some spreading trees, where a cool spring, and the pleasantness of the place, generally induce pilgrims to halt.

The river runs below this at a depth of more than one hundred yards, closely confined between two winding walls of solid rock, in which it has hollowed itself a bed, only sufficient to contain it, hardly broader above than it is below, where it tumbles over a succession of falls for a considerable way. Beyond this the road is difficult, and frequently dangerous, passing along the face of scars, in the beds of torrents, across rocks, and over fragments of trees and rocks, and ending in a very ugly and perilous descent, about six

cos from the village, which leads to Bhyram Ghauter.

This is a very singular and terrible place. The course of the river has continued foaming through its narrow rocky bed, and the hills approach their heads, as though they would meet at a prodigious height above. At this point the Bhagiruttee is divided into two branches: that which preserves the name descends from the eastward, and the other, of a size fully equal, called the Jhannevie, joins it from the north-east. Both these rivers run in chasms, the depth, narrowness, and rugged wildness of which it is impossible to describe: between them is thrust a lofty crag, like a wedge, equal in height and savage aspect to those that on either side tower above the torrents. The extreme precipitousness of all these, and the roughness of their faces, with wood which grows near the river side, obstruct the view, and prevent the eye from comprehending the whole at a glance; but still the distant black cliffs, topped with lofty peaks of snow, are discerned, shutting up the view in either of the three ravines, when the clouds for a moment permit them to appear.

Just at the bottom of the deep and dangerous descent, and immediately above the junction of these two torrents, an old and crazy wooden bridge is thrown across the Bhagiruttee, from one rock to the other, many feet above the stream: and it is not till we reach this point that the extraordinary nature of the place, and particularly of the bed of the river, is fully comprehended: and there we see the stream in a state of dirty foam, twisting violently, and with mighty noise, through the curiously hollowed trough of solid granite, cutting it into the strangest shapes, and leaping in fearful waves over every obstacle. From hence the gigantic features of the mountains may frequently be seen, overhanging the deep black glen; their brown splintered crags hardly differing in colour from the blasted pines which start from their fissures and crevices, or even from the dark foliage of those which yet live.

It is wonderful how much the character of these trees harmonizes with the place, sometimes bare of leaves or husks, shooting up like an arrow from their roots; at others sending a fantastic bough athwart the dell, or stretching forth their gray and dry arms like gigantic skeletons. But no description can give just ideas of this spot, or reach its sublime extravagancies. The attempt even is a mockery.

The bed of the Jhannevie is at least equally savage and picturesque; but I had not equal opportunities of acquaintance with it; the perpendicularity of its rocky sides, and their height above the water, are, perhaps, even greater than those of the Bhagiruttee. This river is said to have its origin in a very lofty mountain, called Rec-Kee-Sour-Stan, situated in the territories of China, and which is fifteen days' journey from hence, in a direction nearly that of its apparent course from hence, viz. north-east. I should incline to think it had a course more from the eastward. Just at the end of the bridge there is an overhanging rock, under

which worship is performed to Bhyram, and a black stone partly painted red is the image of the god; and here prayers and worship alone were not performed, but every one was obliged to bathe and eat bread baked by the Brahmins, as preparatory to the great and effectual ablutions at the holier Gungotree. This occupied a considerable time, as the party was numerous; in the mean time I took a very imperfect sketch of the scene, after which I hurried myself at the proper place (which is the junction of the two streams) while the Brahmins prayed over me. Among the ceremonies performed, he made me hold a tuft of grass while he prayed, which at the conclusion he directed me to throw into the eddy occasioned by the meeting of the two waters. The spot where we bathe is a mere point of shingle, just under the rock which divides the two streams. It is necessary to be somewhat cautious in proceeding into the water, as it is exceedingly deep close to the shore; and about two yards towards the middle the stream becomes so rapid as to leave no chance of recovering a movement that should carry one into it. It is extremely cold, as may be imagined, the whole being fresh snow water. Near the bridge there is a spring tinged with iron.

From hence we ascended the rock, at the foot of which the bridge is situated, by a path more curious, dangerous, and difficult, than any we had yet passed. As the rock is too steep and perpendicular to afford a natural path, the chief part is artificially constructed, in the manner before mentioned, of large beams of wood, driven into the fissures, on which other beams and large stones are placed; thus forming a hanging flight of steps over the fearful gulf below: and as this has suffered somewhat from age and weather, while the facilities for attaching it to the rock are rather scanty, or altogether wanting, it is frequently so far from being sufficient, that it strikes dread into any one not much accustomed to this mode of ascent. Sometimes it is even required to make a leap to reach the next sure footing, with the precipice yawning below; and, at others, with merely the support afforded by a slight projecting ledge, and the help of a bamboo lung from some rock above, to cling to the rock and make a hazardous passage.

One cos from Gungotree, and two cos from Mianee-ke Gadh, we reached a spot called Patangnee, which is noted as the place where the Pandooan, or fire brothers, Bloemising, Arjan, Joodi-shcer, Sahadeo, and Nukeel, remained for twelve years, worshipping Mahadeo, after his retreat to Himnala from Lanka. After that period they left this place, and ascended Soorga-roinnce, a peak of the sacred hill, whence the Ganges flows: there four of the brothers died, and their immortal parts ascended to heaven; but the fifth, Joodi-shcer, without tasting the bitterness of death, or quitting his earthly tenement, was assumed, body and spirit, into the heavenly mansions. The spot which bears the name of Gungotree is concealed by the roughness of the ground, and the masses of fallen rock, so as not to be seen till the traveller comes close upon it.

A gunshot below Gingutree, the Kedar Ganga, a rapid and considerable stream, descends into the Bhagiruttee, at a place called Gourecunda; and this is a holy place, where a second ablution is usually performed before Gingutree can be approached. I could not learn the reason of this sanctity, but I believe there is an allusion in the name to some mythological story. The same name was given to one of the hot springs at Jumnootree. There is no holy place of purification by bathing which has not a sound or well of this name.

The hills which form between them the bed of the river, and which are exceedingly precipitous and close the whole way from Bhairanghattee, here recede a little, and without losing any thing of their savage grandeur, admit somewhat of a less confined view, and more of the light of day. Below Gourecunda, the river falls over a rock of considerable height in its bed, and continues tumbling over a succession of petty cascades or rapids nearly the whole way to Mian-ke-Ga-h. Above the debouché of the Kedar Ganga, the bed widens into a small shingly space, in which the river rapidly rolls, obviously changing its course as the floods direct it. Just at the gorge of this space a bridge has been thrown across, which is formed of two piers, the ulterior ends of the beams resting on a large rock in the centre; and just above the bridge, in a bay formed by a reach of the river in this shingly space, fifteen feet above the stream, is situated the small temple, or *infir*, dedicated to the goddess Gingta, or Bhagiruttee.

In former times no temple made with hands was provided for the worship of the deity, but within these few years, the pious of Umur Sing Tappa, the chief of the Ghiorika conquerors, appropriated a sum of money of about four or five hundred rupees for the erection of the small building which is now placed there; and it lay no means clearly appears whether he has in truth done an act pleasing or disgusting to the goddess.

The temple is situated precisely on the sacred stone on which Bhagiruttee used to worship Mahadeo, and is a small building of a square shape for about twelve feet high, and rounding in, in the usual form of pagodas, to the top. It is quite plain, painted white, with red mouldings, and surmounted with the usual melon-shaped ornaments of these buildings.

The scene in which this holy place is situated is worthy of the mysterious sanctity attributed to it, and the reverence with which it is regarded. We have not here the confined gloominess of Bhram Gattree: the actual dread which cannot but be inspired by the precipices, and torrents, and perils of the place, here gives way to a sensation of awe, imposing but not embarrassing, that might be compared to the dark and dangerous pass to the centre of the ruins of a former world; for, most truly, there is little here that recalls the recollection of that which we seem to have quitted. The bare and peaked cliffs which shoot to the skies, yield not in ruggedness or elevation to any we have seen;

their ruins lie in wild chaotic masses at their feet, and scanty wood imperfectly relieves their nakedness; even the dark pine more rarely roots itself in the deep chasms which time has worn. Thus on all sides is the prospect closed, except in front to the eastward; where, from behind a mass of bare spires, four huge, lofty, snowy peaks arise; these are the peaks of Roodroo-Himala. There could be no finer finishing, no grander close to such a scene.

We approach it through a labyrinth of enormous shapeless masses of granite, which during ages have fallen from the cliffs above that frown over the very temple, and in all probability will some day themselves descend in ruins and crush it. Around the enclosure, and among these masses, for some distance up the mountain, a few fine old pine trees throw a dark shade, and form a magnificent foreground; while the river runs impetuously in its slinging bed, and the stifled but fearful sound of the stones which it rolls along with it, crushing together, mixes with the roar of its waters.

It is easy to write of rocks and wilds, of torrents and precipices; it is easy to tell of the awe such scenes inspire: this style and these descriptions are common and hackneyed. But it is not so simple, to many surely not very possible, to convey an adequate idea of the stern and rugged majesty of some scenes; to paint their lonely desolation, or describe the undefinable sensation of reverence and dread that steals over the mind while contemplating the deathlike ghastly calm that is shed over them; and when at such a moment we remember our homes, our friends, our firesides, and all social intercourse with our fellows, and feel our present solitude, and far distance from all these dear ties, how vain is it to strive at description! Surely such a scene is Gingutree. Nor is it, independent of the nature of the surrounding scenery, a spot which lightly calls forth powerful feelings. We were now in the centre of the stupendous Himala, the loftiest and perhaps most rugged range of mountains in the world. We were at the acknowledged source of that noble river, equally an object of veneration and a source of fertility, plenty, and opulence to Hindostan; and we had now reached the holiest shrine of Hindoo worship which these holy hills contain. These are surely striking considerations, combining with the solemn grandeur of the place, to move the feelings strongly.

The fortuitous circumstance of being the first European that ever penetrated to this spot was no matter of boast, for no great danger had been braved, no extraordinary fatigues undergone; the road is now open to any other who chooses to attempt it, but it was a matter of satisfaction to myself.

(To be continued.)

## ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

### INRANITY.

On the Establishments for the reception of

\* On this subject so painfully interesting to

*Lunatics in France, and on the means of ameliorating the fate of those unfortunate persons.—A Memorial presented to his Excellency the Minister of the Interior, by Dr. Esquirol, Physician to the Salpêtrière at Paris.*

The word *hospital* is allied to that of hospitality, a virtue celebrated among the ancients. Hospitals are monuments of beneficence. There is scarcely a town without some establishment of this nature. "I will render my empire so rich, that hospitals shall be unnecessary," said Aurengzebe, when he was asked why he built none. But Montesquieu thinks that he ought, on the contrary, to have said, "I will begin by making my empire rich, and then I will build hospitals."

We are quite ignorant what formerly became of lunatics: probably a great number of them perished; the most dangerous were confined in dungeons; the rest, when they were not burnt as sorcerers, or as possessed by the devil, wandered at liberty about town or country, objects of derision or of pity.\*

It was not till towards the commencement of the 17th century, that patients of this description became, in France, the objects of particular attention. At the persuasive voice of St. Vincent de Paul, establishments were formed to receive these unfortunate men. The lunatics, who had till then roamed about without succour, were collected, and placed in the hospitals, where certain quarters were assigned them, as has been done in our times in the *dépôt de mendicité*. Yet in England, a priory called Bethlehem (afterwards corrupted into Bedlam) which Henry VIII. had given to the city of London a few years before, was assigned for the care of lunatics, as far back as 1553. The number of the patients in this establishment increasing daily, it was rebuilt on a more extensive plan in 1675, at the expense of 16,000*l.* sterling; a large sum for those days.

In 1751 this hospital being quite inadequate, another, called St. Lukes, was erected by voluntary subscription.

A few years before Dr. Jonathan Swift had founded at Dublin the Asylum of St. Patrick, for lunatics and idiots.

In 1657 there were 44 lunatics declared incurable in the *petites maisons* of Paris, who were confined in so many cells. The Parliament had three years before, ordered, "that a place should be established for the confinement of the insane of both sexes, who are at present, or who shall hereafter be; in the said general hospital (*Hôtel Dieu*)."

In several provinces lunatics were confined in the prisons or the convents, mixed with criminals and rogues; hence the name of humanity, it is our intention to submit several papers; and finally, besides noting as we proceed, to draw some conclusions from the curious facts which they will be found to contain.

Ed.

\* Of the truth of this most affecting picture we have no doubt. Gracious Heaven!—poor human nature—to what miseries, degradations, and misfortunes have you been doomed by the ignorance, brutality, and madness of man? Ed.

*Discipline, or Maison de Correction*, which has been given in several places, to hospitals for the insane.

The humane exertions which in 1774 led to the great amelioration in the hospitals, did not extend to those for the insane; their fate remained the same. They were forgotten in their dungeons, like criminals: and it was not till 1787, that Tenon, after having visited the most celebrated establishments of London and England, proposed to remove the insane from the *Hôtel-Dieu*, and place them in an hospital with 200 beds, 80 for the men, and 120 for the women.\*

The following year, that part of the *Salpêtrière* was built which is destined for female lunatics, and Dr. Pinel consented to accept the medical direction of it. He ameliorated the condition of these unhappy persons, by improvements in every part of the establishment: it was there he commenced those labours, which have done him so much honor. He obtained a separate infirmary for those whose madness was combined with another disorder, and who were formerly removed to the infirmary of the prison. He caused eighty of these poor creatures, who had been chained for many years, to be released from their fetters. He cured several by a humane treatment, which was the result of profound reflection, and was till then unknown. The popular faction, taking advantage of the successful labours of this distinguished physician, boasted of them, as a sort of triumph of the fashionable notions of the day.

The same year, Daquin de Chambéry published his "*Traité de la philosophie de la Folie*," a work which gave indications of all the ameliorations which have since been adopted in only some great establishments, and particular parts of civilised countries.

Dr. Esquirol, for many years the associate of Dr. Pinel, at the Salpêtrière, having himself formed at Paris one of the best establishments of this kind, judging that much still remained to be done in France, to ameliorate the instruction of these unfortunate, and desiring to appreciate the influence, which the improvements introduced at Paris in the public and private lunatic establishments, had had in the rest of the kingdom, determined to visit all the cities and examine the institutions destined for malalics of this description. He has drawn up his observations separately for each house, hospital, and prison: he had the plans of several of those establishments sketched and engraved for the purpose of comparing what is done in France with what is observed in other countries, especially in England.

The result of this tour is the subject of the memorial before us; the summary of a

great work which the author intends to publish in the ensuing spring.

"Every one," says this worthy follower of Howard, "may make himself sure of not drawing upon himself the severity of the laws; but who can promise himself that he shall not be struck by a malady, which seizes its victims at all ages of life, in all ranks, in all conditions?"

"Those for whom I speak, are the most interesting members of society, almost always victims of the prejudices, the injustice, and the ingratitude of their fellow-creatures. They are fathers of families, faithful wives, upright merchants, skilful artists, warriors dear to their country, distinguished men of letters; they are persons of ardent, lofty, and sensible minds: and yet these same individuals, who ought to be the objects of peculiar interest, those unfortunate beings who labour under the most dreadful of human afflictions, are treated worse than criminals, and reduced to a condition below that of the brute creation.

"I have seen them naked, or covered with rags, with nothing but straw to protect them from the cold damp of the pavement upon which they were stretched. I have seen them coarsely fed, deprived of air to breathe, of water to quench their thirst, and of the first necessities of life. I have seen them delivered to real jailors, and abandoned to their brutal superintendence. I have seen them in narrow, dirty, infected holes, without air, without light, chained in dens which would be thought too bad to confine wild beasts, which the ostentation of governments maintains at a great expense, in capital cities.

"This is what I have seen almost every where in France; this is the manner in which the insane are treated almost every where in Europe.†

In France, the insane, to the number of five thousand one hundred and fifty three, are distributed in fifty-nine houses. Of this number above two thousand are in the three great establishments at Paris.

In this city, as well as in the north, the women are in general the majority; whereas the contrary is observed in the south and in Spain.

In the whole kingdom there are only eight special establishments for the insane, most of which bear the name of "Royal Houses of Health;" some exclusively destined for one or the other sex, while in the others both men and women are received at the same time. These sufferers are often confounded with epileptic patients; with rogues

\* In addressing the attendants of Manics, it might be a good plan, with the view of enforcing humanity, to keep this condition of our nature constantly before their eyes, by reminding them that they are not exempted from this disease.—*Emolli moris nec sinit esse ferus. Ed.*

† This is often true as to the victims of mental derangement—these afflicting pictures are not long removed from disgracing this country; and much yet remains to be done, in private, as well as at our public establishments in the army and navy, where there is a great want of experience in the treatment of this disease.—*Ed.*

or vagabonds, confined for punishment; and incurable lunatics, who are shut up for life: so that it may be affirmed, that France is hitherto without establishments exclusively appropriated to the cure of mental derangement. It is to accomplish this most important object that Dr. Esquirol proposes to erect a small number, each capable of containing from one hundred to a hundred and fifty lunatics, \* all under the proper medical treat-

\* This opinion as to the number of manics that should be assembled, in any single establishment, is most judicious, as applying to recent cases of this malady; and consequently to those of whom in the excited form of the disease, seventeen and eighteen out of twenty, are curable under judicious and humane treatment. This opinion is delivered on authority that leaves no doubt on our mind as to the susceptibility of cure in the great proportion of cases of this disease. This number, one hundred, should be accommodated in two buildings, with colonnades surrounding them: so that exercise may be taken, protected from the sun, in the open air, at all periods of the year, and under all changes of weather. A building should also be erected for the use of those who are insensible to the calls of nature; as no arrangement can be more improper than associating these poor creatures with the cleanly and highly sentient maniac. The congregating a great number of human beings under the same roof, is as unfriendly to health of body, as to health of mind. It is unfriendly to correct discipline; it is from presenting so many objects of varied disease, in close succession, unfriendly to cleanliness and classification; and it also becomes unfriendly to a minute arrangement of the duties of their attendants, whose good conduct and humanity are of the utmost consequence in curing this disease. It is important to bring every thing connected with the same forms of this malady, before the eye of the medical men at a *coup d'œil*, and to which classification is essential. Bethlem, as a building, appears singularly faulty, in this point of view; as in place of one erection, it should have consisted of several subdivisions, which would have increased the facilities of classification, as well as every other useful arrangement. The patients, in walking about, at this establishment, during the whole diurnal course of the sun, have little protection from his influence; and thus exercise in the open air, during bad weather, is, generally speaking, unattainable without their being wet. The greater part of the ground around this hospital appears to strangers to be most strikingly and most unfeelingly perverted; for, in place of its being appropriated to the employment of the manics, in gardening and exercise, it is almost wholly devoted to show, which is, comparatively speaking, of little use to the insane.

Deranged patients, where nothing forbids it, should be kept much in the open air during the day, as this will have the best effect in promoting sleep, and thereby assisting their cure. The noisy state of maniac establishments during the night, great

\* In the treatment of mental derangement, no case can occur, where it will be necessary to subject the unfortunate maniac to constant confinement in a cell. Whenever this is adopted, there can be no doubt of its being the result either of brutalization, of ignorance, or of the combination of both of these, from which this most unhappy class of men have suffered deeply.—*Ed.*

ment. This would furnish a model for a school of instruction, as well as an object of emulation for other establishments of the kind. In order to be received, the lunatic must not have been under a course of medicine elsewhere, nor his malady be of more than a year's standing; nor must he have any contagious disease, or syphilis. Experience has shewn that almost as many patients are cured in the second year after the first attack of this disease, as in the first, the patients should all be considered as incurable after this period.\*

Though the eight establishments, of which we have just spoken, have faults, and perhaps some radical defects, they are, nevertheless, such as they are, far preferable to the other houses where lunatics are also received, occupying only the oldest buildings, dilapidated, damp, badly contrived, and by no means built to suit their new destination, except some cells or dungeons in which the ungovernable lunatics are confined.

We meet with other general hospitals, where the lunatics, except those who are raving mad, live mixed with the other patients, and even the idiots and the poor wretches said to be incurable. Nay, in some places, they go so far as to crowd them pell-mell with the prisoners in the *quartiers de force*; and these unfortunate victims are almost every where placed on the same regimen as the indigent.

In the thirty-three cities of France, which Dr. Esquirol visited, the insane are received into the general hospitals, where they admit, at the same time, old people, children, the infirm, persons afflicted with the itch, and even prostitutes and criminals.

At the Salpêtrière and the Bicêtre, the ward of the insane is, in some measure, rally arises from a want of attention to this obvious and simple principle. There is no disease that, in its treatment, requires more assiduous attention than mania, and therefore, those labouring under this affliction will derive singular advantages from being daily visited by their medical attendant. The prompt application of a few leeches will often moderate an approaching paroxysm, and be the means of rendering coercion almost unnecessary.—*Ed.*

\* Such principles, if adopted, would be fatal to the restoration of many maniacs, who, under juster views and perseverance, would be cured. No method is so likely to render a disease incurable as considering it so; and this apathy the maniac has too often experienced. We contend, that while the bodily health of the patient continues good, he should never be abandoned as incurable, as under the most complicated misery, human nature seldom abandons itself; hope will prevail in the midst of the most gloomy presentations; and it therefore becomes the duty of friends to adopt this principle towards their severely afflicted relation, who is wholly in their power. If they neglect this, they neglect to fulfil what he, with the consciousness of his state, would have done for himself. Under such circumstances, should he abandon himself? Certainly not. And this consideration ought to weigh with friends who possess the means of carrying it into effect.—*Ed.*

independent of the rest of the building; they have a particular regimen, servants, and a physician.

In those towns where *dépôts de mendicité* had been established, it was proposed to add to them a *quartier de force*, for the raving mad only; some had been already built, in which these are left continually chained in their cells. The other lunatics are destitute of that particular attention which their condition requires; there are even towns where they have not been blushed to place the insane in the prisons.

In general there are few houses of confinement in which we do not find raving lunatics, cruelly chained in dungeons, like criminals. "What a monstrous association!" exclaims the philanthropic Esquirol, with great reason.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The *Sheffield Mercury*, after mentioning Messrs. Parkes' patent invention, for the consumption of their own smoke by furnaces, steam engines, &c. speaks of a similar method devised by Mr. Davies of Dukinfield. "This plan, the Editor says, Messrs. M. Caswood and Son, of Leeds, have applied to the steam engine furnace at their foundry, and with the happiest effect. The emission of the smoke is now scarcely more than from a common fire; and the contrast with the black and dense volumes of vapour which issue from the neighbouring furnaces, is very striking.—Messrs. Rothery and Co. have adapted the same method, at their oil mill, and with equal success. This improvement may be made in any furnace; and the expense will not exceed four or five shillings!—We therefore trust that the method will be universally adopted; and the blessings of a pure atmosphere be thus secured."

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### OXFORD, MAY 27.

On Saturday last, in Convocation, the Honorary Degree of M. A. was conferred on Johan Henricus De Sarum, Gentleman Commoner of Exeter College, and son of Christoffel de Sarum, 4th Maha-Modliar (or noble Magistrate) of Colombo, in Ceylon.

Saturday, May 20, the last day of Easter Term, the following Degrees were conferred:—

DOCTOR IN CIVIL LAW.—Rev. Henry Cotton, Christ Church. MASTERS OF ARTS.—Rev. George Porter and Robert Samuel Richards, Worcester College. Rev. George Henry Curtis and George Bryan Pantton, University College. Rev. Thomas Morris, Brasenose College. John Locke Jeane, Pembroke College. BACHELORS OF ARTS. Ralph Doughty, St. Alban Hall. James Dighton, Exeter College. John Stoup Wagstaffe, Lincoln College. Henry Barrett Lennard, Merton College. Horace Monro, Richard Powys, and John Walmsley, University College. Thomas Pearson and Robert Coulthard, Scholars of Queen's College. Peter White Tayler and John Sankey, St.

Edmund Hall. Philip Perring, Lambert Blackwell Larking, Robert Young Keays, and Francis Maude, Brasenose College. George More Moynce and Robert Bidolph Phillips, Trinity College. Henry John Gunning and John Alcock, Balliol College. Hon. Henry Alfred Napier, Christ Church. Robert Lloyd Anwyl Roberts, Jesus College.

The whole number of Degrees in Easter Term was—D. D. Two; D. C. L. Two; B. D. Four; Incorp. B. Med. One; Incorp. M. A. One; M. A. Fifty-one; B. A. Forty-eight; Matriculations, ninety-two.

Wednesday, May 24, the first day of Act Term, the following Degrees were conferred:—

DOCTOR IN DIVINITY.—Rev. John Russell, Grand Compounder. MASTERS OF ARTS.—Carre William Tupper, Scholar of Pembroke College. Rev. William Glinster, Scholar of University College. Rev. William Upjohn and Rev. John Henry Coates Borewell, St. Edmund Hall. William John Gilbert and Henry James Felden, Brasenose College. Francis Lloyd, Student of Christ Church. Rev. William Gibbs Straghu, Christ Church. Rev. William Tommismian Hanbury, New College. Rev. William Hall Hale, Oriel College. Rev. Daniel Jones, Scholar of Jesus College. Rev. William Leigh, Worcester College. BACHELORS OF ARTS.—John Gethin, Esq. John Herbert, Esq. Wadhams College, Grand Compounders. John Percival George Lambie, Esq. Balliol College, Grand Compounder. Edward Colbold, St. Alban Hall. Richard Rothwell, Alexander Begbie, and Thomas Edward Duncumb, Exeter College. Frederick Quarrington, Scholar of Pembroke College. Samuel Turner, Walter Culverly Trevelyan, and George Traherne, University College. Robert Bland Meudham, Philip Gregson Harper, George Nutcombe Oxman, and John Hurt Barber, Wadhams College. Henry Dixon, Brasenose College. Henry Anthony Pye and Roger Bird, Demies of Magdalen College. Hon. Sedley Venables Vernon and James Id Boone, Students of Christ Church. Duncombe and Charles. William Wynyard. MURRAY Jesus College.

### CAMBRIDGE.

After a long investigation, Scholarship, at the university, has been adjudged to Mr. Geo. of Pembroke Hall; and a premium was voted to Mr. John Jowett Stes the knowledge he displayed in the examination. Mr. George Irving Scott, of Trinity Hall, is the fortunate candidate for the Chancellor's gold medal; the subject *Walterio*.

## FINE ARTS.

### BRITISH GALLERY.

#### Biographic Sketches.

"But modesty in me forbids the defacements in men departed, their posterity yet remaining, enjoying the merit of their virtues, and do still live in their honour. And I had rather incur



the censure of abruptness, than standing by eruption, or trampling on the graves of persons at rest, which living we durst not look in the face, nor make our addresses unto them, otherwise than with due regard to their honours, and reverence to their virtues."

*Portrait of Sir Peter Paul Rubens.—Painted by himself. (His Majesty.)*

The union of grandeur and truth, the two greatest attributes of painting, are so happily displayed in this masterly portrait, as to mark the superior feeling that results from the study of the higher walk of art. Among the multitudes who have devoted their lives exclusively to the painting of portraits, a department of the profession which points out the readiest path to employment, not many have acquired more than wealth. Yet to record that superior sentiment which we behold in the portraits by Raffaele, Titian, Rubens, Vandyck, Murillo, Velasquez, and our own great Reynolds, the living resemblance of persons whose superior actions have brought honour to their country, or whose exalted genius has supported the dignity of man, made in the image of his Creator, is an achievement not to be contemned; although some distinguished artists, affecting to decry portraiture as beneath their study, have led the public to declaim on the side of this unmeaning conceit.

The dignity of the pen of the historian is not unworthily employed on the biography of an illustrious mind; nor is the pencil of the historical painter degraded by the delineation of the earthly form which that mind illumined. Why then should a gallery of portraits of the truly great, painted in the noblest style of art, excite less interest than pictures of the memorable deeds of the same beings? For, although their actions embrace a greater field for the imagery of design, each is estimable when contemplated by the eye of philosophy. Posterity might as highly estimate a picture of the hero of Waterloo by the hand of a Titian, as a scene of the field of his glory by that of a Rubens. It must ever be deplored, that there are not more portraits of great personages perpetuated by the pencils of great artists.

Rubens has portrayed himself in a broad-brimmed hat, clothed in a mantle of the same colour, with a narrow laced ruff, and decorated with a chain of gold, one of the many, it may be presumed, which had been presented to him by sovereign princes, but which this "consummate painter, enlightened scholar, and accomplished man of the world," has modestly concealed, leaving *secundum artem*, only a sparkling link of the honourable distinction visible. The countenance is dignified and intelligent, and painted with exquisite purity of colour: the picture is rich and harmonious.

*Portrait of Sir Anthony Vandyck, painted by himself. (His Majesty.)*

This is also a bust, and companion to Rubens; it is painted more in the style of his illustrious master, than that by Rubens himself. He wears a black mantle, without a hat; his hair, mustache, and small tuft at the chin, are of a reddish hue. The countenance is expressive of great capacity, but not

illumined by that grandeur of character radiating from the brow of his prototype—nor is it so highly wrought.

These pictures are from the collection in Carlton House—his majesty having graciously condescended to contribute fifty-nine subjects, nearly one fourth of the whole catalogue. Another instance this of the munificent spirit which prevails in the breast of the king, and is so marked a characteristic of the royal family—that spirit which delights in the pleasure of obliging. Such a precedent from the throne, it is fervently hoped, will operate as it should; for although the artists owe so much to certain distinguished persons, for their considerate zeal, yet there are too many of high rank, who coldly withhold the finest specimens of art from this noble institution, under the plea that they cannot deprive their walls of these expensive decorations, to contribute to a public show. These narrow-minded persons should know, that his majesty courted this inconvenience for the public good, and cheerfully stripped the walls of his private residences for the promotion of this national object!

When application was first made to this illustrious person by certain directors of the British Institution, on the development of their reasons for exhibiting the works of the Old Masters, and a request preferred to know what pictures could be spared, the answer was worthy the then representative of George III. "any that may be chosen—or all."

It may be presumed that King Charles I. when prince Charles, and travelling *incog.* through France on his way to Spain, accompanied by the duke of Buckingham, became acquainted with Rubens; for the duke, who was never separate from his prince, had then an interview with the illustrious painter, who had recently completed his great work of the Luxembourg, the two last pictures for that gallery being executed at Paris.

In 1627, Rubens, whose fame had spread over Europe, arrived in England, being sent hither on a private political mission of no less consequence than the negotiation for a peace between England and Spain. He executed his commission with that address that led to a successful result, and produced for him a great acquisition of fame.

The English king prevailed on Rubens to undertake a series of allegorical pictures, the designs in honor of his father, to ornament the ceiling of that building then recently finished, the Banqueting Room, Whitehall, being part of a magnificent palace begun by James I. whose apotheosis forms the subject painted. Rubens received the honour of knighthood in testimony of his high merits, and was liberally rewarded for this work, which, for grandeur of design, and splendour of effect, is considered to be the finest plaqué in Europe; yet such has been the indifference to works of taste in England, that thousands and tens of thousands have lived and died in London in every age, without

• Cipriani was employed to clean and repair the paintings on the ceiling of the Royal Chapel, Whitehall, in 1778, which work he completed with great success.

having seen this magnificent display of talent.

King Charles had purchased a fine gallery of pictures of Rubens, collected by him in his travels, and which for a time had decorated the walls of his mansion at Antwerp. The negotiation for the purchase was managed by that distinguished patron of the arts, the first duke of Buckingham, before Rubens visited England. The king gave for this addition to the royal galleries ten thousand pounds.

Cologne had the honor of giving birth to this "Prince of Painters," in the year 1570, on the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, after whom he was named. He died in 1640, and was interred in his own private Chapel in the Church of St. James, at Antwerp.

The reputation of this enlightened king, for his general love of science and particular regard for men of talent, was spread abroad. England had suddenly appeared the seat of arts. Hence every distinguished artist must have felt a desire to become acquainted with its sovereign, whose accomplished mind could even direct the taste of those whom he patronized. His condescension to such excited a generous emulation for his favour. Vandyck naturally bent his thoughts towards the English court, then the most polite among nations. Sir Kenelm Digby had visited this inimitable portrait painter, and doubtless had said enough in honour of his sovereignty to excite Vandyck to seek his protection, for he had been severely treated and sadly mortified by the monks of the Low Countries, who had not to expiate, like the Italians, the crying sin of picture worship.

Nor did they, like the priesthood of Italy, commit the sin of idolatry to those who painted pictures. Vandyck had executed some altar pieces for certain religious communities. The arts were even there subservient to the church; but the churchmen regarded their merits no more than those of the great universities nearer home in later times. It was in vain for Vandyck to reason with his ignorant employers, to expatiate on the principles of taste, or talk of chiaroscuro, of the balance of colour, of red here and blue there, focus of light, and blazing effect. The holy priests would have their legends attired in a costume of their own, taking care, like sage Dutchmen, not to pay a stiver until the contract was completed according to their humour. He turned his back upon his own country, and was adopted by this. The walls of the British Institution, the mansions of the great throughout this favoured isle, proclaim what Flanders lost—what England gained.

The picture of his illustrious patron, King Charles, on the white horse, attended by St. Antoine, which shines a constellation amidst this collection, would alone form a school of art. Never did the purity and brilliancy of colours combine in a fineness than that comprising the countenance of the king, the armour, and the head of the horse. The bold and masterly execution of the other parts, the neutral hues that lead to the principal features, where the utmost power of just finishing is applied, display his consummate skill.

Vandyck visited England in 1629, and sub-

sequently two years afterwards, when he obtained what he so earnestly sought, the kind countenance of the king, whose favour he retained to the day of his death, which happened in 1641. He was cut off in the prime of life; but he went peacefully to the tomb, and knew not of those scenes of horror that the fates were preparing for his honoured master, and for those illustrious men who had hailed him as a brother, rewarded him according to his deserts, and honoured him as a friend.

Vandyck made the best compensation to the country: he loved the English, spent the fortune acquired by their munificence in the liberal encouragement of other arts, to the professors of which his personal kindness was extensive. He painted many of their portraits gratuitously.

Those who are not ignorant of the laborious study necessary to the completion of a highly finished picture, cannot but feel astonished at the fecundity of his pencil. There are few noble families in this country who do not possess some of his works—portraits of their ancestry. Many of his finest pieces were purchased of the commissioners appointed by Cromwell to sell the royal collections, by foreign connoisseurs, and even by agents from crowned heads. Several of his choicest works were sent abroad to the young Duke of Buckingham by a faithful servant, which never found their way back to England; and many were swept away during the reign of terror, with the *beaux* of destruction, by those sanctified scavengers, Praise-God-Barebones, Hugh Peters, and others of "purer eyes" than to behold such abominations as those images of nobility. Yet there are now left to excite our wonder that he could accomplish so much within the short space of ten years, the period of his sojournment here.

The last compliment Vandyck could pay to the natives of England, was expressed in his desire that his dust might mingle with theirs. He was buried in the old cathedral of St. Paul, "with a funeral pomp," says Mr. Bryan, "suited to his extraordinary abilities, and the universal esteem he had acquired by the urbanity of his manners, and the liberality of his heart."

Vandyck had the honour to lead to the altar the beautiful daughter of Lord Goutry. He was knighted at St. James's Palace by Charles I. in the year 1632.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 87. *Portraits of Miss Ingham and her Sister.*—T. Phillips, R. A.

In conjunction with the wreath of flowers introduced, the whole of this picture resembles a garland, painted upon the principles of the celebrated Baptist, in which strength and harmony of colouring are united with the most elegant form of composition. The management of this group, upon a light back-ground, is no less skillfully performed.

It is evident that this great painter was blest with the visions of Gainsborough in his last moments. For when expiring, he exclaimed, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyck is of the party."

than judiciously chosen; and the picture, altogether, exhibits the most pleasing variety.

No. 6. *Portrait of the Rev. Dr. Coplestone, Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, by the same.*

This also is one of Mr. Phillips's happiest productions. The principal, as well as the accessories, is in the best style of portrait composition.

No. 132. *Portraits of Miss E. and Miss F. Baring.*—J. Jackson, R. A.

Parallel lines are not very favourable to the picturesque; yet somehow Mr. Jackson has contrived, by the simplicity and character of this performance, greatly to interest us. There is no sacrifice made by the foil of contrast, or studied preference of attitude, to break the unity of sisterhood. It is a sweet picture, and at least equals any thing of the artist's female portraiture which we have yet seen.

No. 186. *Portrait of Canova.*—The same.

A portrait which conveys most perfectly the individual resemblance of this celebrated sculptor, and is a fine example of skill in the harmony of colouring.

No. 178. *Portrait of Mr. Liston.*—By the same.

An admirable likeness, and well painted.

No. 163. *A Group of the Earl of Mulgrave, General Phipps, Sir George Beaumont, and the Hon. A. Phipps [in title].*—By the same hand.

This is without the finish which should belong to works of its size, and displays neither great talent for arrangement, nor expression in its execution.

Nos. 12. *Mrs. O'Brien*; 24. *Miss Stephens*; 58. 77. *J. Enright and Miss Fairlie*; 105. *A Young Gentleman*; 158. *Bishop of Norwich*; 164. 311. *Lady and Sir T. Monro.*—M. A. Shee, R. A.

We have little to observe of this able artist's performance, beyond our usual remark on his works:—an almost excess of purity in the use of his means. It may be, that time, in acting upon them, will only bring them to the standard assumed by his contemporaries; and it is very possible, that, had we seen the portraits of Vandyck, (more especially his females) in their original state, much of his mellow tones would not have appeared. Be this as it may, it is an estimable quality when compared with the crude and slovenly laze which some parts of our portrait pictures display. No. 105 is one of the most beautiful specimens of Mr. Shee's pencil.

MODEL ACADEMY.—We never enter this room but with a sepulchral feeling.

"The storiature and animated bust!"

the monumental record of the departed are there indeed mingled with the resemblances of the living, and the poetical effusions of the artist's mind; yet still the impression is of the sombre cast. Among the works of imagination, the figure of Eve at the Fountain, by E. H. Baily, A. is eminent for its chaste simplicity, and the beautiful turn and beauty of the attitude. The figure of Victory, executed from a design of the late W. Theed, Esq. R. A. by the same artist, is

conspicuous for its grandeur and majestic form; the expression, however, is that of grief, the wreath is for the hero that is no more.

*A Sleeping Child.*—F. Chantrey, R. A.

This exquisite piece of sculpture is powerfully attractive; the peculiar interest of sleeping infancy, the tenderness and purity of its character, is felt by all; and when to this is added the beauty of innocence at rest, it cannot fail to excite the softest and best emotions of our nature. In the execution of this difficult work of art, Mr. Chantrey has displayed his usual skill, and given in the head of the child the most perfect idea of that character found in the best works of Raphael and Corregio, when they endeavoured to represent the Divinity of the infant Saviour. The lower part of the figure appears to us much inferior to the head; but our principal objection is to those needless emblems, introduced rather to puzzle than to explain. The fly of the valley, if meant to express purity, can add nothing to the character of purity seen in the sleeping child itself. The butterfly feeding upon the snow-drop, if it be such, gives no palpable idea of its meaning, and Mr. Chantrey is the last from whom we should expect these unmeaning accessories. We have no objection to a limited use of allegory; but, in this instance, it rather weakens than strengthens the main representation. Of the busts, it is enough to say they are by the hands of this artist, and that in most of them the individual resemblance is finely given.

*Religious Instruction. A Brass Relievo for St. John's Church, Manchester.*—S. Fearnman, R. A.

There is a solemnity bordering upon severity in this group, or rather in the principal ecclesiastical; nor do we quite understand the personage behind, with something of a circle about the head.

Nos. 1030, 1031, 1036. *Idiota.*—P. Turner, R. A.

The first of these is a capital likeness of the Duke of Kent, of which we have already spoken; the two latter, busts of Lord and Lady Audley. They are both excellent, but that of the lady peculiarly so. The subject is admirably adapted for the sculptor's art; and the beauty of Lady Audley's countenance, as well as the air of dignity about her head, has been expressed with very great ability.

*A Marble Bust of the Bishop of Durham.*—No. 1065, by W. Behnes.

We have scarce ever seen a finer display of skill in giving complete idea of a character at once dignified and humble, than appears in this bust; and we must congratulate the artist upon a performance in which he has evinced talents beyond any former exhibition.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

##### SONNET.

On viewing Queen Mary's Apartments, in the Palace of Holyrood, at Edinburgh.  
Is this the Royal palace, where the Queen—

The Queen of beauty—Caledonia's pride—  
 Reign'd o'er these realms in pomp, as princely  
 bride  
 Enthroned 'midst grandeur, by the nation seen?  
 The apartments these, which often serv'd to  
 screen  
 Her primal charms of art's false glare denied?  
 These, where in privacy want to reside  
 Her loveliness increased their glory shewn?  
 But ah, how changed!—while here we fondly  
 trace  
 Relics of splendour in profusion spread,  
 On every side, th' enchanting spirit's fled,  
 Which every fancied charm gave to this place—  
 Fit emblem of this present transient scene—  
 For earth's proud image is impressed VAIN,  
 K. V.

[We are often favoured with *truly* original poetical compositions, but generally too long for our purpose. The following short specimens, however, may afford our readers some entertainment; and the writers assure us their insertion will much delight them.]

## TO

What anxious, lonely bee was it  
 That sought the fittest, fairest treat,  
 Its cell to sweeten, tireless did fly,  
 Each flow'r to try?

"Twas I!

What beauteous, blushing Rose was that,  
 Tho' flung its fragrance, as a net,  
 Arctus did give th' alluring clue  
 To sweetest dew?

"Twas you!

April 18th.

J. B.

## LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS B.—

*On making some Handkerchiefs.*

In all you tell—  
 In all you take in hand,  
 What'er it be,  
 You let me see—  
 That you can praise command.  
 What'er you do  
 Is match'd by few—  
 You always do excel!  
 Merit doth lurk  
 In all your work—  
 You always do it well.  
 These lines to you  
 Address'd are true—  
 No flattery lurketh here:  
 And I can tell  
 That you excel,  
 And all your friends revere.

W. B.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

[To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.]

## THE PRESENT;

*Or, Travels of a Hare after his Decease.*  
 Many of those individuals whose deaths are recorded for the edification of the public, are the cause of much dull reading being sent into the world about their lives. Because the exit of a man attracts attention, it is supposed to be of importance to state, when he was born, who were his parents, and where he went to school. I shall take good care not to fall into this error, by avoiding all mention of my "birth, parentage, and education."

Passing then at once to that period of my travels when I lost my life (it is much to be regretted that few travellers reach that period so soon), I begin by telling you, that the week before last, I had the misfortune to get my neck dislocated by a stick thrown from a rustic's hand, who, from being unconscious of the inconvenience he had occasioned me, went on without offering me the smallest assistance.

A moment afterwards Captain Cockleshell, of the Lumber-troop, (who had just succeeded in wounding a hay-stack which stood within a hundred feet of the place from which a covey of birds had sprung,) came to the spot where I lay, very busily engaged in performing my last convulsions.

The Captain did not mistake me for one of the birds that he had missed. He very soon found that I was defunct; and, being quite satisfied that I should not run away, he, with that presence of mind and composure which distinguishes the true hero in battle, serenely retired twenty paces,—re-loaded his gun, and discharged its contents into my prostrate carcase, which he forthwith carried off in triumph, as an undoubted proof of his shooting prowess.

Arrived at his house in Little East Cheap, I was introduced in form to the Captain's Lady, with a very minute account of the manner in which the redoubted Lumber Trooper thought proper to say that I had come by my death. According to this, it appeared that he had tracked me for more than a mile and a half, and at length perceived me just retiring into a thicket, when he levelled his piece, and shot me dead, at the distance of a hundred and fifty, or a hundred and sixty yards.

For three days every person who came to the house was entertained with this little interesting narrative, and treated with a sight of my person, which placed the truth of the statement beyond all doubt. The lady now considering that I had been sufficiently productive of *celar*, proposed to have me for dinner. I was glad of this, for the weather was so cold, that I felt quite impatient to be dressed.

But the Captain objected. A tame rabbit, twice as big as I happened to be, might be bought for half-a-crown, and would be a better dish, while I was worth more than the money he had named to send as a present. With this feeling he finished by proposing to send me to his cousin Street, at Margate.

"Why should we send it to him?" enquired the lady, "What does he ever send us?"

"Nothing.—Nor would he give us sixpence to save us from starving. I would only send it to mortify him, by letting him know that we are getting up in the world."

This satisfied the lady, who forthwith wrote a very affectionate letter to announce me, and that same night, off I started by the coach for the Isle of Thanet.

My carriage, including the porter's demand on delivering me, cost but two shillings and tenpence. The servant took me in with a smile, but I met with a very different re-

ception from the mistress, when she returned from her morning walk.

"What," said she, "am I and your master to be robbed of two and tenpence for such a thing as this! Why, I could at any time buy a better of the poachers for half the money! A pretty thing, indeed, to—"

A double knock interrupted her eloquence, but only interrupted it to give it additional energy, when a letter from London, carefully put in off the stones, and charged expence, was given into her hands, to tell that I was coming, in order that she might send to the coach-office, and save the expence of portage.

I shall not follow her through her transports, nor detail the many civil things with which she entertained her husband on the subject of his fine London relations; but I must remark, that she behaved very unkindly to me, whom she called "a miserable little starveling, not worth cooking, or even eating, if I could have been sent ready cooked."

After a very short debate, both came to a resolution that I was absolutely good for nothing, and, in consequence of this, they determined on dispatching me to a very particular friend at Canterbury, and I became the subject of two letters. The first, from Mrs. Street to Mrs. Cockleshell ran thus:

"My dear Madam.—Mr. Street and myself beg to return you our best thanks for the beautiful hare which you were so good as to send us. It arrived very opportunely, for it came when we had a large company of fashionable folks to dine with us, and we had been every where trying, but in vain, to procure such a thing for love or money. We are, however, very sorry that you should rob yourself of such a treat, for it was the nicest ever tasted, and must earnestly beg you will not think of conferring on us a similar favour for the time to come, as we are quite distressed from not knowing how to make a suitable return. I remain, my dear Madam, (with best remembrance to the Captain and all the family),

"TIVALLAND STREET.

"To Mrs. Cockleshell, Little East Cheap, London."

The second was as follows:—

"My dear Sir.—As a very small return for the many favours which I and Mrs. Street have received at your hands, we take the liberty of sending you a leveret, which we hope you will do us the favour to accept. We fear it is hardly worth presenting, as it is but a small, though, we trust, a very fine one; but we know your kindness will take the part for the deed. I should have called to return a part of the cash you were so good as to favour me with as a loan in the summer, but that I understood you were a great deal in town, and feared that you would be out of the way. By the end of next month I shall make a point of coming to Canterbury. Hoping it will not be inconvenient to wait till then, I am, my dear Sir, (with best regards from Mrs. S.) very faithfully yours,

"HUMPHRY STREET.

"Charles Longpurse, Esq. Canterbury."

Though I went carriage paid, and the letter post free, Mr. Longpurse did not treat me with all the respect in the world. "What!" he exclaimed, "Here's another sprat! Well, its my own fault if those who sent you catch a herring, that's one comfort."

I now found myself introduced to the society of half a dozen hares, and about as many pheasants and braces of partridges. The footman was told the next day that he might have me (on account of the smallness of my size) to deal with as he pleased. He being quite unfringed with such things, sold me for eighteen-pence to a journeyman apothecary, his friend, who wished to inspire his master with some respect for his connexions; and the apothecary, on receiving the present as from his journeyman's uncle, a great landholder, sent me with all speed to the house of the rector, through whose interest he hoped to be promoted on the first vacancy, to physic the paupers in the parish workhouse.

The person for whom I was now intended was really (as the son of *Galen* knew) very fond of all sorts of game. But he happening to be out when I arrived, and his wife not being at all partial to the trouble of cooking a hare, which he always expected her to superintend herself, I was again sent on my travels, and started by the first Dover coach that passed for the metropolis.

Again in Lordon, a bailiff paid the porter who was entrusted to carry me from the inn, and took me from him at the door of the house to which he had been directed. He had the honesty to return with me, having himself assumed the garb of a porter, and, in this disguise, he easily gained an entrance, touched the gentlemen for whom I was destined on the shoulder, and conducted his prisoner, with little delay, to a sponging-house in Chancery Lane.

The debtor had now to consider of finding bail. No person seemed fitter to be applied to on such an occasion than his friend, Captain Cockleshell, of the Lumber-troup. To prepare him to accede to such a request, he bethought himself he could not do better than to send him a hare. He therefore wrote a letter, dated Hampshire, describing me to have been killed on the day but one preceding that on which he was writing, and by himself, on the manner of his friend, Lord Sharpset; and with this statement, back I went to my old master.

"Look here," said the Captain, (who immediately recognized me), addressing himself to his wife, "the hare has come back again; I can swear to its being the same that I killed last Monday."—"He meant that he had found dying."

"No, sure it can't be!" exclaimed the lady.—"Yes it is."

"And Diddler says he shot it the day before yesterday."

"Indeed!"

"And on the manner of his friend, Lord Sharpset."

"How ridiculous," said the Lady, "do such people make themselves by endeavouring thus to show their consequence."

"It is contemptible," the Lumber-trouper added.—"Then, to tell such bouncing false-

hoods, and unnecessarily; that puzzles me. How can people make up their minds to that."

And both agreed to condemn such conduct as most absurd and improper; though this had not occurred to the Captain when I first fell into his hands. It was now debated whether or not I should be sent any where else; but, from the circumstance of their finding it convenient to close their nostrils when their noses were turned towards me, this, it was thought, would be rather too high a joke. The idea was accordingly abandoned, and I was ordered into the kitchen for the servants, where I am now roasting.

I am, Mr. Editor, truly yours,  
PUSS.

### THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—On Monday, Mr. Keen took his last benefit. We have not, as our readers know, been the unconditional admirers of Mr. Keen; but we have yielded our tribute to his genius when we thought that it was merited. We hope that the new actors, Messrs. Cooper and Vanderhoof, will do something towards filling his place; but to many, at least, they will not compensate for the absence of their favorite.

Mr. Keen played *Jaffier*, in *Venice Preserved*. The house was crowded almost to suffocation, and we saw and heard him little at our ease. He acted parts of it very well, but the character is perhaps not altogether adapted to him: it is a long, dreary, difficult part; and, except in the scene with Renault, and in the night scene on the Rialto, affords little opportunity for any actor to exhibit excellence. Why did not Mr. Keen act *Pierre*, and leave *Jaffier* to Mr. Rae? As it was, Mr. Elliston (Mr. Elliston!) acted *Pierre*. We wish he would leave tragedy alone: it does not become him, nor does he become it. He is a heavy *Pierre*, and has not one atom of dignity. Mr. Keen played in a farce called "*The Admirable Crichton*," and sang (sweetly), and fenced, and mimicked, and danced, and sprained his ankle: he can do better things than these—let him leave them to his inferiors.

COVENT GARDEN.—*Macbeth*.—This Tragedy, which has not been performed at this Theatre for some time, was got up for Mr. Macready's benefit. It is difficult to find an adequate representative of the principal character: the more striking and effective scenes are not easily acted, and the quieter ones have seldom been embodied with any thing like success. A man who has met the weird sisters on their blasted heath, and in whose ears voices teeming with fate and terror have shrieked, must not be portrayed in a common way. He has for ever after to wear about him the sense of that supernatural colloquy, and to bear up against it, and yet to feel the weight of his impending destiny. He toils up the hill of life, like a Sisyphus, without any relaxation from his burden: the stone that is hung round his neck never evades him, but presses the heavier in proportion to his ascent.

John Kemble appeared more like *Macbeth*, after the murder at least, than any one whom we have seen: the marble look which he wore, became the assassin of Banquo and Duncan; and his tones, which seemed at times as though they came from a hollow sepulchre, struck the ear, and chimed in admirably with the deep tragedy of the story. Mr. Keen plays the scene after the murder in a style of the highest excellence; but we confess we do not think *Macbeth*, by any means, one of his happier efforts. Mr. Macready acted the part (on his benefit night) for the first time, and acquitted himself as we expected—indeed better; for we had been accustomed to identify him, rather too exclusively, with characters of mere tenderness or passion, and to give him a limited credit only: he has shewn us that he can fill a more extended circle; and we rejoice in every opportunity that is afforded him of doing justice to himself. His acting in "*Virginian*," is quite masterly; and yet very few persons had before a notion of his power over the gentler feelings. We indeed had seen him in the *Steward*, where he gave evidence of this faculty; and yet his *Virginian* in some measure surprised us.

Mr. Macready's *Macbeth*, then, is a fine piece of acting: we know persons who did not admire the opening scene; but for our parts, we liked the quietness and subdued power which he threw into the earlier parts of the play. The dagger scene was good, but more particularly the latter part of it, where he steals with a noiseless step towards the chamber of his sleeping victim; but the scene after the murder was admirable; and of the banquet scene, he is the only actor that we remember, who has given us a true conception. It has been the custom for *Macbeth* to bully the ghost of his deceased friend Banquo out of the supper-room—to shout out a torrent of words in the voice of a Stentor, and to assume a position of defiance, almost ludicrous. Mr. Macready retreated, instead of advancing: it was the murderer before the avenging spirit, trembling and shuddering at the past and the present—endeavouring to shield his eyes from a vision that almost seared them with horror; his manly nature peeping out a little from the cloud of fear and remorse that enveloped it, but sinking back at last exhausted and dismayed. The concluding act was admirably performed, and the general tone well preserved throughout. There were few glaring lights thrown in to make particular parts prominent; but it was richly coloured altogether, and is no mean addition to the still increasing reputation of Mr. Macready.

MISS MACAULEY.—This lady gave an entertainment on Wednesday, at the Argyle Rooms, commencing at two o'clock, and under the patronage of several ladies of quality. It was well and fashionably attended, and the exertions of Miss M. were rewarded with liberal, but not undeserved, plaudits. The undertaking was to afford a dramatic display of the passions, by recitations; and, in acquitting herself of this difficult task, Miss M. displayed great powers, great energy, and great versatility. Some imitations

of peculiar and national dialects, and the relief of music, rendered the whole a very agreeable, as it was a novel species of amusement. These performances are, we understand, to be repeated every Wednesday; and they certainly merit encouragement, as much from the talent they exhibit, as from the respectable claims of the individual upon the public feeling.

## VARIEITIES.

M. Noel de la Morinière has passed through England and Scotland, on his way to Cape North, whither he is proceeding to make observations connected with natural science, &c.

Madame Catalani, on the 12th of March, at Cremenitz, in Russia, gave a concert in honour of the accession of the Emperor Alexander, in which she sang a Russian Hymn, suited to the occasion.

*Greek City.*—Letters from the south of Russia state, that M. Kaptnest, a German proprietor, has discovered an ancient mole and other unquestionable remains of a Greek town, at a village called Koktabel, situated between Kaffa and Sadack, in the Crimea. M. K. believes them to be the ruins of Theodosia; but our correspondent, who has visited the spot, is hardly persuaded to refer them to so considerable a city.

*Advertisements.*—Among the puzzling productions of this sort, we observed the following in the Morning Post last week. "It is requested that the *Lady* who received in public, on Tuesday evening last, a *Caricature of a Head*, adorned with a coronet, and other ornaments, will return some answer to the paper in which it was enclosed."

This is a very suspicious-looking invitation, and we can readily guess what sort of ornaments the *others* are, but nothing to the barefaced profligacy of the adjointed, which is copied from the Morning Chronicle, and betrays the most public disregard to moral decency which we ever met with in England.

"An unmarried Gentleman of 30, about to make a tour through the South of France and Italy, in his own carriage, would be happy to meet with a Lady of accomplished and superior manners to accompany him, and who may place every confidence in his honour.—Address (post paid) &c."

When time hangs heavy on one's hand, at an inn perhaps, where they take care never to have a book to divert you from eating or drinking, the perusal of the advertisements of the sale paper in the house is often productive of amusement.\* In one column of a paper of Wednesday we were thus entertained with an advertisement for "a gentlemanly house within twenty miles of London;"—another of stags, which "rectify projecting shoulder-blades, remove weakness in the back, and make ladies appear straight without any pernicious steel;" and a third announcing, by a most genuine bull, that the *Favorite and Eclipse*, Margate steam packets, "leave the Tower Stairs for Margate every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings at 8 o'clock precisely, and return

from thence every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning, at the same hour." Such are the powers of steam!

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

*Plagiarism.*—The following is extracted from a rare book, entitled, "Master Tully Tossepote his merry and conceited gosses, hll. letter. an. 4to. no date, conjectured about 1584. It appears that Mr. T. Moore took his song "That duple when first I espied it," almost verbatim from this song. I admire the old author much more than his modern imitator. Its remarkable, that grog, which is commonly supposed to be a liquor of late invention, is noticed in this song. I have derived from the old spelling,

That duple, when first I espied it,  
Spoke of sack and cunary so plain;  
But the bowl of strong waters beaide it  
Disturbed my ideas again!  
Thou art first in the twilight at present!  
Thy cash has run low, my olddog!  
Abandoning claret so pleasant,  
Thou art forced to make merry with grog!  
Yet thy grog is so pleasant to me,  
I own it—I rather would smother  
All care in strong liquors with thee,  
Than in malmsey or sack with another.

*Latin Pun.*—Burke, one evening, in snuffing a candle, was awkward enough to sniff it out. "Ah!" said he, "I fall under the censure of Horace—

Brevi esse laboro obscurus fin.

Eustathius remarks, that the 182d line of the third book of the *Iliad*—

ἵππος ἄρ' ἔστιν, ποσειδῶνι δὲ δῶκεται  
increases ἀνακτοῖς: that is, the first word is of one syllable, and the others successively of two, three, four, and five. Such lines were called by the ancients *Rhopsic*. There is an inverted one in *Paradise Lost*, Book iii, 492;—

Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls.

*The Cart before the Horse.*—A writer has taken the trouble to print a letter, in which he assumes that the *Literary Gazette* must favour publishers, because it enjoys greater facilities for giving an early account of new works, than any other periodical publication; and he also asserts that literary critical independence cannot co-exist with the circumstance of booksellers having priority in a Review. Of course he uses the words candour and liberality, to gloss these very untenable positions. Our answer is simply, that the object of the *Literary Gazette* is to promote literature; and as its circulation is extensive, it is very desirable to authors and publishers to have their books noticed in it promptly; as it is, on our parts, desirable to give our readers the earliest account of deserving novelties. This partial coincidence of views, the obligation being conferred by us, leaves our pages as free from influence as the wind that blows; a fact which we trust we need not state to those who peruse them. As for the property of a review, we are really not aware how it can be carried on without publishers having some interest in it:—Authors are not good businessmen; and, in common we believe with every

estimable and conspicuous work of the kind, the *Literary Gazette* consists of two parties,—the proprietors who share the profits, and the Editor, with his associates, who conducts the work. Had the writer alluded to been really candid, he might have supposed, as is in truth the case, that the former have not the slightest controul over the latter, never have interfered, and never can dictate a single line. Equally regardless of misrepresentation as before, we repeat that we do not think ourselves in fairness entitled to destroy the reputation of books submitted to us before they issue generally to the public. In such cases, if we approve of them, we reject as if they were published; if they are so important as to claim notice, but (in our opinion) not approbation, we content ourselves with merely quoting them; and if they are neither admirable nor likely to attract some popularity, we pass them over for the time. The honest mind that constrains this course into subversivity to others, knows but its own grounds of reasoning. We are very happy that it prefers other writings to ours; and we are sure that any sort of literary culture must improve its character.

We can with a clear conscience assert, that not one line of praise or censure ever appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, from motives of favour or prejudice.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JUNE, 1820.

Thursday, 8.—Thermometer from 41 to 60.  
Barometer from 30, 13 to 30, 09.

Wind N. W. and W. ½.—Clouds generally passing with frequent sunshine.

Friday, 9.—Thermometer from 50 to 63.  
Barometer from 29, 59 to 29, 90.

Wind W. 1. and 2.—Generally cloudy; a little rain in the evening.

Saturday, 10.—Thermometer from 50 to 58.  
Barometer from 29, 94 to 29, 48.

Wind W. b. S. and W. b. N. 1.—Generally clear, clouds passing, with a few showers.

Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.

Sunday, 11.—Thermometer from 39 to 55.  
Barometer from 29, 74 to 29, 73.

Wind S. W. 2. and 1.—Morning clear, the rest of the day cloudy; rain at times.

Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.

Monday, 12.—Thermometer from 45 to 59.  
Barometer from 29, 67 to 30, 02.

Wind N. b. E. 3. and 1.—Morning cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.

Rain fallen, .05 of an inch.

Tuesday, 13.—Thermometer from 34 to 63.  
Barometer from 30, 06 to 30, 05.

Wind very variable. Morning clear, the rest of the day generally cloudy, with heavy showers of rain. Much thunder and lightning during the afternoon.

Wednesday, 14.—Thermometer from 38 to 57.  
Barometer from 30, 25 to 30, 19.

Wind N. 1. and N. E. 1.—Generally cloudy. About 6 in the evening, the upper part of a halo was formed round the sun.

Rain fallen, .15 of an inch.

Venus is now becoming a beautiful object for the common telescopes. The eclipses of Jupiter's satellites are too late but for the astronomer, who will naturally look to his ephemeris.

Edinburgh, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is a letter of the *Literary Gazette* Office for Phila Notticos.

\* Between two and three thousand weekly, besides a large sale in parts and volumes.

# Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

## British Gallery, Pall Mall.

THIS GALLERY, with an Exhibition of PORTRAITS of distinguished Persons in the History and Literature of the United Kingdom, is open daily, from 10 in the Morning until 6 in the Evening.

(By order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.  
Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.—Descriptive List 2s.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," is now open for Exhibition at Bullock's Great Room, upstairs to the right, from ten till six.—Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.  
"Your old Daughter of Zion; behold thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt."

MR. GLOVER'S Exhibition of Oil and Water Colour Paintings is now open, at the Great Room, No. 16, Old Bond Street, from nine till dusk. Admission 1s.—Catalogue 6d.

## Fine Arts.

Splendid Engravings and Illustrated Works, just published by Hurst, Robinson and Co. (late Boydell's) 90, Chancery.

THE POACHER DETECTED, engraved by Lepton, after the celebrated Picture by Mr. Kidd, exhibited in 1818. Nineteen inches and three-quarters by twenty-four feet long. Prints 1s. 1s. 6d. 2s. 2s. The VALENTINE, painted and engraved by John Burt. Eleven inches and a half, by sixteen high. Prints 1s. 6d. 1s. 11. 6d.

THE DROWNED FISHERMAN, engraved by James Heath, A. R. A. after a Picture by R. Westall, R. A. Twenty-four inches and a half long, by nineteen and a half. Prints 2s. 2s. 6d. 4s.

THE DEAD SOLDIER, (a Companion to the above), engraved by James Heath, A. R. A. after a picture by William Dooly, Esq. 2s. 2s.

A PORTRAIT of the late BENJAMIN WEST, Esq. F.R.S. A. engraved by Charles Heath, from the Original of W. J. Nettles. Six inches and three-quarters, by twelve inches and a half high. Prints 10s. 6d. 10s. 11s. 6d. The ILLUSTRATIONS of IVANHOE, a Romance, by the author of Waverley, &c. Engraved by Charles Heath, from Drawings by Richard Westall, Esq. R. A. Price, Medium Edition, 10s. Price, Imperial Quarto, 15s. 6d. Poems, on India Paper, Imperial Quarto, 15s. 6d.

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA. Translated from the Spanish of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Embellished with Twenty-four Engravings by Charles Heath, from Original Drawings by Richard Westall, R. A. In four Volumes Folio and Octavo. Price 3s. 2s.

Impressions of the Engravings are published separately, forming, as a Series of Illustrations, a complete Work; or adapted to the purpose of illustrating any other Edition of Don Quixote. Imperial Quarto 21s. 2s. Price on India Paper, 21s. 12s. 6d.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, by John Bunyan, with Six Plates, from Original Drawings by Richard Westall, R. A. engraved in the first style by Charles Heath. In one Volume Folio. Price 10s. 6d.

The celebrated engraving of THE DEATH OF LORD CHATHAM in the House of Lords, by F. Bartolozzi, R. A., from the Original of J. S. Copley, R. A. Thirty-two inches long by twenty-five and a half. Prints 3s. 3s. 6d. 4s. 4s. 6d.

Also, from the Original of the same Artist, THE SIEGE and RELIEF of GIBRALTAR, engraved by William Sharp. Thirty-three inches long by twenty-five and a half. Prints 3s. 3s. 6d. 4s. 4s. 6d.

R. R. and Co. are enabled to offer to the Public the two last exquisite Engravings (which have, until this period, been very scarce) at the specified low prices, by having recently purchased the engraved Copperplates, and the whole of the Impressions.

Preparing for immediate publication. ILLUSTRATIONS of the MONASTERY, engraved by Charles Heath, from original Drawings by R. Westall, R. A.

The same Artists are engaged in illustrating the whole of the Novels by "The Author of Waverley."

ILLUSTRATIONS of GUY MANNERING will next appear.

THE Exhibition of MANSIEUR JERRI-CALLET'S GREAT PICTURE, (from the Louvre) 24 feet by 16, representing the surviving Crew of the Madras French Frigate, after remaining Thirteen days on a Raft without Provision, at the moment they discover the vessel that saves them, is now open to the Public, at the Egyptian Bazaar, Piccadilly. Admission 1s.

## To Bookellers and Stationers.

TO be disposed of, one of the most respectable and extensive Concerns in the above business, in a County Town in the West of England. The purchase will amount to about 4000l. Letters, post-paid, addressed W. H. to the care of Mr. Hunt, Paternoster Row, London, will have immediate attention.

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No. 179.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1820.

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This is a new translation of the best history which we have of Greenland; and infinitely superior to that of 1767. Judicious curtailments have abridged the prolixity of the German; almost equally judicious additions have brought down his information to our era; and the original text is rendered with spirit, instead of the literal style of the former publication. The subject has, however, occupied so many of our pages within the last two years, and Crantz's facts are so generally known, that we shall abstain from any thing like an analysis, and merely produce two or three extracts, to exemplify the manner in which the work has been performed. The first relates to the ancient superstitions of the natives.

Of the end of the world, and the resurrection of the dead, they have scarcely any idea. Some of them, however, affirm that souls linger near the graves of the bodies which they animated, for five days. The latter then rise again, and pursue the same course of life in another world, which they were accustomed to in this. They therefore always by the hunting implements of a deceased person near his grave. This childish opinion is, however, ridiculed by more observant Greenlanders, who perceive that the deceased and his weapons remain unmoved, and go into corruption together. The following idea seems to bear more evident marks of a tradition relative to the resurrection, and is the more remarkable, as it involves the belief in a superior Being. They say, that after the death of the whole human race, the solid mass of the earth will be shattered into small fragments, which will be cleared by a mighty deluge from the blood of the dead: a tempest will then unite the purified particles, and give them a more beautiful form. The new world will not be a barren wilderness of barren rocks, but a plain clothed with everlasting verdure, and covered with a superfluity of animals; for they believe that all the present animal creation will be revived. As for the men, *Piknema*, i. e. He that is above, shall

breathe upon them: but of this personage they can give no farther account.

Besides the soul of man, the Greenlanders speak of other greater and lesser spirits, which bear some affinity to the gods and demi-gods of the ancients. Two are pre-eminent, a good and a bad divinity. The good is called *Torgarsuk*. He is the oracle of the Angekoks, on whose account they undertake so many journeys to his happy subterranean regions, in order to confer with him about diseases, and their cure, fishing, and the changes of the weather. Their accounts of his person differ very much. According to some he is of small stature. Some affirm that he resembles an immense white bear; others a giant with one arm; while others again contend that he is no bigger than a man's finger. He is, however, allowed by all to be immortal.

The other great but mischievous spirit, is a female without a name. Whether she is *Torgarsuk's* wife or his mother, it is not agreed. The natives of the north believe, that she is the daughter of the mighty Angekok, who tore Disko island from the continent near Baal's River, and towed it an hundred miles farther north. This northern Proserpine lives under the ocean, in a large house, in which she enthralled all the sea monsters by the efficacy of her spells. Sea fowls swim about in the tub of train oil under her lamp. The portals of her palace are guarded by rampant seals, which are exceedingly vicious. Yet their place is often supplied by a large dog, which never sleeps longer than a second at a time, and can consequently rarely be surprised. When there is a scarcity of seals and fishes, an Angekok must undertake a journey to her alone for a handsome reward. His *Torgark*, or familiar spirit, who has previously given him all proper instructions, conducts him in the first place under the earth or sea. He then passes through the kingdom of souls, who spend a life of jollity and ease. Their progress is soon after intercepted by a frightful vanity, over which a narrow wheel is suspended, and whirls round with wonderful rapidity. When he has been fortunate in getting over, the *Torgark* leads him by the hand upon a rope, stretched across the chasm, and through the entry of seals, into the palace of the fury. As soon as she espies her unwelcome guests, she trembles and foams with rage, and hastens to set on fire the wing of a sea-fowl, for the stench of this would enable her to take the suffocated Angekok and his *Torgark* captives. But these heroes seize her before she can effect the fatal fumigation, pull her down by the hair, and strip her of her filthy amulets, which by their occult powers enslave the inhabitants of the ocean. The en-

chantment being dissolved, the captive creatures directly ascend to the surface of the sea, and the successful champion has no difficulties whatever on his journey back. They do not however think, that she is so malicious as to aim at making mankind eternally miserable, and therefore do not describe her dwelling as a hell, but a place abounding in the necessities of life; yet no one desires to be near her. On the contrary, they greatly venerate *Torgarsuk*; and though they do not hold him to be the Author of the Universe, they wish after death to go to him and share in his affluence.

A Greenland, previous to assuming the office of *Angekok*, or diviner, must procure one of the spirits of the elements for his *Torgark* or familiar. Marvellous tales, framed to support the belief of a real intercourse with spirits, are related of the manner in which this illapse takes place. The aspirant must retire for a time into a desert, cut off from the society of every human being, and spend his solitude in profound meditation, or in invoking *Torgarsuk* to send him a *Torgark*. This separation from mankind, his fasting and emaciation of body, together with the severe exercises of his mind, throw the imaginative faculty into disorder; and various figures of men, beasts, and monsters, swim before his disturbed brain. He readily supposes these to be real spiritual existences, since he thinks of nothing else, and this throws his body into violent convulsions, which he labours to cherish and augment. Some who are destined to the art from infancy, are distinguished by a particular dress, and instructed by celebrated masters, find little difficulty in the initiation. Several however give out that they sit down on a large stone, invoke *Torgarsuk*, and tell him their desire. On his appearance the aspirant shrieks out and dies, and lies dead for three whole days, at the end of which time he comes to life, and receives a *Torgark*, who, on his desire, insists into him all power and knowledge, and conducts him on his journey to heaven and hell.

This expedition can be made only in the end of the year. The way is shortest in winter, when the nights are long and dark, and the rainbow, which is their first heaven, presents itself in the greatest proximity to the earth. The Angekok begins the ceremony with drumming, and whirls himself round with frightful contortions; till his frame is exhausted, and his spirits worked up to the proper pitch of enthusiasm. He is then led to the entry of the house, one of his pupils ties his head between his legs, and his hands behind his back; all the lamps are extinguished, and the windows closed. No one must witness his interview with the spirit, nor move a finger while it is



going on, lest the spirit should be disturbed, or rather, lest the fraud should be detected. After beginning a song, in which all join, he groans, and puffs, and foams with great perturbation, denouncing his familiar, who is frequently very slow to come. If the Torgak absolutely refuses to make his appearance, the soul of the wizard sets out to fetch him. After a short absence he returns with a loud laugh of joy, accompanied, as a sensible European, who had several times been present, assured me, with a rustling resembling the noise of birds flying over the roof, and then swooping down into the house. If, however, the Torgak comes voluntarily, he remains without at the entrance of the avenue; and there the Angekok consults him on any subject, respecting which the Greenlanders wish for information. Two different voices are distinctly heard, the one on the outside of the house the other within. The answer is always dark and ambiguous. The hearers marvel it amongst themselves, and if they are not unanimous in their explanation, they beg the Torgak to give the Angekok a clearer response. A strange Torgak sometimes comes, whom neither the Angekok nor the auditors can understand; so that the answer requires as much labour to develop it as those of the Delphic oracle, and leaves sufficient room for the sorcerer to exculpate himself, however the prediction turns out.

But if his commission extends further, he soars aloft with his Torgak on a long string, up to the realm of souls, where he holds a short conference with the *Angekok Paglik*, the Fat or Famous Sage, and learns the fate of a sick patient, or even brings him back a new soul; or else he wings his way downwards to the Goddess of Hell, and liberates the animals detained by enchantment. But he soon returns, and having found means to disengage himself from his fetters, begins to howl and drum most hideously. He then relates all that he has seen and heard, though pausing for breath, like one quite jaded with his excursion. Afterwards he strikes up a song, and going round the assembled circle, gives each his touch or benediction. The lamps are now lighted, and the Angekok is seen with a pale bewildered look, and in a state of such exhaustion that he can scarcely articulate.

It is not every probationer that succeeds in this art, and one who has drummed ten times in vain for his Torgak must resign his office. But the successful conjuror may, after a certain period, assume the dignity of *Angekok Paglik*. The candidate must be in a dark house unlighted, and after he has intimated his wishes by singing and drumming, if he is thought worthy by Torgarsuk, though few attain to this high honour, a white bear comes and drags him away by the toe into the sea. There he is devoured by his bear and a walrus, who, however, soon vomit him up again into his own dark chamber, and his spirit re-ascends from the earth, to animate the body. And now the mighty sorcerer is complete.

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All the recent communications of our missionaries concur in stating, that the winters have of late increased in severity and duration, while the summers have become colder and more stormy, and the supplies of drift-wood less and less abundant. The intercourse between the different settlements met with unusual obstruction, from the gathering of ice in all the inlets, and round the islands of the coast, which formed an impenetrable barrier for a great part of the year, and confined their excursions to very narrow limits. A marked difference was, however, observed between the climates of *New Herrahut* and *Lichtenau*, that of the latter being warm in comparison.

In this place, the number of widows and orphans, destitute of every means of support, became so considerable, that the missionaries found it necessary to solicit the benevolent assistance of their friends at home, in favour of their suffering Greenlanders. A supply of tobacco, which is the principal medium of trade in that country, was earnestly requested. In a letter of 1816, the missionary Kleinschmidt thus describes some affecting circumstances of the distressed situation of his flock.

"Our poor Greenlanders had to endure a severe famine in spring, in consequence of the severity of the winter. It was a heavy time with us, as they directed their eyes to us in all distress, and we could not help them as we wished. The little children especially excited our pity, as they were less able to bear hunger than others, and besieged our house every day, begging for food. I bought 500 cod-fish, besides a quantity of herrings, and distributed them chiefly among the children. Many of our people were obliged to eat part of their tent-skins, for want of other sustenance. When our store was quite exhausted, with what feelings did we gaze on the famishing crowd which surrounded us, unable as we were to procure food for so many in this wilderness! But now the Lord's help appeared speedy and complete beyond our expectation. He heard our groaning, and it seemed as though food rained from Heaven. The cold abated, and an uncommon number of seals came to the shore, so that some were daily caught, and carried home."

We have the satisfaction to add, that in consequence of an appeal made by Mr. Montgomery, to the British public, donations, amounting to upwards of 1200, in money, and several valuable parcels of needles, knives, iron hooks, &c., have been received. The money, converted into tobacco, was

last year already transmitted, with the rest of the articles, for the relief of the widows and orphans of the three settlements, who felt and expressed the deepest gratitude for this seasonable supply.

The letters of last year, which arrived unusually early, contained an account of a melancholy accident at *Kingek*; a large number of Greenlanders having been seized with a violent and fatal illness, in consequence of their eating of the putrid brains of a walrus, no less than thirty-two persons were carried off by the sickness which ensued, in a very short time. The Brethren had the pleasure to perceive that the greater part were able to rejoice in the prospect of their dissolution, and that those who had fallen into deviations, turned in their last hours, as true penitents, to the Saviour of sinners. The friends and neighbours of the deceased could not be otherwise than deeply affected by this awful occurrence.

In Labrador, we are told—

An unfavourable circumstance for the new mission, was the neighbourhood of *Areerok*, whose heathen inhabitants too frequently allowed their believing countrymen to join them in practices of the grossest superstition; making them promise to return to their former pagan habits, which, however, they were to conceal from the observation of the missionaries; and when their enticements proved unavailing, their chief, Kapik, threatened to kill the refractory by his Torgak.

The same temptations and the same propensity to mingle again with their pagan countrymen, in those forbidden diversions, which, however innocent in themselves, were, from their accompaniments, uniformly found to debase and brutalize their minds, existed in a greater or smaller degree, amongst the inhabitants of the two elder settlements. A *kache*, or pleasure-house, which, to the grief of the missionaries, was erected in 1777, by the savages, near *Nain*, and resorted to by visitors from *Okkak*, has been described by the Brethren. It was built entirely of snow, sixteen feet high and by seventy square. The entrance was by a round porch, which communicated with the main body of the house by a long arcade, terminated at the further end by a heart-shaped aperture, about eighteen inches broad and two feet in height. For greater solidity, the wall near the entrance was congealed into ice by water poured upon it. Near the entry was a pillar of ice supporting the lamp, and additional light was let in through a transparent plate of ice in the side of the building. A string hung from the middle of the roof, by which a small bone was suspended, with four L-les driven through it. Round this, all the women were collected, behind whom stood the men and boys, each having a long stick, shod with iron. The string was now set a-swinging, and the men, all together, thrust their sticks over the heads of their wives at the bone, till one of them succeeded in striking a hole. A loud acclamation ensued: the men sat down on a snow seat, and the victor, after going two of

three times round the house singing, was kissed by all the men and boys; he then suddenly made his exit through the avenue, and, on his return, the game was renewed.

A singular story, which circulated at *Nain* in 1773, and gained credit with the Esquimaux, may be mentioned as an instance of that deeply-rooted inclination for the marvellous and supernatural which rendered it so difficult, even for the Christian converts, to wean themselves from their attachment to former superstitious notions and observances. It was reported that the men in the north had at length killed *Inukpak*, with his wife and children. This was a murderer of such monstrous size, that, while he stood in the valley of *Nain*, he might have rested his hand on the summit of the adjacent mountain. His dress was the white skin of the *neenerluk*, an amphibious bear, that hunted and devoured the seals, each of whose ears was large enough for the covering of a capacious tent. This beast did not scruple to eat human flesh, when he came on shore, where some affirmed they had seen him, and were vexed when their testimony was doubted. Indeed the Brethren in *Okkak* thought they saw such a sea-monster one evening, in the August of 1786, which rose up to the height of a huge ice-berg, in the mouth of the bay, showed its white colour, and then plunged down again, leaving a whirlpool of foam. The Esquimaux, without hesitation, pronounced it to be the *neenerluk*; but as the description is so vague, we may justly call in question whether they were not deceived by some tumbling ice-berg.

In conclusion, we may notice that there are yet no more than three missions in Labrador, namely, Hopedale, *Nain*, and *Okkak*.

#### *Laura's Dream; or the Moonlanders.*

This poem was printed about three years ago, but for private reasons, we understand, withdrawn from circulation. As it possesses considerable merit, we have compounded the following article from a copy, very little mutilated, in our possession.

Laura, a native of Italy, young and beautiful, having dreamed in the delirium of a fever, that she had visited the moon, gives her mother an account of that world and its inhabitants. The most novel of her discoveries is, that in the moon the natives are all born old, and with the infirmities of old age, but grow rapidly young till they attain their highest state of perfection. This reversal of the order of our human nature contributes largely to their happiness; and, of course, they have no death to open for them the gates to a future state of existence. The male population are gifted with wings, and, most strange to say, the females, who have them not, do not envy their flights and liberty.

The natural history of the moon is beautifully described in the following, from which

it will appear, as indeed it does from the whole of Laura's dream, to be very different from Pope's picture in the Rape of the Lock.

Where the soft had reluctant blows,  
The fruit mature already glows,  
And all in thornless beauty shine,—  
Fit increase for a hand divine.  
Nor bosom'd worm, nor dark decay,  
Steal their unskill'd darts away;  
For when the hours of bloom are past,  
No hateful change arrives at last:  
But as the sweet aroma dies,  
In clouds of incense all arise,  
And mingle with congenial skies,  
Evaporate in perfumed air,  
Nor leave one sad remembrance there.  
The wither'd leaves that dim our path,  
Memento of celestial wrath,  
Ne'er sully that delicious clime;  
Pure world,—unconscious of a crime.

Aurelio, the moonland lover of the earthly maid, leads her to a thick and apparently impenetrable enclosure, and the story thus proceeds.

Fearful—yet happy to obey,  
The flow'ry altitudes gave way;  
The branches at his touch withdraw,  
Obedient to that monstrous law  
Within our growmer world, alone,  
Is in the lov'd *Mimosa* shown;  
And slumbers in that happier land,  
Till waken'd by the high command  
Of one whom strong volition fires —  
Then all impediment retire;  
And, pierc'd by th' Intellectual ray,  
Submissive elements obey.

Freed from the blossom'd fence we stand,  
While closing fast on either hand  
Branches, that easy passage gave,  
United like the liquid wave.

A solemn band, within, I found  
Collected near an earthy mound;  
Their looks of expectation check'd  
By holy awe and deep respect.  
'Twas the first clay I here had seen  
Without its robe of tender green,  
Elastic moss, or blossoms gay—  
'Twas dark—damp—naked—gloomy clay—  
And rose in sad similitude  
To the last grave I weeping viewed.  
But all unhallowed and unblest  
With that Interminable rest  
Our lone—chill—narrow mansion knows;  
For undulating motions rose,  
As if some victim suffer'd there  
The last convulsions of despair.  
The quivering clay now heav'd again.  
I rivet there mine eager eyes,  
And felt a dreadful hope arise  
That this enigma of the mind  
Its last solution here may find.  
Though expectation only wait  
Some dark impending stroke of fate;  
Heaven's—fate—shivers—fall away  
The frail dark tement of clay  
But who has slept within its breast?  
Who dares disturb that Sabbath rest?

An aged,—helpless wretch I viewed,  
Sad victim of decrepitude,  
Wrapt in pale films of cobweb form,  
The work I deem of earthly worms,  
He seem'd decay'd, and bent by age.  
Yet nought was there that mark'd the age—  
His trembling hand could scarce arise  
From crumbling earth to guard his eyes:  
Rayless those eyes.—His thin gray hair  
Left all his wither'd temples bare—

And on his native dust he lay,  
As cold as that maternal clay.

The lovely forms who watched around,  
As if their brightest hopes were crown'd  
With fond affection bending down,  
A beauteous rainbow circle shone;  
Their eyes of joy, and lips of love,  
Grateful delight and ardour prove.

The radiant shapes, who plumage wear,  
Around him fan the blessed air;  
The graceful forms, by flowers deuced  
Along the azure skies to glide,  
A couch of plant branches brought  
With leaves, and moss, and flowers inwrought,  
And bore him to a green recess  
With soft maternal tenderness.

This is the birth of a moon-babe, and so fond are his parents of him, that—

Was ne'er received with purer joy  
A lovely—gay—heroic boy;  
His father's pride, his mother's dream,  
His blooming sister's daily theme;  
His aged parent's only son  
Redeem'd from fields of glory won.

His nursing is worthy of his birth, for the time it occupies; and we may here, *en passant*, mention that time is measured in the moon by days which are of the length of 2½ of ours, so that their year consists of but 12 days and as many nights. We pass by the sweet music, and the melody of birds which add to the enchantments of Moonland, and even the circumstance of these birds having the ability to wing their flights to purer spheres. The conclusion of the vision is all we can give. It seems that when the male is perfect his wings grow, and a companion of the other sex mete for him is raised from the grave. Laura sees a couple thus beatified ascend.

A lovely pair,—above the rest  
Scem'd by celestial vision blest.  
On him, resplendent wings arise,  
Pre-eminent in form and size;  
Triumphantly with tender pride  
He gaz'd on her,—who grac'd his side.  
She—wingless—sensitive—and mild,  
With pure and grateful fondness smil'd.

They reach the airy summit now,  
And scarcely touch the mountain's brow,  
When kneeling,—with æthereal grace,  
Devotion beaming o'er her face—  
Eyes—that in love and rapture swim,  
Implopingly are raised to him.  
His looks are fix'd on Heaven alone,  
Yet does he not her prayer disown;  
With pious air his hand he laid  
In benediction on her head—  
From her fair shoulders instant rise  
Plumes—beaming with celestial dyes.

One farewell look each casts below,  
Then with unreluctant and slow  
Ascend—to purer spheres they go.  
I hear their quivering plumage raise  
The mingled hymn of joy and praise—  
Now melting in the distant ray,  
They disappear—it fades away;  
Their lovely forms are seen no more,  
And that ethereal strain is o'er.  
Towards the blue vault all eyes are turn'd,  
All hearts with holy rapture burn'd,  
And high enthusiastic hope  
Of fairer worlds and wider scope.

Unfortunately for our heroine and world's

woman, Aurelio's time also arrives. His wings shoot—the

... glittering plume spread  
A wider circuit round his head,  
Amid their many colored dyes,  
I saw two snowy plumes arise.  
Oh! thou pale emblem of despair,  
Why shine so exquisitely fair?

Aurelio saw its whiteness gleam  
Reflected from the glassy stream,  
And felt that from her bed of clay  
His sister spirit on that day  
Was fated to claim such depth of love  
As Moonlanders alone can prove.

There by the liberal hand of Heaven  
Is hied prophetic impulse given;  
Led by this strong, unerring power,  
Joyful he seeks the hallowed bowser.

The crumbling clay—I saw it heave,  
Saw the form forin her precincts leave;  
To aged sorceress thus might crawl  
An prophecy a nation's fall.

Caducity and dire decay,  
Seemed to have marked her for their prey;  
She,—with sunk eye and panting breath,  
Appeared to wait the stroke of death.

I looked with eyes of sense alone,  
And deemed Aurelio still my own.  
Was this a rill to be feared,  
Whose dull deformity appeared  
Like a terrible lesson given  
To mark the power of angry Heaven?

While those seducing hopes arise,  
Joy sparkles in Aurelio's eyes.  
For through that hideous veil of clay  
He saw the soul's translucent ray;  
He saw the angelic mind alone,  
Where innocence and sweetness shone;  
He knew how soon the slancing hours  
Would bring their all improving powers,  
Adding to softness, love, and truth,  
Bright beauty—and immortal youth.

This of course terminated the mixed  
amour, and poor Laura awakes out of her  
delirium. The fancy, and poetical beauty  
of the work, however, merited a better fate  
than to have the press made its grave; and  
we are happy to give it this partial resur-  
rection.

#### CHELTENHAM WATERS.

*A Letter to a Professor of Medicine, &c.  
respecting the Nature and Properties  
of the Mineral Waters at Cheltenham.*  
By Adam Neale, M. D. &c. &c.  
London, pp. 40.

When the censors of Antigonus, we read  
in ancient history, observed that a number of  
valetudinarians crowded to a medicinal spring  
at Olespsum which cured them of their dis-  
orders, they imposed a tax upon every one  
who used the waters; but so prodigious  
were the effects of taxation in those days,  
that the spring immediately disappeared.  
Modern fountains are infinitely more stub-  
born: the heavy loads of taxation which they  
and their visitors bear are almost incredible;  
and we may observe, that though the purses  
of the latter are, in consequence, frequently  
dried up, no such miracle happens to the  
wells, which, on the contrary, seem to mul-  
tiply and spout with greater abundance, the

more the impositions connected with them  
are laid on.

In the pamphlet before us, Dr. Neale pro-  
duces some arguments against the indiscrimi-  
nate use of mineral waters, so very cogent,  
that we are inclined to think they will op-  
erate in the same manner as the tax at Olesp-  
sum, and cause a few of these springs to dis-  
appear. In sober sadness, it is both an ex-  
traordinary and lamentable thing, that they  
should have grown to the pitch of fashion at  
which they now are;—gushing out every  
where, and applied to with avidity for every  
ailment,—without analysis to ascertain their  
qualities,—without information whether they  
are salubrious or dangerous for any particu-  
lar complaint, and generally, without pre-  
ference, on account of fitness, if it so hap-  
pen that they are convenient for resort, for  
company, amusement, cards, intrigue, or  
dissipation. "I am very ill," says an in-  
valid, "and intend going to drink the waters,  
at Bath, or Cheltenham, or Buxton, or Har-  
rowgate, or Clifton, or somewhere else,"—  
just as if it were no matter whether he swal-  
lowed sulphur, or iron, or magnesia, or salt,  
or soda, or lime, carbon or hydrogen, acid  
or alkali;—and just as if it were no matter  
whether he was afflicted with gout or dropsy,  
consumption or rheumatism, itch or asthma,  
plethora or atrophy. To draw attention to  
such imprudences, the author has written  
this able little essay; and it will not be one  
of its least beneficial effects, if it destroys  
the reputation of a good many quack nos-  
trums of the kind against which it is directed.

Before, however, going to the point at  
issue, we shall pave the way by quoting the  
short account of Cheltenham, from one of  
the most compact and useful publications of  
its class with which we are acquainted.—  
Speaking of Cheltenham, it says—

"The spring, or spa, as it is called by  
way of distinction, was first noticed to pos-  
sess medical properties in the year 1716.  
The discovery appears to have arisen from  
accident. The effects produced by this  
spring have proved an increasing source of  
wealth to the town; and its visitors have  
been so numerous, that it was feared the  
waters would be insufficient to supply the  
demand; which would certainly have been  
the case, but for the discovery of some new  
springs equally congenial to health as the  
former. The amusements of Cheltenham  
are similar to those of most other places of  
public resort.

"The Well Walk is an elegant gravelled  
promenade, about 600 feet in length, and  
20 feet in breadth, bordered on each side by  
a quickest hedge. The spa, or long room,  
was erected in 1775, for the accommodation  
of persons taking the waters. It is about  
60 feet long and 20 broad. The Montpel-  
lier waters are procured at a large and elegant  
pump-room, lately erected by Mr.  
Thompson. During the season, a harper  
attends in the morning at this room.

"The other wells at Cheltenham are Sher-  
borne, King's, Orchard, and Essex Wells,

• Leigh's New Picture of England and Wales,  
London, 1820.

besides which there are several chalybeate  
springs. The summer is recommended as  
the fittest time for drinking the waters, which  
should be taken early in the morning. The sea-  
son is from May to the end of November.  
The theatre is a spacious and commodious  
building in Caubray Mead. The Assembly  
Rooms are situated in the principal street,  
and in the ground floor of the same building  
auctions take place every day in the height  
of the season. The principal charitable in-  
stitutions are the Free-school, the School of  
Industry, and the Hospital. There are hot  
baths, numerous boarding-houses, several  
circulating libraries, and many excellent  
hotels."

Crowded theatres, assembly rooms, auc-  
tions, hotels for the delicate, debilitated,  
and sick! But *see* are not doctors, and there-  
fore leave off hinting at prescriptions, to  
quote Dr. Neale. He says that, reflecting  
on the abuse of watering places in respect to  
real invalids, and "applying myself to con-  
sider the effects of purgative mineral waters  
in certain cases, I have thought it might be  
useful to the public to call their attention to  
a point, whereon much of the safety or dan-  
ger attending their use may occasionally  
hinge: being satisfied myself that those wa-  
ters which contain an excessive quantity of sea  
salt cannot be used with advantage, I would  
say hardly with safety, by a particular class  
of debilitated invalids. The presence or ab-  
sence of iron has seemed to be hitherto the  
criterion upon which medical men have fixed  
their reasoning, as to judging of the stimulat-  
ing powers of mineral waters; but I am now  
well assured that they have been in error,  
and that, as in the mineral waters of Chel-  
tenham, for instance, the giving of six-tenths  
of a grain of iron daily, or even more, cannot  
be half so important as the taking, or not  
taking, one dram or more of common sea  
salt, on a fasting stomach, in a pint of water,  
for weeks together. In cases of incipient  
schirrus, it has been well proved and estab-  
lished that iron is beneficial: whereas the  
application of sea salt, to the irritable yellow  
coats of the stomach and small intestines,  
will, we know, aggravate the complaint. For  
this reason, I have judged it of some impor-  
tance to call the attention of my medical  
brethren to the comparative analysis of the  
two principal spa waters of Cheltenham;  
and I will add, that if the object is to pour  
brine into the circulation, let us rather send  
our patients to the sea shore, than to an in-  
land mineral water;—but if the intention be  
to stimulate the peristaltic motion of the in-  
testines, let that particular water be advised  
which contains the greatest proportion of al-  
kaline sulphates, and the smallest of murate  
of soda; and for that reason rather let our  
patients drink the original spa water of Chel-  
tenham than that of Harrowgate, because  
the first contains the smallest quantity, and  
the latter the largest quantity of sea salt,  
known to exist in any mineral water in this  
island.

"Another point, to which I would call  
public notice, is the custom which has crept  
in of late, of transferring mineral waters to  
cisterns, instead of drawing them fresh from

the wells, and delivering them in their natural state. Surely, if we expect any benefit to be derived from the gases which they contain, we must relinquish all hopes of retaining them, after having been so treated; and I, for one, beg to enter this my public protest against racking off mineral waters into cisterns, to suit the sole convenience of their proprietors. If, however, the impregnation, or non-impregnation, of gases be a matter of indifference, then be it understood that we ought not to advise our patients to undertake long and expensive journeys to mineral springs, since we can furnish them with dilute solutions of neutral salts, as Sancho Panza has it, 'dry shod, and in our own country.'

"One word more. In looking into Brande's Chemistry, in the table of the analyses of mineral waters, I observe that he has admitted only three of the mineral waters of Cheltenham, namely, the Sulphur Spring, the pure Saline, and the Chalybeate; and, as he omits all notice of the others, I shall be glad to know if the public are to conclude, that he disbelieves in the existence of the other three. Certain it is also, that he takes no notice of that spring which was analyzed by Dr. Fothergill, which is, in my mind, of more value and moment than all the rest; and I should be glad to know why he has passed that in total silence. I shall just add, that I have the authority of one of the proprietors here to assure my readers, that the soil around Cheltenham only produces three mineral waters."

The author now proceeds to account for the failure of the waters in many recent cases, which he mainly attributes to the fashionable run upon the new wells in preference to the old spa, from which they widely differ, and to which they are far inferior. He tells us—

"The original spa contains, then, in one pint of water, sixty-nine and three-fourths grains of salts or solid contents, while No. 1 of the Montpellier spa contains seventy-four grains. But we will place them in parallel columns, for the sake of more accurate comparison.

Original Spa Water.		Montpellier Spa.	
One Pint.		No. 1.	
	Grains.		Grains.
Sulphate of Soda	60,0	Sulph. of Soda	2,7
Sulphate of Magnesia		Sulph. of Magnesia	8,0
Iron		Soda and Iron Carbonates	1,5
Muriate of Soda	6	Muriate of Soda	41,3
Sulphate of Lime	5,0	Sulphate of Lime	2,5
Carbon. & Muriate of Magnesia	3,1		
	69,3		74,0
Gaseous Contents.		Gaseous Contents.	
Cubic Inches.		Cubic Inches.	
Carbonic Acid	3,7	Carbonic Acid	2,5
Sulphuretted Hydrogen	1,8		
	5,5		

"From the above tables, then, you will

observe, that the Montpellier spring differs most materially from the original well. The quantity of aperient salts, or alkaline sulphates, which it holds being not one half of what is kept in solution by the old spa, while the proportion of muriate of soda, or common sea salt, is *forty times greater!* But the muriate of soda does not act on the bowels. To produce the same effect, therefore, it is necessary to take at least double the quantity of the water of the Montpellier spring; while in doing so the drinker must, of necessity, at the same time, swallow *eighty times as much common salt!* Therefore, the stimulating or heating quality of these two springs may be stated as nearly eighty to one; while it should not be forgotten that the stomach must be twice as much distended, before the aperient effect can be produced by the new spa water."

An analysis of all the other Montpellier springs, shows that, except No. 5, they contain a redundancy of sea salt. The author then contends, that the muriate of soda in excess is dangerous to the patients usually sent to Cheltenham, namely, "either people who have resided a long time in warm climates, and whose livers and chylotropic viscera have been injured by the influence of fevers and tropical heats; or such as have never travelled out of Great Britain, but whose abdominal organs have suffered from excessive stimulation, from various causes." Common sense would lead us to acquiesce in this conclusion; for it is assuredly most improper, when the stomach and intestines are weakened, and possessed of a highly accumulated sensibility, to allow the use of mineral waters containing the sulphate of soda. In such cases the original spa, (if correctly stated in the analysis) should undoubtedly be taken. We do not, however, agree so entirely with the author, when he states, that 95 persons out of 100 take the pure saline No. 4; and adds, "Seeing that this water contains neither gas nor iron, shall we not be warranted in drawing this inference, that all these people might have been equally benefited by drinking a solution of Glauber and Epsom salts at home, provided they had confidence and patience enough to persevere steadily in such a course for a fortnight or three weeks, and rise every morning and walk for an hour or two before breakfast?"

Now surely leaving home, exercise, change of air, and losing sight of business, are nearly 99-100ths of the causes of the celebrity of our watering places; and it would be as advantageous for the people of Cheltenham, Leamington, and Gloucester, to go to Scotland, as for the people north of the Tweed to visit England in search of health.

The correspondence of Dr. N. to his friend is a satirical exposition of the mode by which mineral springs may be made productive to their proprietors. The management which the doctor recommends his friend to imitate from the English, is thus described.

"Know then, my good friend, that your first business must be to procure a few tons of Glauber and Epsom salts from the nearest manufactory, where they will cost you at the rate of about fourteen pounds sterling per

ton; which accomplished, you must next endeavour to procure a constant supply of the pure element from some rapid torrent or deep well—be it mineral water or not—for that is of little moment; you must then fill a few quart bottles with your spa waters and salt them to your taste, as Mrs. Glasse would say, but of various strengths remember; and having duly sealed them up, send them to the chemist of the greatest repute in your part of the world to be analyzed. These bottles you had better number one, two, three, four, five, and six, *ad libitum*; but, I should suppose, you need hardly extend it to the Pythagorean number. Your analysis having been returned, duly signed, sealed, and delivered, you must next look out for some complaisant Editor of a Monthly Journal, Philosophical, Literary, or Medical, to insert these Analytical Essays, with some enticing preface; as, for instance,

"We congratulate the public on the great discovery lately made on the banks of Mr. Macl—e, of a rich variety of Mineral Waters, whereby those who repair to the fountains of Benibere, may henceforth be accommodated with all sorts of waters, saline, aperient, chalybeate, or sulphureous, according to their several fancies and necessities." "A spacious pump room, of the form and dimensions of a Greek temple, must next be built; beneath the flooring of which you must excavate several tanks, which are to be filled every night, by means of leaden pipes, laid under ground all the way from your well or fountain head, where you brew the mineral waters. And, lastly, to prevent the prying curiosity of your visitors, you must not neglect to build a sort of pigeon house, or Martello tower, over your fountain head, large enough to contain a stout forcing pump, and a large trough for your Glauber and Epsom salts, a few barrels of which you can store there for use upon all occasions. This Martello tower you must place at some distance in the rear, and let a lawn, or hedge, or paling, interpose; clap a cannon on the top of it, to repel invaders; or, if you are afraid of using powder and shot against the king's lieges, thrust it well at night, to conceal its importance, and stick upon it a board, painted to this effect, 'Take notice, that this is *no thoroughfare*, but a private road only, to *Hoanahall farm*; and whoever trespasses on this ground shall be prosecuted according to law.'

"All around your pump room you must lay out plantations and walks, with shady trees and flowering shrubs, and, having procured a band of pipers and fiddlers with bass drums, &c. to titillate the auditory nerves of your visitors, while your waters are stirring up their great and small intestines, you may throw open the doors of your pump room to all hypochondriacs and true believers, who will assuredly flock by hundreds and tens of hundreds, to the new spa of Benibere, to seek the Goddess of Health, a statue of whom, for the sake of classical allusion, you had better place over your pump room, with a Latin motto beneath, from one of the old poets, as for instance,—" *Utilis alio fluit utrisque cymene*;" or, in plain English, I

hope this will be as good for your bowels, as it will be to my purse."

The Doctor assures his friend, that he must accumulate a magnificent fortune if he follows this advice;—but as that is no business of ours, we have only to add, that under a jocose style, there is much worthy of consideration in this pamphlet, which the drinkers of spa waters will do well to study.

We are of opinion, with Dr. Neale, that the waters containing the muriate of soda have often done much mischief. And his character and abilities as a physician induce us to believe, that the practices of careless adulteration of these waters are in existence; and he therefore merits the thanks of invalids, and of society, by their exposure.

*A View of the Agriculture, Manufactures, Statistics, and State of Society, of Germany, and parts of Holland and France. Taken during a Journey through those Countries in 1819.* By William Jacob, Esq. F. R. S. London, 1820. Quarto, pp. 434.

A sound, practical, and useful work, was to be expected from a traveller of Mr. Jacob's known abilities: nor will this volume disappoint these expectations. The author's remarks on the countries through which he passed, afford equal evidence of his assiduity and capacity; and, especially on subjects connected with agriculture, we conceive that the information he has produced will be eminently beneficial, both to ourselves and to the continent. On manufactures the statements are not so minute; on statistics they are not so original; and on society they are not so novel; but even on these topics, they are valuable, accurate, and acute; so that, taken altogether, readers will meet with a very interesting account of much that is worthy to be known of Holland, Westphalia, Hanover, Brunswick, Prussia, Saxony, and several of the minor German provinces.

A very sensible and intelligent English gentleman, unwarped by party prejudices, and telling us plain facts rather than building up vain theories, is an exceedingly agreeable, as well as an exceedingly instructive travelling companion; and we have seldom arrived at the end of a quarto, going over ground not new nor unknown to us, with a feeling of less fatigue than on this occasion.

A regular analysis of a work so copious would far exceed our limits, and would indeed be a waste of labour; for those most concerned in the topics discussed will not be content with an abridgement, and the general reader will be better pleased with examples of

an amusing and important nature. To gratify such, we proceed to offer a few extracts, and beg to refer our agricultural friends particularly to the publication itself.

While in Holland, Mr. Jacob notices the precision of the natives in a way which offers a good example for our imitation.

"The Dutch (he says) are as punctual as they are industrious and parsimonious. The diligences and treckschuys start at the time appointed, during the striking of the clock. If you are told that the hour is seven, you may be sure to be away before the fourth of the seven strokes has sounded. The precision at which the hour of arrival is fixed, is such that you may depend upon it within a very few minutes; and the same reliance may be placed on the period of finishing the journey, whether it be made by water or by land."

Another peculiarity deserves consideration, at a period when discussions on the Roman Catholic religion are about to take place in Parliament. At Utrecht, the author states—"There are twenty-four churches in this city, which belong to the Catholics, Calvinists, Lutherans, Anabaptists, Mennonites, and Moravians. The inhabitants, according to an annual census, are now about 34,000; the catholics a little exceed in number the whole of the protestant sects; but they are for the most part of the lower orders of the people. I heard here, as I had done in the other cities, that the catholics are generally preferred as domestic servants, both by the different sects of protestants, and those of their own faith. The reason assigned for this, is, that if the catholics purloin any thing, when they go to confession, the priest will insist on their making restitution, before he will administer absolution; and the knowledge of this is thought to act as a restraint on the disposition to pilfer."

Near Deutchem, the last city in Holland on the Anholt frontier, we have the following anecdotes.

"Whilst my post-horses were taking their bait of bread at a small wirthshouse, by the road side, I walked on a considerable distance; where in a barn, were two men and a woman employed in threshing and cleaning buck-wheat. The flail they used appeared to me of a peculiar clumsy construction; and after some slight conversation, I examined the implement, and made a few strokes with it on the haulm, to try its effect. The woman immediately ran to me, took a wisp of straw, and wiped both my shoes, then threw her arms round and kissed my cheeks, and cried, "a forfeit." The paying a forfeit for meddling with implements, was not new; but the shoe cleaning and kissing puzzled me, though I have since heard that the former part of the ceremony is still practised on such an occasion, in some parts of Kent. I was, however, too gallant, not to give a trifling present, with the assurance that it was only the mark of grateful feeling for the salute; a compliment which flattered the slatternly female, and produced laughter in the countenances of her

clownish associates. I was invited into their house, where I rested till the carriage came up. It was a catholic family, and some of the pictures upon religious subjects, exhibited genuine Dutch drollery. One piece represented the seven sacraments of their church. Under the head of confession, a priest was represented sitting in the box with his ear close to the listening hole, at which a beautiful female figure in a kneeling posture was whispering. The devil was standing behind her, with a chain in his hand that encircled her waist, and appeared to be exerting all his strength to draw her from confession, or perhaps from the penance the priest was enjoining. Another part represented baptism, where the priest was plunging a naked boy into a font filled with water; and the Holy Ghost was descending in a beam of light, whose termination rested on the breast of the child."

We have so recently had our attention occupied with Westphalia, and Hanover, that we shall pass over these divisions in Mr. Jacob's book; but the subjoined extract seems fairly called for, as a poise to the last but one which precedes it.

"Part of the time I spent in Osnabrück, I passed with a venerable clergyman, the president of the Lutheran consistory. He complained that the catholics had of late been very successful in making converts, especially among the poorer class of his hearers. Knowing that the catholic bishop of this city, as well as of Munster, had been praised for their liberality by our English Bible Society, of which my revered friend was a member, I turned the conversation towards the prelate, of whom he spoke in very high terms. He told me, however, that when any of the catholics asked a bible from their bishop, he would say to them, "The Old Testament is a difficult book—you cannot understand it—it will be of no use to you—here is a New Testament—that you may understand, and it will be quite sufficient for you."

The state of Brunswick has been greatly improved, its public debt lightened, and its resources increased, during that period of its sovereign's minority which has elapsed; and it is gratifying to learn, that it promises to be in a still higher condition by the time the prince, so interesting to the British people, attains the age for assuming the ruling power. His people are warmly inclined towards Britain. The author says—

"At almost every house I entered, I was pleased to see the pictures of their late Duke, of the Duke of Wellington, and of Blücher; and many articles of their furniture were adorned with gilded busts of the same heroes."

Throughout the other provinces of Germany, Mr. Jacob found the warmest friendship for the English generally prevalent; and a strong feeling of gratitude, the result of the subscription from this country, which was judiciously appropriated, and did much to relieve the miseries entailed by a ferocious war.

When in Prussia, Mr. J. visited the celebrated agriculturist, Von Thüner; and gives a very excellent account of his farm and sys-

tem (the model for farming in these dominions) from which we shall next week quote some portion; preferring, for this Number, the shorter account of the Saxon princess, who is probably destined to make no slight figure in the affairs of a country, now the object of much speculation.

"The young Queen of Spain is said, by those who have been as intimate with her as court etiquette would allow, to possess most unbounded ambition, and to have such a commanding spirit as to have obtained, at her early age, almost the sole power over the Royal Family. When her elder sister was deposed in marriage by an Austrian Archduke, she declared she would never marry but to a kingly throne. When the ambassador of Spain, the object of whose mission was known, was first introduced to the family, the elder sister, who was attached to the prince she has since married, in order to avoid the honour of Ferdinand's hand, disguised, by her mode of dress, a person not unpleasing. The younger, Josepha, did not need much persuasion to induce her to accept the proffered crown, nor did she practise any leniency when the formal proposal was made.

"She is said to be an extremely pious, or what some call a ligotted, catholic, observing all the injunctions of that church with most scrupulous exactness. She is distinguished by an unvarying sincerity in all her expressions, by the most rigid adherence to truth, and the punctual observation of all her engagements. She had studied the Spanish language, and at an early period of her engagement with Ferdinand, had begun to correspond with him. It was suggested that her letters had better be corrected by some person who was an adept in that tongue; but she repelled the suggestion with great scorn, declaring that it would be practising a deception on the King, which she would never use.

"After the formal marriage, she appeared much flattered by the Spanish minister addressing her on his knee; though it is said, when he first placed himself in that posture before her, she was alarmed by the apprehension that he was about to communicate some disastrous intelligence from Spain.

The picture of Ferdinand, superbly set with diamonds, was presented to her, with which she was much pleased, as he was certainly a fine looking man. It was afterwards known, and by some person communicated to her, that the picture was painted for, and presented to his first wife; that after her death, the same present was sent to Brazil for his late Queen; and now for the third time, presented to the Saxon Princess as the resemblance of one, who must have passed a longer period than she has lived, since it was painted for him. Whatever chagrin the discovery might have occasioned, the prospect of a crown seemed to have healed the wound and allayed the feeling.

"The conditions to which this young princess was called to submit, in conformity to the etiquette of the Spanish court, were such as would have been deemed harsh by most persons, but are said to have been easily acquiesced in when they were appen-

dages to a throne; and were not objected to, because they were known before the formal proposals were made. The principal conditions are, that she is to visit a theatre but twice in a year, and then accompanied by the King;—that if she wishes to ride out, or to walk even in the garden, she must give twelve hours' notice in writing of her intentions; and that no attendants from her own country must accompany her to Madrid, but must leave her at the first town after her passing the Spanish frontiers. This last condition has been literally complied with, and her Saxon attendants have all returned to Dresden."

We cannot omit an anecdote of Goethe, which the author picked up at Jena.

"A minor poet had addressed some verses to one of the reigning family, which contained some most exaggerated compliments. In criticising the production, the old poet remarked, that "there was too much sugar in the composition; that princes were pleased at sugar-plums being given to them, but did not like being pelted with sugar-loaves."

The following remarkable natural phenomenon is mentioned, as occurring in Saxony. "The quantity of vermin of the mouse tribe, has increased of late to a degree almost incredible. The local magistrates give rewards for their destruction. In the year 1818, more than 200,000 field mice were brought to them for the premiums. In the Rathskammer of the city of Gotha, between the ninth of May and the ninth of September, 1817, the number for which the rewards were paid, reached to 89,565. The regularity with which the accounts are kept in these local treasuries leave no room to doubt of the authenticity of this fact, which is both novel and extraordinary."

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### LACON.

The following quotations from *Lacon* were obliged to be omitted in our last Number, from want of room: we now insert them in justice to the author.

A man who knows the world, will not only make the most of every thing he does know, but of many things he does not know; and will gain more credit by his adroit mode of hiding his ignorance, than the pedant by his awkward attempt to exhibit his erudition. In Scotland, the "*jus et norma loquendi*" has made it the fashion to pronounce the law term *curator* *curator*. Lord Mansfield gravely corrected a certain Scotch barrister when in Court, reprehending what appeared to English usage a false quantity, by repeating—*curator*, Sir, if you please. The barrister immediately replied, I am happy to be corrected by so great an orator as your Lordship.

*Commentating* *lore* makes a mighty parade, and builds a lofty pile of erudition, raised up like the pyramids, only to enshrine some mouldering mummy of antiquity, utterly unworthy of so laborious and costly a mode of preservation. With very few exceptions, commentators would have been much better employed in cultivating some sense for themselves, than in attempting to explain the

nonsense of others. How can they hope to make us understand a Plato or an Aristotle, in cases wherein it is quite evident that neither of these philosophers understood themselves. The Head of a certain College at Oxford was asked by a stranger, what was the motto of the arms of that university? He told him that it was "*Dominus illuminatio mea*." But he also candidly informed the stranger, that in his private opinion, a motto more appropriate might be found in these words—"Aristoteles *mea* *teuer*."

Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer.

It is better to have recourse to a quack, if he can cure our disorder, although he cannot explain it, than to a physician, if he can explain our disease, but cannot cure it. In a certain consultation of physicians in this kingdom, they all differed about the nature of an intermittent, and all of them were ready to debite the disorder. The patient was a king; at length an empiric, who had been called in, thus interposed: Gentlemen, you all seem to differ about the nature of an intermittent, permit me to explain it; an intermittent, gentlemen, is a disorder which I can cure, and which you cannot.

*Histrionic talent* is not so rare a gift as some imagine, it is both over-rated and over-paid. That the requisites for a first rate actor, demand a combination not easily to be found, is an erroneous assumption, ascribable, perhaps, to the following causes: The market for this kind of talent must always be *understocked*, because very few of those who are really qualified to gain theatrical fame, will condescend to start for it. To succeed, the candidate must be a gentleman by nature, and a scholar by education; there are many who can justly boast of this union, but out of that many, how few are there that would seek or desire theatrical celebrity. The metropolitan theatre, therefore, can only be recruited from the best samples which the provincial theatres will afford, and this is a market, abundant as to quantity, but extremely deficient as to quality. Johnson told Garrick that he and his profession were mutually indebted to each other: "your profession," said the doctor, has made you rich, and you have made your profession respectable." Such men as Smith, Garrick, Kemble, and Young, might do honour to any profession, and would, perhaps, have succeeded in any; but their attempting success in this department is much more extraordinary than their attaining it; for, in general, those who possess the necessary qualifications for an actor, also feel that they deserve to be something better, and this feeling dictates a more respectable arena. Neither is the title to talent bestowed by the suffrages of a metropolitan audience, always unequivocal. Such an audience is, indeed, a tribunal from which an actor has no appeal; but there are many causes which conspire to warp and to bias its judgment; and it often happens that it is more difficult to please a country audience, than a London one. In a country theatre, there is nothing to bribe our decisions; the principal actor is

## THE HIMALA MOUNTAINS.

(Account concluded from Fraser's Journal.)

The extracts in our last Number left the traveller at Gungtree, the centre of the Himala steeps, and the sacred source of the Bhagirute Ganges: his narrative thus continues:—

This mountain, which is considered to be the loftiest and greatest of the snowy range in this quarter, and probably yields to none in the whole Himalaya, obtains the name of Roodroo Himala, and is held to be the throne or residence of Mahadeo himself. It is also indiscriminately called Panch Purbut, from its five peaks; and Sooneroo Purbut, which is not to be confounded with the mountain so called near Bunderpouch; and sometimes the general appellation of Kylas is given, which literally signifies any snowy hill, but is applied to this mountain by way of preeminence. It has five principal peaks, called Roodroo Himala, Burrungpooree, Bissonpooree, Oodguree Kanta, and Soorga Roince. These form a sort of semi-circular hollow of very considerable extent, filled with eternal snow, from the gradual dissolution of the lower parts of which the principal part of the stream is generated; probably there may be smaller hollows beyond the point to the right above Gungtree, which also supply a portion.

The breadth of the mountainous region may probably occupy a space of from sixty to eighty miles at most.

The old popular idea that the Ganges issued from a rock like a cow's mouth (Gae Monk), did not fail to occur to me. This idea is extremely prevalent, and it is difficult to account in a satisfactory manner for its universality, for it is not authorized by the shasters; and the numbers of pilgrims and devotees who have reached the place of Gungtree (it might be presumed) would have served to give sufficient publicity to the true state of the case.

It may be amusing to relate the fabulous origin of this mountain, of the range, and of the two rivers as given by the Brahmins. Whether it be the same as is assigned in the shasters I have not the means of ascertaining. It was, however, attributed to them.

The common tale of the usurpation of the empire of Lanka, by Rawaen the son of Maha Deo, who rebelled against his father, is well known; as also are the adventures of Rama and Lutchman, driven from their father Maha Deo's presence, by the trick of one of his wives; the history of this pair, and of Sita the wife of Rama; their meeting with the Hoonooobams in the Anrita gardens in Lanka; the rape of Sita by Rawaen, tyrant and usurper of Lanka; the conquest of that place, and recovery of Sita, with the union of the three brothers in favour with their god and father, Maha Deo. When Maha Deo retired from Lanka, disgusted at the rebellion of his son Rawaen, and, as it is said, forced him to fly, he formed Kylas, or the Himala range, for his retreat; and Sooneroo Purbut, or Roodroo Himala, with its five peaks, rugged and inaccessible as it is,

for his own dwelling, that none should find him out. Both Bhagirutee and Alaknanda are there said to have sprung from the head of Maha Deo. Twelve holy Brahmins, denominated the Twelve Reekhee, left Lanka in search of Maha Deo, and penetrated to Bhyramghattee, where the J. hamevie meets the Bhagirutee, but could not find him. Eleven of them in despair went to Cashmere, but the twelfth, named Jum-Reekhee, remained at Bhyramghattee, sitting on a huge rock in the course of the stream of the Bhagirutee, which, instead of flowing on as usual, was absorbed into the belly of the Reekhee and lost, while the J. hamevie flowed on. The goddess of the stream (Bhagirutee) herself was at Gungtree worshipping Maha Deo, and making her prostrations on the stone on which now the temple is founded. When she felt that the course of the stream was stopped, she went in wrath to Bhyramghattee, clove the Jum Reekhee in two, and gave a free passage to the river. One half of the Reekhee she flung to the westward, and it became the mountain of Bunderpouch. From his thigh sprung the Jumna, and from his skull arose the hot springs mentioned when treating of Jumnotree. Thus far the extravagancies of the shasters; and still they show the large rock which the Reekhee sat upon, and which was divided in two by the same fatal cut. It is a very large block of granite, which appears to have fallen from the cliff, above the point of union between the two rivers, and is curiously split in two.

Towards evening, (Mr. F. says) I bathed in the holy spot where the goddess used to stand. The water, just freed from the ice, was piercing cold; and it required no small effort of piety to stay long enough in it for the Brahmin to say the necessary prayers over the pilgrim, which are much in the same form as at Bhyram-Ghattee: I held also a small tuft of grass in the hand, which, on the prayer ceasing, is thrown into the stream. Afterwards, with bare feet, we entered the temple, where worship was performed, a little bell ringing all the time. The necessary presents were then made, and all parties fully satisfied.

The outside of the temple has already been described. Within there are three images: one, I think, is that of Kali; and the elevated stone shelf on which they were placed was wet and soiled with the offerings made: there was a peculiar smell, but I know not whence it proceeded. The place, as is usual, was lighted by a small lamp: no daylight had admittance. Just below the temple, on the river side, grew three poplar trees and a few small larches; above there are the remains of a fine old silver fir tree, which overshadows some of the caves and sheds. The whole people also bathed, and contributed something to the priesthood: and it was a matter of serious importance, as well as of great joy to every one, that we had thus happily reached a place of such supereminent sanctity: such, indeed, that the act of bathing here is supposed to cleanse from every sin heretofore committed, and the difficulty of which is so great, that few,

happily supported, and must depend solely on himself. In a London theatre, the blaze of light and beauty, the splendour of the scenery, the skill of the orchestra, are all seductive attractions, acting as *arant* conifers for the performer, and predisposing us to be pleased. Add to this, that the extended magnificence of a metropolitan stage defends the actor from that microscopic scrutiny to which he must submit in the country. We should also remember, that at times it requires more courage to praise than to censure, and the metropolitan actor will always have this advantage over the provincial, if we are pleased, our taste is flattered in the one instead, but suspected in the other.

Lutrigues of state, like games of whist, require a partner, and in both, success is the joint effect of chance and of skill; but the former, differ from the latter, in one particular—the knaves rule the kings. Count Stackelberg was sent on a particular embassy by Catherine of Russia, into Poland; on the same occasion, Thurgut was dispatched by the Emperor of Germany. Both these ambassadors were strangers to each other. When the morning appointed for an audience arrived, Thurgut was ushered into a magnificent saloon, where, seeing a dignified looking man seated and attended by several Polish noblemen, who were standing most respectfully before him, the German ambassador (Thurgut) concluded it was the king, and addressed him as such, with the accustomed formalities. This dignified looking character turned out to be Stackelberg, who received the unexpected homage with pride and silence. Soon after the king entered the presence chamber, and Thurgut, perceiving his mistake, retired, much mortified and ashamed. In the evening, it so happened, that both these ambassadors were playing cards at the same table with his majesty. The German envoy threw down a card, saying, "The king of clubs!" "A mistake!" said the monarch. "It is the knave!" "Pardon me, Sire," exclaimed Thurgut, casting a significant glance at Stackelberg, "this is the second time to-day, I have mistaken a knave for a king!!!" Stackelberg, though very prompt at repartee, bit his lips, and was silent.

Levity is often less foolish, and gravity less wise, than each of them appears.

Afflictions sent by providence, melt the constancy of the male-minded, but confirm the obliquity of the vile. The same furnace that hardens clay, liquifies gold; and in the strong manifestations of divine power Pharaoh found his punishment, but David his pardon.

It proceeds rather from revenge than malice, when we hear a man affirm, that all the world are knaves. For before a man draws this conclusion of the world, the world has usually anticipated him, and concluded all this of him who makes the observation. Steh man may be compared to Brothers the prophet, who, on being asked by a friend how he came to be clapped up into Bedlam, replied, I and the world happened to have a slight difference of opinion; the world said I was mad, and I said the world was mad; I was outvoted, and here I am.

except professional devotees, ever attempt reaching the holy place.

It is customary that those who have lost their father and mother, or either of these, shall be shaved at this spot; and it was curious to observe the whimsical changes produced by the operation, which numbers underwent. It appears also, that one chief ordinance was the going frequently round the holy temple; and we particularly observed that those who were noted as the greatest rogues were most forward in this pious exercise; one man in particular, who had been a notorious thief, was unwearied in his perseverance.

Descending from these holy heights, we shall not further extend this paper than by adding a few notices of natural history. In the woady regions many animals abound; but the following are the most remarkable:—

Deer are numerous, and of various kinds. The most curious and worthy of attention is, perhaps, the musk-deer. It is an animal by no means common in any situation, but keeps entirely to the most inaccessible and remote heights, among rocks and forests that defy the foot of man. They cannot endure heat, and several young ones which were presented to us invariably perished, after being exposed for a few days to the warmth of a lower region. The figure of the musk-deer is somewhat singular. It attains the size of a fallow doe, or small buck, and its body and legs are completely those of a deer. The head, however, bears some resemblance to that of a dog; the eye is black and full, but not so large as that of a deer usually is; and the sharp snout and wrinkled countenance gives it a considerable resemblance to a pig's head, which is rendered more remarkable by the two tusks that project from the upper jaw, and hang, pointing downward, considerably over the lower; and their colour is dark brown. It is commonly known that the musk is contained in a liquid state in a small bag near the navel of the animal. When it is caught, this bag is taken just as it is found, and cut from the beast while yet alive. A small hollow reed is inserted into it that the musk may not suffer, as it would be apt to do, from want of air; and the whole is tied around with a sinew of the animal. In this state, when it has dried, which it does in the shape of small brown grains, it is sold together with the skin for about twice its weight in silver. It is said that the animal must be caught alive in order to obtain its musk. Should it be shot, the drug (it is affirmed) is absorbed into the body, and consequently not only lost, but the animal is rendered uneatable. The great value of the animal makes the animal an object of great request. Whenever, therefore, it is understood that a musk-deer has been seen on any particular hill, the whole country is turned out, to hunt him down. This alone would tend to create scarcity of the animal; and if it is as rare in the hills to the south eastward, and on the opposite side of the Himala range, as it is in that portion between the Sulej and Alacnada, there is little danger that the

market will ever be overstocked by the genuine musk.

This scarcity, however, and the high price of musk, as may readily be supposed, give rise to many modes of adulterating it to increase the quantity. The common way is by injecting a portion of the blood of the animal into the bag of musk, while both are warm, and they then unite. Great caution is therefore necessary in making the purchases, and, indeed, none but very experienced persons can ever detect the fraud. Musk-pails are generally sent to the rajah, or chief man of a district, either as nuzzars, or at a certain valuation, as a portion of tribute. Some fall into the hands of the Bunyas, from the low country, who take this article, as well as opium, iron, and other commodities, in payment for their goods, such as cloth, sugar, and other manufactured articles, and these persons sell it at a great profit in the plains. It is highly prized as a medicine as well as a perfume. It is also smoked by the luxurious debauchees in hookahs, in which way it acts as a strong stimulant; but only men of great wealth can afford this fascinating drug. It also invariably forms a part of the offering presented from men of rank to their superiors, as a nuzzar, or to their equals, as a usual token of regard. The name by which the animal is known in the hills is *estoree*, and the drug also obtains that appellation. A common sort of deer, which we frequently saw browsing among the heights, and bounding from rock to rock, is called by the natives *gerul*. It attains the size of a reebuck; the colour is dark brown, the belly much lighter; the horns branch into several divisions, like that of the roebuck, are rough at the lower parts, and very sharp at the points, and they run from six inches to a foot in length. Its activity is very remarkable.

We frequently saw the horns of an animal, a mixed species of deer, that were singular in their form and appearance. They grew near each other at the base, curving very much backward, and receding from each other gradually. The exterior curved side is divided from the root to the point by raised articulations, two or three inches distant from each other; and when they are of a middling size they are at least three feet long. The animal to which they belong is described by the natives as resembling the goat in appearance as well as the deer, but more particularly the former. That it is of considerable size may be inferred from its horns; and the skins, several of which we afterwards procured, confirmed this inference. Its colour is a dark gray, approaching to brown; the hair of its skin is very thick, soft, and elastic, but by no means fine: each hair has the appearance of a spongy hollow tube. They form very comfortable and warm beds to lie on, and are used for this purpose.

It is probable that we shall return to this volume for a description of the people, especially of the Ghoorkas; but at present we must abridge, to make room for other novelties.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,

Is Debre's Peerage the most accurate record we have of the present state of the nobility of the kingdom? If it be, the peerage, I must say, is most miserably recorded. I have just been looking over his list of the Irish peers (in the eleventh edition *considerably improved*, printed in 1817), and I do not think I overstep the modesty of calculation, when I assert that it contains at least as many errors as there are articles. It would take a little too much room to prove this assertion at length; but I shall give a couple of examples, selected almost at random.

Vol. 2. p. 989. We are informed that Thomas, 27th baron Howth, married in 1750, Isabella, the Earl of Kingston's sister, who died in 1794: and that his second son, Thomas, was born in 1795. This, I think, an important fact in midwifery. But let, that pass. This son Thomas is at present bishop of Cork and Ross; and if the above date of his birth be correct, he must have made good use of his time. A bishop and doctor of divinity long before twenty, he may almost rival the most striking examples of precocity or nepotism: but when we find (p. 990) that he has 8 children, one married in 1805, consequently when her father was only ten years of age, and another (a clergyman too) in 1816, in his father's 21st year, we must confess that miracles have not yet ceased. Again we are told (p. 990), that Lord Howth's eldest daughter, Isabella, was married in 1773 to Lord Sidney, who died in 1744 without issue, which last circumstance I do not much wonder at, as he did not think proper to marry until 29 years after his death. Her mother I confess, as we have seen already, had a son a year after her decease: this however being I imagine a rare case, ought not to be drawn into a precedent. But this family seems to have a fancy for marriage after death, as we find (p. 990) the next daughter, Elizabeth, married in 1806, to Sir P. A. Irving, although the same grave authority informs us she died in 1792. This is a very authentic history; and I can assure your readers it would not be hard to find other tales as astonishing.

Let us turn to Lord Clarina. There we learn (p. 1267) that Nathaniel Williams, the 2d Lord, was born in 1796, married Penelope, daughter of M. R. Nertropp Esq., had a daughter in 1797, and a son, (the present Lord Clarina) in 1798, beside other children, and died a Lieutenant General in 1810, aged of course 14 years. This is rapid promotion, and beats the old story of the Captain crying for his pap. Besides, he thinks fit to inform us that Penelope, Baroness Clarina, died in 1815. This I am happy to contradict; her ladyship is still in the precincts of this world, and if health, good humour, and good looks, give any reason to expect a long life, I know nobody more likely to bid fair for it.

Is not this scandalous carelessness? I have taken two cases; but I could increase the list a hundred fold with ease. It certainly



istreating the purchasers very cavalierly, and I hope that the editors will take a little more pains with the next edition.

I am Sir, Yours, &c.  
June 1, 1820. P. P. P.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### SHIPS' CARGOES.

*Mayence, 16th May.*

*New Invention.*—It has often been a subject of complaint, that there was no method that could be wholly depended upon for ascertaining the amount of the cargo which a vessel is able to contain, and also to discover the exact weight of the cargo. Mr. Jacob Reitmayer, a mechanist of this city, has succeeded in remedying this defect, by means of a new invention, a model of which has been presented to the central committee for regulating the navigation of the Rhine, now sitting here. This machine resembles in its principles the platform used on land for weighing waggons, &c. It is built in the water, at a place where the depth is always the same, whither the ships, when empty, are brought, and you may tell with the greatest accuracy, by means of a scale (or scales) at the sides of the machine, how high and broad the vessel is, and what is its weight in the water when empty. As the scale is calculated upon hydraulic principles, from decimeter to decimeter, according to the make of the ship in its cubic contents, and according to the buoyant power of the water, nothing more is necessary than to place the vessel, when loaded, in the machine, which will immediately shew the weight of the vessel and cargo, from which the weight of the vessel when unloaded is to be deducted.

*Measurement of the Meridian in Germany.*—In a former number of the Literary Gazette, we inserted a letter from the celebrated astronomer, Dr. Olbers, of Bremen, respecting the operations carrying on by order of the king of Denmark, for measuring an arc of the meridian, in Denmark and Holstein. We now learn that his Majesty the King of Great Britain and Hanover, ever ready to promote the interest of science, has consented that these operations should be continued through the kingdom of Hanover. For the purpose of accurately examining and describing the vegetable productions of the kingdom of Hanover, his Majesty has been pleased to approve of the appointment of a Physiographer for that purpose, and of the nomination of Dr. G. F. W. Meyer to the office, with the title of Counsellor of Economy (*Oekonomie-Rath*.)

The Danish General Post Office has given orders that a meridian line shall be drawn in all the towns of Denmark, for the purpose of accurately ascertaining the hour of the day.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, JUNE 17.

In the Convocation holden in the Theatre on Wednesday, the Honorary Degree of

D. C. L. was conferred on the following noblemen and gentlemen:—

Lord Aspley, Lieutenant General Lord Hill, Sir William Grant, Sir Jacob Astley, Bart. General Sir Anthony Farrington, Bart. Major-General Sir George Murray, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir H. Hardinge, Sir Thomas Lawrence, G. Watson Taylor, Esq., J. Ingram Lockhart, Esq., C. O. Bowles, Esq., Charles Peers, Esq., R. Southey Esq., and Joshua Watson, Esq.

And the Honorary Degree of M. A. on Rowland Hill, Esq.

After the above gentlemen were presented to their degrees, an ode, in honour of the King's accession, written by the Rev. J. Josias Conybeare, Professor of Poetry, and set to Music by Dr. Crotch, Professor of Music, was performed.

On the conclusion of the ode, the Crevean Oration was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Crowe, the Public Orator; after which the Prize Compositions were recited in the following order:—

*Latin Essay.*—"Queniam fuerit Concilii Amphitryonici constitutio, et quam vim in tuendis Græciæ libertatibus, et in Populorum moribus formandis haberit."—J. Shergold Boone, B. A. Student of Christ Church.

*Latin Verse.*—"Newtoni Systema."—W. Ralph Churton, of Queen's College, on Mr. Mitchell's foundation.

*English Essay.*—"On the influence of the Drama."—Alexander Macdonnell, M.A. Student of Christ Church.

SIR ROGER NEWDIGATH'S PRIZE.

*English Verse.*—"The Temple of Diana at Ephesus."—William Ewart, Commoner of Christ Church.

CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 16.

Sir William Browne's three gold medals for the present year were on Saturday last adjudged as follows:—For the Greek Ode and Latin Ode, to Mr. Henry Nelson Colebridge, Scholar of King's College; and for the Epigrams, to Mr. Richard Okes, Scholar of the same society.—Subjects,

FOR THE GREEK ODE.—*Μνησέωρε.*

FOR THE LATIN ODE.—*Ad Georgium Quartum, Augustissimum Principem, Secpta Paterna accipiemus.*

FOR THE GREEK EPIGRAM.—*Inscriptio, In Venum Aque ex iis ciceribus Terræ Arte eductum.*

FOR THE LATIN EPIGRAM.—*Impræni disquirite.*

*The Roxburgh Club.*—This curious Society observed its anniversary on Saturday last, and the oldest style of books was gloriously combined with the newest style of feasting. Several reprints of rare works were presented, and among other interesting matters, the following inscription for a monumental tablet in Westminster Abbey was submitted to the approbation of the club.

To the Memory  
of WILLIAM CAXTON,  
who first introduced into Great Britain  
the Art of Printing;  
and who, A. D. 1477, or earlier,  
exercised that art  
in the Abbey of Westminster.  
This Tablet,

in remembrance of one  
to whom  
the Literature of this Country  
is so largely indebted,  
was raised  
Anno Domini MDCCCX.  
by the Roxburgh Club.  
Earl Spencer, K. G. President.

The French Academy has nominated, in the room of the late Comte Volney, the Marquis de Pastoret, member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. The Marquis had 18 votes out of 35. M. Derrigny, the next candidate had, 9; M. Delieu 3 and M. de Wailly, 1.

## FINE ARTS.

### ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Conclusion.)

As we began our remarks on the present Exhibition at Somerset House by a general survey, so must we end them by a similar notice. We are well aware, that from situation or accidental circumstances, many works that we have omitted to mention are as much entitled to regard as some which we have particularized: but the field covered by 1072 subjects, is too extensive for minutely detailed examination. There are, however, a few pictures to which we owe a parting glance.

No. 439. 545. *Two Vices in Gloucestershire.*—G. Samuel.

These are sweet transcripts from nature, and remind us forcibly of Beattie's fine lines, by placing before our eyes "the pomp of groves and garniture of fields," the refreshing semblance of the translucent *Arvon* and *Seren*, and all those lovely features of landscape on which the eye reposes with so much delight. No. 240. *The Thames near Battersea.*—J. Wilson.

This artist has grown upon us wonderfully within a very short period. Of his powers, except as a scene painter, we knew nothing till within a year or two; and now we have one of the cleverest views in the exhibition from his easel, combining the truth and finish of the Flemish with the effect of the English style.

No. 11. *The Travelling Ticket.*—F. Kidd.

Another artist of rising merit, who deserves favourable notice, for fulfilling our anxiety on his first appearance. We recommend to him to select subjects of familiar interest—next to portrait, the most profitable branch of art, at the present era.

No. 10. *An Approach to a Greek Town.*—453. *Landscape Composition.*—Joseph Gandy, A.

Magnificent ideas of this eminent architectural draughtsman. We should imagine his portfolio to be a very dangerous subject for a man of fortune; for we never experience the building mania so strong as when contemplating his designs.

No. 72. *The Garden of Fyz Ali Khan, at Ghazpore.*—T. Daniell, R. A.

As usual, Mr. Daniell transports us to the

Orient, and we become familiar with the scenery of the Ganges. It is pleasing to enjoy it thus, without the sultry sensations which mar the delights even of the sacred stream, amidst such parterres as these.

No. 73. *The Margins of Huntly, in the Highland Garb.*—H. Raeburn, R. A.

This dress, no doubt, alters the appearance of the noble Margujs considerably—so much so, indeed, that the likeness does not strike us as possessing Mr. Raeburn's wonted felicity and force. The toning down of the flesh hues in the countenance, to be in unison with the cold green and blue of the tartan, gives it a raw effect. We could wish a sun-beam thrown over the whole.

No. 95. *View of Conynsburgh Cliff, and part of the scenery in Inverness.*—R. Dugley.

A small picturesque little scene, which interests us from its identifying the description of the northern minstrel.

No. 96. *Evening View.*—C. Bayley, II. This is a very pretty amateur landscape.

113. *Study of a Sheep from Nature.*—C. Cranmer.

Excellently done.

No. 154. *The Birth of Venus.*—H. Howard, R. A.

We do not find that Mr. Howard has here departed from his usual manner. Though a beautiful work, we have seen from his hand what has pleased us more.

No. 192. *Portrait of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.*—G. F. Joseph, A.

A good likeness of Mr. Vansittart, and doing credit, as a painting, to the artist's pencil. The right honourable gentleman looks better satisfied than when the budget is under debate; and surrounded as he is by Mr. C. Bagot (by Owen) General Dumourier, (by T. Foster) Canova, Drunken Barnaby, (a clever thing by Etty) and Chalon's gay Figaro, it is quite gratifying to see how much more cheerful he seems than when beset by the Grenelles, Ricardos, Malcherles, and other teasing dogs, who appear to be more concerned for the state of the funds than for the state of the country.

207. *The Duke of Gloucester.*—G. Beechey.

A whole length, by the son of Sir W. Beechey. It is rather foppish and ball-room-like, but gives upon the whole a courtly proof of the artist's descent.

No. 267. *Study from Nature in the Coliseum.*—H. Irvine.

If all Mr. Irvine's studies are thus directed, and thus executed, we will venture to assure him no mean rank in his profession.

No. 297. *Portrait of a Gentleman.*—A. J. Oliver, A.

There is generally an appearance of truth about Mr. Oliver's portraits, which makes us believe they are good likenesses. Such is the present, which is also a well disposed and well-toned head.

No. 330. *Dr. Sangrado Practising Physic, from Gil Blas.*—F. P. Stephano.

Full of character, humorous, and well treated; whether considered with reference to mind or to mechanism. Mr. S. is always amusing, frequently a very able painter

No. 332. *Vicount Duncan;* 33. *Alexander Oswald, Esq.;* 340. *F. Jeffrey, Esq.*—A. Geddes.

These portraits are in a good style, and do much honour to the artist. That of Mr. Oswald is particularly clever. The distinguished individual, whose likeness is preserved in the last number, will also bear a critical review; but it seems to belong to a person of greater size than to one whose mind is much larger than his body.

No. 344. *The Green Grovers.* 618. *The Gypsy.*—J. Graham.

We merely specify these as two of several promising productions, by a young artist, whose first works we very recently mentioned in a laudatory manner.

No. 349. *A Landscape and Figures.* 425. *The Cobbler's Bird in Danger.*—S. Woodin, Jun.

Another young artist, whom we have before noticed with praise. He has studied the Dutch masters to advantage, and produces very neat pictures.

No. 377. *The Thistle and the As, from Esop.*—E. Landseer.

Mr. Landseer has, we flatter ourselves, taken the hint from the Literary Gazette in selecting Esop for subjects suited to his peculiar and distinguished talent. Were he to paint no more than this picture it would do him credit; but we look to the same source for many more performances of high character in their class.

No. 406. *Pointers, by the same,* are admirable.

No. 384. *Entrance to Portsmouth Harbour.*—C. M. Ponell.

A very able and interesting landscape. We are not familiar with Mr. Powell's works, but, from this specimen, we are sure that they need only be seen to attract regard.

No. 398. *Una, &c.*—J. Severn.

The picture which won the R. A. gold medal last year—it needs no other encomium.

No. 455. 458. *Piony Roses.*—Mrs. Pope.

Very pretty flower pieces.

No. 673. *The Larder.* 592. *A Cottage Scene.*—W. M. Craig.

Mr. Craig ought certainly to be appointed painter in ordinary to the Lord Mayor and city companies; or, what an artist to adorn the Alannah des Gourmands! His soul seems inspired by his body—we have seen nothing but stuffing from his pencil for these two years. Perhaps it is his health that is drunk at Mr. Coke's sheep-fests, "feeding in all its branches." The picture is, nevertheless, a good representation of a good larder.

No. 593. *Mrs. S. Cookson, Newcastle.*—E. Hastings.

A portrait not well seen where it is placed, but seen enough to recommend the artist to partial observation.

No. 600. *Portrait.*—S. Lane.

We may repeat the same remark on this clever portrait; but Mr. Lane is more fortunate in having others better exhibited.

610. *Portrait of Sir J. Boyd, and other Miniatures.*—J. Steele.

Carefully finished, and displaying much taste. The colours are well chosen, and

the general effects powerful, as well as pleasing.

649. *Ac. Miniatures.*—A. Robertson.

Mr. Robertson's abilities are too generally known to require further notice, than that he has not fallen off this year.

826. 853. *Enamels.*—C. Moss.

These barely sustain Mr. Moss's reputation; for, though exceedingly well done, he had taught us to expect something still more remarkable.

918. *Public Buildings.*—S. Smirke.

A very grand piece of design.

936. *Præceptive elevation of a Design for a national Triumphal Building.*—R. Reid.

Also a striking ornament to the library.

In the scripture room, Hero and Leander, by Westmacott; Jacob wrestling, by Gott, (which obtained the prize medal); 1033. Bust, by Milligan; and among the paintings above, some by R. Hills, Hobday, G. Manton, Mrs. Carpenter, H. B. Chalon, Christmas, Lonsdale, Drummond, &c. &c. deserve more particular notice than we can allot to them.\* All that we have to add is, the hope that the exhibition of 1821 may far excel that of 1820.

#### MR. GRATTAN'S BUST.

The death of Mr. Grattan, and the general feelings of admiration for his memory, which will probably induce many persons to preserve his likeness, would have reminded us of the fine bust of that patriotic individual, exhibited some years since at the Royal Academy, by Mr. Turnerelli, had it not been more particularly recalled to our minds, by a letter from Mr. H. Grattan to the artist, which we have seen in the daily Newspapers. This letter from the son pronounces the resemblance to his father to be, as we certainly thought it at the time, perfect; and with such a living model in existence, we really think it is carrying competition in the arts too far to set up, (as we observe is doing) rival busts, taken from the face, previously wasted by sickness, and disfigured by the dread touch of death. The original production to which we have alluded, is a very spirited work: the air is classical and characteristic, and the lineaments true to nature. Well acquainted with the features of Mr. Grattan, we will say, that no performance of sculpture ever excelled this for fidelity; and we are the more disposed to recommend it to public attention at this period, because we are the friends of the arts, and consequently of liberal and vigorous emulation; but in proportion as we would cherish this elevating principle, we disapprove of that sort of interference which would deprive merit of its reward and step in between the labours of talent and its harvest.

We observe an engraving of Mr. Grattan in the print-shops, which is, if we

\* We cannot tell our Correspondent, T. R.—gh, whether Rolinda Sharpley be an assumed or real name. The picture, (the Market) to which it is attached in the exhibition, appeared to us to be a remarkable labour for a female hand, and we noticed it in our review accordingly. We observe other pictures, and both a town and country address, in the catalogue.

mistake not, from Mr. Pope's small likeness. It is younger in appearance than we remember Mr. G.; but the attitude is very like, and the general air and resemblance striking.

*Bilsah.*—Among our advices from the interior of India, we have a letter from the Camp at Bilsah, of the 1st of March, which furnishes us with the following information: "Near our Camp, says the writer, there is a great curiosity, which was found out by accident, after we had been here some time. It is a large solid dome, enclosed by a most extraordinary stone fence, with four gateways, which are carved in the most beautiful manner you can imagine. It must be very ancient indeed, as no artist of the present age could execute such sculpture. The gates are supported by four figures, which are infinitely done, heading seemingly under the weight of their loads, and their countenances expressing pain. These statues support numerous other figures of naked women, and slaves of all kinds, such as Roman cars drawn by horses with men on them, elephants, &c. An immense concourse of people are represented going in procession to an exact model of the temple, or whatever it has been meant for. The natives say nothing of its origin or use, except that it was built by the devil. They assert likewise that there was a spring, in which if any person bathed they were turned into stone—which accounts for the numerous figures of men and women. The figures are superior to any thing I have elsewhere seen in India. Bilsah is a large town, and has an extensive stone fort adjoining. Near the town is another curiosity, which we often go to see. Some Brahmins have taken advantage of the bend of a small river to erect a temple, with a ghaut running into the water. By constantly throwing otth and other food from the steps; they have collected an amazing number of the largest fish I ever saw. They are so tame as to come close to you, so much so that you might take them out; and if you throw in food, the water is darkened by them. They are held sacred, and never molested."

Not to overcharge this Number with articles on the Fine Arts, we are induced to postpone the continuation of "The British Gallery—Portraits" till our next.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

EPICGRAM.

By a Gentleman passing from Haydon's Picture of Christ's Entry into JERUSALEM, exhibiting in the Egyptian Hall, to Mons. JERRECAULT'S Raft of the Midway, in the room below.

Down Bullock's stair, a wit who punned and laugh'd,

From Haydon's picture went to see the Raft:  
Quoth he, "It is a desperate way on foot to go,  
Oft from Jerusalem to Jericho."

TO NATHAN DRAKE, M.D.

On reading the first paper in his "Winter Nights."  
With witching eloquence and truth,  
Hast thou describ'd the dear delights

Accessible to age, and youth,  
In frowning winter's stormiest nights.  
While turning o'er thy first essay,  
My heart so warmly feels its spell,  
It cannot for an hour delay  
The thanks which thou hast won so well.  
Such pictures,—whether they describe  
In truth's own simple eloquence,  
The froths of a youthful tribe,  
Happy in early innocence;—  
In whose bright eyes the vivid gleam  
Of *Hemé's* lov'd fire-side glances;  
While the more mild and chasten'd beam  
From older ones—their mirth enhances—  
Or whether they portray, the charm  
Which erst o'er Cowper's spirit stole;  
When evening's pensive, soothing calm  
Sheds its own stillness o'er the soul;—

Such pictures do not merely pass  
Before the eye,—and fade in air;  
Like summer-showers on new-mown grass,  
They call back living freshness there.  
Aye! e'en to lonely hearts, which feel  
That such things were, and now are not,  
Not poignant, only, their appeal,  
But fraught with bliss, yet unforgot.  
Yes, bliss!—for joys so calm, and pure,  
Leave blessings with the heart they bless'd;  
And still unchangeably endure,  
E'en when not actually possess'd.  
For thee, my friend! If wish of mine,  
A hard obscure, could call down bliss;  
Could I implore for thee, or thine,  
A more delightful boon than this?  
Thou—thou that my mother's green old age,  
May be her child's, or children's too;  
And that each charm that decks thy page,  
Thy own fire-side may prove its true.

BERNARD BARTON.

Woodbridge, Suffolk.

Address of G.H. to the last Lamp of Grafton's Alley  
in the city of York.

The last lamp of the alley  
Is burning alone!  
All its brilliant companions  
Are shivered and gone.  
No lamp of her kindred,  
No burner is nigh,  
To rival her glimmer,  
Or light to supply.  
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!  
To vanish in smoke;  
As the bright ones are shattered,  
Thou too shalt be broke:  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy globe o'er the street;  
Where the watch in his rambles  
Thy fragments shall meet.  
Then home will I stagger,  
As well as I may;  
By the light of my nose sure  
I'll find out the way.  
When thy blaze is extinguished,  
Thy brilliancy gone,  
Oh! my weak shall illumine  
The alley alone.

A SONG.

Translated literally and literally from the  
"Telinga," a dialect used in India, of  
which I subjoin the original song, as nearly  
as it can be expressed in English letters.

The Hopeless Lover.

1. O lovely maid, thy words I held  
As truth, till to despair compelled;

Soon as thy fairy form I viewed  
The infant god my heart subdued.

2. In blazing day as faunts the flow'r  
I sink and wither in his power;  
My dream of ecstasy is o'er,  
Thy faithless heart is mine no more.  
3. If thee, alas, I should remind—  
No more, no more, my frantic mind!  
Can it be so? Could she deceive?  
In vain I love, in vain I grieve.

The Original in English Letters.

1. Chéduana gándi nēe palakō  
2. Sātyamāntu mudim dīlāché  
3. Hec sūndaramya mēnoo ganēo  
4. Chika, hōjērani bīdha Kēno  
5. Poo tē ādama srūki tapamūdi  
6. Shīyaku rēmanī bilvalāmpīamū  
7. Mūndati brēti yamm zāniye  
8. Moodhamatē, nīnoo? dātsavats unt!

This language is, for its sweetness and harmony, called the Italian of India; and, when properly pronounced, has a good claim to that name. C. P. B.

## BIOGRAPHY.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS.—This distinguished person died on Monday, the 19th, at his house, Spring Grove, near Houslow. He was a Member of the Privy Council, a Baronet, a Grand Cross of the Bath, President of the Royal Society, and member of most of the principal scientific and literary institutions in the world. Sir Joseph had attained the patriarchal age of eighty; during the far greater portion of which long life, he devoted himself and a liberal fortune to the advancement of useful philosophy, and of the sciences best calculated to promote the welfare of mankind, and adorn civilized society. His residence in Soho Square was the rendezvous of the learned and ingenious of every class and country. Botany, natural history, mechanics, new discoveries, and inventions in all the arts, were there investigated and improved by the collision of intellect; and we may confidently state, that there was not in the universe a place of resort where so much general instruction could be gathered, where so much original information was brought forward, and where so many accomplished minds and so great a variety and extent of talent were immediately directed to necessary inquiry and elucidation. In this point of view, the loss of Sir Joseph Banks is not only a loss to his own country, but to that globe which he had encircled. His library and collections of rare objects in many branches of science, are of unparalleled value for a private individual; and, indeed, few crowned heads possess treasures of this description so curious and rich.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

AN EXQUISITE'S LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

The solitude of a country life is fitted only for the saint, the sage, or the philosopher. To any other man it loses its charms, when he cannot enjoy them in company with friends and fellow men. To see a fine prospect, an enchanting wood, a limpid river, a delightful waterfall, without being able to

say to some one, "What a lovely scene!" coarsens the heart of man. Society is as necessary for the country as the town; but the man who transports town habits and pleasures into the bosom of nature, loses the fountain and the grove, the verdant lawn, and the delicious retirement which country scenery and a country life present.

"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn," to watch his majestic rising from the gilded east, to contemplate the rosy-fingered morning, opening the day upon man, to view the prismatic colours reflected in the drops of dew, to brush that dew with early foot from the shrub and floweret in our healthful walk, to behold the glories of the setting sun, or the silvery moon-beam playing on the surface of the quiescent lake, to admire the expanded rose-bud, and to watch the progress of nature in its spring, are amongst the loveliest and sublimest enjoyments, and are unknown in the busy haunts of vicious and populous cities. The country, retirement, health, order, sobriety, and morality, can alone furnish them.

There are fashionable, however, who expect to make nature subservient to their habits and caprice, every where, and in every thing; and who, not content with bringing summer in January, into their painted and gilded saloons, by rare shrubs, flowers, plants, and the expensive contents of their conservatories, added to the forced fruits and other articles of ruinous luxury with which their boards abound, madly expect to transmit town enjoyments, and dissipation, into the country, in order to lead the same unvaried course of voluptuousness and riot all the year round. In contradistinction to what we hear of "*rus in urbe*," it is with them *urbs in rurem*; and not satisfied with turning day into night, and night into day, in town, they convert summer into winter, by passing it in London, or at some watering place, where they only go as an adjournment of the London spring, and then travel down to the country, to view leafless trees, fields clad in snow, and to be either confined to the house, or to have bad weather for a short time for form's sake.

Wekled to the London system of rising in the evening, rising at dusk, and dressing by taper light, they carry the same unnatural and unwholesome arrangements to scenes which would have furnished a retreat full of charms, if visited in the spring, or in the summer. For them the feathered choir chants in vain: for them the flower expands not; all is haze, fog, and darkness, unless perchance the rising sun blushes at their orgies, or reminds them that the day has opened ere they retire to a feverish bed.

There are rakes and debauchees who unblushingly tell you that they only wish to see their family mansion in order to collect their rents; and that to behold their woods turned into cash, their corn and hay at the market, instead of in their fields, is their sole delight; that their tenants are only the tributaries to their pleasures, and their flocks food for their table; and that they care neither for family pedigree, nor family estate, except as they can make them conducive to their consequence and luxuries.

There is a depravity in all this which absolutely denaturalizes the heart; but, as this is the object we have at present in view, let us peruse the life of a certain nobleman at his family castle, surrounded by majestic woods, lakes, and forests peopled for his use; a numerous and faithful tenantry, and the most romantic scenery which the eye can possibly view.

Engaged in London until July, and at Brighton until December, he gets down to this ancient edifice, the pride of his ancestors, about the first week in January, and leaves it in March, just as the days are lengthening, and increasing the ennui which the contemplation of rural objects occasions him.

Surrounded by foreign cooks, confectioners, and fiddlers, he travels all night, and arrives at day-break. His effeminate form sinks for a few hours on down; and he rises in the afternoon. The breakfast table is covered with delicacies, and with the provocatives necessary to excite a sated appetite. Gamblers and demi-reps, dandies and adventurers, compose his numerous party. "The weather is odious," says he: "what a bore the country!" He comes there only for fashion's sake, and in order to raise his rents. His spirits are low; brandy alone can save him from the blue devils; he awallows the liquid fire. The billiard table occupies five hours, his toilette takes two more.

The second dinner bell has rung; it is past eight, and he descends to his banquetting room. All here is pomp and pageantry: nothing is rational. Foreign wines and cookery compose the fare. Excess reigns over every thing. Intemperance plies the frequent cup, and vocal and instrumental music breathe their most voluptuous sounds.

Now comes the hour of gambling. His woods, his lands, his moveables, are all hazarded again and again: ten times in the night, they are lost and won. A castle totters on a single card: the comfort of his tenantry depends on one throw: agitation and ill humour ebb and flow: avarice and ruin stare each other in the face. The game is over. He has lost only two or three thousand: and the grinding of a few farmers will rub off his score. He goes to bed. Conscience has nothing to do with him: for these are only considered as the peccadilloes of fashion.

Occasionally he sallies forth in the evening with a legion of liveried attendants. The woods are surrounded; the birds are circumvented; the cover is beaten. Armed with a double-barrelled gun, and followed by menials, who take from him even the trouble of loading his piece, he and his party fire a thousand shots and spread death and desolation around them. This is called glorious sport, a noble day, rare country amusement! and the great man returns as proud as ever Alexander was after his greatest victory. Brandy recruits the fatigues of this memorable morning, and the tongue of flattery tickles the nobleman's ear, and elevates him in his own esteem.

At dressing time he gives audience to the steward, who is ordered to pay his gaming and intriguing debts, by the sale of timber, mortgage, anticipation, or annuities.

Such is the exquisite country life! Such the delights in which he indulges, in the midst of family estates and picturesque scenery to which he is as blind, as he is to his own vices and failings.

What a pity that a habitation and scenes like these should be bestowed on such a possessor! The very detail is offensive to reason and feeling; but its colouring is not too high, nor is it a solitary example. Let our self-exiled, our ruined, our ruining nobility and rich men, look to themselves and this picture. How many will behold their own likeness, thus slightly sketched as it is, by the hand of

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

## THE DRAMA.

### DRURY LANE.

*David Rizzio.*—This opera is founded on the story of the celebrated Rizzio, the favourite of Mary, Queen of Scots. There have been many conflicting opinions respecting the conduct of the beautiful Mary, both as respects Rizzio and Elizabeth; it is scarcely worth while to increase the number of disputants, were our columns (which they are not) extensive enough for the debate. For our own parts, we sat down contented with our doubts, the other evening, in Drury-Lane Theatre; and instead of saying, "I resolve me of this ambiguity," we looked forward with a pleasant anticipation to the elevation of the green curtain, which was to disclose to our eyes the mysteries and merits of the 'Serious Opera of David Rizzio.' The author of this opera is said to be a Colonel Hamilton. We have a great respect for the army and navy—we venerate the names of Waterloo and Trafalgar, and of Wellington and Nelson;—but our heroes shine, we suspect, more in the field than in the cabinet (we do not allude by any means to the two great names last mentioned); and the gallant Colonel who is said to have achieved 'David Rizzio,' has certainly not helped to overturn our conjectures on this point.

We consider the opera of 'David Rizzio,' to be on the whole tolerably indifferent. The author, in his preface, says in extenuation, that, "In every historical subject, *operatically treated*, some liberties are requisite." It is not, however, to the liberties taken with history, that we so much object in this opera, but it is to the execution. As a literary work, it is entitled to very scanty praise; nor can its merits, with reference to plot or situation, claim much more. It never, according to our apprehension, rises above mediocrity, while it certainly now and then falls below it. It is really a great evil that so much trash should in general be tolerated in our national operas. The public is too apt to require but little from such a work; the composer, instead of the author, is cited before the periodical tribunals; and the consequence is, that no writer of an opera now thinks it worth his while to take much trouble in the literary part of the production. The composing of music to the songs, however, is considered important, and paid

and expence are bestowed upon it. Thus it happens that some of our finest airs are adapted to words which have scarcely a pretence to common sense—frequently, indeed, they have none: the music, however, carries down the nonsense from year to year; foreign nations become acquainted with it; and our claims to distinction as musicians are seldom granted, but at the expense of our literary taste. We do not mean this in particular reference to the present opera, for the modern airs are not altogether calculated to waft Colonel Hamilton's poetry, (we must be civil) down the "tide of time."

The following is a brief account of the plot of the opera.—

Earl Ruthven is enamoured of Lady Mary Livingston, principal Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen, but fails in his attempt to gain her hand, she being strongly attached to Rizzio, and upon the point of marriage with him. The disappointed Ruthven then encourages an assassin to murder Rizzio; but not succeeding in this attempt, he persuades Darnley that the Queen is secretly attached to the Italian musician. An endeavour to dispatch the supposed favourite in a hunting party failing, Ruthven and other courtiers attack him at a banquet given by his Royal Mistress, in celebration of his marriage with Lady Mary, and, burying him in to an adjoining chamber, destroy him with their swords. While this act is perpetrating, Darnley learns, too late, that Rizzio has just been united to the Queen's chief attendant; and at once discovers that his Sovereign and wife is wholly innocent of the malignant charge insinuated against her by Ruthven.

Braham performed Rizzio, in his usual style. Mr. Hamblin was Darnley, and Mr. Rae Earl Ruthven; Mrs. West Queen Mary, and Miss Carew the Lady of the Bedchamber. We rather like the Lady of the Bedchamber, but not immoderately; and we are quite indifferent to the other three. Mr. Braham, indeed, does not affect the actor, but contents himself with the full exercise of his astonishing vocal powers: Mr. Rae mouths and half eats his words; Mr. Hamblin is quite calm and exemplary in a passion; while Mrs. West is too much given to tear it to tatters. We are sorry for this, because we once had hopes of her; we have now none; she, we confess, is too common place and didactic for us. There are also a few Highlanders in the piece, against whose Scotch we must protest. Some of the music is old Scotch music, and good: the rest of it is modern, and is as free from spirit and originality as could be wished. Many airs, however, which are reported Scotch, and which have now become thoroughly naturalized, are, it is supposed, of Italian origin. Rizzio was an accomplished musician from Tuscany, and his music being admired in Scotland, it is not unlikely that the natives of the north retained whatever he introduced amongst them. Independent of this, the national instrument, (we are on tender ground) is not adapted to many of the most beautiful airs; and, indeed, Urliani, when he was in Scotland, detected several very old Italian airs amongst those which

had long been considered national there. Among other valuable sentences, Rizzio, if we may believe our notes, utters the following—he is speaking of Italy—"Oh! for a muse of fire to burst her chain, and kindle ancient flame, and rouse to glory." This seems naturally the precursor of something extraordinary; and, accordingly, we then hear a bravura adapted to the following song.

Rouse ancient spirit of the land,  
Whose eagle built on freedom's tree;  
Where conquering (war bore command,  
And Cato died for liberty.  
Rouse, Italians, rouse! redeem the story  
Of ancient worth, of laurel'd glory.  
Rouse from thy dream to virtue's fires,  
From Syren song, whom graces crown;  
Strike bolder chords than love requires,  
Deep diapasons of renown.

Now this is really, we must say it, very, very bad; and unluckily there are others quite as indifferent, for we have not selected this invidiously. We went, in truth, with a predisposition to be pleased, and were exceedingly disappointed.

#### VARIETIES.

*Longevity.*—The Italian Journals mention the following instance of longevity. A soldier named John Chioschi, a native of Vienna, died on the 21st of May, in the Invalid Barracks at the Island of Murano, near Venice, at the age of 118. For the space of 41 years he served as a private, in the armies of several of the European powers, in Hungary, the Crimea, Italy, and also in Bohemia during the seven years' war. He then entered the army of the Venetian republic, in the service of which he continued 23 years. He was remarkable for sobriety and temperance; and was scarcely ever known to suffer from illness. His father also attained a very advanced age, and his uncle lived to be a hundred years old.

*Canora* was at Venice on the 8th ultimo, on his way to Possagno, his native place, to expedite the building of the Temple which is to perpetuate the glory of this little village of Treviso, in having given birth to so distinguished an Artist.

*Silver mine in North America.*—The discovery of a rich vein of silver ore, near Zanesville, by workmen who were digging to find a salt spring, proves to have been the ingenious contrivance of a party of swindlers, who melted a small quantity of dollars, and buried them in this place, with the hope of inducing credulous persons to purchase shares in their new discovered silver-mine. They had so far succeeded, it seems, that the shares had risen from 10 dollars to 100 before the cheat was detected!

It is stated by a foreign writer, that the Monks of Mount St. Bernard seldom attain the age of 35 years: the cold and damp generally destroy them between the ages of 20 and 30. A subscription has been set on foot on the continent, to erect a building for these humane beings, less injurious to health than that which they now inhabit.

*Voluntary death by Fasting.*—A remarkable proof of the extravagancy of fu-

maticism, and of the misery which it will induce human nature to endure, was given last July and August, by a *Bania* in Gujerat, of the Vohra caste. At their annual fast of Pujooosin, this man expressed his determination to abstain from food till he died. He had previously fasted from the 26th July to the 25th August, from which date he took a small quantity of food during four days, and then commenced his total abstinence. In this resolution he persevered till the 3d of October, when he died; having thus fasted 66 days, deducting the four in August. A small portion of hot water daily, was the only thing that passed his lips. At the end he was, as may be imagined, extremely emaciated, but his senses remained perfect to the last moment of his existence. He consequently became a Saint among the Jains.

On the 11th of May, M<sup>rs</sup>. Catalani arrived at Riga, and was then shortly expected at St. Petersburg.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JUNE, 1820.

Thursday, 15.—Thermometer from 44 to 57.  
Barometer from 30.01 to 30.13.  
Wind N. W. and N. E. 1.—Generally cloudy till the evening, when it became clear.  
Rain fallen .375 of an inch.  
Friday, 16.—Thermometer from 39 to 58.  
Barometer from 30.13 to 30.18.  
Wind N. W. 1. and S. W. 2.—Clouds generally overspread, with sunshine at times.  
Saturday, 17.—Thermometer from 47 to 67.  
Barometer from 30.12 to 30.16.  
Wind W. and N. W. 2.—Clouds generally passing; sunshine at times.  
Rain fallen .0125 of an inch.  
Sunday, 18.—Thermometer from 46 to 67.  
Barometer from 30.23 to 30.10.  
Wind N. W. 2. and S. W. 1.—Morning clear, clouds generally passing the rest of the day. The greater part of a very fine halo was formed about 6 o'clock in the evening.  
Monday, 19.—Thermometer from 48 to 64.  
Barometer from 29.90 to 29.94.  
Wind N. W. and W. 2.—Clouds passing till the evening, when it became clear.  
Rain fallen .05 of an inch.  
Tuesday, 20.—Thermometer from 46 to 66.  
Barometer from 29.82 to 29.93.  
Wind W. 2. and S. W. 2.—Raining all the morning, and generally cloudy the rest of the day: a little sunshine in the afternoon.  
Rain fallen .073 of an inch.  
Wednesday, 21.—Thermometer from 49 to 66.  
Barometer from 30.06 to 30.12.  
Wind N. W. and W. 2.—Morning clear: light clouds overspread the rest of the day.  
Rain fallen .175 of an inch.  
Edinburgh, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

63 This Number of the Literary Gazette terminates the first half-year's publication for 1820. The two Quarterly Parts may, consequently, be had next week, at our office, or at any Bookseller's in Town or Country. An index of the contents will immediately be published.

The continuation of the interesting subject "Identity," comprising matter preface to Esquirol's *Memorial*, in our next Number.

ERRATUM, p. 389, col. 2.—The last ten words in this col. belonging to the text, are accidentally put after the note  $\dagger$ , instead of concluding the paragraph, ending with "Nothing to God."

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

British Gallery, Pall Mall.

THIS GALLERY, with an Exhibition of PORTRAITS of distinguished Persons in the History and Literature of the United Kingdom, is open daily, from 10 in the Morning until 6 in the Evening.  
(By order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.—Descriptive 6d. 2s.

THE Sixteenth Annual Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colors, at the Great Rooms, Spring Gardens, will close on Saturday, July the 8th. Admission 1s.—Catalogue 6d.

The Society of Painters, &c. beg to inform the Public, that they have engaged the Great Room at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, and will there open the 17th Annual Exhibition, in April, 1821, in the name of the Society of Painters in Water Colors, as it is their intention to add Paintings in Water Colors only into their future Exhibitions, on the principle of those preceding the year 1815.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," is now open for Exhibition, at Bullock's Great Room, upstairs to the right, from ten till six.—Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.

"Fair not Daughter of Zion: behold thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt."

MR. GLOVER'S Exhibition of Oil and Water Color Paintings is now open, at the Great Rooms, No. 16, Old Broad-street, from nine till dusk. Admission 1s.—Catalogue 6d.

THE Exhibition of MONSIEUR JERRECAULT'S GREAT PICTURE, (from the Louvre 21 feet by 18, representing the surviving Crew of the Median French Frigate, after remaining Thirteen days on a Raft without Provision, at the moment they discovered the vessel that saved them, is now open to the Public, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Admission 1s.

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, on Tuesday, the 27th day of June, 1820, punctually at one o'clock.

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No. 180.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*A System of Education for the Infant King of Rome, and other French Princes of the Blood, drawn up by the Imperial Council of State, with the approbation and under the personal superintendence of the Emperor Napoleon.* London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 161.

This book will be published on Monday. It is a curious, very curious production, and to our mind furnishes a more accurate (reflected) picture of Buonaparte than half the essays that have been written upon his character. In 1812, at the height of his prosperity, looking on the past only to inflame his soul with the conviction that he could for the future controul fate itself, surrounded by the basest sycophancy, and drunk with power, this little treatise devised for the education of his son, opens to the observant and philosophical eye the inmost movings of inordinate vanity, great talent, miserable egotism, uncommon sagacity, strange folly, sound speculation, and blasphemous pride. We think it will be decided, that the charlatan is far more prominent than the sage; but upon the whole, the views are inconsistent with neither virtue nor justice. Whoever wrote the preface is even less profound than he who inspired the text: but a few extracts will best exhibit both. The preface says that by Napoleon—

"A code of laws was drawn up with consummate ability; a national education introduced; and every thing, civil, military, and religious, was made to centre in himself. He saw the kings of Europe invoking his protection, and meekly cringing at his feet. He became intoxicated with success, and, reading to feel like other men, thought his dynasty established beyond the reach of fortune. He forgot, that opinion was power, and became impatient of control, till, by substituting his own caprice in place of the public will, he was left without a friend in the hour of danger, and his fall was as rapid as his rise."

Now really, to speak of a consummate code of laws under a despot, who forced all the objects of legislation, civil, military, and religious, to centre in himself, is to use a direct contradiction in terms; and the loose mode of talking of the Kings of Europe, and of the fallen Emperor being left without a

friend, shows that the writer is not in the habit of weighing his words as he ought to do. We pass on however to the master-spirit; for, however impiously adulatory the language of the essay is, it is impossible to mistake the Emperor, in the matter.

The opening affords a fair specimen of the blasphemous pride of Buonaparte—

"In the empire exercised by God over kings the principles ought to be found, which shall regulate the education of the princes of the blood of Napoleon, formed at once to obey and to command. It is necessary they should yield obedience to him as to God, since it is God who conducts him."

This coupling himself with the Almighty, was no uncommon practice of the Corsican. We remember his fierce answer to the Russian officer who observed, on his threats to destroy the country in his invasion, Man proposes, but God disposes.—"I tell thee—that it is I who propose, and I who dispose:" and the two following quotations are in the same style—

"But when every day of a prince's education is spent between a double line of men of honour and feeling; every one of whom, in his different capacity, inspires him with prudence or courage, dignity or gratefulness, and all of them with energy and goodness: when, kneeling daily before God, and before the statue of the Emperor, he gives vent to his gratitude, respect, and love—"

"From sixteen to eighteen every thing begins to unfold itself; every thing ferments in the young pupil, the mind, the heart, and the senses; whence arises a sort of insupportable inclination, that renders him hard to be taught. But God and the Emperor will calm this stormy period, if he have been taught from infancy to bow at their names."

"What a resource in the education of our princes we have in two altars, and two majesties, that form the soul of it! a divine majesty, and a human majesty, invisible and visible at the same time, rewarding and punishing in time and in eternity.—To what a pitch will you raise nature, what will you not obtain from it, when you have such lofty means?"

"We shall long have but one book, the Commentaries of Napoleon; not such, as if he would deign to write them himself, but such as fame has presented them to the admiration of mankind: and we shall learn it by heart, never to quit it."

"God and the Emperor will be the inexhaustible subject of our compositions: it is from these sources we shall derive the talent of writing things worthy of being read, till we acquire the power of doing things worthy of being written."

The miserable inflation of this poor creature of dust, is, after all, but a proof of the

weakness of human nature. On such a height as that to which he had risen, it was no wonder his head became dizzy, and his brain turned. His arrogance, it may readily be conceived, is on a par with his impiety. He declares—

"Under the influence of great conceptions every thing becomes great. 'Thou desirest to make use of my arm!' said a philosopher to Fate: 'Take it.—Thou desirest my son? there he is.'—The philosopher knew, that Fate would either lead or compel him; and is it not equally manifest, that Napoleon compels whatever opposes him, and leads whatever submits to his will?"

The last period is characteristic of the man, the first an instance of that slippery philosophy of which his career furnished so many displays, both by himself and his partizans. We annex another.

"If tuition be but an intelligent and gradual cultivation of the faculties of the mind, a kind of intellectual aliment, that unfolds while it adorns it; observe, that of three faculties, which constitute the mind, the memory is the first that acts; the imagination follows; and then reason, weak indeed when the heart glows with animation, and destitute of any real strength but when the heart is silent."

What a conjuror; to make memory the first acting quality of the mind! According to this classification, we must remember before we perceive.

Again! "Man presses on man, kings upon kings. Every one oppresses or is oppressed; and such is the force of oppression in this world, that he, who is reduced to defend himself against it, is reduced to the condition of a prey, whose lot it is to be devoured."

We believe that this proposition is as false as the consequence drawn from it is unintelligible. Of the fatuity of rulers we have often heard; but never met with more servile adulation than these passages.—

"Yes, power alone can create power: the mind of Napoleon alone is capable of reproducing itself in his descendants. Who would dare to attempt a work so sacred and lofty, were he not sustained by his hand?"

"But Napoleon is the Jupiter, who equally disposes of a blade of grass, and the most solemn award of justice, each in its due time."

"It is the mind of the pupil therefore, to which he will henceforward attend, with that instinctive love of youth, and for the blood of Napoleon, that cannot be feigned, that cannot be imitated, and the absence of which nothing can supply."

"But here how much reason have we to be satisfied! Men are of different races, and the eagle does not generate the dove: it is



to the blood of heroes our cares are devoted: born in the lap of glory, they have all its charm, and will have all its lustre."

One would suppose from these, that Buonaparte was *stavis edite regibus*, rather than that, at least as far as descent was concerned, the simile of a great eastern preceptor might be applied to him. "Were you," says this more ancient instructor "to set the egg of a raven, whose nature it is to be gloomy as clouds, under the peashen of the Garden of Eden; and, during the period of her sitting upon that egg, were you to feed her with the pulp of the fig of paradise, and give her drink from the fountain of that blissful region: nay, were the angel Gabriel to inspire her with the spirit of life, still that egg of a raven could produce but a raven, and that labour of the peashen would come to a fruitless conclusion."

We must, however, do the author the justice to cite some of his better parts, which, as well as his worse parts, serve to depict the extraordinary man in his real colours. This is his opinion of foreign languages (but we would not have our readers, except they are breeding up their children for kings, which we hope, for the sake of parents and offspring, they are not,) assent to the imperial reasoning—

"The languages! exclaim the many: but who has more ineptitude in business than the polyglot, whose instinct is chained down to words? The facility of acquiring languages, which so many fools admire, is at bottom nothing more, than a *brevet of ignorance and incapacity.*"

Of political maxims the following deserve remark.

"Man, a creature with a thousand weaknesses, is never more strong than when he entreats and implores. His strength lies in his goodness, his sympathy. This it is that cements the social union; that invents, improves, and adorns it. Bad men unite only for purposes of injury and destruction. The noise they make deceives as to their number, and renders their tumult and vehemence effective: but the continued progress of the social principle shows, how much it is the guide and master of us all.

"He who is supreme is sufficiently beneficent, sufficiently good, when he is just. Goodness tends to relax every thing; and clemency itself is too often injustice. Justice includes every thing."

"And in education we highly commend the following.

"I am aware of all the delicate requisite in such a course of instruction at so tender an age, and all the skill it demands; but the streamlet, that forms the source of a river, needs only a bend in the ground, to determine its inclination and course. Form the bent, persevere like time, and you will excavate the channel, which is here nothing more than habit.

"Give a body to your lessons, that they may present an image to the mind. The reasoning vanishes, the image remains, and

may be recalled when necessary. But would you have the impression last through life, call in the object itself to your assistance: give lessons on the sphere on some lofty station, lessons on the art of gunnery in a park of artillery, lessons on tactics in a camp; time may weaken, but will never efface them."

The teacher presumes that all nature will help him in his task, and in his supposititious cases, (when the pupil is between sixteen and eighteen years of age) has the following entertaining lessons.

"Sometimes I lose him in the woods; and he spends the night in darkness, choking with thirst, and famished with hunger. Another time it is in the subterranean caverns under the Observatory, that I lead him astray, and carry his terrors so far, that his hair stands erect on his head. It is to be remembered, however, that chance, which seems to have produced the whole, acts entirely under my direction.

"Pretending to be tired of the uniformity of our way of life, I propose to him one day, by way of varying it, to give ourselves up for some time to Providence: crossing the fields on foot without provision; avoiding bridges and seeking fords, or swimming across the rivers. He consents, and we set out.

"The first day we find no place to lodge, consequently no bed. The next, we are without bread. The day after, we are insulted; and it is with difficulty we repel the attack, and obtain justice. The day following a child is drowning, and we have to save him; and presently some danger is to be braved. On the fifth day we arrive weary and fatigued; not without having given proofs of courage, acquired some valuable knowledge, and conferred some benefits. Our labour therefore has not been in vain.

"The justice of peace, who from the first had examined us strictly, but civilly; and to whom, at our departure, I disclosed who we were, unknown to the prince; turns out to be a distinguished man of letters. He had formed his opinion of us in the contest; and, being a man averse to hidden treasures, thinks proper to consign to the newspapers a spirited and amusing account of our adventures.

"The newspaper arrives. I give it to the prince to read by way of exercise. On a sudden he stops, blushes, and puts the paper into my hands. I read it to myself, and, after having read it to myself, say to him: 'Prince, this is the first blast of the trumpet of Fame. It is yours; attend to it. Keep the paper, we will talk of it some other time.'

"A week passes away without my speaking of it to him; but not without his reading over again in secret the article in which he is so honourably mentioned.

"Every one about him however serves him with more eagerness, and with increased respect. Every one's countenance sparkles with joy, charmed as they are with his courage and humanity. Persons come from Paris and from the villages to see him: children kiss their hands to him for having saved the life of a child: the most delicate praises

are bestowed on him in the newspapers, yet with a circumspection that enhances their value. He tastes in silence the delight of being beloved and esteemed by the public; and, when this shower of praises and blessings is a little moderated, I come in my turn to talk with him.

"Ravished myself with his conduct, and the success of my cares, I avow him with an air of tenderness." "Well, Prince! what says your heart?" "Ah, Sir, what delight! It is pleasure of all kinds at once. How much am I indebted to you, for making me acquainted with them! How happy am I, that it will some day be in my power—Ah! If ever—" He turns his face aside, to conceal his emotion. I clasp him in my arms, and press him to my bosom—"Ah, Prince! I am the first of those you would make happy."

"But nothing in this world is without alloy. Too much incense intoxicates his brain. I perceive the germs of self-sufficiency budding: I find him among his companions priding himself on the success of his excursion; and complain of it to him, as alarmed at it. He defends himself: I do not press him much on the subject, but, by way of reply, I give him an account of the voyage of Christopher Columbus to discover the new world to read. He devours it, and returns it to me, ashamed of his own vanity."

He afterwards takes him to Brent.

"On our arrival, and scarcely having had time to rest ourselves, I take him by night on board a vessel dressed out with flag. She stands out to sea, till nothing but the sky and the ocean can be seen: but the light is deferred till he awakes, till the rising of the sun.

"We have agreed during our voyage, to say little, and hear much; to listen in silence to all, that a world so new can say to us. Every thing, in fact, has a tongue, for him who can understand it: it is to listen, therefore (if I may be allowed the expression), that we are prepared. In reality, how different are the impressions made by a grove, animated with the song of birds, from those made by a sea agitated by the waves, and ploughed by the lightning!

"The prince awakes long before day. From the deck he admires the vault of Heaven, spangled with stars. He finds himself in a land with which he is familiar, and feels the joy of one, who meets with countrymen of his own on a foreign shore. I lead him to the binnacle, where he sees the compass; though I defer making any reflections upon this subject, that I may not waste his power by entering into any detail, but leave them in all their ardour to the contemplation of the rising sun. I assist his youth by a slight repeat; and in an animated discourse, confined however to generals, on the industry of man, who by the help of the stars and winds has formed a junction between different climates and different hemispheres, we spend our time, awaiting the break of day.

"It appears,—and we take our station on the poop.

"The vessel sails before the wind, with a breeze that displays all its flags and stream-

\* Firdausi, the Persian poet, quoted in the *Annals of Oriental Literature*, Part I.

ers, and thus exhibits an enchanting sight.

"Meanwhile the East reddens; the sun rises, and envelops us in its rays. What sight can be more enchanting, than this vessel cutting the waves while adorned with all the colours of the rainbow? what more pleasing than the breeze, that fans us while it mingles those colours?"

"That we may be the better enabled to enjoy the scene, the vessel is hoisted out, the boat is hoisted out, and we get into it, enveloped in the smoke of her guns, that salute us. Her sails are filled again; she is a fish, a bird, the sovereign of the seas, the miracle of art. She stops her course, and we return on board."

"The prince is fired with ardour: he wants to see every thing, and does not know where to begin. I calm him, quoting *ramos compece fuentes*. I teach him, that the captain of a ship on board her is a king: that she owe him the same honour and respect as the meanest of his crew, whose Jupiter he is: and thus, after having rendered the captain, the officers, and the crew, what is due to each, we are saluted with acclamations and extolled to the skies.—'Prince,' I say to him, 'you see, that a tooth for a tooth, and an eye for an eye, is the law of nature.'

"After this, there is nothing they can do to entertain us, that is omitted. We are shown every thing methodically, and in order: every thing is explained to us with careful slowness, and so much perspicuity, that the prince's mind conceives every thing, seizes every thing, and is so struck, that I am persuaded he will forget very little of what he has seen and heard."

"But it is the manners and habits of the some that we feel so much pleasure in observing: these men, stretched in their hammocks, when it is not their watch upon deck, and so alert when employed in any duty; the manners of the hold, so different from those of the gun-deck and the tops; the activity on the quarter-deck and fore-castle, and between decks; those men springing from rope to rope, like birds from branch to branch; and those *agiles*, called topmen, tossed day and night by the rolling and pitching of the ship, and exposed to all the winds that blow."

"After a week spent in examining the machine, the rest of our time is employed in observing the manner of working it on all possible occasions, heaving the log, pricking the course on the chart, and taking observations with the quadrant."

"Meantime we have one entertainment after another, during the course of our study. All the practices common on shipboard are shown to us, even to the ceremonies used on crossing the line: the serving out of provision; clearing the decks for battle; manning the tops, fore-castle and quarter-deck; casting loose the guns; and stationing the men. We fish in all ways, and with all kinds of implements. We drink, smoke, and mess with the officers. The prince keeps his watch as a midshipman. At length after a fortnight's cruise we return to the road."

"Here we spend a couple of days in sur-

veying the coast, seeing how they take soundings, how they cast anchor, and how they moor. At length our departure is fixed; we make our presents; and put off to shouts of 'Long live the Emperor!'"

Thus between good rules and very fanciful theories, just remarks, and wild dreams, some common sense, and a great deal of impracticable folly, does Napoleon plan the education of his son, to accomplish him, oh short-sighted humanity! for that throne which he was never to bequeath to him. But we have moralized enough, and have only to repeat that this is an extremely curious book, and one worthy of general attention, as developing one of the most extraordinary characters that ever made nations wonder.

*Ricciarda, Tragedia di Ugo Foscolo.*  
Londra, 1820. 8o. pp. 101.

The publication of an original Italian drama of standard purity in the English capital, is an event which could hardly be allowed to pass unnoticed by a Literary Journal. But even were we regardless of the novelty of the circumstance, the high name of its author would demand our attention. The reputation of Foscolo is not confined to any country. He is known throughout Europe as an eminent scholar in all the branches of Greek, Latin, and Italian literature; and we felt assured, before we perused it, that this work would be of such a description as not to diminish his celebrity. Nor have we been disappointed: every verse of it maintains his character; and nothing of the fame which has been twenty years in gathering, from productions in prose and verse, is lost by Ricciarda. The force of the author's eloquence, his fitting and neat expressions, his imagination, and his commanding style, need no notice for those acquainted with his writings; but it is a justice which we owe him in regard to the general public, to say, that he has in these points here excelled himself. A residence for some years in a foreign country, has had no effect in robbing his Italian of its fluency and beauty. But "the play's the thing"—and the following is the plot.

Tancredi, prince of Salerno, has by a first marriage, a son of the name of Guelfo, and by another woman whom he afterwards marries a second son called Averardo. Guelfo is a crusader, and passes many years fighting for the cross in Palestine: while absent his step-mother persuades Tancredi to divide his estate equally between the two brothers, though the eldest deems the youngest a bastard and usurper of his rights. Guelfo returns home, and accordingly takes possession of the whole principality, Averardo having served in Germany from his youth, so that the brothers have never seen each other. Averardo advances with a military force, and lays siege to Salerno: the most implacable hatred ensues, and Guelfo's enmity is of the most ferocious character. Guido, the son of Averardo, sent on a mission to Salerno, falls in love with Ricciarda, the daughter of his uncle. Hopes are entertained that the marriage of the cousins may bring about a reconciliation; but Guelfo declares that he will

rather kill his child than consent to this union. Guido, dreading these violent threats, conceals himself in the palace to protect his beloved; and the action proceeds to the 5th act, when Guelfo discovers him, and in his frenzy resolves to slay Ricciarda. In the 3d scene he attempts to execute this fatal purpose with a dagger; but his daughter prays him to spare his soul the crime of murder, and begging the weapon to stab herself, she thus addresses the Almighty,

—O Re del cielo!

Il verso io stessa, onde a te innanzi il padre  
Del mio sangue non giurò.

Guelfo continues in an impious strain of fierce despair; and these lines are a beautiful specimen of poetry and of elevation of fancy.

In Dio tu fidi!

Io Dio che solo a vendicarmi regna?  
Già della lingua sua notte infernale,  
Mentre ancor alla luce appressi occhi,  
M'ha ravvolto e atterrito. Orrendamente  
Rugge intorno alla trista anima mia  
Tenebroso tra i fulmini. Il suo nome  
Non proferisco io mai, ch'è non risponda:  
"Alla vendetta io veglio"—e la vendetta  
Nel mio petto mortale indi riarde.  
Poiché perdonò ci nega....—Ah! ma t'osola  
Per vendicarmi io svenarò?—O mia figlia!  
Se tu innocente sei, te l'iddio, te muta  
Insanguinata ombra al sepolcro mio  
Manderà a aspettarci insino al giorno  
Che sorgero dalla polve e dall'ossa....  
Nè mostrerai tu a me—tu co' tuoi guardi,  
Solo rifugio all'incerta mia vita,  
Già mi perdoni—ma io ti vedro in viso  
Le angosce ond'io da sì gran tempo ho spenta  
La tua fiata bellezza.—Il fumo e il sangue  
Usciran dalla piaga, e l'iddio stando  
Su quel sen la sua spada. "Empio, contempla;  
"Tu padre hai morta l'innocente figlia!"  
A terra, a terra, fatal daga—O figlia—  
Trammi a morir—io più viveri—non deggio.

The next scene is a churchyard with Ricciarda at the tomb of her mother, to which she frequently resorts to pray. Guelfo's dagger has been dropped on the ground in a preceding scene with Ricciarda, and Guelfo recognizes it. This inflames his suspicions that she will marry Guido rather than the Duke of Brittany, for whom he has destined her, and he adjures her to swear on her mother's sepulchre, that she will obey his injunction. She will only consent to promise not to wed Guido, and the furious father stabs her and then himself.

We have been sparing of quotation, because our Italian readers will probably be induced by our description of it to refer to the drama itself, and we are unwilling to occupy room with what is not intelligible to all. We do not know whether the tragedy is founded on history, but have a faint recollection that it is not entirely invented. As for the language, it is in general, we may say, above criticism. Only one error in style strikes us, which is not uncommon with writers who have not had the felicity to be born in Tuscany. The 6th line, in page 8, runs thus.

Sconterà allor d'avermi amato e salvo.

Now salvo cannot be a participle of the verb salvare—it should be salvato. Salvo instead of salvato, as Spoglio *pro* Spogliato,

is what the Tuscans would denominate a Lombardian; and in so admirable a composition as Ricciarda has the same effect as a gallicism would have in one of our finest poems.

As the author is also, we observe from an advertisement, about to appear before the public on the subject of Parga, it may not be thought out of place to conclude this notice with a brief biographical sketch of him, as we have received it from a friend.

Mr. Ugo (Hugh) Foscolo is a native of Zante, formerly one of the three islands of Greece, belonging to the Republic of Venice, and now one of the Seven Islands, under our protection: in the Romæik, or modern Greek, his name is spelt *Fioscolos*. His family belongs to one of the inferior orders of the Venetian nobility, of which there are several degrees.

As far as situation and literature have made him known to the world, an independent mind and a classical pen have been his distinctions. He was professor of eloquence in the university of Pavia; but his principles not being congenial to the new order of things in Lombardy, he relinquished that office. His *I. Sepolcri*, a small production in blank verse, in which some of the most eminent modern poets of Italy are celebrated, has met with great admiration; but his most famous work is the "Ultime Lettere di Jacopo Ortis," which appeared about twenty years ago, and has been well known in this country for sixteen of that period. We have understood that the whole of this wild and passionate story is true, except the tragical catastrophe. The force and feeling of this Italian Werter, raised the author at once to an elevated rank in letters.

Its merits are unquestionably of the foremost order; though its style raised a host of critics in Italy, as is always the case with any remarkable work, in a country where most of the prose writers are mere gossipers. These could not admire a composition in which nearly every phrase is an epigram; for the genius of our modern Heliconists is not very dissimilar to that of their Greek ancestors. Alfieri furnishes another instance in point: he was determined to introduce a new style, and he has silenced his opponents in thirty-five years.

Foscolo's grand folio edition (at Milan 1808) of Montecuculi, with a copious commentary and notes, displays him in another light: we have heard well of this performance, but never saw it.

Taken altogether, he is perhaps one of the most accomplished scholars of the present day, and with some foreign peculiarities about him, we believe his reputation among the polite and learned in England is such as to leave him no cause to dislike what appears to be his adopted country.

*Journal of a Tour in the Levant.* By William Turner, Esq. London, 1820, 8vo. 3 vols.

The author describes this production, in his preface, to be "a plain book,

neither embellished by fancy, nor illustrated by learning;" and, as far as we can judge from the first volume, which is all we have yet had time to examine with sufficient care, he has in these words truly stated its character. Indeed we have met with little to arrest attention in his Grecian tour; and if the subsequent volumes, devoted to Syria, Egypt, &c., are not infinitely more interesting than the first, we must reluctantly declare, that the publication is a great waste of literary labour in the writer, and hardly worth the pains of perusal by readers acquainted with recent works respecting Greece, especially with Walpole, Dodswell, or Holland. Fancy and learning, the two qualities the possession of which Mr. Turner modestly but justly disclaims, are it seems to us (one or other of them at least, if not both,) absolutely indispensable to any traveller who undertakes to present us with an account of his observations on the beaten track of a journey through Albania and the Morea. The routes and places visited are almost as well known as the roads to Bath and York, and the appearance of these cities; and it is not a mere gossiping statement of modes of conveyance, and different stages, of the personal conveniences or inconveniences of sleeping well or being tormented by vermin, or such ordinary tattle, that will now be received as even an entertaining view of Greek manners and customs. Mr. Turner goes but a little way beyond this; his itinerary is devoid of novelty, his inquiry into classical subjects almost barren, and his diplomatic business possessed of no extraordinary attractions. The latter, however, affords him a few opportunities of meeting persons whose stations throw considerable importance over their actions; and from his accounts of these we shall make our extracts, leaving untouched the less momentous matters, with which the author rather loads his page. For example—At Yoannina,

As I felt myself fagged, and not very well, I was glad to stay within doors the rest of to-day, and amuse myself with Douce's Notes on Shakspeare, and the Pursuits of Literature, which I found in Mr. F.'s library. The same indisposition confined me to the house the following day.

I died this day at the invitation of my two military friends with the mess of the 35th, nor was I conscious of having committed any excess. The next morning, Sunday, I felt severe head-ach and giddiness, and in a week my indisposition increased into a fever, which in four days after arrived at

its crisis. For three days I was perfectly delirious, and as I was afterwards informed, in the most imminent danger, so much so, that my dissolution was hourly expected. I was very happy all the while, for I imagined myself Lord Wellington, and when the bandage was put over the blister on my back, I fancied that they were investing me with the Order of the Bath, as a reward for my valour. On one day when I was fighting most heroically the battle of Salamanca, (for after recovery I clearly retained the remembrance of my thoughts during my delirium,) I rose from bed, (as I was subsequently told) and drew my sword on the soldier, (from the hospital) who attended me, who wrested it from my hand, and removed it from the room, together with my pistols and razors.

And numerous facts of the same order. The following is not quite so bad.

I was much amused this evening at supper, by the opinion my host Papathopolo involuntarily betrayed of English porter, of which I had a bottle with me. He drank off the glass I gave him, as I thought, with gratification, and in returning me the glass, asked me quite seriously, "What complaint it was good for?" taking it for medicine.

The most prominent of the individuals to whom we have alluded is Ali Pasha, the renowned governor of Yoannina, whose rupture with his master, the grand Sultan, is likely to be productive of remarkable consequences to Greece. Mr. T. mentioning the sort of independence enjoyed by Ali, observes, that,

Against him the Sultan will probably undertake no measures; for, besides that his payments are lavish, and his government politic, and for Turkey even liberal, he is an old man, and at his death, the province will immediately fall under the direct control of the Porte, as his sons by no means inherit his talents.

We see at present, however, that this opinion is likely to be falsified\*; and in that event it is worth while to look at Ali's position. The author, while visiting him at Argircastro (not far from his capital,) thus writes.

I walked over the unfinished fortifications this morning; they must, I should think, be

\* The accounts from Constantiople of the 16th of May, represent the only other important Pasha, viz. the Pasha of Egypt, as engaged with all his force against the Arabs and the Libyan Mamluks in Nubia. Thus the Porte may be at liberty to proceed against Ali at present, free from any apprehensions of a diversion in this quarter; and the Pasha of Bagdat is not powerful enough, even if so disposed, to excite much uneasiness. Lybia, we have recent accounts, has been shut up from travellers, not by the war, but by the plague, which now prevails in that country. The further prosecution of the excavations, &c. about the famous temple of Jupiter Ammon, must consequently be postponed. Ed.

impenetrable: The height \* of their situation which no cannon can bear on, and the amazing strength of the works, must defy any attack but that of stratagem. As this town is nearly the centre of his dominions, he is strengthening it to keep his subjects in awe. Nearly every house might be made a strong outwork, as they are almost all situated on different rises of the mountain, owing to the frequent contests between the different Albanian families. At nine in the evening, the Vizir sent for me. I went immediately, and found him in the same room as before, lighted by lamps and two large silver candlesticks containing candles of brown wax. It was hung round with arms which I had not observed before. There were with him, besides the party of yesterday, another secretary, and a dervise at the other end of the room on his knees. He was attended by two Albanian boys, dressed in the red cloak of the country with the small cap, and their hair flowing behind. He was sitting at the window looking at some of Congreve's rockets, which were firing from the fort. The effect of the rockets over the mountains, which for a moment they lighted up brilliantly, was most superb. The moon shone bright, and some of his music was playing under the window, which had a wild and pleasing effect. One of the rockets fell into the town, at which he was much alarmed, sending out to hear if it had done any harm, and seemed much pleased that it had not.

Of Ali and his forces, it is further stated—

He is an old man, marked with the two most disgusting vices an old man can be disgraced by, debauchery and cruelty. Of the former, the most excusable, as it is sanctioned by his religion, he is a severe censurer in others. To the latter, he is addicted by disposition as well as induced by policy. His soldiers, whose regiments are dressed alike (another important mark of civilization, unknown in the other parts of Turkey, and, indeed, they are learning the European exercise) are uncommonly fine men, and formed for activity and strength, but in the event of his being attacked by the Sultan, of which, when I was with him, he was in daily dread, he could not, I was told, rely on the fidelity of more than forty thousand of them. Being aware of this, he is employing European engineers to build impregnable fortresses on some of his highest mountains. His sons are by no means possessed either of his vigour of mind or his turn for business. His troops are for the most part dressed thus: their hair is close shaved before, and flowing behind. On the top of the head they wear a small red cap, with a purple tuft at top, and the Albanian vest of a dark colour, thickly and lavishly embroidered with red silk, fringed at the borders. So far is common to almost all the Albanian Greeks: they have under that a close waistcoat, generally of the same description: at their waist

is a leathern girdle, loaded with a brace of pistols, a ramrod, and dagger: across their back is slung from the shoulder their long gun, and a scimitar by their side: loose trowsers to the knee, stockings the same as the coat, and shoes of leather and twined cord, complete their establishment. Their arms are more or less splendid, according to the purse of the wearer; and, as handsome arms are the passion of the inhabitants of Turkey, they are generally very superbly ornamented with silver.

Of the people of Zante, Mr. Turner draws a very horrid character.

The population of the island is about 37,000. The government under the Venetians was most corrupt, nor was it better when a republic, as the nobles were constantly intriguing against each other, and agreed only in tyrannizing over the people. Hereditary quarrels are carried among them to a dreadful pitch; and while there, I saw a man hang for assisting a father to murder his son. I suppose one might defy the whole world to produce such instances of villany as are acted in the Seven Islands. The most revolting and unnatural crimes are common, and were almost entirely overlooked by the Venetian and Septinsular Governments, to whom indeed the selling of impunity or pardon was a common source of enolument. A Zantiote nobleman, not long ago, on his death-bed, pistoled his own brother: another, administered a slow poison to the only son of a rival, as the most bitter vengeance he could take on the father. The poor boy survived, but is to this day a wretched object from its effect. In short, it would be equally impossible and needless to enumerate their crimes. There are only two classes, the very rich, and the very poor: the former are constantly intriguing to remove from office, or to murder each other: and the latter are such submissive retainers to them, from fear or bribery, as to be always the ready instruments of their vengeance.

In Cephalonia an officer of the Corsican rangers is mentioned, whose personal history is singular.

He was by birth a Corsican, and was some years ago engaged in military service in Italy; at Naples, through which city he was passing to escape from the French armies then invading that country, he was mistaken by the populace for Prince Leopold, (their apparent to the throne) to whom he bore a strong resemblance in person, and in spite of all his protestations of the truth, was forcibly invested with the command of the city. After resigning by this singular chance for a fortnight, and ineffectually attempting to exclude the enemy, he attempted to escape to Sicily, but was taken by a Corsair of Barbary, where he was kept a prisoner for eight months. On effecting his liberation by paying ransom, he went to Palermo, where he was publicly thanked by the king and prince for the part he had acted at Naples, and invested with a commanderie of the order of Saint Ferdinand. But

the king had then no means of rewarding him, and Signor Corbiera found himself constrained to enter for present subsistence into the regiment of Corsican Rangers, in which he was, when I saw him, a lieutenant.

Marathon furnishes no observations superior to these....

At the bottom of the mountain, we had to our left the Cave of Pan, (who, by his part in the battle of Marathon, gave his name to *panic* fear,) which is a small natural excavation in the rock, and being now nearly choked up, and containing nothing to be seen, I spared myself the classick uncomforableness of crawling down it on all fours.

As Pausanias relates that martial clamours are frequently heard on the plain at night, I asked the Papa whether he had ever witnessed them. He told me that "on the first of May (o. s.) this year, he had heard a very loud neighing of horses at night on the plain close to the spot where, he was told, a great battle had once been fought, and as very few horses were kept in the neighbourhood, he could not but attribute it to supernatural causes. That three years ago a shepherd from a neighbouring village tending his flock on the same spot had been so alarmed by hearing there loud shouts of men and neighing of horses, that he left his sheep in the night and ran back to his village; and that eighteen years ago thirty-six Turks who lived in the village (of Vranna) had been so frightened by seeing a little man on horseback galloping along the impracticable mountain (behind, and more distant from the plain, as well as higher, than, Vranna) near the small church, that they left the village, and never could be persuaded to return. He had no doubt, he added, that this was the apparition of St. George, to whom the church was dedicated." After questioning him about these curious legends of superstition, in which he seemed to place implicit confidence, we lay down, and being pretty well tired with our day's exertions, slept soundly till morning.

From Athens we can only import two feeble epigrams, finding no other novelty in the author's lucubrations; and with these we conclude a review, the meagreness of which we cannot help.

The passion of English travellers for inscribing their names on the ruins of Athens, has been happily ridiculed by an English officer, in the following Epigram, which is still current in the city:

Fair Albion smiling sees her son depart,  
To trace the birth and nursery of art;  
Noble his object, glorious is his aim,  
He comes to Athens, and he writes—his Name!

This Epigram was answered by Lord Byron, as follows:

This modest bard, like many a bard unknown,  
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own:  
But yet, whoever he be, to say no worse,  
His Name would sound much better than his verse.

There are a good many pretty plates and neat maps to recommend this Tour, which certainly needs them, for so far

\* Its height is equalled, not commanded, by a neighbouring mountain which he has begun to level. Labour costs him almost nothing, for cruelty is nothing to him.

as we can judge, it is by no means in itself a *Tour de force*. In short, an elegant turn of mind, and those feelings towards his subject which a liberal education must impart, appear to be the author's chief qualifications for the task he has undertaken.

*A Voyage to Africa, with some account of the Manners and Customs of the Dahomian People.* By John M'Leod, M. D. London, 1820. 12mo. pp. 162.

This seems to be a sportive little book, by the author of the Narrative of the Voyage of the *Alceste*\*. Dalzel's History of Dahomy, Murray's Voyages, Robertson's useful "Notes on Africa," (of which we intend very shortly to render an account), and several other publications relative to that Continent, had entirely superseded the call for this new work on the ground of any information it could furnish; and, indeed, its facetious author does not pretend to offer any; but in (we presume) an ironical advertisement, pretends with droll gravity to state his facts and personal adventures, with a view to promote the civilization of Africa!! The origin of such a performance we could fancy to be, that a merry gentleman, who had been on the coast of Africa sixteen or seventeen years ago, having read Bowdich's wonderful travels in Ashantee, should say, "Egad! I was in Dahomy myself once, and could also tell many marvellous stories about what I saw and did there: instead of a ponderous three guinea quarto, I will shew you what can be done with a five and sixpenny duodecimo.—Devil take the hindmost; here goes!"—and away Dr. M'Leod scampers, curvetting in a manner that leaves us much in doubt whether he is laughing at his readers or not. The style belongs to a class which has lately become rather too fashionable—but, to be sure, the writers are fashionable folks—the mere slip-slop of gay conversation among the pseudo literati of the book-shops, such as Mr. Rose or Count Stendhal exemplify in their Italian lucubrations, Mr. Turner (though more slightly) in his *Levantine*, and the Literary Gazette in so designating this manner of easy familiarity and teatable slang. For example, take the following from our author's Dahomian sketches.

A good mode of astonishing a tiger (*astonishing a tyger!*) was practised with success during my stay here. A loaded

\* See Literary Gazette, Nos. 42 and 43, Nov. 8 and 15, 1817.

musket was firmly affixed in a horizontal position, about the height of his head, to a couple of stakes driven into the ground; and the piece being cocked, a string from the trigger, first leading a little towards the butt and then turning through a small ring forwards, was attached to a shoulder of mutton stuck on the muzzle of the musket, the act of dragging off which drew the trigger, and the piece, loaded with two balls, discharged itself into the plunderer's mouth, killing him on the spot.

Mr. Robertson, in his notes on Africa, mentions a very ancient, but ingenious and natural mode, by which the natives obtain possession of the young cubs. "The men in their excursions," he says, "often find the dens of the leopard, and invariably bring away the young. Should the dam miss them, in time to overtake them, they throw one of the cubs down, which arrests her progress, as she carries it back to the den, and sometimes returns in pursuit of the remainder; but more frequently remains with the one she has secured. Joe Hornet, (he says) one of the traders at Cavalla, brought me two of these cubs, and offered them as a very valuable present; very justly observing that 'there was much trouble and fear in stealing *Tigres's* sons; and that it was only for good friends that people would run the risk of obtaining them.'"

From a production such as we have described this to be, we need not occupy many of our columns; a few miscellanies will suffice to show how our good-humoured traveller, anno 1803, acquires his memory of African recollections. In Dahomy—

The ground, to the greatest depth yet examined, is a strong red-coloured loam; and, strange to say, not only are rocks unknown, but there is not even a pebble of the size of a walnut to be found in the whole country.

On such a soil, and under the influence of a tropical sun, it is not wonderful that vegetation should appear in its richest and most luxuriant form. Many of the trees are of such gigantic bulk that canoes (which they use on their lakes only) capable of containing with ease, from seventy to an hundred men\*, have been formed from their trunks, and their immense height, added to the great spread of their branches, has a very noble appearance. The sugar cane when it is raised here, grows vigorously to an uncommon size. The yams, corn, and callavances, which they plant in alternate rows, give a very delightful aspect to their fields.

Dahomy produces, in great perfection, all the immense variety of fine fruits found within the torrid zone, with some peculiar to itself, and among others one of a most singular quality:—It is not unlike a ripe coffee-berry, and does not at first appear to have a superior degree of sweetness, but it leaves in the mouth so much of that impression, that

\* Canoes are mentioned by unquestionable authority, which navigate the rivers farther to the eastward, of much greater dimensions than even these, and mounting a gun in the prow.

a glass of vinegar tastes like sweet wine, and the sourlest lemon like a ripe orange: sugar is quite an unnecessary article in tea or coffee; in fact, the most nauseous drug seems sweet to whoever chews this fruit; and its effect is not worn away until after several meals. It is generally called the miraculous berry, but Mr. Dalzel has applied to it the term *Cerasus Oxyglycus*.

Whoever eats this berry in the morning, must be content at least for that day, to forego the natural flavour of every kind of food, whether animal or vegetable, for all will be alike saccharine to the palate; and the most ridiculous effect is often produced by playing tricks upon those who are not aware of its peculiar property. Mr. Dalzel (who had been Governor at Whydah, and ultimately Governor in Chief of the Company's service), attempted to carry the shrub which produces this fruit to the West Indies, but it died on the passage. He likewise endeavoured to preserve the berries, but in every mode of preparation they lost their extraordinary quality.

The government of Dahomy is in the fullest sense of the word, despotism.

It is a monarchy the most unlimited and uncontrolled on the face of the earth: there being no law but the king's will, who may chop off as many heads as he pleases, whenever he is "I the vein;" and dispose of his subjects' property as he thinks fit without being accountable to any human tribunal for his conduct. He has from three to four thousand wives, a proportion of whom, trained to arms, under female officers, constitute his body guards. As may naturally be supposed, but a few of these wives engage his particular attention.

The successor to the throne, is not announced during the king's lifetime, but the moment his decease is known; this proclamation is made with all possible despatch by the proper officers, for all is murder, anarchy, and confusion in the palace, until it takes place; the wives of the late king not only breaking the furniture and ornaments, but killing each other in order to have the honour of attending their husband to the grave.

The choice usually falls on the eldest son of the late sovereign's greatest favourite, provided there exists no particular reason for setting him aside. An instance of this sort occurred however at the demise of the late king Wlienohew, where the elder son's right of primogeniture was disallowed, because one of his toes from some accident overlapped the other; and his next brother, the present king, who, with respect to form, is certainly "a marvellous proper man," was elected in his stead.

There seem to be no rank or privileges annexed to any branches of the royal family; the king in his own person absorbing the undivided respect of the people. Those of his relatives whom his majesty may deign to patronize, will, of course, be more noticed by their fellow slaves; but all are alike the slaves of the king.

A person whose father had been so well supplied with wives, must naturally have an extensive connexion in the way of half-bro-

thers and sisters; and it might not, perhaps, be convenient to allow all to participate in the royal rank.

His palace at Abomey, is walled round, and consists, according to the reports of Messrs. Dalzell, Norris, and Alison, who had frequent opportunities of visiting its interior, of numerous courts connected with each other, occupying in the whole a space fall as large as St. James's Park.

The first minister is called the *Tumegan*, and he is the only man in the country whose head the king cannot cut off at pleasure. By some ancient regulation, he who attains this rank has that very essential part of his person secured to him, perhaps that he may honestly speak his mind to the king without fear of consequences. The second, or *Mahor*, is the master of the ceremonies, whose office it is to receive and introduce all strangers, whether black or white, and also to take care of them during their stay at court, and to see them well fed and lodged, with all their attendants. The third officer in the state is the *Yakouah* of Whydah; and the fourth is the *Jagou* or master of the horse, who is likewise the chief executioner, and has the duty of superintending the numerous decapitations which in various ways occur. The *Agoue* is the commander in chief of the army, and has under him divers subordinate general officers.

There are entertained about the court a number of king's messengers, called *Half-heads*, because one side of their heads is always shaved, whilst the hair on the other is allowed to grow to its full length. They are men who have distinguished themselves in battle, and wear as the badge of their office, strings of the teeth of those enemies they have actually killed with their own hands, slung round their necks, like the collar of an order.

These extraordinary looking couriers when sent on any mission, are never permitted to walk, but run at full speed, and are relieved at certain distances on the road, by relays of others, who push on in the same manner on receiving their orders, which they transfer from one to the other with the greatest exactness.

(To be concluded in our next.)

*Lamia, and other Poems.* By John Kents.

Having received a copy of Mr Keats's new volume of poetry, which is on the eve of publication, too late in the week for a regular review, we merely present by way of novelty, the following specimens from the minor productions.

*Ode to a Nightingale.*

1.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:  
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
But being too happy in thine happiness,—  
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,  
In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

2.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been  
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt  
mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
And purple-stained mouth;  
That I might drink, and leave the world un-  
seen,

And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

3.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget

What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;  
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,  
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and  
dies;

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
And leaden-eyed despairs,  
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

4.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
Not chartered by Bacchus and his pards,  
But on the viewless wings of Poesy;

Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:  
Already with thee! tender is the night,  
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,  
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;

But here there is no light,  
Save what from heaven is with the breezes  
blown,  
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy  
ways.

5.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
But, in embalm'd darkness, guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;  
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;  
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;  
And mid-may's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer  
eves.

6.

Darkest I listen; and, for many a time  
I have been half in love with enfeebled Death,  
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To seize upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul  
abroad

In such an ecstasy!  
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in  
vain—  
To thy high requiem become a sod.

7.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the old heart of Ruth, when, sick  
for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
The same that oft-times has  
Charm'd to mangle casements, opening on the  
foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Of piteous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

8.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell

To toll me back from thee to my soul self!

Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well

As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades

Past the far meadows, over the still stream,

Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep

In the next valley-glades:

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?

Fled is that music!—Do I wake or sleep?

*Lines on the Mermaid Tavern.*

Souls of Poets dead and gone,

What Elysium have ye known,

Happy field or mossy cavern,

Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

Have ye tipped drink more fine

Than nine host's Canary wine?

Or are fruits of Paradise

Sweeter than those dainty pices

Of venison? O generous food!

Drest as though bold Robin Hood

Would, with his maid Marian,

Sap and bowse from host and can.

I have heard that on a day

Mine host's sign-board flew away,

Nobody knew whither, till

An astrologer's old quill

To a sheepskin gave the story,

Said he saw you in your glory,

Underneath a new old sign

Sipping beverage divine,

And pledging with contented smack

The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,

What Elysium have ye known,

Happy field or mossy cavern,

Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

*To Autumn.*

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness;

Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;

Conspiring with him how to load and bless

With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves

run;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,

And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;

To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel

shells

With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,

And still more, later flowers for the bees,

Until they think warm days will never cease,

For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clam-

my cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?

Sometimes whoever scans abroad may find

Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,

Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;

Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,

Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy

hook

Sparcs the next swath and all its twined

flowers:

And sometimes like a glaucous thou dost keep

Steady thy laden head across a brook;

Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,

Thou watchest the last oozings hours by

hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are

they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—

While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,

And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn

Among the rivet sallows, borne aloft

Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;

And full-grown lambs bond wheat from lilly  
bony;  
Hedge-crik, ketsing; and now with treble soft  
The red-bell'd whistle, from a garden croft;  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

*Mr. Jacob's View of the Agriculture, Statistics, &c. of Germany, &c.*

(Continued from our last.)

We stated that the author had visited the farm of the celebrated agriculturist Von Thier, and promised to extract his most valuable and curious remarks on the system there pursued: they follow, and even our most able farmers will, we think, gather some useful information from this Prussian exemplar.

"A plant for the food of sheep for one part of the year was quite new to me; and is so, I believe, to most of our English agriculturists. It is grown to a great extent on the storable fields. I know not the English name, but it is the *Spergula arvensis* of Linnaeus. The seed is sown in the stubbles immediately after harvest, and in six weeks it furnishes food for sheep which they prefer to every other, and which is found extremely nutritious. It is an oily plant, the seed small, about six or seven pounds is sown [are sown] on an acre. What is raised for seed is sown in May, and is fit to be gathered in August. I afterwards saw the same plant growing on most of the lands, both in Prussia and in Saxony, where large flocks of sheep are kept. It is said to be very productive on all sandy soils; I think it worth trying the experiment, and have provided some of the seed for that purpose.

"The favourite article of cultivation with Von Thier is potatoes, on which he sets a peculiarly high value. His mode is simple and easy. They are planted in rows after the plough, at the rate of sixteen bushels to the acre. When the plants are up, they are earthed with a double-breasted plough, first, parallel to the rows in which they are planted, and then with the same plough the furrows are crossed, thus leaving the potatoes in small square patches. When at maturity, the soil is turned up with a three-pronged fork, and all the roots carefully collected by women and children. The stalks are far more abundant than those of our potatoes, and yield, I should think, from what I saw, as four to one. This haulm is carefully thrned, dried, and collected into stacks, and is used as litter for the horses and cows instead of straw, which is here converted into fuel by cutting it small.

"Like all his countrymen, Von Thier prefers German small potatoes to our large ones; they are less mealy, and have a different flavour. His preference, if his facts are correct, of which I have no doubt, is certainly supported by better reasons than I have heard from any other person in this country. He contended, that the nutritive quality of the potato depends on the quantity of starch that it contains; that, upon analysis, the smaller kind of potatoes that are here cultivated, contains a far greater proportion of starch than any that grow to

a larger size; that, beyond a certain size, which, by giving the roots sufficient room, they will naturally attain, the increase is only water, and can scarcely be termed nutritious.

"This decisive judgment, founded on chemical analysis, extends itself to the comparison between turnips and potatoes."

"The average produce of his potatoes, in a series of years, has been three hundred bushels to the acre; this he compared with what I stated to be the average weight of an acre of turnips on good land, as well cultivated as his is, in England; and which I stated below the truth, at twenty tons, because I wished not to be suspected of exaggeration to support an hypothesis. He contended, that his average growth of three hundred bushels, or five tons of potatoes, contained more nutrient than twenty tons of turnips, because the proportion of starch in potatoes to that in turnips, was much more than four to one. I did not urge the quantity of muck in the turnip, because I wished to learn his views rather than to suggest my own."

"A brewery and distillery are the necessary accompaniments of every large farming establishment in Germany. The result of many experiments in the latter, proved that the same quantity of alcohol is produced from one hundred bushels of potatoes as from twenty-four bushels of wheat, or thirty-three of barley. As the products of grain, or of potatoes, are relatively greater, the distillery is regulated by that proportion. The different inventions for economy in the use of fuel, cheap as it is, both in the brewery and the distillery, though highly useful to the pupils of the establishment, presented to me nothing of novelty in either their principle or their application.

"During the existence of the foolish continental system, the scarcity of sugar gave rise to many experiments here, which, though beneficial at the time, have ceased to be longer useful. Von Thier found, after many trials, that the most profitable vegetable from which sugar could be made, was the common garden turnip, (of which species I did not ascertain,) and that whilst sugar was sold at a six-dollar the pound, it was very profitable to extract it from that root. The samples of sugar made during that period from different roots, the processes, and their results, are carefully preserved in the museum, but would now be tedious to describe. They are certainly equal in strength of sweetness, and those refined, in colour and hardness, to any produced from the sugar-cane of the tropics.

"An important object of this establishment has been the improvement of the breed of sheep, which, as far as regards the fineness of the wool, has admirably succeeded. By various crosses from select Merinos, by sedulously excluding from the flock every ewe that had coarse wool, and, still more, by keeping them in a warm house during the winter, Von Thier has brought the wool of his sheep to great fineness, far greater than any that is clipped in Spain; but the improvement of the carcass has been

neglected, so that his, like all other German mittens, is very indifferent. In England, where the flesh is of much more value than the fleece, the Merino breeding has not been attended with beneficial results. The fleeces of the Moegelin flock (the name of Von Thier's farm) average about three pounds and a half each; they have been sold to English traders, who came to the spot at one period to purchase them, as high as eight shillings and six-pence per pound, whilst the whole flesh could not be sold for more than ten or twelve shillings. This statement will readily account for the fact, that though Merino sheep are very beneficial in Prussia and Saxony, they have been found unprofitable with us.

"Von Thier, with the assistance of the professors of the institution over which he presides, has arranged the various kinds of wool on cards, and discriminated with geometrical exactness, the fineness of that produced from different races of sheep. The finest are some specimens from Saxony, his own are the next. The fine Spanish wool from Leon is inferior to his, in the proportion of eleven to sixteen. The wool from Botany Bay, of which he had specimens, is inferior to the Spanish. He had arranged, by a similar mode, the relative fineness of the wools produced on the different parts of the body of the sheep, so as to bring under the eye, at one view, the comparative value of the different parts of the fleeces; and he had, also, ascertained the proportionate weight of those different parts. The application of optics and geometry by which the scales that accompany the specimens are constructed, is such, as to leave no doubts on any mind, of the accuracy of the results. The scales, indeed, show only the fineness, and not the length of the fibre; which is, I believe, of considerable importance in the process of spinning. The celebrity of the Moegelin sheep is so widely diffused, that the ewes and rams are sold at enormous prices to the agriculturists in East Prussia, Poland, and as far as Russia."

Of Berlin, Mr. Jacob tells us nothing new. Leaving that city for Königsberg, he says—

"The land on this side the city is equally sandy and poor, as on that by which I had entered; but, after seven or eight miles, it improved, and, as I passed through the small town of Blomberg, which contains about four hundred and fifty inhabitants, both the land and the cultivation of it were visibly better. I here first remarked that in the garden of each house, there was a large field-oven of a circular form, constructed of mud and sand. The dimensions of these are suited for baking the large loaves of rye-bread, which form equally the food of the horses and their riders. As I proceeded towards the Oder, I found these field-ovens universal; but have not remarked them either before or since in any other part of the country through which I travelled."

The statistical observations on Prussia are very judicious; in a summary we learn that this kingdom has increased in population within 130 years, from 14 millions to 10,536,571 souls! At present, there are 26 cities of

more than 1000 inhabitants;—136, of between 3500 and 10,000;—194, of between 3000 and 3500;—407, of between 1000 and 3000;—258, below 1000;—and 7,640,739 in villages and farms, to be added to 2,895,832 in the above enumeration. The religious division gives 6,054,379 Lutherans, 4,023,513 Roman Catholics, 300,101 Reformed, 127,315 Jews, 15,333 Mennonites; and 4000 Moravians, Hussites, Socinians, and other limited sects. The whole surface of Prussia is estimated at 74,108,800 British statute acres, or nearly 7 acres for every human being.

Saxony, on the other hand, has greatly declined. Its five circles now contain but 1,32,077 inhabitants, upon an extent of 4,21,680 English acres. The population is manufacturing in a very large proportion. The public income is about one million sterling, and the public debt amounts to 4 millions, but it is in the course of regular reduction.

Hesse Cassel consists of ten provinces and 598,320 population, whereof 340,000 are of the reformed sect. 150,000 Lutherans, 90,000 Roman Catholics, 8,500 Jews, and the rest Mennonites and other sectarians.

Hesse Darmstadt, also by the latest census, contains 620,630 souls, on an extent of 3,617 miles on both sides of the Rhine. Of these, 396,000 are Lutherans, 140,000 Roman Catholics, 98,000 Reformed, 15,000 Jews, and about 1,000 Mennonites.

Mr. Jacob notices the useful purposes to which lithography, or stone printing, is applied in various parts of Germany, and at Wirmar we have the following—

"I was shewn a gluing-nib, if not a useful, plan of making globes. The wooden globe is covered with plaster of Paris, and then varnished. The maps are engraved in the inner side of two half copper globes which exactly fit that covered with the plaster of Paris. The ink is applied to the inner part of these copper half globes, and, when fitted to them, communicates the impression to the plaster of Paris. By this process there are no joinings in the map, as occur in our common globes. The globes, when finished, have certainly a beautiful appearance; but I much doubt if there be any advantage so considerable as to cause the general adoption of this plan of making them.

"From this institution, there issues a very valuable periodical geographical work, called the *Ephemérides*, which contains notices of all new facts in geography, and criticisms on such new books or maps as are produced. Translations from the English and French popular works are executed on the premises, and pass through the press, as well as many books originally compiled or composed in this city."

We must now close our report of this practically valuable book, which we do with a quotation respecting the condition of France.

"I was much impressed (says Mr. Jacob) during the whole journey from Mentz to Paris, a distance of nearly four hundred miles, with the great inferiority of the appearance of France, and of what had been

incorporated with France, to any part of Germany that I had lately passed through. The land is certainly as good, perhaps generally better, but the cultivation of it was by no means superior. The towns and cities in France are, perhaps, on a par with those of Germany, or nearly so; but, in Germany, none of them had been without recent improvements, and all showed some new buildings, and many old ones repaired and modernized. In France, every thing looked old; no houses seem to have been built since the commencement of the Revolution, and those dilapidated and needing repairs, do not seem to have received them. It was not so much, however, in the towns, as in the villages, that the inferiority of France struck me most forcibly. In every village in Germany, a neat church, ornamented commonly with an elegant tower, is to be seen; a decent house for the pastor, and one better for the bailiff, is universal in the villages where no nobleman resides; and where there is one, the houses of the peasantry appear to have copied some portion of neatness from those of their superiors. The houses of the peasants there, are superior to the cottages of our English labourers, and very far better than those of the French farmers. The churches in those French villages which I passed through, are miserable hovels, and the dwellings of the inhabitants are all alike dilapidated and filthy.

"They have no superiors to improve them by their examples, and the tax-gatherers that collect for the government, reside in the neighbouring towns. The want of a gentry is evident in France, and of course in the villages, much more than in the towns and cities. I remarked too the little intercourse which the roads in France exhibited. In three hundred miles, I met but three gentlemen's carriages, and either two or three diligences. Water-conveyance may diminish the number of waggons, but I met a greater number of waggons loaded with goods, between Nannburg and Weimar, a distance of twenty-four miles, than I saw between Saarlütke and Meaux, a distance of three hundred. The dress of the rural inhabitants is very miserable, and very much inferior to what I observed in any part of Germany. In every part of Germany, I remarked on the poor soils many plantations, very extensive, and recently formed. In some instances, these extended over thousands of acres, but after entering France, I saw nothing recently planted. The woods appeared to be as ancient as the period when Julius Cæsar described them. At each town in France I inquired for the journals, but at Metz only could I procure the sight of one; except indeed at Meaux, where by accident I got one three or four days old, which I was assured was the latest in the city, though it is only thirty-five miles from Paris. The ignorance of the country people, and the little interest felt by the inhabitants of the provincial cities in public affairs, is very different from the state of Germany, where, as all can read, and as journals are very plentiful and cheap, no one is so completely ignorant, as most appeared to be in France.

"If I were to judge of the whole kingdom, by what I observed between Germany and the capital of France, within that city, and on my rapid journey from thence to Calais, I should conclude that Paris was every thing, and France nothing, in the estimation of the government that now rules, or in that of any that have ruled the country for the last thirty years; I should be disposed to think that France rears soldiers, provides food, and pays taxes, and that Paris directs those resources to such objects as the prevailing factions in the capital deem most suitable to their purposes."

The truth and sound sense of these remarks are on a par with the rest of the author's observations—which merit throughout, the general character we have given them, of discrimination, intelligence, utility, and honest candour.

## FINE ARTS.

### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

*Recollections, &c. suggested by the present interesting Exhibition of Portraits.*

It would be difficult to say at what period England was without humours and wits; for by looking into the obsolete records of the olden times, enough may be discovered to infer that this country was never lacking in such merry wights, whose buoyant spirit of jibe and jest, no domestic tyranny nor public calamity could sink. The soldier took his humour to the tent—the friar played with it in his confessional—the physician wrapped it up with his similes, and the lawyer charged for it in his brief. Every active faculty of the human mind, when curbed by discretion, tends to the public good; and England owes no small debt to the sarcastic spirit which prevailed in every age; for doubtless, this begot the love of liberty.

The tyrant barn, who stood not in awe of heaven nor the sword, dreaded the scourge of satire. The haughty priest, the persecutor and the hypocrite, the coward and the fop, all trembled at the tribunal of wit. But then, no hissing satirist assailed the virtuous and the wise, nor did the wit descend to fill the scorners' chair, and write in "ink pot malice," against religion, honour, decency, and obedience to the laws.

The age at length arrived when, alas! a too prolific crop of wit grew up, and choked the wholesome flower, discretion. Then commenced the era of civil war—the memorable epoch of England's inconsistency,—when Bellona walked arm in arm with Momus to the camp, to scare good humour from the field! Then the murderous cannon's mouth was seen inscribed with holy texts of Scripture, and the fatal ink that signed the death warrant of the sovereign lingered in the pen to mark a joke†. Then hymning

• Cromwell had his cannon inscribed, "Lord open thou our lips, and our mouths shall shew forth thy praise!"

† When Cromwell had signed the death-warrant of his sovereign, on giving the pen to the



Christian soldiers smoked and tipped at the altar-table of Christ; and as one half the mad people became "righteous over much," the other laughed piously to scorn. Whilst Round-head and Cuckold, Cavalier and Cuckold-maker, called names with malignant felicity, the "Lord of misrule" had got possession of the sceptre, and wit and war laid poor England waste.

*Portrait of King Charles II.—Painted by Wissing.—His MAJESTY.*

Weariness of the government of Cromwell and his saints, the people of England, recovered from their political phrenzy, hailed the restoration of their lawful sovereign with merry hearts. Never did nation experience so sudden and so happy a change. Almost the whole community at once metamorphosed from weeping, wallowing, self-denying hypocrites—heavily sick of so long a mimicry, threw off the mask, and frankly proclaimed him their "merry king."

Charles had too many faults to make a good governor; and adversity, that ancient school of wisdom, to which he was early sent, and where he long remained a disciple, turned him out with no good reputation. Those who knew him best foretold the use he was likely to make of kingly power.

The Duke of Ormond, in a letter to Sir Edward Hyde, two years before the restoration, says, speaking of this prince, "But I fear his immoderate delight in empty, effeminate, and vulgar conversation, is become an irresistible part of his nature; and will never suffer him to animate his own designs, and others actions, with that spirit which is requisite for his quality, and much more to his fortune." Yet he adds, "God bless him, and fit him for his work."

The zeal which he showed in the cause of his royal father, whilst he was only a boy, gave promise of more virtue than his manhood realized. When the persecuted king was imprisoned in Carisbrook Castle, but a short time before the last scene of his tragic reign, the young prince Charles ventured from the French shore, in a small squadron of armed ships, with some loyal confederates, to make a dash for his release. The failure of this gallant enterprise, prompted by filial affection, makes the heart sorrow, even at this distant period, when the martyr and his murderers, and their generations, have passed away.

The day on which Charles II. returned to London, was remarkably fine—not a cloud was seen in the heavens. The fronts of the houses were hung with tapestry, as he passed through the city; and the public conduits ran with wine. Among the pageants which the city companies had prepared for his cavalcade, was one curiously contrived upon a moving platform, that represented the wood of Boscombe, with the king in the royal oak.

His not being discovered in this retreat by the vigilance of his enemies, after the fatal battle of Worcester, was owing to a curious circumstance, which his friends might next regret to add his signature, he drew the ink across his mouth. In return for this joke, he followed Cromwell, and threw a sofa cushion after him, as he descended the stair-case.

be excused for ascribing to the intervention of a special providence. Certain fugitive cavaliers had taken refuge in this wood, of which the soldiers of Cromwell had notice. There they hoped to find the king. A troop of dragoons were beating the wood, and searching each tree; that which held the King and Colonel Careless, had thick and spreading branches—the troops were close by, when at mid day an owl, scared by their noise, suddenly flew from the sanctuary of a neighbouring tree. At once the whole troop, fond of fun in the midst of serious business, like their doughty captain, "Not," set up a loud hallo, and losing scent of the royal game, one and all set off full gallop, helter skelter, after the owl, which held them fairly out of the wood.

Charles was a joker, even in the extremity of danger, when flying from Boscombe; for on his arrival at another sanctuary, after crossing a deep mill-dam, on an old mare, under cover of a dark and stormy night, Will Pendrill wading before on foot, he said, "I followed my leader by the crackling of his horny buckskin breeches." Will was a woodman. The mare blundered every step, and the king was weak, worn out with watching and anxiety. "Will, thou hast mounted me on a sorry beast," said he. "She was the best I could procure," answered the honest boor. "Besides, your Majesty, she is not used to bear the weight of three kingdoms upon her back."

The famous mathematician, Isaac Barrow, had been a staunch cavalier: he was one, who, at the return of his king, fancied himself neglected. The king, however, subsequently showed that he had not willfully disregarded his former services, nor was he unmindful of his great merits; for when he was made master of Trinity College, Cambridge, by the king, his Majesty said, "I have given that dignity to the best scholar in the kingdom." He said on another occasion, that "Dr. Barrow exhausted every subject which he treated." It is likely that this excellent divine had his eye to the excesses of the court, when he preached that memorable sermon "Against foolish talking and jesting." The following lines were written by the Doctor under an impression of being neglected.

*Te magis optavit reditum, Carolus, nemo,  
Et temore semel to redire minus.*

There was a certain debonaire in Charles's manners, which, added to a humane heart, charmed away or softened the feelings of just indignation of many good men, who regarded the dignity of the crown or the welfare of the public. But nothing could shake the inflexible constancy with which the Lord Chancellor Clarendon maintained his opinions against the dissolute manners of the court. The king's mistresses (naturally enough) hated this virtuous minister. The affability of the king, in spite of his libertinism, won his subjects' hearts. The more correct Duke of York, they could not endure. Yet he fell into the fashion of the times, and had his "mistresses." Charles's were all beauties; James's were, comparatively, homely dames. The witty king proclaimed

the cause at court—his brother was sadly priest-ridden. "They are forced upon the Duke of York," said he, "by way of mortification—given to him in penance."

Once the gay monarch demanded of Dr. Sillingfleet, who was a preacher to the court, "why he read his sermons before him, when his discourses were delivered from the pulpit extempore in other places?" The doctor answered, "Overawed by so many great and noble personages, and in the presence of his sovereign, he dared not to trust his powers." "And now," said the divine, "will your Majesty permit me to ask a question?" "Certainly," said the condescending king. "Why then does your Majesty read your speeches, when it may be presumed you can have no such reason?" "Why truly," said the king, "I have asked my subjects so often for money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face."

Little idea can be formed in the present day, of the magnificent spectacle of public processions in former times. That which accompanied the entrée of Charles II. was seven hours in passing. "I stood in the Strand and beheld it," says Evelyn, "and blessed God." The same author relates, "The eagerness of men, women, and children to see his Majesty and kiss his hands, was so great, that he had scarce leisure to enter for some days, coming as they did from all parts of the nation; and the king being quite as willing to give them that satisfaction, would have none kept out."

The following curious account of his subscription wardrobe, at his disguising in the wood of Boscombe, is given in an old tract. "Richard (Pendrill) was no sooner come in, but Esquire Gifford called for him and bid him make haste, and bring with him his best clothes, which were a jump and breeches of green coarse cloth, and a doe-skin leather doublet; the hat was borrowed of Humphry Pendrill, the miller, being an old grey one, that turned up its brims; the coarse noggin shirt was had of one Edward Martin, George Pendrill's band, and William Creswell's shoes;" these he put "nimble on." "Then Richard came with a pair of shears, and rounded the king's hair, which my Lord Wilnot having cut before with a knife, had untowardly notched; and the king was pleased to take notice of Richard's good barbering. And now his Majesty was a-la-mode the woodman." A good subject this for the inimitable pencil of Wilkie.

Charles displayed princely intrepidity and nobleness of soul at the conflagration of London. He was there night and day encouraging the inhabitants to exertion, who too long looked on the raging element, completely bewildered. "Midst the dreadful confusion of the scene, he exposed himself to the popular phrenzy, which sought vengeance on the foreigners and recusants, equally sufferers in the general calamity, who, in that age of infatuation, were charged with firing the houses. He rescued great numbers with his own hand, and bravely, with the assistance of his guard, risked his life in affording them protection—but for this magnanimity, hundreds of innocent men

and women would have perished by the fury of the raging multitude.

The disgraceful record, which Pope alludes to, on the "monument," was obliterated (fairly enough) by the Roman Catholics under the base reign of James II.

"Where London's column, towering to the skies,

Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies."

The last scene of the "strange eventful" drama of Charles's reign is finely told by the pen of Evelyn, who justly observes—

"Never had king more glorious opportunities to have made himself, his people, and all Europe happy, and prevented innumerable mischiefs, had not his too easy nature resigned him to be managed by crafty men, and some abandoned and profane wretches who corrupted his otherwise sufficient parts."

"I can never forget," says this good man, in a subsequent reflection, "the inexpressible luxury and prophaneeness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day so might I was witness of; the king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, &c. a French boy singing love-songs, in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the greatest courtiers and other dissolute persons were at *Beauze*, round a large table, a bank of at least 2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me, made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust!"

#### BAFT OF THE MEDUSA.

[Mr. Jerricault's Picture, at the Egyptian Hall.]

We stated, on our first view of it, the impression made on us by this very clever performance; and have now the satisfaction of knowing that our most favourable opinions have been amply confirmed by the judgments both of artists and amateurs. Our further remarks, therefore, will add little to the fame or advantage of Mr. Jerricault. But, as more frequent views of the awful scene have increased our admiration of the power of art and the ability of the artist, we shall endeavour to point out some of the striking qualities by which the mind is thus strongly excited.

The details in picture, however excellent their character, are lost if not exhibited under the judicious arrangement of composition, aided by the effect of light and colour; and that which the ardent imagination of the artist or the poet takes in at a glance, must by the painter, become the subject of great consideration, and be subjected to certain rules and principles, yet so couched as to appear the spontaneous effort of some powerful impulse.

In this tremendous picture of human sufferings, the bold hand of the artist has laid bare the details of the horrid facts, with the severity of M. Angelo and the gloom of Caravaggio: the flesh indeed might be more strongly reflected; but the whole of the colouring is so well suited to the subject, and is in most instances so just, that we

scarcely know if its tone can be called a bluish so entirely as at first sight it appears.

But it is over the varied details of form, the most correct anatomical markings of the figure, and all the agitated emotions of hope and fear, that Mr. Jerricault has impressed the magic of an effect that was to give value to the whole. The light brought into the piece and thrown upon the upturned faces of a centre groupe, powerfully assists in arresting the attention. This seems to break on them from the reflection of a highly illuminated cloud above their heads, and is contrasted by much surrounding gloom, and this again by the bright rays of the morning. Perhaps it is so natural; that is, could not happen to be so distributed in the full light of day; but there are great authorities for such departure from truth, in this respect.

The powerful element of the mighty waters is very happily depicted by the hand of the artist; and, taken altogether, his work is, as we before observed, one of the finest specimens of the French school, ever brought into this country. It cannot therefore fail to stimulate the exertions of British talents, to a further display of those powers, which have already so happily and so honourably distinguished our artists and arts. To Mr. Bullock, we think, great praise is due for procuring us such opportunities for examination and comparison of the two national schools: if he continues to bring over *chef d'œuvre* of French painters, he will do as good a thing as could be done to advance British art. Emulation is a noble teacher.

MINIATURES.—We may notice (not having room in this Number for the long advertisement which announces it), that Mr. Webb's unique collection of Miniatures, which have been for sometime at the Egyptian Hall, come to the hammer immediately. We mentioned formerly that these were some of the finest specimens of this branch of art among these performances.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### EPICURUM,

On seeing so many doors and windows open during the hot weather.

Of the old times so good let others bubble,  
I value not their silly talk a l—ne;  
When yet was England e'er so hospitable  
As now, when every one keeps open house.  
Ut Ut.

##### [By Correspondents.]

##### THE WARRIOR'S FUNERAL.

Suggested by the song "Merrily went we," in the *Monastery*.

Dolefully mourn ye!—the night raven screams,  
And the moon will soon sink, as the morning gleams.

Dolefully mourn ye!—for this is the hour,  
When the Kelpy is dancing in dingle bower:  
And while he skips to the scream of the owl,  
He's no friend to the rosary, credo, or cowl:  
Come brothers, come, to the work of death,  
And pray for the spirit that slumbers beneath  
Dolefully mourn ye!—the night raven screams,  
And the mountain shadows grow faint in the streams;

Dolefully mourn ye!—for this is a night,  
Whence blessed to mortals is morning's light—  
The elfin wons in the valleys, and hark!  
Beneath the deep ravine the ban dogs bark;  
Let the palmers pray, and the pilgrims weep,  
For the warrior below sleeps the dreamless sleep.

Lay his corpse beneath the oak,  
Which ne'er was scathed by woodman's stroke;  
Lay him down—with his spear in its rest,  
His hauberk, hauberk, mail, and crest.  
Wrap his martial cloak for a shroud,  
While the moon-beam sleeps beneath a cloud;  
Place on the mortal remains—the sod—  
Peace to his ashes!—Rest him God!  
His brothers, hence—"tis matin time,  
The cotter is up—hark he chaunts to the chime,  
Of the lofty-tinkling—matin bell—  
Which float in the breeze over mountain and dell.

Rest thee—rest thee—Warrior brave!  
There's one above—who has power to save.  
When the vesper bell of the abbey shall toll,  
The monks of St. Francis shall pray for thy soul.  
Chorus. J. D. COLLARD.

##### TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Cecilia, of the feathery tribe,  
Bird of the cool and shady solitude;  
When in a pleasing melancholy mood  
You woo the beauties of Endymion's bride;  
Sending such thrilling music thro' the air,  
On ev'ry brilliant cadence dwelling;  
Now softly dying, and now loudly swelling  
On the rapt ear, who woud not listen there?  
To-night, from out thy verdant leafy bower  
O! sing once more, thy sweetest magic lay  
To one condemn'd in foreign climes to stray,  
Who seeks thee in his latest evening's hour.  
Pour out thy song, and my glaucous eye  
Dissolves in tears, with thy rich melody.

##### EXTRACT FROM "POEMS OF THE AFFREHEN- SION."

[See Wordsworth's "My heart leaps up." &c.]

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A bailiff in the street:  
'Twas so since from one first I ran;  
'Twas so ev'n in the Isle of Man:  
'Twill be as soon in Newgate hold,  
Or in the Fleet!  
A trap is hateful to a man!  
And my whole course of life shall be  
Bent against them in just antipathy!

##### FROM TASSO.

Chinam gli abitator dell'ombre eterne  
Il rancio suco della tartarea tromba;  
Tremam le spaziose sue cavernae,  
E l' aer cieco a quel rombomba;  
Nè sì stridendo mai dalle superne  
Regioni del cielo il folgor piomba,  
Nè sì scossa giannam trema la terra,  
Quando i vapori in sea gravida serra.

##### ATTENTED.

The dread Tartarian trumpet hoarse resounding,  
The dwellers of eternal night assembling;  
Rebellious to that roar the air surrounding,  
Hell through its black and spacious caverns  
trembles;  
The bolt that comes from heav'n's high regions  
bounding.

But faintly that infernal peal resembles;  
And weaker is the earthquake's voice of thunder  
When the pent vapours rise and rend, the  
earth in sunder.

## IMPROVPTU.

To ——— on her Marriage with Mr. W. H. ———  
 When ladies they wed,  
 It ever is said,  
 That their freedom away they have thrown;  
 But you're not done so,  
 For we very well know  
 You will have a Will of your own.

## OUR YOUTHFUL DAYS.

Yes! those are hours of gay delight,  
 When hope is calm as the morning rays,  
 Oh, ne'er is shed such brilliant light  
 As sparkles o'er our youthful days!  
 'Tis then, before our hearts are cloy'd,  
 And ere we feel that hope betrays,  
 'Tis then that on her light wing buoy'd,  
 Oh nought transcends our youthful days!

CONRAD.

## SONNET.

Sweet Spring, thou com'st, but ah! my pleasant  
 hours  
 And happy days with thee come not again.

Drummond.

Now through the air the western breezes play,  
 And peeping buds put forth their callow heads;  
 The earth seems happy, and the new-born day  
 Exulting smiles o'er all the hills and meads.  
 \* That motest flower, attendant on the spring,  
 In many a hidden vale and silent wood,  
 In lonely hands greets him that's wandering,  
 And pleasantly relieves his thoughtful mood;  
 ! lone and pensive, bent by fortune low,  
 In this sweet season only live to weep.

rose.

And happy am I, if my stubborn woe  
 Yield a short respite in the arms of sleep—  
 But, then, I wake, and to my aching sight  
 The morning comes, to me a gloomier night.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY. No. 4.  
LEAVING HOME.

I had just completed my eighteenth year, when I received orders to join my regiment for the first time. The sash and gorget, the maiden sword, scarlet cloth and gold lace, had all their weight and attractions for me. I contemplated the empire which I should have over hearts, and the preference, which I had so often felt mortified at wanting, at a hall, or in a country circle; I expected to live with the best fellows in the world, to see a great variety of scenes, to be ever amused, ever changing quarters,—to dance as it were through life, to the tune of the merry life and drum, and to leave care and gloomy reflection always a day's march behind me; but above all, I longed to see the world, to be free, to be an uncontrolled agent,—in a word, to be my own master.

I had gone through the classics with some degree of attention, was a pretty good dancer, could play a little on the flute, rode boldly, had read history, was a fair shot, and considered myself, upon the whole, a decent sort of fellow, particularly as the maid servants called me handsome, and the

\* The primrose.

village surgeon's daughter had eyed me with some degree of interest.

I had now been looking for myself in the gazette for six weeks; and not a little proud was I to see myself in print, for the first time. My next impatience was to be ordered to head-quarters; and, when the order came, I was in the highest possible spirits. The night before I set out on my journey, I scarcely slept a wink. Young Phœton, when importuning his father for the reins of that chariot which was fatal to his existence, was not more anxious than I was, on this occasion; nor, when he asked that sire to grant his boon, as a pledge of the love which he bore to his mother—"Pignora da Genitor, etc." could he seek it in a more eager tone than I inquired "if tomorrow was the day on which I was to set out?"

And yet I tenderly loved my parents. I was an only child, their prop and stay: I could not love them more than they deserved. The whole village too shared my affections: I felt the relative ties of humanity and good will; of brotherhood and connexion with all my neighbours,—domestics and all. I had even a tenderish feeling for the fire-side animals of the paternal roof,—the poor old pointer, the dowager spaniel, Duchess, the invalid cat, and my mother's pet-bull-finch. Yes, I had rather not have had to feel the "good bye to ye." The shooting poney, I recommended to Robert's care; and my squire,—poor Trusty! accompanied me through many a varied and uneven path. Night came, and her mantle sat uneasily on me. I felt almost a woman's weakness as I sank upon that mother's breast, where I drew my first love, mingled with the stream of life; but I tried to be the soldier; and, after one dewy kiss, I resolved not to see her in the morning. My father was to accompany me a part of the road; and the thought of this was a relief to me.

As I drew on my regimental boots, the only article of military uniform which I wore on my journey, I felt an elevation of mind, and seemed as if I were already fit to command a company. But my satisfaction was not without alloy: I had the *Ducale Dumont* to quit; I had the village to look on, perhaps for the last time; I had to shake hands with the poor servants, some of whom had borne my helpless infant form in their arms. This was trying. I whistled a march; but it was more like a dirge; I tried a country dance: it was out of tune.

I sent the cook to knock at my father's door, an hour earlier than agreed on; for time now seemed loaded with a weight of care; and I was resolved, albeit I was proud of my appearance, not to be seen by my kind neighbours. I therefore gave keepkeys to all the servants, and wrote a letter for the surgeon's daughter.

My dear father appeared: it was a great ease to my state of mind. I shook him heartily by the hand, tried to look gay, and brushed over the threshold of the door. The old nurse insisted upon kissing me: she was aged and ugly, but a good woman, and somehow she had a right to this embrace. I

gave it her heartily, looking, however, jealously around: nobody saw me but the captain, else should I have blushed. "The Captain to kiss an ugly old woman! be for shame."

We were now at the end of the village. I dreaded the sight of my mother at the window; so I never looked back until out of view of the house. I was now to take a last look at this rustic assemblage of homes. They danced tremulously in a tear, in my eye, but I cleared up with such a hoarse and monotonous *hem* that the echo of the church-yard, which returned it to me, terrified me with the sound.—All this time my father and I had not exchanged a word; he looked thoughtful, and as if he had had a sleepless night.

The morning was beautiful, and I never saw my native scene in such glowing colours before. There seemed to be a peculiar grace in the antique belfry of the church; and the stiff sepulchral yews were gilded with the sun-beam. Obituary sculpture might have caused me some serious reflection. But my mind dwelt not on the past; nor were any doubts and fears as to the future, unfolded to my view.—How many a departed bliss now leaves but its monumental memento in my heart! how many prospects have vanished like the days of my ancestors! how many a brave comrade in arms now lies in his narrow bed, and upon his earthy pillow!—but let us return to my father.

"We had better dismount and walk a little," said he to me, in a kind affectionate tone. "The weather is beautifully fine; we have a long day before us; and I can return in the cool of the evening. I should like to have as much of your company as I can; and you will not always have your old father for your companion." We alighted accordingly, and gave our horses to the servant who had charge of my luggage. I was to proceed in the mail from the first stage.

We now turned off the high road, and skirted a beautiful wood, crossed some adjacent fields, and pursued the course of the river, by the foot-path for some miles.—My father folded his arm in mine with a peculiar degree of friendship, familiarity, and tenderness; and I never hung on the discourse of any one with so much attention, either before or since. He evidently tried to amuse my mind, and to cheat the way and beguile the time by his conversation; and he succeeded to a charm. We saw the vertical sun ere we thought morning midway gone; and his declining ray surprised us ere we thought it two hours later.

"Let us dine together, my dear boy," said he, with so much of the good fellow in his air and accent, that I regretted that he was not more my own age, and going to join the army with me. I assented with delight. "There is scarcely any night," said he, "now; and I must ride home the harder for it."

Thrice had he essayed to part with me, before this proposal: I saw the motion pass in his mind; but his heart failed him; his steps hung on mine, and his affection's lin-

gered with me, and were loth to part. He looked at his watch on alighting from his pony, as much as to say, "a short walk, and then." Next, when fatigued, he sat down on a bank, and seemed determined to shake hands, and to bid adieu;—but he could not. He then remounted, and proposed riding on to dinner, in the cool of the evening. My heart placed all these debts of gratitude to his account.

He had another object, however, in this confidential walk; in this protracted journey together. He wished to give me a great deal of good advice, and that advice was offered and delivered to me more like a brother and a comrade, a companion and a friend, than a parent, and one set in authority over me,—more like the man prone to error and failing like myself, than one to whom age and experience had bestowed so decided a superiority.

On how many useful subjects did he give me his cool and unpresuming counsel! How fraught with honour, sentiment, and delicacy were his paternal admonitions! In how many instances of life have his precepts and warnings, upheld and prevented me from evil! How often has a retrospect of that happy hour been a benefit to me in my passage through life!

We parted, precipitately at last; for the mail-coach-horn relieved us from those achings of the bosom which a first separation from those who are dear to us naturally produces.

That parent, alas! is now no more! I have been the support of his sad relief; but I have no longer that brotherly father to hang upon my arm, to pledge me in the convivial cup, to interest himself in every circumstance concerning my welfare in this chequered scene of life, nor to recur to, for advice, in difficulty or distress.

Often have I, in different climates and novel situations, in distant and in doubtful circumstance, pondered upon this opening scene of life, with a melancholy sensibility, which has mingled sweets and bitterness so intimately together, that not to have been sad, would have been double wretchedness, since sadly sweet was the very essence of reflection.

Even at the moment that I am writing these lines, it seems as if my father's shade hovered near me—as if I were wrapt and covered all over in affection's mantle. Farewell, dear scenes! I shall never behold ye more! yet must memory itself perish, ere ye fade from the heart of

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY

## THE DRAMA.

**KING'S THEATRE.**—On Thursday week a very promising young singer made her debut, at this Theatre. Her name is Corri, a younger sister of the lady of that name, who is so accomplished an ornament to our list of native artists. The Debutante has a very fine voice, and will, we are confident, become a great favourite with the public.

On Tuesday last, a Madame Montano, from Florence, appeared as the heroine in

Agnes. We were prevented from attending, but learn that she executed Paer's music delightfully.

**DRURY LANE.**—A great night was expected here on Wednesday, when her Majesty had bespoke the play of *Wild Oats*. Other counsels, however, prevailed over those which had engaged for this public appearance; and the Queen, by changing her mind and not going, set both actors and politicians to speculation upon this first proof of indecision of character! Speed the Plough was played, and *Wild Oats* reserved for her Majesty. On Thursday, the Provoked Husband was performed; but that had nothing to do with the business of the preceding evening.

**ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE, STRAND.**—On Thursday this theatre opened, with a company composed, for the greater part, of faces already familiar to the public, and promising a very agreeable season. *Bartley* is still manager. His American perignations have rather assisted his good looks: he was received with the applause of old friendship. The house is, in its decorations, as it was; but that feature of theatres, which has of late years assumed such prominence, the Saloon, has had the happiness of much embellishment, alteration, and fresh water. Whatever other blooms may be destined for its ornament, Covent Garden has been stripped of its innocent flowers and refreshing shrubs. The hall is handsome, and the theatre cool. This is much. The performances were, with the exception of "The Promissory Note," old; and that one was new only to this country, for it is taken from the French. It is light and lively. *Miss Carver*, *Miss Kelly*, *Miss Strevenson*, *Miss Love*, and *Mrs. Chatterly*, sustain the wit, beauty, and song, all the sycophancy on the female side; *French*, *Wilkinson*, *Chatterly*, &c. do the honours on the other side. *Harley* should be among the number, but he is plundering somewhere in the provinces; he must return, for his humour cannot be dispensed with. The house opens at an auspicious time; and the Summer Theatres are likely, for once, to have the whole harvest of the year.

**MR. MATHEWS from HOME.**—On Saturday last, Mr. Mathews concluded his entertainments for the season, and delivered an address in which he, with good reason, prided himself on the success which had attended his efforts, and alluded to the extraordinary circumstance of one man having amused so many, such numerous, and respectable audiences. This is indeed a great achievement; but its reward not greater than its merits. For ourselves, we may say, that we have repeatedly witnessed these pieces, and always come away impressed with wonder at the display of that peculiar talent with which this individual is so richly endowed. By peculiar, we do not mean single talent; for there is almost boundless variety in Mr. Mathews' imitations, and his natural gifts taken altogether, form, in our opinion, quite a phenomenon. We have never seen, and what is more, we have never read of any thing of the kind, equal to his performance; and

it is probable that we never shall behold another example of such curious, marvellous excellence. We pronounce this criticism the more decidedly because, with all the popularity of these exhibitions, we have frequently heard it alleged, that they were too long, that the jests were stale, and such other tiddlings of thoughtlessness; and we could wish the public, entirely, when it can enjoy so rare a treat, to reflect upon the multitude of qualities and attainments that must be combined in a human being, before that being can accomplish what Mr. Mathews does. We have only to add, in order that our testimony may have the greater weight in these suspicious times, that we speak thus of a performer to whom we never spoke in our lives; and of whom it is as a contributor to public pleasure alone, that we think it just to speak so highly.

**DUBLIN THEATRE.**—Mr. Harris has opened the New Theatre at the Rotunda, Dublin. The first performances were the *Belle Strategem* and the *Spoiled Child*. An Irish joker expresses a hope that all will go on squarely in the Rotunda, and praises the beginning as a *Beau Strategem* of Mr. H. who must not end as a *Spoiled Child*.

**FOREIGN THEATRICALS.**—At the close of the Brussels Theatre, M. Bernart, the manager, delivered a long address, including a review of the last dramatic season, and the budget for the ensuing year. The address contained the following passage:—"The number of dramatic works of every description produced last year at this theatre, amounts to two hundred and forty-four. Of these, twenty-eight were pieces never before represented at Brussels, and forty-six were revivals. At least forty additional pieces would have been produced but for the enlargement occasioned by the erection of a new theatre, the want of decorations, and the indisposition of several of the performers. When the number of pieces represented in the four great cities of France is compared with the above, it is singular to find that the majority is on our side, and that the united novelties of the four principal theatres of France, scarcely equal in number those produced at Brussels."

## VARIETIES.

Dr. Wollaston has been appointed President of the Royal Society, *pro tempore*. This very able chemist, as far as report goes, has not the very ample fortune which the station permanently requires; and it would be injurious to generous habits to impose an expense of too heavy a nature upon a liberal spirit.

**DR. MANSELL.**—The Bishop of Bristol died on Tuesday morning at Cambridge. He was a distinguished member of the church, and eminent for his literary qualifications.

**Education.**—The new measure for the education of the lower classes in England and Wales will not, it is understood, proceed farther this session than the first reading of the bill. We trust it will receive all the consideration its great importance merits; and not be made a shuttlecock for the battledores of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, as the question of Charitable Institutions was.

with little of clarity between the parties, little in the views of the originators of the question, and little in the hearts of its opposers.

*The Bear, a Bull.*—Between the New Street and the Haymarket, in Piccadilly, are two taverns; the one with the figure of a white bear, as large as life, for a sign, and the other with a black bear of nearly the same size; but the whim of the thing is, that over the *Black Bear* is inscribed in large letters, "THE SPREAD EAGLE."

A broker in Knightsbridge, wishing to recommend his goods, has ticketed with the lowest prices a number of beds, which he designates *par excellence* "WATERLOO BEDS." This is at least a poetical idea; for Waterloo, in its way, was like the great bed at Ware, a great bed of honour; and these at Knightsbridge, so near the quarters of the guards, may be "honour's truckle beds."

"Original Washing done here," is an inscription at a London laundry:—what is it?

*Curious Occurrence.*—An elephant which has been for some weeks exhibited at Geneva, where it was remarkable for docility and intelligence, lately began to evince symptoms of obstinacy which alarmed his keepers. A few days after, he was removed from his habitation at Geneva, to be conveyed for exhibition, to Lausanne. He marched off with every mark of impatience and rebellion, and soon became so refractory that it was found impossible to control him. He wounded his conductor severely, and escaped from him, and returned to Geneva. He passed through the streets, spreading the utmost alarm among the inhabitants; he stopped before the houses of all the brandy merchants, and threatened to break open their doors. With considerable difficulty, he was conveyed to the Dutch Bastion, where he was confined. The proprietor of the animal, fearing lest some dreadful mischief might occur, gave orders for shooting him. A piece of cannon was accordingly brought out, and the first discharge laid him dead. Some time back, the owner refused to sell this elephant for twenty-five thousand francs.

The French scientific expedition in the *Uranie* frigate, under Captain Freycinet, which has been several times mentioned in the *Literary Gazette*, touched at Sydney, New South Wales, in December last.

*A New Island*—off Cape Horn, in lat. 51° long. 65°, has been discovered by ship William, on a voyage to Valparaiso. This vessel explored the coast for 200 miles. The Captain went on shore, and found the island covered with snow and uninhabited. Seals and whales abounded on the coast: it has been christened *New Shetland*.

The King has presented a gold medal and chain to Sir Thomas Lawrence, as President of the Royal Academy, to be worn by him in that capacity. The medal bears a portrait of the King, and is inscribed, "from His Majesty King George IV, to the President of the Royal Academy."

The Composer Paer, has been nominated a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, by the King of France; and R. Leferre, the painter, and Dr. Beauchêne, author of *Maximes et Pensées*, members.

Sir Joseph Banks, we hear, has left his library to the British Museum.

We read in the French Journals, and are gratified to read it, a liberal acknowledgement of the manner in which the artists of that country (Mr. Isabeau, Mr. Jerricault, &c.) and their works, have been received in London. Such is the species of intercourse that ought ever to exist among the lovers of literature and the polite arts, of all nations.

*London*—An eminent medical gentleman, Mr. Clinac, asserted some years ago, that London was the healthiest place in the world; a distinguished geologist has now discovered that this city stands on the only spot in the island not liable to earthquake.

M. Galin, a musical professor, has lately introduced in Paris a new instrument for teaching music, called the *Mclophaste*. M. Galin's ingenious method consists in making his pupils sing from a staff, without either clefs or notes, according to the movements of a portable rod. The *Mclophaste* is now almost universally substituted for books of solfeggi, which were formerly considered indispensable.

The *Affiches de Poitiers* contained the following whimsical triple acrostick, forming a couplet in honor of M. Fabry Garat, who passed through Poitiers on the 24th of May.

G out,	G érie, et	G rands talens
A crump	A gent les tr	A ces;
R iche acro	R du, tend	R es accents,
A nobilissim	A ns nos r	A ngs
T es graces,	T es graces,	T es graces.

This literary *tour de force* is the production of Count Joubert de Classe.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

Professor Afzelius, of Upsal, is about to publish *Memoirs* of the celebrated Linnæus, written by himself, the manuscript of which was some time ago found in the university of Upsal. The work will, we hear, be translated into French, German, and English. Lord Strangford has undertaken the English translation.

*Antar* has been translated into French from Mr. Hamilton's translation of the Arabian.

The Princess (Alexandrine) of Canino, has, we observe, added herself to the list of literati, in the Buonaparte family. An *Epic Poem*, entitled *Batilde, Reine des Francs*, and dedicated to Cardinal Sommaglia, has been published at Rome by this lady.

Among the political essays to which the Spanish Revolution has given rise, is one very quaintly entitled "Spain happy in the life of the constitution, and death of the Inquisition."

*Contents of the Journal des Savans for May.*

Art. I. Roth, Remarks on the Writings of M. C. Fronto (in German).—Reviewed by M. de Vanderbourg.

II. S. de Sacy, Arabic Translation of the Testament of Louis XVI.—M. Chezy.

JH. Bonnard, Appercu geognostique des Terrains.—M. Tessier.

IV. Boissonnade, Notice Eugénien Nar-

ratio Amatoria et Constantini Mammis Fragments.—M. Lefronne.

V. Kosegarten, The Life of Amrou ben Keithoum, and the Moallaka of that author, in Arabic and Latin; with Notes, &c.—M. S. de Sacy.

VI. Karamsin's History of Russia, Vol. 3, to 4 (French translation).—M. Daumen.

VII. Le Palais de Scurus, ou Description d'une Maison Romaine.—M. Quatremer de Quincy.

VIII. Rochemigne: Le Parnasse Occident, ou Choix des Poesies originales des Troubadours, tirées des MSS. nationaux.—M. Raynaud.

IX. Poliorétique des Anciens, ou de l'Attaque et de la Defense des Places avant l'invention de la Poudre.—M. Lefronne.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JUNE, 1820.

Thursday, 22—Thermometer from 40 to 70. Barometer from 30, 22 to 30, 26.

Wind S. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  and 1. Clouds generally over-pend, with a little annahie. About 11 in the evening, it became clear.

Friday, 23—Thermometer from 46 to 77. Barometer, stationary at 30, 33.

Wind S. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally clear. A fog early in the morning.

Saturday, 24—Thermometer from 46 to 82. Barometer from 30, 39 to 30, 45.

Wind W. b. S. and S. b. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Clear. A thick fog till 7 o'clock in the morning.

Sunday, 25—Thermometer from 50 to 86. Barometer from 30, 52 to 30, 55.

Wind S. b. W. and N. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Clear.

Monday, 26—Thermometer from 57 to 88. Barometer from 30, 59 to 30, 55.

Wind N. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  and E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Clear. The wind very changeable during the day.

Tuesday, 27—Thermometer from 53 to 87. Barometer from 30, 57 to 30, 53.

Wind N. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  and E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Clear.

Wednesday, 28—Thermometer from 55 to 88. Barometer from 30, 49 to 30, 45.

Wind S. W. N. W. and N. b. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally clear: about 10 in the evening, a fine meteor was observed to fall in the West, from about the altitude of 45 to 20 degrees; its size was twice as large as Jupiter.

Lat. 51. 57. 32. N.

Lon. 3. 51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

\* This is one degree higher than last summer, when it was 87 degrees on the 7th of August.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To X. We are always happy to receive the contributions of literary friends; and the only condition we lay upon them is, that they must submit to the Editor's judgment in respect to their fit for a publication, the plan of which is strictly laid down.

\* We are reluctantly compelled to postpone our second article on *Immortality* till our next.

Erratum.—P. 413, col. 1, l. 40, for *rare* read *rure*. Even so, our friend the *Hermite's* phrase is not quite classical; but he is now a Country gentleman, and may be excused for a slip in his Latin, which escaped the Editor, and was not committed by the Printer's Devil.

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

*British Gallery, Pall Mall.*

**THIS GALLERY**, with an Exhibition of PORTRAITS of distinguished Persons in the History and Literature of the United Kingdom, is open daily, from 10 in the Morning until 6 in the Evening.  
(By order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue 6d.—Descriptive List 2s.

**MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE** of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," is now open for Exhibition, at Ball's Great Room, upstairs to the right, from till six.—Admission 1s.—Catalogue 6d.  
"Fear not Daughter of Zion; behold thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt."

**MR. GLOVER'S Exhibition of Oil and Water Colour Paintings** is now open, at the Great Rooms, No. 16, Old Bond-street, from nine till six. Admission 1s.—Catalogue 6d.

**THE Exhibition of MONSIEUR JERICAULT'S GREAT PICTURE**, (from the Louvre) 24 feet by 18, representing the surviving Crew of the Medusa French Frigate, after remaining Thirteen days on a raft without provision, at the moment they discover the wreck that saves them, is now open to the Public, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Admission 1s.

### A New Map of India.

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**A New and Improved MAP of INDIA**, compiled from the latest Discoveries, and Engraved by JOHN WALKER, London: Printed for Black, Embery, Parbury, and Allen, Leadenhall-street.

On Tuesday, July 1st, 1850, will be published, at No. 10, Strand, London, (opposite Southampton Street),

**A New Daily Evening Paper** to be entitled **THE TRUE BRITON**. The principles of this Journal will be found in its motto:—"The Constitution is the whole Constitution—and nothing but the Constitution." Communications are to be addressed (post paid) to The Proprietors of the True Briton, No. 10, Strand, London.

### To Bookellers and Stationers.

**THE** long-established Business of a Bookseller and Stationer, (who is settling on account of ill health) advantageously situated in a populous town is the county of Somerset, and which has the Stamp duty on a half pistole Paper, to be entitled **THE TRUE BRITON**. The purchase money, it is estimated, will be about 750*l*. Letters, post-paid, may be addressed to E. C. care of Mr. Hurst, Paternoster Row, London.

### BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

**THE LONDON MAGAZINE**, No. VII. for JULY, being the First of the Second Volume, contains as follows:—The Lion's Head (an Article to be continued); The History of Madame Krugger, a religious Enthusiast; Table-talk, No. 11.; On the difference between Writing and Speaking; Mr. Rowley, as Editor of Pope's Lines from the Spanish; Comparative beauty of Black Eyes and Blue Eyes; On the Character and Writings of James Smith, No. 11.; A new Biographical Work; To . . . La Dame; Mr. Hurst's Hero and Leander—and Bacchus and Anadion; Sonnets; by Corneille Webb; The Collector; Critical Notices of New Books, 1. Matthews, History of an Italian Nation; 2. Snam and his Companions, from the General; 3. The Fancy, from Poetical Remains of the late Peter Corcoran; 4. Marcan Columns, by Barry Cornwall; 5. Taylor's Glory of Regality; The Drama; Report of Music; Literary and Scientific Intelligence; Political and Public Events; Commercial Report; Agricultural Report; Works preparing for publication; Books lately issued; Table-talk, No. 11.; London: Published by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, Paternoster Row; of whom Copies of the first six Numbers may still be had.

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**JOURNAL of a TOUR** through part of the SNOWY RANGE of the HIMALA MOUNTAINS, and to the Sources of the Rivers Jang and Ganges. By JAMES BAILEY FRASER, Esq. In elephant folio, uniform with Dumbell Oriental Sereno, and Salt's Views in Abyssinia, price 3*l*. 2*l*. TWENTY VIEWS in the HIMALA MOUNTAIN, illustrative of the foregoing Travels, engraved from the original Drawings made on the Spot. By JAMES BAILEY FRASER, Esq. Printed for Rodwell and Martin, Bond Street.

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Quocumque fructus, quos ipsa volentis rursus Aponteletur sine carpi. Price 7*l*. 6*l*. 6*l*.  
Editio Tertia. Cantabrigiæ: Typis ac sumptibus Academicis excudebat J. Smith; revident apud J. Delington et Filios, Cantabrigiæ; apud G. W. R. Whittaker; Longman et Co.; et Gul. Wood, Londini.

### Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

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For my own part, says the pious and learned Dr. Mayne, I know not to whose writings we owe more our Christianity, where the true God has succeeded in a world of false, whether to the grave confessions of Clement Alexandrinus, Ambrosius, Justin Martyr, St. Augustine, Lactantius, &c. or the facious words of Lucian, which sentiment is quoted and approved by Dryden.

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No. 181.

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

### THE PERSONAL CHARACTERS OF SOVEREIGNS.

*Letters from Mrs. Delany, (widow of Dr. Patrick Delany,) to Mrs. Frances Hamilton, from the year 1779 to the year 1789; comprising many unpublished and interesting Anecdotes of their late Majesties and the Royal Family. London, 1820. Crown 8vo, pp. 106.*

The anecdotes are too few to justify the title page; and this sketch of royal privacy is altogether very slight: but as the former are authentic, and the latter is spirited and correct, they would at any period deserve the notice of a people sensitively alive to every recorded syllable touching the sovereigns who for more than half a century have sat upon the throne of these realms. At the present day they possess an augmented interest, and force upon the mind considerations of the deepest importance.

The universal impression, that "Windsor's royal towers" were the abode of domestic felicity, is proved by these Letters to have been a just opinion. They show us a King and Queen living in the bosom of their family, the pattern of conjugal and parental virtue; surrounded by subjects whom they had made their friends, and in whose intercourse the breathsome pomp of royalty was dismissed to make room for the kindly delights of the human affections; their hours of relaxation from the cares of empire and the fatigues of state, given to amusements either of elegant or elevating kinds, and all the most innocent; superintending the education of their children; turning from exercise and the chase to the fine arts and literature, and from these to the sublime music of Handel; and finally, never forgetting the God under whom Princes reign, but paying Him due adoration and the fervent homage of christian hearts every day, in public and in private. What a picture is here! well-look upon it with regret, inspired by the melancholy contrast of what is now presented to a nation's gaze.

We cannot but remember such things were, and were most dear to us. We cannot but remember that the virtues of the crown formed the key and corner stones of that grand structure which was Britain's bulwark against the fierce assaults of overwhelming revolution; her defence, from whose strong sides rolled back, impotent, the tumultuous tides of political anarchy and moral subversion. And to what did we owe this protection—*et præsidium et dulces deus?*—To the simplicity of soul and manners, the firm integrity and spotless life of

George the Third; and to the pure propriety which guided every action of his worthy consort. The influence of example descends in a flood from the throne-fountain, and covers the land. Never yet had dissolute prince a sober people; never yet had religious king a profligate kingdom.

That the conduct of the court concerns the welfare and happiness of the population, needs no argument: how much it affects the dearest interests of the entire mass, and of every individual who enters into its composition, can hardly be sufficiently estimated. There is not a pauper in the workhouse, nor a beggar in the street, to whom it is not a matter of consequence.

Can we help, then, being sorely affected by the deplorable circumstances of the passing era? When we reflect upon the stainless fame of a Charlotte, must we not feel with aggravated force the arraigned reputation of a Caroline? When we recall to mind the perfect regard of a preceiling queen to all the duties of her high station, must we not deplore with added sorrow the mournful deviations of our present queen? The fatal consequences are yet in the womb of time; but we will fearlessly, because patriotically, declare, that whatever has been the nature of her Majesty's doings abroad, the course she has in several instances adopted in England, is derogatory to the crown, and dangerous to the country. These are no partisan sentiments:—in common with every well-wisher to Britain, we perceive with disgust, that no sense of what is owing to the peace and happiness of 15 millions of men, comes in to temper the fury of personal passions. The gratification of these bids exclaim with the Misanthrope—

• • • Piety, and Fear,  
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Justice, Truth,  
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbour-love,  
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,  
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,  
Decline to your confounding contraries.  
And yet confusion live—

Queen Charlotte was a foreigner; her conversation and habits were shaped in Germany; her mind was trained and her manners moulded in the same school with her successor; and she committed no indecorous follies that sought this justification; she was prone to no grossnesses that needed this excuse; she was guilty of no licentiousness that used this apology;—she was a model of decent propriety in every relation in which she stood—as the king's wife, the mother of

• We are not speaking of politics, but of morals; not of crime, but of propriety of conduct. Christianity is an essential quality, not a virtue, in a Queen of England: her duty is to be a pattern of good manners, as much as of unquestionable virtue; of decorous, as much as of pious life.

royal progeny, the queen, the domestic amuse of him who bore the weight of empire, the private friend, the sincere christian. Circumstances may alter the form of our duties, but cannot change their nature: and to bring this comparison home, we put the supposition that any possible occurrences could have arisen which would have caused our late monarch to act as our present has done. We believe the response from every living being must be—It would have been impossible! To the memory of that Good Queen be the gratitude of England rendered in full measure: we mix no politics with our views, when we ascribe to her personal character much of the blessings which have sweetened and ennobled social life in our times.

Nor had she suffered, or fancied she suffered wrong, and entertained the malignant wish for revenge, were there grounds for that vile recrimination, the threat of which shakes and troubles us now. The private life of the Man was the counterpart of the public life of the Monarch. Vice was unknown: to either; and calumny and faction (for what is there in humanity that can avoid the one, or in royalty that can escape the other) whispered but of little weaknesses and of unintended error. The baseness of a Pindar, and the virulence of a Junius, could do no more. Would it were so still! But it is not. The throne is not surrounded by such men as formerly; there is not that respect for popular opinion which is alike congenial to the power of the king and the tranquillity of the subject; glimpses have been caught of a court eminent for neither morality nor religion; and consistently with the principles which we maintain, we assert that such cannot be the case without infecting and injuring the community. God forbid that we should set ourselves up as the rigid censurers of frailties, to which we are all liable, or of offences of which we are all too guilty; but in pursuing the reflections to which this publication and the events of this very day give rise, it would be cowardice and injustice were we to refrain from expressing these sentiments.

But we will not extend them to a more wearisome length; the train being suggested, every intelligent reader may follow the sequel, as our extracts from Delany's Letters direct. We only premise that this lady lived first with the Dukes of Portland, and on her death was invited by their Majesties to reside near them in Windsor, where she had constant opportunities of observing their interior economy and private conduct. The preface justly remarks—

"At a moment like this, when the recent loss of our beloved monarch has excited interest towards every circumstance illustrative of his private life and character.



it is thought that these letters, unaffectedly displaying the domestic happiness that reigned at Windsor Castle, and recording many traits which do honour to the head and the heart of the Sovereign, and of his Consort, would not prove uninteresting to the public. Who, indeed, would not rejoice that 'true happiness,' characterised by a great author, as, 'arising from the enjoyment of one's self, and from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions,' should have so eminently existed, where least likely to be found; in the centre of a Court, on the very throne of the greatest and most powerful empire of Europe.

"Many of the anecdotes will, perhaps, be thought by some readers too trivial and unimportant for public notice: did they concern private individuals the objection would be readily admitted; but the most trifling circumstance acquires dignity and interest, when it refers to departed worth and greatness; and the mind dwells with more satisfaction upon the recollection of George the Third, as the exemplary character in every social relation of life, than it does upon the splendour of his regal state."

Before copying the account of an evening at Windsor, we insert the Queen's letter of invitation to the author of these letters, who thus states the circumstance to her friend.

"On Saturday, the 3d of this month, one of the Queen's messengers came and brought me the following letter from her majesty, written with her own hand:—

"My dear Mrs. Delany will be glad to hear that I am charged by the King to summon her to her new abode at Windsor for Tuesday next, where she will find all the most essential parts of the house ready, excepting some little trifles, which it will be better for Mrs. Delany to direct herself in person, or by her little deputy, Miss Port I need not, I hope, add, that I shall be extremely glad and happy to see so amiable an inhabitant in this our sweet retreat; and wish, very sincerely, that my dear Mrs. Delany may enjoy every blessing amongst us that her merits deserve. That we may long enjoy her amiable company, Amen! These are the true sentiments of

"My dear Mrs. Delany's

"Very affectionate Queen,

"CHARLOTTE.

"Queen's Lodge, Windsor, Sept. 3, 1785.

"P. S. I must also beg that Mrs. Delany will choose her own time of coming, as will best suit her own convenience."

"I received the Queen's letter at dinner, and was obliged to answer it instantly, with my own hand, without seeing a letter I wrote. I thank God I had strength enough to obey the gracious summons on the day appointed. I arrived here about eight o'clock in the evening, and found his Majesty in the house ready to receive me. I threw myself at his feet, indeed unable to utter a word; he raised and saluted me, and said he meant not to stay longer than to desire I would order every thing that could make the house comfortable and agreeable to me, and then retired.

"Truly, I found nothing wanting, as it is

as pleasant and commodious as I could wish it to be, with a very pretty garden, which joins to that of the Queen's Lodge. The next morning her Majesty sent one of her ladies to know how I had rested, and how I was in health, and whether her coming would not be troublesome? You may be sure I accepted the honour, and she came about two o'clock. I was lame, and could not go down, as I ought to have done, to the door; but her Majesty came up stairs, and I received her on my knees. Our meeting was mutually affecting; she well knew the value of what I had lost, and it was some time after we were seated (for she always makes me sit down) before we could either of us speak. It is impossible for me to do justice to her great condescension and tenderness, which were almost equal to what I had lost. She repeated, in the strongest terms, her wish, and the King's, that I should be as easy and as happy as they could possibly make me; that they waived all ceremony, and desired to come to me like friends. The Queen delivered me a paper from the King, which contained the first quarter of 3000. per annum, which his Majesty allows me out of his Privy Purse. Their Majesties have drank tea with me five times, and the Princesses three. They generally stay two hours, or longer. In short, I have either seen or heard from them every day. I have not yet been at the Queen's Lodge, though they have expressed an impatience for me to come."

A subsequent letter says—

"The daily marks of royal favour (which, indeed, should rather be termed *friendly*), cannot be arranged in a sheet of paper; they are bestowed most graciously, and received most gratefully, and with such consideration as to banish that awe, which otherwise would be painful to me; and my sensations, when I am in their company, are, respect, admiration, and affection. I have been several evenings at the Queen's Lodge, with no other company but their own most lovely family. They sit round a large table, on which are books, work, pencils, and paper. The Queen has the goodness to make me sit down next to her: and delights me with her conversation, which is informing, elegant, and pleasing, beyond description, whilst the younger part of the family are drawing and working, &c. &c. the beautiful babe, Princess Amelia, bearing her part in the entertainment; sometimes in one of her sisters' laps; sometimes playing with the King on the carpet; which, altogether, exhibits such a delightful scene, as would require an Addison's pen, or a Vandryke's pencil, to do justice to. In the next room is the band of music, who play from eight o'clock till ten. The King generally directs them what pieces of music to play, chiefly Handel's."

The following amiable traits prove at once the desert of the author (in her 86th year) and the goodness of her royal patrons.

"My own health is very tolerable, though subject to attacks of faintness and nervous disorders, that sometimes, I fear, may alarm my friends: I would fain lessen my anxiety, and leave them to think calmly of that hour,

which, I thank God, appears to me without terror: the deprivation of the friends we have loved best, and the falling off of many for whom we have a great regard, casts such a melancholy gloom as to make one long for eternity; humbly beseeching the Almighty to make me fit for the change: but there are times, I assure you, when that gloom is dispelled, and my heart is relieved and warmed by the very kind attentions of my friends of all degrees; and my greatest distress is, that I feel such an overpowering gratitude as cannot be expressed.

"It is impossible for me to enumerate the daily instances I receive from my royal friends; who seem unwearied in the pursuit of making me as happy as they can. I am sure you must be very sensible how thankful I am to Providence for the late wonderful escape of his Majesty from the stroke of assassination; indeed, the horror that there was a possibility that such an attempt would be made, shocked me so much at first, that I could hardly enjoy the blessing of such a preservation. The King would not suffer any body to inform the Queen of that event, till he could show himself in person to her. He returned to Windsor as soon as the Council was over. When his Majesty entered the Queen's dressing room, he found her with the two eldest Princesses; and entering in an animated manner, said, 'Here I am, safe and well!' The Queen suspected from this saying, that some accident had happened, on which he informed her of the whole affair. The Queen stood struck and motionless for some time, till the Princesses burst into tears, in which she immediately found relief by joining with them. J-y soon succeeded this agitation of mind, on the assurance that the person was insane that had the boldness to make the attack, which took off all aggravating suspicion; and it has been the means of showing the whole kingdom, that the King has the hearts of his subjects. I must tell you a particular gracious attention to me on the occasion: Their Majesties sent immediately to my house to give orders I should not be told of it till the next morning, for fear the agitation should give me a bad night. Dowager Lady Spencer was in the house with me, and went with me to early prayers, next morning at eight o'clock; and after chapel was over she accompanied herself from me, and had a long conference with the King and Queen, as they stopped to speak to her on our coming out of chapel. When we returned to breakfast, I taxed her with her having robbed me of an opportunity of hearing what their Majesties said to her, by standing at such a distance. She told me, it was secret; but she had now their permission to tell me what it was, and then informed me of the whole affair.

"I was commanded in the evening to attend them at the Lodge, where I spent the evening; the happiness of being with them not a little increased by seeing the fulsome of joy that appeared in every countenance."

"One little anecdote of the Queen struck me, as a stronger instance of her real tender feeling towards our dear old friend, than all her bounties or honours. As soon as the

Duchess of Portland died, Mrs. Delany got into a chaise to go to her own house; the Duke followed her, begging to know what she would accept of, that belonged to his mother; Mrs. Delany recollected a bird that the Duchess always fed and kept in her own room, desired to have it, and felt towards it, as you must suppose. In a few days she got a bad fever, and the bird died; but for some hours she was too ill even to recollect her bird. The Queen had one of the same sort which she valued extremely (a weaver bird); she took it with her own hands, and while Mrs. Delany slept, had the cage brought, and put her own bird into it, charging every one not to let it go so near Mrs. Delany, as that she could perceive the change, till she was enough recovered to hear the loss of her first favourite. This requires no comment, as it speaks strongly for itself."

At a royal visit to Balstrode, Mrs. D. tells us—

"I kept my distance till she called me to ask some questions about the mosaic paper work; and as I stood before her Majesty, the King sat a chair behind me. I turned with some confusion and hesitation, on receiving so great an honour, when the Queen said, 'Mrs. Delany, sit down, sit down: it is not every lady that has a chair brought her by a king,' so I obeyed. Amongst many gracious things, the Queen asked me why I was not with the Duchess when she came; for I might be sure she would ask for me? I was flattered, though I knew to whom I was obliged for the distinction (and doubly flattered by that). I acknowledged it in as few words as possible, and said I was particularly happy at that time to pay my duty to her Majesty, as it gave me an opportunity of seeing so many of the Royal Family, which age and obscurity had deprived me of. 'Oh but,' says her Majesty 'you have not seen all my children yet; upon which the King came up and asked what we were talking about? which was repeated, and the King replied to the Queen, 'you may put Mrs. Delany into the way of doing that, by naming a day for her to drink tea at Windsor Castle.' The Duchess of Portland was consulted, and the next day fixed upon, as the Duchess had appointed the end of the week for going to Weymouth.—

"We went at the hour appointed, seven o'clock, and were received in the lower private apartment at the Castle: went through a large room with great bay windows, where were all the Princesses and youngest Princes, with their attendant ladies and gentlemen. We passed on to the bedchamber, where the Queen stood in the middle of the room, with Lady Weymouth and Lady Charlotte Finch. (The King and the eldest Prince had walked out.) When the Queen took her seat, and the ladies their places, she ordered a chair to be set for me opposite to where she sat, and asked me if I felt any wind from the door or window?—It was indeed a sultry day.

"At eight the King, &c. came into the room, with so much cheerfulness and good humour, that it was impossible to feel any painful restriction. It was the hour of the King and Queen, and eleven of the Princes

and Princesses' walking on the terrace. They apologised for going, but said the crowd expected them; but they left Lady Weymouth and the Bishop of Lichfield to entertain us in their absence: we sat in the bay-window, well pleased with our companions, and the brilliant show on the terrace, on which we looked; the band of music playing all the time under the window.—When they returned we were summoned into the next room to tea, and the Royals began a ball, and danced two country dances, to the music of French horns, bassoons, and hautboys, which were the same that played on the terrace. The King came up to the Prince of Wales and said he was sure, when he considered how great an effort it must be to play that kind of music so long a time together, that he would not continue their dancing there, but that the Queen and the rest of the company were going to the Queen's house, and they should renew their dancing there, and have proper music.

"I can say no more:—I cannot describe the gay, the polished appearance of the Queen's house, furnished with English manufacture."

The annexed is interesting.

"On Thursday, the 9th of May, I received a note from Lady Weymouth, to tell me the Queen invited me to her Majesty's house; to come at seven o'clock with the Duchess Dowager of Portland, to hear Mrs. Siddons read 'The Provoked Husband.' You may believe I obeyed the royal summons, and was much entertained. It was very desirable to me, as I had no other opportunity of hearing or seeing Mrs. Siddons; and she fully answered my expectations: her person and manner perfectly agreeable. We were received in the great drawing-room by the King and Queen, their five daughters, and Prince Edward. Besides the Royal Family, there were only the Duchess Dowager of Portland, her daughter Lady Weymouth, and her beautiful grand daughter Lady Aylesford; Lord and Lady Harcourt, Lady Charlotte Finch, Duke of Montague, and the Gentlemen attendant on the King. There were two rows of chairs for the company, the length of the room.

"Their Majesties sat in the middle of the first row, with the Princesses on each hand, which filled it. The rest of the ladies were seated in the row behind them, and as there was a space between that and the wall, the lords and gentlemen that were admitted stood there. Mrs. Siddons read standing, and had a desk with candles before her: she behaved with great propriety, and read two acts of the Provoked Husband, which was abridged, by leaving out Sir Francis and Lady Wronghead's parts, &c.: but she introduced John Moody's account of the journey, and read it admirably. The part of Lord and Lady Townly's reconciliation she worked up finely, and made it very affecting. She also read Queen Katharine's last speech in King Henry VIII. She was allowed three pauses, to go into the next room and refresh herself, for half an hour each time. After she was dismissed, their Majesties detained the company some time, to talk over what had passed,

ed, which was not the least agreeable part of the entertainment."

We need not multiply the account of these beautiful and rational scenes, and shall only add, that we have been exceedingly affected by reading them under the existing circumstances of the royal house and country.

*Advice to Julia; A Letter in Rhyme.*  
London, 1820. 12mo. pp. 236.

This poem is a clever and lively production, glancing at a number of the fashionable pursuits of the day...and night. The writer is reported to be a gentleman of the name of Luttrell; and, as far as such book-worms as we are, may presume to guess, is one familiar with the circles which are or were called the *ton*. It is true, that in ascribing this praise, we must confess to the conjectural nature of the data whereon we form our opinion; for no reasonable readers can expect, (omniscient as the *He* of periodical criticism is) that any one of our corps can by possibility be conversant with the high mysteries of Almanacs and the Argyle Rooms, or the low mysteries of the Hells and Palais Royal. Were the subject of Dionysia or Phallia, Luper-calia or Paphia, our classics might help us out; but here we find terms above our comprehension; and the history of things, which, for aught we can tell, real as they seem, may be but poetical fictions. We have endeavoured, through all our books of reference, to discover the precise meaning of the most obscure passages; but having no Dictionary of Luxuries, can only surmise, that "Sal-mi," "Bechamel," "fodu," &c. &c. mean something very superb, like red champagne, perfumed hock, the comet vintage, and such gear, as we have heard enough of to give us some notion what they are. As well as we can understand, we shall digest the advice to Julia for the use of our readers.

The vehicle for the verse is rather of a loose character, for Julia is a naughty person, and the author brings the whole range of gay life under her review, under the plea of telling her not to debar his friend and her slave, Charles, from his wonted sports, which he accordingly describes to her. A more moral frame-work might have been chosen; but there is "no offence 't the world" in the manner in which the matter is treated, beyond what is objectionable in itself. The suggestion is from the 8th ode, of the 1st book of Horace.

—Sylbarin cur properes amando  
Perdere?

and the writer says in his first note;—

"To this Ode, consisting of only sixteen lines, the author of these rhymes is indebted

for the first conception of what he has endeavoured to execute. It occurred to him that, by filling up such an outline on a wider canvass, it might be possible to exhibit a picture, if imperfect not unfaithful, of modern habits and manners, and of the amusements and lighter occupations of the higher classes of society in England. The shortness of the Ode has tempted him to imitate it. Classical readers may not perhaps be displeased at meeting with occasional allusions to a favourite author, while to others they will be, at the worst, indifferent, and may, as such, be passed over without injury to the Poem."

We consider them as very pleasing ornaments to the poem, which has the fault of being rather too long for a *Jeu d'esprit*, and as good reliefs to the repetitions which this fault involves. Charles, the modern Achilles in the toils of his Deidamia, has been—

The glass of fashion and the mould of form,  
The observed of all observers—  
in a word, the Prince of Dandies. The picture of a fop is excellently drawn; we copy the most characteristic traits:—

How much at home was Charles in all  
The talk *aforsaid*—nicknamed *small*;  
Seldom embarrassed, never slow,  
His wits always "touch and go;"  
From grave to gay he ran with ease,  
Secure alike in both to please,  
Chanced he to falter? A grimace  
Was ready in the proper place;  
Or a chased snuff-box, with its gems  
And gold, to mask his *ad's* and *am's*,  
Was offered round, and duly rapped,  
Till a fust topic could be tapped.  
What if his envious rivals swore  
"Twas jargon all, and he a bore?"  
The surly sentence was outcried,  
His jokes retailed, his jargon quoted;  
And while he sneered or quizzed or flouted,  
The world, half angry, was diverted.

Charles was a master, a professor  
Of this great art—a *first-rate dress*.  
Oft have I traced him through the town,  
Mowing whole ranks of beauty down,  
Armed at all points, from head to foot,  
From rim of hat to tip of boot.  
*About so loose, below so braced,*  
In chest embraced, and in waist  
Just like an hour-glass, or a wasp,  
So tightened, he could scarcely gasp,  
Cold was the nymph who did not dote  
Upon him, in his new-built coat;  
Whose heart could parry the attacks  
Of his voluminous *coatcases*—  
Trowsers so called from those barbarians  
Nursed in the *Steppes*—the *Crim Tartarians*,  
Who, when they scour a country, under  
Those ample folds conceal their plunder.  
How strange their destiny has been!  
Promoted, since the year *fifty*,  
In honour of these fierce allies,  
To grace our British legs and thighs,  
Fashion's a tide which nothing stems;  
So the *Don* mingles with the *Thames*.

No more his well-brushed hair is sleek  
With *oil de miel*, or *huile antique*.  
The golden key no more unlocks,  
By *Brabant's* aid, his rose-wood box;  
And with the treasures there displayed,  
Dazzles the wondering chambermaid;

As, on her broom reclined, she pauses,  
Orling the silver cups and vases,  
Whence steams a mingled soft perfume,  
New to her nostrils, through the room.

No more with buckram or with wool  
His overloaded bosom's full;  
One glance from you is quite enough  
To "cleanse it of that perilous stuff."  
Loosed by the spell of your endearments,  
His tortured ribs have burst their cerements,  
And, like delinquents freed from jail,  
His waist is fairly out on bail.  
Julia, you've moved its *habitus corpus*;  
But when the man is grown a porpus,  
Long, long before the season's ended,  
You'll wish it had still been *surpended*.

There is one *exquisite* touch—  
"Have you, my friend," I've heard him say,  
"Been lucky in your turns" to-day?—†

The following view of a well known riddle in the Park is very humorous.

Where ancient gentlemen come forth,  
Screened from the breezes of the north,  
To bask 'em in the province won  
From Winter by the southern sun:  
When birds on leafless branches sing,  
And the last days of April bring  
A lame apology from Spring.  
There, on their easy saddles pumping  
Fresh air into their lungs by bumping,  
Under the lee of wood and wall  
They nod and totter to their fall;  
Their only business to contrive  
The ways and means to keep alive.  
And, if permitted by the fates,  
Remember long their sons' estates;  
Which, in compassion to the Jews,  
The fates *aforsaid* often refuse.

The effects of Peace are placed in a ludicrous light.

Too warm, my friend, your anger waxes;  
Consider, pray, the war and taxes.  
First 'twas Napoleon and the French,  
Now 'tis The Peace.—We must retrench.  
War was a bitter scourge and curse;  
Yet peace is, somehow, ten times worse.  
Peace, or (as more than one division  
Has gravely voted it) *Transition*,  
As Commerce droops and times grow harder,  
Shuts here a cellar, there a larder;  
By slow, yet sure degrees, disables  
Parks, gardens, eating-rooms, and stables;  
Nor yet in her career relents,  
But moves down whole establishments.  
The poor, the middling, shoot a pitch  
More and more humble;—even the rich  
From whose fal' acres milk and honey  
Keep flowing in the shape of money,  
I've seen economy produce  
If not a reason, an excuse.  
Their rates are high, their rents decrease,  
Their corn's a drug;—'tis all the Peace!  
This Jude like Peace! Say, who will father her,  
Unless she's sworn to the tax-gatherer?

The satire upon lotteries is not less deserving of praise, for its talent and object.  
Play has been always a temptation  
In every climate, age, and nation.  
Our neighbours scorn to live without it;  
But then they never cast about it;

† That is, the *turns* of his cravat, a matter of sufficient importance to occupy several dandy hours daily, unless lucky.

† A question actually put by a great master *en fait de Cravates* to one of his most promising pupils.

Nor vow their indignation rises  
In thinking of our blanks and prizes;  
Nor read us lectures, nor condemn  
In us, the faults we share with them;  
While we, so moral and demure,  
So overnice, so overpure,  
Who, with uplifted eyes and hands,  
Deplore the sins of foreign lands,  
And thus reluctantly make war  
On *Craps*, *Roulette*, and *Rouge-et-noir*,  
Deem it humane, and just, and wise,  
To raise a tax on *Lotteries*!  
"Cards! how atrocious!—die! how wicked!"  
But go, my friend, and buy a ticket.—  
French gamblers all are malefactors;  
Ours only innocent contractors,  
Who puff, 'tis true, but, like the quacks,  
In puffing pay *another* tax.  
Morals are quite a treasure, when you  
Don't touch a greater—the *Revenue*!  
Frauds will exist, in vain we stamp 'em;  
But for their instruments—we stamp 'em.  
Since roguery cannot be kept under,  
'Tis fitter man-like to share the plunder,  
And thus, extracting good from evil,  
Compound with God, and cheat the Devil.  
Such thy mor-tality, Vansittart,  
Thou, who the pupil of great Pitt art!

O! that there might, in England, be  
A duty on hypocricy!  
A tax on humbug, an excise  
On solemn plausibilities!  
No income-tax, if these were granted,  
Ned be endured, or could be wanted;  
Say—Van, with an o'erflowing chest,  
Might soon abolish all the rest!

There is an amusing coup d'œil thrown over the autumn in London, from which we select one of the touches.

No longer from the footman's thumb  
And finger, pearls of thunder come,  
Closed are the doors, the knockers dumb.  
No cards, in broad cast sown about,  
Alarm us with a red-hot rout;  
Nor, in a rainy blustering night,  
(The London-Coach-makers' delight)  
Comes on the startled ear, from far,  
The hubbub of domestic war  
In yonder Square, where half the town  
Are taking up, and setting down,  
In breathless haste, amid the din  
Of drunken coachmen cutting in.  
Hushed is the sound of swearing, lashing,  
Of tangled wheels together clashing,  
Of glasses shivering, pannels crashing,  
As thus they try their rival forces  
In whips, and carriages, and horses.  
What though their mistresses should fret,  
Be frightened, trampled on, or wet?  
How, but by prancing in the mud,  
Can pampered cattle show their blood?  
Honor's at stake—and what is comfort,  
Safety, or health, or any sum fort?  
The bills, 'tis true, to those up stairs,  
Are somewhat *Amus*, for repairs;  
But rucroes, coachmen: Such disasters  
Are not your business, but your masters'.

Driven into the country, we find our Exquisite, among other rustic enjoyments, indulging in Leicestershire hunting, with the Melton club. Being roused to the sports it a bad morning is excellent.

No more the punctual groom shall shake  
His master till they both awake  
To listen to the wind and rain  
At us loud slattering on the pane.

And envy those who stretch and yawn,  
Careless of bleak December's dawn;  
And doze, perchance, some idle inventing,  
To shirk this famous day for scenting.  
To get the inexorable groom,  
And his d-d candle from the room;  
While gusts more strong, and showers more  
thick,

Give him strange thoughts of shamming sick:  
Till, mindful of his former fate,  
He combats drowsiness with shame;  
Till (resolution gathering strength,  
And slumber from his limbs at length  
Loosening the chains which bind the lazy)  
He votes the morning only bad;  
"Screws," with a steady hand and face,  
His "courage to the sticking place."  
And, ere the half-hour's chimes are counted,  
Is fairly up, equipped, and mounted.

Experience in this pleasure is gained, and  
we find it thus described.

Warned by the knowing ones to keep  
Aloof from every useless loop,  
(Since oft, in their unruly bounds,  
Horses *throw off*, as well as hounds)  
To copy those whose practised eye  
Turns to the well-known gap hard-by,  
He learns, in rising at a gate,  
The value of the hint too late,  
For, awkward where he should be limber,  
Just as 'tis cleared, he *touches timber*;  
Falls, and before he can recover him;  
Aghast, sees half the field ride over him;  
A perfect judge, though bruised to jelly,  
Of every horse's girth and belly.  
Thrice he his suppliant arms extends  
In vain to all his dearest friends;  
And lies, perchance, where Fate has spilled him,  
Till they have runned the fox and killed him.

The author supposes that the emancipated  
lover may become a senator, and tells us  
what his duties will then be.

And now, with no design to quit,  
I'll tell you what this *business* is.  
This mute, inglorious toil and pain  
That wears the body, not the brain—  
Much more in many cases,—here  
Much less is meant than meets the ear.  
Just listen, and you'll find a knack 'tis  
Soon mastered by a little practice.

To calculate, with due precision,  
The moment of the next division;  
The art in proper time to cough;  
The mysteries of pairing off;  
When to be mute, and when to cheer  
A modest member with a "Hear,"  
The secret, ere debates begin,  
Of whipping out—and whipping in  
From Bellamy's with checked digestion,  
Just as the Speaker puts the question;  
Such, Julia, are the hard conditions  
Imposed on sucking politicians!

But Charles must sacrifice his ease  
Sometimes, to heavier tasks than these.  
Perchance, to settle who shall sit, he  
Is tethered to some dull committee,  
Where learned lawyers, having wrangled  
For months, leave matters more entangled.  
Joy to the candidates who pay  
From ebbing purses, day by day,  
Hundreds for every fresh objection  
Which leads them to a *void election*!  
Or, at the opening of the session,  
(Usual courage with discretion)  
Must strive his faltering tongue to teach  
The echo of a royal speech,

In which the mover and the seconder  
Too oft, alas! though clever reckon'd, err;  
Or, when he meditates some for jaunt,  
Is taken captive by the Seignior,  
From whose firm grasp no custodie  
E'er yet escaped—without a fight;  
Or posts, from some far distant hall  
Up, through ten counties, to a *Call*;  
Or hurrying down at four (how pleasant!)  
Sees, if diamary, not forty present,  
Yet lingers, till, to end his doubt,  
The punctual Speaker counts them out;  
Or, fumbling at the door, is shocked,  
To find it mercifully locked;  
Or, when the weather warner waxes,  
Must help Vansittart through the taxes,  
And, threatening those who heary think 'em  
With the laid ghost of that on Income,  
Cry, "question!" when the strongest side  
To conquer—has but to divide.

What, though thy floor, St. Stephen, yield  
To gifted minds a glorious field;  
Though rich the prize of those who aim  
Within thy walls at power and fame,  
And, through the struggles of debate,  
Rite, or aspire to rule the state;  
Yet who in mere routine would waste  
One grain of knowledge, sense, or taste!  
Who, through a tedious session, bears  
To slumber in the tainted air  
Of crowded benches, glad to make  
His dinner on a tough beef-steak;  
Or (summoned by a Treasury-note)  
Night after night to sit and vote,  
A mere machine, with no dominion  
Over his seat or his opinion;  
Only to frank an ounce, and see  
On all his letters' backs M. P.!

Who would, as day begins to peep,  
(The horse half hungry, half asleep)  
With many a yawn and inward curse,  
Hear a *bad speech*—or make a *worse*?  
Who from his party, like a rat, run,  
To honour some capricious patron,  
Or trimming father, whom his son dreads;  
When he might take the *Chiltern Hundreds*,  
And in a trice resign his seat?  
But that the terror of the Fleet,  
Or King's Bench prison, from whose bourn  
'Tis not so easy to return,  
Urges the slave, with puzzled will,  
To bear a heavier bondage still.

These examples will enable the public to  
form a just opinion of the honours of Julia's  
adviser. There are a few slight slips, which  
we will not stop to point; and a good many  
sharp clenches, which we can hardly exhibit  
in a connected shape, without encumbering  
them with too much explanation. Two or  
three may, however, be cited. Driven by a  
shower from the Park—

Fiercer and fiercer blows the gust,  
Barthened at once with rain and dust:  
Breathless they scud, some helter skelter  
To carriages, and some for shelter;  
Lisping to coachmen drunk or dumb  
In *members*—while no numbers come.  
Nor sheds are hear—nor open shops  
Protect them from the "big round drops."  
Their saracens spoiled, their stockings splashed,  
Their muslins prematurely washed;  
Some in their clinging clothes so lank,  
Others so bounding, all so blank,  
Enraged, resigned, in tears, or frowning,  
Look as if just escaped from drowning;  
While anxious thoughts pursue them home,  
Whence their next Sunday's dress must come.

### The Serpentine—

Well may the coyest of the Nine  
Be proud to sing the Serpentine;  
For never breeze has swept, nor beam  
Shed light upon a luckier stream.  
A brook, that from a scanty source  
Hard by, just struggles in its course,  
Scarce has it reached, slow trickling thence,  
The bounds of royal influence,  
When (mark the favor and protection  
That flows from interest and connexion!)  
'Tis bidden a nobler form to take,  
To spread and widen to a lake,  
And with a strange meandering name,  
Like Cromwell—to be damned to fame.

### The cheeks of beauty—

Where York and Lancaster combine  
Their roses in those cheeks of thine.

Upon the whole, this poem is a very pleas-  
ing piece of easy reading, and deserves to be,  
we imagine, a favourite with those addicted  
to that species of study.

*The Natural History of Ants*; by M. P.  
Huber, &c. Translated from the French,  
with Additional Notes, J. R. Johnson,  
M. D. F. R. S. &c. London, 1820.  
12mo. pp. 398.

Huber on Ants is sufficiently celebra-  
ted in its original language, to render  
all descriptive comment unnecessary.  
A translation was every way desirable,  
and Dr. Johnson has shown himself  
perfectly competent to perform that  
task in the ablest manner. Having so  
premised, we have little to do beyond  
making a summary of his very interest-  
ing work (which we thank him for not  
having made a book of), and laying be-  
fore our readers such extracts as display  
the most extraordinary traits of these  
wonderful insects.

Natural history is perhaps the most amus-  
ing of studies, though not so useful as  
botany or chemistry. It is curious to observe,  
however, on the score of utility, that the  
more minute parts of creation are of in-  
finitely greater importance than the superior  
creatures in the scale of animal life. A  
knowledge of entomology is calculated to  
elicit more for the benefit of man, than an  
acquaintance with the habits of the larger  
brutes: the bee, the silk-worm, the coch-  
ineal insect, the Spanish fly, &c. &c. are far  
more essential to our purposes than the lion,  
the elephant, the rhinoceros, or the bear;  
even the sheep and the cow, only compare  
with these insects, as cloisters and virtual-  
lers; and the horse is merely physical force,  
subjected to the direction of the higher ani-  
mal man.

If we consider further, how very limited  
our research has yet been into the micro-  
graphic world, we may, without being thought  
too speculative, lose ourselves in the idea  
of the immensity of stores that remain to be  
discovered in the merest particles of animat-  
ed nature: there is nothing too much to be  
imagined on the subject. But our business  
is rather to disclose the remarkable circum-

stances ascertained by the ingenious M. Huber, than to indulge in theorizing; and we therefore proceed to his History of Ants, which we have found so entertaining, that we have no doubt it will furnish more than one interesting paper for the Literary Gazette.

The first chapter treats of the architecture of ants, of which the species mentioned in this volume are the Herculean (*Formica herculeana*, Linn.), the Ethiopian (*F. Nigra*), the Fuliginous (*F. Fuliginosa*), the Brown (*F. Brunnea*), the Yellow (*F. flava*), the Fallow, 2 kinds (*F. Rufa*), the Red (*F. Rubra*), the Turf (*F. Cespitum*), the Dark Ash-coloured (*F. Fusca*), the Mining (*F. Cunicularia*), the Rufescent (*F. Rufescens*), and the Sanguine (*F. Sanguinea*). The various habits of these wonderful insects are amply described; and were we not assured by ocular examination, of the truth of many of the particulars, we could hardly extend our belief to the prodigies related by the author; but we have witnessed so much that we can credit all. To return to the architecture; we find that their habitations, their cities, are not the least curious of their performances. Mr. Huber details the formation of a domicile by the fallow ants, and adds—

"Our little insects, now in safety in their nest, retire gradually to the interior before the last passages are closed, one or two only remain without, or concealed behind the doors on guard, whilst the rest either take their repose, or engage in different occupations in the most perfect security.

"I was impatient to know what took place in the morning upon these ant-hills, and therefore visited them at an early hour. I found them in the same state in which I had left them the preceding evening. A few ants were wandering about on the surface of the nest, some others issued from time to time from under the margin of the little roofs formed at the entrance of the galleries; others afterwards came forth who began removing the wooden bars that blocked the entrance, in which they readily succeeded. This labour occupied them several hours. The passages were at length free, and the materials with which they had been closed scattered here and there over the ant-hill.

"Every day, morning and evening, during the fine weather, I was a witness to similar proceedings. On days of rain, the doors of all the ant-hills remain closed. When the sky is cloudy in the morning, or rain is indicated, the ants, who seem to be aware of it, open but in part their several avenues, and immediately close them when the rain commences. It would appear from this they are not insensible of the motive for which they form these temporary closures.

"To have an idea how the straw or stubble roof is formed, let us take a view of the ant-hill at its origin, when it is simply a cavity in the earth. Some of its future inhabitants are seen wandering about in search of materials fit for the exterior work, with which, though rather irregularly, they cover up the entrance; whilst others are employed in mixing the earth, thrown up in hollowing the interior, with fragments of wood and

leaves, which are every moment brought in by their fellow-assistants; and this gives a certain consistence to the edifice, which increases in size daily. Our little architects leave here and there cavities, where they intend constructing the galleries which are to lead to the exterior; and as they remove in the morning the barriers placed at the entrance of their nest the preceding evening, the passages are kept entire during the whole time of its construction. We soon observe it to become convex; but we should be greatly deceived did we consider it solid. This roof is destined to include many apartments or stories. Having observed the motions of these little masons through a pane of glass which I adjusted against one of their habitations, I am enabled to speak with some degree of certainty upon the manner in which they are constructed."

"I never found, even after long and violent rains, the interior of the nest wetted more than a quarter of an inch from the surface, provided it had not been previously out of repair, or deserted by its inhabitants."

"The ants are extremely well sheltered in their chambers, the largest of which is placed nearly in the centre of the building; it is much loftier than the rest, and traversed only by the beams that support the ceiling: it is in this spot that all the galleries terminate, and this forms, for the most part, their usual residence."

"Those ants who lay the foundation of a wall, a chamber, or gallery, from working separately, occasion now and then a want of coincidence in the parts of the same or different objects. Such examples are of no unfrequent occurrence, but they by no means embarrass them. What follows proves that the workman, on discovering his error, knew how to rectify it.

"A wall had been erected with the view of sustaining a vaulted ceiling, still incomplete, that had been projected from the wall of the opposite chamber. The workman who began constructing it, had given it too little elevation to meet the opposite partition upon which it was rest. Had it been continued on the original plan, it must infallibly have met the wall at about one-half of its height, and this it was necessary to avoid. This state of things very forcibly claimed my attention; when one of the ants, arriving at the place, and visiting the works, appeared to be struck by the difficulty which presented itself; but this it as soon obliterated, by taking down the ceiling and raising the wall upon which it reposed. It then, in my presence, constructed a new ceiling with the fragments of the former one.

"When the ants commence any undertaking, one would suppose that they worked after some preconceived idea, which indeed, would seem verified by the execution. Thus, should any ant discover upon the nest, two stalks of plants, which lie cross-ways, a disposition favourable to the construction of a lodge; or some little beams that may be useful in forming its angles and sides, it examines the several parts with attention, then distributes with much sagacity and address parcels of earth, in the spaces, and

along the stems, taking from every quarter materials adapted to its object, sometimes, not caring to destroy the work that others had commenced; so much are its motions regulated by the idea it has conceived, and upon which it acts, with little attention to all else around it. It goes and returns, until the plan is sufficiently understood by its companions."

"From these observations, and a thousand similar, I am convinced that each ant acts independently of its companions. The first who conceives a plan of easy execution, immediately gives the sketch of it; others have only to continue what this has begun, judging, from an inspection of the first labours, in what they ought to engage. They can all lay down plans, and continue to polish or retouch their work as occasion requires. The water furnishes the cement they require, and the sun and air harden the materials of which their edifice is composed. They have no other chisel than their teeth, no other compass than their antennae, and no other trowel than their fore-feet, of which they make use in an admirable manner, to affix and consolidate the moistened earth."

"We have thus some idea of that masonry which erects the abodes familiar to every eye, though the execution may not be familiar to many minds. The second chapter contains an account of the eggs, larvae and pupae; and here other marvels are unfolded. In the ants nest are males whose sole business is to perpetuate the species and die; females who are waited upon like peacocks in their own right, who neither till nor spin, but are served by neutrals, labourers, who tend their innumerable eggs, nourish and unfold the larvae, and in short, do all the duties of mothers, nurses, and menials. The author derived means to observe their internal economy; and he says—

"Let us now open the shutter which conceals from us the interior of the ant-hill, and let us see what is passing there.

"Here, the pupae are heaped up by hundreds in their spacious lodges; there, the larvae are collected together, and guarded by workers. In one place, we observe an assemblage of eggs, in another place, some of the workers seem occupied in following an ant of a larger size than the rest;—this is the mother, or at least one of the females, for there are always several in each ant-hill:—she lays as she walks, and the guardians, by whom she is surrounded, take up her eggs, or seize them at the very moment of her laying them; they collect them together, and carry them in little heaps in their mouths". On looking a little closer, we find that they turn them continually with their tongues; it even appears, they pass them one after the other between their teeth, and thus keep them

• The eggs of ants are so remarkably minute, that there would seem an absolute necessity of their being held together by some glutinous matter, otherwise, it would render the removal of such small bodies in the mandibles of ants almost impossible; the mandibles being so constituted as not to be brought into that close contact necessary for this operation.—T.

constantly moistened. Such is the first *aperçu* which my glazed apparatus offered.

"Having directed my close attention to these eggs, I remarked they were of different sizes, shades, and forms. The smallest were white, opaque, and cylindrical; the largest, transparent, and slightly arched at both ends; those of a middle size were semi-transparent. In holding them up to the light, I observed a sort of white oblong cloud; in some, a transparent point might be remarked at the superior extremity; in others, a clear zone above and underneath the little cloud. The largest presented a single opaque and whitish point in their interior. There were some whose whole body was so remarkably clear as to allow of my observing very distinctly the rings. In fixing my attention more closely upon the latter, I observed the egg open, and the larva appear in its place."

"I have been enabled to observe, through the glasses of my artificial ant-hill, the great care taken of these little worms, which bear also the name of Larvæ. They were generally guarded by a body of ants, who, raised upon their feet, with their abdomen brought between these members, were prepared to cast their venom upon all intruders, whilst here and there, other workers were engaged in clearing the passages, by removing the materials which were out of place; a great number of their companions taking at the same time their repose, and appearing to be fast asleep; but a busy scene occurred at the moment of transporting their little ones to enjoy the warmth of the sun. When the sun's rays fell upon the exterior portion of the nest, the ants, who were then on the surface, descended with great rapidity to the bottom of the ant-hill, struck with their antennæ the other ants, ran one after the other, and jostled their companions, who mounted at the moment under the bell glass, and redescended with the same speed, putting in their turn the whole colony in motion, so that we could observe a swarm of workers, filling up all the passages; but what proved still more their intention by these movements, was, the violence with which the workers sometimes seized, with their mandibles, those who did not appear to understand them, dragging them forth to the top of the ant-hill, and immediately leaving them, to go and seek those still remaining with the young."

"As soon as the ants had intimation of the appearance of the sun, they occupied themselves with the larvæ and pupæ; they carried them with all expedition above the ant-hill, where they left them exposed to the influence of the heat. Their ardour suffered no relaxation; the female larvæ (which are heavier, and much larger than those of the other cast) were carried, with some difficulty, through the narrow passages, leading from the interior to the exterior of the ant-hill, and placed in the sun, by the side of those of the workers and males. After remaining there a quarter of an hour, the ants again took them up, and sheltered them from the direct rays of the sun, by placing them in chambers, situated under a layer of straw, which did not entirely intercept the heat.

"The workers, after having fulfilled the duties imposed upon them in regard to the larvæ, did not forget themselves; they sought, in their turn, to stretch themselves in the sun, lay upon each other in heaps, and seemed to enjoy some repose, but it was of no long duration. I observed a great number constantly employed on the surface of the ant-hill, and others engaged in carrying back the larvæ, in proportion as the sun declined. The moment of nourishing them being at length arrived, each ant approached a larva, and offered it food. "The larvæ of ants," observes M. Latreille, "resemble, when they quit the egg, little white worms, destitute of feet, thick, short, and in form almost conical; their body is composed of twelve rings: the anterior part is slender and curved. We remark at the head two little horny pieces or hooks, too distant from each other to be regarded as true teeth; under these hooks we observe four little points or cilia, two on each side, and a *manelon*, or tubercular process, almost cylindrical, soft, and retractile, by which the larva receives its food."

(To be continued.)

Peter Faultless to his Brother Simon ;  
*Tales of Night, in Rhyme; and other Poems.* By the Author of Night.  
Edinburgh and London, 1820. 12mo.  
pp. 226.

We are sorry to have to notice this publication; but having in our Number 107 (6th February, 1819,) admitted a review of the preceding work by the same writer, which would recommend any of his subsequent productions, we feel bound to enter our caveat against that consequence. Mr. Elliott, the reputed author, has far forgot himself in his new volume; and ten times the ability which he displays in his attack upon the Reviewers in the Monthly Review, and in parts of his graver poems, would fail to procure him pardon for the filth and obscenity which he has thrown into what he calls comic stories. To us these appear indeed to deserve the name of 'Tales of Night,' for they ought never to have seen the light of Day. It is really surprising that any man of common sense, or moral feeling, could be guilty of an offence against decency so exceedingly gross, (and withal so destitute of wit or humour, to colour its depravity,) as is committed, for instance, in the poem, 'Matrimonial Magic.' It is fit for the Brothel only, and must exclude the book from every place where virtue is valued and pollution feared. We have done our duty to ourselves and the public in thus expressing our sentiments; and will not encumber our page with those quotations from some of the other poems, which we should

have adopted had they not been intermingled with such nasty trash and low abomination as to fill us with disgust, and render all parody disreputable.

M'LEOD'S ACCOUNT OF DAHOMY, &c.  
(Continued.)

At their annual festivals a number of human victims, mostly prisoners of war, are immolated among the sports of the occasion.

Their bodies are either thrown out into the fields to be devoured by vultures and wild beasts, or hung by the heels in a mutilated state, upon the surrounding trees, a practice exceedingly offensive in so hot a climate. The heads are piled up in a heap, for the time, and afterwards disposed of in decorating the walls of the royal *simbomies*, or places, some of which are two miles in circumference, and often require a renewal and repair of these ornaments.

Adahoonza, in 1785, after a successful attack upon Badagry, having a great number of victims to sacrifice, ordered their heads to be applied to this purpose. Mr. Abson, in his account, says, "the person to whom the management of this business had been committed, having neglected to make a proper calculation of his materials, had proceeded too far with his work, when he found that there would not be a sufficient number of skulls to adorn the whole palace; he, therefore, requested permission to begin the work anew, that he might, by placing them farther apart, complete the design in a regular manner. But the king would by no means give his consent to this proposal, observing, 'that he would soon add a sufficient number of *Badagry heads* to render the plan perfectly uniform,' and learning that a hundred and twenty-seven were required to complete this extraordinary embellishment, he ordered that number of the captives to be brought forth and slaughtered in cold blood."

Messrs. Norris and Abson, who had frequent opportunity of visiting the bed-chamber of *Bossu Ahadee*, found the passage leading to it paved with human skulls. They were those of his more distinguished adversaries captured at different times, and placed in that situation, "that he might nightly enjoy the savage gratification of trampling on the heads of his enemies." The top of the little wall which surrounded this detached apartment, was adorned likewise with their jaw-bones. Whatever may have been the frailties of Ahadee and his successors, it would seem from all this that the dread of ghost and hobgoblins formed no part of their characters.

So much for Dahomy: we finish with a story of a still more extraordinary character, which, being vouched on this respectable authority of Dr. M., whose veracity, however jocular he may be, we have not the slightest doubt must be received as an instance of one of those coincidences in human affairs, which may, with little credulity, be re-



garded as miraculous. The author is speaking of Lieutenant Price, and he says—

It may, perhaps, be a pardonable digression here to notice how this officer, on one occasion, made a considerable sum of prize-money in a very miraculous sort of manner.

Whilst cruising off Cape Tibourou, in the Island of St. Domingo, in the Sparrow cutter, commanded by Lieutenant Wylie, they chased and came up with an American brig, whose cargo, added to other circumstances, excited such suspicion of her being enemy's property, that they thought proper to send her in to Port Royal for examination.

The American, captain, however, swore so positively, through thick and thin, to the truth of the papers which he produced, that the Admiralty-court was induced to act him at liberty, when he instantly commenced a prosecution for damage against Lieutenant Wylie for having detained him.

In this state of the affair, the present Lieutenant Fitton of the navy, (then a midshipman commanding a small tender,) arrived in Port Royal, and went on board the Sparrow to visit Wylie, whom he found exceedingly low-spirited at the idea of the ruinous damages which would be awarded against him, on account of the *Yankee*.

Fitton, on hearing the name of the captain and brig, and the nature of the cargo, desired his friend to be under no apprehension, for she was yet a good prize.

He then explained, that, cruising in his tender, near the spot where the Sparrow had chased the vessel in question, and much about the same time, they had caught a large shark, and were surprised on hearing the man employed in cutting it open, sing out, "Stand by to receive your letters, my boys, for here's the post-man come on board," handing out at the same moment a bundle of papers from its maw. These were but little injured by the digestive powers of the animal, and Fitton retained them.

They now appeared to be the real papers of the American, which he had thrown overboard when pressed in the chase, and which had been swallowed by this shark. They proved, beyond a doubt, that the cargo was French.

The two gentlemen proceeded instantly up to Kingston with this new and decisive evidence, but all further investigation was rendered unnecessary, for the captain of the brig was so thunderstruck on hearing the circumstance (naturally considering it as a visitation from heaven for his perjuries), that he immediately absconded, and the vessel, after all, was condemned to the Sparrow, giving Wylie three thousand, and my friend, fifteen hundred pounds, for their respective shares.

Mr. Fitton sent up the jaw-bones of this shark to the Admiralty-court at Jamaica (where they now remain), with his compliments, observing that he considered them a very proper collar for all neutrals to wear through in future.

But this tell-tale shark had not yet done

with the poor Americans, who never lost any opportunity of turning an honest penny, by carrying on the trade of our enemies. Captain Otway was at that period serving in the West Indies, in the Trent frigate, and happened to be present at the discussion of this affair of the shark. Being about to sail on a cruise, Mr. Waterhouse, the prize agent, desired him, if he met with a certain American brig, (which he described), and could find out the captain's name to be Pearl Darkey, a name he was not likely to forget, to send him in, for, by the same papers, it appeared that he was deeply concerned in these transactions.

The Trent sailed, and, among others, fell in with a brig of a description similar to that which Mr. Waterhouse had given; and the moment the master of her stepped on the quarter-deck of the frigate, with his papers in his hand, Captain Otway, at a venture addressed him, "Mr. Pearl Darkey, how do you do—I am glad to see you,—the very man I have been looking for." Jonathan started and turned pale, on hearing his real name thus familiarly mentioned, (for it was actually Darkey himself), and Captain Otway added, by way of helping him out of his dilemma, "I am in possession of your whole history and connexion,—I know every thing about you, and am now going to send you into Port Royal for judgment." The man, in his dismay and confusion, naturally concluded that their schemes had been betrayed by some who were in the secret, and did not even attempt to defend himself under his fictitious character. The *ruse* of confidently addressing him at once as Pearl Darkey, threw him off his guard, and deprived him of every subterfuge. She was accordingly sent in and condemned a good prize to the Trent, after the fullest proof of her being loaded with the property of the enemy. In the whole of these transactions this Anti-American shark was a solitary, but very convincing evidence.

After so curious a tale, we should be worse than critical sharks were we not to take leave of Dr. M. in amity. His book is certainly a fair half-hour's amusement and *pro tanto* we recommend it; but as for "promoting the civilization of Africa, &c. &c." heaven bless our seven senses (as poor Turligood says) if we can see the least chance of it.

#### TURNER'S TRAVELS IN THE LEVANT.

We find little reason, on further acquaintance, to alter our first opinion of this work. The latter two thirds of the second volume applies to more interesting ground than what precedes; but still we have a superabundance of trivial matter, and it is with difficulty that we get to the end of 600 pages. Having done so, however, we avail ourselves of the labour to lay a few of the most striking passages before our readers. The tour embraces Rhodes, Cyprus, Barout, Mount Lebanon, Sidon, Tyre, Acre, Nazareth, the Sea of Galilee, Samaria, Jerusalem,

Jaffa, Damiatta, Cairo, Mount Sinai and Alexandria.

"At Sherif," (Lebanon), the traveller says, "We were received by the archbishop, who yesterday was not at home. He spoke Italian tolerably, having visited Rome eight years ago. He drew me by force into a theological dispute, and at the end of every sentence assured me, with inflexible severity, that I should most infallibly be damned 'if I did not immediately turn catholic, which he earnestly exhorted me to do, and even proposed that I should begin on the spot by making to him a confession of my sins."

"In Acre," he states, "I met with no molestation, except now and then some children laughing at me, and bawling out '*Frankhe cuckoo*.' On asking what this meant, I was told that some Germans, some time ago, brought watches to sell here, which repeated the hours by the figure and voice of a cuckoo, and this name is on that account given to all Franks. It is certainly much more decent than the usual Turkish expression of anger or contempt. In the fields round Acre are many snakes and vipers. A young labourer cutting corn last year, was bit by a viper, and in spite of all the assistance his friends could procure him, he died in a few hours in this *khan*: and at five or six years ago the Pasha had a son eight months old, who had been left sleeping alone in his cradle, and was found dead with an immense snake coiled upon his breast asleep, which had not bitten him, but either suffocated him with its weight, or chilled him with its cold."

Of the Jews in the Holy Land we have the following account:—

"There are fewer now than there were 130 years ago; that 74 years ago, when the Jews were driven from Spain, many came to the Levant (indeed, most of those here, and at Constantinople, still speak Spanish); but their numbers have been dreadfully thinned by the plague, of which 3000 died only last year in the Holy Land. That the only new comers now, and lately, are old men, who come to die, mostly at the age of sixty, or more, leaving their worldly affairs in the hands of relations, who send them two or three piastres a day for sustenance; and that most of these come from the Levant, from Barbary, and from Russia."

It was Easter, the period of the grand resort of pilgrims, that Mr. Turner was at Jerusalem; and his description of the ceremonies and of the bathing in the Jordan, is by far the most interesting thing in his book. We select as much of it as our limits permit.

"I issued," he says, "at twelve, to witness the most extraordinary scene I have ever beheld during the twenty-two years of

"He always ended every denunciation by, 'Mi arsal, Signore, lo son Vescovo; e il mio dovere di dirgli così.' This was the Syrian Archbishop of Jerusalem, who has lately been in England. When I called on him in London, we recognized each other immediately. On my asking him how it happened he was not in Jerusalem during the Easter of 1815, he said that the Priest I had seen there was the Syrian Bishop, but that he was the Archbishop."

my life—the holy fire, as it is called, struck by the Greek and Armenian bishops within the tomb of our Saviour, and believed by the ignorant and credulous crowd to descend annually from heaven. 'This pious fraud,' says Gibbon, chap. lviii., 'was first devised in the nineteenth century.'

"We entered the church of the Holy Sepulchre with difficulty, our janizary carrying before us a whip of several leathern thongs, which he used most liberally, though not unnecessarily, to make way for us. The church was filled with pilgrims and spectators, of whom there were not fewer than 7,000. The Aga was at the door, vainly attempting to keep order, with between forty and fifty soldiers, all using, unmercifully, whips of the description I have mentioned. (After the paying pilgrims and inhabitants of the city have entered, the procurator of the Greek and Armenian convents compound for a small sum with the Aga, for the admission of the poor pilgrims who cannot afford to pay entrance money, of whom there are this year, not less than 500. The Aga was seated under a green pavilion, which he formally puts up on the Friday, and retains till the Sunday. He remains about the Sepulchre all the day of Friday, and the whole of Saturday, day and night.) Within the church (I give that name to the collective building) were held bazaars of bread, fruit, vegetables, beads, crucifixes, &c.; and I saw many pilgrims biggling and swearing at each other for a para, within fifty feet of the tomb of Christ. The janizary made way for me by force, through the multitude, to the gallery of the Roman Catholic monks, but no care could prevent many Turkish boys and servants from crowding in with us; these are mostly children of the Cadi, Mufi, &c. of the city; and under pretence of being their attendants, numbers introduce themselves, whom the monks do not like to turn out for fear of offending the authorities. In spite, however, of the crowd that filled the gallery, I succeeded in getting a very good place, from which I was forced to drive back several Turkish soldiers, who attempted to drive me out of it; and one fellow among the rest, who had the insolence to hold up his stick at me.

"What a scene was before me! The Greek and Armenian galleries overlooking the dome were filled with female pilgrims of those nations enthusiastically looking towards the Sepulchre, and crossing themselves. Below me, the whole church, and particularly the circular apartment containing the dome, was absolutely crammed with pilgrims, men and women, hallooing, shouting, singing, and violently struggling to be near the Sepulchre, while the Turkish soldiers were driving them back with their whips. One man I saw in the contention, had his right ear literally torn off. The place immediately near the windows, whence the fire is given, was occupied by the richest pilgrims, who, for this precedence, pay to the Greeks and Turks 200 and 300 sequins. One old woman sitting on the door of the Greek church, had kept that place (a Roman Catholic monk who was shut in told me) since yesterday

morning at ten without moving, and had paid two dollars to get it. A ring was kept as well as the tumult would allow, by the crowd round the Sepulchre, round which, pilgrims (sometimes a single one, sometimes four, sometimes six, together in a circle) were carried on others' shoulders, singing religious songs in Arabic and Greek; while at other times, a party of ten or twelve ran rioting round it, knocking down every one that stood in their way, and shouting as loud as they were able. The Greek and Armenian bishops were shut up in the Sepulchre at ten o'clock with a single Turk, who is well paid to declare that he sees the fire descend miraculously, or at least to keep silence. Before they enter, the Sepulchre is publicly inspected, and all the lamps extinguished; but the Turk, I was informed, has been heard to declare that they carry a dint and steel with them. I was inclined to think that the fire was phosporic, as the priests declare that it will not burn a person; but on seeing it, I found it was common fire, and that the fable of its not burning is only believed by enthusiasts. At two o'clock the governor entered, preceded by soldiers, who were forced to use the utmost violence to make way for him, and followed by his secretaries and servants. He took his place in the Frank gallery, where a handsome divan was prepared for him, and where he was attended by the Roman Catholic procurator and his dragomans. (If the fire be much delayed, he becomes impatient, and generally gives a sign, on which it immediately appears.) At five minutes past two, there was a Greek procession round the Sepulchre; I counted thirty-seven priests, besides the bishop and monks, and nuns. The bishop was dressed in a gilt mantle, with long crape over his bonnet, and carried a crossier in his hand. Of the priests, some wore green, some yellow, and some dark-coloured robes, richly embroidered with gold; and the monks and nuns were all clothed in deep black. All wore, except, of course, the women who had long veils, the common cap of the Greek priests. They walked, singing loudly, three times round the tomb, preceded by six banners, representing the nativity, passion, and crucifixion of our Saviour. As the time approached for the kindling of the fire, the crowd became more tumultuous, and rolled in a wave towards the window, whence no efforts of the Turks, and of the happy ones who had secured a place there, exerted in curses, blows, kicks, &c. could drive them. At length, at twenty minutes past two, the fire was given from the window, and was received with a tremendous and universal shout through the whole church. On its first appearance, the torch was seized by a boy near the window, who rubbed it against his face, head, and neck, with such vehemence as to extinguish it; for which he was well beaten by those near him. Eight different times was the fire given from the window, and as every pilgrim carried candles in his hand (in bunches, some of four, some of six, some of eight, some of twelve and some a single one, according to their purse) in ten minutes the whole church was in a flame,

and in five more, nearly every candle was extinguished. But what enthusiasm! The men rubbed them against their heads and faces, their caps and handkerchiefs; and the women uncovered their breasts, directing the flame along their heads, necks, and faces, and all crossing themselves during this operation, with the utmost devotion and velocity. The candles, when a little of them is burnt, are carried home, and ever afterwards preserved as sacred. Messengers with lanterns, stand ready at the door, who immediately carry the fire to the Greek convents of Bethlehem, of the Cross (at Sallah), and of Saint Saba, near the Dead Sea. Immediately after giving out the fire, the Greek bishop, coming out of the Sepulchre, was carried by the crowd to the Greek church, immediately opposite to the door, holding in each hand torches of the fire, from which the pilgrims scramble to light their candles. After this, the Turks guard the tomb, and the pilgrims who enter for the next three days pay, the first ones from 80 to 100, and the later from 10 to 20 piastres. When the candles were extinguished, the smoke for the first ten minutes hid every thing from sight; but as the top of the dome is only an open lattice without glass, this soon cleared away. The greater part of the pilgrims then left the circular apartment in which stands the tomb, to make room for a procession of Armenian, Syrian, and Coptic priests, who walked together in the order in which I have written them.

We shall add but two other quotations. At Cairo, the author says—

"After writing all the morning I dined chez Mr. Bogos with Sheikh Ibrahim, who, in the evening, introduced me at the house of Mr. Aslin, the French Consul here; he lives in the French quarter, which was once exclusively occupied by the merchants of that nation, but latterly since the diminution of their commerce, is mostly inhabited by Armenians and other Levantines. It has a small garden in it, now going fast to ruin, and enjoys the privilege of being the only quarter in which no soldiers are permitted to lodge. Mr. Aslin is a little *raf* man, with great volubility of conversation; he has been in Egypt eight years, the whole of which time he has devoted to the study of Arabic and Persian literature, and is a great proficient in both. Last year he sent to Mr. Liston the book of Genesis translated into Abyssinian, begging him to forward it to the Prince Regent, to whom it was addressed with a letter. He tells me that his instructor has since finished the whole Bible, which he (Mr. A.) has by him. The history of his studies in Abyssinian is interesting. When he came to Cairo, he found here, in great poverty and sickness, Abram, the old Abyssinian Christian, who had taught his language to Bruce and Sir William Jones. Mr. A. immediately got him assistance, set him on his legs again, learnt some Abyssinian from him, and set him about translating the Bible. I collected from Mr. A.'s conversation that the old man had done it all or most of it himself, for he said that during the last plague he brought to his door, (within which



he was not admitted,) the last books finished. Poor Abrain died of the plague here last May, aged 83, and was unhappy to his last moment at not being able to lay his bones in Jerusalem."

At Mount Sinai, "On the other side of the rock that overhangs the Greek convent on the east, is another valley of the same width and long shape as that in which stands the convent, and shut in by another ridge of rocks opposite, equally high, in which is shown a large stone, said to be that from which Moses struck out water; and this has been rendered by the artifices of the Greek priests the most plausible theatre of a miracle, that is imputed to the neighbourhood of Sinai. The stone, of a reddish granite, is quietly buried in the ground: what is seen above it is about fifteen feet high, fifteen long, and ten broad. It has twenty-four cracks in it, (twelve on each side,) whence the water is said to have issued; these are in general an inch or an inch and a half deep, and on each side and at the top (which in that part is narrow and shelving,) is a smoothed passage about four inches wide in the narrowest, and ten in the widest part, down which they pretend the water trickled. It was so hard that it required great and continued efforts to knock a piece off it, and loud and long were the echoes round the rocks as we were hammering at it."

#### GERMAN PUBLICATIONS.

Whatever truth there may be in the complaints relative to the difficulties which are still said to oppose the extension of our commercial relations on the continent, it must be admitted that our literary intercourse with the other countries of Europe has rapidly increased since the restoration of peace. If the barter of agricultural articles and manufactures unfortunately languishes, we perceive no want of activity in the interchange of mental productions, notwithstanding that foreign books imported into this country are subject to a very heavy duty. The best works that issue from the British press quickly find their way to Leipzig, the great mart of literature for Germany; and every book of merit which appears in Germany, is to be found at Böhm's, in York Street, within a few weeks after its publication.

Among the recent importations is the first part of a work, which, though at first sight it may seem dry and unattractive, will be found on closer inspection, highly interesting. It is entitled, "Allgemeines Bibliographisches Lexicon," General Bibliographical Lexicon, by F. A. Ebert. This Lexicon gives an exact description of the form, and what may be called the material properties, of all books, old or new, which on account of their literary character, scarcity, or other circumstances, are valued and sought after, with the prices occasionally paid for them at well known auctions or public sales; the name of the sale is sometimes added; but, in ordinary cases, a medium price, calculated on an average of prices at which the book has sold, in different German sales, is given. Works easily obtained at regular prices, in

the booksellers' shops in Germany, are excluded from the Lexicon, as are all the ordinary publications of the trade in that country. The author is keeper of the Royal Library at Dresden; and, in mentioning this, we cannot help remarking as a circumstance not a little singular, that a work lately published with the view of giving an account of the principal libraries of Europe, should not even name the collection of the Saxon capital. Far from being unworthy of notice, the library of Dresden is important and extensive. It occupies thirty-four large rooms, and the plan of arrangement is excellent. Speaking from what we perceive in the small portion of M. Ebert's work, as yet before us, it appears that great numbers of scarce and valuable editions are to be found in this library; for he has marked the copies it contains by an asterisk. To shew the manner in which the work is executed, we extract the examples with which it commences, though they are certainly not the most favourable.

A. a. Pt. v. d., *Edigies u. Gallerie.*

1. Abelard, Pt. et Heloise ap. nunc pr. edita ex MSS. Codd. Fr. Ambrosii. C. ejusd. pref. apolog. et censura doctor. Paris. (cur. And. Duchesne) Par., Buon, 1516, 4to.

There are several copies of the above. The generality have on the title page the name of Fr. d'Amboise, from whom the *pref. apolog.* proceeds. Others (which have Duchesne's name) have, instead of the *pref. apolog.*, a dedication, preface, and testimonials, which are wanting in the first mentioned copy. On large paper, very scarce.

2. — *epistole, a prioris edit. errorib. purgate et c. cod. MS. collate cura Rich. Rawlinson.* Lond. 1718. 8vo. large paper, scarce.

3. — *Lettres d'Héloïse et d'Abailard, nouv. traduct. av. le texte à côté, par J. Fr. Bastien.* Par. 1782. 12mo. two vol. (6 fr.) Also in 8vo. and large paper.

A few copies on parchment (with 2 plates, 792 fr. Paris and 246 fr. McCarthy). — les mêm. en lat. et en fr. (par Armand Fr. Gervaise). Par. impr., de Didot J. 1796. large 4to. 3 vol. with 8 copper plates. (vellum paper, 90 fr.)

There are only 340 copies of the above edition, 90 of which are on very large paper, with proof copper-plates (180 fr.). They cannot, however, be termed splendid copies Gervaise's translation first. Paris, 1726, 12mo. 2 vols.

5. Abano ad Apodis, Pt. de Conciliator differentias philosophorum et principum medicorum. Mantum, Th. Septem. Catenensis et J. Bursari, 1472. large f. 364 sheets. — Together with El. tract. de ventis. ib. eod. f. 7 sheets.

The first edition is extremely scarce. Both treatises belong to one work. The edition of 1471 is spurious. Also that of Venice Gbr. de Tardis, 1476. folio, and often repeated. Among his other works are Liber compilationis phisicorum (under the name of Pt. Paulinus). Padov. Mander, 1474, 4to. *Expositio problematum Aristot.* Mant. P. I. de Pazbach, 1475, folio.

6. Abares, Pt. Los reyes de Aragon en anales historicos. Pt. I. Madrid, 1682. Pt. II. Salamanca, 1684, folio. Contains the years 612—1516.

Abrevilla vide Bernardo da Paggi.—Abbildungungen vide Kilian and Schwan.—Abbot, J. vide J. Ed. Smith.

7. Abet, Th. Vermischte Schr. Berl. and St. Nicolai, 1771.—81. 8vo. 6 vol. (3 Thalers. 8 groschen).

Part I. Von Verdienste. Part II. Fragn. 2. portug. Gesch. u. v. Tode f. Vaterl. Part III. Correspond. Parts IV—VI. Fern. Aufsätze, Br. u. Fragn. There is a 4to. edition of the part entitled Verdienste, ib. 1790. 8vo. (16 groschen).

8. — V. Verdienste. Vienna, Deegen, 1804, large 4to. and large 8vo. (Vellum paper, 24 Thl. and 12 Thl.)

9. Abconfractur u. Bildnis all. Groshering. Chur-u. Fürst, welche v. 842—1586 in Sachs. regier. hab. Dresd. Gmel Berg, 1586, 4to. with woodcuts.

On parchment, with beautiful illuminated woodcuts, Dresden.

10. Abdalme Berdavis Historia Simensis, pers. et. lat. ab And. Mullers. Arc. g. note. Nunc. c. addit. et a Quadraht. Abr. Mullers. Jen. 1689, 4to.

The fullest copies also contain:—Itineraria duo, comm. alphabetica, basilicon Sin. imp. Sin. nomenclator geogr. Some other works of Mullers are collected under the following title.—And. Mulleri opuscula orientalis. Frankfurt on the Oder, 1695, 4to.

11. Abdollatiphi historice Egypti compend. arab. et lat. partim ipse vert. part. a Pocockio versum edend. curat. et notis illustr. Jos. White. Ox., typ. Clar. 1800. 4to. XXXII. u. 321 pp. (1 pound, 4 sh.) Together with Abdollatiphi vita Auct. Ibn Abi Osaima c. eod. MSS. Bodlej. descripts. et lat. vert. J. Monseley. ib. 1808. 4to. VII. u. 78, pp. (6 sh.)

Of Pocock's edition (1691), only 96 pp. in 8vo. were printed. In 1782 White printed the Arabic text, and transferred the copies to Professor Paulus, who published them under the title of *Abdoli. compend. memorabil. Egypti.* Tub. 1789, 8vo. (2 Sh.)

The work is in large 4to. printed in a very close but distinct type. One part is to be published every three months at Leipzig. Eight parts will probably complete it; but it is certain that it will not extend beyond ten. The price of each part is 10 shillings.

Some remains of Kotzebue, consisting of Dramatic Sketches and Fragments, have lately been published\*. A life of the author has also issued from the press at Leipzig. It consists chiefly of extracts from the works in which Kotzebue has spoken of himself, and the transactions in which he was engaged. These extracts are dexterously put together; but they have been selected by no friendly hand; and, with the comments which accompany them, are calculated to produce a very unfavourable impression as to the private character of the author.

\* A translation of this has been published by Bodley and Sons; whose stores of German literary productions form another of our most extensive concerns in that line.

ciples of the deceased. "To those, however, who are interested in the literary discussions of Germany, the book will afford entertainment. It contains an account of the libel, entitled:—"Doktor Bahrdt mit der eisenen stirn," for which Kotzebue was prosecuted, but escaped, in consequence of the protection he received from the Empress Catharine of Russia.

## ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

## INSANITY.

*Parrula nam exemplo est magni formica laboris  
Orc trahit quodcumque potest atque addit acervo.  
Hor.*

The horrors that are invariably associated with the names of a Nero, and a Caligula, are not more terrible than the most afflicting details, that are to follow in a subsequent Gazette; as a very little reflection must convince us, that the number of human beings immolated under the influence of such barbarism and ignorance must have been incalculable. There is, assuredly, no man who will devote an hour to reading these accounts, who will question the utility of education which improves the heart, which expands and opens the compressed faculties of the mind, as nature unfolds the beauties of the Nymphæa alba, and the rose; and thus are a thousand charms and virtues spread around our existence, to which we should otherwise be strangers. When the representation we are about to enter on is contemplated, we are not so much overwhelmed with sorrow, from the actual nature of the malady brought before us, as from the false views of its character, which have indicated such an extent of misery and degradation on our fellow-creatures.

This leads us to consider, with peculiar delight, the labours of the Committee of the House of Commons on Madhouses; but in justice to the course pursued by these able men with so much patience, we must declare that it is necessary that they should not abandon, but continue to advance in the tract which they so vigorously entered upon, with the sole object of protecting the friendless, and the most unfortunate of the human species. There are still many within the British dominions, suffering under miseries little short of those about to be detailed. In the cure of mental derangement much remains to be done in the way of improvement in what respects diet, medical, and moral treatment. This statement is applicable to the private as well as to the public treatment of the malady in our hospitals. It will also apply to the army and the navy, the deranged in which services might be converted into distinct schools of observation and instruction; and thus the nation that supports them be rewarded by the diffusion of correct notions of a disease that has by many able and intelligent men, been hitherto considered incurable. We ought

not to be surprised at the increase of insanity when we consider that no means, generally speaking, have been adopted towards its cure. The reservoir, however large, must run over, where the subducing bears no proportion to the accumulating power. When a patient, labouring under bodily disease, suffers from its increase, he immediately sends for his physician, being fully aware of his condition, (which the excited maniac never is,) and also of the advantages of checking its progress in time, as leading to an ultimate cure. Can any just reason be assigned for not following the same line of conduct towards the diseased in mind as towards those afflicted in body? We believe none; on the contrary, the reasons are more cogent for the latter than the former, by as much as mental is an infinitely greater affliction than bodily disease. Indeed, death is a blessing compared to being the permanent victim of this malady. We are therefore of opinion, that in all recent cases of this complaint, many advantages would result from an extension of the same principles and practice, as far as practicable, in visiting the exacerbations of the insane, as is adopted in the treatment of all bodily diseases. The medical and moral treatment of the deranged, their diet, their clothing, their abodes, have been most shockingly neglected; and their feelings, as men and women, most wantonly and diabolically outraged; in short, the means that have been employed were, in every degree, calculated to destroy the most robust constitution of body, and the firmest character of mind, if subjected to their action; and when directed towards the deranged, they could not fail to overturn what remained of intellect. Do not let it be imagined that the maniac was dead to the shocking spectacles, to those cruel, abominable, and brutal degradations, whether they affected himself or others, that are about to be unfolded. The truest picture of excited madness is before the world, by the powers of the bewitching and immortal Cervantes, whose heart was elevated, undaunted, and whose genius was of the highest order. Here the faculties of the mind are justly portrayed as warped by the imagination; yet mark the extent of sensibility, the extent of observation and of mental faculty that remained. Nothing has led to so much error in the management of insanity, as the supposition that the maniac is inaccessible to the degradations to which he may be subjected. The want of steady attention on the side of the inmate to the objects of his reflection, the vivid, the entertaining, the witty, the rapid and electrical association and succession of extraordinary ideas, render the mind so addicted irrevocably; but while the maniac acts under the immediate influence of any particular idea, however erroneous the premises may be that he adopts, he is by no means unconscious of what is at that instant passing in his mind. This opinion is formed from much painful and patient observation of the phenomena of this malady.

thus called into action, and would here constitute one of the noblest sources of information.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## OXFORD, JUNE 3.

Yesterday the following degrees were conferred:—

BACHELOR AND DOCTOR IN MEDICINE.—C. Littlehales, New College, Grand Compounder.

BACHELOR IN MEDICINE.—F. Hawkins, Fellow of St. John's College.

BACHELORS IN CIVIL LAW.—Rev. B. Pain, Pembroke College; and Rev. C. F. Bampfield, Balliol College.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Rev. J. A. Parridge, Brasenose College; Rev. John Jones, Jesus College, Grand Compounders; Rev. F. C. Plumtree, Fellow of University College; Rev. C. Hodges, Queen's College; Rev. W. Hutcheson, St. Mary Hall; Rev. Joseph Hordern, Brasenose College; Rev. T. Lea, Trinity College; Hon. and Rev. F. J. Noel, Trinity College; Rev. W. Moss King, and Rev. G. H. Glyn, Students of Christ Church; Joseph Dornford, and S. Rickards, Fellows of Oriel College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—J. Marshall, and J. Digby Wingfield, Exeter College; T. H. White, and F. Aston, University College; Poyntz Stewart Ward, and E. H. Wainwright, Wadham College; John Evered, Queen's College; H. Tippetts Tucker, and S. Howe Harrison, St. John's College; Joseph Haythorne, and J. Johnston Hodson, St. Mary Hall; Marmaduke Varnour, C. Ward, W. White, and J. Marsden Wright, Brasenose College; C. Alleyne Anstey, Scholar of Trinity College; J. Williams and Hugh Bold, Christ Church; George Tierney and Henry Wilson, Oriel College; Peter Williams, Scholar of Jesus College; John Wootton, Balliol College.

## CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 2.

The following gentlemen were on Wednesday last admitted to the undermentioned degrees:—

HONORARY MASTER OF ARTS.—Hon. E. Southwell Keppel, of Caius College, son of the Earl of Albemarle.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—W. Wade Gery, of Emmanuel College; the Rev. S. Brereton, of Queen's College; and the Rev. N. Every, of Clare Hall.

BACHELOR IN CIVIL LAW.—Rev. W. H. George, of St. Peter's College.

BACHELOR IN PHYSIC.—G. Leith Russell, of Caius College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—F. J. Hilliard and W. C. Faulkner, of St. Peter's College; Jeremy Pratt, Walter Corbett, T. O. Rogers, T. Nash, and W. T. Hudson, of Trinity College; H. Norman, of Oakenhall Hall; J. Hill, of Jesus College; J. E. Everitt, of Corpus Christi College.

June 30th.—The annual prizes of fifteen guineas each, given by the Representatives in Parliament of this University, for the best dissertations in Latin prose, were on Monday last adjudged to Thomas Thorp, of Trinity College, and Edward Boteler, of Sidney College, Middle Bachelors.—Subject,—

*Is GEORGIUM TERTIUM, rei maxime, Oritur Funeris.*

\* Emulation, which is almost unknown in this branch of the Medical Profession, would be

No prize adjudged to the Senior Bachelors.

The Porson prize for the best translation of a passage from Shakspeare into Greek verse, was on Monday last adjudged to Wm. Henry Fox Talbot, scholar of Trinity College. The subject is from Macbeth, Act I. Scene the last. The dialogue between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, beginning with, "*We will proceed no further*," and ending with "*What the false heart doth know*."

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### IONIAN ISLES.

*St. Maure, March 14.*—Since the 15th of February, this island has been a prey to continual alarm, occasioned by earthquakes more or less violent. That which took place on the 21st of February was most disastrous. In the morning a dead subterraneous noise was heard, which was succeeded by a violent storm. These phenomena were followed by the shock of an earthquake so violent, that a part of the great fortress fell down, and the bridge across the channel was shattered in several places. The square situated in the centre of the town, sank sensibly; the Church of Saint Saviour was soon a heap of ruins; the walls of Saint Martin's Church were much damaged; several houses fell down, and others were so much damaged that the inhabitants were unable to shelter themselves from the heavy rain which followed the earthquake.

There is scarcely a stack of chimneys in the town standing; the aqueducts are destroyed, and the roads filled with ruins. The number of the victims of this catastrophe is not yet ascertained; there is reason to hope that it is not very considerable, the chief part of the inhabitants having quitted the town on the preceding evening. The damage, however, which this disaster has occasioned, both in the town and the surrounding country, is incalculable. It is easy to imagine the despair of the inhabitants, who have thus seen the work of whole ages destroyed in a few minutes.

*Corfu, April 19th.*—In the neighbourhood of St. Maure, a little island has recently been discovered, which is supposed to have been produced by the late earthquakes. The English sloop of war, the *Aid*, Capt. Smith, has just sailed to examine the island; if it should prove to have been thrown up by the earthquake, it is to receive the name of the *Lauderdale Rock*. The island of St. Maure is in a most deplorable condition; the soil is in a state of continual oscillation. The few houses that are not entirely thrown down, such as the barracks, are threatened with instant destruction, and their roofs have fallen in. A most violent shock took place on the 6th, in a marshy spot in the vicinity of the town; it was accompanied by a strong smell of sulphur.

## FINE ARTS.

### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[*Recollections suggested by the Exhibition of Portraits, continued.*]

158. *Queen Elizabeth.*—(*Marquis of Salisbury.*)—Painted by Zuccherro.

"Marville says of this great queen, that she passionately admired handsome persons; and he was already far advanced in her favour, who approached her with beauty and grace. She had so unconquerable an aversion for ugly and ill-made men, who had been treated unfortunately by nature, that she could not endure their presence.

"When she issued from her palace, her guards were careful to disperse from before her eyes hideous and deformed people, the lame, the hunch-backed, &c.; in a word, all those whose appearance might shock her fastidious sensations.

"There is this singular and admirable in the conduct of Elizabeth, that she made her pleasures subservient to her politics, and she maintained her affairs by what in general occasions the ruin of princes.—Her lovers were her ministers, and her ministers were her lovers."

There is an admirable tract on the fatal consequences that have arisen to princes, and the countries which they have governed, written by a Frenchman, about the period when Louis XIV. (then a youth) was called to the throne. The just and severe reflections which it contained, applied so completely to that prince's contemporary, the English Charles II. that it might well have passed for the work of his Lord Chancellor. Charles's intrigues and his worthless favorites proved a scourge to the kingdom. Elizabeth's amours conferred a benefit; and in saying this much, morality is not shocked, for good breeding and the strictest propriety were maintained at her court, altho' its romantic character furnished matter for many stories, the invention of the poet's unlicensed pen.

Waller, the poet, when advanced in life, being one day with King James II. in his closet, his majesty desired him to look at a portrait which was hanging on the wall, and give an opinion upon the performance. "My eyes are dim, Sir," said Waller, "and I do not know who it is." "It is the Princess of Orange," answered the king. "She is," said Waller, "like one of the greatest princesses of the world." "Who do you mean?" demanded the king. He answered, "Queen Elizabeth." "I wonder you should think so," said the sovereign; "but I must confess she had a wise council." "And pray sir," said Waller, "did you ever know a fool chase a wise council?"

The age of the maiden queen, was the last of chivalry; and it may be worth enquiry, whether with her departure, much of the true spirit of nobility did not depart from the country. Her successor kept no Arthur's table, and the lances of gallant knights in his reign became useless ornaments, helping to form radii to a gilt Medusa's head, on the palace chamber walls.

The queen was long past her prime when she became enshrined of the Earl of Essex;—a

\* The same nobleman has, (Number 153) a picture of the Earl of Leicester by Garrard, and others by Holbein and C. Jansen.

† Number 155, is a whole length Portrait of

nobleman, whose merit appears to have obtained for him what does not often happen to a court favorite, whatever be his deserts,—the affection of the people. "There was," said an old writer, "in this young lord, together with a goodly person, a kind of urbanity and innate courtesy, which both won the queen, and too much took up the people to gaze on the new adopted son of her favour."

Her majesty was censured, however, for her too great indulgence to him; he was also indiscreet. "He drew in (of her favour)," says the same author, "too fast, like a child sucking on an over-uberous nurse;" and had there been a more decent decorum observed in both, or either, without doubt the unity of their affections had been more permanent, and not so in and out as they were, like an instrument well tuned, and lapsing to discord.

It was admitted, even by those who loved and honoured this favourite, that he was too bold an engrosser both of fame and favor. The queen was not blind to his ambition, and for all her passion for his graceful person, was not displeased to see him brought to his senses by the indignation of others, who had nobly resented his arrogance.

Sir Charles Blount at length appeared, a rival to the Earl. This elegant youth had the good fortune to distinguish himself at a tilting match, in the presence of the Queen. She had recently seen him by accident, and honoured him with her notice. His address with the lance pleased her majesty; and as a reward she sent him a trinket, "A Queen at chess, in gold, richly enameled," he token of this instance of her royal favor, he gallantly fastened it to his arm, with a crimson ribbon, and wore it about the court. So marked a compliment naturally excited the envy of Essex, who next day approached the new favourite, and under cover of his cloak, examined the queen's gift. "Who is this stranger?" said the Earl. He was informed by Sir Fulke Greville. Lord Essex observed, "Now I perceive every fool must have a favor."

He that has lived within the vortex of a court will not be surprised to find that some chattering spirit whispered this affronting sarcasm in the ear of Sir Charles Blount. He sent Lord Essex a challenge—they met in Mary-le-bone Park—fought with swords—his lordship received a wound on the thigh and was disarmed. The queen missing her gallants, "was very curious to know the truth." When the rencontre was described, she swore "by God's death, it was fit that some one or other should take him down, otherwise there would be no rule with him."

The favourite, also by Zuccherro, and belongs to the Duke of Bedford. He is very tall, and in a strange white dress, resembling one of Aslet's Voltigeurs or Horsemen. Indeed, the costume of the whole of this collection is a subject for observation and study, and suggests many serious reflections. On the side of the room to which our present remarks refer, Elizabeth is surrounded by many of the most distinguished men of her court, the Earl of Edingham, Bacon, Drake, &c. Let fancy animate these pieces of canvas, and what a dream the spectator enjoys!

The queen commanded that they should henceforth be friends. The queen paid off any slight or presumption towards her princely dignity, by exciting such feelings of rivalry among those whom she had particularly distinguished by her favor.

The first notice she took of Sir Charles, was when her majesty sat dining in public at Whitehall. He was a young templar, then about twenty years of age, "brown haired, of a sweet face, and of a most neat composure, tall in his person." The queen demanded of her currier his name, and from whence he came; the enquiry went about, when it was discovered that he was the brother of Lord William Mounjoy. "This enquiry, with the eye of her majesty fixed upon him, as she was wont to do, and to flatter him, she knew not, stirred the blood of the young gentleman in such that his colour went and came," which the Queen observing, called unto him, and gave him her hand to kiss, encouraging him with gracious words and "new looks;" and so diverting her speech to the ladies and ladies attending, she said, "that she no sooner observed him, but she knew there was in him some noble blood." The queen then completely subdued the blushing boy, by uttering loud enough for him to hear, her "tender sympathies for the misfortunes of his house;" and then again demanding his name, she said, "fail you not to come to court, and I will bethink myself how to do you good."

Sir Philip Sidney, that renowned knight, she used to call "her Philip," in contradiction to the Philip of Spain, her sister's husband.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

## SONNET.

"Chiare, fresche e dolci acque."

Whilst that I wander in the pleasant fields,  
Where lingers Spring enamour'd of thy green,  
A secret charm each lovely object yields,  
Till Even throws her dasky veil between.  
And when at length the silent shades prevail,  
And Night in sable clouds adown descends,  
The modest Moon emits a lustre pale,  
And to the meads her virgins beauty lends.  
Then softer scenes and chaster thoughts arise,  
As o'er the varied landscape stretching wide,  
The timid zephyr steals with sweet surprise,  
And gently breathes upon the rippling tide—  
Whose murmurs, softly pleasing to the ear,  
Invite me to repose its green banks near.

J. H.

## SONG.

There is not in the whole town a kennel so clean  
As the gutter whose waters in Algate are seen;  
Oh! the lust cup of tea-leaves shall garnish the  
street,

Ere I cease to remember that kennel so sweet!

Yet it is not that cabbage-stalks floating so green,  
With rolling potatoes, like dip-chicks to green;  
'Tis not its soft ripple, or gurgling thrill,  
Ah no! it is something more exquisite still!

\* By sailors called 'Mother Carey's Chickens.'

'Tis the butchers' dogs, basking themselves in  
the sun,  
Or lolling about in the gutter for fun;  
'Tis the fish-heads and oyster-shells, smelling so  
rare,  
And reflecting the sun-beams so glowingly there!  
Sweet fountain of Algate! in thy bright chrysalis  
waves,  
How delighted each morning my trotters I lave!  
Oh! I swear by my shovel, if e'er thou run'st  
dry,  
Like a broken down brewer, in thy pump-trough  
I'll lie!

SCAVENGERIAUS.

## SONNET.

Written on the Tower, Plymouth, June 24, 1820.

Speak not of Italy! she cannot show  
A brighter scene than this: a richer glow  
Becks not the azure of her evening sky  
With rarer tints than those we gaze on here;  
Her zephyrs cannot wing a sweeter sigh  
Than we inhale. Oh, favor'd England! dear  
Art thou to all thy sons; but dearest still  
To me: for I have never wandered forth  
To seek a better home; and yet, each thrill  
Of fond affection, honour, virtue, worth—  
I've found! Old Ocean girds thee round; his tide  
Swells proudly to embrace thy rocky strand,  
And play upon thy shores. Thou art his pride,  
And I exulting boast—Thou art "my native  
land."

J. L. STEVENS.

## EUROPA.

A Painting on Ivory, by Miss L. Sherpe.

Her golden ringlets float around her form,  
In bright but wild profusion; some repose  
In radiant clusters on her stainless breast,  
Like the rich beams of summer's noonday sun,  
On rocks of alabaster; others stream  
(Penonns of beauty to a bark of love)  
Loose to the ocean breeze. Her fair blue eyes,  
Lit with intenser and more passionate thought  
Than would besem the wonted air of peace  
That characters her countenance, dart forth  
Glances of wilderment—it may be fear—  
On the wild waves behind her, and she clings  
Closer and closer to the stately neck  
Of that imperial spurner of the spray—  
That lord of lowing herds, the milk-white bull.

With unremitting speed the rodlike brute,  
Rejoicing in his glorious freight, moves on—  
What are the waves to him? they may not stay  
His ardent course;—the warring winds may  
howl

With fitful violence round the vessel's prow,  
And turn it from its track;—the whirlpool's  
depths

May draw it down to never-ending night;  
But all their powers conjoint may ne'er prevail  
O'er this living, beauty-crested bark,  
Which proudly dashes on—and on—and on—  
(From fair Phœnicia, piloted by Love.)

To where the towers of Crete lift up their heads  
Above the dark blue sea. With what a front,  
A stern unyielding front—he stems the wave,  
And strains each lusty nerve to gain the strand,  
Now swelling on his sight!

Rightly we count.

The boy-god's power omnipotent, since he  
(And sure those witching fables that would prove  
His force on human hearts, we half deem true)  
Could thus step in an immortal's breast  
His deep-pervading passion; and incite  
Even the Almighty Jove to cede his form—  
His own majestic seeming, and imbute  
His mighty spirit in a coil like this,

All for an earthly maiden. Love! oh Love!  
Thou art the essence of the universe—  
Soul of the visible world—and canst create  
Hope, joy, pain, passion, madness, or despair,  
As sueth thy high will! To some thou bringest  
A balm, a lenitive for every wound  
The unkind world inflicts on them; to others,  
Thy breath but breathes destruction, and thy  
smile

Scatters like the lightning;—now a star of peace  
Heralding sweet evening to our stormy day,  
And now a meteor, with far scattering fire,  
Shedding red ruin on our flowers of life!  
In all, (whether arrayed in hues of deep repose,  
Or armed with burning vengeance to consume,  
Our yielding hearts) alike omnipotent!  
June, 1819. C. R. S.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## MODERN LATIN TOWN.

M. Olmo, a curate of the Upper-Garonne, has favored the plan of founding a town, in which no one is to be permitted to speak any language except that of Cicero, Virgil, and Horace. This ecclesiastical Romulus invites all the friends of classic literature to assist him in carrying his plan into execution; but he has apparently forgotten that the rigorous condition he imposes on his learned colonists may give rise to some difficulty with respect to the admission of ladies, and that, *Pour être savant on n'en est pas moins homme.*

He should have recollected, that the philosophers of the present day have, in general, a tolerable relish for gastronomy, and that their cooks must be excellent Latin scholars to understand the minute directions they may receive for preparing a dinner.

Our readers will probably be inclined to regard the above as a joke. However, the *Journal de Toulouse* treats the matter seriously, as will be seen from the following paragraph:—

"We understand that there is at present forming in this department a society of the friends of the Latin muse, who propose to raise a subscription through France, and the rest of Europe, for the establishment of a Latin town. This ingenious idea of Maupertuis was developed in a Latin work, which appeared in 1816, and from which the *Hermes Romanus*, as well as the *Almanach des Muses Latines*, gave extracts. The society includes amongst its correspondents several of the first Latinists in France; and a prospectus, which is about to appear, will explain to the learned world the progressive and well-conceived plan proposed."

Should we hear any more of this lunatic project, the account of which we take from a French Journal, we will lay it before our readers.

## THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—A debutante has essayed the town, in the character of Portia, in the Merchant of Venice, with considerable applause. Her figure is good, and her face very finely theatrical. Portia is not a part which affords room for the display of great or of varied attainments: declamation is the essential qualification required; and a little playfulness being added, there is no fear of

failure. When we say therefore that this lady declined with ability, and was sufficiently arch, we say that she succeeded in her enterprise. Future opportunities must however be given for forming a judgment, before we can place her in the foremost ranks of dramatic dignity, which we observe has already been very generously done by several periodical critics.

### VARIETIES.

A whimsical petition has been presented to both houses of parliament by the author of a work directed to trace the topography of *Ossian's* poems (of which see Review in Lit. Gaz. No. 87), and who seems to think he has a claim upon the Highland Society for his labours in this great national design! The Highland Society deny responsibility, and the author asks the interference of the senate, to settle the matter between them. If counsel are heard at the bar, it is hoped, to complete the joke, that their pleadings shall be in Erse. That, if it does not convince, will puzzle, which is generally one of the chief objects of lawyers.

The following anecdote serves to shew the *high wisdom* of the emperor of Morocco.

A Jew had ordered a French merchant to furnish him with a considerable quantity of black beaver hats, green shawls, and red silk stockings. When the articles were ready for delivery the Jew refused to receive them. Being brought before the Emperor, who, as it is well known, administers justice himself, he denied having given the order, and maintained that he did not even know the French merchant. "Have you any witnesses?" said the Emperor to the Frenchman. "No." "So much the worse for you; you should have taken care to have had witnesses—you may retire." The poor merchant, completely ruined, returned home in despair. He was, however, soon alarmed by a noise in the street; he ran to see what it was. A numerous multitude were following one of the Emperor's officers, who was making the following proclamation at all the cross-roads:—"Every Jew, who within four and twenty hours after this proclamation, shall be found in the streets without a black beaver hat on his head, a green shawl round his neck, and red silk stockings on his legs, shall be immediately seized, and conveyed to the first court of our palace, to be there flogged to death." The children of Israel all thronged to the French merchant, and beforeveering the articles were purchased at any price he chose to demand for them. After this, who will presume to question the sovereign equity of the monarchs of Morocco.

The following is another trait of justice. When General Pichegru entered Maestricht, he experienced some difficulty in obtaining quarters for his troops. A merchant, who considered himself very patriotic, called on him and gave him a list of *Orangists*, who had soldiers quartered on them, though not in sufficient numbers, in the opinion of this demagogue, who wished that the aristocrats should

have their houses filled with troops, from the cellar to the garret. "I am obliged to you for this information," said Pichegru; "and have they sent you any soldiers, citizen?" "Yes, General." "How many?" "Four." "That will do." The merchant had no sooner returned home, than forty more soldiers arrived, and took possession of his house. He hastened back to the general to inform him that some mistake had taken place. "Oh no," said Pichegru, "I only removed my men from those vile *Orangists*, who I knew would ill treat them, to place them in the house of a patriot like you, where I am sure they will be received hospitably."

*The House of Peers.*—Of the House of Peers, discharging at present such important functions, the following view is given by a work called *The Peerage Chart*. The whole number of Peers is 371, viz. 6 of the blood royal, 291 lay Peers, 26 Ecclesiastical Peers, (all English,) 16 Representative Peers of Scotland, 28 of Ireland, and 4 Bishops of the same country. Among these are 11 minors, and 6 Roman Catholics; and 3 of the Irish 28 having been created Peers of the United Kingdom since their election, 20 must be deducted from 371, leaving a clear house of 351 members. There are 54 bachelors, 41 widowers, 237 married. Of the 278 of the two latter classes, 60 are childless; the remaining 218 have a progeny of 1068. The Earl of Lindsay, aged 5, is the youngest peer; and the Marquis of Drogheda, aged 90, the eldest. Lord Colchester is the most recent creation. Lord Lansdowne, as a representative of the Barons of Kerry, ennobled in 1181, the most ancient.

*Smoke*.—Mr. M. A. Taylor has presented to the House of Commons the report of the committee, on the invention *enabling* steam engines, furnaces, &c. to consume their own smoke. It is favourable, and notice is given of a bill next session to enforce the adoption of this scheme. We are not very partial to the superabundance of legislation which is now introduced upon every subject. If the plan be useful it will recommend itself—if it is to remove nuisances, nuisances are already removable by the common law of the land: and in these wholesale acts of Parliament we too frequently find very oppressive clauses, as in the same gentleman's Street Bill, which was a tyrannical measure, and gave rise to much dissension, ill-will, and litigation. It will be worth inquiry, too, whether the inconvenient smoke of our sea-coal fires is not an important contributor to the health of the metropolis, as has been held by very high chemical authorities.

*Anecdote.*—The aged and respectable Bishop of D—n has been for some time indisposed, and the following anecdote is related on the occasion. Among the daily enquirers respecting his Lordship's health, no one was more sedulously punctual than the Bishop of E—r; and the invalid seemed to fancy that other motives besides anxious kindness might contribute to this solicitude. One morning he ordered the messenger to be shewn into his room, and thus addressed him:—"Be so good as present my compli-

ments to my Lord Bishop, and tell him that I am better, much better; but that the Bishop of W—r has got a sore throat, and a bad cold, if that will do."

*Method of keeping Cheese.*—We are reminded of another episcopal anecdote, by this, which may not be too stale for our light reading. The late Archbishop of D—n, Lord N—n, who was very penurious in his habits, went one evening, muffled in a cloak, to Moore's, a cheesemonger, and bought a cheese. After completing his purchase, he asked the seller which was the best way to keep it. Moore, who had smacked his Lordship under his masquerade, replied, with true Irish naiveté, "Why, Sir, I don't know how to keep cheeses; any business is to sell them; but if you follow the Archbishop's plan, you will find it answer to admiration." "What plan is that, my friend?" "Faith, by my conscience, neither cut it yourself, nor let any body else cut it!"

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JUNE, 1820.

Thursday, 29.—Thermometer from 54 to 76. Barometer from 30.55 to 30.2. Wind F. S. E. 1. and ½.—The middle of the day clear, morning and evening cloudy. Several flashes of lightning and distant claps of thunder from 8 to 9 o'clock P. M.

Friday, 30.—Thermometer from 52 to 66. Barometer, from 30.15 to 30.22.

Wind E. N. E. 2.—Generally cloudy; a little sunshine at times. Distant claps of thunder in the forenoon.

Rain fallen, .05 of an inch.

JULY.

Saturday, 1.—Thermometer from 46 to 62. Barometer from 30.34 to 30.40.

Wind N. E. 2 and ½.—Clouds passing, with sunshine. In the evening it became clear.

Sunday, 2.—Thermometer from 38 to 66. Barometer from 30.33 to 30.36.

Wind S. W. and N. W. ½.—Generally cloudy with heavy rain in the evening. The sun shone for about an hour, at rising and setting.

Monday, 3.—Thermometer from 45 to 64. Barometer from 30.12 to 30.67.

Wind W. ½ and N. W. 1.—Generally cloudy, with showers of rain; and a little sunshine at times.

Rain fallen, .075 of an inch.

Tuesday, 4.—Thermometer from 48 to 62. Barometer from 30.10 to 30.17.

Wind N. E. 1.—Generally cloudy.

Rain fallen, .125 of an inch.

Wednesday, 5.—Thermometer from 46 to 58. Barometer from 30.26 to 30.28.

Wind N. E. ½.—Generally cloudy.

Lat. 51. 57. 39. N.

Lon. 3. 51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHRELTENHAM WATERS. Dr. Newell, and a pamphlet by W. H. Alpin, sent to us from Cheltenham, on the subject of Dr. Noe's publication (with our review) on the qualities of the Cheltenham Waters, shall have immediate consideration and public notice. The inquiry is of deep interest to the thousands who resort to these springs.

Erratum.—4th line of *Tasso*, p. 421, col. 3, insert the word *rumor* before *embellish*.

# Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

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# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

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SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1820.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

### *The Rev. George Croly's New Poems.*

#### "THE ANGEL OF THE WORLD."

As the volume whence the following extracts are taken, will not be before the public (as we learn) for a week or ten days, we shall confine our present view of it to the first poem, entitled as above. Of the poetical powers of the author of Paris, and the Elegy on the Death of the Princess Charlotte, it is hardly necessary that we should speak: that the former is one of the most sublime, and the latter one of the most deeply pathetic poems of its kind in the English language, is our unqualified opinion. But while we confess the great genius of the bard, we must acknowledge that, in some things he affords materials for opposite criticism. We think, that he despises as niceties, some of the ornaments of verse; and while he sweeps along with the pomp and majesty of a magnificent river, regards, perhaps too little, the sweet attractive graces of the rill or cascade. Grandeur of conception, and splendour of imagery, are certainly the distinctions of his longer productions; yet, in slight pieces from his pen, we have the finest specimens of the natural and tasteful. At this time, however, our business is with a work of the former class; and we presume to think, that the following quotations will fully justify the high admiration of Mr. Croly's talents which we have ventured to express. Amid the most brilliant glow, the true poetic thought ever and anon sparkles, with a still brighter effulgency.

THE ANGEL OF THE WORLD, is an Arabian tale, founded on the story of Haruth and Maruth, the angels, who, boasting of their superiority to temptation, were sent to try their virtue in the world. A spirit was employed to tempt them; and after failing in many ways, induced them to drink wine; after which they were accessible to all irregularities, and disclosed the words that make inferior creatures angelic. They were sentenced on the spot, and undone for ever: the story was told by Mahomet, as a peculiar warning against wine. Some alterations have been made, as more suitable to the

VOL. IV.

conduct of a poem,—there is but one angel, and at each advance of the temptation, he receives a warning by some phenomenon of earth or air. His chief seduction is preeminent beauty. The severity of his sentence is remitted, and he is not left without return.

The poem opens with a view of Damascus, where the angel of the world has his throne. Its glory and superstitious traditions are nobly described:—

East of the city stands a lofty mount,  
Its brow with lightning delved and rent in  
sunder;  
And thro' the fragments rolls a little fount,  
Whose channel bears the blast of fire and  
thunder;  
And there has many a pilgrim come to wonder;  
For there are flowers unnumbered blossoming,  
With but the bare and calcined marble under;  
Yet in all Asia no such colours spring,  
No such perfumes as in that mountain's rocky  
ring.

And some, who prayed the night out on the  
hill,  
Have said they heard,—unless it was their  
dream,

Or the mere murmur of the babbling rill;  
Just as the morn-star shot its first slant beam,  
A sound of music, such as they might deem  
The song of spirits—that would sometimes  
sail

Close to their ear, a deep, delicious stream,  
Then sweep away, and die with a low wail;  
Then come again, and thus, till LUCIFER was  
pale.

And some, but bolder still, had dared to turn  
That soil of mystery for hidden gold;  
But saw strange, stifling blazes round them  
burn,

And died.—by few that venturous tale was  
told.

And wealth was found; yet, as the pilgrims  
hold,

Thro' it was glorious on the mountain's brow;  
Brought to the plain it crumbled into mould,  
The diamonds melted in the hand like snow,  
So none molest that spot for gems or ingots  
now.

Previously the Angel of the World sat  
here for judgement, and to him came the  
temptress, to wreck his glory and retard  
his appointed flight to heaven. How deli-  
ghtful is the sunset scene, contrasted  
with the gorgeous attributes of the angel  
abode.

The sun was slowly sinking to the West,  
Pavilioned with a thousand glorious dyes;  
The turtle-doves were winging to the nest;  
Along the mountain's soft declivities,  
The fresher breath of flowers began to rise,  
Like incense, to that sweet departing sun;  
Low sank the city's hum, the shepherd's cry:  
A moment, and the lingering disk was gone;  
A moment, and the impatient Angel's task was  
done.

Of! had he gazed upon that lovely vale,  
But never gazed with gladness such as now;  
When on Damascus' roofs and towers pale  
He saw the solemn sun-light's fainter glow,  
He heard the insana's sacred voices below  
Swell like a silver trumpet on the air,  
The vintager's sweet song, the camel's low,  
As home they stalk'd from pasture, pair by  
pair,

Flinging long giant shadows in the sunset glare.  
He raised his sceptre, and a rush of plumes  
Shook the thick dew-drops from the rose's  
dyes;  
And, as embodying of their waked perfumes,  
A sudden crowd of forms, with lightning eyes,  
And flower-crown'd hair, and cheeks of Para-  
dise,  
Circled the bower of beauty on the wing,  
And the rich air was filled with symphonies  
Of seeming flute, and horn, and golden string,  
That slowly rose, and o'er the Mount hung ho-  
vering.

The dervish pilgrim prefers a prayer,  
and is heard: she then throws off her dis-  
guise.

The weeper rais'd the veil; a ruby lip  
First dawn'd: then glow'd the young cheek's  
sleeper hue.

Yet delicate as roses when they dip  
Their buds half opening in the morning dew,  
Then beamed the eyes, twin stars of living  
blue;

Half shaded by the curls of glossy hair,  
That turned to golden as the light wind threw  
Their clusters in the western golden glare,  
Yet was her blue eye dim, for tears were stand-  
ing there.

He look'd upon her, and her hurried gaze  
Was at his look dropp'd instant on the ground;  
But o'er her cheek of beauty rush'd a blaze,  
Her bosom heav'd above its silted bound,  
As if the soul had felt some sudden wound,  
He looked again; the cheek was deadly pale;  
The bosom sank with one long sigh profound;  
Yet still one lip hand upheld her veil,  
And one still press'd her heart—that sigh told  
all its tale.

The Angel becomes the slave of earthly  
charms; and the following admirable apos-  
trophe to beauty follows:—

Beauty, what art thou that thy slightest gaze  
Can make the spirit from its centre roll,  
Its whole long course, a sad and shadowy  
maze;

Thou might'st or thou not'st of the soul;  
One glorious vision lighting up the whole  
Of the wide world; or one deep, wild desire,  
By day and night consuming, sad and sole;  
Till Hope, Pride, Genius, nay, till Love's own  
fire

Desert the weary heart, a cold and mouldering  
pyre.

Enchanted sleep, yet full of deadly dreams;  
Companionship divine, stern solitude;  
Thou Serpent, colored with the brightest  
gleams,  
That e'er hid poison, making hearts by food



Woe to the heart that lets thee once intrude,  
Victim of visions that from life's purpose steal,  
Till the whole struggling nature has subdued,  
Bleeding with wounds the grave alone must  
    heal;  
Bright Spirit 'twas it thine that mortal woe to  
    felt?

The enthralment proceeds, and the do-  
minion of loveliness extends:—

The night-breeze from its mountains had  
begun,  
And as it wisened among the clouds of even,  
That slept aloft the horizon, where the Sun  
Still blaz'd below the fiery verge of Heaven,  
Their volumes in ten thousand shapes were  
    driven,  
Like flaming mountains, mighty palace halls,  
Whose lights, from gold and emerald lamps  
were given;  
Then chang'd to citadels and battled walls,  
Then sank to valleys sweet with silver waterfalls.

How splendid is this picture of the clouds  
of an eastern sky! The landscape is worthy  
of this heaven.

But loveliest of the vision was the vale  
That from the mountain slop'd—the vale of  
    bowers,  
Inlay of all rich hues,—the tamarisk pale  
Dyed with geranium, and the Indian flowers  
Of the spiced clove, and jessamine's white  
    showers  
Like shiver'd silver, and the gorgeous rose,  
And, in the midst, Damascus' ivory towers,  
Bathed in the purple beauty of repose,  
All but the central mosque that in red splendour  
    glows.

He saw the vale reclining in the shade  
Of its bold mountains, like a smiling child  
In its mail'd father's bosom; crag and glade  
Festoon'd with myrtles to their summits wild,  
And villages, and domes of marble pill'd  
On rocks still towering thro' the tender mist,  
That, ting'd with eve, now veil'd that valley  
    mid.

And, as the rising star their foreheads kiss,  
Were lustrous pearl, sweet sapphire, weeping  
    amethyst.

One of the natural warning phenomena,  
is a tempest, thus described—

Was it a dream? the vale was wild and bare,  
And o'er it brooded dark a sulphurous cloud:  
The soil grew red and rifted with its glare;  
Down to their roots the mountain cedars  
    bowed;

Along the ground a rapid vapour flow'd,  
Yellow and pale, thick scann'd with streaks of  
    flame.

Before it sprang the vulture from the shroud;  
The lion bounded from its scared and tame;  
Behind it, darkening Heaven, the mighty whirl-  
    wind came.

Like a long tulip bed, across the plain;  
A caravan, approached the ereving well,  
A long, deep mass of turban, plume, and vane;  
And loveliness came its distant, solemn swell  
Of song, and pilgrim-horn, and camel-bell,  
The sandy ocean rose before their eye,  
In thunder on their bending host it fell,  
Ten thousand lips aet up one fearful cry;  
The sound was still'd at once, beneath the wave  
    they lie.

The impassioned is prevailed upon to  
drink wine, and the whole result is thus  
magically told—

Th' Enchantress smiled, as still in some sweet  
dream,  
Then waken'd in a long, delicious sigh,  
And on the bending Spirit fixed the beam  
Of her deep, dervy melancholy eye.  
The undone Angel gave no more reply  
Than bidding his pale forehead in the hair  
That floated on her neck of ivory.  
And breathless pressing with her ringlets fair,  
From his bright eyes the tears of passion and  
    despair.

The storm of light is on the clouds receding,  
The purple streamers wander pale and thin,  
But o'er the pole an amber flame is spreading,  
In shooting, starry points, and far within  
Revolves a stooping splendour crystalline.  
It opens, but who sits upon that throne?  
The Angel knew the punisher of sin.  
Checked on his lip the self-upbraiding groan,  
Strain'd with wild arms his love, and joy'd to be  
    undone.

And once, 'twas but a moment, on her cheek  
He gave a glance, then sank his hurried eye,  
And pressed it closer on her dazling neck,  
But even in that swift gaze he could espy  
A look that made his heart's blood backward  
    fly.

Was it a dream? there echoed in his ear  
A stinging tone—a laugh of mockery!  
It was a dream—it must be. Oh! that fear,  
When the heart longs to know, what it is death  
    to hear.

He glanced again—her eye was upward still,  
Fix'd on the stooping of that burning car;  
But thro' his bosom shot an arrowy thrill,  
To see its solemn stern, unearthy glare;  
She stood a statue of sublime despair,  
But on her lip sat scorn.—His spirit froze,  
His footstep reel'd,—his wan lip stoop'd for  
    air;

She felt his throb,—and o'er him stoop'd with  
    brows  
As evening sweet, and kiss'd him with a lip of  
    rose.

Again she was all beauty, and they stood  
Still fonder clasp'd, and gazing with the eye  
Of famine gazing on the poison'd food  
That it must feed on, or abstaining die.  
There was between them now, nor tear nor  
    sigh;

Theirs was the deep communion of the soul;  
Passion's absorbing, bitter luxury;  
What was to them of Heaven or Earth, the  
    whole

Was in that fatal spot, where they stood sad,  
    and sole.

Th' Enchantress first shook off the silent  
trance;

And in a voice sweet as the murmuring  
Of summer streams beneath the moonlight's  
    glance,

Brought the desperate one to spread the wing  
Beyond the power of his vindictive King.  
Slave to her slightest word, he rais'd his  
    plume,

A purple cloud, and stood in act of spring  
Thro' that fierce upward sea of storm and  
    gloom,

She wildly kiss'd his hand, and sank, as in a  
    tomb.

The Angel cheer'd her, "No! let Justice  
    wreak

Its wrath upon them both, or him alone."  
A flush of love's pure crimson lit her cheek;  
She whisper'd, and his stoop'd ear catch'd the  
    tone

With mad delight; "Oh there is one way,  
    one,  
To save us both. Are there not mighty words  
Graved on the magnet-throne where Solomon  
Sits ever guarded by the Genii words;  
To give thy errant wings like her resplendent  
    Lord's?"

This was the sin of Sins! The first, last crime,  
In Earth and Heaven, unnamed, unnameable;  
This from his gorgeous throne, before all

Had smitten Eblis, brightest, first that fell;  
He started back.—"What! what urged him to quit?  
What led that soft seducer to his bow?  
Could she have laid upon his soul that spell,  
Young, lovely, fond; yet but an earthly  
    flower?"

But for that fatal cup, he had been free that  
    hour,

But still its draught was fever in his blood.  
He caught the upward, humble, weeping  
    glimp  
Of woman's eye, by passion all subdued.  
He sigh'd, and at his sigh he saw it beam:  
Oh! the sweet frenzy of the lover's dream!  
A moment's lagging, and they both must  
    die.

The lightning round them about a broader  
    stream,

He felt her clasp his knees in agony;  
He spoke the words of might,—the thunder gave  
    reply!

Away! away! the sky is one black cloud;  
Shooting the lightnings down in spire on spire.  
Now, round the Mount its canopy is bow'd,  
A vault of stone on columns of red fire.  
The stars like lamps along its orb expire;  
But thro' its centre bursts an orb of rays;  
The Angel knew the Avenger in his ire!  
The hill-top smoked beneath the stooping  
    blaze,

The culprits dared not there their guilty cy-  
    balls raise.

And words were utter'd from that whirling  
    sphere,

That mortal sense might never hear and live.  
They pierced like arrows thro' the Angel's ear;  
He bowed his head: 'twas vain to fly or strive.  
Down comes the final wrath: the thunders  
    give

The doubled peal,—the rains in catarrhs  
    sweep,

Broad fiery bars the sheeted deluge rear;  
The Mountain summits to the valley leap.

Pavilion, garden, grove, smoke up one ruin'd  
    heap.

The storm stands still! a moment's pause of  
    terror!

All dungeon dark!—Again the lightning's  
    yawn,

Shewing the Earth as in a quivering mirror.  
The prostrate Angel felt but that the one  
Whose love had lost him Paradise, was gone.  
He dared not see her corpse!—he closed his  
    eyes;

A voice burst o'er him solemn as the tone  
Of the last trumpet—he glanced upon the sky,  
He saw what shook his soul with terror, shame,  
    surprise.

Th' Enchantress stood before him; two broad  
    plumes

Spread from her shoulders on the burden'd  
    air;

Her face was glorious still, but love's young  
    blooms

Had vanished for the hue of bold despair;  
A fiery circle crown'd her sable hair,

And as she looked upon her prostrate prize,  
Her eyeballs shot around a meteor glare,  
Her form tower'd up at once to giant size,  
'Twas Ebla, king of Hell's relentless sovereigns-  
gides.

The tempter spoke—"Spirit, thou might'st  
have stood,  
But thou hast fallen a weak and willing slave.  
Now were thy feeble heart our serpent's food,  
Thy bent our burning Ocean's sleepless wave;  
But haughty Heaven controuls the power it  
gave.  
Yet art thou doom'd to wander from thy  
sphere,  
Till the last trumpet reaches to the grave;  
Till the Sun rolls the grand concluding year;  
Till Earth is Paradise; then shall thy crime be  
clear."

The Angel listen'd,—risen upon one knee,  
Resolved to bear the deadliest undimay'd,  
His gold star'd plume hung round him droop-  
ingly,  
His brow, like marble, on his hand was staid,  
Still thro' the auburn locks, o'erhanging shade  
His face shone beautiful; he heard his ban.  
Then came the words of mercy, sternly said;  
He plunged within his hands his visage wan;  
And the first wild, sweet tears from his heart-  
pulses ran.

The Giant grasp'd him as he fell to Earth,  
And his black vases upon the air were flung,  
A tabernacle dark;—and shouts of mirth  
Mingled with shriekings thro' the tempest  
swung;  
His arm around the fainting Angel clung.  
Then on the clouds he darted with a groan;  
A moment o'er the Mount of ruin hung,  
Then burst thro' space like the red comet's  
cone,  
Leaving his track on heaven, a burning, end-  
less zone.

If these verses speak not for themselves,  
we cannot speak for them. There are rhymes  
which may be found fault with—but the soul  
of poetry is so forcibly felt, that we cannot  
stoop to words.

The other principal poem, Sebastian, is  
a Spanish tale of convents and cavaliers,  
of gallant adventure and romantic love,  
laid in the war of the succession, and  
containing some descriptions of the  
scenery of the east coast of Spain. The  
poem is in the irregular Italian metre,  
and about the same length as the Angel  
of the World. This, with the miscella-  
neous poetry which concludes the vol-  
ume, we purpose noticing in our next.

*Journals of Two Expeditions into the In-  
terior of New South Wales; under-  
taken by order of the British Govern-  
ment, in the Years 1817-18.* By John  
Oxley, Surveyor General of the Ter-  
ritory, and Lieutenant R. N. Lon-  
don, 1820. 4to. pp. 408.

As a Government Report, the matter  
contained in this volume, and as a sur-  
veyor, the author's exertions to perform  
the duty allotted to him, are worthy of  
much praise; but as a book for general  
information, or interesting narrative of

travelling adventures, it certainly does  
not appear to us to be worthy of pub-  
lication in so large and so extensive a  
form. The entire substance of these  
expeditions might reasonably have been  
comprized in a small octavo; and the  
maps and charts, on a fair scale, might  
have been so executed as to render the  
whole a moderate, instead of an extra-  
vagant work. A journey of four or five  
hundred miles into the wilds and mo-  
rasses of New South Wales, could hardly  
be productive of events to fill a 50s. tome;  
and, in point of fact, we would under-  
take to state all its material results in  
50 pages. We shall have therefore the  
less trouble in presenting a very full  
analysis of it in small compass to our  
readers; and we are sorry, that with all  
our research, and with the review of  
Wentworth's Statistical Description of  
New South Wales to boot, (for which see  
pages 641 and 647 of the *Literary  
Gazette* for 1819), we shall be able to  
give only a very imperfect idea of this  
part of the world.

The first expedition went down the Lach-  
lan river, through a miserable barren coun-  
try, till the stream was lost in swamps:  
the party then crossed the country about 150  
miles to the Macquarie river, up which they  
returned to Bathurst, after an absence of  
19 weeks. The expedition of 1818, on the  
contrary, proceeded down the Macquarie till  
that river, (supposed by Mr. Wentworth to be  
2000 miles long, and to disembody itself on  
the Western coast;) was also swallowed up in  
a marshy plain, which Mr. Oxley presumes to  
be the border of an inland sea; and thence  
the explorers directed their course due east,  
and regained the coast at the mouth of a  
river called the Hastings, above a hundred  
miles to the north of Port Jackson. Thus,  
we see that a very unimportant part of the  
interior of Holland was explored; and in  
these routes very little is developed either  
respecting the natives, natural history, bot-  
any, or other matters of consequence to be  
known. We simply learn that journeying  
was difficult; and that fish, emus, kangar-  
oos, and black swans, were caught and  
eaten by our harrassed countrymen. The  
natives seen were merely scattered families,  
shy and timid; and on the sea coast more  
numerous and treacherous. Every hill and  
valley, pond and streamlet, was christened  
after some minister of state, governor, judge,  
or great man; and whatever the settlers may  
be in Botany Bay, if these appellations re-  
main, it will be impossible to call the country  
by bad names.

We subjoin the few scanty notices of the  
aborigines.

"A native was seen about half a mile from  
our fires: the dogs attacked him, and when  
called off, he ran away shouting most lustily;  
he was a very stout man, at least six feet  
high, entirely naked, with a long bushy beard,  
he had no arms of any kind.

"Two of the men, who were about a mile  
ahead of the main party, fell in with a small  
native family, consisting of a man, two wo-  
men, and three children, the eldest about  
three years old. The man was very stout  
and tall; he was armed with a jagged spear,  
and no friendly motions of the men (who  
were totally unarmed), could induce him to  
lay it aside, or suffer them to approach him:  
during the short time they were with him,  
he kept the most watchful eye upon them;  
and when the men calling the dogs together  
were about to depart, he threw down with  
apparent fierceness the little bark gunnash  
which had sheltered him and his family dur-  
ing the night, and made towards the river,  
calling loudly and repeatedly, as if to bring  
others to his assistance: he was quite naked,  
except the netted band round the waist, in  
which were women's. The women were  
covered with skins over their shoulders, and  
the two younger children were slung in  
them on their backs.

"We had just pitched our tent when  
hearing the noise of the stone hatchet, made  
by a native in climbing a tree, we stole si-  
lently upon him, and surprised him just as  
he was about to descend: he did not perceive us  
until we were immediately under the tree;  
his terror and astonishment were extreme.  
We used every friendly motion in our power  
to induce him to descend, but in vain: he  
kept calling loudly, as we supposed for some  
of his companions to come to his assistance;  
in the mean time he threw down to us the  
game he had procured (a ringtailed opossum)  
making signs for us to take it up: in a short  
time another native came towards us, when  
the other descended from the tree. They  
trembled excessively, and, if the expression  
may be used, were absolutely *intoxicated*  
with fear, displayed in a thousand antic  
motions, convulsive laughing, and singular  
motions of the head. They were both youths  
not exceeding twenty years of age, of good  
countenance and figure, but most horribly  
marked by the skin and flesh being raised in  
long stripes all over the back and body;  
some of those stripes were full three-quar-  
ters of an inch deep, and were so close to-  
gether that scarcely any of the original skin  
was to be seen between them. The man who  
had joined us, had three or four small opos-  
sums and a snake, which he laid upon the  
ground, and offered us. We led them to our  
tent, where their surprise at every thing they  
saw clearly showed that we were the first  
white men they had met with; they had  
however either heard of or seen tomahawks,  
for upon giving one to one of them, he clasp-  
ed it to his breast and demonstrated the  
greatest pleasure. After admiring it for some  
time they discovered the broad arrow, with  
which it was marked on both sides, the im-  
pression of which exactly resembles that  
made by the foot of the emu; it amused  
them extremely, and they frequently pointed  
to it and the emu skins which we had with  
us. All this time they were paying great at-  
tention to the roasting of their opossums,  
and when they were scarcely warm through,  
they opened them, and, taking out the fat of  
the entrails, presented it to us as the choicest

morsel; on our declining to receive it they ate it themselves, and again covered up the opossums in the hot ashes. When they were apparently well done, they laid them, the snake, and the things we had presented them with, on the ground, making signs that they wished to go; which of course we allowed them to do, together with their little store of provisions and such things as we were able to spare them. The collection of words which we had made at the depot on the Lachlan, we found of no use, as they did not understand a single one. They had neither of them lost the upper front tooth, though apparently men grown.

"Some of the baggage horses, which were a mile or two behind the others, came up to the tents, with nine natives, who had joined them on the road: they were entirely unarmed, and there was but one mogo, or stone hatchet, among them; we had reason to suppose that their women and children were at no great distance, as they were observed to hide themselves when the men were first seen. The greater part of them had either seen or heard of white men, as they were neither alarmed nor astonished at what they saw. I should think that the loss of the front upper tooth is not common to every tribe, as several of these men retained it, although others were without it; the wearing of a stick, or bone, through the cartilage of the nose, appeared common to all of them. They remained about an hour with us; we gave them the fore-quarter of a kangaroo, and putting our remaining pork into a bag, we distributed the iron hoops of the keg in small pieces among them; these were received with as much pleasure as an European would have felt at being presented with the like quantity of gold. It was impossible distinctly to make out anything that they wished to express, by reason of the variety of their gestures; but their frequent pointing to the south-east (the direction of Bathurst), induced us to believe that they thought we were going there, a conjecture which we did all in our power to confirm. Wishing, if possible, to learn if they knew anything of the river, a fishing hook was given to one of them, but he did not seem to understand the use of it until Mr. Evans drew the resemblance of a fish, and made signs that the hook was to take it, when they immediately understood him, and pointing to the east made signs that the fish were there; but our endeavours to learn the distance of the river were wholly fruitless. They appeared a harmless, inoffensive race of people, extremely cautious of giving offence, and never touching anything until they had first by signs obtained permission.

"Few traces of natives have been observed, either on the river, or since we quitted it. The population of this country must be extremely small: as the natives derive their chief support from opossums, squirrels, and rats, which are known to frequent barren scrubs and hollow trees, such neighbourhoods are unquestionably frequented by them in preference to the open country and river banks. It must be a mere accident that enables the natives to kill either a kangaroo or emu: as

to fish, they certainly are ignorant of the manner of taking them by hook and line."

"June 18.—As we were on the point of setting forward, a large party of natives made their appearance on the opposite side of the river: they set up a most loud and discordant noise, making signs, as well as we could understand them, for us to depart and go down the river. After beating their spears and waddies together for about a quarter of an hour, accompanied by no friendly gestures, they went away up the river, while we pursued our course in an opposite direction.

"The natives (on the Macquarie) appear numerous in these regions of apparent desolation: we fell in with several parties in the course of the day, in the whole probably not less than forty, and many fires were seen to the north. Being a mile or two ahead of our party in a thick brush, I came suddenly upon three men; two ran off with the greatest speed; the third, who was older and a little lame, first threw his firestick at me, and next (seeing me still advance) a waddie, but with such agitation, that though not more than a dozen paces distant, he missed both me and my horse. I returned to my party, and in company with them surprised the native camp; we found there eight women and twelve children, just on the point of departing with their infants in their cloaks on their backs; on seeing us, they seized each other by the hand, formed a circle, and threw themselves on the ground, with their heads and faces covered. Unwilling to add to their evident terror, we only remained a few minutes, during which time the children frequently peeped at us from beneath their cloths; indeed, they seemed more surprised than alarmed: the mothers kept uttering a low and mournful cry, as if entreating mercy. In the camp were several spears, or rather lances, as they were much too ponderous to be thrown by the arm; these were jagged: there were also some elamongs (shields), clubs, chisels, and several work bags filled with every thing necessary for the toilet of a native belle; namely, paint and feathers, necklaces of teeth, and nets for the head, with thread formed of the sinews of the opossum's tail for making their cloaks. The men belonging to the camp were heard shouting at no great distance; their affection for their families was not, however, sufficiently powerful to induce them to attempt their rescue from the hands of such unfabulous centaurs, as we doubtless appeared to them."

"Burial.—"Almost directly under the hill near our halting-place, we saw a tumulus, which was apparently of recent construction (within a year at most). It would seem that some person of consideration among the natives had been buried in it, from the exterior marks of a form which had certainly been observed in the construction of the tomb and surrounding spats. The form of the whole was semicircular. Three rows of seats occupied one half, the grave and an outer row of seats the other; the seats formed segments of circles of fifty, forty-five, and forty feet each, and were formed by the soil being trencued up from between them. The cen-

tre part of the grave was about five feet high, and about nine long, forming an oblong pointed cone.

"I hope I shall not be considered as either wantonly disturbing the remains of the dead, or needlessly violating the religious rites of an harmless people, in having caused the tomb to be opened, that we might examine its interior construction. The whole outward form and appearance of the place was so totally different from that of any custom or ceremony in use by the natives on the eastern coast, where the body is merely covered with a piece of bark and buried in a grave about four feet deep, that we were induced to think that the manner of interring the body might also be different. On removing the soil from one end of the tumulus, and about two feet beneath the solid surface of the ground, we came to three or four layers of wood, lying across the grave, serving as an arch to bear the weight of the earthly cone or tomb above. On removing one end of those layers, sheet after sheet of dry bark was taken out, then dry grass and leaves in a perfect state of preservation, the wet or damp having apparently never penetrated even to the first covering of wood. We were obliged to suspend our operation for the night, as the corpse became extremely offensive to the smell, resolving to remove on the morrow all the earth from the top of the grave, and expose it for some time to the external air before we searched farther.

"July 30.—Employed in preparing dead cypress trees for the timber of the raft. The rain continued throughout the day without intermission, and prevented us from making much progress with it. This morning we removed all the earth from the tomb and grave, and found the body deposited about four feet deep in an oval grave, four feet long and from eighteen inches to two feet wide. The feet were bent quite up to the head, the arms having been placed between the thighs. The face was downwards, the body being placed east and west, the head to the east.

"It had been very carefully wrapped in a great number of opossum skins, the head bound round with the net usually worn by the natives, and also the girdle: it appeared after being enclosed in those skins to have been placed in a larger net, and then deposited in the manner before mentioned. The bones and head showed that they were the remains of a powerful tall man. The hair on the head was perfect, being long and black; the under part of the body was not totally decayed, giving us reason to think that he could not have been interred above six or eight months. Judging from his hair and teeth, he might have been between thirty and forty years of age: to the west and north of the grave were two cypress trees, distant between fifty and sixty feet; the sides toward the tomb were barked, and curious characters deeply cut upon them, in a manner which, considering the tools they possess, must have been a work of great labour and time. Having satisfied our curiosity, the whole was carefully re-interred, and restored as near as possible to the station in which it was found." (To be concluded next No.)

## TURNER'S TRAVELS IN THE LEVANT.

Mr. Turner having travelled over so much of interesting ground, and written a great deal (if not very strikingly) about it, we take up his third octavo for a concluding notice. This volume, like the others, is neatly ornamented; and, with the exception of two wood impressions of persons hanged, in good taste: the author surely did not intend these as practical puns on head and tail pieces. Its text consists of accounts of several of the Grecian Islands, and of travels through parts of Asia Minor: to which, by way of addenda, Mr. Turner has thrown in the notes from his common place book, forming the most agreeable portion of his publication, unincumbered with the verbiage of a heavily wrought narrative.

Much of the poetical admiration of the Romaika dance, is dispelled by the following real description of it, as witnessed at Melasso (where, by the by, there are some very fine ruins). The Proestos, in whose house Mr. Turner lodged, had his daughter married; and the author says—

"In the evening he invited me to the marriage, and being glad of such an opportunity of seeing their customs, I went at eight o'clock. I found two rooms full of men singing and drinking; the women were all retired together in another room, from which the men were excluded. After drinking for two hours, the men, at half past eight, descended into the court-yard, where they were met by the women, and such as wished to dance formed a ring, in which I counted forty of them. The music played slow time, and they all danced round a blazing mangal (pan of charcoal) which one man staid in the middle to replenish occasionally. Had the dance been of the sprightliest tune, they were so crowded that they could only move very slow: but, without any doubt, the romaika is the stupidest dance ever invented. The dancers move slowly round, making alternately one step forward and another backward; the men sung as they moved round, but the women remained quite silent and looked excessively melancholy. A party of Greeks, all in their holiday array, and assembled in the air among beautiful and romantic scenery, must always have an interesting and picturesque appearance; and it is only on this account (and on considering the general passion for praising any thing foreign), that I can imagine how any traveler can have expressed any applause of so stupid a dance as the romaika. On my observing the gloomy appearance of the women, a Greek near me told me that they would think it a shame to laugh or talk in the presence of men. Men and women were all dressed in their holiday clothes, in which I saw no difference from those of their countrymen in Constantinople and elsewhere, except that some of the women wore red gowns embroidered with gold, which fiery they would not dare to show in the capital; and that all of them protruded from under these splendid robes, a foot without a stocking, though decorated with an embroidered shoe. I distinguished two pretty women

among them, one thirteen and the other fourteen years old, both married: indeed there were much younger wives. There were two children ten years old, one of whom had been married six months, and the other a year. Nay, there was one ten years old, who had been married two years; the father of this latter one would not give his consent, but her lover gave 100 piastres to the Aga, and by his assistance seized her by force."

Proceeding chiefly along the coast of Anatolia, the author's observations are more entertaining, and his remarks on antiquities, theatres, &c. possess greater novelty; but we can only copy the annexed.

"It is curious to observe the gradual disuse of Greek among the Greeks, produced by the change of their residence. In Greece the Turks speak only Greek; in Constantinople the Greeks speak both Greek and Turkish, but only the former to each other; in Asia Minor, along the coast, they can speak Greek when addressed in it, but talk Turkish to each other, as they did here at Ooliabat. And in the interior parts of Asia Minor they know no other language than Turkish."

The addenda must supply our remaining extracts: it is thus introduced.

"A traveller gathers some information, and meets with some incidents which he cannot weave into the narrative of his journal: I have therefore kept this chit-chat to place it at the end, having always written it down on the spot where it excited my attention. I shall begin with what I observed of the Turks, then detail what struck me of the Arabs, and finish with what I saw and heard of the Greeks."

From the Turkish anecdotes we select the following.

"If a baker sell light bread, for the first offence he is forgiven, or but slightly punished; for the second he is bastinadoed, and for the third beheaded; if the master be not found, his apprentice suffers."

"If a butcher sell bad meat, he is nailed by the ear to his own door-post from sun-rise to sun-set: I remember seeing a Greek butcher nailed thus, and the fellow had the impudence to say to me—'You see me tormented as our Saviour was.'"

"The Turks lately punished a pirate by flaying him alive: they began at the head, but when they came to the breast, the man died with the agony."—1812.

"A Turk was lately beheaded at Buyukdereh (by order of the Grand Vizier, who was walking about in disguise) for having sold, for twenty-four paras, a quantity of chestnuts, of which the price was fixed at twelve paras."—1812.

"The Turks wash a corpse before they bury it, supposing that it is to appear before its Creator, and ought therefore to be quite clean. When it is in the grave, the Imam (priest) addresses it and tells it which road it is to take to arrive in Paradise, and advises it to follow the suggestions of its good genius and reject those of its evil one."

"The Turks acknowledge the existence of Christ as a prophet, and even detail some of the miracles he performed. They call us

infidels because we have not the same faith in Mahomet, who, say they, is the prophet foretold by Moses in the 18th Chapter of Deuteronomy (Verse 15), and the Comforter promised by Christ in the 16th Chapter of St. John, 7th verse. The Greeks, on the contrary, say that Mahomet is the prophet described in the 19th chapter of Revelation, 20th verse."

"At the Courban Bairam (which happens a month or six weeks after the Ramadan) they sacrifice rams and lambs, every man one and the rich eighteen or twenty: these are afterwards eaten or given to the poor. F.'s pun was excellent, 'I suppose that is the reason they call it the *buy ram*.'"

"There is an amusing account in the Koran of Solomon's interview with the Queen of Sheba, which states that the King, being anxious to see her legs, covered the floor with glass placed over water in which were fish; this made her Majesty lift up her robe, to avoid wetting it, and the king thus discovered that her legs were covered with hair."—Sale's Koran, chap. 27.

"A few years ago an English sailor at Smyrna went into an open mosque at the time of prayer: seeing the Turks kneeling and bowing, he flung down his hat and knelt down too. After prayers they seized on him, and took him before the Cady as a convert to Mahometanism. As he could not be made to understand their questions, the dragoman of the English consul was sent for, through whom he was asked if it were his wish to become a Turk. 'No!' he said, he would see them ——— first. 'Why then did you go into the mosque?' 'Why, I saw a church-door open, and I thought any body might go into a church. I have not been in one for three years before, and ——— me if I ever go into one again, if I can't do so without turning Turk.' It was not without great difficulty that the Turks were dissuaded from putting a turban on him by force."

"They (the Turks) account thus for an earthquake: in the bowels of the earth is deposited, say they, a huge fish, and when the Deity is incensed by the crimes of mankind, he gives this fish a violent blow on the tail, which makes it jump about, and the force of its motion agitates the earth."

"The Turks allow that their Emperor may kill, every day, fourteen of his subjects with impunity and without impeachment of tyranny, because, say they, he does many things by divine impulse, the reason of which it is not permitted to them to know. I have been told that a pasha of three tails is authorized by law to cut off five heads a day, a pasha of two tails three, and a pasha of one tail one."

"A mollah (judge) of Jerusalem, being disturbed at night by dogs, ordered all those animals in Jerusalem and its environs to be killed, and thus excited a mutiny among the people, who are forbidden by the Koran to kill any beast unless it be hurtful, or necessary for the nourishment of man. Having, however, by the authority of the Muffi, his father, succeeded in obtaining obedience to his orders, he was emboldened to

issue another still more capricious. The flies being very troublesome to him during the heat of the summer, he ordered that every artisan should bring him every day forty of these insects on a string under pain of a severe fine, and he caused this ridiculous sentence to be severely enforced."

"When a Grand Vizier is favourably disposed (*i. e.*) without banishing him or putting him to death) it is signified to him by a chinoux from the Sultan, who goes to his table and wipes the ink out of his golden pen; this he understands as the sign of his dismissal: if his fate be more severe, he receives an order from the Sultan to await his sentence in a small kiosk (summer-house) just outside of the walls of the Seraglio, where he sits sometimes four or six hours, before the messenger comes to tell him whether he is to be banished or put to death."

"Hussein, Captain Pasha (the famous one who fought at Cheshmeh) when in the bay of Smyrna once, with his fleet, seeing one of his ships run foul of another, ordered the captain on board and beheaded him immediately."

"The same Hussein had a Jew physician called in one day to relieve him from an aching tooth; the clumsy fellow unfortunately drew the wrong one, but as the agony of extraction drowned the pain for a time, he got away undetected; the pain soon returned, and a few days after Hussein meeting the man on the Bosphorus, stopped him and had every tooth in his head drawn."

"The best Otto (Uttar) of Roses in Turkey is made at Casandjik, a small village about a day's journey from Adrianople, where there are large fields of roses for seven or eight miles of country. The proof of its goodness is its easily freezing, being biting to the tongue, and, if put on paper, and dried by the fire, leaving no stain."

From the remaining recollections we take these, respecting the Greeks.

"Greeks may marry a third wife, but not a fourth; by our old travellers, it appears that 150 years ago they could only go as far as a second; in 100 years more, perhaps a fourth will be allowed."

"Every Papas (priest) is buried, sitting up in a chair, but this custom has nothing to do with his wife's promising not to marry again, as Aaron Hill writes."

"The Greeks always expect that the weather, whatever it may be, will change on a Friday."

"At Cousouanki (the village where I passed the night between Boudroun and Melasso), in the coffee-houses, some Greeks were talking to each other about me, before they knew I understood them; they said that Englishmen travelled because they believed that if they died abroad their souls would return to England and animate the body of a child of twelve years old, and thus recommence life; I found this absurdity was believed by the Greek Bishop of Akhisar."

"A Greek, in Melasso, told me that there are miraculous powers in the medals of Constantine the Great, and that if one of them were put on a sieve, it would prevent water running through; he swore to me *μὴ γὰρ*

*ψέω* (by his faith) that he had seen this effect produced by them."

"I heard some Greeks in the coffee-house at Yeronta (Miletus), give, as a reason for Englishmen travelling, that they knew by books where treasures were hid, and that, on finding them, they change, by magic, the pieces of money into flies and make them fly to their houses in England; on arriving at which they again become pieces of money. These fellows tried hard to make me believe in the holy fire at Jerusalem, and told me of many miracles lately performed by the Greek priests of their neighbourhood: they were very confident of being soon liberated from the Turks, and said that this would be accomplished by themselves in three years at most, without the help of the Russians, or any other European power. They said, that all the knowledge of the Europeans, was derived from the Greeks of Constantinople (under the Lower Empire) who were very learned men, who had shut up all the diseases that afflict human nature in a column at Constantinople, so successfully that mankind would never have been afflicted by them again, had not a Jew broken the column. This last is, probably, some fable founded on the brazen pillar in the Hippodrome."

"A Greek woman thinks it unlucky to begin cutting out a gown or making any article of dress on a Tuesday or a Saturday."

"The Greeks think sneezing a good omen; it is a sign their friend or lover remembers them: they will give the name of a friend, or a lover, to each of their fingers of one hand, and suddenly taking hold of one when they sneeze, think themselves remembered by the person whom the finger they have hold of represents."

"The Greek women will put apple pips into the fire or candle; if they jump, it is a sign their friend or lover remembers them; the contrary if they lie quiet."

This superstition resembles that of putting peas in the fire in England on Midsummer-eve, and nuts in Scotland on "Hallowe'en."

The author concludes his work with some strangely inappropriate poetry. The sentiments are well enough, but it is an odd sort of thing altogether to place such a matter at the end of a book of travels; and though we felt a peculiar interest in the fate of one of the relatives, whose loss he deploras (at least we presume so from the identity of name); we must say, that his verse is sadly out of keeping here.

To conclude with a paragraph of useful information. The Greek Islands belonging to the Porte, and their computed population, are 19 in number, with a total of 112,400 souls. viz. Naxos 15,000, Paros 7000, Tino 20,000, Milos 7000, Sira 4000, Zia 5000, Thermis 4000, Argentiera 700, Milo 5000, Amorgo 1500, Polycastron 2000, Santorino 13,000, Nanhio 1500, Astampalla 2000, Nio 3000, Antiparos 200. Andros 15,000, Serpho 3000, Siphanto 7000. The tribute amounts in all to 280,000 Turkish piastres. There are besides Islands of the Archipelago, belonging (as recorded at the Porte) to the Captain Pasha, to the government, to the Steward of the Household,

and to the Mufti; a long enumeration, including Cyprus, Candia, Rhodes, Mytilen, Cos, Tenedos, Scio, &c. &c.; only 31, however, pay tribute to the captain Pasha.

#### HUBER ON ANTS.

[Dr. Johnson's Translation, continued.]

Our preceding extracts furnished a view into the interior of the ants' hill, and displayed the extraordinary motions of these insects, in the care of the rising generation. Pursuing the same subject, we learn, that—

"The insect, in the state of pupa, has acquired the figure it will always preserve; nothing seems wanting but strength and a little more consistence: it is also as large as it will ever be; all its members are distinct, one single pellicle envelopes them. The ant, under this form, continues to move for some moments after its quitting the state of larva, but it soon becomes immovable: it afterwards changes gradually in colour, passing from a fine white to a pale yellow; then becoming red, and in several species, brown, almost verging to black. The rudiments of wings may at this time be seen in those which are destined to fly. The pupa has still many attentions to receive from the workers; the greater part are enclosed in a tissue spun by themselves before their metamorphosis; but they cannot, like other insects, liberate themselves from this covering by effecting an opening in it with their teeth. They have scarcely the power of moving; their covering is of too compact a texture, and formed of too strong a silk, to allow of their tearing it without the assistance of the workers. But how do these indefatigable attendants ascertain the proper moment for this process?—If they possessed the faculty of hearing, we might imagine they knew the fit time, from some noise produced in the interior of the prison by the insects whose development has commenced; but there is no indication favouring this opinion; it is probable they have a knowledge of it from some slight movements that take place within, which they ascertain through the medium of their antennae; for these organs are endowed with a sensibility, of which it would be difficult to form a just idea: whatever it be, they are never deceived."

"Let us still follow them in that labour, wherein are displayed, as it regards their charge, a zeal and an attachment which would justly merit our attention, even were they the real parents of these insects: how much greater then must be our astonishment, when we consider that they bear no further relation to them, than that of being born under the same roof. Several males and females lay in their enveloping membrane in one of the largest cavities of my glazed ant-hill. The Labourers, assembled together, appeared to be in continual motion around them. I noticed three or four mounted upon one of these cocoons, endeavouring to open it with their teeth at that extremity answering to the head of the pupa; they began thinning it, by tearing away some threads of silk where they wished to pierce it; and at length, by dint of pinching and biting this tissue, so extremely difficult to break, they formed in it a vast

number of apertures. They afterwards attempted to enlarge these openings, by tearing or drawing away the silk; but these efforts proving ineffectual, they passed one of their teeth into the cocoon, through the apertures they had formed, and by cutting each thread, one after the other, with great patience, at length effected a passage, of a line in diameter, in the superior part of the web. They now uncovered the head and feet of the insect to which they were desirous of giving liberty, but before they could release it, it was absolutely necessary to enlarge the opening; for this purpose these guardians cut out a portion in the longitudinal direction of the cocoon, with their teeth alone, employing these instruments as we are in the habit of employing a pair of scissors. A considerable degree of agitation prevailed in this part of the ant-hill; a number of ants were occupied in disengaging the winged individual of its envelope; they took repose and relieved each other by turns, evincing great eagerness in seconding their companions in this undertaking. To effect its speedy liberation, some raised up the portion or *bundlette* cut out in the length of the cocoon; whilst others drew it gently from its imprisonment. When the ant was extricated from its enveloping membrane, it was not, like other insects, capable of enjoying its freedom, and taking flight: nature did not will it that it should so soon be independent of the labourers. It could neither fly, nor walk, nor without difficulty stand; for the body was still confined by another membrane, from which it could not, by its own exertions, disengage itself.

"In this fresh embarrassment, the labourers did not forsake it; they removed the satin-like pellicle which embraced every part of the body, drew the antennae gently from their investment, then disengaged the feet and the wings, and lastly, the body, the abdomen, and its peduncle. The insect was now in a condition to walk and receive nourishment, for which it appeared there was urgent need. The first attention therefore, paid it by the guardians, was that of giving it the food it had placed within their reach.

"The ants in every part of the ant-hill were occupied in giving liberty to the males, females, and young labourers, that were still enveloped. On being dispossessed of their coverings, the remnants were collected and placed aside in one of the most distant lodges of their habitation; for these insects observe the greatest order and regularity. Some species of ants remove these shreds to a distance from the ant-hill; others cover the exterior surface of their nest with them, or collect them in particular apartments."

Such are the principal features in the rearing of the young of these minute in size but wonderfully populous and industrious colonies. We pass over slightly the flights of the male and female ants from their native hill, and the process for establishing new nations. The details are extremely curious for the naturalist, but may as well yield room, in pages read by all ages and classes, to other and as interesting particu-

lars. Our selections here are consequently less ample than we should otherwise have made them.

"The male and female ants, when they take a long flight from the ant-hill, do not show that singular instinct which guides bees, wasps, and other insects, in again finding their habitation. This instinct consists, in their knowing how to move in every direction around their abode, without straggling, in order to examine its position, and the several places in its vicinity. We may be soon convinced of this by displacing a hive. The first day the bees never venture abroad, unless they have previously visited all the neighbouring objects: they turn round on all sides, keeping an eye upon their dwelling, without which, it may be readily conceived, it would be impossible they could return. The Queen Bee does the same when she goes forth to meet her paramour in the air. But our winged ants, on the contrary, when they quit the ant-hill, keep their hack continually towards it, and go off in a right line to a distance, from which it would be no easy matter to perceive it. We might from this infer, that they would never return to it. But I did not confine myself entirely to this observation; for I kept sentry, from the time of their departure until night, and even several days in succession, to be fully assured they did not return to the ant-hill. In this way I have arrived at the conviction, that their return is one of those fables with which we have been a long time amused. What, then, becomes of these insects, accustomed as they have been, to live in a convenient spacious abode, sheltered from every inclemency of the weather, and receiving every attention from the labourers, suddenly relying upon their own guidance, deprived of all these advantages?"

"We know that in the class of insects with four membranous wings, the males are destitute of offensive weapons, and do not possess that admirable apparatus which the greater part of females put in use in the establishment of their family; they have neither chisel-shaped teeth, nor stings, nor ovipositors (*torieres*). The several ants we remark among the greater number of bees and wasps, ichneumons and tenthrines, &c. are exercised by the females alone, or by the labourers, their representatives. The defence of the nest is also confided to them; the males, after attending to the office of reproduction, become useless to the family of which they are members. The life of male ants cannot be of long duration; deprived of their attendants, incapable of providing their own subsistence, and returning no more to the ant-hill that gave them birth, how can it possibly be of any long continuance? Their life is either naturally limited to a few weeks, or hunger will speedily terminate it: whatever it be, they disappear in a little time after the period of their amours; but they never fall victims, as happens with bees, to the fury of the labourers."

"At the period when the career of males is terminated, that of the females is scarcely commenced: they bear the germs of future generations, and these germs are fecundated.

Their history is closely connected with the history of ant-hills, and embraces several curious, and hitherto unknown, particulars."

One of the most remarkable of these is, the fact that the female ant immediately, and voluntarily strips off her own wings, and thus becomes domesticated! Then commences the charge of the numerous labourers who attach themselves to her.

"The females are conducted into the interior of the nest, and commence by being entirely dependent upon the workers. The latter, hanging to each of their legs, guard them with assiduity, and never permit them to go out. They nourish them with the greatest care, and conduct them into quarters whose temperature appears the best adapted to them; but they do not abandon them an instant. Each of these females loses, by degrees, the desire of quitting her abode. Her abdomen increases in size: at this period, she no longer experiences constraint. She has still a constant guard; a single ant accompanies her every where, and provides for her necessities. The greater part of the time the worker rests upon its abdomen, with its posterior legs stretched out upon the ground. It appears to be a sentinel stationed to survey the female's actions, and to seize the first moment when she begins to lay, to carry off the eggs. It is not always the same ant which follows her; this is relieved by others, who succeed it without interruption; but when the maternity of the female is well known, they commence by rendering her that homage which the bees evince for their queen. A court of from ten to fifteen ants continue follow her; she is incessantly the object of their cares and caresses; all are eager to collect around her, offer her nourishment, and conduct her in their mandibles, through difficult and ascending passages. They also lead her through all the different quarters of the ant-hill. The eggs, taken up by the labourers, at the instant of their being laid, are collected around her. When she seeks repose, a group of ants environ her. Several females live in the same nest; they show no rivalry; each has her court; they pass each other uninjured, and sustain, in common, the population of the ant-hill; but they possess no power; which, it would seem, entirely lodges with the neuters. However, as they receive the same honours as queen bees, I shall sometimes give them the titles of queens."

"In whatever apartment," says Gould, "a queen ant condescends to be present, she commands obedience and respect. A universal gladness spreads itself through the whole cell, which is expressed by particular acts of joy and exultation. They have a peculiar way of skipping, leaping, and standing upon their hind legs, and prancing with the others. These frolics they make use of, both to congratulate each other when they meet, and to show their regard for the queen. Some of them gently walk over her, others dance round her, and all endeavour to exert their loyalty and affection. She is generally encircled with a cluster of attendants, who, if you separate them from her, soon collect themselves into a body, and inclose her in the midst. However romantic this description may appear, it may easily be proved by an obvious experi-

The workers, small as they are, even carry their bulky sovereign ladies about, taking the task in turns as they are fatigued ! and the close of the drama, as stated in a note by the translator, is worthy of its progress.

"The attachment of the labourers to the females would appear to extend even beyond the existence of the latter; for, when a pregnant female dies, five or six labourers rest near her, and during several days, brush and kiss her continually, either in token of lasting affection, or that by these means they hope to reanimate her."

#### *A Monody on the Death of Mr. Grattan.* pp. 8.

A very feeling and poetical effusion has been published at Ridgway's, to the memory of Mr. Grattan; no action of whose life did him more honour than his mode of leaving it. May his dying advice have all the effect it ought to have upon the country which he loved, and to which he left this invaluable legacy. Though the poem is so short, we cannot resist impropotional quotation.

Grattan! the triumph o'er death,  
Thy fervid days' in jestic close,  
Thy kindling hope, and bright resolve,  
Bequeath'd to me, with thy parting breath,  
A boon as great as aught thy mind  
E'er strove to win for human kind.  
We catch a glimpse of unknown powers,  
Of the coming world than ours,  
Seeing, that high and holy views  
Such glories o'er thy couch diffuse,  
That life can nought more precious give,  
Than thus, like thee, to cease to live.

Thy patriot heart desir'd to exhale  
Its latest sigh within the pale  
Where Chatham, deeply honour'd, fell,  
Dying, like him, in duty's path,  
Heav'n check'd this wish—not in its wrath,  
But lest thy rising soul should trace,

In those it lov'd on Earth so well,  
Such pangs as time can ne'er efface,  
Had other eyes or hearts than thine  
Bestow'd the last and dearest cares,  
For, blest and blessing in each tie  
The charities of life supply,

'Twas thine domestic joys to prove,  
Through a long line of circling years,  
Whose mingling radiance but appears  
One summer's day of weeded lore.

When, on Ierne's emerald shore,  
Thou saw'st her grateful myriads pour,  
Her cliffs all kindling into life,  
As swift receded from thy view

That beautiful theatre of strife,  
The land that found thee always true—  
The workings of thy mighty mind  
Must in their circle have combin'd,  
Of thought, of feeling, passion, more

ment. If you place a queen ant, with her retinue under a glass, you will, in a few moments, be convinced of the honour they pay, and esteem they entertain for her." In reference to no rivalry being experienced, he says, "You may sometimes expect to find two Yellow Queens in the same colony. I have once or twice met with three. They most usually reside in the same lodgement, and live together in perfect harmony and union."—T.

Than e'en thy eloquence could reach—  
Too deep for tears, too strong for speech.  
The multitude, with fond respect,  
Avails each mark of feeling check'd:  
The light wave, rippling on the shore,  
Was plainly heard—the parting air,  
But when this hollow'd silence broke,  
When e'er thy voice was heard to swell,  
In one magnificent farewell,

As if thy country's Genius spoke.— \* \* \*  
Yet though thy name illum'd th' historic page,  
As Patriot Statesman, Orator, and Sage,  
Though nations blest and rival scapes hung  
On the commanding accents of thy tongue—  
There was a dully beauty in thy life,  
In Nature's lap, remote from toil and strife,  
Soothing deep Sorrow with this dearer boast,  
Who nearest saw, admir'd and lov'd thee most.

We believe this tribute to be from a lady's pen.

#### DESCRIPTION OF ODESSA.

[From the German of Dr. Meissner, lately published at Halle.]

Those who visit Odessa for commercial purposes usually travel by sea, while those who visit it for the sake of the baths, generally go by land. The latter mode of travelling is attended by many inconveniences: in the *Steppes*\*, it is very difficult to obtain a sufficient number of horses. If a party chuse to travel in the Polish fashion, that is to say, in the form of a small caravan, they employ hired horses, and take along with them every thing that may be requisite for the space of four or five days. This supply includes not only provisions, but also water and wood. The latter articles are greatly needed by the Colonists, with whom the Russian Government has endeavoured to people the *Steppes*; though they have, it is true, in some measure supplied the want of water by means of cisterns, and have substituted dry dung for fuel. I know of nothing more tedious than travelling across the *Steppes*, those immeasurable levels, bounded only by the horizon. At sea, the element itself, the activity of the ship's crew, and in calm weather, the anxiety for a favourable gale, contribute to keep the mind unceasingly employed. But the monotony of immense plains, covered only with grass and gigantic chisties, is in the highest degree oppressive to the senses. It is seldom that even a solitary, misshapen tree, marks the spot where the colonist has constructed his hut, half buried under-ground. Troops, and the *Bands of the Steppes*, as they are called, are the only occupants of this soil, which is fertile, though the present as well as the next generation, must labour hard for its cultivation ere their posterity can hope to derive from it, the means of subsisting with comfort. To the above wants, may be added that of materials for building, which are only to be procured at Severinowka, a place belonging to Count Severin Potocki; it furnishes a light calcareous kind of stone, of which Odessa is principally built.

When it is recollected that 30 years ago, the inhabitants of this place lived beneath tents, and that from the village and the little

\* The Russian Deserts.

Tartar Fort of the Inlet of Kalfajeb, a town has risen whose population is calculated at 28,000; the rapidity of the improvement naturally excites astonishment. Odessa is most advantageously situated for trade; it lies between the mouths of two important rivers, the Dnieper and the Dniester, about 6 miles distant from each, and vessels readily seek shelter in the bay against the storms which render navigation so dangerous in the Black Sea. In the year 1796, the town received its present name from the Empress Catharine; but it owes its prosperity to the Emperor Alexander, who appointed the Duke de Richelieu to be Governor of Bessarabia and the Crimea. The Duke watched over the welfare of Odessa with paternal tenderness; the population continued to increase every year; and it was not until he had ensured the happiness of thousands that he left the place, accompanied by the prayers and blessings of both rich and poor.

The situation of Odessa is by no means picturesque, the houses of the town extend as far as the *Steppes*, and the sea-shore is flat and without vegetation. In dry weather the dust is unbearable, and in the rainy season the unpaved streets are covered with deep mud. The mixture of oriental dresses, manners, and languages, however, presents a most lively and novel picture. A stranger might imagine himself transported into one of the trading towns of the Levant; for though the majority of the population are Russians, yet the Greeks and Karais (a Jewish sect from some of the eastern countries) are exceedingly numerous. Their bazars contain all the produce of the East, from shawls down to rose-pastilles; and the Italian language is universally understood. On festival-days the liberal-minded merchants here permit a species of amusement, which the oppressors of the Greeks do not suffer them to enjoy in their native country, namely, a dramatic performance in the modern Greek language. The piece which I saw represented, certainly bore even less resemblance to the ancient Greek drama, than the performers did to their glorious ancestors; it was a translation from a Russian play. I was, however, much pleased to hear, in the recitation of the actors, those harmonious tones, which I had never been able to discover in the common conversation of the modern Greeks; the *ore rotunda loqui* was the only circumstance which served to remind me of the ancient Hellas.

With respect to diversity of languages, nothing can be more interesting than the conversation-rooms of the Quarantine-Establishment at Odessa. They consist of long galleries, 5 or 6 feet in breadth, with a partition on either side. Behind one of these barriers, are the foreigners of the Quarantine house, and behind the other the merchants of the town. In general, foreigners are not detained here until it be ascertained that they are free from all plague infection. As soon as their ships are laden with grain, they are permitted to depart, and from behind the partitions above mentioned, they transact business with the inhab-

bitants of the town. I happened to be at Odessa in the year 1816, a period when many countries were visited by scarcity, and Russia, through her super-abundance, was destined to supply the greater part of Europe. Upwards of 300 vessels of all countries were constantly lying in the harbour waiting to take in their cargoes. In the Quarantine Establishment, almost all the languages of Europe and of the East resounded at the same moment, whilst every one endeavoured to drown the voice of his neighbour, and the inhabitant of the South accompanied every word with an expressive gesture. The whole scene forcibly reminded me of the lines of Dante:—

*Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,  
Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira  
Facevan un tumulto, il qual s'aggira  
Sempre in quel aria.*

In the years 1812 and 1813, 3000 of the inhabitants of Odessa were carried off by the plague. It is said, that a Turk, who escaped quarantine, spread the infection among the dancers of the Opera. Another more poetic story, is that a swallow lighted on a ship that had the plague on board, and carried off some feathers for her nest. Some time after, a child picked up a young swallow which had fallen from this very nest, and his whole family were immediately infected. The nature of the disease was not immediately known; but the plague soon spread over a great part of the surrounding country.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### CHELTENHAM WATERS.

(Having in a review of a pamphlet, published by Dr. Neale, on the subject of the Cheltenham Waters, (a subject of infinite importance to a very numerous class of invalids), expressed that opinion of the statements therein contained, which they, *prima facie*, appeared to warrant; we have felt bound by a sense of candour and impartiality, to yield a place to the subjoined letter, from Dr. Newell, on the other side. We will not say—

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree;" for, referring to the quantum of human health and life which is at stake, we consider this matter to be highly worthy of being settled; and venture to suggest to those concerned at Cheltenham, the expediency and propriety of having the wells carefully analyzed by some eminent and disinterested chemist, whose name will carry authority with it; and lay the results honestly before the public.

With regard to Mr. Halpin's pamphlet, mentioned in our last, all we shall say at present is, that it takes the same line of argument with Dr. Newell's letter; but it is more personal, and somewhat coarse. Affidavits are produced, as if this were a hard-swearing horse-dealer's case, at Nisi Prius, or a trial at the Old Bailey. In such a contest, the Literary Gazette can take no share: private vilifying cannot affect the question at issue, which is no less than the salubrity or insalubrity of these celebrated Spas; and having by the following insertion, put both parties before the public, we shall, in whatever future articles the subject may demand, avoid, as far as possible, the criminatory part of it; while we give our best attention, in our study or

on the spot, to those scientific investigations which appear to be so absolutely necessary to set Cheltenham right in the eyes of the country.]

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Cheltenham, June 30th, 1820.

SIR,—After reading an article in the Literary Gazette of June 24th, upon the subject of Cheltenham Waters, to which is subjoined extracts from a pamphlet recently published by Dr. Neale, upon their nature and qualities, I was much struck with the very partial nature of the statement there given of these celebrated springs.

I must claim attention from your candour and liberality, while I attempt to shew you that Dr. Neale's representations are in some instances erroneous, and in others quite unfounded.

It will perhaps be best, in the first place, to settle the character of Dr. Neale's publication, by stating to the public, through the medium of your paper, the circumstances under which it was published, and the views it was intended to answer; after which I will concisely state to you a history of the numerous wells of this place, and the medicinal properties of the waters they contain.

From recent exposures which have taken place at Cheltenham, it appears that the pamphlet in question was written for the express purpose of recommending the water of the old well; and Dr. Neale actually received one hundred pounds, as a reward for the services it was calculated to produce; besides which, to use Dr. Neale's own words, "Certain advantages were held out to me, as likely to arise to myself individually from this undertaking, as all the expenses of advertising, printing, and publishing the pamphlet, were to be defrayed by Captain Matthews (the renter of the old well), as well as whatever expenses might arise, should I be exposed to legal proceedings, from the revenge or resentment of the other proprietors; in short, I was to be borne out harmless in the affair, and was offered, verbally, a subsequent interest to accrue conditionally."

This statement requires no comment. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that in order to fulfil his agreement, Dr. Neale should have gone a good deal out of his way, in commenting upon the rival establishments; and that he should have made use of assertions to establish his point, which I trust I shall shew are untrue in themselves, as well as contradicted by all medical experience.

To make good what I have advanced, I must beg leave to remark, that the well of water which Dr. Neale designates as the original Spa Water, and to recommend which was the principal motive of his pamphlet, was never examined by Dr. Fothergill at all, though he gives its contents as the analysis of that celebrated physician; and, for any thing Dr. Neale can know to the contrary, it may contain as much muriate of soda as either of the wells at the Montpellier or Sherborne Spas, which he so much condemns.

The fact is, that the original spring, and which was analyzed many years ago by Dr.

Fothergill, became dried up, or nearly so, as much as ten or twelve years since; and the well, which was not more than six or eight feet deep, was sunk about two years ago to the depth of seventy feet, where water was found in the clay, just as it is found in all the new wells.

What the medicinal quality of this water is, as well as that of the other numerous wells here, I will notice hereafter; but must first attend to Dr. Neale's extraordinary assertions, of the deleterious nature of muriate of soda or common sea salt, in the proportion contained in Mr. Thompson's wells.

In what school of medicine or what field of experience he obtained this notion, he has not explained to us; but when he asserts that muriate of soda, in the quantity that is found in Cheltenham water, is capable of exciting into inordinate action the blood vessels, and, to use his own words, "that many a torpid liver, which might have remained for years in a quiescent state, comparatively harmless to its possessor, has been speedily thrown into violent inflammatory action, succeeded by suppuration, and the patient been hurried into the grave sooner by some years than would have happened had he not been put on a course of these stimulating waters;" and that, "in one instance, a fatal apoplexy had been produced, to his own knowledge"—he asserted what he cannot prove; and although this assertion was well calculated to answer his own purpose, and to instill into the public mind a prejudice highly injurious to the reputation of the Cheltenham springs, it will have little influence on the minds of medical men of experience on the spot or elsewhere.

Another invidious observation of Dr. Neale's, as applicable to the Montpellier spas is, "that in their *clumsy* attempts to render some of these waters more aperient, the *mizera* of the waters appear to have no fixed rule in adding the saline solution: but again I must observe, that this can hardly occur at the old wells, because the quantity of aperient salts contained in those waters, is in general quite adequate to produce the effect required upon the bowels."

In Dr. Neale ignorant that the saline solution, as he calls it (and which is put in italics, to insinuate that it may be composed of any purgative salt) is a solution of the salts produced by evaporating Cheltenham water itself? Has he the smallest shadow of proof for this insinuation? or, on the contrary, does he not know that concealment upon this subject, has never been attempted? or that every thing connected with these wells is, and always has been, open to public inspection and enquiry? These being undisputed facts, how can he justify himself for the unwarrantable part he has taken? or, how can he satisfactorily explain himself to those who are capable of forming a correct judgment on the subject?

Before I take leave of Dr. Neale's pamphlet, I ought to notice shortly what he has called the *joacular* part of it. In this, he directs his imaginary friend in Scotland (who is supposed to have a weak saline water upon his estate) in a method which he says



his southern neighbours possess, of "adding to the strength of their mineral waters, and thereby reaping a rich harvest from the credulity of their visitors." He then goes on to say, that a few tons of Glauber and Epsom salts must be provided, and mixed with the pure element, from some rapid torrent or deep well; and when salted to the taste (as Mm. Glasse would call it) get your composition recommended by some "complicated edition of a monthly, philosophical, or medical journal, by saying, 'We congratulate the public on the discovery of a rich mineral water, &c. &c.'"

This Dr. Neale calls jocularly. The sensible part of mankind, however, will consider it in a more serious point of view, and may very naturally ask, what reward the recommenders of so gross an imposition would be entitled to?

The jocularly of Dr. Neale's production, though levelled against the favored town of Cheltenham, will fall pointlessly to the ground; and, although among the conflicting opinions of men, there will always be found those who from ignorance, prejudice, or more unworthy motives, will take the wrong side of a question, still the good sense of the public will in the end prevail; and the excellence of Cheltenham water, as a remedy in many of the diseases which afflict suffering humanity, will be acknowledged and sought after when its traducers will be sunk and buried in oblivion.

The reflection of Dr. Neale upon the medical men, who have long practised at Cheltenham, would not be worthy of notice, were it not for the concluding sentence, which, at their expense, conveys a compliment to himself.

After expressing his surprise, that "none of the medical men who have resided here for years, have noticed and commented upon what he calls a fact," but which I trust has been satisfactorily proved to have been a misrepresentation, he states that, "such ungrateful tasks are generally left to any casual labourers in the vineyard, who like myself may choose to take them up from a pure love of truth."

Of the delicacy or the truth of this remark I must leave the world to form their own opinion.

I beg leave to disclaim any thing personal to Dr. Neale in what I have advanced, upon the attack he has made upon the Cheltenham waters. My motives have been to correct misrepresentation: how far I have been successful, the public must judge.

I will now, as I promised, give you a concise history of the wells and waters of Cheltenham;—the result of twenty-eight years experience, as a practitioner in this town.

From the first discovery of the saline spring, in 1718, to the period of his late Majesty's visit here, in 1788, there was but one well, which was about eight feet deep, and was the receptacle of a scanty spring of water, issuing out of the side of a slightly sloping bank, in a field a few hundred yards to the south of the town of Cheltenham.

His Majesty finding there was no water for culinary purposes at Bays Hill Lodge, the

manion of the late Earl Fauconberg, where he resided, commanded a well to be sunk for the convenience of the house, which is situated a few hundred yards to the westward of the original Spa. At the depth of seventy or eighty feet, a spring was discovered, which, on examination, was found to possess the same purgative properties as the original water; and it continued to be used as such by many of the frequenters of Cheltenham, for several years before the commencement of the Montpellier, or Mr. Thompson's Spas.

In process of time this well became less productive in water, and ultimately quite dry.

About this time, it was found by Mr. Thompson, on examining the soil in the neighbourhood of the old well, the property of which he had recently purchased, that at a depth of sixty feet or more, water of the same quality was to be met with, in consequence of which several wells were sunk.

It was also found, that although many of the wells produced abundance of water in the first instance, the quantity gradually diminished; and that some of them, as had been the case in the King's well, ultimately became dry.

This made it necessary to dig new wells almost every year. In the mean time, the proprietors of the Old Spa, in order to supply the deficiency in the original well, sunk new ones also with the same success; and within the last two years, a new establishment altogether has been formed, called the Sherborne Spa, in honor of the nobleman of that name, who is lord of the manor, which has waters of the same properties, and where the proprietors have built a magnificent temple, and at great expense have laid out walks and drives, highly ornamental to the town.

Thus there are three establishments, at all of which the saline water is drunk, and belonging to the whole there are nearly one hundred wells.

The greater number of these, however, are used to supply water for evaporation, to obtain the salts, for which of late years, there has been a vast demand from every part of the world.

The soil in the immediate neighbourhood of Cheltenham is a dark blue clay, filled with numerous marine productions, as shells, &c. and interspersed in some places with considerable masses of iron pyrites. By what revolution of our globe this formation has been produced, it is not the place here to enquire; but it commences where the calcareous structure which forms the Cotswold Hills ceases, and extends a distance into the vale of Gloucester, and to a depth, neither of which have as yet been ascertained. As this clay is of the same quality, the water which pervades it is impregnated with the same principles. The impregnation of Cheltenham water consists in purgative salts and iron. They have also other impurities, in common with all waters which pervade earthy matter; and although these are fit objects for chemical enquiry, they have little or nothing to do with their medicinal efficacy. The predominant salt is sulphate of soda, afterwards sulphate of magnesia, and muriate

of soda. The iron is held by the carbonic acid gas.

In these numerous wells there may be shades of difference as to their strength; but I much doubt whether to such an amount as to produce any sensible difference in their effects upon the human body; and this opinion has not been lightly taken up, but is the result of many years of observation and experience.

Neither does it appear to me in a practical point of view, that the trifling variation there may be in the proportions of these respective salts, is of any consequence; for men of experience know that a mixture of purgative medicines act better than any will do separately; and it may be from this law that the combination as it exists in the waters here, has made them so efficacious.

It has been asserted, that it is incompatible with the laws of chemical affinity, for muriate of soda and sulphate of magnesia to exist in the same solution. If this is the case, and a double decomposition were to take place, it would increase the predominance of sulphate of soda; and the muriate of magnesia which would thus be formed, is as mild and nearly as active as aperient as the sulphate of magnesia has been long known to be.

It may be remarked, however, that the laws of chemical affinity are varied by the quantity of menstruum in which salts are held; and indeed, these substances in a state of dryness hardly act upon each other at all. From this it may happen that in the analysis of mineral waters, combinations may be varied, or new ones formed, producing results not exactly corresponding with their relations, as existing originally in the water. This may in some measure account for the discordant results given by different chemists of most mineral waters.

These differences, however, are of less importance than a practical knowledge of their effects upon the human body in disease; and, fortunately for Cheltenham, this experience is too firmly established to be shaken by any illiberal or unfounded attacks, from whatever quarter they may proceed; or to be further confirmed by any attempts in their favor in my power to make.

I am, Sir,  
Your very obedient Servant,  
THOMAS NEWELL, M.D.  
And Surgeon Extraordinary to the King.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

*Philology.*—M. Frederic Adelung, counsellor of state to the Emperor of Russia, has lately published, in 153 pages, "A View of all known Languages, and their Dialects." In this View we find in all 987 Asiatic, 587 European, 276 African, and 1264 American languages and dialects, enumerated and classed; a total of 3064. This very remarkable publication is only the introduction to a Bibliotheca Glottica, on which this indefatigable philosopher has been long employed.

**MSS.**—Professor Cramer, at Kiel, discovered two years ago, in the library of the Convent of St. Gallen, a MS. of the eleventh century, which contains illustrations of Juvenal which are said to be of greater importance than any hitherto known. He has now published a specimen on occasion of the king's birth day, under the title of, *Specimen novæ editionis Scholasticæ Juvenalis*.

Baron Niebuhr, Prussian Ambassador to the Holy See, has again discovered and published several ancient MSS. hitherto unknown. They are chiefly fragments of Cicero's Orations pro M. Fonteio, and pro C. Rabirio; a fragment of the 9th book of Livy; two works of Seneca, &c. Baron Niebuhr has dedicated this edition to the Pope, by whose favour he was enabled to discover these literary treasures in the library of the Vatican.

**Italy, 10th June.**—In the prosecution of the excavations at Pompeii, several buildings have lately been laid open in the fine street leading to the temples of Isis and Hercules, and to the theatre. In one house, which is supposed to have belonged to a man of letters, some surgical instruments of excellent workmanship were found, and several paintings of fruit and animals, very well executed.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### OXFORD.

June 10th, the following degrees were conferred:—

**MASTERS OF ARTS.**—T. Philipps, University College, Grand Compounder; B. S. Claxson, Worcester College; W. Perkins and Rev. J. Piccop, Lincoln College; G. Hammond, Fellow of Merton College; Rev. C. H. Martin, Exeter College; Rev. Alfred Tooke, St. Mary Hall; Rev. H. Baker Tristram, Christ Church; G. T. Austen Knight, St. John's College.

**BACHELORS OF ARTS.**—Mon. A. Hill Trevor, Noblesman of Christchurch; F. J. Pearce, Esq. Exeter College, Grand Compounder; G. F. Thomas, Worcester College; W. Whately, New College; H. W. Wilder and J. Parker, Oriel College; W. H. Desaze, University College; J. Aspinall and R. Fayle, St. Mary Hall; J. Forster, St. Edmund Hall; T. T. Churton and Archer Clive, Brasenose College; R. W. Jelf, H. L. Neave, and G. M. Coleridge, Christ Church; R. Alder Thorpe, Scholar of Corpus Christi College; J. T. Round, Scholar of Balliol College.

June 17th.—Yesterday the following degrees were conferred:—

The Rev. Mr. Franks, M. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, was admitted a reader.

**DOCTOR IN DIVINITY.**—Rev. G. Sheppard, University College, Grand Compounder.

**BACHELORS IN DIVINITY.**—Rev. J. Lin-

gard, Brasenose College; Rev. J. Williams, Fellow of Jesus College.

**MASTERS OF ARTS.**—Rev. John Templer, and Rev. R. Greaves, Wadham College, Grand Compounders; Rev. H. B. Donville, Oriel College, Grand Compounder; W. Blackstone Lee, Fellow of New College; Henry Siamore, Wadham College; Rev. S. V. Seagrave, Magdalen Hall; F. De Chair, Oriel College; James Mure, Rev. H. Pearce, and Rev. E. Elms, Christ Church; Rev. P. Fillett, Scholar of Pembroke College; G. E. Outley, Rev. Rice Hughes, and Rev. James George, Jesus College; Rev. N. W. Hallward, Worcester College; Rev. J. Jeffries Coles, Balliol College.

**BACHELORS OF ARTS.**—Maurice Yescombe, Esq. Exeter College, Grand Compounder; J. Butt, Lincoln College; J. Wiggitt and T. Quarles, Exeter College; Hasler Capron, Brasenose College; Rev. J. Holson, Magdalen Hall; J. P. Carpenter, Christ Church.

June 1st. Yesterday the following degrees were conferred:—

**BACHELOR AND DOCTOR IN DIVINITY.**—Rev. George Richards, M. A. some time Fellow of Oriel College, and now one of the Vicars of Bampton, in the county of Oxford, grand compounder.

**DOCTOR IN CIVIL LAW.**—Wm. Birkett Allen, B. C. L. Fellow of St. John's College.

**MASTERS OF ARTS.**—F. Bruen, Esq. of Christ Church, grand compounder; Rev. J. Chambers, All Souls' College; Rev. E. Day Hulkes; G. Cobb; Rev. A. Benoni Evans, St. John's College; Rev. T. Clarke, Brasenose College; E. Quin, Magdalen Hall.

**BACHELORS OF ARTS.**—H. Clapton Keogh, Esq. Christ Church, grand compounder; J. Worsley; and W. Bury, Fellows of New College.

### CAMBRIDGE.

June 11th.—The Rev. F. R. Hall, Fellow of St. John's College, was admitted Bachelor in Divinity. J. Dashwood, Esq. of Trinity Hall, Bachelor in Civil Law.

T. A. Broadhead, Esq. of Christ College, and W. Lambie, Esq. of Caius College, were on Wednesday last admitted Bachelors in Physic; and Mr. J. J. Tucker, of St. John's College, Bachelor of arts.

## FINE ARTS.

### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[Recollections suggested by the Exhibition of Portraits, continued.]

No. 121. *Portraits of Henry VIII. with Jane Seymour, their son Prince Edward, and the Princesses Mary and Margaret, sisters of the King.*—Painted by Holbein. — SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

We have copied this title from the "Descriptive Catalogue of Portraits," of the British Gallery; but if the persons represented be those therein named, this is a picture of strange anachronisms. First, Jane Seymour died, according to Anstey, on the fifth day after the birth of Prince Edward; and here we see her placed by the side of her son, grown old enough to be sent to a public

school. Secondly, his aunts Mary and Margaret, taking the data from the appearance of his age, must have been elderly ladies; Princess Margaret being forty-six and Princess Mary thirty-seven when their nephew Prince Edward was yet unborn. Surely then the title of this family piece is not derived from the learned body to whom his late Majesty \* presented the interesting picture.

Is it not more reasonable to presume that the two ladies standing before the throne, are the sisters of Prince Edward, Mary, the daughter of Catharine of Arragon, and Elizabeth, the daughter of Anne Boleyn, by which we have the children of the first three queens of Henry VIII., Jane Seymour being the third wife of this capriciously uxorious monarch. Mary was born seventeen, and Elizabeth five years, before their royal brother; which, allowing for his age as described by the painter, would make the youngest a woman grown. Hence the family piece might have been painted by order of the sovereign, when he happened to be in good humour with all the group. The other female next the throne perhaps was the then reigning queen. It is known that the king, according to his humor, was sometimes lavish of his favour to his children, and at other times menaced them with degradation. Mary he created Princess of Wales when only five days old, although she was but presumptive heiress. She afterwards, as well as her sister, held no higher title than the Lady Mary. It may not be generally known, that the title of 'Majesty' was not used to the king until a later period, it being first addressed to the contemporary Emperor of Germany.

It would be difficult to point to a more curious specimen of the graphic art in this extensive and valuable collection, than that under consideration; as it conveys not only a picture of the persons and correct costume of the age, but a faithful representation of the architecture and decoration used in the royal palaces, when the gothic style was giving way to the introduction of the Italian mode of building. And here we perceive the first approaches to a new taste, in the revival of that which existed long before the Gothic had birth.

Holbein was employed by King Henry as an architect and designer, for the embellishments of his palaces, as well as his painter; and made many alterations in the palace at Whitehall, of which this subject very likely exhibits one of its state apartments.†

The garden, as seen through the doors, affords some information to the curious, in the decoration of the plot, immediately joining the palace; and this, judging from the parterres, and particularly the trophies, which savour of Holbein's design, evince the care that was bestowed upon the pleasure garden; an art in which the English have long prided themselves, and for which they have latterly

\* This circumstance is not mentioned on the Catalogue; we respectfully recommend its insertion in the next edition.

† Though we have our doubts as to the matter, and think Malbasse full as likely as Holbein to have painted this picture.—Edo.

derived great reputation, all Europe acknowledging the superiority of English landscape gardening.

The sweet description of a garden attached to the palace at Windsor, from the pen of a royal youth confined in that ancient pile, will illustrate, this horticultural skill of our countrymen four hundred years ago.

"Now was there made, fast by the touris wall  
A garden faire; and in the corners set  
An Herber greene, with wandis long and small  
Railit about; and so with tree-is & set  
Was all the place, and hawthorn heggis knit,  
That lyf & was none, walkye there forbye,  
That might within scarce any wysp aspre.

So thick the boughis; and the levis grene  
Beschedat all the allies that there were,  
And middia every harbere might be seue  
The scharpe, grene, suete junipere,  
Growing so fast with branchis here and there,  
That, as it seemed to a lyf without,  
The boughis spred the harbere all about."

There is yet another trait in this picture, that cannot fail to interest the inquisitive in the habits and customs of the ancient royal household, which have furnished some of our favorite harbs with imagery for their delightful musings—namely, the introduction of the male and female fool.

Here we behold them, licensed as they were, rambolling about the palace garden, ready to amuse the first royal idler who should chuse to stroll where "boughis spread the harbere all about."

The name of this female Patch has escaped research: the male jester appears to be that merry witty wight, Will Somers, of whom we shall say something in the subjoined article.

No. 131. *Portrait of William Somers.—Painted by Holbein.*—HIS MAJESTY.

This "mirth moving" head has remained the veriest personification of the jester, superseding all the pen could describe. Its motto well might be, "The image of the jest I'll shew you here at large." The archness, the gibe, the quaintness, stamped on the countenance of merry Will, point unequivocally to the "Jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible, as a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a church steeple." Here the painter has exhibited, by his art, the superior power of description which the pencil holds over the pen, touching personal identity. Doubtless he had seen him thus, when brooding some new wagery, he tapped his knuckles against the lattice, and arrested some one who had a fellow taste for frolic, with, "I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone."

Likely enough Holbein was the man; for we have it on record that painters have

\* Prince James.

§ Trees. †† Living mar. ‡ Boughs.

¶ There is an engraving of this.—E.D.

Both Holbein and Mabuse were celebrated bonis vivants. Mabuse almost lived in the taverns, and Holbein was so attached to his bottle, that, in return for writing the name of Erasmus under the head of a shrivelled friar, in his private sketch-book, that great scholar reported by writing Holbein under the head of a drinking sot.

all along been wits and humourists. Besides, to indulge the hypothesis, was he not the friend and protégé of Sir Thomas More—the greatest wit that ever wore the chancellor's robe, and the boon companion of Erasmus? He who had ever ready "some excellent jests fire new from the mint." And further, to shew what a constellation of talent and fun played round the sun of Henry's court, we have only to mention another humourist, in the person of Jean de Mabuse, the other favorite painter of Henry VIII., who had nearly killed the Emperor Charles V. with laughter, whilst at a feast, with his waggeries.

Little is now known of the character of these eccentric retainers of the court; for although the appellation of fool is held synonymous with jester, yet it appears that folly was assumed by some as a cloak to cover mischievous pranks that would not have been tolerated but in the wearer of the party-coloured suit. Hence he was often made the satirical instrument of party spirit; and many an absurd courtier stood more in awe of the fool than of a minister or priest. He was sometimes set upon the froward, the oppressor, the hypocrite, and the bigot too; and has put to shame those whom no one else dared to reproach. Such licensed humourists were useful about a court, when kings were arbitrary, and ministers too obsequious; and when there was no press, to expose the misdeeds of men of power.

Will Somers doubtless was one of the superior order of fools, as his wit was begotten by a quick perception of current events. His freedom with the king, when the pope had lavished upon him so many fulsome compliments, and dubbed him for his polemics, "Fidei Defensor," is evidence of this. Henry was at table, with his courtiers, and elated by their flattery, when the sagacious jester familiarly laid his hand upon the shoulder of royalty, and said, "Let's You and I defend each other, my master Hal, and leave the Faith to take care of itself." This is not the only instance on record of a fool's opinion on matters of doctrine, in times of polemical controversies; for Archee, the fool of Bishop Laud, was made a partizan of those who opposed that wrong-headed prelate. His wit is chronicled. Laud was diminutive in person, and a zealot. Archee was desired to say grace, (fools were often used to prophane holy customs) "Great laud to the Lord," said the wag, "and little Laud to the devil."

But to return to King Henry's jester. He had formerly been in the service of a Mr. Farmer, of Eaton Newton, a gentleman for whom it may be presumed he felt a grateful affection. He had, like Sir Thomas More, refused to acknowledge the king's supremacy, and had moreover sent a small sun and a clean shirt to a poor sequestered monk; for which offences the arbitrary king seized his property and brought him to ruin. Will was one of the few who had the felicity to retain his sovereign's favour to the last. It is likely that his mirth beguiled the sad hours of the king, when disease occasionally confined

him to his chamber, long before his death. It was when drawing near his end, that the jester interposed in favour of his first patron, with, "My good King Henry will not forget my old master, and let his wife and children want bread." The monarch, roused to compassion by this artless address, immediately ordered a restoration of the property.

The custom of keeping fools is of great antiquity. They were retained by princes, popes, bishops, and nobles, in most parts of Europe. Theophilus, the Emperor of the East, ordered his court fool to be whipped, for telling that his daughter was playing with dolls.\*

A succeeding emperor, Michael, played off a prophane joke upon the Empress Theodora, by the agency of a fool. He pretended that the patriarch wished to bestow his blessing upon her. She attended to receive the holy boon, when the buffoon, attired in the sacred vestments of the patriarch, and attended by mock priests, addressed her with the utmost obscenity and boisterous ribaldry. Similar prophane pranks were common to all Christendom in those rude times.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

### THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY. No. 5.

LADY GRIZELDA M'TAB'S HALL.

"What will your ladyship have for dinner?" said Jessy, (her female fit totum), with a hungry look and a broad anxious eye. "Parrich," replied lady Grizelda, in broad Scotch; not that she could not talk as high English as any one, but that when she meant to be kind and condescending to her inferiors—to persuade the lower order, or to be confidential and without pretensions, she stooped to the vernacular of Auld Reekie. "Humph," quoth Jessy, whose interior echoed the word in a hollow tone; for Jessy, as well as her lady mistress, had had an egg and a glass of toast and water for dinner the day before.—Jessy's toast differing a little from that of her mistress, for lady Grizelda's was burned bread immersed in the limpid stream, whilst Jessy's was pure caldar water, and her toast was "The de'il tak the quality goings-on."

Now, it must be made known to the reader, that this day was the vigil of a grand ball to be given by her ladyship to all the beauty and fashion of Edinburgh, and all her numerous quality cousins and companions; not forgetting the law-legion which came in by dozens, like clauses in a deed or agreement, to swell the list and to increase the expense. Three hundred cards of invitation had been issued on this important occasion; and her house had literally been turned inside out, in order to prepare it for this grand let off, the report of which, lady Grizelda was aware, would spread far and near.

Three weeks had been occupied in making ornamental knick-knackeries for her suite of fanciful apartments, ornamental hangings,

\* The Emperor was averse to image-worship. The fool alluded to this: being deficient in proof, was whipped as a tell-tale and a liar.

transparencies, arches of evergreens, festoons, drawings, chalkings, &c. and three nieces were all this time employed in uniting the efforts of their taste to give effect to this fancy scene. No money was spared upon the occasion; although dealt out with economy, and made to go the further by the loan of the united plate of six cousins, and by her floors being chalked by a poor relation.

Lady Grizelda had much to accomplish by this ball and supper; for, first, it was long talked of, and must answer all expectations; secondly, she had the honor of her title and noble family to support,—albeit the former rested upon courtesy, and the latter was supported by government pension, yet there was nobility and antiquity enough in both, and neither must be disgraced. Six suits of livery were, therefore, pulled out of an old chest, aired and brushed up, and were to be made to fit five mercenary *fiancées*, in addition to her ladyship's old family footman, page and butler—being one and the same representative of servitude in the house.

The drilling of the liveried recruits was left to Andra; and the table turn-out was all rehearsed in models and ticketed cards, by way of dishes and supper ornaments, by the commander in chief (Lady Grizelda) and by her three female aides-de-camp. Above all, Andra was ordered to speak high English in announcing the nobility as they arrived; and his repeating lieutenant, a smart footboy out of place, was instructed to give audibility to each title of marquess, earl, lord, lady, Sir Alexander, the baron (a law lord), and even to the private gentlemen bearing the names of their estates, even should the estate be sold, because a name goes a great way; for instance, Dalnaglassing, Balmagash, Lavrock Hill, Stony Castle, Tinalbyers, Glenburnie, Invercairig or New Park!—why, the gentlemen would be nothing without them!

But it is high time to introduce our reader to lady Grizelda. Her ladyship stands about five feet ten and a half in her shoes, is as upright as a sergeant's pike, as thin as a hard run greyhound, and has so strong a profile, and so national width, that it resembles one side of a Lochabar battle-axe. If high cheek bones are marks of being high bred and born, her ladyship has the highest pretensions on that head, and—as to points about her, she is all points together. A supercilious look indicates the quality of old maid, who has either entirely overlooked our sex, (perhaps from retaliation) or cannot stoop to the ordinary race of beings. A fluxen wig surmounting her argent crest (once fire red) completes her picture.

The ball-night now arrived, and a fast preceded it, in order to make her three nieces the fitter for dancing, to keep her domestics active and keen, and herself cool and collected. The frugal egg and toast and water was the family fare. Indeed Andra had been so *egged* on this week, that he felt scarcely able to bear the yoke of servitude. The maids too had nothing but a shake down for their couch, all the furniture being displaced. A couple such balls would have proved fatal to her ladyship's domestics.

At eleven o'clock at night, a blaze of light

and an open door, proclaimed that her ladyship was at home; and by midnight, a battalion of chairmen showed to all the town that Lady Grizelda M. Tab received company.

The party was divided into three orders of beings; the professionals, the *moderées* and the *ultras* of fashion. The black corps of law and physic looked deadly to purse and constitution; they mustered very strong, and were made up partly of relatives, and partly of entertaining friends. The *moderées* were antiquated nobility and decent gentry of the old school, who dropped in at, or before eleven; and who came to take a hand at cards, or to see their children and grandchildren dance, and to shake hands with some threescore cousins, and connections with whom they were certain to meet. The *ultras* were the travelled nobility of the country, together with their shades and imitations, their seepphants and copies, who served as caricatures to these living pictures of *haut ton* and elegance. These arrived from midnight, until two in the morning, and came only to lounge, to waltz, and to cut up their acquaintance. The *ultras'* ladies heads were built up in such castles of braids, hair-bows, ornamental combs, brilliant crescents (no conjugal reflections, this ornament being one of the East and not of the North), feathers, flowers, &c. that the small women were extinguished under them, whilst the materialists were like elephants bearing castles.

When the magnificent suite of apartments was filled, the ladies with their tower headresses recalled to mind the Tower of Babel; for there was a variety of tongues, the broad Scotch of the antiquaries, the half and half of the *moderées*, the lisp, the insipid, the drawl, and the hyper-English of the *ultras* and their followers. The leading features, however, of the society were winning smiles, modest beauty, engaging deportment, and numerous families.

Nowhere was more agility displayed than in the youthful dancers. Sun-bright eyes, with complexion, which to look on was to love, contrasted by raven or dark Auburn hair, were frequently apparent in the mazes of the dance: such northern lights are attractive beyond expression. Next came the mild, the bluntd, full blue eye, with glossy light-brown hair, and that complexion of repose, whose quietude tells the heart that its best interests lie there, that there its affections may rest, nor seek for further happiness. Lastly, the November tints of declining Flora, blooming in neglect, like wall-flowers beyond the reach of Hymen's hand, stood, statue like, against the hangings of the apartment, glared the forced smile, pouted the faded lip, joined mentally in the dance, or accepted, with urbanity and gratitude, the hand of the elderly advocate, the juvenile complaisant clerk to the signet, or the returned hanger-on student.

Now turned to the groups of lookers-on, the knots of criticsers, and the files of connoisseurs. Quizzing-glasses are up; and looks fall upon ankles, ivory necks, and well turned shoulders. What an ordeal for the fair to pass through! Some dance with all

their hearts, and some with all their minds. The untravelled Caledonian maid is nature's child: she shines the Tersiphoire of the reel. The travelled, practised beauty, studies each attitude and glance, and conquers in the artful waltz. Returned emigrants strike in the quadrille; while the *moderates* do their best in the English country dance.

And now the supper is announced! What buzzing, what arming, what seeking of partners, and what looking out for table companions! How are the eyes at work! Hope, fear, delight, anxiety and doubt, all reign in this little moment.—The supper is of the best. It is well chosen and befitting the table of a person of quality. The wines are exquisite; but the Lady Grizelda is not obtrusive in pressing them on her male friends. An *ultra* remarks, that the champagne has the taste of *Reverez-y*; and the ill natured ones say, that the negus is *water-proof*. But barring these two remarks, every one goes away at day-light, delighted with the urbanity, the kindness, the welcome and the hospitality of their Lady Hostess, who has put herself to no inconsiderable expense to please her friends.—Nor was the fête without its effect; some made mischief, and some made matches, in consequence thereof.

"Gang to bed, bairns," cries her ladyship, to her household troops, giving them a glass of wine each. They retire with a sigh. A great load is off their minds, a very little one is on their stomachs.—Now do her ladyship and nieces collect the ends of wax tapers, gather together the fragments of the feast, and unite the remains of bottles in comely decanters for another day,—this will be a rare week for the calls of country cousins! And they will not fail to make kind enquiries after her ladyship's health. The carnival will be short, and Lent must succeed it.

Well, it was one happy night! one splendid banquet! The wish to please overcame, upon this occasion, every other passion; and, after all, what are Lady Grizelda's reflections after this costly treat? What the difference betwixt herself and the most expensive dame at the west end of the British metropolis? The former can reflect with satisfaction, on having made a return, to her numerous entertaining friends, can flatter herself with standing on the record of fashionable parties, without any injury to herself or to her neighbours. A highland visit, or a prolongation of abstinence, will soon make up the expenditure of the feast; whilst Lady Squander is ruining herself by her parties in quick time, and either falls a self-devoted victim, at the shrine of fashion, or visits the continent, until time or death wipes off her debts, and leaves her unpaid tradesmen literally "to pay the Piper," of her fancy ball.

## THE DRAMA.

### KING'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, after *Il Flauto Magico*, was performed a new Ballet, *Le Plumeau Rouge*; a performance probably produced with the mere object of varying the list of Ballets. It

## VARIETIES.

was a representation of a fashionable ball. Quadrilles, some of them extremely pretty, were exhibited, with some national dances. A reel, a Russ dance, and unfortunately for our national graces, an English hornpipe. The Ballet might admit of improvements; but we presume that this was simply intended as a substitute. The house was full.

DURAY LANE closed on Saturday till next month. Kean is to run through his principal parts before going to America. As we have nothing to observe upon the dropping of the curtain, we may give our readers a bit of amusement, by transcribing the printed form of letter with which rejected pieces are returned to their authors, from this theatre. As if it were not sufficiently mortifying to fail, the poor devils get an extra slap in the face by being assured, that while the writer begs to be spared the pain of pointing out their demerits, the doors of the theatre are open to "every kind of talent!"

*Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.*

Sir—I am desired to return the manuscript of —, which you submitted to the judgment of Mr. Elliston.

The reasons which have led to the determination of returning it you will spare me the necessity of writing; they are founded upon the best attention, and upon the strictest impartiality.

Mr. Elliston is flattered by the preference which you have shown to the establishment; and, while he expresses his hope that you will still be mindful of its interests, he has the honour to declare his determination to open the doors of this theatre to every kind of talent which it may be in his power to sanction and reward. I am, &c.

Acting Manager.

**THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—This theatre opened on Monday with an Address, the Green Man, and a new farce called *Oil and Vinegar*. The first, noticed the convenience of seeing and hearing which is enjoyed at this house; and announced, that the new theatre, to be built for next season, would be better, but not bigger. The second, exhibited Mr. Terry in his fine caustic peculiarity to great advantage, and introduced a Mr. Younger, from Dublin, in the unimportant part of Lord Rowcroft, Parley in Tokely's renowned Major Dimple, a Mr. Williams, from Bath, as Closséat, and a Miss Leigh, from Bristol, as Bertha;—characters which do not afford sufficient grounds for estimating the merits of their representatives. The third is barely amusing, though stated to be from the pen of that humourist, Mr. F. Hooker. The performances however were throughout of an entertaining cast; and with the prospect of a new, moderate-sized theatre, the public may continue for one year more to endeavour to relish them, in spite of the noise and confusion of lobbies, apparently contrived on purpose to offend decorum and preclude gratification from the stage; and at the risk of life from passages and outlets evidently constructed to favour the destruction of a considerable number of the audience in the event of alarm or accident.

Two rein-deer, one male and the other female, were in November last; conveyed from Lapland to a plain about two leagues from Ghent, were they live in a state of perfect freedom. They have endured the change of climate exceedingly well. The female has recently brought forth a female fawn, which is perfectly healthy, and there is every reason to expect that it may be successfully reared. This is the first instance of these animals having thriven and multiplied at so great a distance from their native country.

**Cathedral Abuses.**—A very marked and proper notice has been taken in Parliament of the indecent traffic by which our Cathedrals are turned into mere show, for the selfish gains of individuals connected with the chapters. The trees in the churchyard adjoining Westminster Abbey have, it seems, been cut down, for booths and benches to be hired out at the spectacle of the coronation. Indeed, the whole sacred depository of the ashes of the dead is as actively turning into show-rooms, as any ground ever was for a fair at Cuskerwell or Totterhill-fields. Surely, surely this is very imbecorous and unbecoming. What sentiment but disgust can be inspired, when the very graves are dishonoured for a paltry gain; and posts and stakes are struck through mouldering corpses, to sustain these profane edifices of unblended lucre. We trust that having been noticed in consequence of this indecent proceeding, the House of Commons will not stop; but apply a general remedy to the disgraceful practices which exist, as was truly stated, in St. Paul's and Westminster; as well as in all places of the same sacred description, where similar abuses prevail.

**FAIR PUN.**—A late member for Trinity College, Dublin, found himself seated one day at a large dinner, given by one of the senior fellows of that university, near a young man to whom he had not been introduced. They, however, soon entered into conversation; and the M. P. was quite delighted by the colloquial powers and great information of his neighbour. He took an early opportunity of asking his host the name of the young gentleman. "I thought you knew him," was the reply. "It is — the new Fellow." (It is to be remarked, that the Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, vote for members of parliament, and are generally very influential in elections.) "Ah!" said the member, "is that the case?" "I really felt an attraction for him." "I do not doubt it," replied Dr. Kyle; "it must be an elective attraction."

At the Irish bar, Ninian Mahaffy, Esq. is as much above the middle size, as Mr. Collis is below it. (Mr. Mahaffy, in Curran's life time, was Deputy to Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of the Admiralty in Ireland, and whenever he presided there, Curran used to say, that Court was very fitly called, the *high Court of Admiralty*.) When Lord Redensdale was Lord Chancellor in Ireland, Messrs.

Mahaffy and Collis happened to be retained in the same case a short time after his Lordship's elevation, and before he was acquainted personally with the Irish bar. Mr. Collis was opening the motion, when Lord R. observed; "Mr. Collis, when a barrister addresses the court, he must stand." "I am standing on the bench, my Lord," said Collis. "I beg a thousand pardons," replied his Lordship, somewhat confused; "sit down, Mr. Mahaffy." "I am sitting, my Lord," was the reply to the confounded Chancellor.

On this occasion, the following epigram, (attributed, as every pun in Ireland, good or bad is, to Lord Norbury, but really the production of a barrister then eminent, but now retired from the bar) was composed. Mahaffy and Collis, ill paired in a case, Representatives true of the rattling sise ace; To the heights of the law, though I hope you will rise,

You will never be Judges, I'm sure of *aside*.

The motto of the city of Cork arms is, "*Statio benefida carinis*," altered from the *malis* of Virgil; and most deservedly, with regard to the harbour of Cork. The city arms are of course commonly adopted for signs in houses of entertainment. But the ingenuity of a sign painter has, by a happy blunder, made the motto quite appropriate for an eating-house, over which his graphic pencil has displayed the arms. He has exhibited it, "*Statio benefida carnis*," (omitting the central *i*), which may be translated, An excellent place for meat.

The Bishop of Winchester has very speedily rendered serious the good humoured jest of his venerable brother of Durham, in our last Number. His lordship died at Chelsea, on Wednesday, in his 79th year, and 40th of his episcopacy.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JULY, 1820.

Thursday, 6.—Thermometer from 36 to 60. Barometer from 30.30 to 30.31. Wind N. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally cloudy, with sunshine.

Friday, 7.—Thermometer from 38 to 65. Barometer, stationary at 30.31. Wind N. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and N. b. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Clouds generally passing; at times clear.

Saturday, 8.—Thermometer from 52 to 58. Barometer from 30.33 to 30.36. Wind N. b. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and 1.—Generally cloudy.

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Monday, 10.—Thermometer from 50 to 69. Barometer from 30.31 to 30.35. Wind E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ , E. b. N. and E. b. S.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Morning cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.

Tuesday, 11.—Thermometer from 59 to 70. Barometer from 30.23 to 30.34. Wind E. and S. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Clouds passing during the morning, the rest of the day clear.

Wednesday, 12.—Thermometer from 45 to 69. Barometer from 30.13 to 30.03. Wind E. b. N. 1.—Generally clear; heavy clouds passing at times.

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Perhaps the continual contemplation of the character thus drawn of them, has contributed to fix it upon the nation; and thus to give reality to what at first may have been painted in a great measure from the imagination. Men are apt to acquire peculiarities that are continually acribed to them. The common orders of English seem

wonderfully captivated with the *beast ideal* which they have furnished of John Bull, and endeavour to act up to the broad caricature that is perpetually before their eyes. Unluckily they sometimes make their boasted Bullism an apology for their prejudice or grossness; and this I have especially noticed among those truly home-bred and genuine sons of the soil, who have never migrated beyond the sound of Bow bells. If one of these should be a little uncouth in speech, and apt to utter impertinent truths, he confesses that he is a real John Bull, and always speaks his mind. If he now and then flies into an unreasonable burst of passion about trides, he observes, that John Bull is a choleric old blade, but that his passion is over in a moment, and he bears no malice. If he betrays a coarseness of taste, and an insensibility to foreign refinements, he thanks heaven for his ignorance—he is a plain John Bull, and has no relish for frillery and nicknacks. This very proneness to be gulled by strangers, and to pay extravagantly for absurdities, is excused under the plea of munificence—for John is always more generous than wise. Thus, under the name of John Bull, he will contrive to argue every fault into a merit, and will frankly convict himself of being the honestest fellow in existence.

However little, therefore, the character may have suited in the first instance, it has gradually adapted itself to the nation, or rather, they have adapted themselves to each other; and a stranger who wishes to study English peculiarities, may gather much valuable information from the innumerable portraits of John Bull, as exhibited in the windows of the caricature shops. Still, however, he is one of those fertile humourists, that are continually throwing out new traits, and presenting different aspects from different points of view; and, often as he has been described, I cannot resist the temptation to give a slight sketch of him, such as he has met my eye.

John Bull, to all appearance, is a plain downright, matter-of-fact fellow, with much less of poetry about him than rich prose. There is little of romance in his nature, but a vast deal of strong natural feeling. He excels in humour, more than in wit; is jolly, rather than gay; melancholy, rather than morose; can easily be moved to a sudden tear, or surprised into a broad laugh; but he loathes sentiment, and has no turn for light pleasantry. He is a bogan companion, if you allow him to have his humour, and to talk about himself; and he will stand by a friend in a quarrel, with life and purse, however soundly he may be cudgelled.

In this last respect, to tell the truth, he has a propensity to be somewhat too ready.

He is a busy-injured personage, who thinks not merely for himself and family, but for all the country round, and is most generously disposed to be every body's champion. He is continually volunteering his services to settle his neighbours' affairs, and takes it in great dudgeon if they engage in any matter of consequence without asking his advice; though he seldom engages in any friendly office of the kind without finishing by getting into a squabble with all parties, and then railing bitterly at their ingratitude. He luckily took lessons in his youth in the noble science of defence, and having accomplished himself in the use of his limbs and his weapons, and become a perfect master at boxing and cudgel play, he has had a troublesome life of it ever since. He cannot bear of a quarrel between the most distant of his neighbours, but he begins, frequently to humble with the head of his cudgel, and consider whether his interest or honour does not require that he should meddle in the broils. Indeed, he has extended his relations of pride and policy so completely over the whole country, that no rent can take place, without infringing some of his finely-spun rights and dignities. Convinced in his little domain, with these elements stretching forth in every direction, he is like some choleric, bottle-bellied old spider, who has woven his web over a whole chamber, so that a fly cannot buzz, nor a breeze blow, without startling his repose, and raising him to sally forth wrathfully from his den.

Though really a good-hearted, good tempered fellow at bottom, yet he is singularly fond of being in the midst of contention. It is one of his peculiarities, however, that he only relishes the beginning of an alloy; he always goes into a fight with alacrity, but comes out of it grumbling even when victorious, and though no one fights with more obstinacy to carry a contested point, yet, when the battle is over, and he comes to the reconciliation, he is soon taken up with the mere slaking of humors that he is apt to let his antagonist pocket all they have been quarrelling about. It is not, therefore, fighting that he ought so much to be on his guard against, as making friends. It is difficult to cudgel him out of a faulting; but put him in a good humour, and you may bargain him out of all the money in his pocket. He is like one of his own-ships, which will weather the roughest storm unjured, but roll its masts overboard in the succeeding calm.

He is a little fond of playing the Inigo Jones about, of pulling out a long pose; of being his unwearily about at boxing matches, horse races, and cock fights, and carrying a high head among the gentlemen of the flock;



but immediately after one of these fits of extravagance, he will be taken with violent qualms of economy; stop short at the most trivial expenditure; talk desperately of being ruined, and brought upon the parish; and in such moods, will not pay the smallest tradesman's bill, without violent altercation. He is, indeed, the most punctual and discontented paymaster in the world; drawing his coin out of his breeches' pocket with infinite reluctance; paying to the utter most farthing; but accompanying every guinea with a growl.

With all his talk of economy, however, he is a bountiful provider, and a hospitable housekeeper. His economy is of a whimsical kind, its chief object being to devise how he may afford to be extravagant; for he will begrudge himself a beef-steak and pint of port one day, that he may roast an ox whole, broach a hog-head of ale, and treat all his neighbours, on the next.

His domestic establishment is enormously expensive; not so much from any great outward parade, as from the great consumption of solid beef and pudding; the vast number of followers he feeds and clothes; and his singular disposition to pay largely for small services. He is a most kind and indulgent master, and, provided his servants humour his peculiarities, flatter his vanity a little now and then, and do not pecculate grossly on him before his face, they may manage him to perfection. Every thing that lives on him seems to thrive and grow fat. His house servants are well paid, and pinpered, and have little to do. His horses are sleek and lazy, and prance slowly before his state carriage; and his house dogs sleep quietly about the door, and will hardly bark at a house-breaker.

His family mansion is an old castellated manor-house, grey with age, and of a most venerable, though weather-beaten appearance. It has been built upon no regular plan, but is a vast accumulation of parts, erected in various tastes and ages. The centre bears evident traces of Saxon architecture, and is as solid as ponderous stone and old English oak can make it. Like all the relics of that style, it is full of obscure passages, intricate mazes, and dusky chambers; and though these have been partially lighted up in modern days, yet there are many places where you must still grope in the dark. Additions have been made to the original edifice from time to time, and great alterations have taken place; towers and battlements have been erected during wars and tumults; wings built in times of peace; and out-houses, lodges, and offices, run up according to the whim or convenience of different generations; until it has become one of the most spacious rambling tenements imaginable. An entire wing is taken up with the family chapel; a reverend pile that must once have been exceedingly sumptuous, and, indeed, in spite of having been altered and simplified at various periods, has still a look of solemn religious pomp. Its walls within are storied with the monuments of John's ancestors; and it is snugly fitted up with soft cushions and well-bed chairs, where such of his family as are inclined to church services, may doze con-

fortably in the discharge of their duties.

To keep up this chapel has cost John much money; but he is staunch in his religion, and piqued in his zeal, from the circumstance that many dissenting chapels have been erected in his vicinity, and several of his neighbours, with whom he has had quarrels, are strong papists.

To do the duties of the chapel, he maintains, at a large expense, a pious and portly family chaplain. He is a most learned and decorous personage, and a truly well-bred Christian, who always backs the old gentleman in his opinions, winks discreetly at his little peccadilloes, rebukes the children when refractory, and is of great use in exhorting the tenants to read their bibles, say their prayers, and, above all, to pay their rents punctually, and without grumbling.

The family apartments are in a very antiquated taste, somewhat heavy, and often inconvenient, but full of the solemn magnificence of former times; fitted up with rich, though faded tapestry, unwieldy furniture, and loads of massy gorgeous old plate. The vast fire places, ample kitchens, extensive cellars, and sumptuous banqueting hall,—all speak of the roaring hospitality of days of yore, of which the modern festivity at the manor house is but a shadow. There are, however, complete suites of rooms apparently deserted and time worn; and towers and turrets that are tottering to decay; so that in high winds there is danger of their tumbling about the ears of the household.

John has frequently been advised to have the old edifice thoroughly overhauled, and to have some of the useless parts pulled down, and the others strengthened with their materials; but the old gentleman always grows testy on this subject. He swears the house is an excellent house—that it is tight and weather proof, and not to be shaken by tempests—that it has stood for several hundred years, and, therefore, is not likely to tumble down now—that as to its being inconvenient, his family is accustomed to the inconveniences, and would not be comfortable without them—that as to its unwieldy size and irregular construction, these result from its being the growth of centuries, and being improved by the wisdom of every generation—that an old family, like his, requires a large house to dwell in; new, upstart families may live in modern cottages and snug boxes, but an old English family should inhabit an old English manor-house. If you point out any part of the building as superfluous, he insists that it is material to the strength or decoration of the rest, and the harmony of the whole; and swears that the parts are so built into each other, that if you pull down one, you run the risk of having the whole about your ears.

The secret of the matter is, that John has a great disposition to protect and patronize. He thinks it indispensable to the dignity of an ancient and honourable family, to be bounteous in its appointments, and to be eaten up by dependants; and so, partly from pride, and partly from kind-heartedness, he makes it a rule always to give shelter and maintenance to his supernumerated servants.

The consequence is, that, like many other venerable family establishments, his manor is incumbered by old retainers whom he cannot turn off, and old style which he cannot lay down. His mansion is like a great hospital of Invalids, and, with all its magnitude, is not a whit too large for its inhabitants. Not a nook or corner but is of use in housing some useless personage. Groups of veteran beef eaters, gouty pensioners, and retired heroes of the buttery and the larder, are seen hobnobbing about its walls, crawling over its lawns, dozing under its trees, or sunning themselves upon the benches at its door. Every office and out-house is garrisoned by these supernumeraries and their families; for they are amazingly prolific, and when they die off, are sure to leave John a legacy of hungry mouths to be provided for. A mucklock cannot be struck against the most mouldering, tumble-down tower, but out pops, from some cranny or loop hole, the grey pate of some supernumerated hanger-on, who has lived at John's expense all his life, and makes the most grievous outcry at their pulling down the roof from over the head of a worn out servant of the family. This is an appeal that John's honest heart never can withstand; so that a man, who has faithfully eaten his beef and pudding all his life, is sure to be rewarded with a pipe and tankard in his old days.

A great part of his park, also, is turned into paddocks, where his broken-down chargers are turned loose, to graze undisturbed for the remainder of their existence—a worthy example of grateful recollection, which, if some of his neighbours were to imitate, would not be to their discredit. Indeed, it is one of his great pleasures to point out these old steeds to his visitors, to dwell on their good qualities, extol their past services, and boast, with some little rancour, of the perilous adventures and hardy exploits, through which they have carried him.

He is given, however, to indulge his veneration for family usages, and family incumbrances, to a whimsical extent. His manor is infested by gangs of gypsies; yet he will not suffer them to be driven off, because they have infested the place time out of mind, and been regular poachers upon every generation of the family. He will scarcely permit a dry branch to be lopped from the great trees that surround the house, lest it should molest the rooks, that have bred there for centuries. Owls have taken possession of the dovecote; but they are hereditary owls, and must not be disturbed. Swallows have nearly choked up every chimney with their nests; martins build in every frieze and cornice; crows flutter about the towers, and perch on every weather cock; and old gray-headed rats may be seen in every quarter of the house, running in and out of their holes undauntedly, in broad daylight. In short, John has such a reverence for every thing that has been long in the family, that he will not hear even of abuses being reformed, because they are good old family abuses.

All these whims and habits have conspired woefully to drain the old gentleman's purse.

and as he prides himself on punctuality in money matters, and wishes to maintain his credit in the neighbourhood, they have caused him great perplexity in meeting his engagements. This too has been increased by the alterations and heart-burnings which are continually taking place in his family. His children have been brought up to different callings, and are of different ways of thinking; and as they have always been allowed to speak their minds freely, they do not fail to exercise the privilege most clamorously in the present posture of his affairs. Some stand up for the honour of the race, and are clear that the old establishment should be kept up in all its state, whatever may be the cost; others, who are more prudent and considerate, entreat the old gentleman to retrench his expenses, and to put his whole system of housekeeping on a more moderate footing. He has, indeed, at times seemed inclined to listen to their opinions, but their wholesome advice has been completely defeated by the ostentatious conduct of one of his sons. This is a noisy rattle-pated fellow, of rather low habits, who neglects his business to frequent ale-houses—is the orator of village clubs, and a complete oracle among the poorest of his father's tenants. No sooner does he hear any of his brothers mention reform or retrenchment, than up he jumps, takes the words out of their mouths, and roars out for an overturn. When his tongue is once going, nothing can stop it. He rants about the room; he hectors the old man about his spendthrift practices; ridicules his tastes and pursuits; insists that he shall turn the old servants out of doors; give the broken down horses to the bonals; send the fat chaplain packing, and take a field-preacher in his place—say, that the whole family mansion shall be levelled with the ground, and a plain one of brick and mortar built in its place. He rails at every social entertainment and family festivity, and skulks away growling to the ale-house whenever an equipage drives up to the door. Though constantly complaining of the emptiness of his purse, yet he scruples not to spend all his pocket-money in these tavern convocations, and even runs up scores for the liquor over which he preaches about his father's extravagance.

It may readily be imagined how little such thwarting agrees with the old cavalier's nery temperament. He has become so irritable, from repeated crossings, that the mere mention of retrenchment or reform is a signal for a brawl between him and the tavern oracle. As the latter is too sturdily and refractory for paternal discipline, having grown out of all fear of the cudgel, they have frequent scenes of wordy warfare, which at times run so high, that John is fain to call in the aid of his son Tom, an officer who has served abroad, but is at present living at home, on half pay. This last is sure to stand by the old gentleman, right or wrong; like nothing so much as a racking roystering life; and is ready, at a wink or nod, to out-sabre, and flourish it over the orator's head, if he dares to array himself against paternal authority.

These family discussions, as usual, have

got abroad, and are rare food for scandal in John's neighbourhood. People begin to look wise, and shake their heads, whenever his affairs are mentioned. They all "hope that matters are not so bad with him as represented; but when a man's own children begin to rail at his extravagance, things must be badly managed. They understand he is mortgaged over head and ears, and is continually dabbling with money lenders. He is certainly an open-handed old gentleman, but they fear he has lived too fast; indeed, they never knew any good come of this fondness for hunting, racing, revelling, and prize-fighting. In short, Mr. Bull's estate is a very fine one, and has been in the family a long while; but for all that, they have known many finer estates come to the hammer."

What is worst of all, is the effect which these pecuniary embarrassments and domestic feuds have had on the poor man himself. Instead of that jolly round corporation, and smug rosy face, which he used to present, he has of late become as shrivelled and shrunk as a frost-bitten apple. His scarlet gold-laced waistcoat, which belied out so bravely in those prosperous days when he sailed before the wind, now hangs loosely about him like a mainsail in a calm. His leather breeches are all in folds and wrinkles; and apparently have much ado to hold up the boots that yawn on both sides of his once sturdily legs.

Instead of strutting about, as formerly, with his three-cornered hat on one side; flourishing his cudgel, and bringing it down every moment with a hearty thump upon the ground; looking every one sturdily in the face, and trolling out a stave of a catch or a drinking song; he now goes about whistling thoughtfully to himself, with his head drooping down, his cudgel tucked under his arm, and his hands thrust to the bottom of his breeches pockets, which are evidently empty.

Such is the plight of honest John Bull at present; yet for all this the old fellow's spirit is as tall and as gallant as ever. If you drop the least expression of sympathy or concern he takes fire in an instant; swears that he is the richest and stoutest fellow in the country; talks of laying out large sums to adorn his house or to buy another estate; and, with a valiant swagger and grasping of his cudgel, longs exceedingly to have another bout at quarter-staff.

Though there may be something rather whimsical in all this, yet I confess I cannot look upon John's situation, without strong feelings of interest. With all his odd humours and obstinate prejudices, he is a sterling hearted old blade. He may not be so wonderfully fine a fellow as he thinks himself, but he is at least twice as good as his neighbours represent him. His virtues are all his own; all plain, homely and unaffected. His very faults smack of the richness of his good qualities. His extravagance savours of his generosity; his quarrelsome-ness of his courage; his credulity of his open faith; his vanity of his pride; and his bluntness of his sincerity. They are all the reds, lances of a rich and liberal character.

He is like his own oak; rough without, but sound and solid within; whose bark abounds with excrescences in proportion to the growth and grandeur of the timber; and whose branches make a fearful growling and murmuring in the least storm, from their very magnitude and luxuriance. There is something, too, in the appearance of his old family mansion that is extremely poetical and picturesque; and, as long as it can be rendered comfortably habitable, I should almost tremble to see it meddled with during the present conflict of tastes and opinions. Some of his advisers are no doubt good architects that might be of service; but many I fear are mere travellers, who when they had once got to work with their mallets on the venerable edifice, would never stop until they had brought it to the ground, and perhaps buried themselves among the ruins. All that I wish is, that John's present troubles may teach him more prudence in future. That he may cease to distress his mind about other people's affairs; that he may give up the fruitless attempt to promote the good of his neighbours, and the peace and happiness of the world, by dint of the cudgel; that he may remain quietly at home; gradually get his house into repair; cultivate his rich estate according to his fancy; husband his income—if he thinks proper; bring his unruly children into order—if he can; renew the jovial scenes of paternal prosperity; and long enjoy, on his paternal lands, a green, an honourable, and a merry old age.

*Aminta, a Tale of the Woods; from the Italian of Torquato Tasso. By Leigh Hunt. London, 1820. 12mo. pp. 145.*

THE *Aminta* of Tasso, in which it has been asserted by the most skilful and learned Italians, criticism could find no fault, is comparatively little known in this country; and, except as a model of language, it does not appear to us that its genius is calculated for our national taste. The gallantry and elegance of the Court of Ferrara, at the period of its production, have no corresponding feelings in British bosoms; and the effeminacy of the Italian character, excites ridicule, rather than sympathy, in the rougher natures of England. But even in Italy, (as with its copy, the Faithful Shepherd), the Pastor Fido of Guarnini is more read than the *Aminta*; and though we must confess to the truth of Tasso's remark, when asked by the author's friends, (after witnessing its performance,) what he thought of it? "if he had not seen my *Aminta*, he could not have done it:" it is, we think, demonstrable, that the novelty of this species of pastoral composition, and the extraordinary beauty of the style, were the chief recommendations of the elder Poet.

As neither of these qualities could be transferred to a translation, we do not consider Mr. Hunt's choice of subject to be a happy one. Indeed, he has not wasted much labour upon it: his version is a school-boy's task, and little superior to those renderings

of the Italian text, which we are accustomed to see in the books of operas, sold for the edification of the Bull family, when they visit the gallery or pit at the King's Theatre. Nor could the harmony, the felicitous expression, the niceties of the original, be given in English—for our language has no equivalents for what is most admirable in these respects. Mr. Hunt has, however, translated very faithfully; and, as a lesson book to learners of the Italian, his publication may be useful, though it has no chance of affording pleasure to the lovers of poetry.

Before extracting a few specimens, we may notice, that there is a dedication to Mr. Keats, in which the similarity between that bard and Tasso is insinuated; and a flippant preface, into which something of the Examiner newspaper hatred of courts is wrought with the customary modesty of our political-poetical-Thesites. In this essay we hear of things not very intelligible, such as "an additional grace of introduction" — an "unconspicred grace" — "to dullen," "the beardiness of nature," — and the "strong aboriginal taste of nature," &c.; but neither these, nor some indifferent wood-cuts, need detain us from Amyntas.

The fine prologue by *AMONG* in *Acito Pastoralis*, is very fairly translated, and the first scene of the first act, so celebrated in the original, is still more closely and literally rendered.

But the following, from the 2d scene, is in our opinion, the best portion of Mr. Hunt's version:—

*Amyntas.* While yet a boy, scarce tall enough to gather

The lowest hanging fruit, I became intimate  
With the most lovely and beloved girl,  
That ever gave to the winds her locks of gold.

\* We seldom see this newspaper, but were exceedingly amused with a recent Number which accidentally fell into our hands, and in which, with a most tyrannical profusion of abuse, the Editor called Wellington, Castlereagh, Brougham, and Denman, "persons guilty of diplomatic cant and hypocrisy!" Wilberforce "a pious member—a canting and convenient tool of the stronger party;" A. Mr. Malet Charter, of Taunton, and A. Chichester, Esq. M. P. (who, it seems, had the honour to preside at a Pitt Club anniversary), "Insolent, vain, prejudiced, shallow, and pretending persons!" Dickinson and Lethbridge, the county members, "Imbeciles!" Mr. Brougham, "guilty of gross insincerity—the effect of a legal and party education!" Mr. Canning, "superficial, gaw-gaw of oratory, Jobber, &c.!" Sheriff Rothwell, "a tory, hostile to the reform of extravagance and abuses in the city!" The house of Commons, "insidious, despicable, and unjust!" &c. &c. and all this profuse impartiality of reviling, in one little sheet! surely this charitable writer must do outrage to his kinder nature, so Peter-Pastoral and Cosmopolitish, when he utters such measureless abuse of others less pure and perfect than himself. It is the same tender-hearted person, who elsewhere wished that Buonaparte were released, and the battle of Waterloo fought over again, just to prove who was the greatest general—slay a hundred thousand human beings, to satisfy the doubts of Mr. Examiner, as to the question of superiority between two commanders!

Then know'st the daughter of Cydippe and  
Moutano, that has such a store of herbs,  
Sylvia, the forest's honour, the soul's fire?  
Of her I speak. Alas! I lived one time,  
So fastened to her side, that never turtle  
Was closer to his mate, nor ever will be.  
Our homes were close together, closer still  
Our hearts; our age conformable, our thoughts  
Still more conformed. With her I treaded nets  
For birds and fish; with her followed the stag,  
And the fleet hind; our joy and our success  
Were common: but in making prey of animals  
I fell, I know not how, myself a prey.  
There grew by little and little in my heart,  
I know not from what root,  
But just as the grass grows that sows itself,  
An unknown something, which continually  
Made me feel anxious to be with her; and then  
I drank strange sweetness from her eyes, which  
left

A taste, I know not how, of bitterness.  
Often I sighed, nor knew the reason why;  
And thus before I knew what loving was,  
Was I a lover. Well enough I knew  
At last; and I will tell thee how; pray mark me,  
*Thyrs.* I mark thee well.

*Amyntas.* One day, Sylvia and Phillis  
Were sitting underneath a shady beech,  
I with them: when a little ingenious bee,  
Gathering his honey in those flowery fields,  
Laid on the cheeks of Phillis, cheeks as red  
As the red rose; and bit, and bit again  
With so much eagerness, that it appeared  
The likeness did beguile him. Phillis, at this,  
Imputation of the smart, sent up a cry:  
"Hush! Hush!" said my sweet Sylvia, "do  
not grieve;

I have a few words of enchantment, Phillis,  
Will ease thee of this little suffering.  
The sage Artesia told them me, and had  
That little ivory horn of mine in payment,  
Fretted with gold." So saying, she applied  
To the hurt cheek, the lips of her divine  
And most delicious mouth, and with sweet  
humming

Murmured some verses that I knew not of.  
Oh admirable effect! a little while,  
And all the pain was gone; either by virtue  
Of those enchanted words, or as I thought,  
By virtue of those lips of dew,  
That heal what'er they turn them to.  
I, who till then had never had a wish  
Beyond the sunny sweetness of her eyes,  
Or her dear dulcet words, more dulcet far  
Than the soft murmur of a humming stream  
Croaking its way among the pebble-stones,  
Or summer airs that babble in the leaves,  
Felt a new wish more in me to apply  
This mouth of mine to hers; and so becoming  
Crafty and plotting, (an unusual art  
With me, but it was love's intelligence)  
I did bethink me of a gentle stratagem  
To work out my new wit. I made pretence.  
As if the bee had bitten my under lip;  
And fell to lamentations of such sort,  
That the sweet medicine which I dared not ask  
With word of mouth, I asked for with my looks.

The simple Sylvia then;  
Compassioning my pain,  
Offered to give her help  
To that pretended wound;  
And oh! the real and the mortal wound,  
Which pierced into my being,  
When her lips came on mine,  
Never did her from flower  
Suck sugar so divine.  
Was as the honey that I gathered then  
From those twin roses fresh.  
I could have bathed in them my burning kisses,

But fear and shame withheld  
That too audacious fire,  
And made them gently hang.  
But while into my bosom's core, the sweetness,  
Mixed with a secret poison, did go down,  
It pierced me so with pleasure, that still feigning  
The pain of the bee's weapon, I contrived  
That more than once the enchantment was re-  
peated.

From that moment forth, desire  
And irrepressible pain so grew within me,  
That not being able to contain it more,  
I was compelled to speak;—

The chorus at the end of the first act  
conveys the spirit of the author, but is in-  
comparably different in versification.

O lovely age of gold!  
Not that the rivers rolled  
With milk, or that the woods dropped honey  
dew;  
Not that the ready ground  
Produced without a wound,  
Or the mild serpent had no tooth that slew;  
Not that a cloudless blue  
For ever was in sight.

Or that the heaven which burns,  
And now is cold by turns,  
Looked out in glad and everlasting light;  
No, nor that ev'n the insolent ships from far  
Brought war to no new lands, nor riches wore  
than war;

But solely that that rain  
And breath-lacerated pain,  
That idol of mistakes, that worshipped cheat,  
That Honour,—since so called  
By vulgar minds appalled,  
Played not the tyrant with our nature yet.  
It had not come to fret  
The sweet and happy fold  
Of gentle human-kind;  
Nor did its hard law bind  
Souls nursed in freedom; but that law of gold,  
That glad and golden law, all free, all fitted,  
Which Nature's own hand wrote,—What  
pleases, is permitted.

Then among streams and flowers  
The little winged Powers  
Went singing carols without torch or bow:  
The nymphs and shepherds sat  
Mingling with innocent chat  
Sports and whispers; and with whispers low  
Kisses that would not go.  
The maiden, budding o'er,  
Kept not her bloom unwey,  
Which now a veil must hide,  
Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore:  
And oftentimes, in river or in lake,  
The lover and his love their merry bath would  
take.

Go; let us love: the daylight dies, is born;  
But unto us the light  
Dies once for all; and sleep brings on eternal  
night.

The famous speech of the Satyr—  
*Picciola è l'ape, e fa col picciol morso  
Pur gravi, e pur moleste le ferite;*  
is thus translated:—

Small is the bee, and yet with a small sting  
Makes grave and troublesome wounds. But  
what is smaller  
Than love, who lurks in the minutest things,  
And strays in the minutest? now beneath  
The shadow of an eye-brow; now among  
Threads of fine hair; and now in the small curls,  
Which a sweet smile forms in a lovely cheek.

And yet what great and mortal wounds are his,  
And past all remedy! Alas! all wound  
And bleeding havoc is he in my nature;  
And millions of sharp arrows does he keep stored  
In Sylvia's eyes. Oh cruel love! Oh Sylvia,  
More hard and without sense, than are the woods,  
How rightly dost thou bear that sylvan name!  
What foresight his love gave thee! The woods  
Hide with their whoe leaves, fions, and bears,  
And snakes; and thou in thy fair bosom hidest  
Hate, and disdain, and hard impiety;  
Things wilder far than lions, bears, and snakes;  
For those are tameable, but to tame thee  
Defies the power of present and of prayer.

Alas! when I would give thee flowers new-  
blown,  
Thou drawest thyself back; perhaps because  
Thou hast more lovely flowers in thy own looks,  
Ah me! when I present thee sweet young apples,  
Thou puttest them away; perhaps because  
Thou hast more sweet young apples in thy  
bosom.

Alas! when I would please thee with sweet honey,  
Thou treatest it as nought; perhaps because  
Thou hast a sweeter honey in thy lips.  
If my poor means can give thee nothing better,  
I give thee of my own self. And why, unjust one,  
Scorn and abhor the gift? I am not one  
To be despised, if truly 't'other day  
I saw myself reflected in the sea,  
When the winds hushed, and there was not a  
wave.

This ruddy sanguine visage, these broad shoulders,  
This hairy breast, and these my shaggy thighs,  
Are marks of strength and manhood. If thou  
dost not

Believe them, try them. What dost thou expect  
Of those young dainty ones, whose girlish cheeks  
Are scarcely tinged with down, and who dispose  
Their pretty locks in order,—girls indeed  
In strength as well as look? Will any of them  
Follow thee through the woods, and up the  
mountains,

And combat for thy sake with bears and boars?  
I am no brute thing; no,—nor dost thou scorn  
me

Because I am thus shaped, but simply and solely  
Because I am thus poor. Oh, that the woods  
Should take this vile example from the town.  
This is indeed the age of gold; for gold  
Is conqueror of all, and gold is king.

Oh thou, whoever thou wert, that first didst show  
The way to make love real, be thou accurst.  
Curs'd may thine ashes be, and cold thy bones;  
And never may'st thou find shepherd or nymph  
To say to them in passing "Peace be with ye!"  
But may the sharp rains wash them, and the  
winds

Blow on their bareness; and the herd's foul foot  
Trample them, and the stranger. Thou didst  
first

Put shame upon the nobleness of love;  
And thine was the vile hand that first did put  
bitterness in his cup. A venge! love!

A love that waits on gold! It is the greatest,  
And most abominable, and filthiest monster,  
That ever land or sea shuddered at bearing.  
But why in vain lament me? Every creature  
Has the helping arms which nature gave it:  
The stag betakes himself to flight, the lion  
tamps with his mighty paws, the foaming boar  
urms with his tusks; and loveliness and grace  
re women's weapons and her potency.  
Nature made me then fitted for deeds  
of violence and rapine, why not!

Will you do violence for my ends? I will do so:  
I will go force from that ungrateful one  
What she desires my love. A goatherd, who

Has watched her ways, tells me that she is used  
To bathe her in a fountain; and has shewn me  
The very spot. There will I plant me close  
Among the shrubs and bushes, and so wait  
Until she come; then seize my opportunity,  
And run upon her. What can she oppose,  
The tender thing, either by force or flight,  
To one so swift and powerful? She may use  
Her sighs and tears, and all that is of force  
In beauty to move pity. I will twist  
This hind of mine in her thick locks; nor stir  
One step till I have drank my draught of ven-  
geance.

These will suffice to show where the  
translator has been most successful. In less  
fortunate passages, we have such puerilities  
and blunders as these:—

The time will come  
When wilt thou grieve thou didst not mind my  
words;

Then wilt thou shun the fountains, for mere dread  
Of seeing thyself grown wrinkled and featureless  
[a heroic line!]

Denying pity  
To one [to] whom nought else could have de-  
nies it.

Thy hopes reward  
Will he what thou hast seen in that bare beauty.  
Her luckless relics, should she be not whole?  
[i. e. broken to pieces by a fall.]

Content! content! since thou wilt do it not,  
Or cannot.  
Nay, thy suspicion will turn out as groundless,  
As it has done just now. Every one takes  
All possible care of his own life, believe me.

This prosing is the sense of the line,  
Ch'ognuno a suo poter salva la vita:

And in a subsequent scene we find  
Consolati, meschina:  
Unhappy me, take comfort!

To non merto pietate  
Che non la seppi usare:  
I do deserve no pity,  
For I was used to none.  
Non per pietà di me, ma per pietate  
Di chi degno ne fue,  
Che m'ajutà a cercare  
L'infelice sue membra, e a seppellirle.

And thou, O Daphne, lock  
Thy tears up in thy heart, love,  
If they are agent for me.  
And yet for pity too,  
Not of myself, but one  
That did deserve it all.  
I pray thee let us go, oh! let us go,  
And gather up his limbs and bury them.

This is sad silly trifling; and we fear Mr.  
Hunt's *Amintas* will never be so celebrated  
as Tasso's *Aminta*.

*Classical Excursion from Rome to Ar-  
pino.* By Charles Kelsall. Geneva.  
1820. 8vo. pp. 254.

Mr. Kelsall is one of the most singular  
writers, as well as odd in his fashion of  
printing and publishing, that we are ac-  
quainted with. What he wants in form, he  
makes up by amusing eccentricity; and if we  
do not always find him thinking correctly,  
we at least often find him thinking, which is

more than nine tenths of our modern au-  
thors do.

The present volume, whether we refer to  
the subject, or its treatment, may well be  
called *Classical*; and as for its second title,  
*Excursion*, it also merits that name *par  
excellence*, for its extraordinary excursiveness.  
The prominent feature is an enthusi-  
astic admiration of Cicero, in which we most  
cordially agree with Mr. Kelsall; and it is  
diversified with so many odd capricious, with  
stories of Italian robbers, remarks on modern  
manners, episodes, and jokes, that where we  
do not admire we laugh, and where we with-  
hold assent, we feel it impossible to be very  
angry with the assertor of dogmas, some of  
them not very strictly consistent with ortho-  
doxy and received opinions. *Ex. Gr.* At p.  
14, he leaves us in doubt whether he be more  
a Pagan, a Mahometan, or a Christian; for he  
tells us—

"The religion of ancient Greece and  
Rome was far superior in this respect to the  
Catholic; for the ancients, by deifying the  
attributes of the Deity, and the different  
modifications of his power displayed here  
on earth, referred in fact all adoration to  
him. But whatever may be the sentiments  
of the upper ranks of the Catholics, the  
middling and lower classes, when they pro-  
strate themselves before the shrines of *Sant'  
Antonio* of Padua, or *Santa Rosa di Viter-  
bo*, think more of those individuals who have  
sprung from the *Camera del Papagallo*,  
than of the fountain of power, goodness,  
and truth. Go to Constantinople.—You  
will see there, it is true, a people inattentive  
to good government, and to the development  
and melioration of mind; but you will not  
see the Mufti waving his wand, and absolv-  
ing people from their sins, like the priests in  
St. Peter's. The principal Mufti canonizes  
no saint, and orders no bones or toes to be  
kissed. Mahomet, however defective may  
be his doctrines in other respects, sends his  
followers to the temple of the Deity, and  
bids them prostrate themselves there, with-  
out asserting that he is any more than a pro-  
phet, or interpreter of God's word, a title  
which he can hardly be refused, if we con-  
sider the extraordinary effect which his *Koran*  
has occasioned. We can only estimate reli-  
gions from the more or less good of which  
they are productive to man, contemplated in  
his individual and social relations. Friend-  
ship of a devoted kind is not uncommon in  
Turkey; in Rome it is certainly rare. The  
testimonies of numerous travellers concur in  
stating that a low shop-keeper in Turkey  
scorns to ask even of a Christian, a greater  
sum than he would of a Turk. Most of the  
Roman shop-keepers turn foreigners to the  
best account they can. The Turk will some-  
times rob by open force; but he scorns pil-  
fering, as common at Rome as in London  
and Paris, and easily extorted by a kiss of  
the brazen feet of St. Peter, a wave of the  
magic wand from the confessional boxes, or  
a bow to the waxen virgins, surrounded by  
their flower-pots. The Turk having per-  
formed his ablutions, kneels to the Most  
High, and only suffers himself to be acquit-  
ted by the testimony of his own conscience,

The Turk never turns his temples into charnel-houses, like the Roman. Whether noble or mechanic, he enters his mosque with sentiments of devotion and awe\*. The Roman on the contrary, often laughs at several of those ceremonies, which his conscience will uphold him for neglecting."

Nor do we quarrel seriously with the specimens of affectation in style, that occasionally cross us:—"a Babylonish dialect" is becoming quite common with our travellers; and all that Mr. K. needs to have said of his lucubrations is, that they are not out of the fashion. And he has the general excuse of necessarily quoting much, and consequently being thrown as it were upon a patch-work of languages. The general character of the volume however will appear sufficiently from the following examples, which show the author to be imbued with classic literature, of refined understanding, and of very considerable originality of talent. The opinion of so competent a connoisseur upon Canova and Thorvaldsen is worth quoting.

"The modern Alcamenes (he says) has however found a puissant rival in the Dane Thorvaldsen, who in reliefs, is confessedly the first artist living: witness his *Giorno, Notte, and Triumph of Alexander*. Neither would it be easy to find among Canova's productions, statues superior to his *Dancing Girl, his Mercury, and Adonis*. But *Venus receiving the apple, and Cupid contemplating his dart*, both from the chisel of this distinguished Dane, are *opera omnibus fortasse hodiernæ artis anteceden- da*. He will, I suspect, be found to possess more nerve and invention than Canova, and to be but little his inferior in grace. It must however be understood, that though the Grecian spirit has been happily caught by these great artists, we cannot yet discover in their works that high creative *ideal*, which we recognize in the Apollo, the Meleager, and the Laocoon."

In an early stage of the excursion from Rome, Mr. K. visited the reputed remains of the Horatian Villa. His reflections here afford a fair example of his manner.

"Of all the Latin poets, Horace is certainly the most original; and the best proof of this is the impossibility of imitating him with success. The harmonious majesty of Virgil, the sonorous pomp of Lucan, the philosophical dignity of Lucretius, the spleen and energy of Juvenal, the elegiac tenderness of Tibullus and Propertius, and the anorous fire of Ovid, have been sometimes caught by good scholars. But the style of the argute Venissian, especially in his satires and epistles, like the *grata proferitas* of his Glycera, has hitherto bid defiance to the most refined student. His *curiosa felicitas* escapes both Pope and Boileau; though it must be confessed that we are indebted to the last for a more perfect Art of Poetry."

"Quitting the Horatian villa, we regained the *rin Valeria*, and following the course

of the Anio to our right, proceeded by the *rin Sublacensis* to Subiaco, a place known in ancient geography, under the title of the *Sinibrincine ponds*; and distant from Vicovaro about twenty miles. We presently crossed the Rio Freato, which was transported to Rome on a course of arches sixty-one miles in length, under the title of *Aqua Marcia*. It corresponds with the description of it given by Frontinus: *prædestinatum stagnino colore præteritidis*, being of an emerald green; and water, when very pure, seems of that colour. It is thus that the Spaniards have their *Rio verde* in a celebrated romance. About a mile further to the left, are also the sources of the *Aqua Claudia*, which according to Plinius, travelled to the capital on a range of arches not less than forty-six miles in length. We left Aosta to our right, the ancient *Augusta*, built on a precipitous and insulated rock, in the midst of the valley. Five miles beyond is Subiaco, which Nero made conspicuous with his villa. *Sublaqueum, under the lakes*, or as we might translate it, *under the halter*, seems an appropriate residence for such a tyrant. Tacitus tells us that at a banquet given here by that abortion, the tables were struck and upset by a thunder-bolt; we should however remember that the Roman historians, and especially Tacitus, are fond of giving effect to great occurrences by the intervention of the thunder of Jove: *Discumbentis Neronis apud Sinibrincina stagna, cum Sublaqueum nomca est, ictus domusque dijecta erat*. A monk of the Altieri family has lately unearthed several apartments of the Neronian villa. The modern town is better built than Tivoli, and a lofty and spacious feudal castle commands it of the lower ages. Hither St. Benedict retired, the founder of one of the most hospitable and sensible of the monastic orders; and a cave is shewn near the town, where the saint offered up his orisons. Subiaco is interesting as having been the first place in Italy, where printing-presses were established; and according to Tiraboschi, the works of Lactantius, and the *De Oratore* of Cicero, were the first productions of the first Italian press, established in a monastery at Subiaco. Rock crystal is found in the neighbouring cliffs.

"We had now entered the narrow defiles of the Apennines, and the *nidus* of the Italian Aborigines, who like the *autochthones* of Greece, despised the neighbouring tribes, who owed their origin to colonies. Whence they came is matter of dispute. Cato tells us in a fragment, *primo Italian tenuisse quosdam qui Aborigines appellabantur*; and Justin says that they were the first cultivators of Italy. They were believed by some to have come from Achaia. Festus speaking of them says: *fuit gens antiquissima Italiae*. Their savage habits and life are alluded to by Virgil in the following line:

*Genuæ viridum truncis et duro robore nato*;

and by Sallust: *gens hominum agreste, sine legibus, sine imperio, liberum autem solutum*. Janus and Saturnus were two of their chiefs, who imparted to them the rules

of civilization; and like the heroes of Greece, were subsequently deified:

*—gens indocile ac dispersum montibus altis Composuit, legeque dedit,*

says Virgil speaking of Saturnus. Dionysius of Halicarnassus is so confused in his account of these Aborigines, or as some have called them *Aberrigines*, that he leaves us as much in the dark as before. The two insurmountable difficulties among the Italian antiquaries, are the origin of this race, and that of the Tuscans. It is amusing to trace the contradictory statements of the learned respecting the last. Their descent perplexed the ancients, as well as moderns. Herodotus tells us that they came from Lydia; Varro, and Aristides quoted by Strabo, will have it that they were Pelasgians; Bochart, that they came from Canaan, or Phœnicia; Buonarroti, from Egypt; while Pelloutier, Freret, and others maintain that they were of Celtic origin. It is probable that the Aborigines and the Tuscans were indigenous in the strict sense of the word; placed in Italy by the immediate act of the Deity, like Adam in Mesopotamia.

"But circumstances had occurred, which threw a chill over the enjoyment, which we should have otherwise felt, in witnessing the actual condition of this uncouth tribe. There was one *Dicæaria*, an aboriginal compound of bigotry, activity, and cruelty; the Caesar Borgia of the Apennines. At the head of a troop of banditti as fearless as himself, he had spread terror to the gates of Rome, and had insulted, perhaps intimidated the authorities, by demanding a considerable ransom for an individual of note, whose person he had secured. The papal troops had been despatched in quest of him, and a few days before we left Rome, they had found his wife and family at the village of *Saint Prassede*, whom by a summary legal process, they had murdered in cold blood. *Dicæaria* in consequence, was wandering in the heart of the Apennines, rabid as a wounded lion, and breathing slaughter and revenge. Informed however at Subiaco, by the magistrate, and papal military officer, that he had not been heard of, or seen in that vicinity, we crossed the Anio, now reduced to a streamlet, and we saw the mountain beyond, *unde Anio nascitur*."

Thus between pleasing learned gossip, and a somewhat odd jumble of incident and remark, we proceed onward to Arpino.

"On approaching the village of Anticoli, which I do not find occupying the site of any ancient town, we saw a multitude of peasants and herdsmen assembled on a sort of rule terrace, to witness a horse-race. Their appearance was uncouth and picturesque in the extreme. They were clad chiefly in sheep-skins, and wore red caps. The better class were armed. They reminded me of the Nogai Tartars in the south of Russia. These modern *Aborigines*, with black dishevelled hair, and olive complexions, who rent the air with barbarous yells as we passed, corresponded with the description of their ancestors, transmitted to us by Virgil:

\* [The same argument is very applicable just now to our Protestant cathedrals.]

*Horrida præcipue cui genus, æneque multa  
Venatæ senecæ duri. Epicaque gleba;  
Armati terram cærent, ut imperque reventas  
Conciscere jactat prædæ, et civeque rapto.*

"Not desirous of entering our paltries at the Antioch races, we journeyed to Alatri, (*Alatrium*), a town that figures in the comedy of the Captives of Plautus. We arrived there at dusk, after having passed through a country wooded by nature, like the noblest parks of England. Alatri is one of the five Saturnian cities; there are four others which claim their origin from that unknown hero styled Saturnus. They all begin with the first letter of the alphabet, and are as follows: *Alatri, Anagni, Ardea, and Arpinum*. There is something inexpressibly striking to the mind, on entering a city like Alatri, the origin of which is lost in the impenetrable mist of ages. There are no cities in England, of which we have any authentic records, earlier than Julius Cæsar; there are not many in France; we can trace the origin of them all, at least as soon as they began to assume any commercial importance. The same will apply to the Spanish cities, with the exception perhaps of Tartessus, the origin of which is involved in obscurity. There is no city in Sicily, of which we have not authentic data; tradition respecting the Greek colonies is also pretty satisfactory; but enter any one of the five Saturnian, or the twelve Etrurian cities; ask about what period were laid the colossal substructions, remains of which are in all more or less visible. The person whom you interrogate, be he a Cluverius, is mute. You might as well hope to obtain satisfactory information respecting the oldest ruins in India, Persia, or Egypt; which have always perplexed, and will perplex antiquaries. All that we can conclude is, that Alatri is a city of the Italian Aborigines, founded at some remote and unknown period, probably by Saturnus, who after imparting some few ideas of civilization among his followers, was venerated by them, and subsequently, with Janus, (whose temples were common in the Apennines,) crept into Rome as the tutelary deities of the republic. It would be well if a new Janus or Saturnus could reappear in the Apennines, to propagate fresh ideas of social order; for here are an unreasonable number of the priesthood, and the same *exorbitant superstition* as in the capital."

(To be concluded in our next.)

*The Protocol; or Selections from the Contents of a Red Box, &c.* Edited by Leigh Cliffe, Esq. London, 1820. 12mo. pp. 140.

One of the trumpery publications which are got up in times of ferment, without any recommendation to notice, except their serving as the sinks for all the stale filth and garbage which happen to be floating about at the period, is considered as a recommendation. Without wit, without humour, without even that poignancy of abuse which often obtains readers, the Protocol is indeed a miserable morbid accumulation of trash;

and Leigh Cliffe, Esquire (if such Squire there be), ten times a duller coxcomb at scurrility than his namesake Leigh.

*The First Day in Heaven. A Fragment.* London, 1820. 12mo. pp. 100.

This slight volume is, we understand, the production of one of the heads of an Irish Institution; and, as an ethical essay, founded on an enlarged view of natural philosophy, is highly deserving of approbation. But we must say, it has disappointed us—not from its imperfections, but from its being so complete a misnomer. We anticipated much from the title, which opened a glorious field, both for truth and imagination. *The First Day in Heaven*, however, is but one day added to earth. Its sentiments, principles, intelligence, are all such as we highly approve: it elevates the mind, and applies nobly to the human understanding; it contains many fine reflections, and some original thoughts—but it is not what it purports to be; and we dislike being dashed from Heaven, even to so perfect an earth.

OXLEY'S NEW SOUTH WALES.

[Concluded.]

The following is all we can glean of natural history from Mr. Oxley's imposing quarto. In the Lachlan—

"One man in less than an hour caught eighteen large fish, one of which was a curiosity from its immense size, and the beauty of its colours. In shape and general form it most resembled a cod, but was speckled over with brown, blue, and yellow spots, like a leopard's skin: its gills and belly a clear white, the tail and fins a dark brown. It weighed entire seventy pounds, and without the entrails sixty-six pounds: it is somewhat singular that in none of these fish is any thing found in the stomach, except occasionally a shrimp or two."

"A new species of fish was caught, having four snappers above and four under the mouth; the hind part of it resembled an eel; it had one dorsal fin, and four other fins, with a white belly; it measured twenty-one inches and a half, and weighed about two pounds three quarters."

"Several flocks of a new description of pigeon were seen for the first time: two were shot, and were beautiful and curious. Their heads were crowned with a black plume, their wings streaked with black, the short feathers of a golden colour edged with white; the back of their necks a white flesh colour, their breasts fawn-coloured, and their eyes red. A new species of cockatoo or parrot, being between both, was also seen, with red necks and breasts, and grey backs."

"The animals differing from those in the neighbourhood of Bathurst are but few: the principal is a new species of red kangaroo; a smaller species of the same, having a head delicately formed, called by us the rabbit-kangaroo. Two other birds besides the pigeon and cockatoo before-mentioned may be noticed: we suppose them to be both birds of night, being only heard at that time; neither of them was seen: one was remarkable for exactly imitating the call of the

natives, the other the short sharp bark of the native dog, inso much that our dogs were constantly deceived by the noise."

"An inmate of an alarming description took up his lodging in our tent during the last night, probably washed out of its hole by the rain: a large diamond snake was discovered coiled up among the four bags, four or five feet from the doctor's bed."

"We killed this day one of the largest kangaroos we had seen in any part of New South Wales, being from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty pounds weight. These animals live in flocks like sheep; and I do not exaggerate, when I say that some hundreds were seen in the vicinity of this hill; it was consequently named Kangaroo Hill."

Respecting the country we extract two or three of the most descriptive passages. In the first journey—

"June 21.—Fine mild weather: at eight o'clock set forward on our journey. The further we proceeded northwesterly, the more convinced I am that, for all the practical purposes of civilized man, the interior of this country westward of a certain meridian is uninhabitable, deprived as it is of wood, water, and grass. With respect to water, it is quite impossible that any can be retained on such a soil as the country is composed of, and no water courses, for the same reason, can be formed; for, like a sponge, it absorbs all the rain that falls, which, judging from every appearance, cannot be much. The wandering native with his little family may find a precarious subsistence in the ruins with which the country abounds; but even he, with all the local knowledge which such a life must give him, is obliged to dig with immense labour little wells at the bottom of the hills, to procure and preserve a necessary of life which is evidently not to be obtained by any other method."

"Nothing can afford a stronger contrast than the two rivers, Lachlan and Macquarie; different in their habit, their appearance, and the sources from which they derive their waters, but above all differing in the country bordering on them; the one constantly receiving great accession of water from four streams, and as liberally rendering fertile a great extent of country; whilst the other, from its source to its termination, is constantly diffusing and extenuating the waters it originally receives over low and barren deserts, creating only wet flats and uninhabitable morasses, and during its protracted and sinuous course is never indebted to a single tributary stream. The contrast indeed presents a most remarkable phenomenon in the natural history of the country, and will furnish matter in other parts of this Journal, for such conclusions as my observations have enabled me to form."

"August 22.—Among the other agreeable consequences that have resulted from discovering the river in this second Vale of Tempe, may be enumerated, as not the least, the abundance of fish and emus with which we have been supplied; swans, and ducks, were also within our reach, but we had no shot. Very large muscles were found grow-

ing among the reeds along some of the reaches; a few exceeded six inches in length, and three and a half in breadth. Traces of cattle were found in various places as low as Howe's Brook, which are now doubtless straying through the country."

Into the Macquarie fall the rivers Castle-reagh, Field, Sydney, &c. and there are some fine waterfalls. Its termination is thus mentioned:—

"The river itself continued, as usual, from fifteen to twenty-five feet deep, the waters which were overflowing the plains being carried thither by a multitude of little streams, which had their origin in the present increased height of the waters above their usual level. The river continued undivided, and presented too important a body of water to allow me to believe that these marshes and low grounds had any material effect in diffusing and absorbing it: its ultimate termination, therefore, must be more consonant to its magnitude. These reflections on the present undivided state of the river would of themselves have caused me to pause before I hastily quitted a pursuit from the issue of which so much had naturally been expected. For all practical purposes, the nature of the country precluded me from indulging the hope, that even if the river should terminate in an inland sea, it could be of the smallest use to the colony."

"After going about twenty miles, we lost the land and trees: the channel of the river, which lay through reeds, and was from one to three feet deep, ran northerly. This continued for three or four miles farther, when although there had been no previous change in the breadth, depth, and rapidity of the stream for several miles, and I was sanguine in my expectations of soon entering the long sought for Australian sea, it all at once ended our further pursuit by spreading on every point from north-west to north-east, among the ocean of reeds which surrounded us, still running with the same rapidity as before. There was no channel what-ever among those reeds, and the depth varied from three to five feet. This astonishing change (for I cannot call it the termination of the river), of course left me no alternative but to endeavour to return to some spot, on which we could effect a landing before dark. I estimated that during this day we had gone about twenty-four miles, on nearly the same point of bearing as yesterday. To assert positively that we were on the margin of the lake or sea into which this great body of water is discharged, might reasonably be deemed a conclusion which has nothing but conjecture for its basis; but if an opinion may be permitted to be hazardous from actual appearances, mine is decidedly in favour of our being in the immediate vicinity of an inland sea, or lake, most probably a shoal one, and gradually filling up by immense depositions from the higher lands, left by the waters which flow into it. It is most singular, that the high-lands on this continent seem to be confined to the sea coast, or not to extend to any great distance from it."

The following anecdote is curious.

"A singular instance of affection in one of the brute creation was this day witnessed. About a week ago we killed a native dog, and threw his body on a small bush: in returning past the same spot to-day, we found the body removed three or four yards from the bush, and the female in a dying state lying close beside it; she had apparently been there from the day the dog was killed, being so weakened and emaciated as to be unable to move on our approach. It was deemed mercy to despatch her."

We now take leave of this work, which will be found to supply little more intelligence than we have extracted; except so much as may be summed up in few words. Lime and coal were occasionally found; and also, once, a saponaceous clay like fuller's earth. The party suffered much from thirst, though it is stated that rain fell abundantly; and one of the men was spared by a native, to obtain his axe, but recovered. Surveyors' jobs are usually very expensive; and Mr. Oxley's, with the super-addition of the bookseller's weighty pressure, renders this a work of excessive cost, when considered with reference to its intrinsic worth, or to the value of the information it furnishes to the general stock.

#### HUBER ON ANTS.

[Dr. Johnson's Translation, continued.]

The fourth chapter of this interesting history treats of the relation between (relations among) Ants; on which branch of their economy the following extract will be sufficient.

"The guard or sentry of the ant-hill will furnish us with the first proof of their social relations. We could, without doubt, irritate ants on the surface of the nest, without alarming those in the interior, if they acted isolately, and had no means of communicating their mutual impressions. Those who are occupied at the bottom of their nest, removed from the scene of danger, ignorant of what menaces their companions, could not arrive to their assistance; but it appears, that they are quickly and well informed of what is passing on the exterior. When we attack those without, the most part engage in their defence with a considerable degree of courage: there are always some, who immediately steal off and produce alarm throughout their city; the news is communicated from quarter to quarter, and the labourers come forward in a crowd, with every mark of uneasiness and anger. What, however, is highly worthy our remark is that the ants, to whose charge the young are confided, and who inhabit the upper stories, where the temperature is highest, warned also of the impending danger, always governed by that extreme solicitude for their charge, which we have so often admired, hasten to convey them to the deepest part of their habitation, and thus deposit them in a place of safety."

"To study in detail the manner in which this alarm spreads over the ant-hill, we must extend our observations to the individuals of the largest species: the Herculean Ants, who inhabit hollow trees and who quit them only in the spring, to accompany the

males and females, have very much assisted me in this object.

"The labourers are from five to six lines in length; the winged individuals are also proportionably large: they may be frequently seen running about the trunk of an oak, at the entrance of their labyrinth. When I disturbed those ants that were at the greatest distance from their companions, by either observing them too closely, or blowing upon them lightly, I saw them run towards the other ants, give them gentle blows with their heads against the corset, communicating to them, in this way, their fear or anger, passing rapidly from one to the other in a semicircular direction, and striking several times successively against those who did not put themselves in instant motion. These, warned of the common danger, set off immediately, describing in their turn different curves, and stopping to strike with their heads all those they met on their passage. In one moment the signal was general, all the labourers ran over the surface of the tree with great agitation, those within receiving notice of the danger, and probably by the same means, came out in a crowd and joined this tumult. The same signal which produced upon the workers this effect, caused a different impression upon the males and females; as soon as one of the labourers had informed them of their danger, they sought an asylum, and re-entered precipitately the trunk of the tree—not one thought of quitting its temporary shelter, until a worker approached and gave them the signal for flight. The solicitude of the labourers in their favour, is manifested in the activity they display, in giving them advice or intimating to them the order for their departure; they resemble then the above signals, as if conscious of their understanding their intent less readily than the companions of their labours: the latter understand them, if I may use the expression, at half a word."

The author then details several extraordinary circumstantial proofs that these insects possess some kind of language, in which to make themselves understood by their companions.

The fifth chapter treats of the wars of ants, and is almost as fine a satire on the biped pismire man, as Gulliver's Lilliputian animals.

"Of all the enemies of the ant, those most dreaded are the ants themselves; the smallest not the least, since several fasten at once upon the feet of the largest, drag them on the ground, embarrass their movements, and thus prevent their escape. One would be astonished at the fury of these insects in their combats; it would be more easy to tear away their limbs and cut them in pieces, than compel them to quit their hold. It is nothing uncommon to see the head of an ant suspended to the legs or antennae of some worker, who bears about, in every place, this pledge of his victory. We also observe, not unfrequently, the ants dragging after them the entire body of some enemy they had killed some time before,



fastened to their feet in such a way as not to allow of their disengaging themselves.

"Supposing the ants to be of equal size, those furnished with a sting have an advantage over those who employ only for their defence their venom and their teeth. The whole of those ants whose peduncle has no scale, but one or two knots, are provided with a sting; the Red Ants, which are said to sting more sharply than the rest, possess both these sorts of arms. In general the ants furnished with a sting are, in our country, some of the smallest. I know but one species of middle size; but it is very rare and only inhabits the Alps.

"The wars entered into by ants of different size bear no resemblance to those in which ants engage who come to combat with an equal force. When the large attack the small, they appear to do it by surprise, most likely to prevent the latter from fastening upon their legs; they seize them in the upper part of the body and strangle them immediately between their pincers. But when the small ants have time to guard against an attack, they intimate to their companions the danger with which they are threatened, when the latter arrive in crowds to their assistance. I have witnessed a battle between the Herculean and the Sanguine Ants; the Herculean Ants quitted the trunk of the tree in which they had established their abode, and arrived to the very gates of the dwelling of the Sanguine Ants; the latter, only half the size of their adversaries, had the advantage in point of number; they, however, acted on the defensive. The earth, strewn with the dead bodies of their compatriots, bore witness they had suffered the greatest carnage; they, therefore, took the prudent part of fixing their habitation elsewhere, and with great activity transported to a distance of fifty feet from the spot, their companions, and the several objects that interested them. Small detachments of the workers were posted at little distances from the nest, apparently placed there to cover the march of the recruits and to preserve the city itself from any sudden attack. They struck against each other when they met, and had always their mandibles separated in the attitude of defiance. As soon as the Herculean Ants approached their camp, the centinels in front assailed them with fury; they fought at first in single combat. The Sanguine Ant threw himself upon the Herculean Ant, fastened upon its head, turned its abdomen against the chest of its adversary or against the lower part of its mouth, and inundated it with venom. It sometimes quitted its antagonist with great quickness; more frequently, however, the Herculean Ant held between its feet its audacious enemy. The two champions then rolled themselves in the dust and struggled violently. The advantage was at first in favour of the largest ant; but its adversary was soon assisted by those of its own party, who collected around the Herculean Ant and inflicted several deep wounds with their teeth. The Herculean Ant yielded to numbers; it either perished

the victim of its temerity, or was conducted a prisoner to the enemy's camp.

"Such are the combats between ants of different size; but if we wish to behold regular armies, war in all its form, we must visit those forests in which the Fallow Ants establish their dominion over every insect in their territory. We shall there see populous and rival cities, regular roads passing from the ant-hill as so many rays from a centre, and frequently by an immense number of combatants, wars between hordes of the same species, for they are naturally enemies and jealous of the territory which borders their own capital. It is in these forests I have witnessed the inhabitants of two large ant-hills engaged in spirited combat. I cannot pretend to say what occasioned discord between these republics. They were composed of ants of the same species, alike in their extent and population; and were situated about a hundred paces distance from each other. Two empires could not possess a greater number of combatants.

"Let us figure to ourselves this prodigious crowd of insects covering the ground lying between these two ant-hills, and occupying a space of two feet in breadth. Both armies met at half-way from their respective habitations, and there the battle commenced. Thousands of ants took their station upon the highest ground, and fought in pairs, keeping firm hold of their antagonists by their mandibles: a considerable number were engaged in the attack and leading away prisoners. The latter made several ineffectual efforts to escape, as if aware that, upon their arrival at the camp, they would experience a cruel death. The scene of warfare occupied a space of about three feet square; a penetrating odour exhaled from all sides; numbers of dead ants were seen covered with

box, nearly a month, about an equal number of Red and Yellow Ants. It would seem that a general feeling of compassion for their unfortunate imprisonment had given birth to a suspension of hostilities, and that rankling animosity had been exchanged for good will and social order. During this period I seldom witnessed any affray on the exterior of the nest, and on breaking it up, the interior gave me no room to suppose it had been the scene of much contention; but scarcely were they liberated, scarcely did they feel the fresh breeze passing over them, than their animosity re-kindled, and the field of their liberty became the theatre of sanguinary combat. For a few moments each party seemed engaged in discovering a place of retreat, and it was only on returning to the ruins of their original position, to bring off the rest of their companions, that they encountered and waged war upon each other. What was as singular as unexpected, they fought in pairs, in no instance *en masse*; indeed, it only twice happened, although the ground was strewn with combatants, that a third came to the aid of its companion, and even then, as if conscious of the unequal contest, one immediately retired. It was inconceivable with what desperate fury, and with what determined obstinacy they fastened upon each other. With their mandibles alone they often succeeded in effecting a complete separation of the body of their antagonist, of which the ground exhibited many proofs when I revisited it.—T.

venom. Those ants composing groups and chains, took hold of each other's legs and pincers, and dragged their antagonists on the ground. These groups formed successively. The fight usually commenced between two ants, who seized each other by the mandibles, and raised themselves upon their hind-legs, to allow of their bringing their abdomen forward, and spurring the venom upon their adversary. They were frequently so closely wedged together that they fell upon their sides, and fought a long time in that situation, in the dust; they shortly after raised themselves, when each began dragging its adversary; but when their force was equal, the wrestlers remained immovable, and fixed each other to the ground, until a third came to decide the contest. It more commonly happened that both ants received assistance at the same time, when the whole four, keeping firm hold of a foot or antenna, made ineffectual attempts to gain the battle. Some ants joined the latter, and these were, in their turn, seized by new arrivals. It was in this way they formed chains of six, eight, or ten ants, all firmly locked together; the equilibrium was only broken when several warriors, from the same republic, advanced at the same time, who compelled those that were enchained to let go their hold, when the single combats again took place. On the approach of night each party returned gradually to the city, which served it for an asylum. The ants, which were either killed or led away in captivity, not being replaced by others, the number of combatants diminished, until their force was exhausted.

"The ants returned to the field of battle before dawn. The groups again formed; the carnage recommenced with greater fury than on the preceding evening, and the scene of combat occupied a space of six feet in length, by two in breadth. Success was for a long time doubtful; about mid-day the contending armies had removed to the distance of a dozen feet from one of their cities, whence I conclude some ground had been gained. The ants fought so desperately, that nothing could withdraw them from their enterprise; they did not even perceive my presence, and although I remained close to the army, none of them climbed upon my legs; they seemed absorbed in one object, that of finding an enemy to contend with."

[To be continued.]

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### INSANITY.

\* DR. ESQUIROL, ON MADHOUSES IN FRANCE.

From all these lamentable arrangements it results, that the insane are very badly off, in all respects, as the following details prove:—

"1st. Their apartments are by no means disposed in a manner properly adapted to their use: almost every where, except in the Salpêtrière and the Bicêtre, the buildings occupied by the insane are the most retired, the oldest, the dampest, and consequently the most unwholesome; the buildings lately

\* Concluded from the L. G. of 17th June, p. 391.



erected in the *Dépôts de Mendicité*, or elsewhere, are very ill contrived; in some, for example, the court-yard which separates the building from the wall that surrounds it, is not a fable in breadth.

"2d. The habitations, the cells, dungeons, cages, &c. are dreadful; without air, without light, damp, confined, paved like the streets, often lower than the surface of the ground, and sometimes in the vaults (*Souterrains*); these apartments have generally no opening but the door, and a little square hole opposite to it; sometimes there is no opening but the door. The air does not circulate in them, and when you enter, you are suffocated with the infectious odour which they exhale. There are cells which resemble cages; others are of wood, exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather. In my work upon these madhouses, I intend to give a description of these habitations; they seem all to have been constructed to degrade man, and deprive him of the first elements necessary to the preservation of life.

"3d. Often there are no beds; thus wretches tormented by the want of sleep, have sometimes only the paved floor to rest their limbs; and instead of a mattress, pillow, and quilt, nothing but straw.

"4th. Almost every where the poor lunatics, and sometimes even those who pay for their board, are either naked or covered with rags; to them are given the tattered garments of the poor, of the infirm, and the prisoners, who live in the same establishment with them. They are good enough, it is said, for lunatics. Sometimes they are destitute of straw, or it is not changed as often as it ought to be. I have seen an unhappy lunatic quite naked, and without straw, lying upon the paved floor: expressing my astonishment at such neglect, the keeper answered, that he was allowed only a truss of straw once a fortnight, for each individual. I observed to this barbarian, that the dog which guarded the gate of the lunatics had a more wholesome lodging, and that he had fresh straw in abundance: this remark procured me a smile of contempt—and I was in one of the greatest cities in France.

"5th. The regimen, the food, far from being suitable to the nature of these maladies, are injurious to them; when any thing is given them besides black bread, it is of a kind which is not proper for them. They generally get dry and ill-drest vegetables and cheese. It is a treat for the lunatics of Tours, when the nun, who superintends them, can procure once a week the intestines of the animals which have served to make the soup and broth for the poor of the hospital. In the *quartier de force*, in the prisons, the lunatics have only bread and water, when the keepers please to give it them. How is it distributed? generally once a day. In a town they give to the lunatics, as to the prisoners, once in two days, a loaf weighing three pounds, with a pot of water. What a regimen for patients who are dried up by internal heat, devoured by thirst, and tormented by costiveness!

"6th. They have not room in any house

to take the exercise which is so necessary to them. Sometimes there is only one court-yard for all the lunatics of the same sex, and the raving mad are always shut up: or chains are hung to the walls which surround the court, and these victims of inhumanity are fastened to them, in order to make them take the air, as their keepers say, quietly.

"7th. The lunatics are not waited upon at all, or very indifferently; they have hardly any where servants to attend them, and when they have, their number is insufficient; sometimes they are given up to harsh, barbarous, or ignorant keepers. This neglect is the more deplorable, as these unfortunate people have not sense enough to demand the care which humanity every where gives to the sick. Are they attended? what attendance is it, great God! What can be required of a keeper who has thirty, fifty, even sixty individuals under his care? What sentiments of benevolence can these rule men have, who see in the insane only mischievous, dangerous, and hurtful beings? They are acquainted with no means to guide, to restrain, to calm them, but abuse, menaces, terror, blows, and chains.

"8th. Chains are used every where; first, because the buildings are ill arranged; secondly, because the servants are not sufficiently numerous; thirdly, because no other means are known; fourthly, because the use of the strait waistcoat is more expensive. I have sent strait waistcoats as patterns to several towns; out of economy they are not used. It is certain that chains cost less to keep them in repair; it was for this reason Dr. Monro said they were preferable for the poor.\* The improper use of chains is revolting. They use iron collars, iron girdles, manacles for the hands and feet. In one of the greatest cities, which I should be afraid to name, the raving mad are fastened to an iron collar, fixed to a chain a foot and a half long, which is screwed to the middle of the floor, and I was assured that this was the

\* Insinuation as to motives and principles of action is always more dangerous than an open attack: the one is the weapon of assassination, and to be dreaded as such; the other brings us at once into contact with our enemy, which leads to decisive explanation; an event invariably courted by the candid, the manly, and the well-disposed. Dr. Monro does not appear to us to recommend handcuffs for the use of the poor, on any other principle than that of their inability to afford a more humane mode of coercion by living force. We therefore may be induced to extract from his evidence on this point, in order that the statement of Esquirol may be contrasted with the opinions of Dr. Monro; and the document will be otherwise useful, by presenting a comparative view of the advantages of the two modes of coercion, by handcuffs and the strait waistcoat. Next to the horrors described by Esquirol, in his delineation of dens, cages, and prisons, for the reception of the insane, are the miseries that must follow the constant application of the strait waistcoat, particularly in summer, to our fellow-creatures. Direct handcuffs of their association with crime, and let them be modified, and they assuredly become a much more humane mode of restraint than the strait waistcoat.—Ed.

surest means to calm the paroxysms of rage. At Toulouse, in an apartment which is next to the roof, containing about twenty beds, they have suspended to the walls, and over each bed, a chain, which is fastened to a girdle of iron; the lunatics, when they get into their beds, shake these chains, by which they are to be loaded during the night. *In some houses leather straps are distributed to the attendants. The bunch of keys is an instrument of correction.* Good regulations would abolish the use of chains every where, as it has long been in the establishment of Paris. These establishments give to the civilized world the example of two thousand lunatics, of every age, sex, condition, and character, directed, governed, and attended, without blows or chains.

"9th. The physicians have in vain demonstrated in all the cities; but being destitute, of what is most necessary for beneficial attendance, they are discouraged, and do not visit the lunatics, but in cases of very serious illness: they are very rarely made patients with a view of curing them of their madness. There are some houses where the servants prescribe shower-baths, solitary confinement, &c. At Toulouse, from time immemorial, the physicians of the *Hôtel Dieu* visited every month the poor of the general hospital; they never went to the *quartier de force*, where the manics were chained.

"10th. The directors, deceived by fatal prejudices, hardly ever inspect them: many think they have well performed their duty when they have had some provisions distributed among them, and when they have put those wretches whom they suppose incurable, out of a condition to injure society.

"Their fate cannot then be ameliorated as long as they remain in the hospitals, *dépôts de mendicité*, or in the prisons."

Dr. Esquirol examines in what manner it would be the most proper to dispose of the insane; and comes to the conclusion, that it would be advisable to found a sufficient number of large establishments, which he prefers to small ones, because, as he observes, it would be more easy to divide the patients into classes, each of which requires a different mode of treatment; whereas, in a small establishment, there would be almost as many subdivisions as patients. The expense of small establishments would be much greater in proportion, and it would hardly be possible to find a sufficient number of professional men acquainted with this disease in all its various forms. These great establishments would likewise afford much better opportunities for the study of this deplorable malady.\*

\* Here Esquirol is at variance with himself, by forgetting the principles he had previously laid down. We contend, on the basis of experience, that no institution for the relief of the insane should be erected on a large scale. What we mean is this; that a great mass of mental disease, with their varied and necessary attendants, should never be assembled under the same roof. In the treatment of mental derangement, where numbers are aggregated, there ought to be, richly to be distinct medical chiefs, with an adequate number of medical and surgical assistants;

Dr. Esquirol says that the plan of a lunatic asylum, must not be left to an architect;

and there should also be distinct buildings for the professional labours of such chiefs; and thus would emulation be promoted among the superiors, which would extend to the subordinates of all characters, and from which the utmost benefit to the insane in a professional and a humane point of view, might be with certainty calculated on. We are of opinion, that if in place of Bethlehem, there had been erected four hospitals of smaller dimensions, and skillfully subdivided, for the reception of the insane, and those founded in various convenient spots around the metropolis, the utmost benefit by the comparison of results to the cause of humanity, and the interests of the public in a pecuniary way, would have been the consequence. Such arrangements, although more expensive in their origin, and in their management, would yet, by their effects, have proved by far the most economical, by increasing the number cured, and by establishing their comfort on a more unerring basis, during this interesting and painful exhibition of human infirmity. Let us suppose two physicians, equal in point of experience and talent, of equal diligence and humanity, engaged in the treatment of insanity, and that the one has a succession of cases which he visits daily, and that they are never allowed to exceed a dozen, or half that number; while the other has the charge of 50, 100, 150, or 300 patients, whom he visits once or twice the most successful practitioner? The former would be able to devote a minute attention to the characters of the dozen placed under his care, to their diet, to their dress, to their exercise; and the capacities of their mind would also engage his attention, and of course lead to means proper for its employment. The conduct and moral habits of attendants, would be here anxiously examined; in short, with such restricted duties, it would be incumbent on the physician so circumstanced, to see that every measure, however minute or humble, that contributed to their recovery, should be carried into effect. This physician would be possessed of the power of applying general principles, under the guidance of a minute attention to particulars; while the latter would be compelled to act almost solely through general principles, without particular attention to individual cases; and which individual attention is as necessary to ensure success in the treatment of this and every other disease, as the study of individual character is essential to success in the pleasing science of portrait painting, which, when delicately managed, not only delineates the features, but unfolds the soul. Let us suppose a physician employed twelve hours out of the twenty-four in prescribing for this disease, and that he devotes ten minutes to this disease, and on an average, will be little enough; it becomes evident that he can only get over six in an hour, and consequently only seventy-two, in twelve hours, on the supposition of his continuing twelve hours in constant action, which is an effort to be continued, beyond the faculties of the mind, above the powers of the body. In the treatment of insanity, that kind of economy which shall place too many patients under the care of one physician is as unfriendly to their recovery as the want of capital in the cultivation of the soil, must be hostile to vegetable reproduction. There is an extent of bodily labour, to which human nature is inadequate; and this principle will apply with increased force to the mind; and it therefore becomes Governors of

fect; and, \* instructed by ten years experience in his own establishment, as well as by his reading, his travels, and his researches, he gives the result of his reflections, in the plan which he judges the best adapted to the purpose."

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

**Meteorology.**—The Marquis de la Place has relinquished the hypothesis of the lunar origin of meteoric stones; indeed it never was tenable. A friend of ours, who witnessed the fall of an aerolite in a brook, within 200 yards of him, during a dreadful storm, damned out the water and dug for it a few days after. He was unsuccessful in his first excavation; but in his second attempt found the thunderbolt at about one foot and a half from the surface. Being rather of curious than of scientific habits, he lost this fine opportunity for experiment; but he describes the stone as spherical, and about four inches in diameter. It was exceedingly heavy, and seemed to be a dark fusion of iron and nickel. Broken with a hammer, there was discovered in the centre a cavity, three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and filled with a black powder strongly compressed. The smell was highly sulphurous. It is evident that such a production as this belonged to the chemistry of the air, and electricity.

**Pyrologious Acid.**—Curing Provisions.—The property of preserving meat and other animal substances from putrefaction by this acid, the product of distillation from wood, was originally stated in the Literary Gazette, about twelve months ago. A Mr. W. Ramsay has since tried a series of experiments with the view to further investigating the subject, and rendering the acid useful in domestic and naval economy. These fully confirm the utility of the discovery for the curing of provisions. Herrings immersed for three hours in distilled Pyrologious acid of the specific gravity of 1.012, were considerably softened, but remained in perfect preservation for half a year; the only disagreeable quality attached to them being an empyreumatic smell and taste. Merely dipping the fish in a pickle of this strength appears to be sufficient for their cure, and they are then free from empyreuma. Haddocks slightly sprinkled with salt, and afterwards dipped in the acid, were finely preserved: if allowed to remain too long in the latter, the muscular fibre became decomposed, and the smell and

Hospitals to see that no task is imposed that can offer an apology for neglecting it. Physicians of such hospitals, where, we contend, daily attendance is necessary for the welfare of their inhabitants, should be liberally paid, and their attention more pointedly directed to the duties of such institutions: this would prove economy combined with humanity; and until this be done, neither the insane, nor the diseased in any form, will derive the fullest benefit from the powers of medicine.

\* This opinion is most correct. Great mischief must ever arise from allowing the erection of a building of this nature, under the exclusive judgment of an architect; and of these evils, Bethlehem affords some striking examples.—*Ed.*

taste were unpleasant, as in the herring first mentioned. Herrings, with salt and acid slightly combined, were equal to the finest red herrings, and shining and fresh in their colour as when taken from the sea.

Beef dipped in the acid (sp. gr. 1.012) for one minute, in July, 1819, was on the 4th March, 1820, as free from taint as on the day when the experiment was made. Beef dipped in pure vinegar (sp. gr. 1.000) at the same time, was free from taint on the 18th November, and being broiled, had a pleasant sub-acid taste. It is thus evident that vinegar also possesses, to a certain degree, a similar anti-septic quality with pyrologious acid. (See *Ed. Ph. Jour. V.*)

These experiments corroborate our opinion, that this pyrologious acid may become eminently useful in the preservation of animal substances; and we again recommend it to our chemical friends for observation.

**Philology.**—Mr. Jacks, librarian to the Royal Library at Bamberg, has discovered there a manuscript of the Roman history of Eutropius, which was probably brought from Rome by the Emperor Henry, the founder of the Bishopric of Bamberg. The MS. is more complete than any of the best editions hitherto published of this author, and very likely to correct a number of false readings. Professor Goeller, of Cologne, had previously discovered in the Royal Library a MS. of Livy.

**Antiquities.**—Mr. F. C. Gau, of Cologne, who is well known as a learned architect and antiquarian, has just arrived at Rome, on his return from a long and perilous journey through parts of Asia and Africa. He is preparing to publish in that city the result of his researches, which will form a very valuable work, highly interesting to historians and archaeologists. Baron Niebuhr, Prussian ambassador at Rome, in a letter to a friend, says, "Mr. Gau, who is returned from his tour to Palestine, Egypt, and Nubia, to the second Cataract, has brought with him a treasure of the most remarkable remains of antiquity, which had hitherto been either not designed at all, or in a very imperfect manner. This is an ample compensation for the fatigues and dangers of his journey. He is the first German who has accomplished this enterprise; and the honour of Germany, as well as that of the ingenious artist, is interested in the speedy publication of the fruits of his undertaking."

Among other drawings, Mr. Gau has the views of twenty temples, never before designed. He has brought with him many curiosities, one of which is the mummy of a cat.

**Red Snow.**—The fungi, now generally held to be the cause of the redness, in the specimens of arctic and Swiss snows, have been found by Mr. T. Bauer to vegetate when placed in fresh snow. They also vegetate in water; but there the produce is green instead of red.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, JULY 8.

Mr. H. A. Woodgate and Mr. W. E.

Marsh, Scholars of St. John's College, were admitted Fellows of that Society.

Yesterday the following degrees were conferred:—

MASTER OF ARTS.—Rev. W. Williams, All Souls' College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—J. Wallis, Exeter College; Joseph Harling, and H. Ayling, Magdalen Hall.

CAMBRIDGE, July 7.

The Rev. C. J. Blomfield, of Trinity College, was on Saturday created D.D. by royal mandate. On Monday Henry W. Hyde, of Esm. col. was admitted B. C. L.; and J. Spurgin, of Caius coll. Bachelor in Physic. Yesterday, the Rev. W. Palgrave Manclerke, of Jesus college, was admitted M. A.; and M. Prendergast, of Pembroke Hall, B. C. L. S. Pope, Esq. B. A. of Esm. coll. was last week elected a Fellow of that society. C. Smith, Esq. B. A. of St. Peter's coll. was on Saturday last elected a foundation Fellow of that society. On Tuesday last (being Commencement Day) the following Doctors and Masters of Arts were created:—

DOCTOR IN DIVINITY.—The Rev. J. Inman, the Rev. T. Causton, the Rev. R. Roberts, of St. John's college; the Rev. Holt Oke, of C. C. coll.

DOCTOR IN CIVIL LAW.—G. Matcham, of St. John's college.

DOCTORS IN PHYSIC.—F. Thackeray, Esq. of Emmanuel coll.; J. Walker, Esq. and J. Warburton, Esq. of Caius college.

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St. Peter's coll.; N. J. Temple; E. Wade, Sydney Sussex coll.; G. B. Green; G. F. Nicholas, King's coll.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

### STANZAS,

Written near la Croix de la Fleigere, in the Vale of Chamouni.\*

#### 1.

'Tis night, and silence with unmoving wings  
Breeds o'er the sleeping waters;—not a sound  
Breaks its most breathless hush;—the sweet  
moon flings

Her pallid lustre on the hills around,  
Turning the snows and ices that have crowned—  
Since chaos reigned—each vast and scorching  
height,

To beryl, pearl, and silver; whilst, profound,  
In the still waveless lake reflected bright,  
And girt with arrowy rays, rests her full orb of  
light.

#### 2.

Th' eternal mountains momentarily are peering  
Thro' the blue clouds that mantle them;—on  
high,

Their glittering crests majestically rearing,  
More like to children of the infinite sky  
Than of the dead earth;—triumphantly,  
Princes of the whirlwind—monarch of the scene—  
Highest where all are mighty;—from the eyes  
Of mortal man half hidden by the screen  
Of mist that coats his base, from Arve's dark,  
deep ravine,—

#### 3.

Stands the magnificent Monthblanc!—his brow,  
Scarred by ten thousand centuries' most sublime,  
Even as tho' risen from the world below  
After the progress of decay;—by climate,  
Storm—blight—fire—earthquake, injured not—

like time,  
Stern chronicle of centuries gone by,  
Doomed by an awful fiat still to climb,  
Swell and increase with years incessantly †  
'Then yield at length to thee most dread eternity!

#### 4.

Hark! there are sounds of tumult and commo-  
tion  
Hurting in murmurs on the distant air,  
Like the wild music of a wind-lashed ocean:  
They rage—they gather flow—yon valley fair  
Still sleeps in moonbright loveliness,—but there,  
Methinks, a form of horror I behold,  
With giant stride descending!—tis Despair  
Liding the rushing avalanche; now rolled  
From its tall cliff—by whom? what mortal  
may unfold!

#### 5.

Perchance a gale from ferid Italy  
Disturbed the air-hung thunder; or the tone  
Breathed from some hunter's horn;—or it may be,  
The echoes of the mountain cataract, thrown  
Amid its voiceful snows, have thus called down  
The overwhelming ruin on the vale:  
Howbeit a mystery to man unknowns,

\* La Croix de la Fleigere is an elevated point on the mountain of that name, and commands the finest possible view of Monthblanc, and of the Mer de Glace, with the exception perhaps of Mount Breven, which is much more elevated.

† The glaciers, according to Saussure, augment continually.

'Twas but some heaven-sent power that did pre-  
vail,

For an inscrutable end its slumbers to assail.  
6.

Madly it bursts along—even as a river  
That gathers strength in its most fierce career;  
The black and lofty pines a moment quiver  
Before its breath,—but as it draws more near,  
Crash—and are seen no more Fleet-footed fear,  
Pale as that whiterobed minister of wrath,  
In silent wilderment her face doth rear,  
But having gazed upon its blight and scathe,  
Flies, with the swift Chamois, from its death-  
dooming path!

A. A. W.

### BALLADES: A POEM.

#### 1.

How glorious is this morning! the bright sun  
Has just o'er-topped the dewdral mountain  
side,

And it is beautiful to look upon  
The pile of cloud his orient beams have dyed  
In fringes rich and deep-indigo, which run  
Far as the eye can reach; while from the tide  
Fragrant and cooling, ocean breezes come,  
Murmuring in concert with the wave's hoarse  
hum.

#### 2.

Hum! that's a good beginning for my song.  
As good as 'Heppa or as Whistcraft;  
I trust that I have taken quite as true  
And deep potations—quite as full a draught  
Of Hippocrate's waters, where so long  
Poets and bards of every clime have quaffed;  
Where still in crowds the tribes Panassian join—

As Frere or Byron, Corwall or Will. Wastle.

#### 3.

The four great masters of the rima's ottava,  
Whom I regard with very great respect;  
I hope you'll not imagine that I have a  
Conceit, an undervaluing, a neglect  
Of their superior aims, if I should crave a  
Like share of rhyming tact with those select  
Princes of this Italian kind of strain—  
But bards, and even rhymesters, will be vain.

#### 4.

I wrote the first verse on this fine calm day,  
Standing and musing on this lovely shore,  
Where, 'gainst the coast of a romantic bay,  
Th' Atlantic waves dash in perpetual roar;  
Close by my side the little village lay,  
Nestling near rocks whence eagles love to soar;  
To give its name in verse will be a job—  
(But here I go to try)—Balladehob.

#### 5.

I to this place some days ago came down,  
Partly to lounge, partly to 'scape a duel,  
A practice which I don't admire, I own,  
As being somewhat dangerous and cruel;  
What though the swaggers I have left in town  
May hint I have not in my heart the fuel  
Which Valour kindles,—they may say their  
best—

'Tis better than a ball thro' back or breast.

#### 6.

Here I am wandering by the sweet sea-side,  
Looking upon old Ocean's varying face;  
Or cleaving with stout arm the glassy tide;  
Or leaving the mountains joining in the chace;  
Or toiling, wearied with the lengthened ride,  
Plunged in some longer's gay soft embrace,  
At six o' clock, at ten I go to bed,  
Having first penned some verses to friend Ned.

7.  
And now, as on the freshening grass I lay,  
Just as oblivious as a dandy lord,  
Forgetful of the duel, or the fray,  
The opprobrious name, the pistol, or the sword,  
Finding that I had versified away,  
Not thinking I composed a single word,  
Says I, I'll send my verses light and airy,  
To the Gazette surmamed the Literary.

8.  
I like that journal well. But then perchance,  
Lines without title, meaning, or connection,  
May not delight the editorial glance  
Of him, whose name there is no need to mention;  
True: but they can as high a claim advance  
On meaning's score, as some of more pretension.  
Then for a name—Pshaw! give it for a name,  
Hallidiebob\*—the place from whence it came.

## PARODY.

'Tis the last glass of Claret,  
Left sparkling alone,  
All its rosy companions  
Are *clan'd out* and gone.  
No wine of her kindred,  
No Red Port is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes,  
And gladden my eye.  
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
This desert to crown:  
As the bowls are all empty,  
Thou too shalt float down.  
Thus kindly I drink up  
Each drop of pure red,  
And fling the bright goblet  
Clean over my head.

So soon may dame Fortune  
Fling me o'er her head,  
When I quit brimming glasses,  
And bundle to bed.  
When Champagne is exhausted,  
And Burgundy's gone,  
Who would leave even Claret,  
To perish alone.

*Concluding lines of "Waterloo"—the poem which obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement 1820. By George Erving Scott, Trin. Hall.*

To distant skies that hurricane has rolled.  
But oh! the wreck it left! Could tongue unfold  
The matchless horrors of those cumbered plains,  
'T would chill the current in a warrior's veins.  
And yet, that field of anguish, brief as keen,  
Was but the centre of the one wide scene  
Of human misery. Oh! who shall say  
How many wounded spirits, far away,  
Are left to groan thro' long, chill bitter years,  
Beneath the woe that nothing earthly cheers?  
Shall Glory be the widowed bride's relief?  
She feels it but a mockery of grief.  
Shall Glory dry the childless mother's tears?  
Harsh grate the notes of Fame upon her ears!  
Thine are no Spartan matrons, favoured late!  
Gentle as fair! The sunshine of their smile,  
Where the proud victor loves to bask, is set.  
With sorrow's dew the loveliest cheeks are wet.  
Throughout the land is gone a mourning voice;

\* A village on the southern coast of the county of Cork, most romantically situated. The surrounding country is very beautiful, and abounding in mineral productions. Several mines are worked there by Colonel Hall.

And broken are the hearts that should rejoice.  
Dimly as yet the Crown of Victory shines;  
Where eypress with the blood-stained laurel  
twines.  
But there shall Time the brightest verdure  
breathe,  
And pluck the gloomy foliage from her wreath.  
Then proudly shall Posterity retrace,  
First in the deathless honors of their race,  
That giant fight, which crushed Napoleon's  
power,  
And saved the world. Far distant is the hour,  
Unheard of, yet, the deed our woe must do,  
That shall eclipse thy glory, Waterloo!  
Cambridge Chron.

## Verse from "Alis and Alexia."

En lui toute fleur de jeunesse  
Apparaisoit;  
Mais longue barbe, air de tristesse,  
Le ternissoit.  
Si de jeunesse on doit attendre  
Beau coloris,  
Paleur, qui marque une ame tendre,  
A bien son prix.

## ATTEMPTED.

In him each flower of manly grace,  
Each youthful charm appeared;  
Though tarnished by a sorrowing face,  
And by a length of beard.  
If we expect that youth impart  
Colours of lovely hue,  
Falseness, that marks the feeling heart,  
Has its attractions too.

## THE DRAMA.

## ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

*Woman's Will, a Riddle*—A three-act opera, under this title, from the pen of Mr. E. T. Swift, was produced, on Thursday, at the ancient Lyceum. With the blemish of being a full hour too long, it is otherwise a pleasing and amusing drama. Not looking for perfect plot or nature in such pieces, we freely grant the author the liberty he has taken, of founding his play on an utter improbability, and carrying it on by means of circumstances, to find reasons for which would puzzle better guessers than his hero. A certain duchess of Mantua, or Mantua duchess, is at the head of this musical world; (mea Mantua Cremona fecit, quoth Mr. Davy, the composer) and she takes it into her head to order the head of one Cæsario to be cut off, unless he solves the riddle of—what is a Woman's Will? He disliking this proposed Cæsarean operation, runs away, and the princess, old Mantua's daughter, being in love with him, runs after him. Withheld for some cause or other, from telling him the solution of the question, she assumes various disguises, and tries to hint him up to it. She tells him that idleness, money, &c. are the responses; but he declines risking his caput on these answers. At length she assumes the aspect of an ugly old woman; and discloses the real secret, on condition that Cæsario will do whatever she asks. He of course beats the sphynx mother, and is about to marry his dear princess, when the ugly old lady claims his hand in wedlock. Honour rules him, and after some

theatrical distress, she drops her mask, and their union crowns the whole.

Harley has a very whimsical character of gastronomic humour; a number of the jests and allusions in which to the noble science of eating, produce much laughter. There is also a very fair Polonius, of a minor court, a tolerable politician. These, with Miss Krly (the Princess), conspire sufficiently against the mind of the audience, to ensure a favourable reception for the opera; which, being shortened, will, we think, be long relished. The comic songs are very far from being dull, as the generality of modern comic songs are; and the music is pretty, and the acting good.

*Miss Macculey's Entertainments.* This lady closed the series of entertainments which she has been giving at the Argyle Rooms, on Wednesday, and seemed to have acquired strength from success, as she recently evinced greater powers than even her friends gave her credit for. Some of her recitations were powerfully affecting; and in a few instances she gave startling proofs of her skill to command the higher emotions. Unprepared for so vigorous an effort, the company were inclined to smile at the surprise which had overtaken them; but it must be confessed that such electrical strokes are evidence of a very singular combination of judgement and energy. Dress, action, and other concomitants, heightened this treat, for such it was; and we, so sceptical heretofore, are bound to say, that Miss M. displayed abilities of a very superior order.

## VARIETIES.

*Inside Observations.*—An ancient philosopher wished for a window to the human breast: the following is the nearest approach to actual acquaintance with the inward structure that we know of.—Dr. Leuwen, of Paris, has invented a machine for investigating diseases in the organs of the chest. It is a cylinder about a foot long, and 14 inch in diameter, pierced lengthwise by a hole three-eighths of an inch wide, and widened at one end in the form of a funnel the whole diameter of the cylinder. It acts partly as a prolongation of the external ear, partly by magnifying the sounds within the chest; and is well calculated to improve the knowledge of several important and obscure disorders.

Baron de Feltz died a few days ago at Brussels. He was a member of the States-General, and President of the Brussels Academy of Sciences and Belles-Lettres.

*Double Musical Performance.*—Mr. James Watson, a blind musician of Dundee, in Scotland, has contrived a method of playing upon the violin and violoncello at the same time. He plays on the former in the common way; and on the latter by means of his feet. His right foot goes into a sort of shoe at the end of the bow, and his right thigh being supported by a spring attached to his chair, the fatigue of his motion is not too great. The left foot acts upon a set of levers, by which he shortens the strings with

facility. He can play with ease many hours together.

*Method of Preserving Vessels.*—An American ship now at Cowes, built with spruce and white oak, sixteen years ago, has all her original timbers and planks in the most perfect state of preservation and soundness, owing to her having been, while on the stocks, filled up between the timbers with salt; and whenever she has been opened for examination filled up again. (*Daily Papers.*)

A whole length portrait of the Duke of Berri, by Girard, is the great object of attraction just now, at the Museum in the Tuileries. It is reported to be a fine work and excellent likeness.

*From a French Journal.*—The works which were this year produced, to compete for the prizes of copper-plate engraving, were exhibited for some days, in one of the galleries of the Academy at the Institute.

The candidates were seven in number. Each drew a full length figure from nature, and afterwards engraved it on a smaller scale. With but one or two exceptions, the exhibition was very indifferent. The model, it is true, might have been more happily chosen; but perhaps the selection did not depend on the students. It must, however, be confessed, that they proved themselves, on the whole, but careless drawers and feeble engravers.

The Academy of the Fine Arts of the French Institute, has adjudged the grand prize for copper-plate engraving, to *M. Leriche*, of Paris, a young man who has not yet attained his twentieth year.

The second grand prize has been granted to *M. Gélée* of Paris, aged twenty-four; and the inferior second grand prize to *M. Delaistre*, of Paris, aged twenty.

On the 12th of last May, the wife of François Dallé, a labourer residing at Châtillon-Vendelais, (Department of Ille et Vilaine), was delivered of a daughter without either arms or thighs. The child was living and in good health on the 28th of June. Its legs are only 3 inches long: its feet, which are very much deformed, have only three toes, the nails of which are sharply pointed. The child's body is naturally formed, and its countenance is agreeable.

*M. Panekouke*, a bookseller of Paris, is about to reprint, by subscription, and at a moderate price, that magnificent work, entitled *Description of Egypt*, which, owing to the vast expence at which it was originally published, has hitherto been inaccessible to the generality of the amateurs of art.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The following is extracted from the Sixtieth Number of the Spectator.

"There is another new relation of the anagrams and the arithmeticks which is commonly called a chronogram. This kind of wit appears very often on many modern medals, especially those of Germany, when they represent in the inscription, the year in which they were coined. Thus we see on a medal of Gustavus Adolphus, the following words:—*CHRISTVS DNX ERGO TRIVM- PHVS.*" If you take the pains to pick the

figures out of the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXXVII, or 1627, the year in which the medal was stamped; for, as some of the letters distinguished themselves from the rest and overtop their fellows, they are to be considered in a double capacity, both as letters and figures. Your laborious German wits will turn over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. A man would think they were searching after an apt classical term; but instead of that, they are looking for a word that has an L, an M, or a D, in it. When therefore we meet with any of these inscriptions, we are not so much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of our Lord."

Chronograms are, however, of an earlier date than Addison appears to imagine; some being found of the latter days of Greece, in the Greek language; the letters, according to their value in Grecian notation, making up some required number. Nor are they confined to inscriptions: they often make their appearance in the shape of Latin verses. There is a remarkable adaptation of a line in Ovid, to the fate of Don Carlos, murdered, or put death, call it which you will, for an alleged conspiracy against his father Philip, but really for heresy. It was observed that the line—

"*PHILVS ANTE DIEM PATRIS INQVIRIT IN ANNO.*"

in the first book of the *Metamorphoses*, contained the numerals of 1558, the year in which he died, and the crime for which he was punished. I believe these "difficult nuggets" are now given up. I however send you four, on the battles of Salamanca, Victoria, Thoulouse, and Waterloo.

1812.—*DEPVLA SPANEA EST HOSTIA \*SALAMANCA CAVORE.*

1813.—*DVCTORES GALLOS CERNIT VICTORIA MERNOS.*

1814.—*MOX ANGLIS CESSIT PERTRIST CADER TOLOSA.*

1815.—*DISSIPAT AC GALLI CAPIAS EN! MAGNVS HIBERNVS.*

## LITERARY NOTICES.

*Contrats du Journal des Savans* for Jun. 1820.

Art. I. Choiseul Gouffier, Voyage Pittoresque de la Grèce, Vol. ii, No. 2.—Reviewed by M. Letronne.

II. Jourdain, Recherches critiques sur l'Age et l'Origine des Traductions Latines d'Aristote.—M. A. Renaussat.

III. Biot, Considerations sur la Nature et les Causes de l'Aurore Boreale.—Original.

IV. Remusat, Recherches sur les Langues Tartares.—M. Silvestre de Sacy.

V. Dralet, Traité sur les Forêts d'Arbres résineux, &c. de la France.—M. Tessier.

VI. Essai d'un Glossaire Occitanien.—M. Raynouard.

VII. Labus, Autel Antique decouvert à Haimbourg.—M. Quatremere de Quincy.

\* More strictly I believe *Salamanca*: but some licence must be given to a chronogrammatist.

Mr. Belzoni, feeling it his duty to place before the public of England an account of his late discoveries in Egypt, Nubia, &c. has the pleasure to announce that his Narrative of the various operations in these Countries, is now publishing at Mr. Murray's, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, in one volume, 4to. It contains Three Journeys in Upper Egypt and Nubia, one on the coast of the Red Sea, and one to the Oasis of Ammon. The work is accompanied by a volume of 34 plates in folio, containing drawings of the various newly discovered Places, Figures, and Hieroglyphics, taken from the originals found in the Tombs of the Kings, lately discovered in Thebes, with an exact imitation of Egyptian Costume, colours, &c. with other view in Nubia: the interior and exterior of the grand Temple of Ibsambul, near the second cataract of the Nile, and other views of that country, and in Upper and Lower Egypt: the interior and exterior of the newly explored Pyramid: plans and topographic maps, &c.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JULY, 1820.

Thursday, 13.—Thermometer from 51 to 66. Barometer from 30, 00 to 30, 02.

Wind N. E. and E. N. E.—Generally cloudy.

Friday, 14.—Thermometer from 49 to 63.

Barometer, from 30, 03 to 30, 06.

Wind N. E. 0.—Generally cloudy, and clear.

Saturday, 15.—Thermometer from 55 to 65.

Barometer from 30, 11 to 30, 14.

Wind N. E. ½, and S. W. 6.—A thick haze spread over all the morning, and generally cleared till the evening, when it became clear. A few drops of rain about noon.

Sunday, 16.—Thermometer from 46 to 73.

Barometer from 30, 13 to 30, 06.

Wind E. b. S. E. ½.—Morning clear; heavy thunder and rain between 10 and 11, with some flashes of lightning; and heavy rain again about 1 P. M.

Rain fallen, .05 of an inch.

Monday, 17.—Thermometer from 55 to 72.

Barometer from 29, 85 to 29, 6.

Wind S. b. E. ½ and S. W. 1.—Generally cloudy, with frequent rain, and claps of thunder in the forenoon; afternoon and evening generally clear.

Rain fallen, .45 of an inch.

Tuesday, 18.—Thermometer from 47 to 67.

Barometer from 29, 61 to 29, 22.

Wind S. b. E. ½ and S. b. W. ½.—Generally raining. A little sunshine at three; about thunder in the morning. In the evening it became clear.

Rain fallen, .635 of an inch.

Wednesday, 19.—Thermometer from 46 to 69.

Barometer from 29, 62 to 29, 3.

Wind S. W. ½, N. E. and E. ½.—Clouds generally passing, with showers of rain. A little thunder at times in the afternoon.

Rain fallen, .525 of an inch.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Ode "To Liberty" makes too free with both rhyme and grammar for the Literary Gazette.

A pressure of matter obliges us to postpone the answer to Ph. Barberi, Mr. Cray's new Poem, Ducrest's defence of the Perseus, &c. &c.

Having Mr. Cray's Sketch of Society, want our own Hermit in the Country, Number 11. till next week.

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

*British Gallery, Pall Mall.*

**THIS GALLERY**, with an Exhibition of PORTRAITS of distinguished Persons in the History and Literature of the United Kingdom, daily, from 10 in the Morning until 6 in the Evening.

(By order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.—Historical Dictionary 2s.

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*Foreign Engravings, &c.*

**THE Admirers of the Fine Arts** are respectfully informed, that a Catalogue of choice FOREIGN ENGRAVING, Etchings, Lithographic Productions, Wood Cuts, Books of Prints, collected last year on the Continent, and published this day, (gratis) by Hooley and Sons, Broad Street, Exchange; and at 28, Holroyd Street, Oxford Street. Where may also be had, for 1800.

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\* These Inimitable Outlines having attracted the general admiration of artists and amateurs, it was found necessary to add an explanatory text; and the publishers flatter themselves they here, in so doing, rendered them doubly interesting. To be had also of Rodwell and Martin, Bond Street.

### BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

1. 12mo. price 9s. boards.

**ESSAYS AND SKETCHES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER**, by a Gentleman who has left his Lodgings. Contents.—An English and French Prude and Vanity. English and French Tyranny. Men of Letters. Irregularity. Foreign Travel. Vanity and Love of Fame. The World. National Character. Literary Taste. Field Sports. An Agreeable Man. On Plays. Political Economy. State of the English Constitution. Marriage. Orders of Knighthood. The Wandering Jew. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Tabella Cibaria. The Bill of Fare; a Latin Poem, implicitly translated and fully explained in copious and interesting Notes, relating to the Pleasures of Gastronomy, and the mysterious Art of Cookery.* London, 1820, 4to. pp. 104.

This is one of the happiest jets d'esprit which we have lately met with; and we hail the writer as the opposite to Varro's homo Cibarius,—vulgarily, a scamp. Had we christened the volume, however, we should have called it *Tabella Cibariorum*; though no doubt so sturdy a student as our author can justify his own titular reading. The latin verses are ludicrous enough; but the notes are the rich part of the treat. They are playful, facetious, and witty: full of drollery, and evolving many as genuine hits of humour as any book we know of, not excepting that tome of fortunate destiny, the *Miseries of Human Life*.

The Bill of Fare offers, as usual, a feast; and it is with cordial contentment we add, that, as is unusual, there is no disappointment: none of its articles have been spoilt in the cooking. He who has dressed it for the public taste is not one of those whom, according to the proverb, "the devil sends;" but a real good fellow, who furnishes an entertainment worthy of any epicure, and yet substantial and pleasant for common, as it is piquant and relishing for learned palates. We got to the last morsel uncloyed;

As if increase of appetite did grow  
With what it fed on.

A couple of passages will exemplify the poem, which consists of only 220 lines. After a few preliminary dishes, notice is taken of

*Habula tam sequitur simplex, sine condimento;*  
*Si cunctis placet, ne cruciatis, adest.*  
*Non quicunque die, certis sed iusta diebus,*  
*In veribus sudent Tergora olea duri.*  
*Que fuit ab: gallus, Gallinam falcit arca;*  
*Sic quondam vates vir mulierque fuit.*  
*Qui sumpendo clauxit Gallus Tergoria Acta,*  
*Hic vitare ardeat, dente vorante, nequit.*  
*Hic circumspexit Nympha producat; Ille,*  
*Cepula quem cepit, super superbit Auri.*  
*Rumice cum viridi jacet hic Ptilinus, atlando*  
*Obscenos dentes qui remittere dabit.*  
VOL. IV.

The course of fish among others includes Pike.

At notus lacum terror, stagnique vorago,  
*Lacius ad superas gestiet ire domos;*  
*Coctus ubi in vino, cum cepis, apioque virent,*  
*Cum pipere et michi dissiliente salis,*  
*Alia suffultus nappi, similisque misanti,*  
*Oscitant dentes, ore rigente, mos.*  
*Concoro iater lucos, fonsaque paludes,*  
*Olim prædator Lacius ille fuit:*  
*Insidians teneris, seri sub nocte, puellis,*  
*Et Nymphæ jectans promissus dolos:*  
*Indignata diis non perituli horrida monstri*  
*Crimes—At ultores invocat ille Deos.*  
*Jupiter in placem mutavit, et occidit unus;*  
*At remanet prædæ, qui fuit ante, furor.*

But without going through the list of dishes, which we think unequalled except by the admirable description of a dinner party in the Counter Prison, attributed to *L'Estrange*; \* we must hasten to the end—

At satis est, nec nostra cupit te Musæ morari;  
Præditiis—sumptus solve tuos—et abi.

Of the hundred messes of which the *Tabella* is composed, several require and receive delectable illustration in the appended notes. From these we shall copy some of the table-talk, which seasons the entertainment.

It may be supposed that in a work like this, the *Apicii* are named. In the note upon these renowned Romans, we have a disquisition on the—

"Material difference between a *gormand* and a *glutton*. The first seeks for peculiar delicacy and distinct flavour in the various dishes presented to the judgment and enjoyment of his discerning palate; while the other lays aside nearly all that relates to the rational pleasure of creating or stimulating an appetite by the excellent quality of the rates, and looks merely to quantity. This has his stomach in view, and tries how heavily it may be laden without endangering his health. The *gormand* never loses sight of the excellent organs of taste, so admirably disposed by Providence in the crimson chamber where sits the discriminating judge, the human tongue. The *glutton* is anathematized in the scripture with those brute, *quæ deus venter est*. The other appears guilty of no other sin than of too great and too minute an attention to refinement in commensal sensuality.

"We find besides a curious shade between the French appellations *gormand* and *glutton*. In the idiom of that nation, so famous for indulging in the worship of *Comus*, the

\* See Poem in Nichol's collection; "The Counter Scuffle," one of the most humorous of a merry age, when England, tired of politics and revolutionary madness, gave itself up without reserve, to holiday, sport, and dissolute pleasure.

word *gormand* means, as we stated above, a man who, by having accidentally been able to study the different tastes of eatables, does accordingly select the best food, and the most pleasing to his palate. His character is that of a practifloer, and answers to the appellation of an *epicure* in the full sense of the word, as we use it in English. The *gormand* on the other hand considers the theoretical part of Gastronomy; he speculates more than he practises; and eminently prides himself in discerning the nicest degrees and most evanescent shades of goodness and perfection in the different subjects proposed to him. In fact, the word *gormand* has long been used to designate a man who, by sipping a few drops out of the silver cup of the vintner, can instantly tell from what country the wine comes, and its age. This denomination has lately acquired a greater latitude of signification, and not improperly, since it expresses what the two other words could not mean.

"From the foregoing observations we must conclude that the *glutton* practises without any regard to theory; and we call him *Gastrophile*. The *gormand* mixes theory with practice, and may be denominated *Gastronomer*. The *gormand* is merely theoretical, cares little about practising, and deserves the higher appellation of *Gastrolater*.

"We need not inform the classical reader that the Greek word *γαστήρ*, *gaster*, means the stomach, and all that relates to it, in a more extensive and somewhat figurative sense. The words *νύμφη*, *nympha*, *ἄρκτος*, *placat*, and *λόγος*, *logos*, added to it, classify the practical, physical, and theoretical varieties."

Our author seems to unite in himself all the excellent qualities of the three classes. He descends with the skill of practical experience, and displays both taste and refinement in his lucubrations: on soup, for example. The *caulis cum carne*—broth and cabbage, is another sort.

"The red cabbage stewed in real broth is accounted, upon the continent, a specific cure against pulmonary complaints, and what is called here consumption. Pistachios and calves lights are added to it. For this purpose red cabbage is especially cultivated in French kitchen-gardens. This reminds us of an anecdote which passed current at the time we heard it:—A young clergyman, rector of a country parish, was called upon to preach a sermon upon a grand solemnity, at which the bishop of the diocese, who was a cardinal, appeared in the Roman purple, surrounded by his clergy in their white surplices. The preacher performed his task to the approbation of every one. After the ceremony, his eminence, meeting him, seemed to wonder at his not having been abashed when in the presence of a cardinal



in the full blaze of his red paraphernalia. The simple and honest clergyman replied:

"Your eminence will cease to wonder, when you know that I learnt my discourse by heart in my garden, and used to practice declamation before a plot of *white* cabbages, in the centre of which stood a *red* one."—A preference was the reward of this answer."

*Fat hens* have always been a luxury.

"The Romans were so desperately fond of fattened hens (poules, Fr.) that the good consul Cains Fannius, fearful lest the breed should materially suffer from this voracious practice, caused a law to pass the senate in order to prevent any fatal consequence. Gastronomy frowned at the *senatus-consultum*; but capons, properly educated, being substituted in the coop for their emancipated sisters, hunger smiled, anger subsided, and all was right again. The Syrians of old used to worship hens on account of their fecundity, and the exquisite taste of their eggs, which, at Athens and Rome were carried, with pompous show, in the great festivals of Ceres. (Livy.)

"It has been remarked with a sort of superstitious wonder, that some hens have received from nature the masculine talent of crowing; and, in general, such an anomaly is punished with death in the farm house or cottage where this preposterous uttering is heard. And indeed there is a French proverb which says:

Poule qui chante, prêtre qui danse,  
Femme qui parle latin,  
N'arrivent jamais à belle fin.

"A crowing hen, a dancing priest, a woman who speaks Latin, never come to a good end.

"The abstinence practised by the hen during incubation, is much above what Christians and Mahometans can boast concerning their Lent and Ramadan; and Mendoza pretends to have seen a hen, who, for ninety days, never opened her beak to take food.

"The digestive powers of the hen have been most horribly tried by Spallanzani, who ought to have been put under the *lex talionis*. He ascertained that this poor creature could not indeed digest a musket ball, larded all round with needles and lancets, but had strength enough to blunt the edges of these destructive instruments. This leaves far behind all that has been said of the ostrich; but have we not heard lately of several clasp-knives found in a fair way of digestion in the stomach of a madman?"

Of another sort of poultry the following is a part of the notice.

"Large droves of geese were anciently led from Picardy to Italy, waddling over the Alps, and constantly stooping, according to their prudent custom, under the lofty triumphal arches under which they happen to pass in their way. Yet geese are not so stupid as they are generally supposed to be. The famous chymist, Lemery, saw a goose turning the spit on which a turkey was roasting; unconscious, we hope, that some friend would soon accept the office for her. 'Alas! we are all *turnspits* in this world,' adds the Gastrographer who relates the fact, 'and,

when we *roast* a friend, let us be aware that many stand ready to return the compliment."

"The name of this bird in Greek is *xw*, pronounced *cane*, from which, by a misappellation, the mallard and duck are called *caneard*, and *cane* in French. Were they the originals, and the goose but a magnified copy?"

The staff of life supports the subjoined digression.

"*Panis, apio, charit, amicti. Panis.* 'Pain.' Bread is of a very ancient origin; the Hebrew called it *lehem*, the Greek *artos*; and it appears that the Gauls and Celts gave it the name of *bar*. The Greeks, having been taught the art of cultivating wheat and of making bread, were generally assailed on the confines of their dominions by those people, who used to call *bar*, *bar*—bread, bread; hence the Greek *barbaros*, *Baragars*. The word *barley* attaches itself to this hypothesis, since *barley-bread* was known at the same time with or even before wheaten bread. Some authors of respectability pretend that wheat originated in Egypt, and that the Phœcen colony brought it to Mar-silles. The Saracens used it before the crusades, but it was that inferior species named buckwheat, which is still called in French, *sarrasin*. There was a particular sort of bread made to be eaten with oysters; and such rolls as we butter for breakfast were invented by the Parthians, and called consequently *panis Parthicus*. (Pliny.)"

Turkeys are thus mentioned.

"*Meleagrides.* 'Dindons.' Turkeys. Naturalists are at variance upon the origin of this bird. Some pretend that it was not known before the discovery of America, and that the first which appeared on a table in France was eaten at the nuptials of Charles IX. in 1570. Henry VIII. had some of them brought to England in 1525, and they are supposed to be indigenous to Canada and the adjacent countries, where they are found sometimes weighing upwards of fifty pounds. *Credat Judæus Apella*. However, we must allow that the Norfolk breed does not fall considerably short of that weight. On the other hand, it is said that Meleager, a king of Macedonia, brought them from India into Greece, at a very early period; and that, out of gratitude for such an acquisition, the Athenian Gastronomers called the bird Meleagris. Mythology contends that they were so named from the Cælonian hero whose name mentioned, after whose death his woe-begone sisters were transformed into these birds of mournful appearance. But there is still a doubt whether the *Meleagris* of Aristotle, of Clynus, of Calixenus, of Ptolemy, and other authors of ancient times, was not the bird now known under the name of Guinea-hen. Ovid certainly says, B. viii. of the Metamorphoses, that Meleager's sisters were turned into birds, but mentions nothing else, except that, having acquired horny beaks and extensive wings, they were sent abroad to find their way through the vacant air. The idea that the Jesuits brought them into notice is erroneous. They were known in Europe long before the institution

of Loyola's order. Why the French should call them '*alouettes de savetier*,' cobblers' larks, cannot easily be accounted for. This bird is so stupid, or timorous, that if you balance a bit of straw on his head, or draw a line with chalk on the ground from his beak, he fancies himself so loaded or so bound, that he will remain in the same position till hunger forces him to move. We made the experiment."

Whiting also supplies an amusing note.

"*Frigiter Alburnus.* 'Merlan frit.' Fried whiting. This fish undergoes also the operation of boiling; but, frying being the most common way of dressing this delicate and salubrious gift of the Nereids, the author contented himself with taking notice of it. In France they are often broiled after having been lavishly powdered with flour; a circumstance which gave rise to the ludicrous appellation of '*Merlan*' for a hair-dresser. The Latin *alburnus*, from *albus*, 'white,' corresponds with the English name. The French '*Merlan*' exceeds the extension of our ken in etymology, unless the fish is so called by antiphrasis, from *merle* a black bird, as *lucus a non lucendo*. If this be the case, the joke originated with the Romans, who called a mead or black bird, *merula*, and by the same name designated this white fish."

The odd application of the above appellation to a hair dresser in France, reminds us of similar nick-names in England, which we hear daily used, without thinking of their origin—for instance, the reproach of *Jarvis* for a *Hackney-Coachman*, now so common, but which fifty years ago, was synonymous with murderer, Jarvis being the name of a coachman, who was executed for the murder of his Fare somewhere (we believe) about Cleeve.

The length to which we have carried these selections, show how much we relish the *Tabella Citharia*; but we must still add two or three brief and curious remarks, taken from the notes, on spits, onions, parley, and eggs. And first of Verubus, the spit—

"Spits were used very anciently in all parts of the world, and perhaps before the plain practice of hanging the meat to a string before the fire. Ere the iron-age had taught men the use of metals, these roasting instruments were made of wood; and, as we find in Virgil, the slender branches of the hazel-tree were particularly chosen. *Geo. II. 396.*

—*Stabit sacra hircus ad aram  
Pinguiculus in verubus torribus cæcis  
lurais.*

The altar let the guilty goat approach,  
And roast his fat limbs on the hazel brooch.

"Why the hazel twig should have been preferred to others for making roasting broaches or spits, is not easily accounted for. There is, however, an old custom on the continent which, though rather superstitious, seems to have originated in the circumstance of using hazel sticks for the same purpose. On the eve of Epiphany, called here Twelfth-Night, a few larks are spitted upon a fresh-cut twig of hazel, and placed before a good fire; after a few minutes ex-

peetation, the whole begins to turn without help, and as if by a spontaneous motion. The staring company, in amazement and rapture, cry miracle! and remain persuaded that this cannot be done but by supernatural agency or magic. The fact is, that the sap contained in the veins of the twig (which are probably set in a spiral fine round the centre) being successively attracted by the fire, causes a sort of rotation.—Will any other wood do the same? This is a question which we cannot take upon ourselves to answer. The superstitious notion consists in supposing that this event will not happen but on a certain festival-day, and to that notion we are far from yielding any sort of belief."

Our readers may remember that the hazel is also famous as a divining rod. It is a remarkable coincidence, that a twig of this wood should be employed for the discovery of subterraneous water. Held in a certain position while walking over the ground, it is asserted to bend and snap when brought over the spot where water may be found by digging. If we remember rightly, the *Quarterly Review* gave an interesting account of some experiments of this sort. Perhaps the art of discovering mines, which it is said some gifted mortals possess or profess, may be connected with the hazel, if they do not deserve the hunch.

Of onions the author *inter alia* says—

"Onions are supposed to have been originally brought from Egypt, where they must have possessed a most bewitching taste since the Israelites would have returned to bondage for the sake of enjoying them again. Alexander the Great sent them to Greece, and from thence they became common on the whole continent. It is remarkable that the particles emanating from this bulbous root are so volatile and so keen, that they instantly corrode the external surface of the eyes, and draw tears; and it is more curious still, that if, when peeling an onion, the cook wishes to be spared this lachrymatory affection, a small piece of bread placed at the end of the operating knife, will absorb the effluvia and prevent the disagreeable effect."

We should like to try if it be true as stated, that "If after having bruised some sprigs of parsley in your hands, you attempt to rinse your glasses, they will generally snap and suddenly break."

We all know the intimate connection between parsley and hemlock; and most people have heard of the famous (and in that country very prudent!) Venetian glasses, which cracked and burst on poison being put into them, if a vegetable poison, hemlock to wit: here we have the same phenomenon!

We are sorry we have not room for the note on eggs *à oeo*. "The most extraordinary manner of cooking eggs is, as it stands recorded, to turn them round in a sling till they appear slightly-boiled."

"The surest mode of trying an egg is to apply the tip of the tongue to the blunt end; if it feels warm, and the acute end cold, it is a proof that no fermentation has yet taken place."

"When we consider that the very small quantity of elemental air concealed under the blunt end of the egg, being dilated by the heat of incubation, forces the whole of the contents into organization, motion, and life; we cannot help 'musing,' in awful silence, 'the praise' of God in the works of nature."

With this serious reflection we close this merry book, which he who does not like must, in the writer's phrase, be "in a state of downright dotage and complete doodle-dom." We confess to being quite captivated with it, and pray that the author may for ever enjoy the dainties of the table he has so well described, and never suffer any of the evils consequent on bad provisions or bad cookery.

*Sketch of a System of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. Part First, comprehending the Physiology of the Human Mind.* By Thomas Brown, M. D. Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. 1820, 8vo. pp. 295.

There are circumstances of melancholy interest connected with this volume: it is only a fragment of a work which the ill health of the author prevented him from finishing; and it was published about the time of his lamented death, in the beginning of April.

Dr. Brown, at an early period of his life, became distinguished as a metaphysician. When he was only eighteen years of age, he published his "Observations on Darwin's Zoonomia," a work which would have done credit to the most eminent and matured abilities. His increasing reputation was afterwards fully established by his "Inquiry into the Relation of Cause and Effect;" in which the principal errors of Mr. Hume's philosophy are investigated and most satisfactorily exposed. A third edition of this admirable work, greatly enlarged, was given to the public about two years since. In 1810, upon the retirement of Professor Stewart from the Chair of Moral Philosophy, in the University of Edinburgh, Dr. Brown was chosen, as if by general acclamation, to fill that important situation, which had become invested with so much additional honour from the highly distinguished character and abilities of its last occupant. The volume before us consists of outlines of the scheme of philosophy which he delivered in his lectures, and was intended for the use of the students of his class. According to his view of the subject, the philosophy of mind is capable of being regarded under four distinct heads; as a physiological, an ethical, a political, and a theological science. This unfinished work contains nearly the whole of the physiological part.

With the utmost respect for the labours of those who have preceded him, and admiration of their talents, Dr. Brown has yet in no instance been swayed by their mere authority, but has derived his system from his own investigation of the mind itself, ad-

vancing step by step to his conclusions; through an analysis of the phenomena equally strict and beautiful. He observes in the preface: "Whatever other imperfections may be found in the opinions of which the following abstract exhibits a feeble sketch, it will not I hope be imputed to them, that they are the opinions of one who has accustomed himself to think after my particular school. There is no department of science in which this sort of error seems to have been so prevalent as in the philosophy of mind; not certainly, as has been sometimes supposed, because inquiry in that department must relate to phenomena that are too simple to admit of any great difference of opinion with respect to them, but from the influence of a few primary and diffusive errors, which have passed in ready transmission from enquirer to enquirer, and have vitiated accordingly in the same manner, or nearly in the same manner, all the investigations of which they have formed a part."

In seeking for some principle on which to ground an arrangement of the mental phenomena, the author rejects the old classification, which refers them to the understanding and the will, on account of its want of precision and of comprehensiveness. He rejects also, as equally imperfect, the method which arranges the phenomena under the intellectual powers of the mind, and the active powers of the mind; and, having resolved to consider them without regard to any former arrangement, he observes:—"The various feelings of the mind are nothing more than the mind itself, existing in a certain state. They may all then be designated *states of the mind*, if we consider the feelings simply as feelings;—or *affections of mind*, if we consider the feelings in relation to the prior circumstances that have induced them." These states or affections of mind are then distinguished by him as *external* and *internal*, according as they "arise in consequence of the operation of external things, or in consequence of mere previous feelings of the mind itself." "The former of these classes," he remarks, "admits of very easy subdivision, according to the bodily organs. The latter may be divided into two orders, *intellectual states of the mind*, and *emotions*."

In treating of *sensation* he rejects, as metaphysical, and founded on imperfect analysis of the complex phenomena, "the distinction which is very commonly made of external causes, which act *directly*, as in smell, taste, and touch, and of others which act *through a medium*, as in hearing and vision." "The real object, or real external cause of hearing, for example, is the vibratory air, or rather elastic substance itself, which is said to be only the medium of that sense." We learn to refer the sensation to the external object which emits the sound, "as its indirect and remote cause; but it is a reference which the sense of hearing never could have enabled us to make: it is the result, as we shall afterwards find, of another principle, which connects the affections of other senses; as it extends the same connecting influence, indeed, to every other class of feelings of which the mind is

susceptible." The principle here alluded to is beautifully explained in the chapter concerning smell and taste, with which we will conclude our extracts.

"In the variety of feelings that arise after affections of the olfactory nerves, there is nothing to be discovered that might of itself be indicative of the existence of things without. If the sense of smell were our only sense, we might have the pleasures of mere fragrance, repeated in varied and endless succession; and we might ascribe these changes of feeling to a cause of some sort; but that the cause was of the kind which we now term corporeal, we could as little discover, as if we had been formed without any sensitive organ whatever. We might give, indeed, as now, if the use of language were possible in such a case, the name *rose* to the unknown cause of one of these delightful feelings; but the name would be as little significant of *matter*, in our present sense of that word, as the word spirit or angel. To know the cause as *matter* would be to know it as an extended resisting mass; and for informing us of the figure and of the hardness or the softness of the beautiful circular crimson flower, with its convex stem and green flexible foliage, the sensation of fragrance seems to be as little fit as any other feeling of mere pleasure or pain of which the mind is susceptible."

"The same remark may be applied to our primary sensations of mere taste, abstracted from every tactual sensation that may accompany them. If we had no other medium than this sense, for acquiring a knowledge of nature, the things which we now term sweet and bitter would be unknown to us; and the feelings which we now ascribe to them as their effect, would have been mere pleasures or pains, that began we knew not how or when, and ceased when we were as little capable of inferring the time or the manner of their fading away."

"It is very different, in the circumstances of that richer complexity of senses with which nature has endowed us. By frequent co-existence with the sensations afforded by other organs, that have previously informed us of the existence of matter, our sensations of mere smell and taste seem of themselves, ultimately to inform us of the things without. A particular sensation of fragrance has arisen, as often as we have seen or handled a particular flower; it recalls, therefore, the sensations that have previously co-existed with it, and we no longer smell only; we smell a rose. In taste, in like manner, by the influence of similar co-existence of sensations, we have no longer a mere pleasurable feeling; we taste a plum, a pear, a peach. The suggestion of things external is as quick in these cases as in any other cases of association; but the knowledge of these corporeal masses, is still a suggestion of memory only, not a part of the primary sensations either of smell or of taste."

In considering the sensations commonly ascribed to touch, the author is led to take a view of the sceptical argument of the non-existence of matter, and to examine the system of Dr. Berkeley, when it is made to

appear that, in ascribing to mind qualities which can belong only to matter, that philosopher is as much of a materialist as a spiritualist. Dr. Reid's theory of perception is also subjected to a strict analysis, and is shewn to lead to conclusions of a sceptical nature, which the author most wished to avoid.

It would occupy too large a portion of our columns if we were to attempt to give a complete view of the system of Metaphysics contained in this volume. It is written with that clearness and precision of language which is best suited to the subject. Nothing is left vague and undefined, and at every step as we advance, we feel ourselves to be upon firm and solid ground. The abrupt termination of the work forcibly recalls that regret and sorrow with which the premature death of a man who, besides his great talents and public usefulness, was in every other respect so excellent, must ever be contemplated. Dr. Brown died at the age of forty-two, when he may be supposed to have just matured his investigation of those philosophical subjects to which his mind was chiefly directed, and which he was perhaps better qualified to illustrate and explain than any individual who has ever yet appeared. He is known to the public also as the author of the "*Paradise of Coquettes*," and of several other poetical works of high merit, though we certainly prefer that racy and original production to any other that we have seen from his pen.

We recommend his philosophy to the student, his verse to the general reader.

*Sketches descriptive of Italy in 1810 and 1817, with a brief account of Travels in various parts of France and Switzerland.* London, 1820. 12mo. 4 vols.

This is a very lively and entertaining work, by a young blue-stocking, who rattles through all sorts of subjects in the same way; whipping up classics, antiquities, arts, sciences, the perils of travel, poetry, female dress, ethics, housewifery, physics, &c. &c. into a kind of syllabus agreeable to the palate, and having, in verity, some nutriment in it, though apparently so slight and trifling. It is very true, that there is not one of her topics which has not engaged (as the preface states) abler pens; but as we have been told that knowledge resembles the changes which apothecaries make in their coloured bottles, pouring from one into another, and mingling the reds, blues, and yellows, *secundum artem*, so with travelling in Italy, if we look for nothing beyond a change of tinting in the vials, it is at least pleasant to have the hues bright and the mixtures gay. Therefore it is that we agree with our fair companion on the present *voyage* very well. She is

intelligent and interesting,—has read a good deal, and writes with all the air of having read much more;—attacks in print with all the flippancy which we (of the coarser sex) feel so potently in conversation, when the artillery of tongue, eyes, and other charms are unreservedly employed by woman-kind (as our worthy friend Jonathan (Old-buck calls the enslavers); and, in short, seems so well satisfied with her errantry, and is so socially communicative, that he must be a churl and cynic, at once harsh and inhuman, who could refuse to yield himself prisoner, to be led over Italy in these new chains. We shall exhibit a few of the links as pattern of the whole; merely premising that the 1st volume takes you from England to Rome, the 2d detains you there with a laughable composition of active research reviving a multitude of well known accounts, and of decisive blundering upon every imaginable doubtful point upon which an opinion can be hazarded, and which are here settled *ex cathedra* without hesitation; the 3d takes an excursion to Naples and back; and the 4th visits Florence, Venice, Milan, and Switzerland, on the way to Dover. To begin with the beginning, our first extract is at Fontainebleau: here the travellers were shown the apartment and table where Buonaparte signed his abdication; which, says our tourist—

"Recalled a circumstance related by a friend of ours who visited Fontainebleau soon after that event, and there purchased a pen which these people assured him was the identical one used by the emperor on that memorable occasion: on his return to London, however, he met with three other gentlemen, who each produced its counterpart! We were not shewn any of these relics, so I suppose all the quills in the country were by this time exhausted."

At Nice, our country-woman visited several religious houses, and must have perplexed the innocent friars by her vivacity. She tells us—

"On a subsequent day, we walked to another Capuchin convent, San Bartolomeo, an ugly monastery, in a secluded valley about three miles from Nice."

"The brotherhood here were very courteous, and shewed us their church, sacristy, and garden; but my sister and I, escaping from their guidance, and running wild about the convent, stumbled by chance on a small room in which these sanctified friars had got half a dozen young women shut up, who, they pretended, were embroidering ornaments for the altars. Their knotted scarves, their sandals, their shaved heads, and venerable beards, looked doubly ridiculous—nay, worse than ridiculous,—after this discovery."

There is some want of charity in this; but we will not dispute a lady's knowledge on such subjects. The following story of a picture, in which the French robbers were mystified at Modena, is only hearsay.

"At the time the pictures were taken away, a curious instance occurred of French knowledge of the arts. There was a very fine Crucifixion, the single figure of our Saviour on the cross, by Guido, and an excellent copy from it, hung within a short distance of each other. The French officer, commissioner, or whatever was his title, intrusted to select those pictures which were considered worthy to be presented to Parisian admirers, after much puzzling, fixed at length on the copy, which was accordingly carried off and hung in the Louvre, where it passed for an undoubted original, to the great delight of the Modenese, who, besides keeping the picture itself, enjoyed the pleasure of knowing their oppressors to be thus notably deceived."

From the remarks on Rome we shall select but one passage, which has more of novelty than any other that we meet with, and with its addenda, is perfectly illustrative of the fair author. Near the Porta Pinciana,

"A very curious object may be observed. An uneven block of discoloured white marble rises above the ground to the right of the Gate, and appears to be partly enclosed in the wall. The following inscription is perfectly legible on that part which protrudes beyond the building.

DATE OBOLVM BELLSARIO.

"We were taken to this place by two English friends—excellent classic scholars—who had made the discovery of this stone themselves, and were, like us, much puzzled to account for it. It is not likely to be an imposture, for of what benefit could such an imposture be to any one? and as the mendicancy of the blind old general is always believed to have befallen him in Asia, if it ever befel him at all, the idea that the inscription is genuine only involves the matter in deeper obscurity. This stone is unknown, or at least untalked of, at Rome.

"Continuing our route along the outside of the walls, a mean-looking gate appears opening into a vineyard. It is the entrance to Raphael's villa, and to every one who can, with a share of Correggio's exultation, exclaim, 'Aneh! son pittore!' the spot will be replete with interest.

"There are two houses in the city which were once inhabited by Raphael. But, as it is often very difficult—nay, frequently quite impossible—to gain information on subjects which one would imagine every body would be acquainted with, it cost us no small trouble to ascertain these mansions. The first stands in a mean inconsiderable street in the *Campo Marzo*, and is marked by a portrait

\* Via Coronari, No. 124. The vain inquiries we made in the different houses and shops in this street, reminded me of the answer of the landlady of the inn at Hantington, whom, while horses were putting to our carriage, on a hurried journey made some years ago, I had asked to shew me the house Cowper had once

of Raphael, painted by Carlo Maratti; but the inscription beneath it is now totally illegible, and the picture itself so faded, that it is very difficult to distinguish it from those of the Madonnas before which the only lamps that illumine the streets of Rome are suspended. A larger and more elegant mansion, built on his own designs, in the *Borgo San Spirito*, was afterwards inhabited by him; but no actual memento remains at either of these houses of their former distinguished possessor; and to the Pincian villa we must resort for the only existing traces of his Roman residence.

"This small habitation has a garden and vineyard in front, and is backed by the lofty pine woods that crown the ridge of the Pincian Hill. The principal apartments are completely empty, but their walls and ceilings remain in the state in which they were left by Raphael. Two of the rooms are painted with landscapes in compartments and figures in chiaro scuro; the work equally of his scholars and himself. The third, which was his bed-room, is covered both on the ceiling and walls with arabesque designs, executed entirely by his own hand, and with great care. Here his beloved Fornarina appears in four different medallions; boys and Cupids are balancing each other on long poles; nymphs are bringing offerings of fruits and flowers in vases; a crowd of people are shooting at a target; and a great variety of subjects are represented in small separate pictures or scattered figures. In this incongruous melange, it is not improbable that he may have sometimes sketched his first designs of greater works."

When at Naples our lady-bird flew to all the sights; but as none of them are new, we shall content ourselves with picking out such notices of the royal family, as acquire a degree of interest at this moment from the revolution in that quarter.

"About the middle of the Carnival, a grand masked ball took place at the royal palace of Naples.

"It was the first fête which had been given since the restoration of Ferdinand the Fourth to the kingdom of the Two Sicilies:—and so much was said and thought about it, that it was like

'O'Rourke's noble fare  
Which ne'er was forgot,  
By those who were there—  
And those who were not.'

"All strangers were dying to obtain tickets. But as those only who had been presented at their own courts were invited, and as many most respectable travellers, especially English,—had not gone through that ceremony, there were numbers of disappointments. Indeed, from one cause or

another, this ball excited a monstrous commotion both among foreigners and natives.

"In the forenoon of the day, the Principe di L—, a Sicilian nobleman of our acquaintance, came to us in great distress, to know if my sister or I could lend a Bird of Paradise Plume to a friend of his, who had been chosen by Prince Leopold, along with four other favourites, to attend him all the evening,—and who were all to be attired alike. Four of these plumes had been procured; but, alas! Naples did not produce a fifth! In all countries, courtiers worship the rising sun. Those only who know something of courts, can imagine the eagerness with which this chase of the paradise plume was conducted all over the city on this day, and into how much importance these feathers rose in Neapolitan estimation. I laughed at myself for the interest I took in the business; and it certainly did not arise from any admiration for Leopold himself, who is a fat, heavy-looking young man, with white hair and eye-brows, and the thick lip of the Austrian family, from which he is maternally descended.

"Though generally known by the name of Prince Leopold, his proper title is Prince of Salerno. He is believed to be his father's favourite; and I heard it often confidently affirmed, that Ferdinand intended the Duke of Calabria to inherit only Sicily, where he was then resident as Viceroy, and that Prince Leopold was to be King of Naples. An absolute monarch may do much—when alive; but an absolute monarch,—when dead—is quite another sort of personage: and I should doubt the power of Ferdinand to seat his favourite on the throne, more especially as the Duke of Calabria is said to have a strong party in his favour in Naples itself, where Prince Leopold is much less popular than his father. On this occasion, indeed, the old monarch, weak and silly as he is, appeared to me the greatest advantage of the two; for his manners were kind, frank and affable, while his son sauntered about the whole evening as if half asleep, leaning on the shoulder of one of his plumed favourites, and scarcely deigning to notice any one else in the room.

"The King is a good-humoured respectable looking old gentleman. He was dressed in a plain black domino and hat; and seemed to enjoy the amusement from his very heart. *La Moglie* also wore black, with a profusion of diamonds. Though the wife of the reigning sovereign, this lady is not allowed either the title or state of Queen; for she was the subject, before she became the wife, of the King. She was created Duchess of Santa Florida; but is more commonly called *La Moglie*. She is young and rather handsome.

"The Duchess of Genoa, the daughter of Ferdinand, and her husband, brother to the King of Sardinia, were also present at this ball. He is very uninteresting, and she very plain in appearance; but though apparently far from young, she is so immoderately fond of dancing as to tire out the most youthful and indefatigable courtiers."

It does not seem unlikely if these premises

be correct, that the Duke of Calabria may have been at the bottom of the late change". But we proceed to other rather miscellaneous extracts. At Pompeii, of which an Englishman has said most happily that it has been *voted for the benefit of antiquaries*, they have uncovered a temple of Isis, the walls of which are stuccoed.

"Upon this stucco the names of several travellers, the greater number English, were written, beneath which some wit had inscribed this pithy couplet:

"He who writes here in hopes of fame,  
Discloses both his folly and his name."

At Rome our countrywoman gives the following account of an interview with his Holiness.

"The etiquette of the Papal court forbids ladies even to enter the Vatican Palace. The Pope, therefore, holds his female levees at a summer-house in the garden, and always on a Sunday—on the principle, I imagine, of—the better day the better deed."

"Thither we accordingly repaired, about five in the afternoon, by appointment with the Duchessa di F—, who acts as lady in waiting to his Holiness. She was not arrived, nor was the Pope: but we found two Italian ladies—part of the suite of the Duchessa of Genoa—seated by the fire in the anteroom; for this summer-house consisted of two good-sized apartments, both comfortably carpeted, and with blazing fires, and might, more justly, perhaps, have been called a winter-house. The Pope himself came soon afterwards and passed into the inner room. The levee began immediately without waiting for the Duchessa. The two Italian ladies were first taken in, as they had arrived first; and on their return, which was very speedy,—for they seemed perfectly satisfied with receiving a benediction, and kissing the embroidered cross on the Pope's shoe, or, in other words, kissing the Pope's toe,—we were ushered in by one of the priests in attendance on his Holiness' person.

"The Pope was sitting on our entrance, but rose up to receive us. Protestants are not expected to kneel, or kiss the shoe, but they generally make a lower reverence than ordinary, and kiss the hand which he extends to raise them, and to give them his benediction. At least we did so, nor do I feel the least shame in confessing it; for 'the blessing of an old man can never do us harm'; still less of the mild and amiable Pius the Seventh.

"Being all three seated, we began to converse. His manners are gentle, according with the serene character of his countenance, his age and infirmity, and the sufferings which have bent his faded form nearly to the earth. He spoke with cheerfulness on common topics; laughed, took snuff, and cut jokes about the weather—which was then

"Since writing this we observe that he has been appointed Vicar General—a fact which adds to the probability of our surmise. Ed.

† The speech of Benedict the Fourteenth, if I mistake not, to Horace Walpole, on his hesitating to prostrate himself,—“Kneel down, my son; the blessing of an old man will never do you harm.”

very wet and cold; and said it was not so when he was a ragazzo: then there was summer in April, but now it was good for nothing but to sit over the fire. But, by far, the most interesting part of our long conversation regarded the invasion and occupation of Italy by the French. Upon these subjects he spoke with energy; some portion of bitterness mingling itself with the usual mildness of his manner. And surely, when we remember the injuries and indignities which, for a long series of years, the French and their ruler heaped on his devoted country, and spared not to himself—

‘One human tear may drop and be forgiven!’

"To us his manners were extremely kind and flattering. He seemed pleased with our visit, and expressed a strong wish that we should repeat it. He complimented us, particularly my sister, on her excellent knowledge of Italian, assuring us it had given him additional pleasure that we had been able to converse with him in his native tongue, as he had a great dislike to French, which he was nevertheless frequently obliged to speak, from many of the persons introduced to him being ignorant of Italian. He accompanied us to the door when we took leave, bade us a kind farewell, and gave us his blessing."

"On looking back, I find I have not described the dress his Holiness appeared in himself. Indeed, I am rather at a loss how to do it; and fear I can give no better account, than that he had a very small skull-cap clapped upon the shorn part of his head, half a dozen white cambric petticoats one over another, all edged with a particular kind of lace, a pair of scarlet silk shoes, with a cross embroidered in gold on one, and nothing at all on the other, and a scarlet mantle."

There is hereabouts a pretty account of the profession of two nuns, and an entertaining chapter on the blunders of travellers at Rome, in which the Transfiguration is called, by an English lady, Raphael's *Transmigration*; another asks what the Roman Forum was; a third, being told of the Centaurs in the Gallery of the Capitol, exclaims, "Bless me, they are like horses!" a fourth mistakes the bust of Cicero for the bust of a *Chichereon*; and a fifth classes Cincinnatus and Tarquin among the Emperors. A learned Theban notes down that the city of Pæstum was so called from a pest that raged there, and is likened to him who derived *Itinerant* from *Itin-errant*, a gypsy who went about mending tin pans.

We shall take leave of these Sketches without further observation, having before us a much more original view of nearly all the same places and circumstances, to which we shall apply ourselves with greater regularity. We have said that the present is an amusing performance; which is its highest character. The fair writer seems to have travelled pen in hand, and noted down everything she saw or heard of. These notes having been swollen by *Library-travelling*, and references at home, the result is an *Olla Podrida* of matters, one half of which, at least, might with perfect propriety

have been left unpublished. But the chief blemish is the eggyrious self-sufficiency with which judgement is given on every question, betraying the most superficial information and the most unreflecting dogmatism. It would be disagreeable to point out the innumerable absurdities which have been the consequence of this female accomplishment; and we are more ready to repeat, that the author displays much *saleté* and smartness in her lucubrations.

*Early Education; or the Management of Children considered, with a view to their future Character.* By Miss Appleton, Author of *Private Education*, &c. London, 1820. 8vo, pp. 352.

This is a book which offers no food for extract; but we should be ill discharging the duty which every writer of the class to which we belong, owes to society, were we not to take an early opportunity of saying how highly we estimate its merits. Old and young will read it to advantage: and to parents and teachers its contents are invaluable. Perhaps we could have wished greater compression; but the sound principles of Miss Appleton are not weakened by being spread out; and we most conscientiously and earnestly commend her volume to the consideration of the public. We are convinced that even the best intentioned and best informed, to whom the education of the rising race is an object, will reap many a useful hint, and find many an excellent precept, among its every way sterling views of that most important subject.

On such a topic as this, there is no praise like *home* praise; and we will say for ourselves, that we feel deeply indebted to the author for those labours which are directed to the benefit of every family circle, and the improvement of every Britain's fireside.

*Classical Excursion from Rome to Arpino.* By Charles Kelsall. (Continued.)

Arpino (Arpinum) which Clarendon asserts to have been a thousand years older than Rome, has produced some very interesting inscriptions relating to Cicero and Marius. It has a Teatro and Collegio Giuliano, and Marco Tulio is not an uncommon prenominal among its inhabitants. We read indeed, (says Mr. Kelsall), "of one Marco Tulio Cicero, a distinguished officer of Arpino, who with the sword cut *toga armis* on his lips, cut off the head of the governor of the castle of St. Angelo, at the sacking of Rome by Charles V. with one stroke of his sabre. The *insigne* of the city consist only of the imposing initials M. T. C. the inhabitants wisely preferring *letters* to *arms*." The witticism with which the author's quotation closes, is indicative of the author's disposition to pun and jest when opportunity offers. We have a good many instances, some of them not of the highest class. For example, mentioning one of the ancient inscriptions,

TINGERE LICKAT.

....MATREDIUS.

....ATREDIUS.

We are told it "shows that the Roman municipal manufacturers took out licences, like the English ale-house keepers. It will be remembered that our Blackstone was son of a dier. It would appear that the *diers* are destined to furnish the great expounders of law, and consequently to be *deathless*." The following is another, and newer if not better. "The road was enlivened by a party of Arpino ladies, escorted by their cavaliers. I know not whether Tullia in her airings with her father and mother, rode like them astride. The custom, which ought to be honoured 'rather in the breach, than the observance,' is not uncommon with the better classes of the Roman ladies; several of whom I have often met about Frascati, and the Tuscan groves, equipped in this manner."

We, though rather out of order, quote one more passage, in which joke and intelligence seem to preserve equal forces.

"About a mile from the Arpine villa, there, is a paper manufactory, where we found to our surprise, a native of Berkshire, who acted as the superintendent. He presented us with a roll of his *Arpine chartie*, not inscribed indeed with the *Pro Archid.*, but the *Pro Regibus Alexandrino et Deiotorio*, but blank as Arpino itself would prove, without the remembrance of its genius. The picture that he gave of the state of the country was deplorable; for scarcely a day had elapsed the preceding year, without a robbery, which was generally accompanied by assassination. The attacks were most frequent between Isola and Sora. This is explained by considering the situation of Arpino and its environs; which being on the confines of the two states, makes its neighbourhood a convenient asylum for ruffians, who, as they may be pursued in one or other territory, abscond in the skirts of either.

These circumstances suggested a *Divinitio* on the most advisable way of returning to Rome, and escaping the *tasks* of that *cerra* of the Apennines, *Dicecra*. Sometimes we thought of passing by the *Reatine Tempe*. Further delay was dangerous; and it was high time to withdraw *De Finibus Arpinatium*; the *Topica* of which were so doubtful and unclear; for since *Dicecra*, like his great prototype, set the *De Legibus* at defiance, and consequently the *De Officiis*, an attack in the woods was by no means a *Paradoxon*. The fatigue and heat too made it necessary to take measures *De agritudine tenenda*; which if postponed might have terminated in the *De morte contemplanda*."

But to return to Arpino itself.—

"The main street, which is very narrow, leads to a *Piazza*, where workmen were actively employed in building a new town-hall, with niches destined to receive statues of Marius and Cicero. Here there is a fountain, flanked by two towers, with an eagle springing from the centre. The towers are symbols of Marius and Cicero; and the eagle is emblematic of the power of Rome.

"The wretchedness of the inn (if inn it could be called,) was in some measure compensated by the ludicrous appearance of some strolling players, who were preparing to give their exhibition in the *Teatro Tulliano*. The apartment was the counterpart of Ilgarth's well-known print. The host, who appeared fit to be major-domo to *Dicecra*, strangling a half-starved fowl in the ill-way:—his sister, a Tullia in her features, a Mariotnes in her mind, stirring with her black and greasy hands an immense sallad; who though barbarous, appeared good, and except when engaged with the kitchen utensils, Tanaquil herself could not have been busier with the distaff; a quack-doctor, a meagre and grotesque figure, rehearsing his part; a hero, and a pretty girl who was to be rescued by his prowess, at least furnished us with a subject for merriment, which we had no right to expect in so remote a town in the Apennines. We followed this Thespian band to the theatre, where they sustained their parts with spirit, and their action and rehearsal was not spoiled by those artificial gestures and screams usually seen and heard in the greater theatres of Italy. The orchestra, composed only of five violins, serenaded the spectators, when the drop-scene was let down, which displayed ill-painted busts of Marius and Cicero. The applause was loud and frequent."

"The actual population of Arpino is between ten and eleven thousand souls. I gave birth to *Giuseppe di Cesare*, better known by the title of *il cavalier d'Arpino*; whose froscos at Rome and Naples, betraying a genius rather florid than powerful, rank him perhaps among artists of the second class in Italy."

"There has existed for many years, a phil-harmonic society at Arpino, which has sent to various parts of Europe several distinguished performers, both vocal and instrumental; among them, one Signora Sperduti, *prima cantatrice assoluta* at the opera in London, and who died there about the middle of the last century.

Before dawn, swarming with fleas, we quitted with no small satisfaction our pestiferous inn; and ascending almost immediately a very steep rock, reached in about half an hour, *Arpino eccehio*, which occupies the site of the ancient town. On entering the gateway, we were greeted with the following inscription, of no remote date:

ARPINUM. A. SATURNO. CONDITUM.  
VOLSCORUM. CIVITATUM.  
ROMANORUM. MUNICIPIUM.  
MARC. TULLII. CICERONIS.  
ELOGENTIAE. PRINCIPIS.  
ET CAIL. MARI. SEPTIES. CONSULIS. PATRIAM.  
INORDERE. VIATOR.  
HINC. AD. INFERNUM. TRIUMPHALIS.  
AQUILA. EGRESSA.  
URBI. TOTUM. ORDIN. SUBEGIT.  
EJUS. DIGNITATEM. AGNOSCAS.  
ET. SORPES. ESTO.

*Ejus dignitatem agnoscimus; and the Cicero*, a title which has singular force here, shewed us hard by, an ancient cistern, foundations of old walls, and three subterraneous

arches, called by the inhabitants, *i muri di Cicer*, (*quasi muri Cicronia*.) thought by Clavelli, to be the ruins of the paternal mansion of the Ciceros; which Quintus, brother of the orator, inherited; while the villa below, near the confluence of the Fibrenus and Liris, devolved on Marcus, after the death of their father.

Continuous is a Cyclopien arch, older, I have little doubt, than the oldest stones of *Latium antiquissimum*. This arch is interesting, as presenting a perfect point, and proving that that characteristic of what is called the Gothic style, is even antecedent to the Roman, or circular arch. It consists only of eleven colossal stones laid on each other without cement. The accomplished Signora Dioniigi, in her *Viaggi nel Lazio*, has given an elegant engraving of this arch, which she calls *la porta acuminata d'Arpino*, as well as of the Cyclopien ruins still seen in Alatri, Atina, and the other Saturnian cities. Several towers of the ancient walls are still standing, originally of Roman work, but probably added to in the middle ages. They are evidently of a much later date than the above-mentioned arch. We were shown here too the vestiges of a street, perhaps the *via Græca*, noticed by the orator in one of his letters to Quintus: *ibam fortè viâ Græcâ, cum tua litera mihi reddita esset*. This street, which is covered with irregular flags, like the *via Appia*, is now called *la via Cicero*. Tracks of the old wheels are here visible, as at Pompeii."

Of the two isles formed by the *F. della Poeta* (*Fibrenus*) before it flows into the *Garigliano* (*Liris*), Mr. Kells thinks the lower one is the *Amalthæa* of Cicero, though both were designated by him "blessed isles." "And (says Mr. K.) no wonder; for nothing can be imagined finer than the surrounding landscape. The deep azure of the sky unvaried by a single cloud; Sora on a rock, at the foot of the precipitous Apennines; both banks of the *Garigliano* covered with vineyards; the *frigor aquarum* alluded to by Atticus in the *De Legibus*; the coolness, rapidity, and ultramarine hue of the Fibrenus; the noise of its two cataracts; the rich turquoise colour of the Liris; the minor Apennines round Arpino, crowned with umbrageous oaks to their very summits, presented scenery hardly elsewhere to be equalled, certainly not to be surpassed even in Italy."

Escaping from the robber *Dicecra*, the author returned to Rome after a circuit of about one hundred and eighty miles.

The second part of the volume is a defence of and eulogy upon Cicero; and there is added a notice of his brother Quintus, and others of his family. We do not find any thing more for extract in these pages; nor shall we prolong this review with quotations from a curious account of Capri, and the ruins of the twelve villas of Tiberius. The author concludes with a scheme for erecting (by subscription in all countries) a monument to the great Roman orator at Arpino; and takes infinite pains to explain the plan and design of the building. Into this speculation, however, we need not enter,

for the rest, thirty thousand pounds, is yet to be raised, and we shall wait till that is pretty far advanced, before we occupy our columns with Mr. Kelsall's.

We have merely to add, that the Excursion is adorned with several engravings; the most remarkable of which is a profile (as is stated) of Cicero, from a sitting statue at La Ruftina, recently found in the ruins of Tusculum.

*Friendship, a Tale.* By Miss Samlham. London, 1820. 12mo. pp. 306.

This is a very pleasing little volume, which we suggest to our younger readers, as at once agreeable and instructive. It contrasts the benefit of moral superintendence and good education, with the evils that flow from inattention to early culture, and the sound direction of the tender mind. Our only objection to the tale, as a lesson to youth, is, that it draws too many foolish and unamiable pictures of age; forgetting that example speaks more powerfully than precept. It must be confessed, however, that the author does justice to her characters, and shows that none but the wise and virtuous are the respected and happy. The style is good, the incidents well chosen, and the narrative, in some parts, truly affecting. The story is interesting enough to engage attention, and thus dispose the reader to receive its purer impressions.

#### HUBER ON ANTS.

[Dr. Johnson's Translation, continued.]

Such as we described in our last are the wars of psimures. They have, no doubt, their heroes; and probably their barbs, though we presume that historians are unknown to them. It is very curious, that insects should carry on hostilities in so regular a way; but the more fighting principle is so common to all animated nature, that their exploits in this way are not, altogether considered, so wonderful as the following:—

"With slight movements of their fore-feet they pat the lateral parts of the head of the other ants. After these first gestures, which resembled caresses, they were observed to raise themselves upon their hind-legs by pairs, struggle together, seize each other by a mandible, foot, or antenna, and then immediately relax their hold to re-commence the attack. They fastened on the thorax or abdomen, embraced and overthrew each other, then raised themselves by turns, taking their revenge without producing any mischief. They did not spurt forth their venom, as in their combats, nor retain their adversary with that obstinacy which we observe in their serious quarrels. They presently abandoned the ants they had seized, and endeavoured to lay hold of others. I saw some who were so eager in these exercises, that they pursued successively several workers, and struggled with them a few moments, the combat only terminating, when the least animated, having overthrown his antagonist, succeeded in escaping and hiding in one of the galleries."

Are we not tempted to exclaim with admiration, how wonderful are the ways of providence! Such contentions throw man back upon himself; and the lesson, rightly read, ought to moderate (in rational beings) much of that turmoil and trouble, in which Britain is at this hour involved.

The 6th chapter treats of the relation of ants with the pucerons and gall insects; and especially of the language of which the antennae seem to be the organ. On the latter subject we shall make only one extract.

"Imagining (says the author) that I have not presumed too much upon the justness of my conclusions, I have been under the necessity of admitting, that ants possess the means of communicating their different impressions, and I think this faculty consists, in their striking with their head the corset of their companions, and in the contact of their mandibles; but these are the common signs of which they make use. The antennae, the organs of touch, and, perhaps, of some other sense which is unknown to us, are the principal instruments connected with the language of ants: their situation in the fore part of the head, their flexibility, their construction, which presents a series of articulations, endowed with extreme sensibility; their close connection with instinct, added to the observations I made, whilst speaking of the conduct of these insects, in reference to the females, males, and labourers, induce me to believe that the antennae perform the most important office among ants. We have seen insects frequently use them on the field of battle, to intimate approaching danger, and to ascertain their own party when mingled with the enemy; they are also employed, in the interior of the ant-hill, to warn their companions of the presence of the sun, so favourable to the development of the larvae; in their excursions and emigrating, to indicate their route; in their recruitings, to determine the time of their departure, &c. Let us still see of what further service they are to these insects. As ants do not possess the art of constructing magazines, and filling them with provisions, they cannot, like bees, draw their supply from the cells; they are, therefore, obliged to quit their habitation, those who remain at home, expect their food from the labourers, who are gone abroad to procure it; the latter bring back small insects, or the bodies of such as they have dismembered. When they fall in with ripe fruit, or animals of tender flesh, as worms, lizards, &c. and are not able to convey them to the ant-hill, they feed upon their juices, and on their return to their habitation, their stomachs being filled with the liquid provision, they disgorge it in the mouths of their companions, which is effected in this manner:—the ant, who experiences hunger, begins striking with both its antennae, with an extremely rapid movement, the antennae of the ant from whom it waits its supply; it then draws closer, with its mouth open, and its tongue extended, to receive the fluid, which is observed to pass from the mouth of one to that of the other: during this operation, the ant who is receiving aliment, does not cease caressing its kind

friend, by continuing to move its antennae with great quickness; it also plays upon the lateral parts of the head of its benefactor, with its fore-feet, which are furnished with very thick brushes, and which, from the delicacy and rapidity of their movement, yield in no respect to the antennae. The ant, who returns from foraging in the fields, is well acquainted with the mode of informing its companions of the necessity under which it lies, of discharging a part of the fluid with which it is provided, and by the aid of its antennae, appears to invite them to come and take their portion; but it does not, in this case, make use of the fore-feet. This language is well understood by these insects; even the larvae, who know how to demand their nourishment, (by raising their head, as we have before remarked,) erect themselves, and present their mouths, as soon as they perceive the ant striking with its antennae the upper part of their body."

The intimacy of ants with pucerons, is a remarkable example of animal economy.

"We know that a great number of vegetables furnish provision to the *Pucerons*, or *Aphides*. These insects fix themselves upon the leaves, or small branches, and insinuate their trunk or sucker between the fibres of the bark, where they find the most substantial nourishment. A portion of this aliment, shortly after being taken, is expelled, under the form of small limpid drops, either by the natural passage, or by two horus, that we commonly observe on the posterior part of the body. This fluid constitutes the principal support of the ants. We have already noticed, that they wait the moment when the pucerons eject this precious manna, upon which they (the ants) immediately seize; but this is the least of their talents, for they know how to obtain it at any time they wish."

With the gall insects the mode is equally curious. Mr. H. says—

"I was very much astonished when I saw, for the first time, an ant approach a gall insect, and perform with its antennae, on its lower extremity, the same manoeuvres, which it executed in respect to the pucerons. After having a few moments caressed this insect, I saw proceed from its back, a large drop of fluid, which the ant immediately lapped up. I observed the same occurrence, with reference to other gall insects on the same tree, during several seasons. They were stationed in great number upon an enlarged part of the trunk. The ants came there constantly to receive their provisions, which was fully confirmed by my observing these insects upon an orange tree, where I saw the ants obtain from them their food in the same manner. We can only compare the movements of ants upon this occasion, to the play of the fingers in a shake upon the piano-forte."

"The kermes, like the pucerons, eject this fluid to a distance when the ants are not present to receive it; this, however, but rarely happens. The gall insects of the vine, the peach, and the mulberry-tree, never failed presenting me with the same spectacle; which gave me some general ideas respecting

the relation which exists between the instincts of these insects and that of ants. That the pucerons and the gall insects experience pleasure when caressed in this way by the ants; that it is an advantage to them to be carried off by their secretaries; or that there really exists between each, some kind of language, is still one of those questions upon which we cannot well decide: but we shall not the less admire the manner in which ants procure their subsistence. This fluid is to them an inexhaustible treasure. It will be enough, to be convinced of this truth, to station one's self near an oak covered with these insects, where we shall, soon after, observe thousands of ants ascending and descending the trunk. All those ascending have small bellies, and walk nimbly; those, on the contrary, descending, have their abdomens swollen, transparent, full of the fluid obtained from these insects, and do not move but with difficulty."

The ants store their nests with pucerons. "There are ants that scarcely ever quit their abode; we neither observe them moving towards trees or their fruit: they do not even go in chase of other insects; they are, notwithstanding, extremely common in our meadows and orchards. I allude to the Yellow Ants, called by the common people Red Ants, and which would merit the surname of *souventaine*. They are two lines in length, their body is of a pale yellow colour, slightly transparent, and covered with hair."

"I knew where all the other ants sought and obtained their nourishment; but I could not ascertain what these did to exist, and what aliment they could furnish themselves with, without quitting their habitation; when, one day, having turned up the earth of which their nest was composed, to discover if they had any provision, I found it to contain the pucerons. I saw them at the roots of the grass which surrounded the ant-hill. They were assembled in considerable numbers, and were of different species: the most common, were of a flesh colour, and of a round form; others were white, and had the body more flattened; but they were of the same genus. There were also some that were green and violet coloured, others with black and green rays; the latter stood higher upon their legs, and were much longer. Some were removed to a great depth, attached to the deeper part of the roots; others were wandering about in the midst of the ants, either in the upper, or under-ground chambers. The ants appeared to seize the favourable moment for taking their food; they acted in the ordinary manner, and always with the same success. This clearly explained, why the ants of this species did not quit their abode, since they had, without leaving it, all that was necessary for their support."

(To be concluded in our next.)

*The Angel of the World, Sebastian, &c.*  
By the Rev. G. Croley.

Last week we gave some extracts from the poem with which the volume commences. We shall probably indulge our readers by giving a slight

specimen of the second poem, which is of a more varied construction, of a more romantic style, of about twice the length, and touches on subjects more within our sensibility, than the temptations of those beings,

"That in the colours of the rainbow live,  
And play i' the plighted clouds."

Sebastian, a man of birth, a soldier, and a lover, follows a mysterious beauty through a round of adventures. At Granada, he is led by one of these to the Alhambra, the famous palace of the last race of the Moorish kings, and to this hour the loveliest relique of the splendours of Saracen architecture.

We give the sketch of the palace, reserving our general criticism till the publication of the volume, which will be, we presume, early next week.

Sebastian has ascended the mountain on which the palace stands,—has been captivated by a melody whose singer is unseen; and, at length, is determined to discover the minstrel.

He looked around, but all was solitude,  
No shadow wandered by the evening vine.  
A moment, in bewildered thought he stood,  
Saw the wind shake the Alhambra's ready pole,  
Fondered no more, but rushed within the wall.

Palace of beauty! where the Moorish lord,  
King of the bow, the bridle, and the sword,  
Sat like a Genie in the diamond's blaze.  
Oh! to have seen thee in the ancient days!  
—When at thy morning gates the coursers stood,  
The "Thousand," milk white Yemen's fiery blood,

In pearl and ruby harness'd for the king,  
And thro' thy portals poured the gorgeous blood  
Of Jewell'd Sheikh and Emir, hastening  
Before the sky her dawning purple show'd,  
Their turbans at the Caliph's feet to fling.

Lovely thy morn—thine evening lovelier still,  
When at the waking of the first blue star  
Thou trembled on the Atalaya hill.  
The splendours of the trumpet's voice arose,  
Brilliant, and bold, and yet no sound of war;  
It summoned all thy beauty from repose;  
The shaded slumber of the burning noon.  
Then in the slant sun all thy fountains shone,  
Shooting the sparkling column from the vase  
Of crystal cool, and falling in a haze  
Of rainbow hues on floors of porphyry;  
And the rich bordering beds of every bloom,  
That breathe to African or Indian sky,  
Carnations, tuberose, thick anemone,  
Pure lily that its virgin head low waved  
Beneath the fountain drops, yet still would come.

Like hearts by love and destiny enslaved,  
That see and shrink, and yet will seek their doom.

Then was the harping of the minstrels heard,  
In the deep arbour, or the regal hall,  
Hushing the tumult of the festival.  
When the pale bard his kindling eyeball rear'd,  
And told of Eastern glories, silken hosts,  
Towered elephants, and chiefs in topaz armed;  
Or of the mirrials from the cloudy coasts  
Of the far Western Sea, the sons of blood,  
The iron men of tournament and feud

That round the bulwarks of their fathers' swarm'd,  
Doom'd by the Moslem scepter to fall,  
Till the red cross was buried from Salem's wall.

Where are thy pomps, Alhambra, earthly sun,  
That had no rivalry—no second? Gone.  
Thy glory down the arch of time has rolled.  
Like the great day-star to the ocean dim,  
The billows of the ages o'er thee swim,  
Gloomy and fathomless: thy tale is told!  
Where is thy horn of battle, that but blows,  
Brought every spear of Africa from the wall,  
Brought every charger barbed from the stall,  
Till all its tribes sat mounted on the shore,  
Waiting the waving of thy torch to pour  
The living deluge on the fields of Spain.  
Queen of Earth's loveliness, there was a stain  
Upon thy brow, the stain of guilt and gore;  
Thy course was bright, bold, treacherous—and  
'tis o'er.

The spear and adiem are from thee gone;  
Silence is now sole monarch on thy throne.

He passed the Court of Fountains, where the rill

Strives thro' its sculptur'd bed to trickle still.  
No living sound was there,—he lean'd beside  
The fountain where the *Abencerrage* died,  
And struck in listless anger from his brim  
The weeds that gather'd o'er it thick and dim.  
His murmurings told his ear: a sudden shade  
Twinn'd swiftly thro' the distant colonnade;  
He sprang, and follow'd, but his foot was maz'd  
In the deep labyrinth of halls, embarr'd  
With fretted gold and purples, and all eyes  
Of plant or metal, and inscriptions ran  
Crowding the cupola, and floor, and frieze,  
With spell and scripture, tale and talisman.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

We have a letter signed *J. Ph. Barberi*, who contends that the word "*salvo*," to which we objected in Piosolo's or Toscolo's *Ricciarda*, is correct. He asserts that "*Salvo* formerly was, and is now, as it ever will be, the participle of the verb *Salvare*, *saved* from *Salvato*," and quotes two passages from the *Polinice* and *Antigone* of Alfieri, to prove it, as well as the dictum of the Academy della Crusca at Florence. We care little to guess who the writer is; but as there does not exist in the *Italian* language any word beginning with *rai*, we guess that in the signature—*Stat nominis umbra*. He it so; we are not afraid, in this case, to face *Mr. Phoscolos Barberi* himself; and will undertake to prove him guilty of an error, not uncommon amongst the unguarded authors of Italy; while by quoting Alfieri in the same words, he rather discovers an accomplice in grammatical crime, than offers a successful defence.

As our argument is particularly intended for our English readers, we will start with a comparison between the Italian and English words, in a question in which they have exactly the same meaning; and, if ill managed, are subject to the same blunders in both languages.

The adjective *salvo*, corresponds to *safe*; and the participle *salvato*, to *saved*. *Salvo*, as part of the verb *salvare* (to save) can only be the first person in the singular num-



ber, of the present tense of the indicative mood: *Io salvo, I save.*

The line in Ricciarda says—

"Scemtra allor d'aver mi amato e salvo.

Literally—

"She will then pay dear for having loved and SAFE me (instead of saved me). Avere (to have) auxiliary verb of the active verbs, must govern a participle; and we dare defy Mr. Ph. B. to prove that *salvo* is a participle.

It is the same when *salvo* is governed by *essere* (to be) the auxiliary verb of the passive verbs. In the simple tenses, for instance, *Io son salvo*, it means, I am safe; but in the compound tenses, if one would say, *Io sono stato salvo*, it would be:—I have been safe, instead of saved.

Mr. Ph. B. asserts, that in the dictionary of Della Crusca, it is said, that *salvo* is used for *salvato*. There is no such an acknowledgment there. If there were, the example would be given, and Mr. Ph. B. would not have omitted in his letter to produce it. Under the adjective *salvo*, two examples are to be found there; but as they are not governed by an auxiliary verb, they are not in the least applicable to our question. The first example is from Boccaccio: *Io non mi terrò mai salvo:—I shall never consider myself SAFE, not SAVED.* The second is taken from Giovanni Villani: *Se ne uccirono salvo le persone.—The inhabitants evacuated (the town) SAFE, in safety, not saved.*

Mr. Ph. B. unable to find an unquestionable authority to sanction his error, brings forth triumphantly two examples from Alfieri. He must know very well what an outcry was raised against the language of Alfieri, in Italy, when his first tragedies were published. The Italians have at last thanked him for his just and bold expressions, with which he has enriched the Italian language; but in our case it is not a question of a new diction, but of an error of grammar, which cannot be sanctioned nor screened under the wings of Alfieri's authority. The first example is taken from his *Eteocle e Polinice*. *Salvo alieno tu sei:—At least you are SAFE.* The second comes directly into our case, as *salvo* is governed by the auxiliary *avere* (to have). In Antigone he says:—*Tutto ad un tempo salvo ho colui:—at once I have so SAFE (NOT SAVED) every thing.* In this case Alfieri is only his companion in the same mistake.

When Mr. Ph. B. asserts so positively, that *salvo* is syncope for *salvato*, he makes us smile. There is no syncope participle in all the Italian language; and we defy Mr. Ph. to produce an example of authority. Properly speaking, there is no syncope in the Italian language, but a *troncamento* (a cutting-off), of a vowel, chiefly at the end of a word. If any of our English scholars, totally unacquainted with the Italian language, open an Italian book, he may see a great number of words ending with a consonant; and it being true that all the Italian words end with a vowel, except a few monosyllables, he may judge if such *troncamento* may be properly called a *syncope*.

Buonmattei, in his grammar, fills up ten 4to. pages with his treatise of the *Troncamento*;

and we defy Mr. Ph. B. to quote from it a rule to support his pretended syncope.

Finally, we declare again that we admire Mr. Foscolo's Ricciarda, and its classical language, except the *salvo* for *salvato*; which, by the by, is repeated three or four times in the piece. If Mr. Ph. B. is not satisfied with our answer, we are disposed to hear what more he has to say. We beg him only to keep his temper, as we do in England in literary quarrels; we will take no further notice of him if he accuse us of ignorance, instead of defending his error, by giving good examples from unquestionable authors, and consistent with grammatical rules.

#### DEBRET'S PEERAGE.

12th July, 1820.

SIR.—(Observing in one of your late numbers, various errata pointed out in Debrett's account of the Peerage of Ireland, and feeling the same sort of interest in the Scots Peerage that your correspondent appears to do in the Irish, I am induced to submit to you the following list, which I found in the course of a few minutes, and in turning over merely a few pages. They are taken from the tenth edition, published in 1816. I have since compared them with the corresponding passages in the "thirteenth edition, considerably improved," printed in 1820; and shall add the result in each case.

In the article, "Marquis of Tweeddale," we find it recorded, that George, seventh marquis, was married in 1785, and yet his fourth son, William, died in 1778. In 1820, this young nobleman is brought to life, and promoted to the rank of captain in the Rifle Brigade!

"Earl of Eglington." In the account of this distinguished family, Archibald lord Montgomery, is stated to have married lady Mary Montgomery, daughter of Archibald, eleventh earl of Eglington, and sister of Jane, countess of Crawford. Now every one who knows any thing of the peerage of Scotland, could have informed the editor, that lady Montgomery had only one sister, lady Susan, who died unmarried; and that the late countess of Crawford was sister to lord Montgomery's mother. This error is copied verbatim into the "considerably improved" edition of 1820.

"Earl of Cassillis." Archibald lord Kennedy, born 1804, married 1814—date of his birth left out in the new edition (really 1794).

"Earl of Haddington." We find it recorded, that this nobleman married in 1799, and that his son, lord Binning, followed his example in 1802; the real date of lord Haddington's marriage was 1779; but the blunder is faithfully copied into the new edition.

"Barl of Dysart." In the account of this noble family, a remarkable circumstance is stated, viz. that Frances, daughter of Lionel, third earl, died in 1707—the year before her father was born! Copied faithfully into the new edition.

"Earl of Northesk." George, fourth earl, married in 1748; his eldest son was born in 1749, and his fourth in 1733.—Repeated in the new edition.

The above, Mr. Editor, I give, merely as a specimen of what is to be found in almost every page nor is the new edition free from errors than the preceding ones. In one case I find the real heir to an earldom, a gentleman married, and having a numerous family, altogether omitted, and the reversion of the title bestowed on his uncle; while in another page, I find a nobleman's brothers and sisters stated to be his children. I really feel it a duty to expose this extreme carelessness, most inexcusable certainly in a work of this kind, which is sale valuable in proportion to its accuracy; and I am satisfied that your giving publicity to this statement will have the effect of reducing the fourteenth edition more accurate.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient Servant,  
J. M.

#### To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR.—You must remember the animated scene in Ivanhoe, between Cedric and Athelstane, while prisoners in the castle of Front de Boeuf. Cedric tells the story of Harold's answer to the emissary of Tori and Hardrada; and begins it thus—"Yes," said Cedric, half speaking to himself, and half addressing himself to Athelstane, "it was in this very hall that my father feasted with Torquil Wolfanger, when he entertained the rascal and unfortunate Harold, then advancing against the Norwegians, who had united themselves to the rebel Tori. It was in this hall that Harold returned the magnanimous answer," &c. vol. 2, p. 110, 111. A little farther on, he observes, that his "father was not the worst defender of the Saxon crown," p. 114. Now I think it will be allowed, that a man who was invited to feast in company with a king, and was able to fight in defence of the crown, was at least twenty years of age; and as these events happened in 1066, Cedric's father must have been born, at latest, in 1046. The date of Ivanhoe (being that of the return of Richard I.) is 1194; and Cedric being about sixty at that time, his birth must be placed in 1134, eighty-eight years after the birth of his father—rather an advanced age to have so vigorous a son as the lord of Rotherwood. But still harder he mentions that he has often heard his father kindle while telling this story, (p. 111) which certainly could not be often told to a mere boy. We must therefore admit, that the old gentleman must have been some what over a hundred years of age, when he was kindling at the recital of the tale of Harold. This certainly is possible, but not very probable; particularly as such patriarchal extensions of life were little to be expected in such boisterous times as those immediately succeeding the conquest. Had it been Cedric's grandfather, it would be more within the limits of credibility.

Ivanhoe is so delightful a romance, that we are willing to look over any little blemish of this kind; and he who spies them must be content to subscribe himself

July 6, 1820.

A SMALL CRITIC.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A Paris journal contains the following details respecting the scientific expedition undertaken by M. Freycinet, commander of the *Uranie* sloop of war.

In March, 1819, the *Uranie* cast anchor in the harbour of Amatic at Gaum, one of the Marian islands: after remaining there fifteen days, she proceeded to the Sandwich Islands, and from thence to Port Jackson, where, it appears, she arrived in December 1819. After leaving Gaum, the course of the *Uranie*, though toilsome and difficult, was fertile in important and curious results. Some valuable observations on magnetism were made at Waigion and at Diely, the chief Portuguese establishment in the Isle of Timor. At Waigion, an island on the equator, observations were made on the pendulum, which are likely to be useful in the measurement of the earth. Numerous geographical errors have been rectified by the operations performed on board the *Uranie*; a great number of plans and charts have been drawn up, and it is expected that the vessel will bring back to France a valuable collection of drawings and objects of natural history.

A Russian frigate, on a voyage of discovery, was at Port Jackson at the same time with the Frenchman.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## OXFORD, JULY 15.

On Saturday, the 8th inst. the last day of Act Term, the following Degrees were conferred:—

MASTER OF ARTS.—Rev. S. Hurt Langston, Fellow of Wadham College.  
BACHELOR OF ARTS.—John Irving, Worcester College.

The whole number of Degrees in Act Term was—D.D. Five; D.C.L. One; D. Med. One; B. D. Five; B. C. L. Two; B. Med. Two; M. A. Sixty-one; B. A. Seventy-nine; Matriculations, eighty-two.—Regents of the Act.—Doctors, Twenty-two; Masters, One Hundred and sixty-three.

## FINE ARTS.

## SIR J. LEICESTER

Has added to his Gallery, Mr. Vincent's fine view of London, from Waterloo Bridge. This picture has attracted much notice, and is certainly one of the ablest compositions of a very rising artist. The choice of subject is well calculated for grandeur and effect; and in treating it, we think the artist has been happy in getting rid of those frittling touches which have broken some of his productions, and giving the whole a great and broad simplicity. The colouring of the shipping is extremely rich and harmonious; the massing of the bridge admirable; and the distant dome of St. Pauls, in a masterly tone.

As a whole, the picture merited the patronage it has met with; and we record it to the honour of its painter and possessor.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## GIPSIES.

Underneath the greenwood tree,  
There we dwell right merrily,  
Larking to the grassy lane,  
Here this hour—then gone again.  
You may see where we have been,  
By the burned spot on the green;  
By the oak's branch drooping low,  
Withered in our faggot's glow;  
By the grass and hedge-row cropped,  
Where our axes have been grazing;  
By some old torn rag we dropped,  
When our crazy tents were raising;—  
You may see where we have been,  
Where we are—that is not seen.  
Where we are—it is no place  
For a lazy foot to trace;  
O'er brath and over field,  
He must scramble who would find us;  
In the copse-wood close concealed,  
With a running brook behind us.  
Here we list no village clocks;  
Liveller sound the farm-yard cocks,  
Crowing, crowing round about,  
As if to point their roostings out;  
And many a cock shall cease to crow,  
Or ere we from the copse-wood go.

On the stream the trout are leaping;  
Midway there the pike is sleeping,  
Motionless, self-poised he lies,  
Stir but the water—on he flies,  
E'en as an arrow thro' the skies:  
We could tie the noose to snare him,  
But by day we wisely spare him;  
Nets shall scour the stream at night,  
Till the cold moon's trusty light  
Scores of fish will not surprise her,  
Writing with their glittering scales;  
She'll look on, none else the wiser,  
Give us light, and tell no tales;  
And next day the sporting squire  
Of his own trout shall be the buyer.  
Till the farmer catch us out,  
Frolicing his rich barn about;—  
Till the squire suspect the fish;  
Till the keeper find his hare,  
Struggling in our nightly snares;  
Till the girls have ceased to wish,  
Headless what young lad shall be  
Theirs in glad intimacy;  
Till the boors no longer hold  
Awkwardly their rough hands out,  
All to have their fortunes told  
By the cross lines thereabout;—  
Till these warings, all or some,  
Raise us (not by beat of drum)  
On our careless march to roam;  
The copse shall be our lasty home.  
JANATO SECONDO.

## LOVER'S PARTIMES.

Careless of all the world, save one sweet care,  
And in each other lost, they dreamt away  
The hours, before they wed loving to stray  
By grove or fountain, where the noontide heat  
Came not; and often upon starry nights  
Would pause and read the blue unclouded sky,  
Full of bright wonders, Lyria said then,  
And listening to her lover's accents low,  
Or with each word sportively quarrelling,  
The which he answered not, but tenderly  
Prest sweet conviction on her willing lip,  
Or smiled reproach, and made her err again.  
Sometimes from out its bed of leaves he plucked

The hiding violet, or from a bank  
Sun-touched, and wet with passing showers, he tore

The primrose, or the valley's virgin blooms,  
Lilies, (of all the children of the spring  
The palest,) or in curious braids entwined  
White curling hyacinths amidst her hair:  
And often kneeling, with upgazing eyes,  
He offered to his love fair coronets  
Of myrtle, or of crown flowers budding new,  
Or wild-primrose blossoms stripped of all their thorns.

Thus passed the pleasant hours. 'When you are mine'—

G—then would say, 'Twill never be,'  
Laughing the lady spoke; while he, secure,  
Pressing her heaving side against his heart,  
Fetioned or deplored, or smiling glanced  
Upon her cheek beauty and tremulous,  
And saw the crimson dimpled of her lips  
Part and display its wealth: rich gems were there.

Whiter than pearl or Indian ivory;  
And (as 'twere, by perfumes, such as come  
Towards Cyprus, o'er the breeze-swept sea by night,  
When the rose is flowering in Arabia.

M.

## [By Correspondents.]

Lines addressed to Dr. Rees, on the Publication of the last Part of his Cyclopædia.

'Tis sweet, to mark a stately column rise,  
And watch its progress till it gain the skies  
'Tis sweet, to view a highly cultivated soil,  
With golden harvests crown the labourer's toil  
And sweet, his cares, his pains, his wanderings o'er,

To view the sailor reach the wish'd-for shore,  
Such thoughts, such feelings animate my soul,  
To see thy work attain its destined goal.  
I hailed the morning of thy bright career,  
But smiling hope was clouded, by the fear  
Lest some disastrous ill should cross its way,  
And its proud march to fame and honour stay.  
My fear was vain: before my eyes at last,  
Thy latest volume spreads its treasures vast.  
That work is worthy of a Nation's care,  
Which stands confessed to shine without compare.

Here, genius, taste, and learning, all combine,  
And round thy brow their blended laurels twine.  
Britannia's Muse with conscious pride surveys  
A British work, and wakes the note of praise;  
Reviews the stores with which thy page is fraught,

From all the mines of varied knowledge brought;  
Recounts the sons of Science, who conspired  
To make thy work esteemed, acclaimed, admired;

But mostly lauds, and chiefly gives to fame,  
Those matchless plates inscribed with Lowry's name;

Lowry, whose powerful genius could impart,  
New charms to science, and new grace to art,  
And with unrivalled talent proudly teach,  
How near perfection's height the works of man  
might reach.

July 26, 1820.

H.

## TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S SECOND HYMN TO VENUS.

The beautiful golden crowned Oen I sing,  
Venus, of Cyprus' Isle the deity  
Whom the soft Zephyr on his gentle wing  
Did, o'er the surge of the resounding sea,  
Raised on the foam, to its high turret bring,  
Where the gold-vested hours delightedly

Received her, and bedecked in gorgeous sheen  
The lovely person of their sea-born queen.

On her immortal head a crown they placed,  
Resplendent, formed of gold; her well-placed  
ears

Rich flowing rings of precious metals grace;  
Her shapely neck a golden circlet bears;  
Which o'er her breast winds its descending trace;  
Each of the attendant Hours such circlet  
wears,

When bent to seek the mansion of her sire,  
Or with the gods to join the cheerful choir.

The Hours then led the Goddess thus arrayed  
Among the lords of heaven; love seized on all;  
Each clasped her to his breast, with transport  
swayed,

And softly wooed her to his regal hall,  
To share it as his bride; so did the maid,  
Crowned with the violet wreath, their souls  
enthrall.

Hail, dark eyed Goddess of the dulcet tongue,  
Grant victory to my lay, and guide my song!

#### On a certain Lecturer on Poetry.

Both kinds of style our lecturer is engrossing;  
Verse is his matter, and his manner prosing.

### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

#### THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.—VI. FASHION.

"Poor Sir Marmaduke!" exclaimed Lady Racket, talking of Sir Marmaduke Modish; "I have known that *man* (laying an emphasis on the word)—I have known that man these twenty years (her ladyship forgot a dozen), and he is as young in intellect and experience as he was the first day of our acquaintance, though time has been annually furrowing his cheek until it looks intersected with lines like a map of Europe. He cannot be very far short of seventy; yet he affects the goldiness of a boy, flirts and flutters like a cockcomb of one and twenty, and wishes to pass for not more than fifty. Can any thing be more ridiculous than to see him tripping it after Lady Lucy Lackmind and philandering with girls of sixteen?"

"Or," added another, "playing four hours together with his poodle dog, or reading novels all the morning in bed; then salving four perfumed like a milliner, and giving lectures upon the last fashions; or sitting four hours at his toilet, and inventing something *à la fin nouveau* in the way of a cravat-tie, or some such important matter. The very town is tired of his face, and his tradespeople, such as his taylor and hoot maker, although they make little fortunes by him, cannot help being disgusted at his tryings on and alterations, and, 'how do I look in that?' and all the rest of the trouble he gives. By the by, how old may this unpernannant infant be?"

"For my part," said Lord Latimer, I candidly own to sixty-three, and I will swear that the Baronet was come to man's estate when I was a boy at College." (Here the peer cast the balance of years in his own favour a little more than stubborn truth could have borne him out in.) "What is to me the most ridiculous," continued he, "is the variety of characters and costumes in which I have seen him; Proteus or the Cameleon

are nothing to Sir Marmaduke's metamorphoses; and there is nothing which he is so afraid of, as appearing old fashioned. Little is he aware that his seamstress and his valet-de-chambre, not forgetting his stay-maker, make a laughing stock of him."

"Well may we say that pride feels no pain," added Lady Latimer, "for the poor gentleman (with a tone of mingled pity and contempt) puts himself to the rack daily in order to pass for being still young. Such strangling with starch and cravat stiffeners; such pressing his wrinkles upwards! such spraying of his odoriferous peruke! such lacing and girdling in! such padding and plumping of his poor meagre person! such pinching and crippling of feet! and after all he's enough to frighten the crows!"

"A charge de revanche," exclaimed Lady Racket, "for the crows and the worms frighten him most amazingly, altho' he must come to one of the party at last." Here a general laugh testified the esteem and good opinion of the company.

"Pray," said I to Lord Latimer, "is not Sir Marmaduke a very old friend of your family?" "A very old acquaintance," replied he, "for it is impossible for such a man to be a friend. The creature has no quality but that which a patent gave him; no one good qualification but that of dress; no conversation but the court calendar, or a list of amish tradesmen; nothing to recommend him beyond a gross of rings, seals, brooches, and gold snuff-boxes. But when I think of the extremes of ultra fashion in which I have seen him indulge for so many years, they really make me laugh. He has in the last sixty years, acted the French Count, the Newmarket jockey, the rakish *negligé*, the tricked out *mercilleux*, the cosack, the insipid and the exquisite. At one period his poor paper noddle was lost in the capes of a great coat, and in the folds of a dozen under waistcoats; at another he has had his neck like a goose's in length and appearance. One year his chain disappeared in a feather-bed neckcloth; another year you might see the whole of it grinning through a horse-collar, surmounting a coat in which the remainder of his person was served up. At one period of his *valuable existence*, he was caricatured for a hat like a parasol; at another he was laughed at in the print shops with a thing on his head, the epitome of a hat, whose brim was about the breadth of the ghost of our silver coin, the signixes without value or impression. Half a century ago his coat would have taken in a whole family, and had the air of a Greenwich pensioner's uniform; now his dress fork scarcely takes in half of his spare person, altho' his taylor's bill takes in the extent of his purse pretty well. Five and twenty years ago, he could scarcely walk in his leathern *culottes*, and looked like a monkey in a spencer; five years ago he was lost in his cosack pantaloons, and looked like a bear in a kersute pelisse; a few months since, I thought that a strayed poney was running after me, when the Baronet came up with me clattering his iron-shod donkey heels, and ringing his gold spurs; and to-

ther day I mistook him for an aged lady, in a furred pelisse and stiff stays."

"No reflections on old ladies, if you please," interrupted Mrs. Marchmont; "age is honorable." "Not age like the Baronet's; but you must observe, that when an old man looks like an old woman dressed up à la moderne, neither his age nor sex are respectable, or any recommendation." But here he comes! poor old frump! Now for his leer and drawl, which formerly was a lip and a volubility of rapid delivery, for he changes his manners as often as his habits. Now for false teeth, spring wig, adorn, paint, washes, dyed whiskers, cosmetics, and artificials of all kinds and complexions. Now for *Painable folie*, trifling small talk, playing with his boots or facking a hand whip; for fligetting and head tossing, affected inattention to others, and studied attention to self, with divers other conceits and fantasies so becoming in one of his appearance and time of life. But let us play upon him fairly; and persuade him that he looks as well as ever. Nothing delights him so much."

"Your most obedient, Sir Marmaduke: upon my life you must have been to the bath of beauty, or to the renovating mill, for you look younger and fresher every day. Why I do not see the slightest alteration in you for these thirty years, and I think that it is quite as much as that since we were first acquainted." (Sir Marmaduke.) "Not quite so long, hang it; no no! long enough, some twenty; it is a monstrous time; but then, if a fellow takes care of himself, he may last a little longer than a common man; climate and dissipation hurt some people; but to be sure I have been a little *Auriclé*—a bit of a *roué*, (an unnatural smile,) but I'm grown wiser; they say that I wear pretty well, ('pretty well worn,' whispered a giddy girl to the peer;) but I am now labouring under a sad cold caught at the ball; this shoe, and one must see the fine women to their carriages; a tax no doubt! but one pays it with pleasure."—A smile of disdain at upon every face.

After this the company played off the old gentleman unmercifully. I felt quite uncomfortable at this exposure of age and imbecility, and took the first favourable opportunity of escaping from this severe circle. I could not help reflecting on what had passed, as I took my morning stroll, and mingling pity very strongly with the disgust which such a character as Sir Marmaduke must inspire.

When we consider a large part of a century passed upon earth, in which the intellectual being has exhibited no alteration or improvement but that of the cut of a sleeve or the capacity of a coat, the number or tightness of waistcoats, or the last pattern of a pair of pantaloons, we naturally ask of what utility the qualities of the mind have been to such a man? What benefit has he derived from a being so eminently above the brute creation, whose change of coat is effected with not half the trouble and none of the expence of that of the biped, whose worthless existence reduces him below the

minor class of animals. It is piteous indeed, when we see the noblest work of the creation, man, grow grey in folly and in nothingness, when we contemplate this effigy of immortality as vain as the gaudy peacock, as tricky and frivolous as the detestable monkey, as empty as the jackdaw, and as artificial as the jay in the fable, despoiled of his borrowed plumage. Age, unaccompanied by wisdom, and unattended by virtue, is a deplorable spectacle. To see fashion's spectre still haunt the giddy circles, and hover in the cold shades of oblivion and content, is a sorry sight indeed; for what can give value to added years, and illumine the fading flame of life, unless it be the reflection of experience, the immortal influence of science and virtue, the regard which we ought to have for the good which a man has done in such a lapse of time, the regret that his useful career is so near its close, the attention which age claims from youth in return for instruction, edification, and example. But alas! poor Sir Marmaduke has none of these; he has long survived respect. He is a blank in the book of humanity, and has probably never afforded even one moral lesson, until he accidentally came for a few minutes under the notice of

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

#### REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF A CATHOLIC TO THE PROTESTANT RELIGION.

The history of this conversion was translated into German by a Dr. Hebenstreit, from the Spanish manuscript of the gentleman in question, and bears the following title—"History of my blessed Conversion to the Evangelic Church, by Manuel Mendoza y Rios." The author was born in Spanish South America, in the city of Caracas, the capital of the province of Venezuela, where his parents possessed extensive plantations. Mendoza, who was brought up in all the superstitions of the Catholic religion, had occasion, when he was nearly eighteen years of age, to make a voyage on commercial business to the island of St. Eustatius, where he became acquainted with a young Englishman, named John Sanderson: a connection which afterwards ripened into the most cordial friendship. An idea of the fetters in which the Roman Catholic clergy hold the minds of the young may be formed, when we learn that Mendoza, going one day with his English friend into a Protestant church, his conscience so reproached him for this great sin, as he took it to be, that he resolved to confess or atone for it by penance, on his return to Caracas. The remarks made by Sanderson, partly in jest, partly in earnest, upon a papal bull, prohibiting the eating of meat on fast days, excited in his mind the first feelings of doubt, and led him to a serious examination of the Roman Catholic creed. The Englishman had, indeed, an easy game: for he who purchases the bull in question for fifteen dollars, or, if he is poor, for three groats, obtains, among other advantages, the right of uttering the most dreadful curses without any detriment to his salvation: and, if he only once keeps fast extra, he gains fifteen times fifteen indulgences; and, if he pays for two such bulls, he

enjoys all these advantages two fold. The bull for the dead is equally ridiculous: it is a passport for purgatory, which cost about eightpence, or the double. He who takes a dozen, and writes a dozen different names on them, releases a dozen souls from purgatory. Another bull, which costs two pistres and a half, renders him who purchases it the legal proprietor of all that he has stolen: he may purchase 50 such bulls in a year; but if he has stolen above 50 times, and so wants more bulls, the Commissary General knows how to meet this exigency.

When Manuel, whose faith in the Catholic religion was already much shaken, returned home, a dreadful event increased his dislike to the highest degree of abhorrence. The son of the attorney-general, and nephew to the chief delegate of the Inquisition, fell in love with his sister, was refused, and vowed to be revenged on her. In the night succeeding All Saints Day, between twelve and one o'clock, the fatal signal of the St. Hermandad, (three heavy, long-sounding strokes, with three weaker and shorter ones between), sounded at their house-door, which they were accordingly obliged to open immediately. Manuel hastened to his father, who was sitting near the bed of his mother, who had fainted, while the sister was gagged and dragged away. She died from the breaking of a blood vessel, in the subterranean dungeons of the Inquisition. On receiving the news of her fate, the mother fell back upon her pillow, and immediately expired. The father followed her to the grave on the fifth day. The murderer was carried off by the yellow fever.

After these fatal events, Manuel sold all his property, and rejoined his English friend, with whom he went to Jamaica. There he read and studied the best English works in philosophy and history, and also the History of the Church, by Hencke (a German author), and derived great advantage from the instructions of the Rev. Mr. Brownley, "chief clergyman at Kingston." He also received instructions from a very worthy Danish clergyman, Mr. Svaning; and being thus fully prepared, joined, in 1797, the Protestant church. In the island of St. Thomas, he married a very amiable Danish lady, of the name of Ernestine. I made, says he, a formal proposal (after having carefully observed her character for nearly half a year), at a splendid fete, which was given on her birth day. We were standing at a window, looking towards the sea, before which some fire works were going to be exhibited. I spoke as I felt, calmly, but with fervour. She took the rose, which she wore in her bosom, kissed it, gave it me, and said smiling in tears, "This is my answer."

This marriage was extremely happy, but they remained a long time without children. The physician ascribed this to the climate of St. Thomas. Manuel went with Ernestine to England, and took a pretty house at the finely situated village of Hampstead, near London. The health of Ernestine derived great advantage from the fine air of this place, and still more from the use of sea bathing, in the Isle of Wight. They passed

the winter in the county of Cornwall, at the little town of Marazion, which enjoys the purest and mildest air in the whole kingdom, and where the orange, the lemon, the myrtle, &c. remain through the winter in the open air, if care is only taken to cover them during the night. There, for the first time, Manuel read the whole Bible through, and convinced himself that there is no exalted idea, no moral principle, no means of human improvement, which is not to be found in this book of books. In the course of the next ten years, his wife bore him three sons and two daughters.

So long ago as 1809 he foretold the independence of all Spanish America. But he goes further, and prophesies as follows:—"The Creoles will be forced, for the good of the whole, as well as for their own, formally to separate from Rome, and thus to form a schism, which is besides required by Republicanism itself. The Protestant religion will be then easily spread through all South America, from the British islands and North America, by means of the active commercial intercourse, in which we may certainly depend on the co-operation of the Bible Societies, and the influence of emigration from other countries into those provinces." In order to contribute his share, he wrote an "Essay on the True Religion of Jesus Christ."

As his wife's health and his own did not seem to be so good as it had been, he judged that a change of air might be beneficial; and left England in 1815, for the south of Switzerland, where he purchased an estate, on which he now resides contented and happy with his amiable family.

#### THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—In gratification of what may be supposed to be the puriest taste of these refined times, the managers of the little theatre have brought forward a female Macbeth, in Madame Vestris; thus improving upon the general morality of the Beggar's Opera. As a burlesque, this metamorphosis is ineffective; and as an improvement, it utterly quenches the spirit of the scene. The careless ruffian robber, daring, manly, dissipated, and profligate in his licentious amours, to be personated by a pretty petite female, is as complete a negation of character as can be conceived; and any thing more different from Gay's highwayman, than his petticoat petty-larceny representative, is unimaginable. Madame Vestris, as Madame Vestris, however, is as rakish as she can be; and if her acting be tame, at least her songs are sweet. Miss R. Corri appeared as Polly, to advantage, and imparted as much (and no more) Italian grace and science to her airs, as made them agreeable: her deficiency is in sentiment. Mrs. C. Kemble's Lucy is of the genuine old school, rich in colouring and effect. Terry, in Peachum, is respectable, though the part is not suited to him; Russel sings Flic's song in an inimitable Newgate style;—the rest of the cast is only so-so, but taken altogether, the audiences seem to have approved of the exertions of

the managers. We should have noticed, last week, that the *Incognito*, *razz*, was also well played at this theatre. C. Kemble's admirable Mirabel, Jones' Duretete, Terry's Old Mirabel, are all excellent of their kind, and form in union a high dramatic treat. Mrs. Gibbs, and Liston, augment the list of this strong summer company, and increase the attractions of the house.

## VARIETIES.

An extraordinary phenomenon was lately observed at Augsburg. At day-break two luminous bodies appeared on each side of the sun. The sun itself was surrounded by a brilliant circle not entirely closed. In the evening, from 58 minutes after six to within 17 minutes of seven, the ground was covered with transparent dew; and after sunset a thick fog arose.

*Italy, June 28th.*—The new gallery which the Pope has added to the capitol, in the *Conservatori Palace*, is just finished. It is to contain busts and other monuments to the memory of Italians who have distinguished themselves in the arts and sciences. The gallery has been open for public inspection since the 22d instant: It is divided according to classes and ages. In the principal room there is a bust of the Pope, by Canova, beneath which is a Latin inscription. The same room also contains a bust of Raphael, which has been removed from the Rotunda.

It is calculated that there are at present in France 2,849 curates, 22,244 temporary curates, 5,301 vicars, 1,462 regular priests, and 873 almoners of colleges and hospitals. The number of priests regularly officiating, including those who do not receive pay from the treasury, amounts to 36,185. 1361 French priests died in the year 1819; and in the same year there were 1401 ordinations. There are 106 female congregations, possessing altogether 1721 establishments, which contain 11,752 sisters. It is estimated that these charitable women administer relief to nearly 69,000 sick persons, and gratuitously instruct 63,000 poor children.

*Damps.*—Among the remedies for damps, one person recommends a sheet of lead a little above the surface of the ground, between the layers of brick in house-building; and another, whalebone between the soles of our shoes. Both, it seems, are specifics against the ascent of damps to our dwellings or persons.

The subscriptions in France, for a monument to the Duke of Berri, amount to nearly 4000l.

*Mr. Wilson*, who has been elected Professor of Moral Philosophy, in the University of Edinburgh, is the author of the *Isle of Palms*, City of the Plague, and other beautiful poems. According to report, he is also one of the most able and constant contributors to Blackwood's Magazine, whence we hope his new Moral pursuits will not necessarily remove him, as we have been often delighted with the articles said to be from his pen.

*Belgian Carnival.*—It is not perhaps generally known, that a grand jubilee, similar to the Carnival of Venice, is celebrated every fifty years at Brussels. The present is the jubilee year: the festivities commenced on the 16th instant, and would not terminate till the 30th. According to tradition, this custom originated in an event which took place in the year 1370. A Jew who had committed the crime of sacrilege, was marked out for popular vengeance by a miracle, the details of which may be found in the *Histoire des Hosties miraculeuses*, by Father Griffet, a Jesuit, a work which has been this year reprinted at Brussels, on the occasion of the Jubilee.

It is somewhat singular, however, to observe a catholic miracle, celebrated by a ceremony entirely pagan and which might have served in ancient Rome for the festival of Apollo or Venus. The Naïades and Syrens figure in the processions, and Love is carried on a swan. The lovers of natural history may also be gratified by the display of a complete menagerie; for lions, tigers, eagles, crocodiles, &c., sustain prominent characters in this whimsical jubilee.

A labouring man, lately cutting down a tree in the village of St. Flavie, about a league and a half from Meaux, found within its trunk a dozen layers of wood, in the form of spawles, with handles, as naturally formed as though they had been produced by the hand of the manufacturer. They have been sent to the professors of natural history at the Jardin du Roi.

A young lady, only ten years of age, named *Louise Ruse*, lately made her appearance at the Brussels Theatre, in the character of *Attilie*. She acquitted herself with extraordinary effect; and even in the scenes with Talma, she was not eclipsed by the powers of that great tragedian. It is said that Talma discovered the precocious talent of this young *debutante*, at Antwerp; and that he proposes taking her under his tuition.

*Jeanne d'Arc.*—The works which have been undertaken at Domremy, for repairing the house of Jeanne d'Arc, erecting a monument to her memory, and establishing a school for the instruction of female children, are proceeding with great activity. In front of the house in which the heroine was born, a neat and simple edifice has been raised. An avenue separates the building into two grand compartments, one of which is set aside for the school, and the other for the governess's apartments. The avenue leads to a court-yard, and on the left is the old door of the house of the maid of Orleans, with its curious has reliefs. Fragments of wood, stone, and other relics of the age of Jeanne d'Arc, are deposited in the principal chamber of the house. Fronting the new edifice is a square, in the centre of which a statue is to be raised to her honour.

The celebrated dog which used to perform in the melo-drama of the *Chien de Montargis*, died lately in Paris. A lithographic likeness is already published of this admired performer, who could never be prevailed on to sit for his portrait, during his life time.

*Baffin's Bay Expedition.*—The newspapers have inserted a doubtful notice of Lieutenant Parry's voyage. The latest accounts of the Hecla and Griper left them, last year, near Lancaster's Sound, and it is wished to infer that they have made good a passage through that inlet. This is however mere conjecture; and though we do not feel great apprehension respecting our gallant countrymen, the hope of whose ultimate safety we ardently cherish, it is a discouraging matter, that no tidings of them have arrived about this time.

The celebrated Chevalier Camuccini has been appointed painter to the court of the King of Sicily.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JULY, 1820.

Thursday, 20.—Thermometer from 45 to 76.

Barometer from 29, 61 to 29, 72.  
Wind S. W. and W. 1, 4.—Morning clear; heavy clouds passing during the afternoon, with several claps of thunder about 6 o'clock, but no rain.

Rain fallen, 1/25 of an inch.  
Friday, 21.—Thermometer from 45 to 72.

Barometer, from 29, 61 to 29, 69.  
Wind S. W. 3, and W. 3.—Morning clear; clear at times in the afternoon, and cloudy again in the evening. A shower of rain about half past 2 P.M.

Saturday, 22.—Thermometer from 46 to 63.  
Barometer from 29, 62 to 29, 67.

Wind W. 2 and 3.—Morning clear; the day generally cloudy.

Rain fallen, 0/25 of an inch.  
Sunday, 23.—Thermometer from 52 to 65.

Barometer from 29, 63 to 29, 71.  
Wind W. 1, and N. W. 3.—Cloudy.

Monday, 24.—Thermometer from 51 to 71.  
Barometer from 29, 65 to 29, 71.

Wind W. 2 and S. W. 3.—Generally cloudy, with squalls at times in the afternoon.

Tuesday, 25.—Thermometer from 56 to 67.  
Barometer from 29, 64 to 29, 72.

Wind W. 1, and S. W. 2.—Clouds generally passing, with almost continual sunbust.

Wednesday, 26.—Thermometer from 48 to 62.  
Barometer from 29, 68 to 29, 72.

Wind W. 1, 4, and S. W. 3.—Generally clear.

Edinburgh, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*B. R.* had better consult *Nordine's Ancient and Modern Rome*. If these do not give him information he is seeking, we will insert his Query.

\* We have often had to complain of the pilfer we undergo from our contemporaries of the newspaper world in town, and we are pained even more shamelessly in the country.

We have no objection whatever that our articles should be made use of; but we think it only fair that the source from which they are derived should be acknowledged. To take our example out of mine, the *York Southern Reporter* of the 1st, is long before us, and we perceive in it no less than six articles from our 179th Number, without the slightest hint of their being borrowed. And in the next proceeding, we find another article from the same Number, given as an original composition of its own. The 179th Number has thus been pillaged to the amount of eight of our columns by this one print, without acknowledgment. Is this fair? it is hard to say.



### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

#### British Gallery, Pall Mall.

**THIS GALLERY**, with an Exhibition of **PORTRAITS** of distinguished Persons in the History and Literature of the United Kingdom, is open daily, from 10 in the Morning until 6 in the Evening.

(By order) **JOHN YOUNG**, Keeper.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.—Historical Note 2s.

**THE Exhibition of MONSIEUR JERRECAULT'S GREAT PICTURE**, (from the Louvre) set forth by 18, representing the surviving Crew of the Medusa French Frigate, after remaining Thirteen days on a Raft without Provision, at the moment they discover the vessel that saves them, is now open to the Public, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Admission 1s.

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**AS THE CONCLUDING PORTION** of this Voluminous Work is now published, F. WESTLEY respectfully solicits them to favour him with the lending of their Copies, either from themselves or through their respective booksellers, at their earliest convenience, that he may have time to collate and examine them thoroughly, (in order to obtain the deficient and defective Plates and Sheets), for which he has made extensive preparations. F. W. from his long familiarity with this extensive publication, trusts he will be able to give general satisfaction; and begs to refer to the recommendation of him, as a Binder, within the cover of Part II. Vol. 3d. Specimens of Binding, and a Statement of Prices, may be seen at his Workshop, Fleet Street, Doctor's Commons, or at his House, No. 10, Stationers' Court, Ludgate Street, where Letters of enquiry will have prompt attention.

For Gentlemen in London will be immediately waited upon at their request.  
London, July, 1826.

#### BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

##### Sur Joseph Banks.

**THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE** for August 1, (being the second number of a new Volume), will be embellished with a fine Portrait, accompanied by a copious Memoir of Sir Joseph Banks, and will contain, among other interesting articles in Arts, Sciences, Politics, Matters and Amusements—1. An Ode, by an Amateur, N. C. 2. Living Northey. Mr. Martin. Advice to Julia; a Fable in Rhyme. The Vision of Las Casas. Journey to the Highlands. Remarks on the Writings of Charles Lamb. The Fairy, a Selection from the Remains of Peter Corcoran. Literary Memoirs of Augustus Von Kotzebue. Letters from Resident at Oahu. Journey into the interior of New South Wales. A Tale of Yavaco. On the Poetry of the Japanese. Japan, &c. &c.

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No. 185.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

### ABYSSINIA.

The second volume of the Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay has just made its appearance; and among several articles of Asiatic curiosity, contains an interesting account of African Abyssinia, addressed to Sir Evan Nepean, by Nathaniel Pearce, an English Seaman, after he had resided there nine years. Pearce was left at his own request in 1805, the period of Lord Valentia's visit to Massowa, and is mentioned by Mr. Salt in 1814, as an active and intelligent person. He persuaded another Englishman, of the name of Coffin, also to settle in Abyssinia; and so late as May 1818, he was at Chalicut, the then capital; and, owing to the jealousy of the Ras or Prince, not at liberty to leave the country. He understood several of the dialects, and had accompanied the natives in their wars and expeditions, as well as enjoyed the fullest opportunities of observing their customs. His narrative is peculiarly valuable, though the style is as rough as his original character in life, and some of his facts are almost too much in the plain-spoken manner of a sailor, for even Philosophical Transactions! We shall avoid the Galley-fire parts, and present our readers with an abridgement of the "Small but true account of the Ways and Manners of the Abyssinians."

There is, however, a preface, from which we must make two extracts. In a letter from Pearce to Mr. Forbes, at Moka, of June 24th 1815, he says—

"The Ras is now ten times more miserably than ever he was, and every thing he sees he craves for; he is greatly afraid of dying, and frets himself very much. He is upwards of eighty years of age, but as nimble as a boy. A curious circumstance has happened since I wrote to you last, of which I give you some small account. You will, perhaps, think of the Abyssinian priests. Goga, governor or king of Igne Garter, turned Christian, and the king of Shoar gave him his daughter; but the Gasmartie Libban being at variance with Goga, would not allow the king of Shoar's daughter to pass through his country. There being no other road, they planned a scheme to get her through

unknown to Libban, which was;—they sent her disguised with the priests and poor that travel about the country from Woldubber to Sarlibeller, &c. After Libban heard that Goga had received his wife from Shoar, he was greatly enraged with the different chiefs of his country; but being informed of the manner the King of Shoar had sent his daughter, he held his peace, being determined to be revenged on the Christian priests. Although he was very ill, he beat the drum in the different markets in his country, giving notice to all priests and poor travelling people that he was going to give an offering of a thousand bullocks and as many cloths, as a *fellat* or forgiveness for his father Coulassey, and appointed the day they were all to assemble. This news being spread, the poor sort of priests of Gogau, Daunt, Walder, Bagardre, &c. all assembled together on the day appointed. As soon as Libban heard that they were all assembled as he had given orders, he picked out twelve of the greater sort that came from Igne and Shoar as a reserve. He then ordered his home, which were about ten thousand, to gallop in upon the priests and beggars and destroy every soul; which order being immediately obeyed, every soul soon fell. Not less than eleven hundred were killed in the course of four or five hours. The twelve he had picked out he ordered to be rolled up in cloths waxed all over; and as they lay on the ground, set fire to them at both ends. Libban died ten days after, and his son has got his country."

In 1817, the Ras having died, Abyssinia became a prey to conflicting factions, and pretenders to his succession. Rapine and desolation prevailed, except in the cities and holy places, which are never plundered by the Abyssinians. The towns and cities of Gondar, Addore, Axume, Sararar, Lalri-better, Antarto, &c., as well as the holy places Woldubber, Tombain, Giddam, &c. therefore afforded safety to those who took refuge in them. But the rest of the country was in a diabolical state, and Pearce "describes a battle which was fought between Subbergardis, who he says is the bravest man in Abyssinia, and a chief named Wolder Ralphel.—"Wolder Ralphel marched two days to meet him (Subbergardis), but he was defeated and his army cut to pieces: for about fourteen miles there were so many killed in the retreat, that scarcely two hundred yards throughout the whole distance was clear of a dead body." After noticing the scene of tumult and disorder which ensued on the victorious army entering Chalicut, he tells us that some of the troops approached his house, "cutting down the cane doors, and entering like a pack of tired hounds;" many of them having suspended

from their arms those barbarous and indecent trophies\* to which he alludes in the body of his paper. 'Nineteen hundred and seventy of these trophies,' he says, 'were thrown down before the conqueror Subbergardis. Pearce, Coffin, and the inmates of the house were saved by the interposition of some Christian soldiers with whom he had been acquainted; but fifty-six of their neighbours were killed before their faces. Soon afterwards another hard battle was fought; and Subbergardis, through some treacherous chiefs, was defeated and taken prisoner; Gabri Michel gave him over to Wolder Ralphel, who sent him in chains to the mountain Arranger."

In his principal communication Pearce paints the Abyssinians as infamous liars, from the highest to the lowest. Their whole lives are divided between feasts and fasts. Their priests are more numerous than in Italy, and more insatiable than in any nation; and both Christians and Mussulmans (the general mass of the population) are more depraved than the Pagan tribes. Of these positions indeed our extracts will afford abundant proof.

Of the falsehood of the Abyssinians we have the following singular illustration in the case of king Itsa Takely Gorges, son of the king Youmis.

"When any one of his subjects may have rebelled or disobeyed his orders, so that he is afraid to remain in his country, he will run either to the Garter, or some other tribe not subject to the king, where he will remain until his friends or acquaintances petition for pardon; for which they take a present of gold, cattle, &c., which they deliver to the king; and after he has received it they in general fall with their faces to the ground, begging pardon for their friend, whom the king promises to forgive. After returning thanks they go home, and in a few days after they go to the king with another present, begging for him to swear that he will not break the promise he has made, as the offender is afraid otherwise to come before him. It being a common thing to swear upon such occasions, the king readily agrees to it, and a priest is sent for on purpose, who brings a cross, on which he swears the king to forgive the offender, and to allow him to come before him as at other times. The petitioners after hearing the oath return many thanks, and return home; appointing a day when they will bring the offender. After they are gone, the king, Takely Gorges, will say to the heads of his household,—"Servants, you see the oath I have taken; I scrape it clean away from my tongue that

\* Unlike the savages of America, these African savages take their scalps not from the head, but from quite a different part of the human frame.—Ed.



made it: he then puts his tongue out of his mouth and scrapes the oath off with his teeth, and spitting, says, "When the rebel comes, you will do your duty as I shall order you."

"On the day appointed the offender is brought before him by the friends who had obtained the pardon: he carries a large stone on his neck as is customary, and bows with his face to the ground: but at the first sight of the offender, Takely Giorges orders the captain of the household servants to put him in chains, pull his eyes out, and cut his tongue out, or kill him as he thinks proper; which is immediately obeyed. At the same time the poor sorrowful petitioners will say, 'Your majesty has perhaps forgot the oath you made before us!'—to which he will reply 'No, I have not; but after you were gone, it came strongly into my mind that the crimes he had committed were unpardonable; and before ever I had eaten or drunk, I scraped the oath off my tongue that made it, before all the people of my household.' Those oaths of Isa Takely Giorges at last made all his subjects rebel against him, and obliged him to fly to Waldnibber, and quit his throne."

The account of the *Christian* church and its clergy, too strongly justifies the reproaches thrown out against the priests:

"All the Abyssinians (says our authority) have a father confessor; and I myself am obliged to have, or pretend to have, one of those holy fathers, or else it would not be allowed that I were a Christian; and perhaps create many enemies that would disturb my dwelling. It is a very unprofitable thing to fall out with those priests, as every thing is in their hands; the whole country of Abyssinia is over-run with them; the very smallest church, that is not larger than a small sheep-pen, (that would not hold more than fifty sheep,) built with mud and stone, and thatched over with canes and dry grass, has from fifteen to twenty of those impostors, who devour all the fruits of the poor labouring country people. The larger sort of churches have from fifty to one hundred: Axum, Larabeller, &c. have some thousands. Waldnibber is the most famous for them, where the wretches pretend, that being holy men they ride upon lions which God has provided for them, as horses! The whole of the Abyssinians are foolish enough to believe these Waldnibber priests; who often come from the Desert to the towns, where they tell millions of lies, not only for the sake of gain, but to make the poor ignorant inhabitants believe that they serve God in the holy desert of Waldnibber, where he visits them, and gives them the power of living many days without food, and the power to forgive the sins of the wicked. The inhabitants of both the towns and country look upon those impostors as saints, and kiss their hands and feet when they meet them."

They pretend to cure the sick by means of charms, and administer the holy sacrament in this way. The persons who take 'approach in succession; "he who is first to be served comes near to the two priests who stand before the altar in the middle of the church, and who are dressed in their holy clothes;

the one holds a large cross in his right hand and a book in his left; the other holds a large bowl or dish with a spoon: he who comes near first, bows to the ground, and then arises and kisses the cross and puts it three times to his forehead and mouth, while the priest who holds it reads the book; he then opens his mouth, and the other priest puts a spoonful in twice; he then bows and runs out of the church holding his hand to his mouth, and will neither spit nor speak until sun-set. They so go on in turns until they are all served; and there is no respect to persons, as any one may come and no one asks him who he is or where he comes from. The sacrament is a mixture of dried grapes and wheat flour, pounded and mixed with water to the consistence of paste."

Females who swear to lead a life of celibacy are allowed to turn priests. The Virgin Mary appears to be more worshipped than the Almighty; and two saints called Abbargarver and Owner-takely-hi-ma-nute, are strictly venerated. Polygamy is permitted to any extent; and wives are turned away with as much facility as they are taken. When the parties are of equal rank, the marriage is performed before witnesses: in other instances the bride is purchased almost like a slave, by a present of the value of a few dollars.

"If any man (says Pearce) wishes to marry a girl he may take a liking to, he gives a *druke* and a *firgy*. The *druke* is a large cloth of that name, purchased from four to five dollars; the *firgy* is a small common cloth, which goes at a dollar; this is to make her a shirt, and the *druke* a dress over it. Those cloths are given into the hands of the father or mother, who deliver up their child as if purchased like a slave; nor, should the man who marries her be sixty or seventy years of age, and the child only eight, is any thing thought of the unequeness of the match. I have known several to be given to men of that age, that have been born since I have been in the country, which is not yet ten years. Some girls have children at thirteen and fourteen years of age." All the girls in Abyssinia are married as soon as possible.

Generally speaking, the inhabitants of Abyssinia are of many tribes and religions; and they are also of all colours excepting white; though there are a few very near white in the Ammerer and Tegri, and other Christian provinces. There are some very black, some fair, and some of a copper hue. "Although they are Christians (we quote our seaman's own characteristic words) they are in some ways like Jews, and some ways like savages. For why they are like Jews, they keep holy the Saturday as well as the Sunday, both equal alike; they also keep the three days fast of Nineveh, which they call the fast of Annernoi, or Jonah the prophet; and have a holiday yearly for Abraham and Sarah. And for why they are like savages, they eat the flesh of an animal before it is dead; although they do not drink the blood like the Garler, they eat the flesh while the blood is still warm in the veins; and although they detest any one who drinks blood like the

Garler, or makes use of it in any way, they do not consider their eating it in the veins with the flesh to be any sin; but they say that those who drink blood, or make any kind of food with it, can never be forgiven by God."

This, by the by, and what follows, confirms Bruce's much disputed account of their eating the flesh of animals yet alive.

"The priests of their separate parishes have a great feast at the end of every fest; they all meet in the forenoon, after taking and administering the body and blood of Christ to those who come to the church for that purpose: they afterwards go to the house of the head priest, where they sit down according to their rank in the church: they then kill one or two cows, according to their number, close to the door, and before the animal has done kicking, and the blood still running from its throat, the skin is nearly off on one side, and the prime flesh cut off and with all haste held before the elders or heads of the church, who cut about 2 or 3 lbs. each; and who sit with such greediness, that those who did not know them would think they were starved; but they at all times prefer the raw meat to any cooked victuals. After they have finished their *brinds*, as they call it, they take a little of the fattest parts of the cow just warmed on the fire, to settle their stomachs, and then one or two large horns full of *ewwir*, or beer, which is very strong, and made of several sorts of corn. They then have the table brought in and covered with bread and cooked victuals, where those that are not satisfied with the raw meat, eat until they are of the cooked."

"Afterwards the lower class of priests and deacons are called in, and the raw meat or *brinds* is laid upon the bread, of which they cut and eat with as much eagerness (although it is as cold as clay) as their betters did when it was quite hot. After they are satisfied, the third class are called in, and so on in turns, until they devour all the bread and victuals: more like a pack of hounds than people of any description. When all is cleared away, the greater and middling rank begin to drink *maize* until they begin to sing psalms or hymns, and at last get so intoxicated that they at times quarrel and entirely lose their senses."

Their funerals are a grand burlesque on the great portion of more civilized nations, who hire mourners and mourning coaches, and on individuals (of whom not one of our readers requires examples to be pointed out who, busied too much in the world to be troubled with those who slip out of it, very soon forget the dead, and the lesson of their dying, to pit, with assiduity worthy of an eternal punishment, those means which may place them for an hour in the perhaps evanescent state of the clod they seem to mourn. The Abyssinians, our honest seaman tells us, "have great crying and wailing for the dead for many days, and appoint a particular day for a general cry, which ends their crying. Afterwards on this day all relations and acquaintances far and near assemble together upon a plain spot of ground, as near the house of the deceased as possible, where a cradle is

vars, without any fixed purpose, or having only for their object common defence. The Amazon Ants present us manners and habits totally different,—republics peculiarly constituted and organised,—character dissimilar,—wars regularly instituted,—in a word, a separate history; and of which no author has yet given any account.

"On the 17th June, 1804, whilst walking in the environs of Geneva, between four and five in the evening, I observed close at my feet, traversing the road, a legion of Rufescent Ants.

"They moved in a body with considerable rapidity, and occupied a space of from eight to ten inches in length, by three or four in breadth. In a few minutes they quitted the road, passed a thick hedge, and entered a pasture ground, where I followed them. They would along the grass without straggling, and their column remained unbroken, notwithstanding the obstacles they had to surmount; at length they approached a nest, inhabited by dark Ash-coloured Ants, the dome of which rose above the grass, at a distance of twenty feet from the hedge. Some of its inhabitants were guarding the entrance; but, on the discovery of an approaching army, darted forth upon the advanced guard. The alarm spread at the same moment in the interior, and their companions came forth in numbers from their underground residence. The Rufescent Ants, the bulk of whose army lay only at the distance of two paces, quickened their march to arrive at the foot of the ant-hill; the whole battalion, in an instant, fell upon and overthrew the Ash-coloured Ants, who, after a short, but obstinate conflict, retired to the bottom of their nest. The Rufescent Ants now ascended the hillock, collected in crowds on the summit, and took possession of the principal avenues, leaving some of their companions to work an opening in the side of the ant-hill with their teeth. Success crowned their enterprise, and by the newly made breach the remainder of the army entered. Their sojourn was, however, of short duration, for in three or four minutes they returned by the same apertures which gave them entrance, each bearing off in its mouth a larva or a pupa; they retraced the route by which they had arrived, and proceeded one after another, without order or regularity.\* The whole army might be readily distinguished in the grass, by the contrast afforded by the Rufescent Ants, and

the white eggs and pupæ they had captured. They repossessed the hedge and the road, in the place they had previously crossed it, and then directed their course through a field of ripened corn, where I experienced the regret of not being able to follow them.

"I now retraced my steps towards the scene of the recent assault, and there found a small number of ash-coloured labourers, perched upon the stalks of plants, holding in their mouths the few larvae they had rescued from pillage; these they shortly carried back to their former station.

"I returned the following morning at the same hour, by the route I had observed the Amazon army take, in the hope of acquiring some knowledge of the phenomenon of which I had been a witness, when I discovered the habitation of one of these martial horles.

"I observed on the right of the road a large ant-hill, covered with ants of that species. They formed into column, set forth in a body, and fell upon one of the habitations of the ash-coloured ants, in which, experiencing little or no opposition, they entered. One party immediately returned, bearing in their pincers the purloined larvæ; another party, less fortunate, quitted the scene of attack, without reaping any advantage from their expedition:—the former took the road to their own citadel; the latter marched in a body upon a second ant-hill, tenanted by the same species as the first, where they made ample booty. The whole army, now forming two divisions, hastened to the spot from which it had taken its departure. I reached the garrison a little before them; but what was my surprise to observe all around, a great number of that identical species they had gone forth to attack. I raised up a portion of the building. I still saw more; this induced me to regard it as one of the habitations that had already been pillaged by the Amazons, when my suspicions were removed by the arrival of the Amazon legion at the entrance, charged with the trophies of victory. Its return excited no alarm among the Negro Ants, who, whilst the Legionaries were descending with their booty, so far from offering opposition, were even seen to approach these warriors, caress them with their antennæ, offer them nourishment, as is the custom with those of their own species, take up some of the larvae, and carry them into the nest. The Amazons remained within the rest of the day: the Negro Ants kept their station some time without, but retired before night.

"No enigma ever raised my curiosity so high as this singular discovery; and I had the satisfaction of finding near my own residence several ant hills of the same kind, not a little astonished at being the first to notice their existence.

"Conscious of the great advantage of having them so near me, I determined to devote the whole of my time to them. As I was extremely impatient to ascertain the nature of the connexion between these different species, I opened one of their dwellings, and there observed a great number of Rufescent mingled with Ash-coloured

Ants, which gave me some general idea upon this head. The latter were busily engaged in re-establishing the several avenues, hollowing out galleries, and carrying below the exposed larvae and pupæ. The Amazons, on the contrary, passed over the larvae, &c. with indifference, not once deigning to lift them, or take any part in the labours going forward; they wandered for some time over the surface, and then retired to the bottom of their citadel.

"But at five in the evening, the scene undergoes a complete and almost immediate change. The Amazons leave their retreat, become restless, and assemble on the outside. They are all in motion; none, however, move but in a curved line, and in such a way, as quickly to return to the outer wall of their garrison; their number increases each moment, they describe greater circles, a signal is communicated, they pass from one to the other, striking as they proceed with their antennæ and forehead the breast of their companions; these, in their turn, approach those advancing, and communicate the same signal; it is that of departure; the result satisfactorily proves it. We see those receiving the intimation, put themselves at the moment in march, and join the rest of the troop. The column becomes organised, advances in a straight line, passes over the turf, and removes to a considerable distance. Not a single Amazon is any longer to be seen near the garrison. The advanced guard sometimes halts until the rear guard comes up, and then diverges to the right and left without advancing; the army forms anew, and again moves forward with rapidity. There is no commander-in-chief, every ant is in turn first, each seeking to be foremost; some, however, move in a different direction, pass from the front to the rear, then retrace their steps and follow the general movement. There are always small numbers constantly returning to the rear, and it is probably in this way the movement of the whole army is governed.

"At a little more than thirty feet from their own residence, they stop and explore the ground with their antennæ, much in the same way as dogs when searching for game. They soon find a subterranean Negro ant-hill, to the bottom of which its inhabitants have retired. The Legionary Ants, unopposed, penetrate an open gallery; the whole army enter, seize upon the pupæ, and return through the several apertures, immediately taking the road to their garrison. It is now no longer an army disposed in column, it is an undisciplined horde. The Amazons run after each other with rapidity, and the last comers from the stormed city are followed by some few of its inhabitants, who endeavour to wrest from them their prize; an effort in which it but rarely happens they are successful.

"I return to the garrison to be once more a witness of the reception given to the plunderers by the Ash-coloured Ants, with whom they dwell. I observe a considerable number of pupæ heaped up before the door; each Amazon on its arrival deposits its burthen, and then returns to the invaded ant-hill;—

\* The tactics of these marauders vary with the enemy they have to contend with; in this instance, conscious of carrying off their booty, without further opposition from the Ash-coloured Ants, the army no longer keeps in rank, but separates into straggling parties, each hastening by a different route, to deposit their spoil in the common treasury; but, when these intrepid adventurers attack a nest of mining ants, and return successful, they are then obliged, from the known spirit and courage of the latter, to keep close order, and march in a body to the very gates of their citadel; as it not unfrequently happens, they are followed and harassed the whole way by the mining ants, who leave no exertion untried to recover their treasure.—T.

their auxiliaries suspend their labours in masonry, and come forward to the pupæ, which they carry one by one into the interior. The Negroes are also frequently seen to untie the Amazons, after having amicably touched them with their antennæ, when the latter yield to them, without opposition, the pupæ they have perished.

"Let us still follow this army of plunderers on their return a second time, to the attack of the nearly ruined ant-hill. Its inhabitants, however, have had time to recover themselves, and to station a strong guard at each of the entrances. The Legionaries, who are in small numbers at first, take flight as soon as they perceive the Negroes in a state of defence; they return to the main body of the army, and advance and retreat several times successively, until they are in sufficient force; they then throw themselves en masse upon one of the galleries, driving away and putting in confusion its inhabitants. The whole army now enter the subterranean city, and seize upon the larvæ, which they carry off in great numbers, and in great haste. They never take any of the parent ants prisoners, their sole object being the possession of their offspring. Upon their return to the garrison, the most friendly reception is still given to the Amazons, who— their associates having arranged the produce of their first harvest—either deposit their load at the entrance, or consign it to those in attendance, who hasten to place it in the interior.

"Could one for a moment suppose, that these intrepid warriors would return a third time to the pillage? This time, however, they had to undertake a siege in regular form, for the individuals, from whom they had twice successively taken larvæ and pupæ, had lost no time in throwing up trenches, barricading the several entrances, and reinforcing the guard of the interior, as if fully aware of this third attack from their adversaries. They had, moreover, brought together all the little pieces of wood and earth within reach, with which they had blocked up the passage to their habitation, in which they were posted in force. The Legionaries at first hesitated to approach, but rambled about or returned to the rear, until sufficiently reinforced; they then, upon a given signal, rushed forward en masse with great impetuosity, and began removing with their teeth and feet, the many obstacles that opposed their progress. Having succeeded, they entered the ant-hill by hundreds, notwithstanding the resistance of its inhabitants, and carried off their prize to the garrison. But this time, in lieu of remitting to their associates their plunder, they carried it into the under-ground chambers themselves, where they remained the rest of the day."

Of such invasions the author was afterwards a daily witness. He says—

"I was once present when the whole army appeared to be deceived in its route. It commenced its march after the ordinary manner; in place, however, of following a straight line, it described a curve, and reached a distance of about fifty paces, halting several times. After diverging on all sides,

without discovering any of the usual objects of attack, they fell again into column, and returned by the same road to their garrison, reaping no advantage from their expedition. The decision they took of returning would furnish ample matter for reflection. I shall not now, however, enlarge upon this subject, but limit myself to the question, how can this fact be explained on the supposition of a blind instinct? But here is a fact still more extraordinary. Upon their return our Amazons met with no flattering reception from the Negroes in the mixed ant-hill, who individually assailed, buffeted, and dragged them to the outside of the nest, where they even obliged them to act on the defensive: this hostile disposition, however, continued only a few moments, when the Amazons were allowed to re-enter their citadel. Are we to conclude that the Negro Ants were surprised at seeing them arrive without their accustomed booty, or did the larvæ, &c. serve in their eyes as passports for those with whose fate their own was so intimately linked? The Legionaries never take animal food."

At another time the Amazons attacked a Mining Ant hill.—

"As soon as the Legionaries began entering the subterranean city, the miners rushed out in crowds, and whilst some fell upon the invaders with great spirit, others passed through the scene of contest, solely occupied in bearing off to a place of safety their larvæ and pupæ. The surface of the nest was for some time the theatre of war. The Legionaries were often despoiled of the pupæ they had seized by the Miners, who darted upon them with amazing spirit, fighting body to body, and disputing the ground with an exasperation I had never before witnessed. The Amazon army was, notwithstanding successful, and recommenced its march in good order, laden with pupæ and larvæ: instead, however, of proceeding in file, it now maintained close rank, forming a compact mass, a precaution the more necessary, as the courageous insects upon whom they had made this attack, hastened in pursuit, and even harassed them, to within ten paces of their citadel.

"During these combats the pillaged ant-hill presented, in miniature, the spectacle of a besieged city; hundreds of its inhabitants were observed to quit it, carrying here and there the pupæ, larvæ, and young females they were anxious to preserve from the fury of their enemies. The major part mounted the neighbouring plants, bearing the young between their teeth; others deposited them under the thick bushes. When the danger was entirely gone by, they brought them back into the city, and barricaded the gates, near which they posted themselves in great number to guard the entrance. All was calm, however, in the mixed ant-hill; the Amazons had entered quietly their abode, and had been received by the auxiliary ants as the real proprietors."

After making such copious extracts, we need hardly repeat our praise of this curious and interesting history. It is a fine and interesting little book, both for youth and age.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### CLASSIC LITERATURE.

We are sure our classical readers will be delighted with the pathetic conclusion of Cicero's oration, pro C. Rabirio, published by Baron Niebuhr.\*

"Neque a volis jam bene vivendi, sed honeste moriendi facultatem petit: neque iam, ut domo sua frueretur, nam ne patrio sepulchro privetur, laborat. Nihil aliud jam vult, atque obsecrat, nisi ut ne se legitime fuisse, et domestica morte privetur, et cum, qui pro patria nullum unquam mortis periculum fugit, in patria mori patiamini."

### DEBBETT'S PEEPAGE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir.—Having given insertion to the two articles of P. P. and J. M. and thus afforded the writers, or rather the *Writer*, an opportunity of assailing the Peepage in its fiscal errors, I am induced to hope you will give insertion to my reply; which, as it is composed with more temper, cannot be less creditable to the columns of a Journal building its hopes for reputation on candour and consequent impartiality. I have said writer, because, if similarity of style can ever lead to identity, it is very evident in the present instance; and I may reasonably conclude, that the next attack will be on the *Peepage* of England! thus perfecting the *Triumvirate* in us.

To attempt perfection in a work crowded by so many difficulties, impediments continually obtruding, changes continually defying, would be idle; so would any defence. I seek more than in support of my claim to diligence, and unwearied and incessant attention: on these points I may claim to justify myself. It was by these efforts my *Peepage* has obtained unrivalled patronage and support: I owe all that gratitude can urge, and future diligence secure.

But, it is not by diligence alone that the *Peepage* can arrive at accuracy; it must be assisted by occasional corrections from able, and other correspondents. Sir William Dugdale, Garter King of Arms, the learned author of the admirable *History of Warwickshire*, the *History of St. Paul's*, and other works of the first order of merit—works, the splendid monument of his learning and talent;—he felt the almost insuperable difficulties of a *Peepage*; and, hopeless of accuracy, confessed his deficiency. Where a Dugdale failed, I could hardly hope for complete success. My efforts were in approach to accuracy; and, I may confidently and without vanity assert, that I have done more than any of my predecessors. Your correspondent P. P. says, "I do not think I overstep the bounds of calculation, when I assert, that it contains at least as many errors as there are articles." I shall not stop to enquire into the quantum of your correspondent's modesty, of his accuracy in calculation.

\* This passage is an example of the newly discovered parts, mentioned in the *Literary Gazette*, a few Numbers ago.

trate myself with my face to the earth! Here's your money: it was all that could be got together in the town." Then the chief took the money, and ordered us to change our station. Having arrived at a convenient place, we stopped, and he asked if there were any letters; being answered that there were two, he gave them to me to read; and learning from them that the sum sent was five hundred crowns, he counted them, and finding the number exact, said all was well, praised the punctuality of the peasant, and gave him some silver as a reward for his trouble: his companion also received a small present.

"The robbers, who no longer cared to keep the prisoners belonging to San Gregorio, from whom they could not hope to get anything, released them all at this spot. I, therefore, with the peasant of Castel Madama, remained the only prisoner; and we began to march across the mountains, perhaps only for the sake of changing place. I asked, why they did not set me at liberty as well as the others, as they had already received so considerable a sum on my account. The chief answered, that he meant to await the return of the messenger sent to Castel Madama. I continued to press him to let me go before night, which was now drawing on apace, saying, that perhaps it had not been possible to procure any more money at Castel Madama; and that if I remained out all night on the hill in the cold air, it would have been better to have killed me at once. Then the chief stopped me, and bade me take good care how I said such things, for that to then killing a man was a matter of perfect indifference. The same thing was also said to me by another outlaw, who gave me his arm during our rocky journey."

"We do not copy the details of their night marching, and rough mode of feeding on sheep which they killed, and resting on the ground. The messenger not returning speedily from Castel Madama, the chief ordered his prisoner to write another letter, in which his friends were told that if 800 crowns were not sent on the following day, he would be put to death or carried to the woods of Fajola.

"I consequently (says he) wrote a second letter, and gave it to the countryman to carry, telling him also, by word of mouth, that if they found no purchasers at Castel Madama for my effects, to desire they might be sent to Tivoli, and sold for whatever they would fetch. The chief of the brigands also begged to have a few shirts sent. One of the brigands proposed, I don't know why, to cut off one of my ears, and send it with the letter to Castel Madama. It was well for me that the chief did not approve of the civil proposal, so it was not done. He, however, wanted the countryman to set out that moment; but he, with his usual coolness, said, that it was not possible to go down that steep mountain during the night, on which the chief told him he might remain in the sheep-cote all night, and set out at day-light:—"But, take notice," said he, "if you do not return at the

twentieth hour to-morrow to the sheep-cote, with the eight hundred crowns, you may go about your business, but we shall throw Cherubini into some pit." The peasant tried to persuade them that, perhaps, it might not be possible to collect so much money in a small town, at so short a notice, and begged to have a little more time; but the chief answered, that they had no time to waste, and that, if he had not returned next day, by the twentieth hour, they would kill Cherubini."

The poor doctor was almost dead with fear, but became somewhat reassured on one of the brigands telling him, that though the sum might fall short of the demand, he should be set at liberty. After another moment, the narrative continues.

"When we again reached the thicket, and found a fit place, we all lay down to sleep. I had the skins to rest on as before, and the chief wrapped my legs in his own great-coat; and he and the second chief lay on each side of me. Two centinels were placed to keep watch, and to prevent the shepherd with the provisions from making his escape. I know not how long we rested before one of the centinels came, and gave notice of day-break. "Come again, when it is lighter," said the chief; and all was again quiet. I turned my face so as not to see the brigands, and dozed a little, till I was roused by the cry of some wild bird. I am not superstitious; but I had often heard that the shriek of the owl foreboded evil; and, in the state of spirits in which I was, every thing had more than its usual effect on me. I started, and said, "What bird was that?" They answered, "A hawk." "Thank God," I replied, and lay down again. Among my other sufferings, I cannot forget the stinging and humming of the gnats, which fastened on my face and throat; but, after the death of poor Marasca, I dared not even raise my hand to drive them away, lest it should be taken for a sign of impatience. A little after this we all arose, and walked on for about an hour." Another halt and rest ensued. "While the others slept, one of them began to read in a little book, which I understood to be the romance of the Cavalier Meschino. After about an hour, they all arose, and filed off, one by one, to a higher station, leaving a single centinel to guard me and the shepherd. In another hour the youngest of the robbers came to relieve the guard, who then went and joined the others. When I saw this, and perceived that they were engaged in a kind of council of war, I feared that they had taken some new resolution about my life, and that the new centinel was come to put their cruel designs in execution: but he very soon said to me, "Be cheerful, for to-night you will be at home; which gave me some comfort."

Thus the day passed. At its close, a ransom of 600 crowns and a few shirts were brought, and Cherubini was relieved from his anxiety and sufferings, and reached home in safety from the clutches of these "thieves of mercy." But "the body of poor Bartolomeo Marasca was found at the gate of San Gregorio, with twenty wounds inflicted

with knives. The brigands, emboldened by success, seemed determined to press closer round the hill-towns. None of the principal inhabitants ventured without the walls, and even the work-people were robbed of their ornaments and their little savings."

In consequence of this, our countryfolks moved to Tivoli (where consternation prevailed as much as at Poli), and thence to Rome. We may just notice, that one of the most ferocious of the band had the "collar of the Madonna delle Carmine round his neck, and said, 'Suffer patiently, for the love of God;' and that the second chief took the subjoined view of their political situation.

He said, "that government would never succeed in putting them down by force; that they are not a fortress to batter down with cannon, but rather birds, which fly round the tops of the sharpest rocks, without having any fixed home; that, if, by any misfortune, seven perished, they were sure of ten recruits to replace their loss; for criminals, who would be glad to take refuge among them, were never wanting; that the number of their present company amounted to a hundred and thirty individuals; and that they had an idea of undertaking some daring exploit, perhaps of threatening Rome itself. He ended by saying, that the only way to put an end to their depredations would be to give them a general pardon, without reservation or limitation, that they might all return to their houses, without fear of treachery; but, otherwise, they would not trust to nor treat with any one; and added, that this was the reason for which they had not concluded any thing with the prelate sent to Frodonico to treat with them. As it was, their company was determined to trust nothing but a pardon from the Pope's own lips; and he repeated this same sentiment to me several times during the second day I was obliged to pass with him and his fellows."

#### AIKIN'S BRITISH POETS.\*

We are certainly not going to enter upon a detailed analysis of, or an elaborate critique on, the multifarious contents of this volume. The former our limits will not allow; and the latter would be little short of a piece of impertinence. Yet, on various accounts, we wish to introduce to our readers a collection of poems, which we think is not only highly creditable to its compiler, but has been, in our view, long a desideratum in this publishing era.

It is by no means our purpose to attract attention to this volume by invasions comments on the numberless tomes, of all sizes and prices, which, under the titles of "Specimens," "Beauties," "Selections," "Elegiac Extracts," &c. have rendered much of its contents familiar to the great body of lovers of English poetry. Many of these display great taste and judgment; and the more unpretending among them have plac-

\* Select Works of the British Poets. With Biographical and Critical Prefaces, by Dr. Aikin. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 807. Double color 2

ed within the reach of ordinary readers, in one form or other, most of the poems here collected: but we certainly know of no single volume of poetry containing so much of what is valuable, with so little of what is worthless; so compendious, and yet so comprehensive. We would not hazard the assertion, that all the poetry worthy of preservation, from Ben Jonson to Dr. Beattie, is to be found in these pages: the title of the volume implies selection; but we think the selection has been, on the whole, most judiciously made; and, if we now and then feel disposed to find fault with the absence of some favourite, the impossibility of including *all*, is in itself an apology.

The only volume directly challenging comparison with the one before us, perhaps, is the "Elegant Extracts;" and the plan of the two works is so totally unlike, that we think no comparison can be fairly instituted. The latter is, confessedly, a compilation of extracts; the former, whether it insert John Gilpin, or The Task; Lycidas, or the Paradise Lost, gives what it does select, whole and complete. The arrangement of the two works, also, differs very essentially. In the *Elegant Extracts*, an attempt is made at classification, under the different heads of Sacred and Moral, Didactic, Descriptive, Pathetic, Humorous, &c. Now to us, such subdivisions seem often to be as ideal lines of demarcation as can well be conceived; and, with respect to much of our most beautiful poetry, any precise adjustment of it appears manifestly hopeless. Take, for instance, even the minor poems of Burns, where the ludicrous and the pathetic, the simple and the sublime, are so interwoven, as frequently to render specific classification impossible.—The truth, we believe, is, that the spirit, the essence of poetry, is "one and indivisible;" it may occasionally exhibit itself in modes and manifestations, such as may admit of "head-lines," and "clauses;" but, on the whole, it is much too erratic and unmanageable in its operations to allow of its results being indexed and catalogued off, in distinct divisions, like the contents of a museum.

Dr. Aikin's plan, of giving the principal poems of our most popular authors in chronological succession, is, in our opinion, a more obvious and simple arrangement: and his short biographical and critical notices, not only form a suitable introduction to the most celebrated works of each, but, as far as the limits he has allowed himself permit, are marked by sound taste, and nice discernment. Before we dismiss our more immediate notice of his volume, and proceed to another discussion, the especial cause of our wishing to make it known, we must add (in justice to the printers of the work) that the skill and elegance displayed in the typographical department are highly creditable. It is altogether a portable and readable book, even to readers of no great muscular strength, or powerful optics; and this is something to say of more than 800 pages, each of which contains letter-press enough to fill seven fashionable pages.

But now for a word or two explanatory of our principal reason for wishing this volume

to excite the notice, and obtain the favour of the public. We wish it then, if we must confess the honest truth, because we suspect that some of the authors contained in it, are, like the good old fathers of the church, occasionally complimented, though often but coldly, with the tribute of praise, by many who scarcely ever look into their works. Let us not, however, be misunderstood: we are not inferring that Pope, Goldsmith, Akenside, Armstrong, &c. are in danger of being forgotten as poets; but we think there are circumstances connected with, and operating imperceptibly upon, the poetical taste of the day, not calculated to benefit their fame. In the first place, our living poets are "in themselves an host." Not a month, and indeed scarcely a week, passes without some new poem from Byron, or Wordsworth, or Southey, or Moore, being either published, or else announced as in forwardness for publication; and even the brief intervals between the appearances of these illustrious poets, and others equal, or little inferior to them, are filled up with a succession of subordinate efforts to win, or to increase popularity, from countless aspirants for fame. Now it is utterly impossible for even idle people to spend their whole lives in reading poetry; and, if they did, they could hardly get through all the volumes of verse, in constant succession, and apparently interminable preparation: this being the case, and bearing in mind that all the efforts of living poets, and booksellers wishing to live by them, are thrown into the scale of our contemporaries, we do think it a debt of justice, no less than of gratitude, to departed genius, to afford it an opportunity of pleading its own cause: nor can this be done in any way so well as by the selection of its best productions, and the republication of them in a form, and at a price, which may render them generally accessible. We consider this to be an incumbent duty, especially as respects some of the authors, whose better composition Dr. Aikin has here given us. It has of late been a fashion to exaggerate the beauties of our earlier poets, and to depreciate those of a more recent era. We will not assert that there is no just ground of preference; we concede the fact, that poetry has gained much in spirit, pathos, and originality, by a freer recurrence to those thoughts and feelings which are indeed its native element; but—we still think it may be as well for both the writers and readers of poetry, to keep on decent and respectful terms with Dryden, Pope, Swift, and Prior. The gentleman who pulled off his hat to the statue of Jupiter, and hoped he would not forget him if he came again into fashion, might carry his pleasantry somewhat too far; but, for our own parts, such, and so great is the fluctuation of taste, that though we have no expectation of seeing the school of Pope, for example, rise again on the ruins of that of Byron, or Wordsworth, we have little doubt of the comparative merits of all three being appreciated more to his advantage, hereafter, than now.

*The Nature and Genius of the German Language displayed, in a more extended Review of its grammatical Forms than is to be found in any Grammar extant; and elucidated by Quotations from the best Writers.* By D. Boileau. London, 1820, 8vo. pp. 424.

This title-page so fully expounds the nature of M. Boileau's work, that we have little to say, but that it keeps the word of promise. The philosophy of the German tongue is treated in a clear and agreeable manner, and the extracts are selected with judgment in regard to practical utility and illustration, and with taste in respect to variety and relief.

The subject of German particles, one which especially required elucidation in an English treatise, is comprehensively and ably handled; and we may say that upon the whole we have rarely met with a more satisfactory elementary book. The author shows himself to be intimately acquainted with the niceties, as he is conversant with the energies, of this powerful language. To the German scholar, therefore, his work is extremely valuable; and in general, it will be found that English and Latin also receive apt and curious illustration from their connexion with several of the topics handled by M. Boileau. The German construction assimilates very nearly with the latter: and yet we see how closely Shakespeare can be rendered by the pen of Schlegel;—even an unlettered native of Britain, who never before saw German in print, may make out the sense imperfectly.

Jetzt bin ich allein.  
O weich ein Shurck! und niedrer Sklav bist ich!

Now I am alone.  
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Und alles das um nichts!  
Um Hekuba!  
Was ist ihm Hekuba, was ist er ihr  
Dass er um sie sich weinen.

This needs no translation. But we have said enough to recommend this publication to the attention it merits.

HUBER ON ANTS.

[Dr. Johnson's Translation, concluded.]

During the intense cold of winter the ant become torpid; and it is a striking proof of the Providence, which directs all things on earth, that the puerons (concerning which our last contained the details) become torpid at precisely the same temperature, and recover from this state at the same time, so as always to be ready to supply the nourishment required from them.

The last paper which we need devote to this entertaining volume, which affords charming and useful reading for all ages, shall be confined to the Amazon Ant; a nation whose history Huber first unfolded to the world. Chapter vii sets out—

"We have hitherto treated only of labouring ants, of societies composed of three sorts of individuals, of operations equally divided among the labourers, and of transient

placed covered with silk, and two large pillows on each side of the cradle: something in the representation of a corpse covered with a cloth is placed in the middle of the cradle. If a very great person, or relation to the king, they in general make his effigy, which they place upon a mule, with a saddle, bridle and saddle-cloth ornamented with gold and silver; all his household servants run round the cradle, some before and some behind the mule, according to their stations when he was alive, crying, yowling, and firing their matchlocks, and tearing the skin off their temples and forehead, until the blood runs down their neck. In the front of the cradle the carpets of the deceased are spread, and covered with the riches of his house, gold and silver, ornamented dresses, silver-mounted swords, bottles, glasses, &c. to show the public what a wealthy person he or she was. All who come to cry sit down in front in two parties, the men on the right and the women on the left: their heads are all shaved, and their temples and foreheads torn in such a manner as would frighten any one who was not acquainted with them. The relations then stand up one by one, in their turns, with a servant on each side of them to keep them from falling—as they pretend to be so weak with sorrow—and begin, while all the others are silent and listening to him or her, to praise the beauty and riches of the deceased, and what acts he had done when alive; that when on horseback he was like St. George, and on foot like the angel Michael, and a great deal of other nonsense: after ending their speech in a very sorrowful tone, they all at once make a loud bellow and tear their temples. After the cry is over, they all go into a large house like a barn, where they eat and drink until they turn their sorrow into merriment and quarrelling.

"The Abyssinians have so many children and relations on account of their having so many women, that it is sometimes hard to tell which has most right to the property left; so in order to make the king or chief who has to settle the affair, favourable on their side, they tear their face all over, and sometimes one of them chains a servant on each side of himself, hand to hand, to make people believe that he wanted to stab himself through despair, at the same time he has some of the chief's household servants bribed: so when the whole of the relations come before the chief on the day appointed, he who has chained himself will stand among the rest without saying a word for himself, and pretend to be quite melancholy, while the others are disputing. Those who are bribed, find an opportunity of pointing out to their master the melancholy aspect of the one in chains, and tell him at the same time that they were certainly present at the time that he would have stabbed himself if he had not been hindered by some people who knew of his grief, and, to prevent him from killing himself, had chained a man to each of his arms: the chief, upon hearing the story, in general takes pity and gives him the greater share, although he is perhaps the most distant relation among them. I know many great men in Abyssinia to have from forty

to fifty children, and all by different mothers, and in general most of them from different provinces; so they oftentimes do not know which son or daughter was born first, as they keep no time; nor does even the king or priest of Abyssinia know his own age."

(To be concluded in our next.)

### *Three Months passed in the Mountains East of Rome, during the year 1819.*

By Maria Graham, Author of a Journal of a Residence in India. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 305.

The most novel and interesting part of this book relates to the Italian Banditti, whose arrival and exploits in the vicinity of Poli, where the author and her friends resided, are particularly described. The rest of the volume is a pleasing enough account of the country; but in this the writer falls into the very error which her preface reprehends, namely that of repeating what former travellers have told the public respecting Italy. We are really tired of the oft told tales of the same places, the same antiquities, the same pictures, and the same churches. Our readers, participating in this feeling, will the more readily pardon us for getting among the robbers at once; and thus we introduce them.

"The banditti or forsciti of Italy are what the forest outlaws of England were in the days of Robin Hood. They are not of the poorest or vilest of the inhabitants. They generally possess a little field and a house, whither they retire at certain seasons, and only take the field when the hopes of plunder allure them, or the fear of a stronger arm drives them to the woods and rocks. They live under various chiefs, who, while their reign lasts, are absolute; but as they are freely chosen, they are freely deposed, or sometimes murdered, if they offend their subjects. To be admitted into the ranks of the regular banditti, a severe apprenticeship to all kinds of hardship is required. The address and energy displayed by these men, under a better government, might conduce to the happiest effects. But here the fire burns not to warm, but to destroy."

Among these amiable gentry, though not into their hands, it was the lot of our country-folks to be thrown, when to avoid the heat of Rome, they went to the mountainous district of Poli, in the Autumn of last year. Mrs. Graham relates the adventures of the German Painter, whose own story was translated into the Literary Gazette, about 12 months ago, and then proceeds to other events of even a more tragical character. The ruffians were among the companions of *De Cesaris*, the *Diccesaris* of Mr. Kell-sall, (see our Numbers 183, 184), who was shot near Termiccia, soon after the period to which that gentleman alludes. This Brigand was famous in his day.

"He (says Mrs. Graham) carried paper,

pens, and ink, in a case in his shoulder-belt; and, besides the Madonna, he had a crystal hung to his neck, with which "he took the light out of men's eyes," and thus easily overcame them. It was curious to find this humble copy of *Rogero's* enchanted mirror among the mountain shepherds; but, like all uncivilized people, they believe in enchantments, and most of them regarded *De Cesaris* as no mean wizard. In fact, he and many of his companions were men of some education and natural understanding. While their grosser fellows were gambling and dancing, they amused themselves with books; on this occasion, one of them read aloud from some old romance in rhyme, the others sitting round and laughing, or attending seriously, as the nature of the subject was grave or gay; thus the night passed."

Just before the banditti came to the neighbourhood of Poli, there appeared there a gang of gypsies, evidently in connection with them, and their *avant-couriers*. Immediately after the alarm was given that a party of the robbers occupied the mountains. Their first achievement was to seize two lads whom they quickly released, and though only thirteen in number, the whole country was soon in a state of confusion and terror. Troops, police, and armed citizens scoured the land in vain expeditions; the robbers helped themselves to provisions, and did not decamp till they had levied contributions as the ransom of prisoners taken.

"They talked prettily freely with their prisoners about themselves and their habits of life, which they maintained arose from necessity rather than choice. They showed them the heart and picture of the Madonna, which each had suspended from his neck, saying, 'We know that we are likely to die a violent death, but in our hour of need we have these,' touching their muskets, to struggle for our lives with, and this,' kissing the image of the Virgin, 'to make our death easy.' This mixture of ferocity and superstition is one of the most terrific features in the character of the banditti of Italy. Nor is it confined to them only: when a man who has led a bad life begins to feel remorse of conscience, and to despair of pardon hereafter, the vulgar belief that a death on the scaffold, where the priest attends to whisper absolution into the ear of the culprit, as the axe descends, is a sure road to Heaven, has been known to induce the poor wretch to commit some heinous crime, that he may gain that happiness, by a violent and disgraceful death, which he fears he has forfeited by a sinful life. If it were possible, might it not be politic to deprive murderers, at least of absolution at the point of death?"

Did it not occur to the writer that our own sectaries carry their faith-doctrines to just as great a length, and that the most common ending of our capital criminals "is in the full assurance of being among the elect?" But to return to the foreign banditti. A surgeon named Cherabini, of Castel-Madama (near Tivoli) was their principal captive, and he gives a very curious account of their savage life. The man who carried up his ransom, "was an old grey



headed peasant, and was taken early on the same day with the surgeon. His spirit and good humour pleased the robbers, and, as it afterwards appeared, was of service to the poor son of Esculapius. They chose this old man to convey his letter, begging ransom might be sent; and, as he left them, he said, 'Figli miei, (my sons), be good to this man, for he is a good man, and deserves it.' They promised they would, and said, 'Since you call us sons, you shall be tata' (daddy); and afterwards, when he returned from his first message, and found them eating some fresh mutton, which, on account of his want of teeth, he could not chew, they said, 'Wait a little, and we will have something for tata also;' upon which the chief sliced some liver and kidney, and, spitting it on a ramrod, roasted it for him.

"A goatherd, who had once been kept forcibly with a party of banditti, told us, that one of their chiefs had formerly been an acquaintance of his. This man had accidentally committed homicide, and, afraid of the consequences, had fled to Conca, in the kingdom of Naples, from the states of the church. There, being without a passport, he was taken up and imprisoned; but, by the grace of the Virgin, and of Saint John Baptist, he had escaped to the woods: there, after wandering a month, and being almost starved, he met the banditti, who invited him to join them. To this he, nothing loth, consented, when, to try his manhood, they gave him a piece of flesh roasted to eat, telling him it was part of a Christian's heart. 'It might have been two hearts,' said the ruffian; 'but I would have eaten it.' He had to perform a novitiate of two years, hewing wood, drawing water, and performing other menial offices; but, a year ago, he figured as the chief of a party among them.

"The last is a pretty fair specimen of the stories told and believed of the origin of most of the principal outlaws. Every day, while we remained at Tivoli, brought some new particulars concerning their marches. It was ascertained, that the whole number amounted to about one hundred and forty, divided into companies, not exceeding twenty in each, for the sake of more easy subsistence. The head quarters appeared to be at Rio Freddo, and in the woods of Subiaco. Their spies, and those who bought provisions for them, were lavishly paid, and the instances of any information being given against them were very rare. On one occasion, however, they had seized a ploughman belonging to Rio Freddo, and, after beating him, they had sent him to his house to fetch a few dollars, as the price of his future security while at work. On his way, he met the hunters belonging to Subiaco, and gave them notice of the situation of the robbers. They desired him to fetch his money, and go to the appointed place with it, and if he found them still there, to leave a mark at a particular tree. Meantime they took measures for surrounding the lair, and having done so, waited patiently till the poor man had paid his money and made the mark agreed on; and this they were more careful to do, as, had the brigands suspected he had

given information, they would certainly have put him to death. As soon as he was safe, the hunters drew close round the enemy, who were seven in number, and fired: two were killed on the spot, and the five others, of whom one was found dead of his wounds near the place next day, left their fire-arms, and concealed themselves in the thick-arts of Arcinuzzo, between Rio Freddo and Subiaco."

As for the Surgeon himself, he tells, that on the morning of the 17th of August, "the factor of the Cavaliere Settimio Bischi, named Bartolomeo Marasca, a person well known to me, came to my house, with a letter from his master, desiring me to come to Tivoli, my assistance as a surgeon being necessary, both to Signor Gregorio Celestini and to the nun sister, Chiara Eletta Morelli. On this account, I hurried over my visits to my patients at Castel Madama, and set off on horseback, accompanied by the factor, who was armed with a gun, towards Tivoli."

On their road they were surrounded and captured by the banditti, who ordered them to march towards San Gregorio. It seems the poor son of Galen was mistaken for a greater man, the Vice Prince of Castel Madama, who had passed the same road only a few hours before him. But better small fish than none, says the proverb. The brigands plundered the apothecary as if he had been a Prince. He says "one took my watch, another my case of lancets. At the beginning of our march we met, at short distances, four youths belonging to San Gregorio, and one elderly man, all of whom were obliged to share my fate; shortly after, we met another man, and an old woman, whose ear-rings were taken, and they were then permitted to continue their journey."

They were led to the top of the hills, and the account proceeds.

"The factor Marasca then talked a good deal to the brigands; showed himself well acquainted with their numbers, and said other things, which my wretched state of mind prevented me from attending to very distinctly; but seeing him apparently so intimate with the robbers, a suspicion crossed me, that I was betrayed by him.

"The chief brigand then turned to me, and throwing down my lancet-case by me, said that he had reflected on my condition, and that he would think about my ransom. Then I with tears explained to him my poverty, and my narrow means, and told him how, to gain a little money, I was on my road to Tivoli to attend a sick stranger. Then he ordered me to write to that same stranger, and desire him to send two thousand dollars, or I should be a dead man, and to warn him against sending out an armed force. He brought pen, ink, and paper; and I was obliged to write what he bade me, with all the earnestness that the presence of thirteen assassins, and the fear of death, could inspire. While I was writing, he sent two of his men to take a man, who was plowing, a little lower down: he belonged to San Gregorio; but one of the messengers having seen one of Castel Madama in the

flat below, he went down for him, and they were both brought up to us. As soon as they came, I begged the man of Castel Madama to carry my letter to Tivoli for Signor Celestini; and, in order to enforce it, I sent my case of surgical instruments, with which he was well acquainted, as a token."

An alarm caused them to move, and the narrative goes on.—"After a long and painful march, finding himself in a safe place, he halted, and there awaited the return of the messenger; but as he still delayed, the chief came to me, and said, that perhaps it might happen to me as it did to a certain inhabitant of Veletri, who had been taken by this very party, who entered his house in disguise, and carried him off to the woods, and because his ransom was long in coming, they killed him, and when the money came, the messenger found him dead. I was alarmed beyond measure at this story, and regarded it as a forerunner of my own speedy death.

"However, I entreated them with tears to have a little patience, and the messenger would surely return with the money. Meantime, to satisfy the chief as well as his companions, I told them I might have written another letter to Castel Madama, with orders to sell whatever I possessed, and to send up the money immediately. Thank God, this pleased them, and instantly they caused me to write another letter to Castel Madama, and one of the prisoners from San Gregorio was sent with it. After he was gone, I saw the factor Marasca walking about carelessly among the brigands, looking at their arms, and making angry gestures; but he did not speak. Shortly after he came and sat down by me; it was then that the chief, having a large stick in his hand, came up to him, and without saying a single word, gave him a blow on the back of the head just where it joins the neck. It did not kill him, so he arose and cried, 'I have a wife and children; for God's sake spare my life,' and thus saying he defended himself as well as he could with his hands. Other brigands closed round him: a struggle ensued, and they rolled together down a steep precipice. I closed my eyes, my head dropped on my breast, I heard a cry or two, but I seemed to have lost all sensation. In a very short time the brigands returned, and I saw the chief thrust his dagger, still stained with blood, into its sheath; then turning to me, he announced the death of the factor in these very words: 'Do not fear: we have killed the factor because he was a shirker: such as you are not shirker; then, he was of no use among us. He looked at our arms, and seemed disposed to murmur; and if the force had come up, he might have been dangerous.' And thus they got rid of Marasca."

The messengers at length return. "As soon as they were recognized, they were ordered to lie down with their faces to the ground, and asked if they came alone. But the man of Castel Madama answered, 'It would be a fine thing, indeed, if I, who am almost dead with fatigue, after climbing these mountains, with the weight of 500 scudi about me, should be obliged to pro-

these words, that for the moment I forgot the scene of the *Opera Comique*, the insolence of the door-keepers, and all the difficulties I had encountered ere I could gain access to Dupré, and once more heartily embraced him. He appeared astonished: "My dear friend," said he, with affected dignity, "I am exceedingly glad to see you; I hope you are happy and in good circumstances. For my own part, I am pursuing a brilliant and rapid course; the eyes of all Paris are fixed on me. But alas! the favours of the court, the ear of the minister, honours, titles, rewards, all do not constitute happiness. You know I am not ambitious; I was born to cultivate the arts and philosophy. I detest the busy world, and am resolved one day to retire to the country." "To Courville, perhaps," said I.—"Oh, I don't know," rejoined Dupré, somewhat confused, with tastes like mine, may not a man be happy any where?" The clock struck.—"I am very sorry my dear friend, but you see, my moments are counted with such scrupulous exactness!—Come and dine with me on Sunday, in the Rue de Bourgogne—no refusals—I insist on it—I will then introduce you to Madame de Courville and my daughter—You shall see how I live—in a style of modesty and simplicity.—Adieu!"

On the appointed day, full of curiosity, I proceeded to the Rue de Bourgogne. I was ushered into a spacious apartment, furnished in the richest style. Pictures, bronzes, mirrors, and chandeliers of glittering crystal explained to me in a moment the philosophic tastes of the Baron. About twenty guests, magnificently dressed, had already arrived, and two ladies were conversing together near one of the windows. Dupré advanced to receive me:—"Come, my old friend, we are just going to dinner. Gentlemen, permit me to introduce to you my countryman, the companion of my studies; you know how sacred are the bonds of college friendship; one cannot grudge to make a little sacrifice for it." Stunned by this compliment, I muttered something which nobody could understand, and retired to a distant part of the room. More company arrived: Dupré introduced them to the ladies, and thus I learned that one was the lady of the house and the other her daughter. Dinner was announced. The banquet was splendid; but I had lost all appetite. I sat at an obscure corner of the table, between a half-pay colonel and a clerk of finance. From the latter I learnt the real situation of the Baron de Courville. "Your friend," said he, has advanced in the world by rapid strides; but he treads on slippery ground, for he depends on the favour of a minister, and I sadly fear that in spite of all his adroitness, our poor Baron will fall at last. He is a slave to ambition; he aims at being a counsellor of state and a member of the Chamber of Deputies."

The dinner was lingering and tedious. No gaiety, no general conversation. Dupré's attention was wholly engrossed by the gentleman who sat on his right, and who I understood was one of the most distinguished members of the Chamber. Madame, on the other hand, conversed only with an

ex-minister of state, who sat next her. As for the young lady, she seemed dull and tired of the company. After the desert, we withdrew to the *salon* to take coffee; but here again politics formed the only subject of discussion. Dupré found it no easy task to endeavour to conciliate opposite opinions, and above all to avoid compromising himself. The Baron proposed cards; but disputes ran so high that no one was inclined to play. The ladies withdrew to the piano; but it was in vain, music could not be heard amidst the tempest. For my own part, I was not then in the humour either for music or politics, and I would willingly have made my escape, but that I was anxious to ask one question of Dupré. It was difficult to seize a favourable opportunity of addressing him; for since my arrival Dupré had not deigned even to honour me with a glance. After waiting a full hour, an opportunity occurred. "Baron," said I, coolly, "will you do me the honour to inform me where I may find our old friend Dumont?" "Dumont!" replied he with an air of embarrassment, "I really don't know, I have not seen him this age." "Is he not in Paris?" "Oh, yes—he is in Paris—and I rather think he is employed in our office." "In your office, Baron! and you have not seen your old friend this age?" "I cannot see every body you know; I am overwhelmed with business: besides, Dumont is such an original—so full of romantic notions. But you will find him somewhere in the office, if you wish to see him."

Full of rage and confusion, I made one effort to depart, but turned again:—"Since Dumont is employed in your office, Baron, perhaps you can inform me what situation he holds?"—"He is a secondary clerk, as well as I can recollect."

Next morning I called on Dumont at his office. No insolent porter refused to admit me, or to enquire whether an audience had been granted me. The first person I met at the top of the staircase was Dumont himself. He immediately recognized me; and, from the hearty expressions of joy with which he ran to embrace me, I felt convinced that I had now met with a sincere friend.

I related to him my adventure with Dupré. He smiled, for he had himself experienced similar treatment. "Truly," said he, "our unhappy friend is to be pitied; Fortune uses him like a spoiled child, and I fear she has some sad reverse in store for him; he is now on the highest point of the wheel; but one step more, and he will share the fate of all who have preceded him. I have never lost sight of Dupré in his brilliant course; and I am sure that the faults with which he is reproached, the repulsive manner, and the cold formality, by which he makes so many enemies, are to be attributed solely to the vertigo occasioned by his unlooked for elevation."

My first visit to Dupré had taught me the impropriety of intruding on the valuable time of men in office, and I was about to depart. "No, no," said Dumont, "we will spend the day together. You shall come and dine with me; I will introduce you to

my wife and children, and I hope you will like us all well enough to come often again. But I must go and inform the head of our department of this happy circumstance, and ask leave for the remainder of the day; I will return to you in a moment."

This language of the heart—these expressions of cordial friendship, delighted me, and I recollected with shame all the trouble I had taken to gain an insulting interview with the haughty Baron de Courville. I waited a whole hour, and Dumont had not yet made his appearance. I began to be alarmed.—At length he returned in great haste, and apparently agitated.—"Oh, poor Dupré!" he exclaimed.—"What has happened?" said I. "There is a report of the resignation, and probably the disgrace, of the minister: his Excellency has not appeared at the council these three days."—"Alas! what will become of you?"—"Of me? oh, I shall still be a secondary clerk, as before: such is the advantage of a humble post. Nobody will dream of turning me out, until I am unfit for service. But poor Dupré! how will he avert the storm that is gathering over his head?"

We set out, and directed our course towards the Champs-Élysées. Our friend's misfortune was long the subject of conversation. I proposed leaving Dumont until the hour of dinner, in order to call once more on Dupré.

I arrived; all was in disorder at the Baron de Courville's; the servants were engaged in packing up the splendid furniture and ornaments which had so dazzled me on the preceding day. I found Dupré in his closet, surrounded by a dozen creditors. He was pale and dejected. "Dupré," said I, "if I were in distress your purse would be mine . . . ." "No, my friend, I do not stand in need of this last lesson; my wife's diamonds have paid for all. Adieu! forgive me.—Go to Dumont, and tell him to forgive me also. Pity me—and, if you should ever be elevated by fortune, think of poor Dupré." With these words he abruptly left the room.

Full of melancholy reflections, I proceeded to the residence of Dumont. Three apartments, neatly furnished, in which the only ornaments were a few drawings, a barometer, and the bust of the king; sufficed to accommodate Dumont, his wife, two children, and a servant. "I have another room," said he, "which I call my *Louvre*; we will visit that after dinner."

Larocheoucault would not have said there never was a happy marriage, had he seen the family of Dumont. I scarcely ever saw a woman more affable, or of manners more graceful and prepossessing, than Madame Dumont. She was the mother of two beautiful boys, to whose education all her care was devoted.

The dinner was cheerful. I was the only guest; Dumont did the honours of the banquet in the most hospitable style. We drank to the better fortune of Dupré, and the eternal preservation of all the secondary clerks in the kingdom.

After dinner I requested my friend to introduce me to the mysterious apartment he



had mentioned. He opened the door; it was a library, containing upwards of a thousand select volumes,—the works of Homer, Virgil, Molière, Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, Montaigne, and Jean-Jacques—all the great geniuses of past ages, to whose society Dumont was indebted for his happy philosophy. I was somewhat surprised to find that he possessed a strong passion for literature, which the ill success of his early studies by no means promised. "For this taste," replied he, "and the information I have been able to acquire, I am indebted wholly to the post I occupy. Being engaged all day in business of a nature purely mechanical, I feel the necessity of exercising my mind by way of recreation. The imagination of Jean-Jacques was most fertile, when he had copied music for a whole morning; and thus, (pardon the vanity of the comparison) after having mechanically guided my pen for six or seven hours, I feel that I am fit for study, and I experience a kind of inspiration on leaving my desk. I do not mix much in society; and you may well suppose that a poor devil like me never dines with the ministers; but I sit down to table with Molière, between La Fontaine and Chapelain, or I drink with Horace the Sabine wine, with which Meænas was wont to regale himself. Sometimes I myself take a poetic flight. I have already written two tragedies."

I applauded Dumont's literary enthusiasm, and requested that he would favour me with a sight of his productions. "Come tomorrow," said he, "and I will show them to you; but, in the meanwhile, tell Dupré, if ever you should happen to converse with him on the advantages of my place, how I bring up my family, and make myself happy with an income of 3,600 francs per annum. Tell him that I practise economy, and that I have always something in store to relieve the distresses of a friend."

Since I sketched these portraits, I have learnt that Dupré has again appeared on the political horizon; but I doubt whether any thing could render the happiness of Dumont more complete; and I am certain that, in all great cities, men are to be found whose destinies resemble those of my two place-men.

B. L.

## VARIETIES.

On the 21st of April, two of the Monks of Saint Bernard rescued from death a poor Italian soldier, who fell from the top of a steep rock, as he was returning to his family from Siberia. He was much bruised, and had passed a whole night among the snow. What a contrast is here offered between the mad ambition which led him to Siberia, and the fine humanity that saved him on his return.

*Anecdote.*—The celebrated German bard, Gleim, once got a painter to paint his own portrait and that of his friend, the poet Jacobi. Happening to dine about this time with the Dean of —, a nobleman in the company, who was the friend of both, said to Gleim, "I hear you and Jacobi have had your

portraits painted: I suppose at full length?" "No," replied Gleim, "that is only for knights, that we may see their *spurs*: we have no occasion for this; for with us the head is the chief thing."

*Novelty in Resurrectionary Sacrilege.*—At Frankenthal, near Manheim, a piece of ground has just been granted to the Jews, for a burial ground. According to their religious customs, they immediately consecrated it by the sacrifice and inhumation of the finest cock which they were able to procure. The savory appearance of the victim having tempted a dozen poor Hebrews; they assembled in the night, profaned the asylum of the dead, dug up the cock, and put him upon the spit. This singular theft was not discovered till some days afterwards, to the great scandal of the whole synagogue.

## ESTIMATE OF THE PROVISIONS CONSUMED IN PARIS DURING LAST YEAR.

805,499 hectolitres of wine; 43,849 of brandy; 15,919 of cider and perry; 71,896 of beer; 20,756 of vinegar.

70,819 oxen; 3,561 cows; 2,918 milk cows; 67,719 calves; 329,070 sheep; 64,822 hogs; 291,727 cheeses; sea-fish amounting to the value of 3,165,520 fr.; oysters, 821,618 fr.; fresh water fish, 502,780 fr.; poultry, 7,161,402 fr.; butter, 7,105,533 fr.; eggs, 3,676,502 fr.

*Forage.*—7,822,640 bottles of hay; 11,054,371 of straw; 923,022 hectolitres of oats.—*French Journal.*

The French sloop of war the *Uranie*, which was sent on a voyage of discovery, under the command of Captain Freycinet, has been wrecked upon some rocks on her passage from New-Holland. Fortunately all the crew got ashore in the port of Serkley, and the instruments and manuscripts belonging to this expedition have been saved.

*Precocity.*—The rage for juvenile prodigies seems to have revived. Besides Made-moiselle Bergami, on whom the *Times* pronounced such a flattering encomium, and described as having attained so many accomplishments at seven years of age;—besides the young *Rosina* of Brussels, whom we lately noticed;—a phenomenon of another kind has appeared on the horizon of Milan. This prodigy is a young lady, ten years of age, who is known by the name of *Iphigenia*, and whose extraordinary memory excites universal astonishment. The Iphigenia of Greece never inspired so much interest as this Iphigenia of Milan. She is thoroughly acquainted with ancient history, and answers the questions put to her with intelligence and accuracy. Her father has a list of thirty thousand questions, all of which the little living dictionary answers with the utmost readiness. It is to be hoped that the father may not prove another Agamemnon, and sacrifice his child to the desire of compressing the materials of a folio into an octavo.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

## ITALIAN LITERATURE.

The first number of the 17th volume of

the *Bibliotheca Italiana* contains a complete view of all that has been done throughout Italy, in 1819, for the sciences and fine arts, for agriculture, and manufactures. The following is the general view of the book trade, and of the periodical publications in Italy, in 1819. In Lombardy alone there were printed—

*Value in Italian Lire.*

Large works in all branches of science	2,730,613
Religious books and missals	560,220
Almanacks, school books, &c.	470,225
Music	439,280
Copperplates	500,000
State and Government papers	450,000

Total, 5,200,363

The printer Silvestri, in Milan, printed alone in 1819 no less than 46 volumes, exclusive of almanacks, pamphlets, &c.; Ricciardi, in Milan, engraved no less than 145 musical works; whereas Girard, in Naples, published only 25, and Lorenzi, in Florence, only 31. He has now extended his dealings in musical publications even to Odessa. This great consumption of paper, and the buying up of rags in Italy by the English, caused the price of paper to rise 35 to 40 per cent. Naples received, in 1819, in addition to its *Enciclopedia* and the *Bibliotheca*, the *Annali d'Agricoltura Italiana*, edited by M. Gallardo. At Rome, the *Giornale Enciclopedico*, which expired without regret in 1819, after six months existence, was succeeded by *Memorie Enciclopediche Sulle Antichità e Belle Arti*, by M. Guntani; and the *Giornale Arcadico*, subsisted through the year with credit. At Bologna, the *Opuscoli Scientifici*, and the *Opuscoli Letterari di Bologna*, were very well received; but of the *Giornale della nuova Medicina Italiana*, only three numbers have yet appeared. In Tuscany, the learned journals have been very successful for some years past. The *Giornale del Genio* hardly supports itself, and the *Saggiatore* chose a subject which is out of fashion. A journal in the manner of the *Spectator* would certainly be good. Addison and Steele wrote it. At Genoa, the "Correspondence Astronomique, Geographique, Hydrographique et Statistique," by Baron Zach, appears regularly, and without interruption. The *Annali di Viaggi* of M. Bertolotto, which were advertised, have not yet appeared, but are to commence in February. Turin has not had any periodical journal since its *Caleidoscopio* broke. At Nizza (di mare), an *Orfeo Italiano* was announced; but it showed itself to the world in one paper only, and vanished. At Venice are published regularly once a fortnight the *Nuovi Commentari di Medicina e Chirurgia* of Mess. Valer, Brera, Cos. Ruggeri, and Flor. Caldani. At Padua the *Giornale dell'Italiana Letteratura* still exists, thanks to the editor, Count da Rio; but it is almost eleven months in arrear, for the two last numbers are for January and February, 1819. It is the senior of the present Italian Journals. At Pavia, the *Giornale di Finis*

• 33 Lire, 1 Pound Sterling.

expedition, which, under the command of the son of Mohammed-Ali, the Pashaw of Egypt, is to expel the Mamelucks from Nubia. He then proposes to travel from Dongolah to the Red Sea, by a course which no other traveller has taken.—*French Journal.*

## FINE ARTS.

## THE QUEEN ENTERING JERUSALEM.

We have seen a very curious picture assigned to this country by a mercantile house at Genoa, and representing the Entrance of the Queen into Jerusalem. This singular painting (so extremely interesting at this moment, and, considering the important circumstances with which her Majesty's situation connects itself, so historically remarkable), is the production of a distinguished foreign artist, the Sig. Carloni, of Milan. It is a fine specimen of Italian arts; but its principal attraction is undoubtedly the subject. Carloni was, we understand, employed by the Queen to paint this striking event in her life, and was engaged upon it for no less than four months, during all which time he resided in her palace, and had numberless sittings for all the particular portraits. We knew not through what accident it has happened, that the picture has found its way into strange hands; whether the funds to pay for it were not convenient, or whether the hurry of political calls prevented the Queen from rewarding the artist according to his deserts? Certain it is, that for composition and effect we have hardly ever beheld a performance, on the same scale, superior to it. The scene is highly picturesque. Moving down one of the precipitous hills in the vicinity of the Holy City, is seen a cavalcade of Syrians and Turks, and a scarlet litter, in which are some of the Queen's female attendants. In the foreground the principal group of about a dozen persons appear, having descended from the height, and wound round an abrupt precipice on the left. Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrims will furnish a good idea of this party: in front, at some distance, and near one of the gates of Jerusalem (which is disposed in amphitheatre form on the right) rides the Janizary, who has the firman and charge of the travellers.—Foremost of these is the Queen, in a Turkish dress, and riding upon an ass; according to the fashion of that country, astride on the saddle. Her loose trowsers are just visible under the red robe, and her appearance is lusty and healthful. Leaning on the high pommel of her saddle, she is turning towards the celebrated Bergami, who is mounted on a noble white charger close behind her. Bergami's portrait is that of a very good-looking man; florid for an Italian, and with more of a German countenance. His eyes are light and pleasing; his nose well shaped; and his cheeks, lip, and chin, covered with hair approaching to auburn in its colour. He wears a blue riding dress, and has three orders hanging on his breast. On the left of Bergami is another chevalier, adorned with an order of merit, and, we presume from a likeness between them, brother to the favourite. Immediately behind are two other

horsemen of the suite, and between them the Countess Oldi, also on horseback, and dressed something like the Queen. In the rear of these are other followers, and nearer the front a black boy and a white boy; the latter is handsomely dressed and mounted on an ass. He is about eight years old, and a son, it is said, of Bergami, the Black being his menial slave! Behind these again is the much-talked of Billy Austin, on a black charger; well disposed for variety in the group, and looking pale and sickly. Several attendants bring up the reserve.

Such is this extraordinary painting. The likenesses can hardly be otherwise than excellent, for they possess much character, and are very carefully finished. The execution is that of capital miniatures; and the whole affords a perfect notion of the scene and its actors.

Describing such a work to gratify the curiosity of our readers, we should deem it intrusive to say any thing of the nature of its subject and obvious allusions. In a few days, probably, either by its being purchased from the merchant to whom it has been consigned, for some gallery or exhibition, the public may have an opportunity of seeing it; till then, as far as language can convey it, we have the satisfaction of furnishing an accurate description of Queen Caroline's riding into Jerusalem upon an ass.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BACHELOR'S BOAST,  
TOGETHER WITH ITS REPUTATION.  
*Attempted after the manner of our elder Poets.*

I live a calm untroubled life,  
Nor slave to Love, nor Folly's minion;  
I woo no mistress, wed no wife,  
In act disbacked, or opinion.  
My friends, my books, my fields, and all  
The melodies of woodland mountains,  
The thrush's song, the cuckoo's call,  
The distant hum of falls and fountains;  
O'er setting suns the blush that burns,  
The glories of the moonlight heavens—  
On these my bosom's fondness turns;  
I ask but these, and these are given.  
Unbroken as life's rocky shore,  
Like some light-bearing wave I wander,  
Rejoice amid the tempest's roar,  
Or bask in calms, now here now yonder.  
Of womankind I take no heed;  
In truth I neither hate nor love them;  
My joys were grotelling joys indeed,  
That would not soar a flight above them.

## THE ANSWER.

Thy freedom's boast is false and vain;  
Some land thou art not worth invading;  
Disdain'd thyself, thou feign'st disdain,  
Thy lonely spleen for joy parading.  
List what the voice of Nature says,  
By which thy fancy's ear is taken;  
Mute are thy throats' quivering lays,  
Till love, sweet love, his song doth waken.  
Like thee, thy cuckoo builds no nest,  
Nor soft domestic joys are near him;  
He lives thy life of cold unrest,  
And gender birds despire or fear him.  
Thy falls, no husk'd in summer eve,  
Thro' winter days descend bellow;

The flocks their dangerous margins leave,  
Nor find thy fretful age a fellow.

In setting suns and moon-beams fair,  
There dwells a bliss, by thee unshared,  
Which only those who love can share;  
On these such moments are but wasted.  
Nor is thy wave, so light and free,  
Condemn'd, as thou, to lonely sadness;  
With it full many waves there be,  
To hide the storm, or dance in gladness.  
And when it sinks, its waters have  
Transmitted through some kindred billow;  
But thy cold blood shall never leave  
One rill beyond thy dying pillow.  
IGNOTUS SECONDO.

*A West Indian Anecdote, versified.*

A West Indian dandy (not Bond Street alone  
Can claim the dear exquisite thing as its own)  
Stood fix'd by the glass, while the new suit dis-

plays  
All its charms of stiff collars, short waists, and  
tight stays.—[cried—  
"Don't I look very well?" (here the mirror was  
"Massa look like a lion," a Negro replied.  
"Where have you seen a lion?"—"Oh! me  
see it each day—  
Ah! there's its long ears—it is coming this way."  
One moment the beau turn'd away from the  
glass,  
Look'd back—and beheld his resemblance an Ass.  
L.

## [My Correspondents.]

## CANZONET.

(From the Italian of Filica.)

Behold! the sun of Ganges beams,  
Which set on Tagus yesterday;  
The lurid air with glory streams,  
Exulting in his cheering rays.  
The darkest wishes of the soul,  
Freed from their sin by God's controul,  
Grow pure: His grace surpassing far  
The transient brilliance of an earthly star.  
The sun, kind source of varied hue,  
On every flower its tint bestows;  
The violet, with its rich deep blue,  
The lily pale, and blushing rose:  
Thus holy thoughts, that feel no life,  
And sleep 'midst worldly sordid strife,  
Blend'd and illum'd from above,  
Awake to moral light and heavenly love.  
The foliage of the morning hour,  
Hest of the sun, would fade away;  
Light in itself, and light its flower—  
A mirror that reflects the day.  
Thus, if the traveller's eye on glade,  
On mountain, or on rock, be staid,  
Deem it not wedded to the clod;  
It rests—and only rests—on Nature's God.  
Of God the sun reminds the praise,  
The present God his beams declare,  
The winds their whispering anthem raise,  
And ocean owns that God is there.  
The trees in Duty rejoice;  
And that sweet bird, whose hymning voice,  
In all her wanderings through the grove,  
Would seem to say to God—"I love—I love."  
Where Jews the cross, or slopes the mound,  
At every step looms a pagan rise;  
Each plant—each stone—shall chaunt a sound,  
In one harmonious sacrifice.  
Now tears prevail—now grief retires—  
To pardon then the soul aspires—  
Pardon from HIM, whose mercies flow  
To cancel every sin, and solace every woe.  
July 31, 1820.

A. C.

## ON THE DEATH OF MISS ANNA MARIA L—F,

*In consequence of a Copy of Soliel.*

Thou art gone—with thy blush of youth undecayed;

With thy heart in its purity—Sweet maid:  
Thou art gone; to slumber that long deep sleep,  
Many shall envy, and some shall weep.

That eye's dark splendour is shaded in night,  
And pale that cheek where the rose shed its light;

From that soft lip is the crimson fled,  
And the smile that wandered there vanished.

It was not thus when I saw thee last,  
(And since—) but few short hours are past—  
Then, like the rose, wert thou in thy bloom,  
Breathing of beauty and perfume.

Yes—like the rose, fragile as fair,  
With'd' thy sweetness the sun's fierce glare  
And bent thee to earth, no more to arise,  
Till thine angel whispers thee to the skies.

Never hath in the grave been laid,  
Than thine a lovelier form, sweet maid;  
Never hath quitted its earthly shrine,  
A spirit more beautiful than thine.

*Paris, July.*

[SARILL]

## ON THE RECENT CONTROVERSY AT CHELTENHAM.

*"Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?"*

Truth lies in a well, old philosophers tell;  
Young philosophers say 'tis not true:  
As a word to the wise, Doctor Neale says it lies  
In the old well, but not in the new.

J. R.

## TO CAROLINE'S MINIATURE.

Oh, smile upon me—but one smile—  
To soothe my strain'd and aching sight—  
I gaze upon thee, to beguile

The tedious hours, from morn till night.

And starting from my feverish rest,  
Aroused by tantalizing dreams,  
I press the treasure to my breast,  
Impatient for the morning-beams.

Then as they come, I gaze again  
Upon the magic ivory's charms  
With rapture—my delight how vain!—  
I fold a shadow in my arms.

Oh, move those eyes—yet not away  
From one, whom now they seem to see;  
And part those lips—but not to say  
Thou lov'st at another more than me.

Turn, turn that graceful neck—but keep  
Thy look bent on me ev'n as now;  
And let those clustering tresses sweep  
The fair expansion of thy brow.

Oh, let that beauteous bosom heave  
A sigh—I'll dare to hope for me:  
Do ought to make me but believe  
Thou livest, whilst I gaze on thee.

For ah! although so fair and true  
This effort of the painter's art,  
It mocks as much as glads my view,  
And racks not satisfies my heart.

And yet I would not part from thee,  
Thou dear delusion, to obtain  
That selfish cold serenity  
Some men relinquish all to gain.

J. P.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## THE TWO PLACEMEN.

*(From the French.)*

On my arrival in Paris, after visiting the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, the Luxembourg, the theatres and museums, I determined, if possible, to seek out my two old friends, Dumont and Dupré, who, on quitting college, went to push their fortune in the French capital. Dumont, as well as I could remember, was not, in his youth, a prodigy of perspicacity; not that he ever evinced any repugnance for study, but his natural dullness of apprehension constantly counteracted the effects of his diligence. But all loved him—all admired his simple and amiable character. The other students readily assisted him in his studies; and his tutors, who could not be angry with him, closed their eyes to his faults; so that in return for his amiable qualities, poor Dumont was the most ignorant scholar in the kingdom: he had read Livy before he could construe Cornelius Nepos. Dupré, on the contrary, was the eagle of our classes; ardent, lively, impetuous, and prodigiously shrewd. Lessons which engrossed the whole attention of his companions, were not sufficient to gratify his impatient curiosity; he studied the living languages and the liberal arts; he wrote verses on all occasions; he turned his attention to theology, politics, and finance. He also possessed an excellent heart, was a generous friend, and a pleasant companion.

I had made many inquiries in Paris for Dumont and Dupré; nobody could give me any information respecting my old friends, and I almost despaired of ever seeing them again, when one evening, as I was seated in the gallery of the Theatre Feydeau, I heard a great noise in a box behind me. The audience, according to custom, turned with eager curiosity; two ladies splendidly attired, entered the box, accompanied by a gentleman in a court-dress: I looked at him through my glass, and to my astonishment discovered Dupré. To rise from my seat, to rush through the lobby, and to knock at the box-door, was but the business of a moment. The door was opened by an old woman. "Do you belong to his Excellency's party, Sir?"—"His Excellency's party! What do you mean? I belong to my friend Dupré's party."—"There is no Monsieur Dupré here, Sir."—"You are mistaken, he is in this box with two ladies; open the door, I say."—"No sir, it is the Baron de Courville who is in his Excellency's box, and I have been expressly ordered to admit only the friends of the minister." On hearing the name of Courville, I recollected that Dupré's father had been an attorney in the little village of Courville, where he possessed a small property; and I immediately concluded that one of those evil geni who hover over great cities, had turned Dupré's brain. "Where does Baron de Courville reside?" said I to the woman. "I cannot inform you Sir," she replied, but you may rely on finding him at the office of —, where he holds a high post."

Highly gratified to reflect that Dupré's

distinguished talents were so well rewarded, I resumed my seat in the gallery, where I could distinctly hear all that was said in the neighbouring box. Dupré spoke but little, and seemed very attentive to the performance. At length I heard one of the ladies remark, in a sort of half whisper:—"Baron, there is a gentleman looking very steadily at this evening," observed Dupré with indifference; "suppose we go and finish the evening at his excellency's."—"With all my heart," exclaimed the ladies; and they withdrew, making as much noise as when they entered.

At nine o'clock on the following morning I attended at the office of the —: "Are you mail," said the door-keeper, "to expect to see the Baron de Courville at this early hour? Don't you know the rules? The clerks arrive at nine o'clock, the under-secretary at ten, the heads of departments at eleven or twelve, never sooner, Sir; and there are certain days, Saturday for instance, on which it excites a high notion of a gentleman's importance not to appear in the office at all."

At twelve o'clock precisely I was in the antichamber of Dupré's office. "Where are you going, Sir?" said one of the door-keepers.—"To the Baron de Courville."—"Has the Baron granted you an audience?"—"I am his intimate friend, announce me."—"I cannot, Sir. You must come on Friday, between the hours of two and four, if you wish to see him; Friday is the only day on which he receives the public." I was resolved not to yield to this hiring. I elevated my voice, that I might not have the air of a petitioner. A dozen door-keepers, messengers, andgend'armes immediately surrounded me, and the old friend of Baron de Courville was mercilessly thrust out of the door.

But on such occasions, true friendship contends against every obstacle. On Friday, just as the clock struck two, I entered an elegant apartment adjoining the cabinet of Dupré; about forty persons were anxiously awaiting their turn to be admitted. But time slipped away, and the audiences succeeded each other very slowly. It was near four o'clock, and only seven or eight persons had yet been admitted into the sanctuary. Alarmed by the approach of the fatal hour, and determined to see Dupré that very day, or never more to enter the office, I came to the desperate resolution of forcing the door. At that precise moment it opened: Dupré had doubtless received a personage of somewhat more consideration than the rest, and he attended him to the floor of his closet. I availed myself of the lucky opportunity, and knocking down the porter, who endeavoured to detain me, I rushed forward and embraced Dupré. The baron was delighted, he carefully closed the door, welcomed me in the kindest way, and asked for my petition. "Oh you are joking, I replied, I am no petitioner; I am your old friend and college companion; I have come to see you, and to renew every assurance of my sincere friendship." I was so overjoyed on pronouncing

tion, or whether there is more of malignity in his assertion than of candour in investigation. I can only reply, that most of the errors he has so vauntingly detected might have been easily remedied by the introduction of a figure—mere errors of the compositor, or the dropping of a letter at press. These, Sir, are errors which candor would have supplied. In another part of the article of your correspondent, he charges me with *scandalous negligence*. Let me ask of your correspondent, Sir, whether I may not, with more propriety, and without the loss of temper, charge him with *scandalous meanness*, in an assertion so wanton and unprovoked. With regard to the playfulness of his satire, I would fain remind him, that he becomes very serious when he would be amusing, and very amusing when he would be serious. To conclude, Sir, as I have never aimed at perfection, never hoping to accomplish it, let me request your correspondent's attention to the following quotation from the Baronetage; and let me press upon his attention, that, as I have always invited and solicited corrections of the press, his corrections would have been attended to with more pleasure if they had been pointed out with a more liberal feeling.—

"Of his labours and industry in the pursuit, he would wish to say little. He has been abundantly recompensed for the time occupied in his very numerous personal applications, by the politeness and attention with which those applications have been honoured, and by the extensive aids which he has derived from them. The only regret which he feels in offering this result of his endeavours to the public, arises from a dread of too frequent error in treating on subjects, with regard to which perfect correctness is absolutely unattainable.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.  
29, Fetter Lane. JOHN DEARETT,  
Editor of the Peerage, Baronetage, and  
Imperial Calendar.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

An opinion of the existence of an Antarctic Continent has prevailed ever since the discovery of America rendered us more intimately acquainted with the figure of the earth; nor, when all the circumstances that led to it are considered, can it be called an unreasonable opinion. The vast quantity of floating ice in the higher southern latitudes, justly indicated its origin to be in fresh water rivers and lakes, at no great distance. And again, the immense space of ocean, in the southern hemisphere, in the absence of such a continent, led to an inference that that beautiful arrangement and disposition of land and water, so conspicuous in the northern, was overlooked, and the equilibrium neglected in the southern hemisphere.

These considerations led many voyagers to search after this Terra Incognita, and particularly influenced the last voyage of Captain Cook. But it is not surprising that it should have escaped the observation of the circum-navigators of all nations, and have baffled the laborious perseverance of Cook himself? and that the numerous vessels (whalers and others) that have navigated the sea contiguous to such land for nearly two centuries, should have remained in ignorance of its existence? Yet such is the fact; and it is equally surprising, that the honour of its discovery should have been reserved for the master of a small trading vessel, nearly fifty years after the question seemed to be set at rest by the unsuccessful result of Captain Cook's navigation.\*

\* Captain Cook first explored the Southern Ocean between the meridian of the Cape of Good Hope and New Zealand; consequently far to the east of the land now discovered. In November, 1773, he left New Zealand, and employed several weeks between 180° and 90° West longitude, and 45° to about 72° South latitude; so that he never approached within 30 degrees (on the Antarctic circle) of the new continent. The only passages we think it necessary to quote from him, as illustrative of our present subject, are the following:—  
"In lat. 67° 45' long. 137° 12'," he says, "While we were taking up ice, we got two of the antarctic penguins so often mentioned, by which our conjectures were confirmed of their being of the petrel tribe. They are about the size of a large pigeon; the feathers of the head, back, and part of the upper side of the wings, are of a light brown; the belly, and under side of the wings, white; the tail feathers are also white, but tipped with brown: at the same time, we got another new petrel, smaller than the former, and all of a dark grey plumage. We remarked that these birds were fuller of feathers than any we had hitherto seen; such care has nature taken to clothe them suitably to the climate in which they live. At the same time we saw a few chocolate-coloured albatrosses; these, as well as the petrels above-mentioned, we no where saw but among the ice; hence one may with reason conjecture that there is land to the South. If not, I must ask where these birds breed? A question which perhaps will never be determined; for hitherto we have found these lands, if any, quite inaccessible. Besides these birds, we saw a very large seal, which kept playing about us some time. One of our people who had been at Greenland, called it a sea-bear; but every one else took it for what I have said."

Again, in lat. 65° 42', long. 95° 44': "I now came to the resolution to proceed to the North, and to spend the ensuing winter within the Tropick, if I met with no employment before I came there. I was now well satisfied no continent was to be found in this ocean, but what must lie so far to the South as to be wholly inaccessible on account of ice; and that if one should be found in the Southern Atlantic Ocean, it would be necessary to have the whole summer before us to explore it. On the other hand, upon a supposition that there is no land there, we undoubtedly might have reached the Cape of

In the absence of a more detailed narrative of this important discovery, which we presume is retarded for obvious reasons, resulting from the impolicy of making premature disclosures, the following few particulars may not only gratify curiosity, but will, in a great measure, we trust, counteract the ill effects of garbled and incorrect statements, which are beginning to find their way into the periodical press.

One of the evils attending mis-statements, in the origin of an important discovery, is, that of involving the question in a labyrinth of contradictions, from which in after times, it is difficult to unravel the truth. In the present instance too, as in former cases, a meritorious and enterprising, though obscure individual, is in danger of being deprived of the credit he so justly deserves, by probably adding to his native country a new source of wealth; the full worth of which would only be truly known by its possession by a rival in commercial enterprise.

A Mr. Smith, Master of the William, of Blythe, in Northumberland, and trading between the Rio Plata and Chili, in endeavouring to facilitate his passage round Cape Horn, last year, ran to a higher latitude than is usual in such voyages, and in lat. 62° 30', and 60° west longitude, discovered land. As circumstances would not admit of a close examination, he deferred it until his return to Buenos Ayres, when he made such further observations as convinced him of the importance of his discovery. On making it known at Buenos Ayres, speculation was set on the alert, and the Americans at that place became very anxious to obtain every information necessary to their availing themselves of a discovery, which they saw Good Hope by April, and so have put an end to the expedition, so far as it related to the finding a continent; which indeed was the first object of the voyage. But for me at this time to have quitted the Southern Pacific Ocean, with a good ship expressly sent out on discoveries, a healthy crew, and not in want either of stores or of provisions, would have been betraying not only a want of perseverance, but of judgment, in supposing the South Pacific Ocean to have been so well explored, that nothing remained to be done in it. This, however, was not my opinion; for though I had proved that there was no continent but what must lie far to the South, there remained nevertheless room for very large islands in places wholly unexamined: and many of those which were formerly discovered, are but imperfectly explored, and their situations as imperfectly known. I was besides of opinion, that my remaining in this sea some time longer, would be productive of improvements in navigation and geography, as well as in other sciences.

was pregnant with vast benefit to a commercial people. Captain Smith was however too much of an Englishman to assist their speculations, by affording them that knowledge of his secret which it was so necessary for them to possess; and was determined that his native country only should enjoy the advantages of his discovery; and on his return voyage to Valparaiso, in February last, he devoted as much time to the development of it as was consistent with his primary object, a safe and successful voyage.

He ran in a westward direction along the coasts, either of a continent or numerous islands, for two or three hundred miles, forming large bays, and abounding with the spermaceti whale, seals, &c. He took numerous soundings and bearings, draughts, and charts of the coast; and in short, did every thing that the most experienced navigator, dispatched purposely for the object of making a survey, could do. He even landed, and in the usual manner took possession of the country for his sovereign, and named his acquisition, "New South Shetland." The climate was temperate, the coast mountainous, apparently uninhabited, but not destitute of vegetation, as firs and pines were observable in many places; in short, the country had upon the whole the appearance of the coast of Norway. After having satisfied himself with every particular that time and circumstances permitted him to examine, he bore away to the North and pursued his voyage.

On his arrival at Valparaiso he communicated his discovery to Captain Sherrieff of H. M. S. *Andromache*, who happened to be there. Captain S. immediately felt the importance of the communication, and lost not a moment in making every arrangement for following it up; he immediately dispatched the *William*, with officers from the *Andromache*; and in this stage the last letter from Chili left the expedition, with the most sanguine expectation of success, and ultimate advantages resulting from it. and, if we are correctly informed, a fully detailed narrative has been forwarded to government.

On taking a cursory view of the charts of the Southern Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, it will be seen, that though Captain Cook penetrated to a much higher latitude, and consequently drew his conclusion from observing nothing but vast mountains of ice, it will be seen also that his meridian was 15 degrees further to the west of New

South Shetland, leaving a vast space unexplored on the parallel of 62° between that and Sandwich Land, in longitude about 28° west. He again made 67° or thereabouts, but in longitude 137° to 147° west. Perouse ascended no higher than 60° 30'; Vancouver about 55°; other navigators passing the Straights of Magellan and Le Maire; and most of them passing as close Cape Horn as possible, in order, as they thought, to shorten the passage to the Pacific, are circumstances that reasonably account for the protracted period to which so important a discovery has been delayed.

#### SCIENCE AND GASTRONOMY.

At a time when we see generals, physicians, and students, pretend to improve the difficult science of politics, we must not be surprised at seeing a skillful grammarian improve the art of cookery. M. Lemare, director of the Athenæum of Languages, has invented a utensil, which he calls *autoclave*. M. Lemare engages to dress his dinner in less than half an hour; and lately made the experiment with complete success before a numerous company. He had put into the vessel a piece of meat, vegetables, and as much water as is necessary for a dish for five persons. The vessel was placed over a fire, which was kept up with some pieces of charcoal. In 36 minutes the vessel was taken off, and left a few minutes to cool; and the reporter affirms, that the broth was excellent, and the meat thoroughly done. It is not necessary to open the pot to skim it, so much as once during the boiling, for at the end of the operation the scum is found at the bottom of the vessel, and does not mix with the broth. The advantages of this *autoclave* cookery are, 1st. that the soup is excellent, which is very natural, because the apparatus is hermetically closed, and nothing therefore is lost. 2d. That produce is much increased by the quantity of jelly yielded by the bones. 3d. That the cookery is far more expeditious than in the ordinary kettles, &c. This mode of cookery will be highly advantageous to the poor in particular. We leave the detailed description of the *autoclave* to those journals which are especially devoted to such subjects. If satisfactory and repeated trials confirm the utility of the invention, it will become highly important in its results, as it will then be evident that cooking may be performed in much less than the usual time, and with one tenth part of the fuel now employed. M. Lemare's process is a very simple, and, for that reason, very ingenious improvement of Papin's digester. It speaks much in favour of the invention, that, as appears from a letter of the minister of the interior, the *autoclave* has been in use above a month, in the school for the blind at Paris. Should it come into general use, M. Lemare will doubtless derive more profit from the sale of this apparatus than from all his discoveries in etymology, and his excel-

lent precepts on orthography; and this is in the nature of things. In this enlightened age, we undoubtedly set a high value on correctness of language, but a well dressed dinner is far more valuable.—(*Foreign Journal*.)

*Cure for the Hydrophobia.*—Doctor Lyman Spalding, one of the most eminent physicians of New York, announces, in a small pamphlet, that for above these fifty years, the *Scutellaria Lateriflora* L. has proved to be an infallible means for the prevention and cure of the hydrophobia, after the bite of mad animals. It is better applied as a dry powder than fresh. According to the testimonies of several American physicians, this plant, not yet received as a remedy in any European Materia Medica, afforded a perfect relief in above a thousand cases, as well in the human species, as the brute creation (dogs, swine, and oxen). The first discoverer of the remedy is not known: Doctor Dervoz, (father and son), first brought it into general use.

Modena, 21st June.

*Temple of Jupiter Ammon.*—The *Messager* Modena contains a letter from the traveller, Chevalier Frediani, dated from the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, in the Desert of Barca (Lybia), the 30th of March, 1820, in which he says: "After a dangerous and fatiguing journey of sixteen days, I have at length arrived at the most celebrated monument of antiquity, which is situated about a league and a half from Schiaw, under 29° 22' North latitude. It has been visited by only a single European (Hornemann) since the time of Alexander the Great. The town of Schiaw made but a slight resistance; it capitulated on the most honourable terms, and retains its independence on paying an annual tribute to the Viceroy of Egypt.

#### EGYPTIAN TRAVELS, &c.

The friends of M. Caillaud, the celebrated French traveller, have recently received a letter from him, dated Cairo, April 16th. The letter seems to have been written with China ink, and as there was every reason to believe that the plague was raging in Cairo, during the month of April, it was steeped in vinegar. Unfortunately it has thus become almost illegible. Only a few lines remain of the last two pages. It is however satisfactory to know that M. Caillaud and M. Deterrez, his travelling companion, have invariably enjoyed good health. He mentions a new Oasis, (*Farafra*) which is not marked in any map.

After an excursion of four months and a half in the desert, M. M. Caillaud and Deterrez returned to Egypt, bringing with them an abundance of materials highly interesting both to the geographer and the antiquarian. They visited several Oases, and discovered several Egyptian and Roman temples, and three Roman fortresses, unknown to any previous travellers.

On the 1st of July, M. Caillaud intended to proceed to Thebes, in order to join the

*Chimica et Storia Naturale*, proceeds without interruption. At Milan the *Accademia delle Scienze*, and the *Conciliatore* are deceased: but the following still live:—1. *The Gazzetta di Milano*; 2. *Il Corriere delle Dame*; 3. *Gli Annali di Commercio*; 4. *Il Raccoltore*; 5. *Il Giornale di Medicina Universale*; 6. *L'Ape*; 7. *Il Foglio Bibliografico*; 8. *La Biblioteca Italiana*. "This advancement of the book trade in Italy of late years is the result," says M. Acerbi, "of the wise measures by which the present government abolished the fatal decree of 30th November, 1810, which laid a duty of a centesimo on every leaf printed in that country, and of 50 per cent. upon every foreign work. Now the new edition of the Italian Classics was immediately resumed, the edition of the classics of the 18th century begun, and Sonzogno's *Vinggi*, Silvestri's *Biblioteca Scelta*, and a hundred similar speculations, rapidly succeeded each other. Milan has become the staple place for the national and foreign book trade, where above 700 bales (1050 cwt.) of French, English, and Swiss works, besides German, are annually entered at the Custom-house.

The same gentleman who translated Lord Byron's poems into French, has announced Sir Walter Scott's poetical romances.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JULY, 1820.

Thursday, 27.—Thermometer from 52 to 76.

Barometer from 30, 21 to 30, 18.

Wind S. W. 1.—Generally clear, clouds passing.

Friday, 28.—Thermometer from 52 to 76.

Barometer, stationary at 30, 20.

Wind S. W. and N. E. 3.—Generally cloudy; sunshine at times.

Saturday, 29.—Thermometer from 51 to 77.

Barometer from 30, 24 to 30, 26.

Wind N. E. and S. W. 4.—generally clear; light clouds passing.

Sunday, 30.—Thermometer from 48 to 79.

Barometer from 30, 26 to 30, 13.

Wind S. and S. E. 4.—Light clouds generally overcast. A little rain about 7 P. M. and about 11, heavy rain with thunder and lightning incessantly, which continued till about 1 o'clock.

The upper part of a halo formed about 8 o'clock in the morning.

Monday, 31.—Thermometer from 51 to 83.

Barometer from 30, 03 to 29, 99.

Wind E. S. 3. and S. W. 1.—A thick vapour, with light clouds, spread over the greater part of the day: sunshine at times.

Rain fallen, 475 of an inch.

AUGUST, 1820.

Tuesday, 1.—Thermometer from 58 to 75.

Barometer from 29, 99 to 30, 08.

Wind S. W. 3. and 4.—Clouds generally passing; sunshine at times.

Wednesday, 2.—Thermometer from 52 to 76.

Barometer from 30, 22 to 30, 26.

Wind S. W. 1. and S. 3.—Clouds generally passing.

On Sunday, the 6th of August, at 11 hours, 59 minutes, 11 seconds, (clock time), the first satellite of Jupiter will immerse into his shadow.

On the same day, at 13 hours, 52 minutes, 9 seconds (clock time), the fourth satellite of Jupiter will immerse into his shadow.

On Thursday the 10th, at 11 hours, 14 minutes, 26 seconds (clock time), the second satellite of Jupiter will immerse into his shadow. Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* \* \* To make room for our usual *Miscellanies*, together with the various interesting articles which appear in this Number, we have been obliged to borrow a part of the space allotted to *Advertisements*, which we shall claim the privilege of repaying in some future Number.

Several papers are unavoidably postponed.

On turning to their *L. Gazette* of 18th Sept. last (No. 139), our Readers will find an original *Account of the Carbonari*, now acting so prominently a part in Naples and Italy.

A Correspondent says, *Addition*, with a view of comparing the present face of Italy with the descriptions left us by the Romans, made preparatory collections from the Roman poets. He might (says Dr. Johnson) have spared himself the trouble, had he known that such collections had been twice made before, by Italian authors. My question is, to what Italian authors does Dr. Johnson here allude?

## THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

THE two Quarterly Parts of the LITERARY GAZETTE, from 1st January, to Midsummer, 1820, are now to be had at the Office, and of all Booksellers, News-vendors, and Clerks of the Road.

A few complete Sets from the commencement, in January, 1817, may also be obtained; and, as every volume forms a distinct publication, the Volumes for 1818 and 1819 are sold separately.

Most of the Numbers are still in print, and we shall be happy to supply them to Subscribers wishing to complete their sets or volumes: and any one not preserving their sets, would oblige us much by reselling to our publisher Nos. 1, 6, 23, 31, 32, 33, 35, 36, 40, 52, 53, 54, 56, 57, 58, 60, to 68 both inclusive, and 78.

The last half year's Gazettes contain Reviews, with copious extracts, of above one hundred of the most important new Publications, and a like proportion of such literary, scientific, and miscellaneous matter, as appears in this Number.

## Miscellaneous Advertisements.

(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

British Gallery, Pall Mall.

THIS GALLERY, with an Exhibition of PORTRAITS of distinguished Persons in the History and Literature of the United Kingdom, is open daily, from 10 in the Morning until 6 in the Evening.

(By order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.—Historical ditto 2s.

THE Exhibition of MONSIEUR JERRING'S GREAT PICTURE, (from the *Lost*) 34 feet by 18, representing the surviving Crew of the Medusa French Frigate, after remaining Thirteen days on a Raft without Provision, at the moment they discover the vessel that saves them, is now open to the Public, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Admission 1s.

Hogarth.

THE Subscribers to the new Edition of the Original WORKS of HOGARTH, are respectfully reminded, that, in conformity with the Prospectus, the first Number will, on September 1, be advanced in Price to 17. 6s.; and, in like manner, each successive number after the interval of six months from the date of its publication respectively. The 8th Number, just published, contains the following Plates:—1. Examination of Ramebridge, by the House of Commons. 2. Morning. 3. Second Stage of Cruelty. 4. Sarah Malcolm, and two Prints of Boys peeping at Nature. 5. The Laughing Audience; and a Chorus of Singers. London: Published by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, Paternoster Row.

\* \* \* Portfolios capable of containing the entire Set, are prepared at 15s. each.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Dr. Rees's *Cyclopædia*, Last Part.

Vol. 32, Part 3, being the concluding Part of THE NEW CYCLOPÆDIA; or, Universal Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Literature. By ABRAHAM REES, D.D. F.R.S. F.L.S. &c. Editor of the last Edition of Mr. Chambers's Dictionary; with the assistance of eminent Professional Gentlemen. Printed for Longman and Co.; and the other Proprietors. The Subscribers to this Work are requested to complete their Sets immediately, as some of the Parts are scarce, and will shortly be entirely out of print, when the Proprietors cannot engage, and it will be entirely out of their power, to complete them.

Vol. 6, in 8vo. with coloured Plates, price 12s. boards. MEDICAL TRANSACTIONS, published by the College of Physicians in London. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London. Of whom may be had, Vols. 1. to 5 of the above Work, price 3s. 6d. boards.

PHARMACEUTICAL COLLEGE REGALL, MEDICORUM LONDINENSIS, 1819, in 8vo. 7s. 6d. Dr. POWELL'S TRANSLATION of the PHARMACOPEIA, in 8vo. 12s. boards.

Col. Wilks's *History of Mysore*.

In 2 vols. 8vo. 6s. 6d. boards. HISTORICAL SKETCHES of the SOUTH of INDIA. In an attempt to trace the History of Mysore. From the origin of the Hindu Government of that State, to the Extinction of the Mahomedan Dynasty in 1760; founded chiefly on Indian authorities, collected by the author while officiating for several years as Political Resident at the Court of Mysore. By COLONEL MARK WILKS. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

"This instructive Work is entitled to much public attention, gratitude, and approbation. From documents hitherto unexplored, it brings into circulation many important facts concerning the History of Mysore during the last two centuries." *Monthly Review*. Vols. 2 and 3 may be had separate, price 4s. 4d. bds.

In 8vo. price 12s. bds. Illustrated by numerous Plans, &c. AN ACCOUNT of the IMPROVEMENTS on the ESTATES of the Marquess of STAFFORD, in the Counties of Stafford and Salop, and on the Estate of Sutherland: with Remarks. By JAMES LOCH, Esq. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

12mo. price 6s. boards. AMERICA: an Epistle, in Verse, with other Poems.

Verba patet.—Ugnatum dare nobis. London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown; and G. Cruickshank, Liverpool.

Dickinson's *Justice*.

IN consequence of the very considerable alterations which have recently taken place in the Laws that come under the immediate cognizance of Magistrates, and the still more important changes which are likely to be made in the next Session of Parliament, Mr. Dickinson is preparing a new edition of his "PRACTICAL EXPOSITION of the OFFICE and DUTIES of a JUSTICE of the PEACE," which will be ready for publication, immediately after the close of that Session.

History of India.

In 6 vols. 8vo. price 3s. 12s. THE HISTORY of BRITISH INDIA. By JAMES MILL, Esq. Second Edition. London: Printed for Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.

In one volume, price 8s. boards. A COMPENDIUM of the ORNITHOLOGY of GREAT BRITAIN, with a reference to the Anatomy and Physiology of Birds. By JOHN ATKINSON, F.L.S. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, &c. and Curator of the Museum, and Librarian to the Philosophical and Literary Societies at Leeds. London: Printed for Hurst, Robinson, and Co. Chancery; and Robinson and Co. Leeds.

**THE FOLLOWING NEW WORKS** have been published during the present season, by Messrs. Colburn and Co. Conduit Street, viz.

I. **CORRESPONDENCE OF DAVID HUME**, the Historian, with several disinterested Persons, &c. 11. 11s. 6d.

II. **MEMOIRS OF GRANVILLE SHARP**, Esq. By Prince Hoare, &c. 2s. 12s. 6d.

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**THE LONDON MAGAZINE**, No. 8, published by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, contains the following articles:—The Lord's Heart. Goethe and his Faustus. Recollections of the South Sea House. The Traveller. No. IV. Description of certain Frescoes painted by German Students at Rome. Midnight Hours. No. VI. The Jewels of the Book. M. Ebert and Mr. Dibdin. Living Authors. No. III. Good Bibliographies Curious. No. I. Catalogue of the Villages of the Kingdom of Naples. Lines supposed to be written by a Dying Son to his Mother. A Portrait. The Character of Pope, Mr. Bowles. Stanzas written in a Forest. Excursion to the Top of Skiddaw. Critical Notices of New Books. I. Colony of New South Wales. 2. Southey's Life of Wesley; 3. Poems by Bernard Barton. The Drama. Report of Music. Notices of the Fine Arts. Mr. Haydon on the relative Encouragement of England in Sculpture and Painting. Glancing from Foreign Journals. Literary and Scientific Intelligence. Historical and Critical Summary of Intelligence. Public Documents. Commercial Report. Agricultural Report, and the usual Variety of Lists, Commercial Tables, &c.

London: Printed for the Proprietors, by W. POBLE, 5, Chancery Lane; Published every Saturday, by W. A. SCRIPPS, at the Literary Gazette Office, 35, (Exeter Change) Strand, where Communications, (post paid) are requested to be addressed to the Editor.

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This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we beg to recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 186.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Private Correspondence of David Hume with several distinguished Persons, between the Years 1761 and 1778. London, 1820. 4to. pp. 285.*

To such of our readers as do us the honour to remember the volume of the Literary Gazette for 1817, we need not say, that we consider this correspondence to be an exceedingly pleasing addition to that interesting species of Literature to which it belongs. Our only regret in perusing the volume, is, that it does not contain more of these productions, which display so many celebrated characters in new and various lights. The quarrel between Hume and Rousseau, which made so much noise at the time it happened, is to us the least valuable portion of the work; but even the letters on this subject are curious and entertaining. The Countess of Boufflers appears to great advantage as an epistolary writer; and not only the letters of Hume himself, but those of the Earl Marshal of Scotland (Keith), unfold a number of little incidents and anecdotes, which are perhaps more attractive at the present day than when they were first recorded.

It will strike every one, that the manners both of English and French society have greatly changed since these letters were written; and that nearly as marked a revolution has taken place in the style in which persons of the higher class, and of different sexes, address each other. The formal gallantry of the old school may look antiquated to us; but we question if, considering the matter philosophically, it was not preferable to the familiar freedom of modern life. People when dressed in their holiday clothes, behave better than when in their common habiliments; and it is not improbable that a considerable improvement in our civil and social relations might be introduced by a slight recurrence to old fashioned etiquettes; which, though denounced as restraints, were (when not carried to ridiculous excess) far from being inconsistent with the most refined enjoyments. But this *en passant*—we now proceed to let the publication speak for itself.

VOL. IV.

The following whimsical proposition is contained in a letter addressed to Rousseau, by a Baron de Colval, and cited by that sensitive philosopher as an instance of the persecution of Voltaire.

"I have a proposal to make you. I request the same service from you, which you have received from the Vicar in Saroy, that is to say, to receive me in your house, without remuneration, for two years; to furnish me with lodging, board, fire and candle. You are the only person, who can conduct me, in every respect, to felicity, and teach me to die. The excess of my humanity, with its inseparable compacity, has induced me to become bail for an officer, in the sum of 3,200 livres. In settling my children in life, I have reserved for myself no more than a pension of 1500 livres—which you see is absorbed for upwards of two years. It is this circumstance which compels me to share your bread during the said interval. You will have no cause to complain of me: I am very temperate; I like nothing but vegetables, and am very little fond of meat. I can dispense with almost every thing, except soup, which I am in the habit of taking twice a day. I eat every thing, but never ragouts dressed in copper vessels, nor those refined ragouts, which poison.

"I apprise you, that I am become deaf, in consequence of a fall: nevertheless I hear very well with the left ear, without its being necessary to elevate the voice, provided that one speak slowly, and close to this ear. At a distance I maintain a conversation, with the greatest facility, by means of signs, which are very easy to learn, and which I will teach you, as well as your friends. I am not curious; I never ask questions; I expect that people should have the complaisance to communicate to me whatever passes in the course of conversation."

"The whole of the letter, (adds Rousseau) is in the same strain. You will tell me, that all this is nothing more than a silly joke. Granted; but I perceive that even in joking this worthy man makes me his continual theme and object, and this, Madam, tends to no good purpose. I am convinced, that I never shall be suffered to live in peace on this earth, till this man shall have forgotten me."

The following is the translation of part of another letter from Rousseau to Madame Boufflers, dated Motiers, 26th August 1764.

"You have the goodness, Madam, to wish to be informed of all particulars relating to myself. What shall I say? Nothing can be more uniform than my life; nothing more limited than my projects. I make the most of the present day, without taking thought for to-morrow; or rather, I contrive to pro-

long my existence more than I have made up my account for. I shall not make my exit from this stage sooner than nature shall please to ordain; but such procrastination does not fail to become irksome to me; for I have no longer any thing to transact here. A disgust for every thing consigns me every day more to indolence and inactivity. My physical ills alone put me a little on the alert. The spot which I inhabit, although sufficiently salubrious for others, is injurious to my state of health; this is the reason why, in order to avoid the ill effects of the air, and the importunities of the idle, I wander from one place to another, during the fine season. But when winter sets in, which in this part of the world is very severe and very long, I am obliged to remain at home, and to suffer. I have a long time thought of changing my abode—but whither shall I go? how arrange matters? I labour, at one and the same time, under the inconvenience of indigence and wealth; every sort of care affrights me; the carriage of my rags and of my books over these mountains is painful and expensive. Is it worth my while to think of quitting my house, when I am in the daily expectation of quitting my body? Whereas, by remaining where I am, I enjoy delicious days, wandering without care, without project, without occupation from wood to wood, and from rock to rock, always ruminating, but never thinking. I would give any thing in the world to be versed in botany; it is the genuine occupation of an ambulatory body, and an idle mind. I would not even promise that I should not be foolish enough to study it, if I knew where to begin. As to my situation, with respect to my resources, do not be the least uneasy on that head: I have as yet not been in want of the needful, and probably shall not wait for a long time to come. Far from finding fault with your offers, Madam, I return you my thanks for them; but you must acknowledge, that these offers would be ill applied, were I to avail myself of them, before I really stand in need of them.

"You asked for details; you ought to be satisfied. I am very satisfied with yours, with this one exception, that I have never been able to make out the name of the spot you inhabit. Perhaps I may be acquainted with it; in that case, how agreeable it would be to me to bear you company, at least, in imagination. For the rest, I pity you that you have got no further than to philosophy. I am much farther advanced than you are, Madam—with the exception of my day and my friends, I have come back to nothing.

"I do not find the Chevalier so unreasonable, since he amuses you. If he were merely unreasonable, assuredly he would not.



ver be able to accomplish that. He is greatly to be pitied, when the paroxysms of the gout come upon him; for one suffers cruelly on these occasions; but he has at least the advantage over me of suffering without risk. No villains will assassinate him, no person has an interest in murdering him."

We now select from two letters of Mr. Hume's to a friend of the same lady, the Marchioness de Brabantine, in which he not only speaks of his rupture with Rousseau, and relates some odd circumstances, but mentions public affairs, respecting which it is interesting to see the opinion of so great an authority.

"*Little-street, Leicester-fields, 16th of Feb. 1766.*

"You have sometimes, dear Madam, been embarrassed between opposite opinions, with regard to the personal character of M. Rousseau: his enemies have sometimes made you doubt of his sincerity; and you have been pleased to ask my opinion on this head. After having lived so long with him, and seen him in a variety of lights, I am now better enabled to judge; and I declare to you, that I have never known a man more amiable and more virtuous than he appears to me: he is mild, gentle, modest, affectionate, disinterested; and, above all, endowed with a sensibility of heart in a supreme degree. Were I to seek for his faults, I should say, that they consisted in a little hasty impatience, which, as I am told, inclines him sometimes to say disobliging things to people that trouble him: he is also too delicate in the commerce of life: he is apt to entertain groundless suspicions of his best friends; and his lively imagination, working upon them, felix chimeras, and pushes him to great extremes. I have seen no instances of this disposition; but I cannot otherwise account for the violent animosities which have arisen between him and several men of merit, with whom he was once intimately connected; and some who love him much have told me, that it is difficult to live much with him, and preserve his friendship; but for my part, I think I could pass all my life in his company, without any danger of our quarrelling.

"There is one circumstance, that renders him very amiable, and might serve to abate the envy arising from his superior parts; which is, that he is endowed with a singular simplicity of manners, and is, indeed, a perfect child in the ordinary occurrences of life. This quality, joined to his great sensibility of heart, makes him be easily governed by those who live with him; and his maid, in particular, has an uncontrolled authority over him. Shall I give you an instance? He showed me the letter which he had received from the Corsicans, in which he is invited to come among them, to frame them a body of laws, and to be the Solon or Lycurgus of this new commonwealth. He told me, that he had once intended to comply with this invitation, but, on consulting Mademoiselle Le Vasseur, he found she did not approve of the journey; upon which he laid aside all thoughts of it. His dog also has great influence with him; of which I shall give you an instance that may amuse you. Soon af-

ter our arrival, I prevailed on him to go to the play-house, and see Garrick. Mrs. Garrick gave him her box, which is much concealed from the audience, but opposite to that of the King and Queen; and their Majesties were privately informed, that they might there expect to see M. Rousseau. When the hour came, he told me, that he had changed his resolution, and would not go: for—what shall I do with Sultan? That is the name of his dog. You must leave him behind, said I. But the first person, replied he, who opens the door, Sultan will run into the streets in search of me, and will be lost. You must then, said I, lock him up in your room, and put the key in your pocket. This was accordingly done: but as we went down stairs, the dog howled and made a noise; his master turned back, and said he had not resolution to leave him in that condition; but I caught him in my arms and told him, that Mrs. Garrick had dismissed another company in order to make room for him; that the King and Queen were expecting to see him; and without a better reason than Sultan's impatience, it would be ridiculous to disappoint them. Partly by these reasons, and partly by force, I engaged him to proceed. The King and Queen looked more at him than at the players.

"When I have proposed to him schemes for enriching him, he has told me, that he dreads the inconvenience of changing his manner of life; particularly, said he, I should be tempted, if I were richer, to take another servant, which, I know, is taking another master; and I should in that case have my will in nothing.

"The public here has taken a great interest in M. Rousseau; and though we are now in the hottest time of our hottest factions, he is not forgot. Every circumstance, the most minute, that concerns him, is put in the news-papers. Unfortunately, one day, he lost his dog: this incident was in the papers next morning. Soon after, I recovered Sultan very surprisingly: this intelligence was communicated to the public immediately, as a piece of good news. Hundreds of persons have offered me their assistance to settle him; you would think that all the purses and all the houses of England were open to him. Did he understand the language, he would live very happily in this country. He is particularly pleased that nobody makes him speeches or compliments."

29th Aug. 1766.

"We hear that you was much alarmed in France with the prospect of war, upon Mr. Pitt's being taken into the ministry. That apprehension was always without foundation; but now more than ever, on account of his losing all his popularity, merely on account of his accepting a peerage. Of all the caprices of the people, in all ages, never was any more ridiculous and surprising. Lord Chatham is as much detested as ever Mr. Pitt was adored, without its being possible to assign any reason for this alteration. The folly, it is true, will probably pass in time; but this minister will never fully recover his former consideration, on account of his leav-

ing the House of Commons, which is the great scene of business."

"I saw to-day an Italian Abbé, and talked to him about the Court of Florence. He says that it has become a very disagreeable place, and that nothing can exceed the narrowness of mind in the Archduke and Archduchess. That princess rubs off, with her own hands, the paint and patches from the faces of the ladies, and makes them presents of tippets to cover their bosoms. I beseech you, never go to a place where you must be virtuous by constraint, lest you should take an inclination to become otherwise. You may, perhaps, be allowed, as an ambassador from France, to keep your *rouge*; but are you sure that you may not take a quarrel with virtue, when you see it accompanied with so much folly and ridicule? I beg my compliments to Madame de Vierville, and that you will believe me, with the greatest regard," &c.

In another letter Hume speaks of his constancy, as having become matter of jest. "That affair is now so totally ridiculous, that it can no longer give us the least shadow of anxiety. Agreeably to the licence of this country, there has been a great deal of railery on the incident, thrown out in the public papers, but all against that unhappy man. There is even a print engraved of it: M. Rousseau is represented as a Yahoo, newly caught in the woods; I am represented as a farmer, who caresses him and offers him some oats to eat, which he refuses in a rage; Voltaire and D'Alembert are whipping him up behind; and Horace Walpole making him horns of *papier maché*. The idea is not altogether absurd."

We have no space for further extracts at length; a multitude of detached passages might, however, still be quoted, as samples of the just reflections and good thoughts scattered through these papers.

"Was ever (says Hume, speaking of Rousseau's freaks) any thing in the world so unaccountable? For the purposes of life and conduct, and society, a little good sense is surely better than all this genius, and a little good humour than all this extreme sensibility." And Madame Bouffiers makes this admirable reflection on the quarrel. "The hands of friendship are entitled to respect, even after they are rent asunder, and the mere semblance of this sentiment is so likewise."

The translations are faithfully executed,\* and the whole work of a pleasing kind.

Letters written for the Post and not for the Press. London, 1820. 12mo. pp. 432.

With such a title it is hard to say how these letters have issued from the press. Many of them certainly are more fit for the intercourse of private correspondence than for the experiment of publi-

\* We may observe, that there are a few gallicisms and mistakes; *ex. gr.* "de pareils malheurs," (p. 190) is not accurately given, "similar misfortunes;" — the meaning is, such misfortunes.

cation. In truth, we can hardly tell what to make of them. Sometimes we fancied the writers were real flesh and blood Lady Lucy's, Lady S.'s, Mrs. H.'s &c.; and really their insipidity and want of object justify the suspicion; at other times we fancied we discerned some glimpses of meaning and design. At last we closed the book, as wise in these respects as when we opened it. On the whole we may say, that if genuine, the letters are hardly worth being diverted from their original destination and purpose; and if of literary manufacture, the author has miscalculated the measure of public curiosity, and greatly overlaid what was entertaining with what is unintelligible and insignificant. A hundred pages of tolerable matter are not a sufficient passport for four hundred of slip-stop, capital letters, and dashes.

The letters are from Scotland, Wales, Italy, &c.; and, leaving the others for the post, we select two of the fittest for the press; the first as a sensible epistle, and the last as the vehicle of a singular story.

"Lady S. to Lady T.

*Naples. No date.*

"I am truly sorry, my dear child, for the picture you give me of your young friend's married discomforts. I cannot, you know, judge under what views she changed her situation; but such disappointments are more often to be attributed to overstrained ideas of what marriage ought to be, and some romance as to our own powers of conferring perfect happiness, than to the reality of the evils she so feelingly disclosed. You must not be offended if I say your friend appeared to me to have more sensibility than sense; and having been considered what is called a beauty, I am not prepared to bestow all the compassion you do upon her present discontents: but since you desire to have her upon the list of my patients, I shall prescribe to the best of my power. I must first say, then, when her husband comes home ruffled by some circumstance he has met with in the world, and she flies up with a kiss, which she finds not very tenderly received, she must be content to be called a "fond fool," or to keep her kisses till a better opportunity. Going to her room to cry is childish; a man of sense will soon tire of that trick; and all the rose-water you tell me she employs to wash her eyes to make her "decent for dinner" would be better employed in brushing up those pretty ringlets of hers; which, if they adorn the smiling looks he used to find before her marriage, will sooner restore his cheerfulness, than all the parade she makes of smothered feelings. Don't, my dear, be taken in by all this stuff. Compare the difference of a sensible woman receiving her husband in good humour or bad, without teasing him with silly questions about what he is resolved she shall not know, and having temper and understanding to

soothe what may he amiss, or to partake of what may be agreeable at the moment,—and you will judge which of these women have the best chance of happiness: and those ladies who talk of their smothered feelings, always contrive to let enough escape to prove to him she is doing so. A man who is affectionate and kind-hearted must feel this; and do you suppose he will be the more attached to her after she has made him feel he has hurt her? By so doing, she lessens him in his own eyes, and he will naturally feel less happy in her society, than with those who treat him with smiles and consideration; which, probably, he has only to step into his carriage, and find in half a dozen well-lighted rooms, open to receive all husbands under similar feelings during the evening. You may say, "But no one there has such cause of complaint."—cause or no cause, we must manage husbands as they are, not as they ought to be, when we meet with such; and there are endless ways by which women, through their own folly, condense the cloud into a storm, which they might by one cheerful ray of good feeling, have dissipated at first; but this implies a little more self-discipline than, I imagine, your friend has ever put in practice.

"I fear, on looking over this, my prescription may not be very palatable; but unless you prove to me she is willing to take the bitter with the sweet, I can have nothing more to do with her.

"I wish I could fill your conservatory, my dear, from hence, such profusion of all those flowers you delight in are lavished upon every peasant's dwelling here: yet there is a sort of mockery in this; for the wretched state of those who breathe "perfume in every gale," might lead me to follow the moral strain beyond what you would find amusing. Adieu."

"Lady S. to Lady T.

*Naples, October, 18—.*

"I mentioned, my dear daughter, that I got the particulars of a most romantic and interesting history lately, and I only now have found leisure to write them down for you. When in public with the Marchioness of S—, I had seen her frequently address a very pleasing, fine young woman, whose name and rank I knew, but nothing more; and she said she wished I should be better acquainted with her before she told me her history. She was reserved, but had a mild sort of quiet melancholy in her manner, that attracted me very much; and you shall now learn the cause. I am not at liberty to give her full name, so you must be satisfied with her being called Rosalie, after her Saint. She was the daughter of one of the first houses in this country, and brought into the world with every advantage, having been educated at home, and under a very amiable mother, who, unfortunately, died when she was only fifteen. Her father had selected a youth for her partner in life every way worthy of her; and, what seldom happens, the young people were allowed to form an attachment before marriage, by a considerable degree of intimacy. The young Count's mother was a high, violent character; but

had not openly opposed this; however, she conducted herself in a manner that showed little partiality to her future daughter. All, however, went on till a few days before the marriage; great and splendid were the preparations, and future happiness appeared within their reach. The young people, as usual, were separated for the last two days: one hardly dare glance at the feelings with which they parted, to meet again in the happiest union; love and hope blinding them to all future chances against the completion of their happiness. The evening before the marriage day, Count P.'s mother came to his house, newly prepared for his bride, and said, it had been resolved the marriage should take place on that night, privately, to spare his lovely Rosalie's feelings, as she shrunk from the public solemnity, and that all should be ready, and at an hour she named, he would be called for by the father. Accordingly, every thing was so arranged, and the young man was conducted to church, his carriage following his supposed father-in-law. At the altar, which was dimly lighted, stood his mother and the bride, covered by a very thin silver tissue veil; and the ceremony proceeded. The youth, whose thoughts were fixed on his present happiness, and engrossed by the service, distinguished no one, and received his wife in full confidence. Silent she was, but tranquil; and his mother carried her home: all the *cortège* parted; and he followed to his own house, there to unveil the treasure of his heart. He found the saloon illuminated, and his brother and sister, who on some pretence had been kept absent from the ceremony, seemingly waiting in impatience with his mother beside the bride. The doors closed after him, and his mother withdrew the veil, and discovered to him that his wife was a beautiful idiot, whose large estates she had long coveted, and had taken this most wicked manner of obtaining for her family. The anguish that followed brought him to the gates of death, and the loss of reason had nearly been the price at which she gained the success of a plan, truly diabolical. His sister, a most amiable creature, soothed him, at last, into submission to his hard fate, after finding no means were left to set him free. Of the mother and idiot I say nothing; he never saw either, I believe, from that hour: public hatred followed both, you may suppose, though one only could be called guilty. Rosalie's fate, I believe, has drawn more tears than any event in real life ever did in Naples. Public proof was brought her father, next morning, of the marriage, but, it was added, the bride being veiled, her name was not known. Enraged, as you may conceive, he carried his daughter (in silence) to his villa, and there, I understand, with more of tenderness than might have been expected from his stern character, unfolded what he deemed the treachery of her lover. The death-blow to all her happiness was such, as her most interesting countenance proves, fifteen years cannot efface; and, for a couple of years, life seemed held by a very slender thread. That a young woman should remain unmarried out of a

convent, is a thing unknown; and her vast possessions made her father anxiously desire to see her married, before the fatal truth was made known to her, as the sacredness of sorrow had kept aloof all intruders, and her father resolved she should return to the world under the protection of a husband. How this was brought about, may be accounted for by those who know the state of society here. All she desired, when she found her father's will must be obeyed, was a full explanation of her situation to this Marquis —, whom she married.

Thus, my dear, was this tragedy brought to the most trying scene—the discovery of her lover's innocence, after she herself was another's. The Marquis undertook this; he is a cold character, but to her appeared sincerely attached.

"I have worked my way thus far, my dear daughter, to show you human nature under quite a new light. Rosalie was now only nineteen, when this hardest part of her trial was appointed her: but the effects were quite different from what might have been looked for; the cup of misery appeared to have overflowed, and she received the intelligence as a relief from the bitterness of her former pangs; and, grateful for his faith, she owed it was wisely done to place new duties before her, ere she was acquainted with his share in their mutual misery: this proved a greatness of mind, which she has never deviated from since.

"Once, and only once, they met in private society, and she requested only her father and husband might be witnesses. With such a woman, what must have been the effect upon all present. She clasped him to her heart, and wept in his arms; then turned to her husband, and said to Count P. "To this generous man we owe this indulgence; kneel with me, and swear it is the last intercourse we shall ever have together."

"You may believe this noble woman's example won him to follow her upright views; and, I am told, at no moment of their lives, during those years, has that row ever been broken: in public they meet, but the life of each is exemplary. She fills the station of a wife and mother to perfection, and is rewarded by the respect of her husband, and all her society. There is an elevated character in her sorrows and self-command, that attracts my veneration: and, as to him, I do think one of her most severe and secret pangs must be to read in his faded form, and fine dejected countenance, what he has suffered. To me, all the penance that superstition could invent, or romance ever dictated, falls short of this existence: but in all sorrows being shared, and virtuous, there must be support; and this, truly, she merits and obtains. In England, much feeling would be given to the husband; but, I suppose, there is not in Naples a man who has better reason to think well of his wife, and he chose the lot for himself, when he could not foresee it was to end so well.

"The idiot and mother both live, no one knows where. Count P. married his sister to a Venetian, and devotes his time to her

and her family. Adieu: my blessing ever attend you.

"Yours truly."

There are some odd blunders in the volume—perhaps typographical. A farewell evening in Scotland is called a *joy* (p. 29) instead of *joy*, the origin of which in the French *joie*, *fréside*, (where such entertainments are given) is very obvious; and a young lady (p. 111) writes, that she has all the weighty affairs of the *tenure* of her friend on the eve of marriage to attend to, which we confess we cannot comprehend at all,—that being a Vestal, and not a Nuptial, preparation.

Upon the whole, the gist of these letters, if they have any, is not obvious enough; and though pleasantly written, they are defective in striking materials for general relish.

*America, and other, Poems.* Liverpool and London, 1820. 12mo. pp. 72.

The largest poem in this small volume is a rather pleasing composition, descriptive of the author's feelings while travelling in America. These feelings do honour to his mind; and, as his verse flows easily in the Goldsmith fashion, though not of the Goldsmith stamp, there is nothing to challenge critical animadversion. The picture is very different in colouring from that drawn by Moore: we select a *passage* as a specimen; and, as it relates to the sea voyage across the Atlantic, we may be accused of an inveterate punning as the man who lost a wager by whistling through the *Wood Liddle* on seeing a fellow in the pillory, when he had laid a bet that he would not be guilty of a pun within a given time.

"'Tis a dull life, when, day succeeding day,  
Before us lies, a dark and watery way:  
The spirit sinks in languor when the eye  
Has gas'd for weeks upon the sea and sky,  
And the frail bark that bears us seems a loss  
And trembling object in a world unknown.  
And though, at times, with cooqu'd danger's  
pride,

Our bosoms swell as o'er the waves we ride,  
Watching the gleaming billow, or the sail  
That spreads in silvery whiteness to the gale,  
Still there's a drowsy sameness, and we feel  
Its deep oppression o'er existence steal;  
And the heart leaps, when bursts the cry of  
"LAND!"

Tho' barren rock it prove, or burning sand.  
The following is also a fair example—

And oh! how sick'ning to our hopes, to know  
That all the mind in youth's romantic glow,  
Warm from the talcs of Greece and Rome, be-  
liev'd;

Was but a splendid vision that deceiv'd;  
That man, however call'd, wherever plac'd,  
Still grovelling fingers with an earthward taste,  
And nations, individuals—slaves or free,  
Are but a mass of pride and misery.—  
Nor this the only morning-dream we knew,  
That fades in sadness, or that proves untrue:  
Are love's fond hopes more happy? Ev'n to-  
morrow

Rapture's warm sigh may end in tears of sorrow,  
And hearts, now bright in young affection's  
bosoms,  
So soon be wrapt in coldness or the tomb:

—High are our first aspirations; and we deem  
The heirs of Fame must more than mortal seem,  
The Poet be a demi-god, and rise  
Beyond this grosser frame's infirmities:—  
Then, oh! how ardently we long to soar  
Immortal flights, as they have done before;  
To share a kindred spirit, and to shine  
Like those our admiration holds divine!

—And though experience, with severer eyes,  
May make us wretched ere it make us wise,  
Yet still through life we fondly turn to dwell  
On all the guiltless heart hath lov'd so well.

The conclusion breathes the fervour so generally felt by Englishmen, who have been long absent from their native land, and learnt better how to prize it than those who remain at home.

O, for the hour when I shall press thy shore,  
For me'er, my country! I will leave thee more!  
No yearly pestilence infects thy air!  
No murd'rous Indian yells his war-whoop there!  
But legal pow'r o'er lawless might prevails—  
Wealth crowns thy cities, and content thy sales,  
And, warring with the world, thyself at rest,  
Thy sons are honour'd, and thy daughters blest;

The minor poems are pretty. We reprint two as instances.

#### BALLAD.

When the sky is black above, and the billows  
White below,  
And between the foaming swells we are lab'ring  
to and fro;  
When waves they roar beneath us, and thunders  
roll o'er our head,  
O think ye not, ye Landsmen, it is a scene of  
dread.  
But dreadful tho' it be, it cannot us appal,  
For we trust Affection pours her pray'rs, and  
Mercy hears them all.  
When the ship is on her beams, and the masts  
are all a wreck,  
Or, to 'scape thewhelming surge, we are lash'd  
upon the deck;  
When night is closing fast, and no hope of suc-  
cor near,  
O think ye not, ye Landsmen, it is a scene of  
fear?  
But fearful tho' it be, yet it cannot us appal,  
For we trust Affection pours her pray'rs, and  
Mercy hears them all.

But see the morn approaching, a vessel heaves  
in sight,  
The waves are sinking to a calm, the breezes  
they are light!  
She marks our waving signal, and swiftly bear-  
eth down,  
The red-cross is her flag, and her country is  
our own!  
With pleasure, then, ye Landsmen, our dan-  
gers we recall,  
For we feel Affection pour'd her pray'rs, and  
Mercy hears them all!

#### ELEGIAC STANZAS,

Written on the approach of Winter.

Bare are the boughs where clust'ring foliage grew,  
And loud the chilling winds howl o'er the  
plain;  
The hedge-row shines no more with morning's  
dew,  
But hangs, in gath'ring drops, the heavy rain.  
Another summer of my youth is gone,  
Nor left a trace to say it once was mine:  
In fully spent its golden hours have flown,  
Or idly lost to pleasure's glittering shrine.  
I fondly hop'd to seek the classic page,  
Or woo stern Science in her peaceful call:

—Still madder thoughts each passing day engage,  
And ev'n neglected lies the Muse's shell.

Yet dreamt I once to form some lofty strains  
Might bid my mem'ry live beyond the tomb:—  
But Genus flies from Polly's rapid train,  
And seeks the shadowy glen's inspiring gloom;  
Or, stretch'd upon some mountain's craggy steep,

He views the dark'ning scene that spreads around  
And hears, while bending o'er the foaming deep,  
Unearthly voices swell the tempest's sound:—  
'Tis his to bid the spirit fly from earth,  
And join the seraph-forms of Fancy's sky;  
To give each warmest, wildest feeling birth—  
Love's throbbing pulse, or Pity's melting sigh.

No feeble effort ever gain'd the meed  
That crowns the honour'd sage or gifted bard;  
To sleepless nights the laurel is decreed,  
And but a life can gain the bright reward.  
And what avails the high aspiring mind?  
The wreath of glory binds an aching brow;  
Nor can the breast its promis'd pleasure find,  
Though thousands praise, or realms in homage bow.

O, seek not Fame! The heart to Nature true,  
In moral independence may aspire  
To joys not disappointment can subdue,  
Nor want can lessen, nor indulgence tire.  
As sweetly breathes the charter'd minstrel's strain

When but Affection listens to the lay,  
As when it tones the World's applauding gain,  
And tut-tut! crowds their artless tribute pay.  
Then, O! for some sequester'd depth of shade,  
Some calm retreat to fond attachments dear;  
Where, Nature's grateful worship warmly paid,  
May pass in guiltless ease the changing year

There to green vale or leafy wilderness,  
At dewy morn, my lonely steps be sped,  
Music's sweet voice the social evening bless,  
And night devote me to th' immortal dead.  
In deeds of bounty, or in thoughts that raise  
The struggling spirit to a higher sphere,  
My life be pass'd; and if remote from praise,  
Free from each anxious toil, or guilty fear.

Calm, even as the ocean when at rest  
(And scarce by summer's breath its surface curl'd)  
Beneath the moon's mild beam, its tranquil breast  
Reflects the image of a brighter world.

The author mentions, in a preface, that his life is of an active kind; and he is, we are informed, a Liverpool merchant. Such relaxations as these must tend greatly to refine and elevate, as well as to relieve and charm the hurry of busy pursuits.

#### KENSINGTON.

*History and Antiquities of Kensington, interspersed with Biographical Anecdotes, &c. &c.* By Thomas Faulkner, Author of the *Historical Accounts of Chelsea and Fulham*. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 624.

There is an amusing gossip character in these parochial histories, which renders them very agreeable reading; and, especially to persons resident within the bounds, they are interesting and curious. Mr. Faulkner's

preceding works on Chelsea and Fulham, have blazoned his name as a very diligent and pleasing writer in this way, and the present publication is of a character equally amusing. There are, to be sure, many episodes, which might be introduced into any other parish survey whatever; and perhaps one fourth of the volume might be lopped away without injustice to Kensington. Still however the compilation is consistent, and the original matter various. Such productions offer little for detailed remark. There is a good account of Holland House, and antiquities and the arts generally have their fair share of consideration.

In the *Domesday Book*, Kensington is written *Cheneseton*: in a Charter of Henry I. *Chensetuna*, and at subsequent periods, *Kensitune*, *Kinsintuna*, *Kensintuna*, and *Kensitune*. *Cheneset* was a proper name: a person so called held the manor of Huish, Somersetshire, in the reign of Edward the Confessor; so that perhaps this place may have been originally *Cheneset Tun*, or the *Town of Cheneset*.

In the Hall of Holland House is the model of Westminster's statue of Charles Fox, on the north side of Bloomsbury Square: upon which Lord John Russell has inscribed the following elegantly complimentary lines. Search History's page, there, reader! you will find

The best memorial of a Fox's mind:  
Behold the form—the sculptor's graphic art  
Has here preserved his weaker mortal part;  
Yet ask you still the charms which all subdued;  
Go walk up stairs, and see that charm renew'd.

Among the Virtuoso possessions of the nobleman thus handsomely eulogized, Mr. Faulkner mentions—

"Specimens of all the types in the Vatican Library, printed in the Propaganda press, A. D. 1640, on silk.

"The music of the 'Olimpiade,' an opera of Metastasio, well authenticated to have been transcribed by J. J. Rousseau, when that extraordinary man procured his livelihood by copies of this kind. The hand writing is so beautiful that it resembles copperplate engraving.

"Four volumes of MS. Plays of Lope de Vega, the first containing three plays in his own hand writing, with the original license of the censor."

Three original letters of Petrarch are also in Lord Holland's library.

A Major Codd, residing in Purson's Yard, Kensington, is spoken of as the possessor of a fine private collection of pictures, including the great masters Domenichino, Albano, A. Veronese, Schidone, Caravaggio, Correggio, M. Angel, and Raffael. The three last-mentioned are, a *Leda and Nymphs*; the *Fall of the Titans*, 15 in. by 9; and *St. Peter and St. John*, 14 in. by 11. A list of Lord Ennismore's select and superb collection, at his house in the Gore, is given. It is rich in Venetian and Flemish, as well as British masters. The pictures in Kensington Palace are also catalogued—several of them are in the Exhibition now open at the British Gallery.

As a further example of the very miscel-

laneous nature of the volume, we extract a few passages. Sir Isaac Newton, it is well known, died in Kensington: the particulars of this event are thus related from the MSS. of his nephew, Mr. Conduit.

"Sir Isaac Newton was never married. He was in his person of middle stature, latterly inclined to corpulency. His eyes were lively and piercing, and his aspect gracious. In his diet he was temperate and abstemious, but observed no particular regimen and he enjoyed uninterrupted health until within five years of his death, when he became afflicted with the stone.

"In January 1725, he was attacked by a violent cough and inflammation of the lungs, when he was persuaded to take a house in Orbell's Buildings, Kensington, where he had, in his eighty-fourth year, a fit of the gout: after which he was visibly better than he had been for some years, receiving great benefit from the air and quiet of the place."

"In the latter end of February, 1726-7, his attendance on the Royal Society, and the fatigue he incurred in making some visits in London, brought his old complaint of the stone, violently upon him, and Dr. Mead, and Cr. Cheelden, being called in, gave up hopes of his recovery. He continued to suffer frequent and violent fits of pain, with very short intermissions, without complaint, or shewing the least signs of peevishness or impatience. On Saturday morning, the 18th of March, he read the newspaper, and held a long discourse with Dr. Mead, and had all his senses perfect, but that evening at six, and the following day, he was insensible, and died on Monday the 20th March, between one and two o'clock in the morning."

From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step.—At Campden House

"A remarkable caper tree in the garden, mentioned by Mr. Lysons, was standing till the winter of 1799. It had endured the open air of this climate, for more than a century. Miller speaks of it in the first edition of his dictionary. It was sheltered from the north, having a south-east aspect, and though not within the reach of any artificial heat, it produced fruit every year." • •

"In the year 1804 a duel took place in the meadows situated to the west of Holland House. Upon the spot where Lord Camelford fell, an antique Roman altar has been erected by Lord Holland. On the base, which is modern, is engraven the following inscription, in allusion to the fatal transaction:—

• • "I was on Sunday night, the 7th of March, 1724-5, at Kensington, with Sir Isaac Newton, in his lodgings, just after he was come out of a fit of the gout, which he had had in both his feet, for the first time, in the eighty-third year of his age, he was better after it, and had his health clearer, and memory stronger than I had known him then for some years."

April 15th, 1726.

"I passed the whole day with Sir Isaac alone, at his lodgings, Orbell's Buildings, Kensington, which was the last time I saw him. He told me then that he was born on Christmas Day, 1642.

HOC  
DIS. MAN. VOTO  
DISCORDIAM  
DEPRECAMUR.

"The horse on which Mr. Best rode to the place of hostile meeting, had been won by that *good shot* from his Lordship, in a contest at a mark with pistols; thus verifying the classic adage, *ἡ δόξα ἔσθ' ἂν ἀνδρὶν ἀνδρῶν* in allusion to the belt of Ajax and the sword of Hector."

"Opposite to St. George's Hospital at Hyde Park corner, stood a large fort, with four bastions, which formed one of the many flung up in the year 1642. It is incredible with what speed the citizens threw a rampart of earth all round the city and suburbs of London, strengthened with batteries and redoubts at proper intervals. This was occasioned by the alarm of an attack from the royal army. Men, women, and children, assisted by thousands. The active part which the fair sex took in the work, is admirably described by the luminate author of Hudibras, who (says he),

\* March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,  
To trench the city for defence in;  
Rain'd rampiers with their own soft hands,  
To put the enemy to stands:  
From ladies down to oyster wenches,  
Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,  
Fell'n to their pick axes and tools,  
And help'd the men to dig like moles."

"Another similar rampart stood upon the site of the present Mount Street, and from which it took its name.

"*Moderate Intelligence*, 26 April to 3d May, 1654.—Hyde Park, May 1. This day there was the hurling of a great ball, by fifty Cornish gentlemen on the one side, and fifty on the other: one party played in red caps and the other in white. There was present, his Highness the Lord Protector, many of his Privy Council, and divers eminent gentlemen, to whose view was presented great agility of body, and most neat and exquisite wrestling, at every meeting of one with the other, which was ordered with such dexterity, that it was to show more the strength, vigour, and nimbleness of their bodies, than to endanger their persons. The ball they played withal, was silver, and designed for that party which did win the goal.

"*Several proceedings of State affairs*, 27th April to 4th May, 1654.

"Monday, 1st May, 1654.—This day was more observed by peoples going a maying, than for divers years past, and indeed much sin committed by wicked meetings with fiddlers, drunkenness, ribaldry, and the like; great resort came to Hyde Park, many hundreds of rich coaches and gallants in attire, but most shameful powdered hair men, and painted and spotted women, some men played with a silver ball, and some took other recreation.

"But his Highness the Lord Protector went not thither, nor any of the Lords of the Council, but were busied about the great affairs of the Commonwealth, and among other things had under consultation how to advance trade for the good of the people with all speed that might be, and

other great affairs for the good of the Commonwealth."

It is in this manner that Mr. Faulkner conducts us over the parish of Kensington; and we are sure that our readers, at least in that charming vicinity of the metropolis, will be much gratified with the perusal of his researches.

### *The Percy Anecdotes. Part IX. Justice.* London, 1820.

This is the continuation of the little publication which we have before noticed favourably, as a neat and pleasing collection of anecdotes and remark. The former are well chosen, and the latter generally unobjectionable. It might perhaps add to the interest, were the works quoted whence they are derived; but perhaps the editors would lose their claim to originality by that course. We transcribe a page or two as exemplary of the present Number, which has for its frontispiece a well-engraved portrait of Lord Eldon.

"*Clameur de Haro*.—In the time of Rollo of Normandy, a custom prevailed in that country, that in all cases of invasion of property, or personal violence, requiring immediate remedy, the party aggrieved called aloud on the name of the duke three several times, and the aggressor was instantly, at his peril, to forbear attempting any thing farther. The words of this invocation form a phrase still common in Jersey. *Ha Ro à l'aide, mon prince! Aa, or Ha*, is the exclamation of a person suffering; *Ro*, is the Duke Rollo's name abbreviated. Such is that famous *Clameur de Haro*, which subsisted in practice long after Rollo was no more, and is so much praised by all who have written on the Norman laws.

"A memorable example of the power of this severity was exhibited about one hundred and seventy years after Rollo's death, at the funeral of William the Conqueror.

"It seems that in order to build the great abbey of St. Stephen at Caen, where he desired to be interred after his decease, the conqueror had caused several houses to be pulled down to enlarge the area, and among them one whose owner had received no satisfaction for his loss. The son of this person (others say the person himself), observing the grave of William to be dug on that very spot of ground which had been the site of his father's house, went boldly into the midst of the funeral assemblage, and forbade them, in the name of Rollo, to bury the body there.

"Paulus (Emilius, who relates the story, says that he addressed himself to the company in these words:—

"He who oppressed kingdoms by his arms, has been my oppressor also, and has kept me under a continual fear of death. Since I have outlived him who injured me, I mean not to acquit him now he is dead. The ground wherein you are going to lay this man is mine; and I affirm, that none may in justice, bury their dead in ground which belongs to another. If, after he is gone, force and violence are still used to detain my right

from me, I appeal to Rollo, the founder and father of our nation, who though dead, lives in his laws. I take refuge in those laws, owning no authority above them."

"This bold speech, uttered in presence of the departed king's own son, Prince Henry, afterwards King Henry I. wrought its effect; the *Ha—Ro* was respected; the man had compensation made him for his wrongs, and all opposition ceasing, the dead king was laid in his grave.

"In the life of William the conqueror, in the Harleian collection, the incident is thus related:—

"When the bishop had finished his sermon, one Anselm Fitz-Arthur stood up among the multitude, and with a high voice said, 'This ground whereupon we stand, was some time the floor of my father's house, which that man, of whom you have spoken, when he was Duke of Normandy, took violently from my father, and afterwards founded thereon this religious building. This injustice he did not by ignorance or oversight, nor by any necessity of state; but to content his own covetous desire: now therefore I do challenge this ground as my right; and do here charge you, as you will answer it before the fearful face of Almighty God, that the body of the spoiler be not covered with the earth of my inheritance.'

"When the bishops and noblemen that were present heard this, and understood by the testimony of many that it was true, they agreed to give him three pounds presently for the ground that was broken for the place of burial; and for the residue which was claimed, they undertook he should be fully satisfied. This promise was performed in a short time after by Henry, the king's son, who only (of his sons) was present at the funeral; at whose appointment Fitz-Arthur received for the price of the same ground, one hundred pounds."

"*Corrupt Influence*.—The practice of privately influencing judges concerning causes before them, prevailed even in remote times of supposed simplicity. Hesiod, who had a troublesome law-suit with his brother Perses, inveighs strongly against it; he calls the Boeotian judges, *deceivers of presents*.

"In England it was the established usage, to pay fines for delaying proceedings, even affecting the defendant's life; at other times they were paid to expedite process, and to obtain right; and in some cases the parties litigant, offered part of what they might recover, to the crown, as a bribe for its favour. Madox mentions many instances of fines for 'the king's favour,' and particularly of the Dean of London's paying twenty marks to the king, that he might assist him against the bishop in a law-suit.

"The county of Norfolk (always represented as a litigious county, in so much, that the number of attorneys allowed to practice in it, was limited by a statute of Henry VI., to eight) paid an annual composition at the exchequer, that it might be fairly dealt with.

"Daniel asserts, that the influence of Alice Pierce was so great, that she used to sit on the bench with the judges in Westminster

Hall, when she interested herself in a cause. She was forbidden by a writ from Edward III. from interfering, under pain of banishment.

Charles II. in appeals to the House of Lords, used to go about whilst the cause was hearing, and solicit particular lords for appeal or respondent. The practice had indeed increased to a most shameful extent, just previous to the revolution; and all historians agree, that nothing gave deeper sensations of disgust, than the corrupt decisions which by such means were procured from the base and timid men who filled the seat of judgment.

"Whitelocke in his memoirs, p. 13, says, 'My father did often and highly complain against this way of sending to the judges for their opinions before hand; and said, that if Bishop Laude went on in this way he would kindle a flame in the nation. How truly he predicted need not be told.

"Dr. Donne, in his fifth satire, has the following witty allusion to the practice:—

'Judges are Gods; and he who made them so,  
Neanst not men should be forced to them to go  
By means of angels.'

"The satirist here plays on the double sense of the word 'angels,' signifying both a coin and a messenger.

"In Scotland so shamelessly did they go about the work of corruption of old, that there is actually extant an order of the Court of Session, or Act of Sederunt, as they call it, which appoints the particular hours of the day at which the judges may be solicited at their own houses!

"Amidst the systematic corruption which we find prevailed before the revolution, some solitary instances of an opposite character are however to be met with, which would have done honour to the purest periods of our judicial history.

"A nobleman of the first distinction went once to the chamber of Sir Matthew Hale, when Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and told him, 'that having a suit in law to be tried before him, he had come to acquaint his lordship with it, that he might the better understand the matter when it should come into court.' Hale immediately interrupted him, and said, he did not deal fairly to come to his chamber about such affairs, for he never received information of any causes but in open court, where both parties were to be heard alike. The nobleman went away not a little dissatisfied, and complained to the king (Charles II) of Judge Hale's conduct, as a rudeness that was not to be endured. His majesty desired him to be content that he had been used no worse, adding, 'that he verily believed the baron would have used himself no better, had he gone to solicit him privately in any one of his own causes.'

"*Pocotia*.—When Lord Mansfield one day took his seat as Lord Chief Justice of England, a man was brought into court to receive judgment for an assault, of which he had been convicted. He wore remarkably large whiskers, and was known to be very proud of them. His affidavit stated that he was unable to pay any pecuniary fine, and the court was unwilling to imprison him. On

this being intimated to Mr. Dunning, the counsel for the prosecution, he instantly replied, 'Then if it please your lordship, we will consent to mulct him of his mustachoes, and humbly pray your lordship that he may be shaved.'

"A highwayman, named Bolland, confined in Newgate, sent for a solicitor to know how he could defer his trial; and was answered 'by getting an apothecary to make affidavit of his illness.' This was accordingly done in the following manner: 'The deponent verily believes, that if the said James Bolland is obliged to take his trial at the ensuing sessions, he will be in imminent danger of his life.' To which the learned judge on the bench answered, 'That he verily believed so too!' The trial was ordered to proceed immediately."

*Italy and its Inhabitants; an Account of a Tour in that Country, in 1816, 1817, &c. By James Aug. Galiffe, of Geneva. London, 1820. 8vo. 2 vols.*

This work needs no apology for being written in English by a foreigner: we wish the style of all our native travellers, and authors, were as good. But Mr. Galiffe possesses higher recommendations. He thinks for himself; and even in descanting upon familiar subjects, his observations are intelligent and valuable. He certainly does not flatter our national character or prejudices; but we do not like him the worse on that account. Thank heaven, John Bull has a sufficiently high opinion of himself, not to care a curse what a Genevese may say or think of him. Nevertheless, there may be some truth in the remarks of Mr. Galiffe; and we advise the less dogmatical of our countrymen rather to reflect on the allegations, than express their contempt for the accuser. For ourselves we shall say, that we think the conclusion of the first volume unjust in its strictures; but on other points, such as presumption, impertinence, &c., we are not so sure that the author is wrong. Towards the Germans he is hardly more placid; and the French he dislikes. Switzerland and Italy, are the countries which he regards with admiration; the former having the honour of his birth, the latter the benefit of his opinions in unison with those of the liberal party. At the same time, he hates Buonaparte, and oppression; the Austrians at Venice; the settlement of Europe at the late peace, and Partition and Tyranny every where.

Such is the general character of the writer; and we confess that his sentiments acquire greater weight with us,

from the idea he has given us of his impartiality. When we dissent from him, it is rather that we distrust his judgment than doubt his fairness; and, making due allowances for the different optics with which persons of different countries and habits look at objects, we cannot say that we are very often at issue with this clever and entertaining writer.

These few preliminaries are thrown out, because Mr. Galiffe is more reflective than any tourist in Italy whom we have lately read; and we thought it right to make our readers a little acquainted with him, before we began our customary course of making him his own exhibitor. We commence with the very entrance into the theatre of his travels. He says, at page 13—

"It is time that I should say something of the famous road over the *Simplon*; though, indeed, so much has already been said respecting it, that I might perhaps be excused for passing it over in silence; the rather as I unfortunately do not participate in the extraordinary enthusiasm, which the very mention of it generally excites. I have met with numbers of sensible men who could not speak of this work of Buonaparte but in terms of the most extravagant admiration. And I have even found persons who had not seen the work, ready to quarrel with any one who could suppose that there was any undertaking in the world to be compared with it. It is, I am sorry to say, almost exclusively amongst the English that I have met with these enthusiastic admirers of every thing which is in any way connected with the name of that tyrant, to whose overthrow they have so mainly contributed. I really believe that many of them imagine that they are thus exhibiting only a generous liberality; but to me it appears the most unaccountable of all foibles. To raise a humbled but generous foe, is, indeed, a noble act; but to profess extravagant admiration for a cruel despot, the avowed enemy of freedom and of every liberal sentiment, is unworthy of the inhabitants of a free country.

"If the road over the *Simplon* were the first work of the kind ever thought of, one might, though detesting the character, admire the genius, of the man who had designed and accomplished it. But there existed previously many other roads of the same description, some of them much more admirable, when considered with reference to the great disparity of the means with which they were accomplished,—a circumstance which ought never to be lost sight of. Buonaparte ordered some hundreds of his slaves to cut a road over the *Simplon*, similar to those which existed in several other parts of the Alps and Apennines. It cost him, perhaps, sixty or eighty of his men, who were crushed by the falling of some of the galleries, or blown into the air by the blasting of the rocks. What was that to him—who, according to his own account, had a disposable

annual income of 120 or 150,000 livres? It cost him besides, a few millions of francs; but who believes that either he, or any of his creatures, deprive their tables of a single morsel of bread towards its completion? Besides, what was pecuniary expense to one who disposed, at his pleasure, of almost all the public and private treasures of Europe? Never can I profane my admiration, by bestowing it on the works of mere *despotic will*, acting upon the persons and fortunes of so many millions of men! Never can I bring myself to admire what I hate; and most cordially do I hate unlimited power. He who possesses it by the chance of birth, may often set little value upon it—may sometimes even take pleasure in fixing limits to its exercise; and in that case, (as Madame de Staël very justly observed, in speaking of the present Emperor of Russia,) his personal character becomes a Constitution for his subjects. But he who seizes it in opposition to every right, and without any other title than that of brutal force, will inevitably be a tyrant."

There is much good sense and rational truth in these remarks: the following is a more amusing illustration.

"*Monsieur de Chateaucœur*, in his *Letters on Italy*, hints at one of Buonaparte's chief objects in multiplying the means of communication between the different parts of Europe, namely, that of annihilating the boundaries which nature (or, to speak more religiously, which God) had interposed between them. This puts me in mind of a strange German novel, called '*Baron Fleming, Junior*;' the hero of which wisely resolves to restore the human race to what he considered its primitive beauty, by preventing from marrying, every man or woman on his estates who had not faxen hair and an aquiline nose; a whim which causes in the end the most dreadful disorders. The attempt to force all the nations of the earth under one yoke, and to blend them into one uniform race of slaves, is not much more absurd than the scheme for extirpating brown eyes and black hair from the future generations of a German barony. But what would be merely ridiculous in a country gentleman, is atrocious and intolerable in a sovereign despot."

Como and its concerns, at present so vitally interesting to us, occupy some of the author's attention; and we should be inexcusable were we to pass over his statements, however slight, for they are those of a neutral.

"The town of Como itself is not remarkable for its beauty; but, had it been as magnificent as Peterburgh, we could not have enjoyed it, besieged as we were at every step by crowds of beggars, whose numbers every donation seemed to double, and who hardly left us room either to move or to breathe."

"The next morning, Tuesday, the 8th of October, we disembarrassed ourselves of this plague, by embarking on the lake in a boat with four pair of oars. One of our boat-men took great pains to entertain us during the voyage with anecdotes and standing jests against Germans, country parsons,

and the Princess of Wales. But we paid little attention to him, being rapt in admiration of the scenery round us. Nothing can be more enchanting at first sight, than the panoramic view from the lake at a little distance from the shore. It is surrounded with hills covered with woods, villages, and palaces; the green of nature being here, as on other landscapes on this side the Alps, beautifully spangled with the silvery whiteness of the dwellings of man."

"The palace of the Princess of Wales lies on the shore opposite to Como, and has a grand appearance at a distance; but it is far from being a desirable habitation. The heat in summer, the frost in winter, and the mountain torrents in spring and autumn, make it, by turns, as disagreeable a residence as a palace can be. Her Royal Highness seldom spends there more than two or three days at a time, though she has laid out immense sums in roads, as well as in repairs and alterations of the palace. As we were told that no Englishmen were admitted, and as N——'s curiosity was not powerful enough to induce him to disguise, even for a few minutes, a circumstance on which he particularly prided himself, we did not attempt to land in the face of Her Royal Highness's Hungarian guards; but kept near the eastern shore of the lake which offers the greatest number of interesting places to visit."

"The first villa on the eastern side is that of the *Marchese di Cornaggio*; who has erected a small pyramid in his garden, as a monument to the memory of a faithful dog, by whose courage his life was saved in an encounter with robbers."

Mr. Galiffe draws a vivid portrait of the Milanese: it is worth studying, and as matters now stand, must be productive (we suppose) of changes. "When I speak (he says) of the Milanese, or of any other nation on this side the Alps, I wish to be understood as speaking of the general mass of inhabitants forming the medium between the highest and the lowest classes. I exclude from my judgment both these extremes, because they are very nearly alike throughout Italy; the former sensible, well-informed, acute and quick in thought; but selfish and distrustful; and for that reason slow in action, and incapable of either rash or noble deeds. The people of the lowest classes are individually good, collectively bad; they are both better and worse than in any other country; and they are more easily either led astray, or reclaimed, because they are open to a much greater variety of impressions than persons of their station in any other part of Europe. They may be driven momentarily to any excess, because their extreme poverty, and the love of pleasure, expose them to the most violent temptations: but they are incapable of persevering in mischief, because the same love of sensual pleasure softens and restrains the ruder and more violent impulses of their natural disposition. By the highest class I do not mean the whole body of Nobility, but only those amongst them whose great riches, rank, and connections, give them a powerful and extensive in-

fluence over large portions of the community. This class did not behave as it ought to have done, in the last revolutions. It ought to have stepped forth, and asserted its country's right to independence; and it would probably have succeeded; for the Lombards are susceptible of the highest degree of enthusiasm for great and noble objects. It may, however, be said on the other hand, that such efforts, if unsuccessful, do more harm than that cautious forbearance which temporizes with evil. And, after all, there is no law of prescription for nations. The people, who have borne a foreign yoke for centuries, still retain the same right to independence and to liberty, as these who have been only recently deprived of these blessings. The gifts of God are not to be alienated; and those who hold that any set of men are competent to sell the liberties of their posterity, are, in my opinion, as little deserving of the name of Christians, as of rational beings. A time, I hope, will come, when neither French nor German invaders will dare to consider as lawful prey, a nation so far superior to either of them, in every thing but military strength. But if this is not to be,—if the Lombards must have a foreign master, then undoubtedly a German Prince is better suited to them than a French one; though, for the moment, he be less agreeable to them. The French were abhorred, and would at last, I have reason to believe, have been massacred; but the Austrians are now even more disliked than the French were. The former by their military successes, inspired a certain degree of respect in a people but too susceptible of admiration for vain splendour: the latter by their heavy, ungraceful appearance, their coarse language, and unpolished manners, disgust the most elegant nation on earth;—a nation which, naturally enough, however indefensibly, is too lightly attracted by those exterior charms which itself so eminently possesses, and is inclined to despise the people in whom those attractions are wanting. But these are the very circumstances which ought to make the Lombards prefer the Germans to the French."

"The minds of the Milanese youth have indeed been tainted, like those of all the other subjects of Buonaparte, with the atrocious principles which he strove to inculcate. Every conceivable form of deception and fascination,—the dazzling promises of imaginary glory, the tempting promises of military or pecuniary rewards, the grossest historical lies, and above all, the sweet illusion of national independence,—were employed to mislead and corrupt them. But that noble candour which laid them open to error, is, in the end, its surest antidote. The Austrian government seems aware of this, and displays a moderation and mildness which are very creditable to its liberality. The most imprudent speeches are daily uttered and reported, without occasioning the least persecution; and young men who loudly profess unalterable attachment to their late Chief, are as kindly encouraged to take service under the present dynasty, as if the fullest reliance could be placed on

their loyalty. This conduct is judicious; and it would probably produce the wished-for effect, if it were associated with some few circumstances, of little importance in appearance, but of great weight in reality. The civil and military officers sent to Milan from Austria, ought to have been selected from amongst the most elegant and polished Germans. They ought to have been sent with a young, and generous, and gallant prince (if there be such an one in the house of Austria); and a brilliant Court ought to have been established here, to occupy, enrich, and amuse the different classes of the inhabitants. Had this been done, the success would hardly have been doubtful.

"Still better would it be if the Emperor of Austria were to become sensible of the necessity of separating his Italian from his German possessions, and of making the former the exclusive inheritance of one branch of his family: in which case, although the young Sovereign and his companions might at first dispense, as Germans,—their children would be Italians; and no appearance of a foreign yoke would gail the succeeding generation.

"But there is little hope of the adoption of either of these alternatives: and it seems as if Providence had other views for this beautiful country, than to let it vegetate under a master who so little appreciates its worth."

(To be continued.)

#### NEW RUSSIA.

The Marquis of Castelnar, who has passed his long exile in the Crimea, has just published an Essay on the ancient and modern History of New Russia.

He has employed twenty-four chapters on the History of New Russia, from the time of the Argonauts, who landed on the banks of the Ister (Danube), till the conquest of these coasts by Mahomet II. The colony of the Heracleons (Cherson) engages for a long time the attention of the reader. The name of this republic is connected with a multitude of great events.

Genoa and Venice, both eager after riches, contended for the tribute of the Black Sea. The intervention of the common enemy, the Tartars, is invited in this quarrel; the two powers exhaust themselves by the battles which they fight with each other: Tana is subdued by the arms of the Crescent, and Caffa purchases, by a disgraceful submission, an existence which it loses in a few years by the caprice of the sultan.

The taking of this city presents us with one of the most flagrant instances of Muscovite barbarism; 40,000 Genoese are sent to Constantinople to people a desert quarter; all the slaves fall to the share of the Grand Signor; the natives of the country are forced to ransom themselves, and 1500 male children, torn from the arms of their parents, are sent to swell the number of the victims of the seraglio. The most considerable houses, the palaces, the temples, are razed. Eight days after the taking of the city, Achmet gives a grand entertainment to

all the principal Armenians who had betrayed the country. When they take leave, he makes them descend a very narrow staircase, at the bottom of which the executioner, with his lifted axe, stands ready to cut off their heads!

The author lays before his readers the history of Tauris, become a Turkish province, and governed by the long succession of *Gherai*, the wretched sport of the intrigues of the seraglio; sometimes the executioners, and plunderers of their own subjects, sometimes engaged in mad wars, without faith in treaties, often without courage in battle. We shall acquire some idea of these descendants of Gengis Khan from the following portrait of one of those Tartar Princes. "He is said to have had a studious countenance, in which might be read the atrocity of his soul: flattery was the delight of the Khan: his courtiers were obliged to repeat to him incessantly that he was an incomparable man; that his power was without bounds; that his stature was noble, and his manly beauty superior to that of Mars: assuming a haughty countenance, and affecting an heroic gait, adding to the roughness of his features distortions of the muscles which rendered him frightful, he would ask, in a voice like thunder, whether Mars could inspire more terror; then rolling around his eyes, furious and wild like those of the tiger, he brandished his sword over the bowed heads of his courtiers, who applauded his dexterity so long as he touched none of them. This exercise was succeeded by serious occupations: he assembled his confidants, and deliberated with them on the means of deceiving his allies." Such was the character of the princes who governed Tauris.

#### ABYSSINIA.

(Concluded from our last.)

The following are further curious particulars, and related with the characteristic minutæ of our authority, Pearn.

"There are twelve *Lichouants* in Gondar, who officiate in the office of the Coptic Abbot, or the Egyptian bishop; these lichoants are twelve learned men who go by that name; they are not priests, and although the heads of all capital churches are authorized by them, in time of an Abbot they are under him. They keep the time, and indeed every thing is regulated by them. Their year begins from the day St. John was beheaded, which is the 1st of September with them, with us the 29th of August. Their year is divided into four quarters; the first quarter is called *Matthew*, the second *Mark*, the third *Luke*, the fourth *John*. They have also other names for those four seasons, which are *Zerry*, *Currunpi*, *Cowie*, *Aggie*;—as *Spring*, *Summer*, *Autumn*, *Winter*. Every month has thirty days, which at the end of every year leaves five spare days, which they call *Pogemy*: these spare days are from the last day of August to the 1st of September; and as they name their years the same as their quarters, after the last day of the year of *Luke* begins *leap-year*, which gives six days *Pogemy*; and although the

spare days are after *Luke*, and before *John*, *John* is called the *Leap-year*."

"All the chiefs and rulers in Abyssinia are subject to making false oaths, as well as the lower class. If any one wants to defraud or cheat a person he may have dealings with, by false witnesses, he may for a very small trifle purchase a witness that will swear any oath put to him. All capital oaths are taken in the church on Sundays and other holidays, where three priests stand in the middle of the church, before the altar; the middle one holds a large cross in his right hand and a lighted candle in the left; and the person who is to swear stands before him; and on being told by the other two in what manner he is to swear, he takes hold of the priest's right hand, which holds the cross, with his right hand, and by the left, he takes hold of the lighted candle, and with a loud voice says,—'If I would I now swear to be not true, may God blow away my soul from me, as I blow away the fire from this candle!' which he immediately blows out."

These pledges they regard as much as sham bail do their affidavits in our Common Pleas! Indeed, they seem to have hardly any sense of moral obligation. A capital oath frees a man from a charge supported by a thousand witnesses. For theft, or even for murder, "if you complain to the king, *ras*, or any other chief of the place you belong to, that you have been robbed, or have a brother or relation murdered, and tell him every particular, the only answer he returns is, Bring the offender to me, and I will give you satisfaction. So those who commit crimes in general escape, through their having no justices, no settled laws, and no constables. I know one or two who committed murder in Tegdi, and came to Indeter, where they are safe; and at the same time all under one chief, and all servants under one master. All murderers who are caught before they have time to escape to another province are brought before the chief, who sentences them death for death. The friends of the person murdered take the offender chained to the market-place, where all the relations of the deceased stab him in their turns with their knives or spears, and leave his corpse for his own relations to bury. If he has no one to bury him, the hyenas do not leave his corpse undevoured half an hour after sun-set. There are several murders forgiven by the parents or the relations of the deceased, in consequence of receiving money or cattle from the friends of the murderer; and two hundred cows will in general save the life of a murderer, excepting the friends of the deceased be very rich, and seek revenge sooner than property." • •

"In September is their greatest holiday, *Holy Cross*, when the king or *ras* reviews all his chiefs with their troops. Those chiefs are all dressed in splendid dresses; some have ornaments for their heads; and some, who are allowed by the king, wear a silver horn on their forehead, a mark of honour. No one is allowed to wear what they call a *betor*, which is a gold and silver ornament on the right arm, excepting he has killed an enemy



in the presence of the king or his commander; but all other ornaments are worn by those who choose, or can afford them. The king or ras has an elevated place built up with mud and stone like a stage, in the front of the *ashwar*, or court where the review is. This stage is covered with Persian carpets, silk pillows, and other valuable articles: in the middle is a cradle neatly covered, upon which the king or ras sits, with all his household servants standing round him. The troops then come in galloping helter-skelter round the *ashwar*, and riding for some time in a mad way, hallooing and making a great noise. They afterwards come one by one in their turns, at full gallop, to the foot of the raised place where the king is seated, and turn their horses round and round, shaking their heads and spears as if they were mad; boasting of themselves in such a manner as to make any stranger believe they were mad. I write the following only to show in what nonsensical manner the greatest noblemen in Abyssinia boast of themselves before the king: *And wond allier; and ambesser; and eart; ber igre and nebre; and negodar; coulou ferry li; and ferry mer dar net; Shangarier guddi; Garler guddi, &c.* I am man's master; I am a lion; I am fire; on foot I am a leopard; I am thunder; all fear me; I am the physic for fear; I have killed Shangariers; killed Garlers,—and a deal of other nonsense. All who have killed an enemy throughout the year have his pudenda hung to their right arm, which, after ending their speech, they throw down at the king's feet. This review lasts three days; after which every one knows his destiny, whether he is to remain governor of his districts, or whether another is to take his office. All preferment, breaking, making, and changing in the government is done at this time."

A young Abyssinian is quite unhappy and little honourable till he kills his man; and as war does not always afford him opportunities, he goes quietly into the country of the Garlers (guided, indeed, by one of the natives whom he bribes to do him that service), and kills any stray wretch he meets with, retaining home in inglorious triumph with the brutal proof of his murder hanging on his arm.

The Pagan Garlers, i. e. the inhabitants of Assow, Carrar, and High-yeer, are a brave people, and faithful to their word. They entertain much veneration for all great trees and waters, elect their kings for seven years, and drink the warm blood of the animals they kill as a luxury, though they will not eat the flesh raw like the Christian Abyssinians.

"The Arshengy and Dover Garler are Mussulmans: they make very handsome brass chains, which all Garlers wear about their necks; they also bring them to the Christian markets for sale: the Christians buy them for their horses' and mules' ornaments. They also bring a great many zebras' manes, which the Christians put about their horses' necks when saddled."

In the more civilized parts of Abyssinia, salt is the small money of traffic. This currency is

brought from Teltal, cut into pieces about ten inches in length and three in width, of a long square form. From thirty to thirty-five pieces go to the dollar in Indert; but the farther it is carried into the country, it passes for more. In Gondar, ten or twelve pieces are of the value of a dollar. The gold brought from Shangarier, of the size of a pin's head to a cloa, is exchanged for salt, knives, spears, cloth, &c. and is very pure, till adulterated with silver by the silversmiths of Abyssinia. This precious metal is valued according to their weights, which are the quarry, dream, vocate, and nattle, or pound. Ten quarries make a dream, ten dreams a vocate, and twelve vocates a nattle. There are no measures of length but the *gudger*, which is from the elbow to the point of the middle finger. Gunpowder is manufactured of better quality than in Arabia.

The Abyssinians are very polite. "No one ever passes his equals or betters without uncovering his breast, and bowing with his head, which they return in the same manner."

Our author tells a queer story of a remarkable disorder and its cure; but as this impeaches his sagacity, if not his veracity, we pass over his account of his wife's sickness and the remedy: and conclude with his conclusion.

"Ras Walder Serlassey is the strongest prince in Abyssinia, and has of his own eight thousand five hundred matchlocks, besides a great quantity belonging to his chiefs, about two thousand horses, and above twenty thousand shields-men; still he is as mean as a common Jew, and a great liar: though one thing is to his credit, he is very merciful to prisoners, &c. and he is a brave hard fighter. Ras Gabri is free, but barbarous to those he dislikes: he has about seven hundred muskets, and but few horse, though his country is the hardest in Abyssinia to conquer, through the strong mountains it contains, that are cultivated on the tops, and have water. It also commands all passes from the Amharrer to Tegri. Guxar is not barbarous, though he is of a Garler descent. He has eight thousand horse, but few muskets. Ras Ilow is not very strong, though his country produces brave soldiers: he is an ally constant to Walder Serlassey. Libban is barbarous and revengeful; he has about ten thousand horse, though Guxar beat him in two battles. Goge is uncommonly barbarous, and friendly with no one, but always at war; and indeed all except Ras Walder Serlassey fear him. Those are the great princes of Abyssinia, who have the whole country in their hands. The king Itsa Guarri, now in Gondar, has no sway at all, is very poor, and has nothing more than the name of a king.

*The Residences of the Kings now alive.*

Itsa Takeley Gorges	Arume.
Itsa Yoas	Begunder.
Itsa Yonas	Gogam.
Itsa Bedemarian	Seamon.
Itsa Guarri	Gondar."

We have been so much interested with this account, that we trust we have rather amused than tired our readers with the ex-

tent to which we have prolonged our notice; especially as the original has appeared in a work \* not likely to get into popular circulation, however high its claims are to the attention of the learned and philosophical.

CHELTONHAM WATERS.

*A Reply to Dr. Neale's Pamphlet, respecting the Nature and Properties of the Mineral Wells of Cheltenham. By James M' Cabe, M. D.*

We agree with the epigraph — "*Alibi sub judice lis est*;" and only notice this little pamphlet because it has noticed the Literary Gazette in a manner that almost amounts to an imputation of loving rather to take up a subject of censure than a subject of praise. Dr. M' Cabe may believe us when we say, that we were attracted to Dr. Neale's performance only by the importance of the question—the salubrity or insalubrity of Wells resorted to by thousands of our fellow creatures in anguish and suffering; and that if we did not review his own larger and more important analysis, it was simply because we had not seen it.

In what regards the general question, we think Dr. M. leaves it nearly where it was left by Dr. Newell's letter, which we cheerfully inserted in our publication, having no other object but the right understanding of the facts.

We cannot assent to the premises, that either success or ridicule are the tests of truth; and therefore do not consider the crowds that visit Cheltenham and drink in Spa, as establishing their character, any more than we consider Dr. Neale's just upon them as destructive of their reputation. His receiving money to write it into credit, is undoubtedly an unexplained circumstance, which affects his testimony in favour of one well, and his obloquy upon others. But we cannot resist the opinion, that his doubts had some foundation, when we find concentrations and solutions (no matter whence derived) mingled with the genuine springs; and even Dr. M' Cabe himself reiterating our counsel, to have the waters publicly analyzed by able chemists, and their constituent properties ascertained by better authorities than pumpers' oaths. We shall be happy to hear that this has been done; and have only to add, that an affidavit of the factitious means employed in some of the wells, was put into our possession on the other side, which, for reasons the opposite to those ascribed to us, we refrained from publishing.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

INSANITY.

This most important subject, to which we have devoted several late numbers, in a manner which we trust will awaken public attention to it and ultimately lead to the amelioration of the unhappiest condition of human

\* Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay, vol. 2.

† Dr. M. tells us 30,000 annually.

nity, has acquired something of a particular interest at this moment, from the melancholy suicide of a gentleman who had been confined as a lunatic in one of the mad-houses at Hoxton, and afterwards in another receptacle in the country, as mentioned in the newspapers of the day. The recollection of the treatment he had experienced preyed upon his mind. "All that he could do (says the Examiner) was to repeat that he had suffered most undeservingly himself, and that he was concerned at the little hope there existed of serving his fellow-creatures: all the power was in the hands of physicians, and they ——— You know the meaning of unfinished sentences. The next day he killed himself."

These matters are published to show that madhouses are not under proper regulations, and ought to be more strictly supervised. This may be necessary; but our object has been to point out far greater, because far more general evils, than any that could result from partial abuses: we mean the erroneous method of treatment for the cure of the insane, which prevails in this country, as well as on the continent. "The soothing system" is, we fear, better known by the farce at Covent Garden, than by its being practised in our madhouses; and notwithstanding the honourable parliamentary enquiries into, and labours upon, this subject, it is but too true, that the judicious as well as humane theory has not yet swept away the cruelties of old customs.

Let us look, as we proceed, at the admirable suggestions of the very able physician appointed to the charge of the naval and military patients at Hoxton, in 1815.

We there find a minute attention to the comforts of the afflicted; pains taken to keep hurtful impressions from their minds, as much as to minister to their bodies. Dr. Veitch, in the Report of the Evidence before the Committee of the Commons, speaks thus:

"On mustering the patients confined in the house of Sir Jonathan Miles, I found that they amounted to one hundred and fifty, including officers, seamen, and marines: one man has been since received, two have been sent to Bethlem, and two were this day discharged in consequence of an order from the Board."

"When I reflect on the great importance of diet, in the treatment of all diseases; and advert to the quantity of animal food consumed by the patients at Hoxton; I am of opinion that the proportion of such aliment is too great; I have, therefore, to recommend the quantity of beef or mutton to be diminished by six ounces; and, in lieu of which, eight ounces of bread-pudding or rice-pudding might be substituted. The occasional use of cooling fruit, particularly at this season of the year (*quære—July*), might be attended with advantage."

"If the quantity of animal food were still further diminished, it would prove useful; but the change it would be well to bring about gradually: salted meat and cheese should, however, in my opinion, be at once discontinued. The great object of diet in the

treatment of manics, is to avoid the extremes of repletion and hurtful innation.

"Conceiving the Board may approve my ideas on this subject, I have selected about fifty deranged men, with whom I could wish to commence this system, as the extent of their mental powers will enable me, by care, to establish a more improved mode of dining among them, and taking their other meals; and as manics may be rendered susceptible of emulation, and are capable of receiving useful impressions from example, as some of the mental faculties seem but little impaired by insanity, it can be gradually extended to others, when admissible, and likely to be conducive to their comfort and recovery. I therefore propose that the fifty selected should dine in the largest sitting room; that the tables from which they eat their food, should be covered with a tablecloth, and that each should have a wooden trencher, a spoon, and a tin cup without a handle, capable of holding a quart."

"As cleanliness is of the utmost importance in aiding the powers of medicine, in this disease, I suggested the propriety of a large bathing tub; and Sir Jonathan Miles gave directions that one should be constructed agreeably to my orders."

"It is highly desirable that the hurtful practice of chaining men down to benches should be conquered; and that those who labour under bodily disease, should also be attended to; and to accomplish these two important and necessary arrangements, five additional keepers will be required."

"The area in which the patients take their exercise, is small, and powerfully acted on by the sun; the thermometer stood at 96°, exposed to the solar rays. The summer is generally perceived to add to the already diseased excitement existing amongst manics; and holding this fact in view, it becomes necessary to guard as much as possible against the increased temperature, arising from the direct and reflected rays of light and heat. The colonnade for their taking shelter in during wet weather, is by no means sufficient for their protection from the sun, without their being most disagreeably and hurtfully crowded together. The erection of an awning, to extend from the wall to which they habitually repair, without regard to the intense and scorching rays of the sun, of the same character as that in use on board of ships of war, would accomplish this object, and contribute greatly to their recovery."

"I will now terminate this letter by observing, that if the cases sent with our seamen and marines to the naval hospitals were transmitted with the manics to Hoxton, and also the treatment they were subjected to while in hospitals and marine infirmaries, such information could not fail to prove highly useful, by throwing light on the character of the disease, with which they are so lamentably afflicted: their ages are even unknown at Hoxton."

These are the views at once of knowledge and sympathy; of practical experience, and universal philosophy. They comprehend however only a small portion of the sensible and philanthropic mode of treating this disease, to

the excellent effects of which we have been witness. These have convinced us in a way most gratifying to our feelings, that mildness, and not harshness, is the true principle on which to act in the cure of Insanity; but as we purpose returning to this subject, we shall not now go into further details.

As a curious matter in pathology, we may remark, that of a total of 145 manics from the service, the national proportions were 59 English, 43 Irish, 16 Scotch, 6 Welsh, and 21 foreigners. The quota of Irish is remarkably large; that of Scotch the reverse. It would seem that the English and Irish are most liable to the disease. But, whatever the country, we may rest assured that kindness and delicacy are the surest means of restoring the invalids to the ranks of rational beings.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### AGRICULTURE.

A discovery of great importance to agriculture and public economy, is, that of the great advantages which result from the practice of *reaping corn before it is perfectly ripe*. This theory, which has just been promulgated by Mr. Cadet de Vaux, originates with M. Salles, of the Agricultural Society of Beziers. The following are the particulars:—

Corn, reaped eight days before the usual time, is, in the first place, secured from the dangers which threaten it at that time: this is only accidental; but a positive advantage is, that the grain is fuller, larger, finer, and that it is never attacked by the Weevil. The truth of these assertions has been proved by the most conclusive comparative experiments, upon a piece of corn, one half of which was reaped before the usual time, and the other half at the degree of maturity fixed by the ordinary practice.

The first portion gave a hectolitre of corn more for half a hectar of land. Afterwards an equal quantity of flour from the wheat of each portion was made into bread: that of the corn reaped green gave seven pounds of bread more than the other in six decalitres. Lastly, the weevil attacked the corn which was cut ripe; the other was exempt from it.

The proper time for reaping is that when the grain, on being pressed between the fingers, has a doughy appearance, like the crumb of bread just hot from the oven, when pressed in the same manner.

### MAGNETIC ELECTRICITY.

*Copenhagen, 22d July.*—Our celebrated naturalist, Oersted, has discovered a method of producing magnetic effects by means of electricity. The apparatus employed for this purpose is so powerful, that it can melt an iron wire 6 inches long, and 1-175th of an inch in diameter. The experiments have proved: that electricity has a great influence upon metals; and that the magnetic needle may be made to vary 60° by its influence. These effects seem to indicate laws of magnetism entirely unknown hitherto. M. Oersted continues his experiments on this interesting subject.

## ANTARCTIC COUNTRY.

It is stated, in recent arrivals from Valparaiso, that the Brig Williams (an account of the despatch of which, by Captain Sheriff, to ascertain the nature of the country discovered to the southward of Cape Horn) had returned from the survey. On her arrival off the harbour, and making her report to Captain Searle, of the Hyperion, orders were given that no intercourse with the shore should be permitted. This has naturally led to the inference, that the discovery turns out to be important, and that this precaution is taken to prevent the interference or claim of any foreign nation, previous to the usual measures of taking possession in the name of His Britannic Majesty. The only draughtsman on the station, competent to perform the scientific part of the investigation, was Mr. Hone, a son of the distinguished artist of that name; he accordingly went in the Williams, and made the drawings of the coast, &c.

\*. On this subject we have again to notice the rather unhandsome way in which the Literary Gazette is treated by many contemporary publications. It never copies one passage without mentioning whence it is derived; while its original articles (and there are hardly one column in any Number which is not entirely original) are transferred even to the most respectable journals, without acknowledgment. The interesting details of this discovery, for instance, were copied into the Morning Chronicle, verbatim, on Monday; and the curious description of the picture of the Queen's entering Jerusalem, into almost every periodical; as if they, and not we, had seen this curious production.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DEAD MOTHER: A DIALOGUE.  
*Persons, Father and Child.*

F. Touch not thy mother, boy—Thou canst not wake her.  
C. Why, father? She still wakens at this hour.  
F. Your mother's—dead, my child.  
C. And what is dead?  
If she be dead, why then 'tis only sleeping,  
For I am sure she sleeps. Come, mother—rise—  
Her hand is very cold!  
F. Her heart is cold.  
Her limbs are bloodless, would that mine were so!  
C. If she would waken, she would soon be warm.  
Why is she wrapt in this thin sheet? If I,  
This winter morning, were not covered better,  
I should be cold like her.  
F. No—not like her—  
The fire might warm you, or, thick clothes—  
but her—  
Nothing can warm again!  
C. If I could wake her,  
She would smile on me, as she always does,  
And kiss me. Mother: you have slept too long—  
Her face is pale—and it would frighten me,  
But that I know she loves me.

Come, my child.  
F. Once, when I sat upon her lap, I felt  
A beating at her side, and then she said  
It was her heart that beat, and bade me feel  
For my own heart, and they both beat alike,  
Only mine was the quickest—And I feel  
My own heart yet—but her's—I cannot feel—  
F. Child! child!—you drive me mad—Come  
hence, I say.  
C. Nay, father, be not angry! let me stay  
Here till my mother wakens.  
F. I have told you,  
Your mother cannot 'wake—not in this world—  
But in another she will 'wake for us.  
When we have slept like her, then shall we see  
her.  
C. Would it were night then!  
F. No—nahappy child!  
Full many a night shall pass, ere thou canst  
sleep,  
That last long sleep—Thy father soon shall  
sleep it.  
Then wilt thou be deserted upon earth:  
None will regard thee; thou wilt soon forget  
That thou hadst natural ties,—an orphan lone,  
Abandoned to the wiles of wicked men,  
And women still more wicked.

Father! Father!  
Why do you look so terribly upon me,  
You will not hurt me.  
F. Hurt thee, darling?—no!  
Has sorrow's violence so much of anger,  
That it should fright my boy? Come, dearest,  
come.  
C. You are not angry then?  
F. Too well I love you.  
C. All you have said I cannot now remember,  
Nor what it meant—you terrified me so.  
But this I know, you told me,—I must sleep  
Before my mother wakens—so, to-morrow—  
O father! that to-morrow were but come!  
IGNORIO SECONDO.

## A Dream of the Dead.

Mine earliest friend, I dreamt of thee,  
As if thou hadst not ceased to be,  
As if thy cold and narrow cell  
Had sent thee forth with me to dwell,  
And many a thought were free to play,  
Long buried with thy breathless clay.  
As in thy boyish days I viewed thee,  
Ere wasting, pale disease, subdued thee,  
What sport we pleased, it matters not;  
Like many a joy, 'tis now forgot.  
Across my mind it never darted,  
That thou wert of the souls departed;  
As little recked I of that truth,  
As in the sunny morn of youth,  
When, as the brief day bounded by,  
We took no heed that we must die.  
Between the dead and those who sleep,  
The shade of difference is not deep.  
In slumber's light and soothing reign,  
The soul escapes her fleshly chain;  
Through the free night roams far away,  
A prisoner all the gorgeous day:  
To those who die the soul returns not,  
Droops not in woe, in passion burns not;  
In death she spurns oppression's power,  
Through boundless time, in sleep an hour.  
My thoughts retire, nor tempt a flight,  
That asks celestial wings of light;  
But oh! my friend, the hope were sweet,  
That yet our parted souls could meet,  
And whilst our senseless frames are drowned,  
In slumber's placid lake profound,  
(Since time is but a sleep more sound)  
Our spirits in a lovelier sphere  
Could mix, as once they mingled here!

Oh! if that hallowed hope might be,  
How much thy soul would pity me,  
When, from those realms unrevived by ill,  
She saw me here a wanderer still,  
Forced with the world's impetuous stream,  
My sorrows true, my joys a dream.  
IGNORIO SECONDO.

[By Correspondents.]

TO ———.

On the Anniversary of our Wedding Day.  
The cherub'd day which hand with heart  
entwined,  
Returns to claim the tribute of my lay;  
To claim the homage of a grateful mind,  
The fittest incense for that hallowed day.  
Who could e'er wish such holy bonds undone,  
The purest, tenderest of all earthly ties—  
Dear as thou wert when first my heart was won,  
Hast thou not now fresh value in mine eyes?  
Were all as blest, could fondness ever rove?  
What were there awful in the marriage yoke;  
Can it be hard to swear eternal love,  
To one so made to be beloved as thou?  
Can it be hard to honour and obey,  
Where 'tis the first of pleasures to concede,  
And where dominion holds such gentle sway,  
That to be led is sweeter than to lead.  
Could I be banished by some harsh command,  
From thy dear converse, whither could I go?  
I should be lost without thy guiding hand,  
And past delights would deepen present woe.  
Oh, my young ear was with such tales purged,  
Of woman's falsehoods, man's inconstancy—  
That my heart sickened, and the world I view'd,  
As one 'twould cost no sacrifice to fly.  
But now with blest experience for my guide,  
It seems a paradise of truth and love;  
Could all the world allure me from thy side;  
Could aught surpass it save the world there?  
If this be slavery, I'm a willing slave,  
I hope—I know thou dost not wish me free,  
Since something whispers that the heart I gave,  
Could scarce be worthless since 'twas sought  
by thee.

CLARA.

## HORACE. BOOK I. ODE 22.

(Translation.)

When free from crime and pure in heart,  
Nor bow, nor Mauritaniae dart,  
Nor Pegasus, do we ever need  
The quiver charged with poison'd reed,  
Whether through Syria's parching sand,  
Or Caucasus' barbaric strand  
We journey, or along the shores  
Where fabled waves Hydaspes pour.  
As erst I strayed through Sabine grove,  
To sing of Ligeia and love,  
A wolf—not fierce monster yells  
In warlike Daunian's beechen dells  
Nor Juba's land, the lion's lair—  
Unarm'd—uninjured feel me there.  
Place me in climates, where no trees  
Are fanned to life by summer breeze;  
Where clouds obscure the sterile plain,  
And winter hails eternal reign—  
Place me—from human dwelling far—  
Beneath the Sun's bright burning car—  
Still loved shall thy sweet converse be—  
Still loved thy sweet smile, Laisa!  
Aug. 7, 1920.

A. G.

## SONO,

*Inspired by a Bottle of Claret.*

Talk not of Piers's fountain,  
Phæbus, or the tuncful nine—  
Hang the Heliconian mountain—  
Give me—give me, running wine.

Fill the bowl—oh fill it higher—  
And the noblest vessel piece;  
Bacchus only can inspire—  
Bacchus is the God of Verse!

R. W. E.

## SONNET.

*The Poet laments the death of his Cat, Scracco.*

Erewhile I did a gentle sonnet write,  
In praise of Scracco, my poor harmless cat;  
And shew'd how many virtues could unite  
In creatures that destroy the felon rat.

But she no more will doze before the fire,  
And with grave luxury enjoy the heat;  
Nor when from bus'ness dull I late retire,  
Her weary master in strange antics greet.

The prowling rat no more will be her care,  
Nor mouse, with aspect grim, to fright away;  
These, now secure, purloin the mouldy fare,  
And every dainty from the shelf convey.  
Not so when my poor Scracco was alive,  
For she far off the plundering herd would drive.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## BELGIAN CARNIVAL.

We extract, from a proclamation of the burgo-master and magistrates of Brussels, the following particulars respecting the Jubilee, which was noticed in No. 184 of the Literary Gazette.

"On the occasion of the Jubilee, the following communal fêtes will take place:—

"On the three successive Sundays, the 16th, 23d, and 30th of July, there is to be a general Illumination throughout the city; the inhabitants are consequently requested to illuminate their houses with all possible brilliancy.

"There will be a grand calvacade and triumphal procession, on Wednesday, the 19th, Tuesday, the 25th, and Friday, the 28th. The procession will begin to move at three in the afternoon, and will parade the city until seven in the evening.

"On Friday, the 21st, an artificial bird will be fixed up on the Grand-Place, to be shot at; a silver coffee-pot will be the prize awarded to the victor.

"On the 27th of July, at ten in the evening, there will be a grand display of fireworks, representing a variegated temple, surrounded by palm-trees.

"During the whole fortnight of the Jubilee, should the weather prove favourable, bands of music will be stationed in the park, morning and evening; and an obelisk will be erected on the Place-Royale, to be illuminated every evening with gas.

"The inhabitants of the houses before which the processions and calvacades are to pass, are requested to ornament the fronts of their houses.

"During the fortnight of the Jubilee, the

coffee-houses and other public establishments will be permitted to remain open all night."

## POLITICS EXTRA.—IMPORTANT CASE.

Our readers, we are sure, will forgive us for bringing a matter rather personal than literary under their notice. For we do not know in what degree of danger we may stand; and not being in the habit of writing libels, as it has been declared in parliament most of our periodical brethren are, we are quite terrified by the legal formality of a paper which has just been addressed to us, i. e. to "The Editor and Publisher of the Literary Gazette." Though it does say "Gentlemen" at the top, there is a most appalling commencement—"Whereas I, the undersigned John Essex Hall, of Turnham Green,"—we turned blue as we read—"in the county of Middlesex, Esquire, was charged on the oath of Mr. Shuffelbottom (his doncy) on Tuesday last, at the Public Office Bow Street, with having assaulted him by spitting on him (his doncy) from my drawing-room window (but which I declare was most unintentionally done)," &c. &c. The affidavit proceeds to state how some of the newspapers have published an account of this important transaction (which, according to authentic information received by express from the seat of war, has caused a greater ferment at Turnham Green than the arrival of the Queen at the adjoining village of Hammersmith), and thus concludes:—"but the Public Ledger and Morning Advertiser having published a statement of the transaction in their papers of Wednesday last, charging me with indecency, &c. which is a most gross and scandalous libel, I had directed my solicitor to commence proceedings at law against the publishers of those papers: but they having promised to contradict the above report in their papers of to-morrow, I have in consequence declined commencing proceedings against them.

"I have, however, thought it proper to inform you, that the statements contained in such papers is a very gross libel upon me; and I hereby beg leave to caution you against publishing the same, and give you notice, that if you do so, I shall and will commence such proceedings against you as my counsel shall advise. Dated the 4th day of August, 1820.

"Witness—Thos. Taylor, J. E. HALL,  
Sol. Clements Inn."

After this, we trust no one will suppose that the superintendence of a Literary Journal is totally free from the troubles and dangers of the more busy world. For ourselves we know not what to do. Certain it is, that but for this terrific warning, we should never even have heard of, and therefore probably never have said a word about the affair of Hall and Shuffelbottom; but since it has assumed a shape involving the tranquility of Turnham Green, and consequently of the kingdom; and since so many of the royal residents, the metropolis itself, and the very Bishop's Palace at Fulham (not to mention the pictures belonging to his Grace of De-

vonshire at Chiswick, the barracks at Hounslow, and the barge trade on the Thames) are immediately within the sphere of this alarming transaction—*tua res agitur paries cum proximus ardet*—we feel that it would be a dereliction of our public duty, however threatened, to pass it over in silence. For the information of these Great Interests, then, it is, that we hazard the mention of the fact; and we are not without hopes that this warning may be sufficient to put them on their guard against the calamitous consequences likely to spring from the melancholy collision alluded to, of which the Radicals will unquestionably make a handle to shake the tree of our national prosperity to its roots. The following is a version of the affair by our Poet Laureat.

## HALL AND SHUFFLEBOTTOM.

*A Turnham-Green Odd. (Qu. Ode.—En.)*  
(Set to Music by Hook and I.)

## STROPHE.

Daughter of Nox, great goddess, (not knocks human)

Descend and fire my song;—I do invite thee,  
Nemesis' sister, dreadful Apple-woman.\*

Not as at Thetis' wedding do I slight thee:  
Say, what at Turnham Green caused such a brawl;

Did Hall spit on him, did he spit at all?  
What drawing-room such indecorum saw?  
Did such an insult tempt a man to draw,  
Or did his greater vengeance seek the law?

## ANTI-STROPHE.

Ah, sylvan haunts; ah, rudely rustic scene,  
With pond for goose, for ass the shade lane;  
Ah, pun-provoking, peaceful 4 Turnham Green,  
That discord should thy tranquil bowers prove—  
fane.

The tragic passions all thy Hamlet sway,  
Good fellowship with thee be sought in vain,  
And spitting send thy fellows on their way  
To Bow Street, and perhaps to Botany Bay.

## EPODE.

Dear Justice Birnie, upon thee we call;  
Bow thou their heads, and be their good adviser;

Preserve the peace of All, and Essex Hall §;  
Protect from Ledger and from Advertiser.  
Strange that a Squire may't from his window spit,

But that the newspapers must print it, rot  
Or his saliva that he can't emit,

But it must light on Mr. Shuffelbottom §  
Which Shuffelbottom, too, to show his breeding,  
Quite disconcerted with his lot,  
Will not walk off with what he 'as got,  
But must proceed to law-proceeding:  
And will not wipe the spittle from his cape,  
Chusing no slight a thing to work into a scrape.

## STROPHE II.

The spiteful and the spiteful thus  
About a trifle make a fuss;

\* The whole of this fine classical exordium, is an allusion to the *Detur pulchriori* matter which led to the burning of old Troy.—En.

† This seems to have some remote bearing upon the well-known story about sending the peas to Kensington. Vide Mr. Joseph Miller, *passim*.—En.

§ This is a fancy hit, after the manner of Corcoran and Breaknow.

Assaulting with a whip of froth—  
Of a whole suit this spoils the cloth;  
While that with fury so doth burn,  
He gives a law-suit in return.  
And all the Newspapers are meddlers,  
At least the *Hawkers* are, if not the Pedlars.

## ANTISTROPHES II.

Hear it not, Hounslow, for it is a grief  
Whence Shaftesbottom can have no relief:  
Tell it not, Journals, or as counsel's skill  
Advise to prosecute, Hall "shall and will";  
And Thomas Taylor, witness, will begin  
To trounce you most inclemently in Clements  
Inn.

## EPODE, or CATA-STROPHES.

New let us sing, God save the King,  
And keep us from his Bench;  
And on our case, may Common Pleas  
Nor Chancery e'er trench;  
And may we ne'er for Bow Street fear,  
For spitting or for riot;  
May Turnham Green in peace be seen,  
And Hall and Shaftesbottom quiet.

L. G.

## THE DRAMA.

## KING'S THEATRE.

The rumours relative to this establishment, are like the Ass's tale in *Rabelais*, partly true and partly false. In consequence of some financial arrangements, the theatre has been again offered to the purchase of the committee of noble persons who were in treaty for it last year; but the arrangements so rapidly made for it by some of the evening papers, are altogether unfounded. No change in the management is at present to take place; though of course, if a new proprietorship should be agreed on, some may occur before the opening. An idea of the actual profit of this fine theatre, when the property boxes shall be out of lease, which will be in four years, may be formed from the fact, that the net profits for this year (including the rent of those boxes) is already 18,000*l.* And yet, from the various causes which depressed all theatrical success, in the beginning of the season, it has been considered a remarkably unpropitious one.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.—*The Vampire*. This marvellous story, which attracted so much notice in the *New Monthly Magazine* as to lead to its separate and popular publication, has run the dramatic gauntlet from the Porte St. Martin through nearly all the minor theatres of Paris. Though it is of a perfectly melo-dramatic cast, it met with only a limited success; and, though adapted with considerable talent to our stage, by Mr. Planché (we are told), it promises only a very brief existence at the Lyceum. The dialogue was not a little bombastic, and the poetry poor. Were it worth while to criticise the conduct of such a production, it might be said that it is too much to have the plot thrice unfolded; first, by a preliminary vision; secondly, by a drunken servant; and thirdly, by the main action.—Consistency, in a piece of this sort, is not to be looked for; and accordingly it is a jumble of inconsistencies—not merely those springing from its unnatural ground-work, but of

manners, costume, combination, &c., all of which might have agreed, and were not necessarily outré. From the interest being betrayed at the commencement, the performance drags heavily on: Punch would be a thousand times better subject for a melo-drame. The scenery is appropriate, and Monsieur the Vampire (Mr. T. P. Cooke) being shot in an attempt to carry off a rustic bride (by way of having two strings to his bow) dies very prettily, with an effect of light upon his armour. His final disappearance, on the sinking of the moon, is also well managed. The other chief characters are the Lady Margaret, (Mrs. Chatterley), who acquits herself ably; Lord Ronald, her father, (Mr. Bartley), the personification of Leadenhall Market in disguise; M'Swill, a drunken benchman, (Harley), a clever repetition of himself, and laughable in the following song, to the tune of "Fy, let us a' to the bridal."

Faith, I'll awa' to the bridal,  
For there will be tipping there;  
For my lady's a going to be married,  
To whom I don't know, and don't care.  
But I know we shall all be as frisky,  
And tippy as pipers, good lack;  
And so that there's plenty of whisky,  
She may marry the devil for Mac.

So faith I'll awa' to the bridal, &amp;c.

I once left the bottle for Cupid,  
And bade an adieu to my glass;  
I sinner'd, and sigh'd, and look'd d' stupid,  
And courted a cherry-chick'd lass.  
She turn'd out a jilt:—"twere a lie should I  
Say, that it gave me no pain;  
For sorrowing made me so dry, that I  
Took to my bottle again.

So faith I'll awa' to the bridal, &amp;c.

They say there's five reasons for drinking,  
But more I am sure may be got;  
For I never could find out by thinking  
A reason why people should not.  
A sixth I'll not scruple at giving;  
I'll name it while 'tis in my head;  
'Tis if you don't drink while you're living,  
You never will after you're dead.

So faith I'll awa' to the bridal, &amp;c.

The other Scotch airs were more ineffective than we could have anticipated, from their judicious selection; but with the exception of *Down the Burn, Davie*, sweetly sung as a duet by Pearman and Miss Carew, they were "leather and prunella." There were two or three spirits; but, as they are not choice, we shall close without them.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—On Wednesday, Mrs. Martyn exhibited as *Sir Harry Wildair*, in Farquhar's profligate comedy of *The Constant Couple*. We look upon this as in every sense of the word the *worst* performance of the season, and doing no honour either to the good sense of the management, which we have been hitherto so willing to applaud, nor to the professional reputation of the actress, which is so much benefited by being left out of the range of criticism. Mrs. Martyn performed the man of fashion as awkwardly as might be expected from a female; she lounged and languished through this animated part with provoking perseverance; but the chief offence was her dress.

Nothing in the way of female exposure could be less decorous; but her satin draperies revealed a secret, perhaps the last among her contemplations when she undertook the part—that her figure is remarkably ill suited for exhibition. Her face, as we are told, found its admirers; but the decency of the female costume has been more in her favour than she seems to have thought; and this exposure may have gone far to shake the humble triumph of her physiognomy. Sir Harry is the prominent character; and he being so disposed of, nothing more is to be said of the play, with perhaps the exception that Clücher's absurdities were very well hit off by Farley; and that the two enchantresses of the piece, *Lady Lurwell*, and *Angelica*, were sustained by two as ordinary women, either in the way of acting or person, as the stage affords.

## FOREIGN DRAMA.

## ACADEMIE ROYALE DE MUSIQUE.

*Aspasie* of Pericles, an opera in one act.—The author of this new opera has ingeniously rendered the rivalry of the Athenian general, Cleon, an obstacle to the union of Pericles and Aspasie. Cleon directs his vengeance against Aspasie, and he accuses her before the Areopagus of being an enemy to the Gods. Ignorant of the perils by which she is assailed, Aspasie thinks only of the dangers which threaten Pericles, who is on the point of departing to oppose the Spartans. During the celebration of a fête, on the birth day of Aspasie, Socrates announces, that the Areopagus is ready to sit in judgment on the presumptuous woman who dares to compare herself to the Gods. Pericles becomes her advocate; and, having overcome the judges by his eloquence, he procures the innocence of Aspasie, and Cleon is sentenced to banishment. The music is mediocre.

## VARIETIES.

Caroline R.—The queen has had two new carriages built in Audley Street; one is plain, the other emblazoned with the arms of royalty, and the cypher, C. R. While they stood at the coach-maker's, a very well-dressed gentleman walked in to admire them, and exclaimed, "Ave, ave, that will do! C. R. Caroline Res!"

Politeness.—A German at St. Petersburg, asked a gentleman if he did not think the German language very beautiful. "Certainly, Sir," said he, "languages are extremely beautiful things!"—*Guliff's Italy*.

Coincidence.—An earthquake was felt at Inspruck, on the 17th ult. It is singular that this phenomenon took place precisely at the time of the day dedicated to Saint Alexis, when the people assembled in church to put up their annual supplication to be spared from such a calamity as befel them in 1670. This is *shocking* misconduct in the saint!

The bone-mills in Germany are increasing much, and said to be now in full activity. The wars have supplied materials, and the journals tell that the powder is not only excellent as a manure, but much used in Eng.

and Belgium, in the manufacture of  
sugar and paste.

Monsieur Catallini, after giving concerts at  
Petersburgh, productive of 20,000 roubles  
each, has set out for the Chateaux of Zars-  
kiesko and Pawlowzki, where she is to sing  
to Alexander and his court. It is said she  
is to visit Sweden and Denmark.

*Sinking of a mountain.*—A high ridge of  
mountains on the Moselle, called the *Sieben  
Iren Berg*, has been observed for some  
ears past, to have in it very large clefts,  
which for the last five years measured above  
foot in breadth; thus exciting in the inha-  
bitants of the adjacent banks no unreason-  
able apprehension of an approaching fall of  
art of the mountain. This has now taken  
place. On the 7th of July, in the even-  
ing, earth and stones were seen rolling  
down from the summit, which continued  
increasing in quantity till 4 o'clock in  
the morning, when a whole mass of rock  
came loose, and fell with such violence into  
the Moselle, that it forced the water out of  
the channel, overflowed the opposite bank to  
some distance, and drifted away the vessels  
lying at Bruttig. The damage done is incal-  
culable; it appears that about forty vine-yar-  
ds have been precipitated with the rock into the  
river. The mountain on the opposite side,  
called the Kessel, likewise threatens to fall.  
As this mountain is rent and torn with fright-  
ful clefts, as well as at the top in the middle  
of lower parts, and the front part had sunk  
feet on the morning of the 8th, and large  
masses continually rolled down, it is to be  
dreaded that the whole enormous body will  
fall into the Moselle and fill up the greater  
part of the channel, which would make the  
river overflow its banks, and cause the most  
terrible ravages.

*German Travellers in South America.*—  
hence, 11th July.—Letters have just been  
received from Drs. Spix and Martins, dated  
a 17th and 19th of April. On the  
16th of August they embarked on the river  
Amazonas, and proceeded up it to-  
gether, as far as Ega, which is situated near  
the mouth of the Rio Negro: here they  
perished, that they might the better ex-  
plore the country. Dr. Spix proceeded  
along the main river as far as the Spanish  
waters; Dr. Martins sailed up the Impu-  
ma, which, as well as the Rio Negro, is an  
arm of the Orinoco, as far as the Cataract of  
Yacacora, which rendered it impossible to  
proceed. On this tour they approached  
within 80 leagues of the capital of Peru,  
having advanced from 450 to 500 leagues  
from Para. They spent almost the whole  
of months that their tour occupied among  
"who are," say the letters, "in-  
d cannibals, but only because they live by  
chase, and merely consider men as an-  
imals good for food." The travellers had  
been exposed to many hardships, arising  
from the exuberant vegetation of this  
country; but had the satisfaction of re-  
turning with a prodigious collection of natu-  
ral productions, on the 15th and 16th of

\* Some of the German periodical writers  
set themselves very merry with this expres-  
sion of the learned travellers.

April. It is probable they may be now at  
Lisbon, or at Madeira, whither they had  
resolved to sail on board a Portuguese ship,  
bringing with them seven young Indians.

Mr. de la Martine, author of the *Mé-  
ditations Poétiques*, a collection of elegies far  
superior to the general run of French poetry,  
which have excited great attention for this  
year past, died lately of a consumption, at  
Naples, where he was attached to the French  
Embassy, and had married a young English  
lady of large fortune.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

**PRINCE OF NEUWIED'S TRAVELS.**—  
This interesting work, of which the first  
volume only is yet published, has been so  
well received in Germany, that the first edi-  
tion of 1,000 copies is nearly exhausted in  
the short space of three months; and the second  
edition, in quarto, is now in the press.

We learn that Sir R. Ker Porter is pre-  
paring for the press, *Travels* during the last  
four years, which embrace a vast extent of  
country; namely, about that which comprised  
the ancient Assyrian, Babylonian, and Per-  
sian empires; from the banks of the Black Sea  
to the Euphrates, and from the Euphrates  
to the mouth of the Persian Gulf. The manners,  
customs, and costumes of the present race  
in these regions, are very curious, and will,  
we trust, be particularly delineated both  
with respect to their actual state, and with  
reference to the manners of the ancient inha-  
bitants. From a gentleman so competent,  
both with the pen and pencil, we have a  
right to expect a valuable work in most  
points of view, but especially in what re-  
gards the interesting antiquities of the primi-  
tive world.

Professor Dittmar, of Prussia, is about to  
publish, at Brandenburg, a journal entitled  
the *Aurora*, which is to treat exclusively of  
meteorology and the phenomena of the sea-  
sons. It is to be the official journal of fair  
and foul weather.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

August, 1820.

*Thursday, 3*—Thermometer from 56 to 74.  
Barometer from 30, 16 to 30, 04.

Wind S. by W. 3.—Generally cloudy.

*Friday, 4*—Thermometer from 60 to 72.  
Barometer from 29, 93 to 29, 96.

Wind S. W. 1 and 2.—Morning cloudy, with  
rain; clouds passing, with showers and distant  
thunder during the afternoon; in the evening it  
became clear. Rain fallen, 2 of an inch.

*Saturday, 5*—Thermometer from 50 to 63.  
Barometer from 29, 98 to 30, 03.

Wind S. W. 2.—Morning clear; the rest of  
the day generally cloudy, with rain at times.  
Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.

*Sunday, 6*—Thermometer from 54 to 68.  
Barometer from 29, 90 to 29, 77.

Wind S. 3.—Morning cloudy, with continual  
showers; afternoon and evening generally clear.  
Rain fallen, .125 of an inch.

*Monday, 7*—Thermometer from 54 to 69.  
Barometer from 29, 98 to 30, 09.

Wind W. by N. 2. and W. 4.—Clouds and  
showers passing during the morning; the rest of  
the day generally clear.

Rain fallen .02 of an inch.

*Tuesday, 8*—Thermometer from 45 to 67.

Barometer from 30, 15 to 30, 04.  
Wind S. by W. 2 and 4.—Clouds generally  
passing; in the evening it became clear.

Rain fallen .075 of an inch.

*Wednesday, 9*—Thermometer from 53 to 72.  
Barometer from 30, 13 to 30.

Wind S. W. 3, and 1.—Generally clear;  
clouds passing at times.

Harvest very generally begun.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Jeholinda is inadmissible; we cannot take up the  
subject.

The request of a Constant Reader, to insert the  
prices of the books we review, would subject us to  
a 7s. duty on each, at the Stamp Office. Very  
few new works fail to be advertised in our last  
page, which give the information wanted.

## Miscellaneous Advertisements.

(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

British Gallery, Pall Mall.

**THIS GALLERY**, with an Exhibition of  
PORTRAITS of distinguished Persons in the  
History and Literature of the United Kingdom, is open  
daily, from 10 in the Morning until 6 in the Evening.

(By order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.—Historical ditto 2s.

**THE Exhibition of MONSIEUR JERRI-  
CAULTS GREAT PICTURE**, (from the Lou-  
vre) 34 feet by 18, representing the surprising Crew of  
the Medusa French Frigate, after remaining Thirteen  
days on a Raft without Provision, at the moment they  
discover the vessel that saves them, is now open to the  
Public, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Admission 1s.

Tomkins's Picture Lottery.

**MR. TOMKINS** begs to announce his in-  
tention to draw this Lottery as early as possible  
in the Spring. By the Act of Parliament just passed  
the time cannot be extended beyond July 1821; and in  
order to remove all impediments respecting the Draw-  
ing, Parliament have provided for a Drawing, under the  
direction of Commissioners, separately from the State  
Lottery, should the Numbers not correspond. The Public  
may therefore be assured that no disappointment  
can take place, as neither care nor expense has been  
spared to render the prizes engaged to be given in this  
Lottery of real value and excellence. Tickets, price  
3d. each, are on sale at the Exhibition of Specimens of  
Prices, Nos. 58 and 54, New Bond Street; and at all  
Lottery Offices, where Prospectuses may be had. This  
Lottery consists of 16,500 Prizes—valued at £25,250. The  
Purchasers of Two Tickets, one Red and one Black,  
are sure to gain a Prize, which may be value 7,500l.,  
4,750l., 4,000l., &c. &c.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Price 6s. embellished with a portrait of B. R. Haydon,  
Esq. engraved in line, by W. H. Harvey.

**ANNALS OF THE FINE ARTS**, No. 17, con-  
taining a copious Memoir of Mr. Haydon, by the  
Editor; original Essays, Reviews, and Notices of the  
most prominent figures of English and Foreign Art.  
Published by Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 90, Chancery.

In 2 vols. 8vo. price 12s. 6d. with a Portrait engraved  
by Fittler, the second edition, of the  
**LIFE OF WILLIAM, LORD RUSSELL**,  
with some Account of the Times in which he  
lived. By LORD JOHN RUSSELL. Printed for Long-  
man, Hurst, Bess, Orme, and Brown; and J. Widdow,  
London.

Also just published, the third edition, in 8vo. price 12s.  
of the **LIFE OF LADY RUSSELL**, by the Editor of  
Mad. du Deffand's Letters, with Letters from Lady  
Russell to her Husband, Lord Russell; some Miscel-  
laneous Letters to and from Lady Russell, &c. &c. from  
the originals in the Possession of the Duke of Devon-  
shire.



# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the Kingdom: but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we beg to recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 187.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

### BRITISH FRUIT TREES.

*Pomarium Britannicum: An Historical and Botanical Account of Fruits, known in Great Britain.* By Henry Phillips. London, 1820 Large 8vo. pp. 378.

We know no class of readers which is not much obliged to Mr. Phillips for this very useful and very entertaining publication. It is one of those popular works which have of late years become (fortunately for the public) more common than at any former period, such as Kirby and Spence's Entomology, Huber on Bees and Ants, &c. &c.;—works, which, combining in a happy degree the pleasing with the instructive, teach us science as an amusement, and promote information and improvement by lively anecdote and curious story. It is thus that the author now before us has proceeded; and as his subject is one of general interest, his book is at once agreeable and important. From the most learned horticulturist, to the least anxious epicure that bites an apple, this volume deserves a friendly reception; and we are sure that it only needs to be known, to become a favourite. To contribute to render it so, and to gratify our readers, we shall make copious extracts from its miscellaneous contents; and we venture to say, that many excellent hints, as well as a good deal of entertainment, will be derived from these specimens.

Mr. Phillips' plan comprehends the history, the mode of culture, the produce, the uses, the medical properties, the edible recommendations, and anecdotes of the various fruits which are raised in England, from the Acorn (we speak alphabetically) to the Whortleberry. His introduction is a good eulogium on gardening, and he brings his favourite art from Eden to our times, through all the phases of Hebrew, Persian, Grecian, Roman, and more modern practice. It has also the merit of being the first history of the kind; and as this branch of science has made extraordinary progress of late, it is really a production of great novelty and practical utility, as well as of agreeable research and quotation: thus, as we have noticed, offering attractions to readers of every description, and blending the *utile et dulce* in an original style.

We begin our selections with a remarkable fact, from the preface.

"The Author considers, among other blessings, that gardening has bestowed on the city of London, that of it's being a preventive of pestilence and the plague, from the circumstance of it's making cleanliness a matter of profit in this immense metropolis, from whence the soil is so carefully removed to manure the ground occupied by gardeners in the environs, which are now calculated to exceed six thousand acres within twelve miles of London, that are constantly cultivated for the supply of the markets with fruit and vegetables.

"Stevenson informs us, that 3,500 acres of ground in Surry alone are employed as market gardens; and Middleton observes, that from Kensington to Twickenham, the land on both sides of the road for seven miles composes the great fruit gardens, north of the Thames, for the supply of the London market. It is gratifying to see the number of hands this ground employs. Even during the six winter months, it is computed that it affords work to five persons an acre, and at least double that number for the summer months, who are principally females; and if we add porters, hawkers, &c. it will be found to treble the amount, making the number exceed ninety thousand persons, who are in the summer months daily employed by the gardeners, within a circle of ten or twelve miles around London."

Mr. Phillips acknowledges his obligations to Pliny among the ancients, and to Gerard, the first English author, who wrote largely on fruits, at the era when horticulture began to be studied in this country: he further tells us he has "Ascertained, by the assistance of the Hortus Kewensis, that since the discovery of the new world, we have produced 2,345 varieties of trees and plants from America, and upwards of 1,700 from the Cape of Good Hope, in addition to many thousands which have been brought from China, the East Indies, New Holland, various parts of Africa, Asia, and Europe until the list of plants now cultivated in this country exceeds 120,000 varieties.

"But flowers have principally engaged the care and study of students in horticulture and botany, while fruits have been in comparison rather too much neglected, though of the two the latter are intrinsically the most valuable, for since the more frequent use of fruits and vegetables in this country, many dreadful diseases, as the leprosy, &c. are no longer prevalent, or have lost their beneficial effects."

We now pursue our course with little other remark; and placing merely the title of the chapter at the head, to indicate to what fruit this quotation refers.

*Acorns.*—"John Ellis, Esq. discovered that acorns can be preserved in a state fit for vegetation for a whole year, by enveloping them in bees wax: other seeds may be conveyed from distant countries, by the same means."

*Almonds.*—"Pliny states, that a decoction of the roots of the bitter almond-tree supplies the skin, prevents wrinkles, and gives a fresh, cheerful colour to the countenance; and that bitter almonds cause sleep, and ercate appetite. They were considered a cure for chailbains, as well as for the bite of a mad dog.

"Neumann states, that these almonds are poisonous to birds and all animals that come into the world blind. The Bohemians are said to bruise them, and to throw them where fowls frequent, which will stupefy those that eat them, so that they are easily taken by the hand."

*Apples.*—"The Wild Crab is the only apple indigenous to this country; and it is on this stock that most of our valuable apples have been grafted and raised by the ingenuity of the gardeners, who have, by sowing the seeds and studying the soil, so improved and multiplied the variety of this most excellent fruit, that it has now become of great national importance, affording an agreeable and wholesome diet, in a thousand shapes, to all classes of society.

"It was not until the 16th year of the reign of Henry the VIIIth, that Pippins were first introduced into England, by Leonard Maschal, who, in Fuller's words, 'brought them from over sea,' and planted them at Plumstead, in Sussex, a small village on the north side of the South Downs, near the Devil's Dyke. Maschal brought the first carp to England, and thus, at one time, furnished our orchards and our ponds with the rarest variety of each kind.

"The Golden Pippin is a native of Sussex, and is said to have been first reared at Parham Park, which is also situated on the north side of the South Downs. The Dutch acknowledge it to be an English apple in their catalogue of fruits, where it is called the 'Engeloehe goud Pepping.' The French call it 'Pippin d'Or,' which is a translation of the English name.

"Catherine, Empress of Russia, was so fond of this apple, that she was regularly supplied with it from England; and in order that she might have it in the greatest perfection, each apple was separately enveloped in silver paper before it was packed."

It has lately been believed, that several superior sorts of apples, and especially the Golden Pippin, had degenerated, and could no longer be cultivated with success in this country. Mr. Phillips is of a contrary opinion, and cites the authority of some expe-



rienced horticulturists against this notion. They impute the apparent decay of the trees (the moul, redstreak, stire, foxwhelp, pippin, &c.) to the unfavourable sproutings for successive years, but assert that they are now in full and perfect bearing. Mr. Phillips sensibly adds—

"I have made this digression, to prevent if possible our best apples from being stigmatised as a decaying fruit and unprofitable to the grafter, which would be the cause of their becoming scarce, and, in time, totally lost. I have not presumed to set my judgment in opposition to that of Mr. Knight, who is so justly celebrated for his attention to horticultural pursuits; but it behoves all who may write of this most valuable fruit, to recommend the graftings to be of the best kinds, and to throw out no hint that may cause our nurserymen to neglect it's propagation. Gerard, when he published his Account of the Apple in 1597, was a warm advocate for the cultivation of apples. 'Gentlemen that have land and living,' says he, 'put forward, in the name of God; graffe, set, plant, and nourish up trees in every corner of your grounds; the labour is small, the cost is nothing, the commodity is great, your selues shall have plenty, the poor shall have somewhat in time of want to relieve their necessitie, and God shall reward your good mindes and diligence.'"

Mr. Knight, above alluded to, has carried the propagation of fruit further than ever it was carried before.

"The apple blossom contains about twenty stamina or males, and generally five pointals or females, which form the centre of the cup or cavity of the blossom. The males stand in a circle, just within the bases of the petals, or flower leaves, and are formed of slender threads, each of which terminates in a small yellow ball or anther. As soon as the blossoms are nearly full grown, they must be carefully opened, and all the male stamina cut or extracted, so as not to injure the pointals or females. The blossoms are then closed again, and suffered to remain till they open spontaneously. From the blossoms of the tree, which it is proposed to make the male parent of the future variety, must be taken a portion of their pollen or farina, when ready to fall from the mature anthers, and deposited upon the pointals of the blossoms, which consequently will afford seed. By shaking the blossoms over a sheet of white paper, you will ascertain when the pollen is ready. It is necessary in this experiment, to cover the branches on which the prepared blossoms are, with a thin muslin or gauze, so as not to touch the flowers, or keep off the sun or air, but to prevent the bees or other insects from inoculating them with the pollen of other blossoms, which would make the experiment uncertain; and in order to obtain the fruit and the seeds of a large size, it is best to leave but few blossoms on the tree, and, at all events, to clear the branches on which the prepared flowers are, from all other blossoms. When the fruit is quite ripe, the pips or seeds should be sown at a proper season, and in suitable soil, and in about four or

six years fruit may be expected. Mr. Knight has also made some curious experiments between the peach and the almond, which will be found in the account of the former fruit. Among the new apples which the world have to thank Mr. Knight for, is the Grange apple, which fruited first in 1802, and obtained the prize of the Herefordshire Agricultural Society: it is the offspring of the Orange Pippin and the Golden Pippin. He also obtained the annual premium of the same society, in 1807, for the Siberian Harvey, an apple which fruited for the first time in that year. This tree was raised from the seed of the Yellow Siberian Crab and the pollen of the Golden Harvey. Mr. Knight also raised the Foxley apple, from the seed of the Yellow Siberian Crab and the pollen of the Orange Pippin: this fruit also received the premium in 1808, and it is said to rival the Golden Pippin in sweetness.

"The cultivation of this, our most valuable fruit, has been attended to with so much care of late years, that one of our great gardeners, (Mr. Hugh Ronalds, of Brentford,) exhibited at the Horticultural Society, in August 1818, sixteen varieties of apples, and in September he exhibited fifty-eight other sorts, all grown in his own garden, and considered the finest collection ever exhibited. In the month of October of the same year, he exhibited fifty-three sorts, making in the whole a variety of 127 kinds of this our staple fruit, which, in point of real value, takes place of all others, and affords a variety for all seasons of the year, both for the desert and for culinary purposes, as well as the drink of which Phillips in *Miltonian* verse has sung."

Perhaps some of our fair friends may not know that pomatum is so called from being originally made with apples.

"There is made an ointment," says Gerard, 'with the pulp of apples and swine's grease and rose-water, which is used to beautify the face, and to take away the roughness of the skin, which is called in shops pomatum, of the apples whereof it is made.'"

On this subject we shall only add one other important observation.

"The various diseases to which the apple-tree is subject, have occupied the attention and the pen of some of our greatest naturalists, as well as many of our eminent practical gardeners. Animals of different species are found to engender a variety of kinds of animalcula, particularly where cleanliness is not attended to. Trees, according to their kinds, attract different blights: our endeavours, therefore, would be in vain to avoid the blight affecting the leaves and blossoms of large trees; but as the trunk and branches of the apple-tree are often injured, and sometimes destroyed, by animalcula, an attention to the cleanliness of these trees cannot fail of being beneficial to their growth. It has therefore occurred to me, from observations and experiments I have made since compiling this work, that if the trunks of the apple-trees were rubbed with the leaves and young shoots of the elder, to which all kind of blight hath an antipathy, that those injurious although minute insects

would not only be destroyed, but that it would prevent their fixing themselves on these trees. As this is a matter of importance to the public, I shall feel obliged by the remarks of any gentlemen who may be disposed to try the experiment. The canker of apple-trees, I apprehend, is principally occasioned by the uncongenial quality of the soil. I lately travelled with a gentleman, who informed me, that having observed all his apple-trees became cankered at a certain state of growth, he was induced to examine the nature of the soil at the greatest depth the roots had penetrated, and which he found consisted of gravel. Not being willing to give over the propagation of apple-trees, he caused a pavement of bricks to be made on the bed of gravel, which obliged the roots to take a horizontal direction, and thereby prevented their reaching the gravel, since which they have been free from canker."

(To be continued.)

*Don Juan. Canto XI. London, 1820. pp. 37.*

One of the most pleasing circumstances which happen to those whose business it is to estimate the merit of literary productions as they pass from the press, is to meet with those efforts which, if they have not effected great things, yet afford a reasonable hope of future exertions, by the proofs they exhibit of natural strength. Of this class is the little work now before us; and, in thus regarding it as a youthful production, we believe we are not mistaken. The author, whatever be his age, is certainly young as a poet. Why he has chosen for his poem the title with which it appears, we cannot tell, unless it be to procure it attention; and the means are unworthy of real genius. Of the readers of "*Don Juan, Canto XI.*" few will suppose it to have proceeded from the pen of Lord Byron; and the writer had done far better, as well as far more honestly, had he ventured forth under his own standard. There are some parts of the poem at which those of its readers, who have been accustomed to the perusal of more regular and more polished compositions, cannot but smile. "The wanton growth tending to wild," proves a hand not yet tutored "to clear th' ambiguous phrase, and lop th' unwieldy line." "*Don Juan, Canto XI.*" seems, indeed, to be a production of one more accustomed to write than to correct. His Pegasus carries him at full speed, but not in a regular course, nor without giving sufficient proof that he is under the restraint of too tight a bridle.

Yet there is, in this little volume, an originality of conception, and vigour of expression, which, how much soever it might be enhanced by greater elaboration, possesses considerable attraction, even as a distant imitation of the Bard of Venice (not Venus), the real Juan. The lovers of descriptive poetry may take the following example.

Before them are the towers of other days:  
They, like imperial queen, in frowning mood  
Glared on the cowed beholder's wond'ring gaze;  
For there, in crested pride, that fabric stood,

Pushing its bulwark'd strength for many a rood  
E'en into ocean's reign. Though night and  
morn

Hear the wild wave-dash of his angry flood,  
Morning and night shall view him still forlorn,  
Shall view his towers deride, and smile his  
siege to scorn.

The grandeur of that scene could weave a spell  
E'en for that wand'rer's heart. The thundering  
crash

Of that old pile, still concentering as it fell,  
Driving the wild wave backwards; and the splash  
Of the rude billows, as they foam and dash  
Proud over ruined majesty; the sight  
Of some half-buried wretch; the fitful flash  
Flick'ring on ocean's surface from the light  
Of smould'ring ruins—these were to his soul  
delight.

Around him beat

The fresh'ning spray—

Hark! 'tis a bark lies beating on the shore:  
Hark to the cry of death upon the wave;  
Hark to the pealing cannon's minute roar;  
Hark to that yell: the coward and the brave  
Swell the wild tempest blast—they shriek where  
none shall save.

The 38th Stanza, (with the exception of  
the word "reasonless") possesses delicacy,  
simplicity, and beauty.

His once loved Haidee: she no more,  
Free as the winds, upon her native sands  
Shall wave the signal, through the breakers'  
roar

To guide her sire's tott'ring vessel to the shore:  
He wifeless, childless, reasonless, alone,  
Shall trace the silent beach; ask "if this poor,  
Old, feeble man had once a child?" then groan,  
And cry, "If such there were, ah! wherefore  
is she flown?"

We cannot bestow much praise on the  
music of the lines: yet there are some pas-  
sages which we must exempt from the ge-  
neral censure.

That sky,

That peerless sky, e'en ling'ring yet with day,  
Nor thou, pale queen, in night's more late  
decay,

Nor thou, earth's Eden, nor the liquid fall  
Of waters, nor old ocean's billowy play,  
Could charm their grief.

The story is of a ruffian hero, who de-  
stroys a victim of his seduction, and flies  
with an adulteress. She commits suicide,  
and he is, lying, seized by fiends. In this  
conclusion we find little to commend; and  
may tell the author, that we consider him as  
having given to his muse much greater lati-  
tude than even his "quid libet audendi"  
will allow. We would remind him, that the  
writer whom he quotes has taken care,  
shortly after this license, to introduce his re-  
strictive "sed non;" and that, however pro-  
per the marvellous may be when judiciously  
employed, we fear that here his own critic  
would say, "Sed nunc non erit his locus."

We would encourage, while we warn the  
writer: "murmuring" cannot "wing the  
wind;" *huge* can be applied only to bulk,  
and by no means to superficial expansion,  
and hence, "huge wastes," is not correct lan-  
guage. We *lure* by setting objects of desire  
before the eyes, and not by compulsion.  
"The earth cannot be said to 'pass like a  
scroll.'" *Atomless* must necessarily mean,

without an atom; and we cannot "swell"  
in a blissful dream.

But we are unwillingly wasting our space  
on verbal criticisms; and will merely ob-  
serve, that the epithets are not always well  
chosen; that the different members of sen-  
tences are not always dependent; that the  
metaphors are not always consistent; and  
that the versification is too generally inhar-  
monious, owing to the fault imputed to Le-  
onidas, that he too frequently pauses on a  
trochee.

After having offered these remarks on  
the little pamphlet now before us, we dis-  
miss it to our readers, as a work in the pe-  
riod of which they will find their time not al-  
together thrown away. We require more  
accuracy and greater polish; but there is  
certainly some poetical thought and imagery  
in the composition, which should belong to  
a mind above that of a servile imitator, and  
the thief of a title.

*Sermons, Doctrinal, Practical, and Occa-  
sional.* By the Rev. William Snow-  
den, Perpetual Curate of Horbury,  
near Wakefield. 8vo.

Whatever tends to regulate and fix the  
minds of men (more especially in times of  
public agitation) upon objects favourable to  
religion, virtue, and good order, must be  
acceptable on every account.

That religion is the salt of the world, no  
thinking man will deny; nor that in periods  
of great tumult and violence, *that salt* "will  
lose its savour;" or, in other words, the  
passions of men will obscure or obstruct its  
influence.

The author of these sermons is situated  
in a part of the country, which, from many  
circumstances of privation and distress,  
makes it in a peculiar degree necessary for  
the minister to use all diligence and circum-  
spection, both by precept and example, to  
counteract the effect of those exaggerated  
misrepresentations, by which the public mind  
is inflamed: and if we may judge from the  
tenor of these discourses, Mr. Snowden is  
well qualified for the task.

The volume contains twenty sermons, em-  
bracing in the doctrinal part, most of the  
essential points of the Christian faith; and  
in the practical, some of those interesting to-  
pics which regard the education of the poor,  
and the mischievous effects of pauperism.

In sermon the fifth, on Righteousness, the  
delusions and impositions of trade are pointed  
out, and exposed in such striking and proper  
colours, that we heartily recommend its pe-  
riusal to every dealer and chapman in the  
kingdom, who may happen to call himself  
a Christian.

Among the Occasional Sermons, are, as  
might be expected, some on the loss and  
affliction of the nation, from the death of our  
late beloved sovereign, his consort, and the  
much lamented Princess Charlotte.

Upon the whole, we may designate this  
volume as a compendium of religious and  
useful knowledge.

*Pinnock's improved Edition of Dr. Gold-  
smith's Abridgement of the History of  
England, &c. with a Continuation to  
the Reign of George IV.; also a Dic-  
tionary, Biographical, Historical, &c.  
and Questions for Examination at the  
end of each Section.* Sixteenth Edi-  
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We notice this new edition of a valuable  
work, because we consider it to be one of  
the most complete books of the kind for  
education that has ever issued from the  
press, and the improvements so copious as  
to merit a distinct eulogium. They consist  
chiefly of copious biographical, historical,  
and critical notes, illustrative of the text; of  
tables of cotemporary sovereigns and emi-  
nent persons in each reign; of very appro-  
priate poetical mottoes; of a map, to help  
the understanding of the ancient history;  
and of a chapter on the constitution, as well  
as additional chapters, to bring down the nar-  
rative to the present time. In all these re-  
spects, this edition and continuation of Gold-  
smith's abridgement meets our decided ap-  
probation; even though the choice of words  
might have been made more adwisely in the  
new chapters, so as to steer clear of all politi-  
cal bias. School-books of this description  
ought to furnish facts rather than opinions;  
neutrality is their greatest recommendation.

The editors deserve every praise for the  
pains and labour they have bestowed in per-  
fecting the publication; and we feel confident,  
that the sixteenth will be followed more ra-  
pidly than it has been preceded, by many  
other editions.

*The Angel of the World, and Sebastian,  
with other Poems.* By the Rev. G.  
Croly, A.M. pp. 182.

This volume, of which we have al-  
ready given an anticipatory account, has  
at last made its appearance. As a work  
of the press, it is a very neat specimen  
of the skill of English printing.

Having previously quoted so largely  
from the two longest pieces, we shall  
now restrict ourselves to two of the  
miscellaneous poems; one, for the cele-  
brity of the artist and the magnificence  
of the picture which it describes, per-  
haps among the noblest performances  
of the English school of painting; and  
the other, for the benefit of those fair  
readers who may suspect the depth and  
sincerity of the Poet's homage to the  
sex, living or dead.

SATAN.

*From a Picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence.*

"Satan dilated stood," Milton.

Prince of the fall'n! Around thee sweep  
The billows of the burning deep:  
Above thee looms the sullen fœt:  
Beneath thee bursts the flaming spire;  
And on thy sleepless vision rise  
Hell's living clouds of agonies.

But thou dost like a mountain stand,  
The spear unlifted in thy hand:  
Thy gorgeous eye—a comet shone,—  
Calm into utter darkness borne.

A naked giant, stern, sublime,  
Arm'd in despair, and scorning Time.

On thy curl'd lip is thron'd diadems,  
That may revenge, but not complain:  
Thy mighty cheek is firm, tho' pale;  
There smote the blast of fiery hail!

Yet wane, wild beauty figners there,  
The wreck of an archangel's sphere.

Thy forehead wears no diadem,  
The King is in thy eyeballs' beam,  
Thy form is grandeur unobscured,  
Sole chief of Hell's dark multitude.

Thou prison'd, a ruin'd, unforgiven!  
Yet fit to master all but Heaven.

SONO,

Thou loveliest of the lovely! where  
Is thy bright spirit gone?  
Where is thy gentle throne?  
In what sweet and silver sphere?  
Tell me, my Angela, that I  
All night on thee may gaze,  
And know thy temple's blaze  
From all the splendours of the sky.

Oh! if the loved in death return,  
To love and look upon  
The pale, heart-broken one,  
That weeps at midnight o'er their urn—

Tell me, when on the blissful air  
They stoop, that I may be  
Found fit to welcome thee,  
With hands and heart upraised in prayer.

Or art thou changed, and to mine eyes  
A thing invisible:  
Wrapped in the unpierced veil  
Of holy immortality?

No! thou wilt stoop to earth no more:  
Thy glory were profaned  
By thoughts to earth still chained,  
My Angela! thy trial's o'er.

And I will follow thee, sweet Love!  
Life's bitterness is past,  
The world is fading fast,  
My spirit wings its way above.

GALIFFE'S ITALY, &c.

(First vol.—Concluded from our last.)

At Verona, our Genesee, like an Englishman, visited the tomb of Juliet, and gives us rather a grotesque story about it.

"We went, as all admirers of Shakespeare are bound to do, to visit the tomb of Juliet; which is a stone-coffin in the garden of an ancient convent of Franciscan friars. The convent was formerly blown up by an explosion of gunpowder, and the coffin was recognized (it is said) by the hole made in it, for admitting air to the unfortunate bride. Incredulous people might perhaps mistake it for the basin of a fountain; but its shape and an excavation for the head, afford some ground for the speculation that it may have been a coffin; and if a coffin, why not Juliet's? An English Lady, who shall be nameless, and who had paid her devotions at this shrine some weeks before us, had taken it into her head to lay herself at full length in this tomb, like a monumental figure, with her hands piously crossed on her bosom. But it is dangerous to tempt the

devil, and especially in a monastery. The romantic visitor had no sooner clasped her hands on her breast, than a sudden gust of wind so disarranged her undefended garments, as to cause no slight confusion to herself, and some scandal to half a dozen male and female friends who accompanied her."

What would the Nurse have said, had she been alive and present? From Verona we fly to Venice, and here we take but one description.

"The poorest class lives almost exclusively on pumpkins, of which there are two sorts. The first and cheapest is that round and insipid kind, which is known all over Europe: it is called *Zucca barucca*, and a slice of it costs only one centime, equal to the tenth part of a penny. It is miserable food, but fire or six slices during the day are sufficient to keep body and soul together. The other sort is called *Zucca Santa*: it is more substantial, less insipid, and proportionally dearer; and is the favourite and usual food of that portion of the lower classes who are just above begging. Its form is that of a very long pear, its taste is not unlike that of a carrot, and the rind, when fried, forms a sort of resinous substance which is esteemed a great delicacy by the pumpkin-eaters. These pumpkins or gourds are sold, ready fried, in three or four different moveable stalls in every street; you cannot go ten paces, without meeting with some. They afford, perhaps, a less savoury, but certainly a more wholesome nourishment, than the greasy and dirty fritters of which the Amsterdam beggars are so fond, and to which they add a nauseous decoction of endive, dignified with the name of coffee, — a beverage fortunately unknown to the poor people of Venice."

At the little town of Fano, the theatre made a remarkable display. "The principal performers at that time were an excellent set of rope-dancers; and among their feats was that of a man and woman, running up from the stage to the gallery on two parallel ropes, without balancing poles, and dancing all the way with perfect ease. The evening's entertainment was closed with a very laughable farce, in which the lover disguised himself as a dog, and acquitted himself of all the functions of a dog with ridiculous, but disgusting, accuracy." Thus we see that Madame Saqui has had her prototypes in the exploits she performed at Covent-Garden: it is probable the hint of the dog-trick will not be thrown away on our tasteful managers.

Among the painters at Rome, the author speaks of one whose case is rather extraordinary. He says—

"Mr. Verstappen is, I presume, the first landscape painter in Europe. His colouring is admirable for truth, warmth, and luxurious beauty. I never saw water represented with such striking effect; his trees show a vigour of vegetation which equals nature itself; and his goats are the most charming animals that ever were produced on canvas. Mr. Verstappen was born in Holland, but he left that country twelve years ago, and is

not disposed ever to return thither. He looks upon Rome as his own country, because it is that of the arts and of artists. Switzerland he allows to be a very fine and picturesque country, but a much less fertile ground than Italy for a painter. His genius seems full of that glow which he admires in nature, and transfuses so faithfully into his works. He is just the man to have said '*Ed io son pittore!*' A remarkable particularity in him is, that he paints with the left hand; the right has either been cut off, or possibly he may have been born without it, but he does not like to have it observed, and always keeps it wrapt up in a handkerchief, or hid under his pallet. The price of Mr. Verstappen's largest paintings is one hundred and twenty pounds, and they are certainly very cheap. The smaller ones cost only from thirty to fifty pounds."

We see how some painters manage; and in an account of the Carnival recreations on the Corso, we have an example of the behaviour of ambassadors. The carriages are on each side, and the pedestrian crowd throng the centre of this street, which is not over wide.

"The Count de Blacas, the French Ambassador, drew upon himself the hearty curses of the people, by a proceeding for which he deserved to have had his carriage broken to pieces—as it certainly would have been in any other place than Rome. Choosing to make a parade of his privilege, he drove rapidly down the middle of the street, between the two files of other carriages, to the great peril of the crowd. When Mr. de Funchal, the Portuguese Ambassador Extraordinary saw this, he thought his master's honour required that he also should assert his right, and he therefore ordered his coachman to attempt to overtake and to pass Count de Blacas's carriage. Count de Blacas's man not knowing Mr. Funchal's equipage, as the latter was but lately arrived, would not allow his carriage to pass, until the Count, being made aware of the dispute, and seeing who it was, ordered his coachman to desist from the race. Mr. de Funchal, after his victory, immediately withdrew; but the stupid pride of the Frenchman was not satisfied with a momentary exercise of his most senseless and absurd of all privileges, but he drove thus three times along the whole length of the Corso. It must be observed, that there were several kings and queens, and royal princes, in the two files of coaches, none of whom shewed the least disposition thus contemptuously to break in upon the pleasures of a people, who are allowed only twenty-four hours in each year for their amusements. I cannot believe that a man capable of indulging in such a paltry triumph, would act with dignity and energy in cases of real moment; and I can well conceive the hatred which he inspired in France, of which I saw some very curious specimens at Paris."

In describing the society at Rome, Mr. G. falls into the silly absurdity of giving us

\* Mr. Corbould the English artist, we have heard, paints with his left hand.—Ed.

pages of characters in capital letters—princesses A's, Duchesses B's, &c. We never yet could imagine any possible reason for printing travels in this fashion. If the matters mentioned are meant to be unintelligible, it might be as well not to take up room with them. What is not fit to be disclosed should be wholly omitted; and it is an injustice to some readers (ladies, perhaps, who do not like to have curiosity excited and balked) to tantalize them with things that others may happen to understand, though they cannot. Instances of the folly we allude to will be found at page 408, and thereabouts. But the most strange, we had almost said the most whimsical part of this first volume, is the author's theory, that Rome was founded by Russians, or rather by their ancestors, the Scythians. His proof is derived from the analogy of the languages; and, as this enquiry is really curious, we shall copy the most prominent parts.

"Nestor, the oldest historian of Russia, says, that the ancient Slavonians were driven out of Mysia and Pannonia by the Bulgarians. We are told that the latter established themselves in Mysia in the fourth or fifth century of the Christian era, but Nestor may have been deceived by two narrations, or traditions, which coincided in some points; and he may have blended them into one. It is highly probable that the Slavonians inhabited Mysia in the most ancient times, and that some national disaster forced them to abandon that country; that the greatest number emigrated by land, but that a part of them embarked on the *Ægean Sea*, and were tossed about till they arrived on the Latin shore.

"It may be observed, that Mysia was so very near Troy, that this famous town was very possibly the real spot from which they started after its siege. This would reconcile all the chief traditions of both people,—which, in such researches, ought never to be lost sight of. But I am not at all prepared to assert, that it was *Æneas*, or that they were Trojans, who came to Rome. This alone is the point for the probability of which I contend,—that its founders, whoever they might be, spoke the Russian language.

"I must here warn my readers against a mistaken notion, which is very current even amongst well-informed people in Russia, (so that we must not be astonished at its having been adopted throughout the rest of Europe,) that the Russians took their language from the Slavonians, from whom they drew their origin. The language of the Russians in our days is unquestionably the original language; what is called Slavonian is only a dialect of it."

Struck with the notion of their identity, Mr. G. applied himself to learn the Russian tongue, and proceeded—

"I very early learnt, however, one circumstance, which was sufficient to spur me on through any difficulties and obstacles. This was the very singular coincidence between the Russian and the Latin languages, in respect of their want of articles. This peculiarity in the Latin language had already frequently surprised me. I could not con-

ceive how it could have arisen, seeing that all the languages derived from the Latin, as well as the Greek, had articles; and I had now no longer the least doubt, but that it involved a very interesting historical fact, which I grew more and more anxious to develop. I therefore took the first favourable opportunity of visiting Russia, where I applied myself to the study of the language with as much assiduity as my occupations of a more important nature allowed me. The Russian is so exceedingly difficult, that in spite of a facility of acquiring foreign languages which has been of the greatest service to me with respect to those of other countries, it cost me greater pains than any three of those which I had previously learnt. However, after two years' residence there, I had pretty well mastered it; and as soon as I thought myself sufficiently expert in it, I resumed the investigation which I had laid by for this pursuit.

"I cannot express the delight I felt at the discovery of the first very clear etymology which presented itself to my notice, that of *Senator*, from *Znaten*, which means noble.

"The next was *Populus*, from *Po Polon*, or (writing agreeably to Italian pronunciation) *Popoli*, which means about the plain, or the fields. The story of *Valerius Publicola* illustrates this etymology remarkably well; in teaching us that building his residence on a hill, was a circumstance which distinguished a chieftain from the common mass of the nation.

"*Plebs* was but too likely to have been derived from *Plebs* (apistle, scum.)

"*Rez* was probably taken from *Reed* (I harangue), for the first king was little more than an orator;—and the verb *rego* must have had the same origin.

"*Civis* may come from *Civi* (liberal,) pronounced as in Italian, *Cheevy*.

"*Milites* may be drawn from *Mily* (my friends), for this word was only applied to those who were near the chief, and had a right to bear arms.

"*Ludi* (games) may very reasonably be supposed to have had its origin in the Russian *Ludi* (a great many people); *Ludno* means populous, and crowded.

"*Ludi e'con realit* (to fling people down off horseback) was a proper etymology enough for the *Ludi Consualia*, without the interference of a god, *Consus*, who could have nothing at all to do with the games.

"In the *Lupercalia*, a goat was killed, and the priest touched with the bloody kulla the forehead of a boy, whose office it was to laugh during the ceremony. Very probably the lad was obliged to smile and say *Lob-perceoli*, "Do pierce my forehead," which was afterwards taken for the vocative case of *Lupercalia*, the priest who celebrated these games.

"In the *Palilia*, heaps of straw were set on fire, and people leaped over them: the signal given was doubtless *Palili* "the fire is lighted,"—and there was no occasion for the interference of a goddess *Pales*, who owed her origin to the same compendious principle of creation as the god *Consus*. But I have a still better reason to bring forward in

support of my etymology; for these games are celebrated up to the present time by the Russians, on St. John's day, in the month of June.

"I shall now proceed to the comparison of a variety of Roman words, with the words in the Russian language from which I believe them to be derived. I have already suggested what proportions it might naturally be expected that the warlike strangers who founded Rome, and their Italian wives, would respectively contribute to the formation of the new and mixed language of their descendants; and that if the larger portion of it, consisting generally of the ordinary language of peaceful and domestic life, was likely to be supplied by the women, it was still more probable that all the terms of war and of government, the names of their deities, religious ceremonies, &c. would be furnished by the men. It will be seen by the following list how far my theory is borne out by the fact, and how great a proportion of the names which I have succeeded in tracing to their Russian origin, belong to the latter class.

"The antiquaries inform us that the first Roman banners bore the figure of a hog: they were called *Signa*—*Suinia* in Russian, is a Hog.

*Tributu* comes from *Trebutu*, exacted. *Hostis*, an enemy,—from *Hosti*, strangers. *Jugum*; *Igo*, yoke.

*Fasces* or *fakes*: *Seathi*, bundles.

*Scuris*, *Sehira*, an axe.

*Spolia*, prey: *Spolia*, from the field of battle.

*Strages*:—*Stragenie*, a defeat, *Strah*, fear, terror.

*Cruor*, blood violently split; *Crow*, blood; the old word was *Sanguis*, which was retained for the fluid.

*Morior*, I die,—*Mora*, I kill.

*Fugro*:—*Fuigonat*, to put to flight.

*Vibro*:—*Fuibroast*, to dart.

*Rapio*:—*Hrabiti*, to plunder.

*Lato*, I fall:—*Slayboy*, weak; *Slabo*, weakly.

*Placo*, I appease;—*Placat*, to cry, to weep.

*Mollis*, I soften:—*Molin*, I beg, I pray.

*Immolo*, I sacrifice:—*Fuimolius*, I obtain by my prayers.

*Pugno*, I fight; *Pinair*, I drive,—I push *Seco*; *Secu*, I cut.

*Vapulo*, I am beaten; *Pabili*, they have beaten me.

*Mors*, *Mortis*; *Smert*, *Smerti*, death.

*Malum*, bad; *Molo*, too little.

*Trepidare*; *Trepetat*, to tremble.

*Micare*, to glitter, } *Meo* (pronounce Ma-  
*Dimicare*, to fight. } che,) a sword.

*Magistratus*; *Magustrashit*, I may inspire fear.

*Magister*; *Magustratchet*, I may take care of. *Hramnenses*, or *Hramnecis*, name of one of the three tribes of Rome; *Hramnog*, belonging to the temples.

*Luheri*, or *Luerci*, another tribe; from *Lac*, a bow; the legion, or Company of Archers.

*Azylum*; *Atyalat*, to banish.

*Mania*, town-walls; *Minsyn*, I stop, I cut short.

*Domus*; *Dom*, a house.

*Pons*, a bridge; *Ponere*, to bear up.  
*Arare*; *Arat*, to plough.  
*Strou*; *Strou*, (pronounce Stroyou) I build.  
*Pacere*; *Past*, to feed.  
*Alari*; *Alarut*, to speak.  
*Vider*; *Videl*, to see.  
*Validare*; *Healit*, to approve.  
*Eat*; *eat*, (pronounced *geat*, as Cicero said it was pronounced in Latin) to eat.  
*Est*; *Est*, it is.  
*Lubit*, it pleases; *Lubit*, to love, or to like.  
*Nox*; *Nuch*, night.  
*Dies*; *Den*, day.  
*Somnus*; *Son*, sleep.  
*Sol*; *Sol*, salt.  
*Vinum*; *Vino*, wine, and brandy.  
*Genet*, a son-in-law; } *Gena*, a wife  
*Generant*, noble; }  
*Vadua*; *Vada*, water.  
*Mare*; *Mare*, the sea.  
*Nubes*, clouds; *Nebena*, heaven.  
*Mensis*; *Mesiat*, month.  
*Ether*, air; *væter*, wind.  
*Boreas*; *Burus*, tempest, storm.  
*Caruifer*, an Executioner; *Carant*, to cut off the ears.

"I might add a great many more, for I collected above five hundred similar instances which I communicated to Mr. Karazin, a great many years ago, when he was writing his history of Russia. But I suppose the preceding will be deemed sufficient. I must however add a few, which are intended to prove that this branch, at least, of the great Scythian family, has made a greater progress in civilization, than some writers are willing to allow.

*Scrilo*, I write; *Serebu*, I scratch, I engrave.

*Pingo*, *pinxi*, *pingere*, to paint, to draw; *piachi*, *piachit*, to write.

*Recitare*, to recite; *chitat* (pronounced *chitat*, as the Italians) to read.

"I shall close this article with a translation of the principal proper names of the first Romans.

*Roma*; *Rrom*, brown, thunder.

*Romulus*; *Rromas-luch*, light of thunder, glittering of thunder.

*Remus*; *Rremu*, I roar, or rumble, like thunder.

*Tullus*; *Tul*, quiver, lac, a bow.

*Tarpeius*; *Terpegu*, I suffer.

*Pluminius*; *Plomingu*, blazing.

*Atratinus*; *Atraten*, armed cap-a-pè.

*Sempronius*; *Sempronitusyug*, I pierce seven through.

*Mucius*; *Muciu* pronounced like the Italian) I torment.

*Marcus*; *Murachina*, (id.) I frown.

*Cassius*; *Coassius*, I look wary.

*Sporius*; *Sporius*, I quarrel.

"I think finer names could not be chosen for such people.

"To these I must add those of some of their Divinities.

*Feretrus*; *Pecetria*, who beats to atoms, who crushes.

*Mars*, *Martis*; *Suert*, *Smertry*, death.

*Gradiens*; *Gradieng*, of towns.

*Ceres*; *Zerey*, who ripens.

*Neptunus*; *Neftoun*, who cannot be drowned.

*Jupiter*; *Jimpitat*, to feed life, to support it.

*Culum*; *Tielo*, the whole.

*Saturnus*; *Saturnog*, created.

*Pluto*; *Boh Plutef*, the god of thieves, miscreants, knaves.

*Pallas*; *Palach*, a tent.

*Minerva*; *Mir ne rea*, who does not break peace.

*Fulcanus*; *Folkugain*, the magician of fire.

*Venus*; *Veno*, a bride's portion, her marriage money.

*Rhea*; *Hrega*, heating.

*Smithæus*; *Zuinny*, of a serpent.

*Diæus*, godlike; *Dioey*, wonderful.

"I shall be glad if this opening should induce some learned man to go much deeper into this subject than I had leisure to do. There are many dialects of the Russian language, of which I know nothing but the names, and which might throw greater light on this matter."

This, though perhaps a fanciful, is certainly a very curious speculation, and we join the author in inviting inquiry into it.

#### THE PARSIS\*.

No religion on earth, that of the Jews excepted, has continued from such remote times as that of the Parsis, with so little apparent change of doctrine or ritual. Different opinions are held among them concerning the nature of things, and the writings ascribed to Zertusht are very imperfect on that subject. All the laity, or Behdins, consider Ormazd the author of good, and Ahriman the author of evil, as having existed from the beginning; and Zerwan, or Time, as a production of Ormazd; an opinion which seems to be favoured by the *Avesta*. But many of the desturs, following the expostitions of later authors, hold that every thing has originated from Zerwan, or Time, and that Ormazd was the first active and creative being produced by that original principle. Zerwan, however, is seldom mentioned in the sacred volumes of the Parsis; and if he was at any period esteemed the grand original principle of all existence; yet as he has long ceased to operate directly, and as all the changes of nature are held to be effected by the agency of Ormazd and Ahriman, from whom immediately flow all good and evil, Zerwan remaining inactive like the God of the Epicureans, the whole attention of the Persians being constantly directed to those two who possessed the immediate power of conferring benefits and inflicting injuries, Ormazd the agent of good is now regarded as the sole ultimate object of worship.

As Ormazd is alllight, purity, and excellence, and inhabits the primal light, so is Ahriman all darkness, impurity, and wickedness, and inhabits the primal darkness.

Ormazd and Ahriman appear to be co-etaneous. The first production of Ormazd was the *Ohover*, or *Homover*, The Word,

by means of which he created\* all material things, the heavens, the earth, and all that they contain.

The *Ohover* or Word is a text of the *Avesta*, held in great veneration.

While Ormazd was originally engaged in the enjoyment of his perfections, he discovered Ahriman at an immense distance off in mud and filth, and knew instinctively that he was to confound and delude his formations: Ormazd therefore employed himself for three thousand years in making the heavens and their celestial inhabitants the Feroehs, which are the angels and the unembodied souls of all intelligent beings. All nature is filled with Feroehs or guardian angels, who watch over its various departments, and are occupied in performing their various tasks for the benefit of mankind. Ormazd was induced to create those Feroehs at this time, as a protection against the Evil One, and as the means by which the world was finally to be purified from sin. Ahriman, dazzled by the refugence of light, and discomfited by the simple enunciation of The Word, or *Ohover*, fled to hell, where he created an opposite class of spirits, the Divs and Darujs, or male and female demons, the inhabitants of darkness and ministers of all evil, in order to annoy and injure Ormazd and his works. The *Vendidad* makes the evil beings so created amount to ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety. Ahriman, cast down into the abodes of darkness, there completed the second period of three thousand years, during which time all the productions of Ormazd were free from wickedness and pain, and happiness alone prevailed in heaven and on earth. But the universe was still in a state of comparative waste. During this second period of three thousand years the other Amshaspands or superior angels, for Ormazd himself is considered as the first, were produced. Of those now created, the first, Bahman, was to watch over living animals, and to keep peace among men; the second, Ardechehest, presides over fire; the third, Shahrivar, was placed over metals and riches; the fourth, Spandarmad, a female angel, watched over the earth; the fifth, Khurad, diffuses the blessings of running water and of plenty; the sixth, Amordad, watches over the multiplication of trees, plants, and grain. Ahriman, on his part, created six superior Divs to counteract and injure their operations.

Ormazd, having arranged the heavens, assigned to various guardian angels the charge of all the stars and planets; of the different months and days of the month; of the three watches of the day and two of the night; of the elements and their parts. All nature is full of watchful guardian spirits.

Yet in spite of this multiplication of superior beings, and though in the Liturgy of the Parsis all of these are occasionally addressed, they are never worshipped as deities, but

\* The Word acts a very dark and uncertain part in the *Zend-Avesta*, *Couverture de Zoroaster*, vol. i, part ii, pp. 86 and 87, where The Word is invoked. See also pp. 128 and 139, which is very curious, and like St. John i. In vol. ii, p. 239, it appears as the *AV* of the Hebrews.

\* Abridged from a very interesting account of the Fireworshippers in India, by William Erskine, Esq., and inserted in the second volume of the Bombay Literary Transactions. Ed.

only as the media through which praise is conveyed to the Supreme Being, to whom all adoration is finally addressed; the ancient Persians, like the modern Paris, being strict Unitarians.

According to one system, (for even among the Persians there are various systems,) towards the end of this second period of three thousand years, the Feroher, or disembodied prototype of man, which was still in the heavens, being delighted with the appearance of order and harmony that reigned on the earth, Ormazd proposed that it should descend in order to combat the Darujs, and contribute to the eradication of evil from the lower world, promising that he should finally restore the souls of men to their celestial abodes.

Ahriaman trembled in hell at this appalling intelligence. The Divs, or demons whom he had created from time to time to keep pace with the creations of his rival, asked him to rise and combat this new enemy, to whom the destruction of sin was destined. After various reviews of his troops, and some indecision, he at length rose up with his hands, combated the light, and by means of his demons, many of whom assumed the appearance of serpents, of flies, and of venomous and ravenous animals, confounded all things on earth. Ahriaman, who after penetrating into heaven had thrown himself on the earth in the form of a serpent, perched up every thing by a burning drought. By his orders the Feroher of man, which by an odd enough arrangement contained also that of the bull, whose shape it had assumed, was wounded, and finally died. From the right fore-leg of this celestial bull, at the moment he expired, fell Kayomers, the parent and king of the human race; from the other parts of his body issued the germs of numerous animals, trees, and vegetables, useful to man.

Kayomers, the father of the human race, was created to live for ever, but Ahriaman attempted to destroy him. The parent of evil covered the world with night, and burned it up by his demons. He attacked the revolving sphere, which Ormazd preserved. For ninety days and nights did the angels of Ormazd and the demons of Ahriaman encounter each other: at length the latter were precipitated into hell. Ahriaman was completely expelled from heaven, to which he has never since attempted to return; but from hell he penetrated through the earth, and renewed his war on all the productions of Ormazd. Kayomers died of the injury he had sustained.

We are not yet arrived at the end of fable. In forty years a plant like the *rice* spring from the seed of Kayomers, bearing living fruit resembling two human bodies united together, and inclosing fruits that contained ten different species of men. The two bodies became Mashia and Mashiane, a male and a female. Ahriaman, finding that they adhered to Ormazd, whose influence was superior to his own, resolved to corrupt them. By his lies he induced them to rebel. They became Darvands, and their souls were doomed to hell till the resurrection. A flood succeeded

which covered the earth to the height of a man, and killed the Kharfesters, or evil beings invested with bodies, that had taken shelter in the holes of the earth; from their remains poisons and putridity and noisome animals arose. The hapless pair were still doomed to new trials, and were seduced by Ahriaman to drink the milk of a goat, and to eat the fruit of a tree, by which they lost their remaining advantages. They ceased to praise God, and the Divs raised quarrels between them. Ahriaman from hell invited them to worship the Divs, and Mashia poured out libations of milk to the north, the region of darkness. After fifty years the hapless pair met again, and had several children. The whole of this cosmogony is evidently Chaldean, and often reminds us of the fable of Paradise Lost. It ought to be remarked that it is extracted from the *Bundehesh*, a Pehlvi work, written posterior to the fall of the Sassanid dynasty, and from Persian works of a still later date, which do not in every particular agree with the cosmogony of the *Vendidad*. The *Vendidad* indeed often alludes to mythological tales as known, without explaining them. The account of the cosmogony is no part of the popular doctrine. Not one in a hundred even of the Destrus has studied it. It is given here chiefly on account of its coincidence with some very ancient notices of the opinions of the Persians.

Misery and sin having thus found their way among the children of men, some prophet or deliverer was required to rescue them from the wretchedness and deilement under which they laboured, and to guard them from the temptations and dangers that pressed on every hand.

Before the age of Zertusht certain distinguished saints, such as Hom, Jenishid, and others, had instructed mankind in the will of Heaven. But the whole law was at length promulgated by Zertusht, the chosen of Ormazd. It teaches how to keep away and to subdue all bad demons, the authors of evil in the world, and how to attain perfect bliss here and hereafter. Since the time of Zertusht no demons have been allowed to assume a visible form.

It appears therefore that the leading, or at least the most commendable, doctrines of the Parsi religion are, to adore Ormazd as the author of all good, to preserve purity of thought, word, and action; to reverence all the angels and subordinate spirits and agents of Ormazd, with which nature swarms in all her elements, and to pay them honour. For this purpose, endless prayers must be repeated, as contained in a tedious liturgy, which prescribes the solemn words to be used not only on great and important occasions, but even on the most common and vulgar operations and functions of life. Numerous vain and frivolous ceremonies are prescribed; some to be performed by the priest, and others by the laity themselves. As the language of the *Zend-Avesta* is known to none of the vulgar, and to few of the priesthood, the stated prayers are mumbled over as contained in the ritual, with incredible velocity, and are considered rather as charms and in-

cantations producing effects by their sound, than as in any degree fixing the mind on its object, or elevating it to the father of spirits.

The whole system is founded on the supposition of a continued warfare between good and evil spirits, which fill all nature; and religion is the art of gaining the aid of the former, and, by due observance of the law, of inducing them to assist the votaries of Ormazd.

The great visible objects of veneration are the elements, and especially the Fire. Light is regarded as the best and noblest symbol of the Supreme, who is without form. In consequence of this veneration for light and fire, the sun, moon, planets, stars, and the heavens themselves, are objects of peculiar respect; and in praying, they delight to turn to them, especially to the rising sun. They have no temples considered as the residence of God or of superior beings, nor any images or paintings of Ormazd or his angels. Their *ateeh-kahela*, or fire-mansions, are merely edifices for guarding the holy fire undefiled and unextinguished.

In all their temples, if they can be so called, the sacred fire is kept for ever burning, and it is approached with the greatest reverence. Their most awful ceremonies are performed before it.

There are two species of the sacred fire in India, the *behrām* and the *adīrān*; the former of which ought to be composed of a thousand and one different species of fire, and the latter of at least fifteen or sixteen. These various kinds are enumerated, as fire generated from rubbing two pieces of wood, from a kitchen fire, a funeral pile, &c. Some of them evidently originated in India. The *behrām* fire, to which high reverence is paid, is found only in three temples in all India: at Udvari or Udipūr, a town near Doman; at Nausari; and at Bombay. The *adīrān* fires are much more numerous; there being five or six of them in Bombay alone, and many in other places. Each temple has only one sacred fire before which the daily prayers and certain others are read. There are occasional services, as, if a person wishes the *Yeath*, *Vampered*, or *Vendidad* to be read for the benefit of a living or dead person; and, for more solemnity, that it should be in the fire temple. In such instances, any fire is brought from without, placed in the temple, and, if it be a *behrām* fire temple, is removed again when the business is over: if an *adīrān*, it is placed below the *adīrān* fire. The great fire, whether *behrām* or *adīrān*, is seen, at least in India, by all Parsis; certain ceremonies being performed before it.

These fire temples are always covered, and so constructed, that no rays of the sun can fall directly on the sacred fire which they contain. Certain parts of their liturgy are repeated only by the priest standing or sitting, in long and pure white attire, in the fire temple, before the sacred fire. On his mouth is the *panām*, a small piece of white cloth, to prevent the saliva from spurring or dropping out to defile the fire while he reads the *Vendidad* or other sacred volume, chant-

ing the suitable texts. When he reads the *Yasht*, *Fespered*, or *Fendidd*, before the common fire, he holds in his hand the *barsom*, tied by the cord called *evangan*. The *barsom* consists of a number of small twigs, about a span long, which have been previously cut from a particular\* tree by the priest with a consecrated knife and with great ceremony. These, from time to time, at particular parts of the prayer or reading, are placed on the *mahrub*, or stand. The fire is usually fed with any dry wood. The prayers of the Parsis are not repeated distinctly, but muttered through the teeth with a kind of inarticulate noise, without opening the lips. In reading the *Avesta*, the passages containing the directions inserted by the mobeds are perused in total silence.

They have various classes of priests, of whom the chief are the *destdrs*, who ought to study their sacred books, and are the doctors and expounders of the law. Not being officiating priests, they are not necessary to a fire temple. Next are the *mobeds*, who are the ministering priests, read the holy books in the temples, and superintend all religious ceremonies, whether there or in private houses. They are not in general learned, seldom understanding the meaning of the books which they read, or the prayers which they recite, these being in the Zend or the Pehlvi languages.

In their public prayers much use is made of the consecrated water called *sor* or force. It is supposed to be powerful in repelling demons, and to impart peculiar efficacy to the sacred rites. In the course of the service they pour it from one cup into another, dip the point of the *barsom* into it, and sprinkle another *barsom* with it. After the religious service is over, it is poured into a spring or running stream, which it is supposed to purify.

The *hom*, also of singular use in their ritual, and, like the *sor*, perpetually alluded to in their sacred volumes, is the consecrated juice of a particular shrub, which is brought from Persia, pounded and prepared with many ceremonies. Besides its important uses in the public devotions, it is usual to give a drop of it to a new-born infant to cleanse it from the impurities of the womb; and to persons supposed to be at the point of death, in order to keep away malignant demons, and to purify the departing soul for future bliss and immortality.

Besides the occasional prayers or ejaculations that the Parsis are taught to repeat in particular circumstances, each Parsi ought to pray at five stated times every day; once between sunrise and noon, once between noon and the middle point between noon and sunset, once between that point and sunset, once between sunset and midnight, and lastly between midnight and sunrise. On awaking in the morning and rising from his bed, he first of all unties and ties again his *kusti*. As he ties each knot in the form prescribed, he ejaculates or mutters

the prayers ordained for the purpose. They pray in all situations, whether public or private, frequently interrupting their prayers to scold or give directions.

When a child is born, a name is given it, either at the moment of birth or a few days after, with little ceremony. The chief solemnity is on investing a child, whether male or female, with the *kusti*, or consecrated cord or girdle, and the *sadra*, or sacred shirt: the former is made of seventy-two threads of camel's hair, or of wool. He receives them between the age of seven years and of fourteen years and three months, never laying them aside till his death, except to change them, or for temporary purposes. The *sadra* is worn below the *kusti*, and next the skin. These are considered as the armour of a Parsi man against the temptations of Ahriman.

Their most efficacious morning ablutions are with the urine of the ox, after which they wash themselves with pure water.

The Parsis do not admit of polygamy, unless the first wife be barren, when a second may be taken. The priests may marry as often as the laity.

The use of concubines is strictly forbid, but the practice is widely different.

No Parsi can eat or drink out of the same vessel with a person of a different religion; nor are they fond of drinking out of the same cup with another Parsi, for fear of becoming a sharer in his sins.

They have something similar to auricular confession.

The Parsi is one of the few religions that has no fasts. God delights in the happiness of his creatures; and it is even meritorious to use the best meat and drink, the best clothes, and the best accommodations of every kind that are attainable.

As to their meats, all birds and beasts of prey, with the dog and the hare, are forbidden. Pork is not forbidden; but by a direction of one of the *reemets*, the swine ought to be kept apart and fed on clean food for a twelvemonth before it is killed.

Few good works are in their estimation more meritorious than the planting of trees. They have a great unwillingness to cut down any fruit tree.

Their reverence for the elements makes them careful in no manner to defile them. No impurity is allowed to be thrown into the fire or the water. None of them are smiths, through prevented by no positive injunction: they never extinguish any light, nor do they enlist as sepoys, pretending that they dare not defile the fire by the use of fire-arms. In the great fire in Bombay in 1803, they stood for a long time idle, witnessing the progress of the flames; but when they found them continuing to spread, to the ruin of their houses and property, their interest got the better of their scruples, and many of them wrought with great alacrity, both in procuring water and in helping to extinguish the fire. All other natives of the East, when about to take an oath, cast off their shoes or sandals; the Parsis alone put them on, so as in some measure to insulate themselves

from the elements. To their reverence for the water, as well as to their want of good seaports, may be ascribed their aversion in all ages to navigation; though in cases of necessity, as in long voyages, their law allows them to throw impurities into the sea. Hence, too, they never bury the bodies of their dead, for fear of defiling the earth, but leave them to moulder away, and to be consumed by the birds of prey. Their *dohs*, *mekhs*, or places of sepulture, have often been described. They are round towers, having platforms or terraces near the top, sloping gently to the centre, in which is a round hole for receiving the bones and decayed matter. On these the dead bodies are laid, exposed to the wind and rain, and to the birds of the air.

As it is supposed that the malignant spirits, ever watchful to injure mankind, are particularly eager to assail the soul at the moment of its separation from the body, the Parsi not only recite prayers and read their books near their dying friends, to keep the demons away, but are careful to have a dog close by, as they imagine that that animal, from its quick-sightness will perceive, and by its barking will alarm and chase away, the infernal assailant.

The dead body is dressed in clean but old clothes, and conveyed to the place of exposure on an iron bier; for wood being the aliment of fire, it might, if wooden, be accidentally burned, and so the element of fire defiled. The bearers are tied to each other by a piece of tape, to deter, as they allege, by their union, the wicked demons who hover round the body from defiling them. They place meat and drink near the body for three days, as during that time the soul is supposed to hover around in hopes of being re-united to it. They watch the corpse to see on which eye the vulture first seizes: if on the right eye, it is a fortunate sign. The dogs drive away the evil spirits, who during that time are continually on the watch to carry off the soul to hell. If a dog takes a piece of bread from the mouth of the deceased, his happy state is considered as secure. He who touches the dead is impure for nine days. On the fourth day the soul ceases to linger about the body, and goes to happiness or woe.

Should any one revive after having been carried to the *dokhmeh*, he is shunned by all, as having had commerce with impure spirits, till duly purified by the priest. But there is reason to imagine that the popular superstition goes still further, and that no return is now ever heard of.

When the fourth day has arrived, the angel Serioah appears, and carries the soul to the bridge of Chinaved, which extends from earth to heaven: the evil spirits attempt to bind and ruin it, the good angels protect it. The angel Rasmherast weighs its actions, standing on the bridge: if the scale of good preponderates, the bridge, which in its natural state is as narrow as a hair, widens, and the celestial dog that guards its further extremity suffers the soul to proceed on to heaven: if the evil prevails, the

\* In India, from the difficulty of procuring twigs of the proper wood, small rods of brass, sometimes of silver, are used.

soul is precipitated over the narrow bridge into the gulfs of hell which open below. Other accounts represent the virtuous as met by an angelically beautiful form, which addresses them, saying, that it is their good works come to conduct them to heaven: the wicked are encountered by a hideous monster, their evil works, that drags them down to the fiery pit.

The good who are allowed to proceed to heaven immediately enter on the enjoyment of inexpressible felicity.

The river of hell is composed of tears shed for deceased relations, all mourning for the dead being unholy.

The *Parsi-namch* describes the punishments of hell, which very much resemble the vulgar notions of the Christians on that subject. They are inflicted by scorching fire, by serpents, by devils gnawing and tormenting their victims, tearing some limb from limb, hanging others on hooks, and hewing them to pieces alive: some of their tortures are as hideous as any described in Dante's *Inferno*.

Besides heaven and hell they have a middle state, or *hamestan*, where the souls of those whose good and evil actions are equally balanced remain till the judgment.

The *Parsi* hell is not eternal. When the third three thousand years are past, in which the influence of Ormazd and Ahriman are equally divided on earth, and which include the present time, the fourth three thousand years commence, which are to belong to Ahriman, and in which scourges of every kind, pestilence, contagion, hail, famine, war, are to afflict the earth; and human kind is to be reduced to the last degree of suffering and misery.

At the end of that period is the resurrection. Ormazd is then finally triumphant. Each element gives up what it holds of man. Two liquors, the *hom*, and the milk of the bull, *heziosh*, will restore all mankind to life. Kayomers will rise first, then Meshi and Meshiane, and afterwards all their posterity, whether good or bad.

The angel Sosiosh is the judge. The wicked will see the deformity of their crimes and bewail their transgressions. They will be punished for three days and three nights, into which time there will be compressed an aggregate of suffering more painful than 9000 years of torture. The pure and the blest will weep over the sufferings of the wicked. The lamentations of the tortured will rise from hell to Ormazd, who will deliver them. The blazing star *garshar* will fall on the earth, the hills and mountains will melt with ferent heat, and all mankind will pass through the liquid boiling mass. The just will feel it only milk-warm; the wicked will suffer excruciating agony, but it will be the last of their sufferings.

Ahriman will cross the bridge of Chi-rnevad and return to hell; he will be burned and purified in boiling metals. Hell itself will undergo this purification: all its impurities will disappear. The mountains on the earth will be levelled, and earth become a paradise. Nothing will wax old. Mankind will remain in eternal pleasure, knowing

and loving those friends and relations whom they loved on earth. Ahriman himself will be restored, and evil will disappear from the universe; but on this, as on most other of the doctrinal points, there is a diversity of opinion. Indeed it may be said that the usages and ceremonies are the only certain part of the *Parsi* religion. The popular opinion is, that Ahriman and all his Divs and demons will be annihilated.

Such is a general view of the religion of the *Parsi*, collected from oral communications, and from their sacred books, as well those which are ascribed to Zoroaster, as those which are confessedly of later date and explanatory of the former.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### INTERESTING DOCUMENT.

The following is literally copied from an original autograph of the unfortunate Lord Strafford: we believe it has never before been printed. The unhappy nobleman was not so much to be pitied as his royal master, when the assurance it rests upon was forfeited to cruel necessity.

Sweet Hartie.—It is long since I writ unto you, for I am here in such a trouble as gives me little or noe respect. The charge is now cum inn, and I am now ale, I praye God, to tell you, that I conceaue there is nothing capital, and for the rest I knowe at the worste his Ma'y will pardon all without hurting my fortune, and then wee shall be happy by Gods grace. Therefore comfort your self, for I trust the cloudes will away, and that wee shall have faire weather afterwarde. Firewell.

Your loving husbande,

Tower of London,  
4 Febr. 1640.

STRAFFORD.

My Wife.

### To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir.—Will you have the goodness to ask Mr. Pinkerton what was the reason he omitted the city of Kilkenny in his map of Ireland in his Atlas? On referring to the map you will find he has done so. In the map of England he might as well have left out Manchester or York; for Kilkenny is as important in Ireland as they are in England.

As I do not like long letters, I shall here conclude with observing that such an omission was very careless in Mr. Pinkerton; and that carelessness as culpable might be traced in several of his other maps.

I remain, Sir, Your humble servant,  
Kilkenny, W. T. D.  
August 5, 1820.

### A DAY IN PALERMO.\*

Since every circumstance relating to Palermo derives additional interest at the present moment, from the sanguinary insurrection of which it appears to have become the scene, I am tempted to send you an account

\* We are indebted for this lively picture to an anonymous correspondent, who will please to accept our thanks for it.

of a single day, which I passed there in 18—, when, being oppress by ill health and fatigued by a hurried journey through the island, I was anxious to snatch an interval of repose in the smiling capital of *la bella Sicilia*. Enchanted by the delicious scenery, in which the city stands enlashed, I committed myself without reserve to the conduct of a *rales de place*, not doubting that wheresoever he might lead me throughout so fair a paradise, I should find abundant objects to gratify my imagination, and revive my drooping spirits. We accordingly drove to the suburban village of Bagheria, and stopped at the palace of Prince Palagonia. Brydson's description having escaped my recollection, I was not prepared for the detestable display of perverted taste which pervades the gardens of this sumptuous Bedlam. Every horrible contortion and disgusting combination of animal form, which the caprice of a madman could devise, or the funds of a principality command, has been embodied in the statues which surround the villa. *Agri somnia* start into life, and the transient creations of nightmare and indigestion are stamped with the durability of solid stone. I entered the house, in hopes that the scene within would repay me for the horrors of the approach. A deserted mansion, however, is never an enlivening sight, and the long line of the Palagonias, each glaring from his pannel, in all the prominence of *alto relievo*, rendered the "dusty darkness" of the uninhabited chambers still more appalling. The formal dresses of the last century, in which many of these figures are represented, being executed in the substance called *brocatello*, and preserving the colours and semblance of reality, threw an effect of more than usual paleness on the "dull cold marble" of their features. I had seen enough of the Palagonias; and my guide proposing a visit to Prince Butiro's Certosa, I hastened thither to change the scene. I was disappointed, however, when, on entering, I discovered the nature of the exhibition. A display of wax-work has at best no claims for me; but a display of faded and neglected wax-work never fails to inspire me with disgust. The marble Palagonias were pale and inanimate; but the waxen inhabitants of *la Certosa* had an indescribable animation with their paleness, which I thought even more disagreeable. Early recollections of Mother Shipton perhaps mingled with the feelings of the moment, and I am convinced that if any one of the "filthy hags" who smiled around me, had given the slightest intimation of a disposition to kick, she would have unnerved me for the rest of the day. I hurried my Cicerone from *La Certosa*, and charged him as he valued his future dollars, to shew me thenceforth nothing but what was human. Poor Gaetano was all obsequiousness, and we rapidly returned to Palermo and the haunts of men. The carriage stopped at the gate of a convent; I was informed that it was necessary to descend; and before I knew whither I was going, I found myself in the Catacombs of the Capuchins. Here fresh horrors awaited me. These galleries of the dead, which surround a considerable subterranean square,



are lined by a grisly band of human corpses, each in an erect position, and dried by an artificial process. The different stages of decay to which time had reduced these mouldering exuvie, the fantastic attitude into which the progress of desiccation had thrown the limbs of some, the tattered garments and blackened fibres still clinging to the skeletons of all, presented the most hideous picture of death and distortion which it was ever my lot to witness. Among the rest I observed the grinning remains of one of the Norman Kings of Tunis, a gilded crown upon his skull, and a tarnished sceptre in his impotent and bony fingers. Even "Tibalt festering in his shroud," was not wanting to complete the group; for the friars pointed out to me the body of a Sicilian duellist, slain in a violent rencounter, and shewed with peculiar satisfaction, the set teeth, the contracted muscles, and the deep gash on the forehead, which betokened the manner of his death. Sickened by what I had seen, I was glad to ascend into the church above, where the first breath of incense seemed to be like a gale of paradise. I was anxiously traversing the pavement towards an open door through which the cheerful sun of Sicily was streaming, with its usual splendours, when my guide, suddenly plucking my sleeve, directed my attention to a part of the aisle, where sat the corpse of a physician, who had been recently brought thither for interment. The remains of the poor old man were tricked out (as is usual in the South) in a tawdry suit of full dress, and were placed, as if in mockery of mortality, in an upright position, on an elevated velvet chair. His head was sunken upon his breast, but the expression of his features was not like that of sleep. I did not pause to examine the humiliating symptoms of change and dissolution, which were stamped on the visage of the deceased; but proceeded hastily to the hotel, where my first business was to dismiss Gaetano, whose face had become associated with so many disagreeable impressions. Since I could not deny that in confining himself at last to human exhibitions, he had kept the word of promise to mine ear, though he had most woefully broken it to my hope, I thought myself bound to pay him his stipulated dollars, and then—"Now," said I, "to dinner with what appetite I may." Scarcely, however, had I helped myself to the first spoonful of macaroni, when the grateful wretch came running back to inform me that the execution of a murderer was just about to take place, and that if I would trouble myself to step to the window, I might see the malefactor pass. Already the chaunt of the procession was heard in the adjoining street; so that, as eating was now out of the question, I no longer hesitated to put myself on board the Neapolitan packet, which carried me from Sicily for ever.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### AGRICULTURE.—IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

Of all the animals which share with man against his will the fruits of his labours, the

weevil in corn is one of the most formidable, on account of its voracity, its diminutive size by which it eludes the observation, and its extraordinary fecundity. It is, besides, so impassible, or tenacious of life, that no means of destruction hitherto employed have been able to extirpate it from buildings in which it was once lodged. Besides its ability to endure very long abstinence from food, it braves even aspersions with muriatic acid, and fumigation with sulphur: nay boiling water and brandy are stated not to destroy it in the principle of life. As this insect is reported, by French writers on agriculture, to destroy annually a tenth, and sometimes even a fifth part of the harvest, a simple, easy, and cheap mode of effectually destroying it has long been sought, but without success. A French gentleman, of the name of *Cheest*, appears to have really discovered such a method. He has applied it with complete success in various places in France, and has received the most satisfactory testimonies from the Mayors and other persons who have witnessed the results of his experiments. He has also laid his plan before the Royal Agricultural Society, which appointed a committee to examine the truth of his statements. The Committee, after a series of successful experiments for seven years, declared that the method perfectly answered the purpose; and Count de Cazes, as Minister of the Interior, recommended the Prefects to make the invention known. *Mr. Cheest* is, we hear, now in England, and intends to submit his invention to the Board of Agriculture.

### THE ANTARCTIC COUNTRY.

Government is, it seems, fitting out an expedition for the new country, and several of the Southern whalers have already sailed thither. The account which we gave of Captain Smith's voyage has led to various letters in the newspapers, and particularly in the *Morning Chronicle*, denying that this was a discovery, and asserting that the coast was known to the Dutch long ago. These strictures grow out of an utter misunderstanding of what we stated; for the whole gist of our remarks was laid on the failure of Captain Cook to make out a land previously discovered, though not accurately laid down in the charts of any navigator. Nor did we insinuate the slightest blame upon that justly renowned officer, of whose efforts, perseverance, and great achievements, none living entertain a higher opinion than we do. Captain Cook we consider to be one of the greatest ornaments of his profession, belonging to a country blazing with the glories of its sailors.

ANTIQUITIES.—*Coblentz, 24th July*.—Many fabulous and absurd tales are in circulation respecting the discovery of two coffins which were found, in March last, near Castell, opposite Mannheim, by some labourers who were digging up turpins. All that has yet been found has been purchased by the Museum of National Antiquities at Bonn. The articles consist of eight large glass vessels of interesting forms; two bowls;

three solid silver pins, ornamented with large beads; fragments of a vessel of agate-spath, which was broken to pieces because the workmen took it for precious stones joined together; lastly, bronze ornaments of a small box, on which the story of Diana is represented in beautiful chased work. Some large heads that served as ornaments are masterly. The key, which is much ornamented, and of good workmanship, is still sticking in the lock.

The antiquities were in two stone coffins, with lids. It is remarkable, that no coins were found in the coffins, as there cannot well be any doubt of their Roman origin.

Not long since there was found in the same field a silver coin of *Didius Julianus*, whose coins are extremely rare. It is highly probable that an accurate description, and drawings of these antiquities, will be given to the public.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### CAMBRIDGE, Aug. 4.

Messrs. H. Hamington, T. Roberts, and R. Oke, Scholars of King's college, were on Sunday last admitted Fellows of that society.

The Rev. N. H. Arthy, of Caius college, was admitted Master of Arts on Thursday, the 6th ult.

### ROYAL ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY OF FRANCE.

This body lately held its second public annual sitting, at which Count Sineon presided. M. Bottin, the Secretary General, delivered an account of the annual proceedings of the society, from which it appeared that 87 manuscript memoirs, and 35 printed works, were received during last year, all treating of subjects relative to monuments of antiquity, manners, and national customs.

Baron de Ladoucette delivered an entertaining discourse on the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the Department of the Upper Alps; and M. Angris read an excellent article on the Thermæ Palace, and its gardens, from a manuscript, entitled, "*Histoire physique, civile, et morale, de Paris*," from which it appears that the construction of that ancient edifice is to be attributed to Constantius Chlorus and not to Julian.

The decisions pronounced by the Royal Academy of Fine Arts of the French Institute, are as follows:—

*First prize of Painting*.—M. Amable-Paul Coutan, of Paris, aged twenty-eight, a pupil of M. Gros.

*Second prize*.—M. Pierre-Raimond Jacques Monvoisin, of Bourdeaux, aged twenty-six, a pupil of M. Guerin.

The academy made honourable mention of M. Charles Philippe Larivière, of Paris, aged twenty-one, a pupil of M. Girodet. Having already received the second prize, the same honour could not again be conferred on him. The academy, therefore, awarded him a gold medal.

## FINE ARTS.

COUNT BERGAMI.—By the time our next Number appears, the public will have a portrait of this individual, engraved by Cooper, from, as we are informed, a portrait taken at Rome. He already figures lithographically in the Paris print-shops, but we do not know if the likeness be authentic. One of the French Journals says that portrait is quite the rage now, and that designs of every other kind have been superseded by these resemblances of persons who attract the attention of the world. The latest of the Parisian efforts, it informs us, are Talma (younger than reality), B. Constant, Demarçay, and Bergami: and "certes, (adds the observer,) this personage, with his broad shoulders and thick black beard, appropriately completes this collection." "We shall be curious to see if the London picture agrees with Carlotti's features in the Queen's Entry into Jerusalem, which remarkable piece is, we observe, announced for exhibition in Pall Mall.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

ALBERT.

A wayward youth was Albert. In the day of infancy, whose wants are all comprised in natural food, and slumbers light and long, He was uneasy at his mother's breast, Nor slept the quiet sleep of other babes. Those imitative sounds, that early break In half-formed accents from the prattler's lips, With him were late and few.—It seemed as if He had no childish wants, and needed not The phrase of childhood—yet his ear and heart, Alive to Nature's voice, in crashing thunder Found music ever. He would face the glare Of flickering lightnings with a brow upraised, His light locks drenched with rain. The howling storm.

Of winter, when it raged the liveliest night, Waked him to pleasure—if a quiet smile, And glistening eye, that thro' the casement marked Dark clouds sweep o'er the moon, betokened pleasure.

Ere yet his limbs could bear their load a mile, The catarrh's deep voice, in distance dard, Had lured him to the margin of its wave. Oh! had a mother's eye beheld that child, Perched, like a lonely bird, above the roar Of headlong waters, had she surely thrilled With all a mother's dread for him she loved. But Albert had no mother; she had died, And left him with a sire of vulgar mould, Immersed in the world's business, who disclaimed To watch the wanderings of a wayward boy. One sister loved him, yet unknowing why; He ne'er requited love, nor felt neglect. Yet, in maturer years, his eye would dwell Upon that sister, when she marked him not; And then a tear would start, that spoke affection—

Mourful affection—suited to his soul. He shunned all human lore; in Nature's book He read, while Heaven's bright eye shone full upon him,

Or by the lovely light of evening skies, Or by the moon's cold beam. What other page,

"Certes ce personnage aux larges épaules, à la barbe épaisse et noire, termine agréablement cette collection."—*Journal de Paris*.

Than mighty Nature's, could delight a heart That held no commerce with the ways of men? Wit, to his ears, was but "a tinkling sound;" He better loved the sheep-bell's chime, that made

The light breeze musical. Of great men's deeds The tale was irksome, for he found no chord, To warlike notes rose, on his breast.

To stripling's height he grew;—and ranging free

Among the lonely hills, would shun for days The sight of man; nor could the village bell, That from the vale announced the morn of

prayer, Lure him, though not unmindful of its music, From the rude rocks to join that holy rite. "Twas said, the youth was heedless of a God; But their's were narrow minds, who spread the tale:—

On the dark mountains, where, beneath his ken, The Maker's wondrous works lay wide exposed, River, and waring wood, along the vale, And, on the verge of heaven, fantastic rocks, Whose grandeur mocked the piles of human art;—

There, with that broad blue dome above his head, He had been seen in the attitude of prayer By goatherd, who pursued a straggling kid, And listened, while with faltering voice he spoke:—

"Father of Nature! Thou, whose awful presence

"Is felt, not seen, whose majesty these hills "With stormy voice proclaim, benignly look, "From where thou dwelt'st in light, upon a youth

"Who seeks thee through creation's noblest scenes.

"Forgive him, if he shun devotion's forms— "If, from the temples built by human hands, "His thoughts are wandering far, to Nature's shrine,

"Which thou hast raised;—but, Oh! forgive him not,

"If he forget, amid her sacred haunts, "To breathe a prayer of gratitude to thee!"

The rude hind paused—it seemed as if a form Of more than human brightness knelt before him.

It had been sacrifice to break a trance So rapturous—so angelic: softly, then, The peasant stole away, yet turned to view Th' enthusiast's pallid cheek, with tears suffused, His quivering lip, and bright uplifted eye.

The dawn of manhood rose on Albert now.— But not with ruddy light, for vigorous health Was his no longer. He was forced to quit His favorite haunts, with all their lone delights, For the dull shelter of his native roof.

But in those fleeting hours, when feverish sleep Released his bounding spirit from the chains Of bodily weakness, he would roam in dreams Through scenes once loved, but now with dangers fraught,

Of fancy's dark formation; and he told That favorite sister, how from rock to rock A fend hung on his footsteps, urging them, Till from the top of some jagged precipice He fell, and falling, waked! Such nightly horrors

Made slumber terrible. His frame decayed, Till Nature could no more. He died in peace, For heavenly visions hovered round his head, And he had sighed for rest. That one dear sister,

That only friend who loved him, closed his eyes; And as she wiped the glistening tear, rejoiced That Heaven thus early snatched a brother's soul,

So wild, so pensive, so unfit for earth.

The gates of death are closed upon that youth: Yet fancy loves to picture, from the past, What might have been, though now she deeply feels

It cannot be. He had a poet's soul, That silent wrought, unconscious of itself; And song will flow from bosoms such as his, Like clear springs from their fountains; so neglected,

Or perilous prize might have awaited him,— Both fatal to his soft and glowing heart. He might have loved, and pined in wretchedness—

He might have loved, and known felicity,— But of such rainbow brightness, so adorned With hues, the creatures of his own warm soul, That, all too soon, they must have died away, And melted to a tear. Of this be sure,

No mean self-saving thought, no worldly stain, Would have debased his spirit. He sleeps in peace.—

His soul hath undergone the mighty change, Whate'er it be, that bars vicissitude.

UNNOTO SECONDO.

## [By Correspondents.]

PARODY.

Rich and rare was the chain he wore, And a long white wand in his hand he bore; But oh! his paunch strutted far beyond His bright gold chain, and his snow-white wand.

"Oh, Alderman, dost thou not fear to go, Where the turtle shall smoke, and the Burgundy flow?"

Are the doctors so sparing of lancet and pill, Not to phlebotomise or bleed thee for this night's ailment?"

"Good man, 'am," said he, "I feel no alarm; Nor turtle nor Burgundy does me a harm; For though of your doctors I've had a score, I but love good eating and drinking the more."

On he went—and his purple nose Moon over dish, platter, and bottle glows: And long may he stuff, who thus defied Lancet, pill, bolus, and potion beside.

Pinegar Hall.

J. R.

On seeing David Grace, who formerly kept a Rope-maker's Shop on the Coal Quay in Cork, hanged for a Highway Robbery in that city, in April, 1820.

[See Lord Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, line 569, &c.]

Lo! David Grace unto the gallows led, No more as highwayman to earn his bread, Views his own work upon the twists that deck With hempen cravat his denuded neck; Keen were his pangs—but keener far to see He made the rope that tied him to the tree; While the same cord he sold within his shop, Formed the last knot which lashed him to the drop.

R. D. R.

## TO LUCINDA.

Say, does the morning's blushing hue That face of beauty streak? Is it the rosobud that we view, In bloom upon that cheek?

Is it the lily's tender white, That clothes that lovely neck? And does the snow's more radiant white, That brow of lustre deck?

Does Ocean furnish with it's pearl,  
Thy teeth's resplendent row,  
And for thy lip, delightful girl,  
It's coral stores bestow?

Pearl, lily, coral, now unite—

No more, you amorous ninny;  
Rouge gives the red, whiteled the white,  
The teeth, Signor Ruspini.

I. A. B.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

### BOOTS.

"Shewed him his room, where he must lodge  
that night,  
Pulled off his boots, and took away the light."  
MILTON.

The suppression of the monasteries was the great cause of bringing the class of persons known by the name of *Boots*, into employment and consideration; previous to that period inns were uncommon, and *Boots* consequently unknown. The constellation, *Bootes*, had nothing to do with their origin, and their ruling planet was neither more nor less than a sign. Neither, as the malicious have insinuated, were they named from *booty*, on account of their levying contributions on travellers: on the contrary, if this noun had any influence in their baptism, it must have been on the rationale of *lucus a non lucendo*, just as the female attendants are called *Chamber-Maids*; for of all the *In-mates* of a tavern, poor *Boots* is always the worst paid. The plain fact is, that the appellation of this meritorious class was at first an odd compound of *Boot* and *Catcher*, from the distinguishing labour of pulling or catching off the boots of visitors; and this was abridged to *Boot-catch*, which in turn suffered amputation, and in the fashion for shortening every thing, from ladies waists to the duration of parliaments, was abbreviated into simple *Boots*.

Originally, too, the office was one of little dignity or importance, the mode of operation being derogatory to the honour and honourable part of men. Mechanism had not reached the perfection it has attained in our days; and the release of legs from their leather incumbrances, was performed by a singular application of human means, manual, pedal, and fundamental; so that of *Boots* it might far more truly than of others he said, in the words of Prior, that they had—

"Their ill's all built on life, that fundamental ill."

Bunbury's caricature of the man of feeling, illustrates this delicate subject to the eye; and it is not necessary to go into the philosophy of the matter, in order to ascertain how far compression, repulsion, centripetal or centrifugal force, or other principles of motion, are involved in the effect. But as the Queen finely says in her answer to the Middlesex Address, "the improved spirit of the age is seen in the intellectual advancement of man through all the gradations of the social scheme," so it has faced with *Boots*—the admirable invention of the Jack has almost entirely done away the use of the

Fork formed by the human frame; and the mental of the inn, however drudged, will no more submit to the degradation of his predecessors. No, he would rather suffer his Mistress's wrath and a discharge, and braving her fury, exclaim with Lear—  
"Let it fall rather, though the first invade  
The region of my heart."

Thus I have demonstrated the difference between Jack Boots and Boot-Jacks.

These things suggested themselves to my mind at the Old Ship Inn, at Brighton, last week; and being of a very philanthropical disposition, I was mightily pleased to observe the consequence now attached to a once low and despised condition of Britons. I am not without hope that a similar amelioration may be produced in the affairs of *Pots*, alias *Pot-boy*, whom it is melancholy to see so generally aged, bandy-limbed, decrepid, distorted, under-dressed, and depressed, the butt of all the kitchen, and the cuffed-about of all ranks. Not so *Boots*, upon whom so much depends. Aware of his value, he brings in your Turkey slippers, with the air of a *Paasha* of three tails, if not of a grand seigneur. Upon his brush, he well knows, rests the whole question, whether your external polish, from the hathband to the shoe-ite, shall declare the gentleman, or cause you to be looked upon as a shabby fellow. His is the whole care of the outward, as the cook's is the charge of the inward man; while the chamber-maids (as aforesaid) and the waiters are their ministers. The Steyne bears witness to their triumphs. There I observed the worthies of the London counter and shop-board, whose faces are as familiar to me in the Strand and Piccadilly as the parcels which always occupy their hands, in all the dash and stiffening of exquisite dandyism. No longer bustling along with goods to deliver, their gait was stately, their paces slow, and their carriage upright and stayed. The silk handkerchief which erewhile rapt a package for a customer, now protruded from a breast pocket, or graced a neck, in folds as smooth as labour could accomplish and brooch retain. But above all, the efforts of *Boots* gave the finishing touch to dustless coat and brilliant boot; and it was really no easy matter to distinguish the gentlemen (if there were any) from the imitator.

But concerns of still higher concernment depended on our friend *Boots*. The call of "incense breathing morn" was assigned to him, and the early coach depended for its passengers on his punctuality. It was Monday, and the city swarm which left that hive on Saturday, had to buzz back to the business of the week in good time. Woe to the retail of Cheapside, woe to the counting-house, woe to the Stock Exchange, woe to the keeping of appointments, woe to the payment of bills, and woe to the preservation of credit, if *Boots*, overcome by the fatigues and pleasures of Sunday, had lumbered over the hour, and enjoyed past five o'clock—

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Affairs of the utmost pith and moment had no other security for success or disaster than the waking and memory of this exceedingly

important personage. Nor did he, in the instance under observation, fail to fulfil most scrupulously the duties intrusted to him. About day-break his commanding voice was heard in the passages and galleries; his dictatorial knocking resounded from door to door. Starting from repose, I cried—

"Wake Duncan with thy knocking,

Ah, would thou' hadst—

and not me; for what with enjoying the Sabbath according to modern usage, I was completely tired, and hated the very thoughts of that holier age, when—

"Time was a sober Englishman would knock  
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock."

But the deed was done. In rain I invoked *Hermes*, with his "sleep-compelling rod;" *Boots* was too much for him; and the mingled rap and cry—"You Gentleman at No. 29, for the six o'clock Dart"—"Sir, you *are* to be called."—"Waiting below for the packet." "Luggage ready," &c. answered from within by yawns that seemed to be everlasting, and to bid as fair for immortality as any human action could, entirely banished *Morpheus* from this quarter of the Old Ship.

I dressed and got on Brighton's dirty beach, where I ruminated on the inadequacy of *Boots*' remuneration, and the injustice of fortune. The waiter, I noticed, pocketed his half-crowns and crowns; the chamber-maids got sometimes more and sometimes less, according as the beds were made to please their occupants; but alas, for *Boots*, on whom the whole fabric of appearance, of profit, of conduct, of regularity, is built, a little sixpence, or shilling at the utmost, is his allotment.

Were I *Boots*, thought I, I should purposely oversleep myself some morning, and then leave the world to the confusion I had created. Then would the value of my services be more correctly appreciated, and beaux with dirty shoes, and traders too late for London, and trunks forgotten, and parcels lost, and coaches empty though places were taken, and appointments broken, and quarrels ensuing, and duels fighting, and lovers parted, and bathing neglected, and the devil and all happening, would show that, from the sole upwards, the conservation of the social system is entirely founded on—

*Boots*.

August 15th.

## THE DRAMA:

THE KING'S THEATRE.—The legal difficulties and pecuniary embarrassments in which this unfortunate theatre has been so long involved, led to its foreclosure on Tuesday, though a few nights still remained of the season 1819-20. It is a pity so fine an establishment should go to wreck in this manner: we trust it will soon be restored to the fashionable world for brilliant resort and refined pleasure.

DRURY LANE.—This theatre was opened on Tuesday, for a sort of intercalary season, in order to exhibit Mr. Keen in a series of his characters previous to his visit to Ame-

rica. He commenced with Richard III., and played Jaffier on Wednesday; the former one of his best, and the latter one of his most inefficient parts. Thursday and yesterday were given to Hamlet and Sir Giles, thus inverting the position—the former being a very indifferent, and the latter a very vigorous personification. Sterling farces have followed each of these tragedies, and the theatre has been as well attended as could have been expected.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—*Exchange no Robbery; or the Diamond Ring*. A three act comedy, from the lively pen of Mr. Theodore Hook, with the above double title, was produced here on Saturday. It was successful, and its success depended upon one of the characters. The plot is nevertheless, though slight, not unskillfully constructed; and the other characters, if not altogether novel, at least well drawn and effective in their several dramatic relations. Sir Christopher Cranberry, (Terry) an old East Indian, returns to this country with a young and thoughtless wife (Mrs. Marlyn), and a ward, Miss Melrose, with a fortune of fifty thousand pounds, which she forfeits if she marries contrary to her guardian's wishes; Sir Lennox Leinster (Connor), an admirer of Lady Cranberry, who wishes to seduce her; Captain Littleworth (Barnard), the commander of the vessel which brings them to England, and the lover of Miss Melrose; and a French valet (Farley), and a waiting woman, complete the upper and travelling cast. The Home party consists of Swipes, the publican, to whom had been confided the charge of a son of Sir Christopher Cranberry's, the fruit of a stolen match offensive to his family, previous to his going to India; Mrs. Swipes (Mrs. Gibbs), a second wife, landlady of the Pig and Windmill, a shrew and hussy; and Sam Swipes (Liston), a lubberly pot-boy, the essence of low vulgarity. Swipes' son by his former marriage, and of the same age with young Cranberry. The publican, terrified at the return of Sir Christopher, from whom he has continued to receive two hundred pounds per annum, for the education of his son, though the boy had run away fourteen years ago, and was supposed to be drowned, confesses his villainy to his helpmate, and they contrive between them to palm Sam, the Pot-boy, on the fond father, for his lost child. The disgust of old Cranberry at this unlicked cub, and the gross habits of his fancied offspring, who is in love with Polly Vatts, a kitchenmaid to a milliner in Cranbourn Alley, with red hair, red elbows, and a roguish squint in one eye, constitute the humour of *Exchange no Robbery*. Two intrigues, a high one between Sir Lennox and Lady Cranberry, and a low one between the French valet and Mrs. Swipes, diversify and assist the development of the plot. The Irish baronet speaks bombast, and always ends with "you'll excuse my being figurative" (a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance); in pursuing his plans, he persuades the lady to become his debtor to the amount of four hundred pounds, for the purchase of a ring, which however fails to reach its destination, and

comes in the sequel to be exposed, and cause the loss of his vice-money. The French gallant is detected behind a curtain, and when Swipes reproaches his faithless rib, she retorts, and discovers to Captain Littleworth, that he is the real heir and representative of the house of Cranberry, and Sam the Pot-boy, an unconscious impostor. This of course produces a happy denouement—faults are forgiven; Littleworth marries Miss Melrose, and Sam Swipes is made happy with the Hebe of Cranbourn Alley, the red ellowed Polly Vatts. The comedy altogether is light and playful, though there are a few good sentiments scattered over its surface. In the scenes in which Sir Christopher admonishes his giddy partner not to admit the attentions of Sir Lennox, and in those in which the pretensions of Littleworth are discussed. But the general moral is far from being conducive to virtue and propriety: political justice is neither executed upon the vulgar profligates, nor upon the misdemeanours of the seducing friend and half yielding wife. As in real life, the confines of imprudence and guilt are not to be trodden with impunity, so neither ought they to be represented on the stage without adequate punishment. The principal parts were well acted. Terry, with a little too much shaking of hands, gave a fine and natural picture of the old Baronet. Connor, always respectable, achieved as much for the younger knight and his tropes as could be done. Farley was a capital Frenchman, and Mrs. Gibbs, excellence itself in Mrs. Swipes. But the prop of the edifice was Liston, in the Pot-boy gentleman. His ambition to set the other performers laughing, so as to render them incapable of going on with the dialogue, was the only fault we had to find with him: in this, if to succeed were desirable, he was peculiarly fortunate on the night we were present, for the author's comedy very often stood still for the actor's. It is a happy hit; and the slang and nonsense with which Liston enriches it, are so ludicrous, and yet so true, that it is not easy to resist their effect. We could have wished Polly Vatts herself to have appeared, if any one could have been found, to play up to such a sweetheart. The heat of the weather, and perhaps the unsettled state of the times, prevent even this small theatre from filling; nor indeed can we say, that the performances altogether are of so high an order as they might be, though the leading characters are ably sustained.

#### FOREIGN DRAMA.

THEATRE DES VARIETES.—First representation of *La Georgienne à Londres*, or *Les Reformateurs*; a vauville, in one act.

This piece was to have been brought out during the Persian Ambassador's residence in London; but it was unfortunately delayed.

*Hulkem*, a rich Persian merchant, travels through Europe to study the manners and customs of different nations. In spite of oriental jealousy, he takes with him his favourite female slave, *Zeluhé*. On his arrival in

England, he neglects the beautiful *Georgina*, who leads a melancholy life, confined to her apartment, under the care of an old woman named *Clarissa*. The diuenna is not, however, quite so obdurate as the Persian eunuchs: she is a staunch radical; and she determines, if possible, to win over the young slave to her party. She informs *Zeluhé* that two celebrated reformers, *Mr. John Bull* and *Lord Archieve*, have taken a lively interest in her case, and propose putting an end to her captivity. But the Georgian slave, unfortunately, evinces no sort of taste for liberty, and instead of shewing gratitude towards her protectors, she discloses the whole affair to *Hulkem*.

The merchant conceals himself in the apartment, while the two reformers read to *Zeluhé* the English constitution, and explain the law which authorizes an English husband to get rid of his wife by selling her in Smithfield, with a rope round her neck. On hearing this, *Hulkem* bursts from his hiding place, and informs the radicals that the Koran forbids any stranger to enter the apartment of the wives of a Mahometan, and that by virtue of this article he has a right to throw them both out of the window. *Zeluhé*, however, intercedes in their behalf; *Hulkem* pardons them, and they take their leave, very well satisfied at being allowed to depart through the door instead of the window.

#### THEATRE DE LA PORTE SAINT MARTIN.

First representation of *Le Mariage du ci-devant Jeune Homme*, or *Il faut faire une Fin*, a comedy in one act, in verse.

The author of this piece was encouraged to brave the dangers attendant on the production of a comedy in verse at the Boulevards, by previous success; for the play had already experienced a favourable reception at the Bourdeaux theatre. Old Bois Sec is extremely desirous of being thought a young man. His everlasting youth has greatly deranged his affairs; and Labranche, his valet, advises him to marry his cousin, Pulcherie, a superannuated spinster, as ridiculous as her dear relative, and who for twenty years has cherished an ardent passion for the volatile youth. But Bois Sec has fallen in love with his ward Amelia, by whom he fancies he is adored; and, in order to render himself more agreeable to his mistress, he determines to learn fencing. Unfortunately, Amelia's lover, Sainville, who is an officer of dragoons, assumes the disguise of a fencing master, and gives Bois Sec so good a lesson that he can scarcely move from the effects of fatigue. Our ci-devant jeune homme, is greatly surprised when Amelia rejects his proffered hand; and what adds to his vexation is, that he has laid a considerable wager with his cousin, (who in her turn, fancies she has captivated Sainville) that he will be married before her. The fear of paying the wager makes him resolve to marry the old lady, and this union is of course accompanied by that of Amelia and Sainville.

The versification of this little comedy is easy, though not very correct; and the dialogue contains many good points.

## VARIETIES.

The celebrated Baron Von Drais, the original inventor of the *velocipede*, has lately announced in the foreign journals the discovery of an improvement in telescopes. The Baron (says a quizzing journalist) asserts, that his *sawing*, or *raising* telescopes, as he styles them, embrace twenty-two degrees and a half of the horizon, in spite of the interposition of any object whatever.

The following anecdote of general Ross, the conqueror of Washington, has never we believe appeared in print. He was educated in Trinity College, Dublin, during the Prevostship of Hutchinson, who was pretty generally disliked in College, and accused of keeping it in a perpetual ferment of electioneering and other intrigues. In carrying on these, he frequently made use of the assistance of his son's tutor, Adair, afterwards Dr. Adair, master of a highly respectable classical school in Fernoy, who has been some years dead) and he of course shared the unpopularity of his employer. Ross and he had a particular quarrel, and the future general revenged himself on his antagonist, by caricaturing him (for which art he had a peculiar talent) in the act of bestowing a salutation on a very unsexedly part of the prevost's person, with the motto of "tenacem præparavi virum." He posted it on the College gate, and it nearly procured him the honours of an expulsion.

Puns on names are so easy to make, and so hard to be comprehended, except on the spot where they are vented, that it is seldom worth while to write them. Perhaps this may pass. A member of parliament who was paying his addresses to a lady of the name of Weekes, had gone up to town to attend his parliamentary duty, and returned in a very short time. On its being remarked that he had not delayed long in the metropolis, it was replied, that he had business to attend to at home, from which he could not be long absent. "True, (said a person) Mr. ——— can be absent for days, but it is quite impossible he should be so for *Weeks*."

*Miss Edgeworth's bull.*—This lady has written a most witty essay on Irish Bulls, in which she is very eager to defend our honest neighbours across the channel from the imputation of bull-making. She herself however appears to have fallen into the practice, which is very contagious, in the following passage of her life of her father—we know not whether in jest or earnest. She tells us (*Edgeworth's Memoirs*, vol. 2, p. 355), "The last letter poor Johnson ever wrote, or I should rather say, dictated, was to my father; it was in his nephew's handwriting, and gives the following account of his death." Dr. Johnson, it was said, believed in ghosts; but we think it still harder to believe that his namesake wrote or even dictated a letter, containing an account of his own death.

Another. The translator of Madame de La Roche Jaquelin's Memoirs, has caused that no-

ble lady to make a very fair bull, without, we presume, any cooperation on her part. The memoirs are dedicated to her children, and the translator makes her use the following sentence, in witnessing them: "I feel a mournful pleasure in recounting to you the life and death of your parents and friends." This admirable blunder, which makes a mother tell her children of the death of their parents, must arise from ignorance of the meaning of the French word *parents*—relations.

Among the apologies received by the Lord Chancellor from Peers praying to be excused attendance on the Queen's trial, the *Morning Chronicle* of yesterday states one urging a very sufficient reason, namely, "The Bishop of Cloyne, dead!" Thus we see that the fact of posthumous correspondence does not rest only on Miss Edgeworth's authority.

*Fruit and Timber.*—In the Commercial Dictionary for Ireland, Scotland, &c. lately published (which by the way is a most ridiculously incorrect work) under the head *Dungarvon*, is the following paragraph. "It (*Dungarvon*) was formerly noted for its export of fruit and timber to Dublin; but the trade has lately declined, and in its place has sprung up a considerable export of corn, butter, and provision, to the ports of the English Channel," p. 191. Fruit and timber! Somebody must have been laughing at the unfortunate compiler, for the export of *Dungarvon*, designated by this splendid title, was literally no more than *potatoes* and *brooms*. The joke is quite proverbial in the South of Ireland; and it seems hardly possible even for a bogman to have been lummaged by it.

*New Sport.*—A new species of entertainment, entitled *Les Jeux d'Eleusis*, has recently been produced at the Tivoli Gardens in Paris. It consists of an animated representation of the festivals in honour of Ceres, which were celebrated by the inhabitants of Eleusis, in Attica, and which probably first inspired our ancestors with their taste for tilts and tournaments. The first part of the performance consists of a combat of gladiators, armed with swords and shields. Next appear two combatants, both in the character of Hercules, who fight with admirable spirit for the space of ten minutes, and the victor is crowned with a wreath of laurels.

*Bees.*—A Berlin paper mentions that a merchant and his wife proceeding from Brandenburg to Wittenberg, in an open carriage, were attacked by a swarm of bees, in such a cloud as to darken the air, which stung them dreadfully. The merchant is seriously ill in consequence of the wounds he received; the lady's case is however not so dangerous, as she took refuge in a wet ditch. The coachman's life was for some time despaired of, and the horses were so severely stung, that they survived only an hour and a half.

Count de Forbin, the Director General of the Museums of France, who has been for some time in Sicily, collecting objects of antiquity, has arrived at Naples on his way home.

## LITERARY NOTICE.

*The Classics in Arabic.*—The learned world may reasonably expect in a few years, complete and perfect translations of *Plutarch*, *Sallust*, *Livy*, *Tacitus*, *Aristotle*, *Hippocrates*, &c. from the Arabic; the French have been lately assiduous in their researches after such Arabian treasures.

Mr. Giardin, the French Ambassador at Constantinople, has sent to Paris fifteen valuable works in Arabic from the Imperial Library at Constantinople, among which are the complete works of *Plutarch* and *Herodotus*!

The works of *Aristotle*, *Hippocrates*, *Livy*, *Tacitus*, *Sallust*, &c. are known to have been translated into Arabic, and might be discovered and purchased by well-directed search after them, at Fas, Morocco, or some other parts of West or South Barbary.—Mr. Jackson, in his recent travels in those countries, annexed to Shabney's Account of Timbuctoo and Housa, page 325, says, "It is more than probable, that the works of many Greek and Roman authors, translated during the era of Arabian learning, are to be found in the hands of literary individuals, in several parts of West and South Barbary."

Note.—It is well known that *Tacitus* and *Livy* are imperfect, as we have them in the original Latin.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

AUGUST, 1820.

*Thursday*, 10.—Thermometer from 45 to 75.  
Barometer from 30, 42 to 30, 44.  
Wind S.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and W. S.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally fair. The sun shining through light clouds.  
*Friday*, 11.—Thermometer from 49 to 76.  
Barometer from 30, 43 to 30, 36.  
Wind N.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and S.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally clear, at times hazy.  
*Saturday*, 12.—Thermometer from 48 to 73.  
Barometer from 30, 35 to 30, 30.  
Wind N. and N.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally clear.  
*Sunday*, 13.—Thermometer from 49 to 73.  
Barometer from 30, 29 to 30, 20.  
Wind N.E. S.W. and S.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally clear.  
*Monday*, 14.—Thermometer from 49 to 74.  
Barometer from 30, 18 to 30, 08.  
Wind S.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally clear.  
*Tuesday*, 15.—Thermometer from 48 to 78.  
Barometer from 30, 05 to 29, 97.  
Wind S.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  and 2.—Morning clear, the rest of the day generally cloudy.  
*Wednesday*, 16.—Thermometer from 58 to 76.  
Barometer from 29, 96 to 30, 01.  
Wind S.W. 2 and  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Morning cloudy; sunshine in the afternoon, with passing clouds. Many meteors this evening; some with conspicuous trains.  
Saturn is now a beautiful object in the East, with about 7° more northerly declination than Jupiter.  
On Tuesday the 22d instant, at 16 minutes, 28 seconds after 10 in the evening, the first satellite of Jupiter will immerse into his shadow.  
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Thief-taker" informs us that the lines signed B. W. E., in our last, are a plagiarism from an old volume of the *London Magazine*.

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

#### British Gallery, Pall Mall.

**THIS GALLERY**, with an Exhibition of PORTRAITS of distinguished Persons in the History and Literature of the United Kingdom, is open daily, from 10 in the Morning until 6 in the Evening; and will be closed in the course of the ensuing week.  
(By order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.  
Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.—Historical ditto 2s.

**THE EXHIBITION OF MONSIEUR JERRECAULT'S GREAT PICTURE**, from the *Loon* of the Medusa French Frigate, after remaining Thirteen days on a Raft without Provision, at the moment they discover the vessel that saves them, is now open to the Public, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Admission 1s.

#### The Queen's Picture Entry into Jerusalem.

**THIS Cabinet Picture of the QUEEN'S PUBLISHED ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM**, painted for her Majesty and according to her directions, by the celebrated Roman artist Carlotti, is now exhibiting at No. 18, Pall Mall. This curious composition contains Portraits of the Queen, of Count Bearn, of young Austin, and of all the remarkable persons in the numerous suite which accompanied her on this memorable occasion. Admission 1s.—Descriptive Catalogue 6d.

#### Dr. Rees's Cyclopaedia Completa.

**THE Proprietors beg to inform the Public** that complete sets of this valuable Work, which is just completed in 48 volumes, including the Plates, may be now had of all the Booksellers. Of all the Encyclopaedias to which the original and celebrated Dictionary of Chambers has given birth, the Cyclopaedia of Dr. Rees is the most comprehensive. The long life of the learned and indefatigable Editor has been unremittedly devoted to its improvement, aided by his numerous and able Coadjutors. The elegant and accurate engravings of Lowry, Milton, and Scott, which illustrate this Publication, are in themselves of superior utility and value, and render the Work unique in this popular Class of Publications. In order, indeed, to insure every perfection in their power, and to fulfil their original promise, the Proprietors have expended nearly Three Hundred thousand Pounds on the Work. The Subscribers to this Work are requested to complete their Sets immediately, as some of the Parts are scarce, and will shortly be entirely out of print, when the Proprietors cannot cogize to complete them.

### BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

#### Mr. Dallas's New Novel.

**SIR FRANCIS DARRELL**, or, the Vortex. In 4 vols. 12mo. 11. 8s. boards.  
A Novel, by R. G. DALLAS, Esq. author of Percival, Asbury, Marston, &c. &c. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London. Of whom may be had, Mr. Dallas's other Novels and Miscellaneous Works, in 7 vols. 12mo.

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In a few days will be published, in one thick volume, 18mo. embellished with numerous coloured Plates, 14s. boards, 16s. neatly bound.

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No. 188.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1820.

PRICE 3d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Posthumous Letters, from various celebrated Men; addressed to Francis Colman, the Elder; with Annotations and occasional Remarks, by George Colman, the Younger, &c.* London, 1820. 4to. pp. 347.

Our readers are aware how much we like works of this kind. Though private correspondence does not altogether glaze the breast of man with that window, of which an ancient philosopher spoke, it lays the inner machinery of nature open to a certain extent; and while histories and essays present us with writers in the shape in which they wish to appear, letters of friendship and business throw off the case, and show them to us at least somewhat more like what they are. It is the difference between being dressed for a ball, and undressed for bed; if not quite nude, at any rate not covered with ornaments: it is to come more home to the title page, the difference between the Editor in grand gala on a court day as lieutenant of the yeomen, and at his own fireside in his nightgown and slippers: to say which is preferable would be an insult to common sense.

All the question with us then is upon the quantum of merit in volumes like that now before us; the interest we feel in the writers; the public curiosity attached to their subjects; and the manner in which they treat them. In these respects, Colman's *Posthumous Letters* possess many claims to popularity; and though we think the quarto shape rather formal and imposing, yet it must be stated that the price is by no means high (25 shillings). Some of the letters might perhaps have been omitted without injury to the work; but we could hardly expect, from the filial sentiments of the Editor, that he should have viewed them in the same light in which a stranger looks upon them, for they are chiefly the praises of his father from distinguished men, in return for presented copies of the translations of Terence's Comedies, and of Horace's *Art of Poetry*. Others, from Actors about their engagements, are however less generally worth perusal, and seem

to be merely make-weights. These, with a few exuberances and free allusions, are all that hypercriticism can object to in this otherwise very agreeable miscellany.

The letters are classed as follows. *First*, those to the Editor's Grandfather, Francis Colman, while Minister at the Court of Tuscany. *Secondly*, those to his father, in which the principal subjects are arranged and kept as much as possible together. The character of the whole is ingeniously and cleverly drawn, at page viii of the preface—

"Some of the letters from celebrated men, in this collection, possess little farther interest than that of having been written by them;—but the epistolary *small-talk* of distinguished persons, or a specimen of their familiar style, or a note from them of the most trivial description, are interesting to perhaps nine readers out of ten: and, if this be admitted, it is trusted that no very grave censure will fall upon the editor who prints even their *little-tattle*,—provided it be not that dross from the ore of a superior mind which (as in too many instances, such as in the works of Swift,) the author never intended to expose, and never *should* have been exposed, to public inspection.

"In respect to the theatrical letters,—the history of our stage, and the biography of its retainers, have been detailed, by various hands, down to the present day: but, notwithstanding this harvest of dramatic information already gathered in, there are still innumerable gleaners in the field;—by such researchers, something may be picked up, here; something which, if not hitherto entirely unknown, may be supplemental to, and corroborative of, what has been previously told:—at all events, these papers were never in print before."

Our first step naturally falls upon the letters to Francis Colman. The subjoined judicious remarks are from the pen of William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, and whose wife, Miss Gumley, was the sister of Mrs. Colman. It is dated 21st September, 1727, and reads a good general lesson of life, though dictated by an avaricious person, and enforcing maxims, thank Heaven, far from being without noble exceptions.

"Now I have given you this trouble I must take a farther liberty, and you must not be angry with me if I chide you a little for your extravagance; What makes you throw away your money in Presents? I am much concerned for your expense on my account, and I blame you for it on any other body's, believe me Coleman, there are very few people worth valuing so much as to make oneself a farthing the poorer for them. For my part, I own that I am grown quite

out of humour with the world, and the more I grow acquainted with it, the less I like it. There is such a thing as Cunning, there is falsehood and there are views of self-interest that mix themselves in almost all the friendships that are contracted between man and man. These make friendships hardly worth cultivating any where I am sure no where worth being at any considerable charge to preserve it. Do not mistake what I have said. I mean it not particularly to any one person, but in general I am sure what I have said is true."

We now take another example of Lordly writing about a hundred years ago, to which, such is the inveteracy of habit, the Editor appends a pun on the death of his own Grandfather.

"From the Earl of Essex.

"My Dear Colman,

"As the formal letter," is now over, give me leave to write to you as from an Old friend, who is sorry he is so near you, & can't come quite to Florence to make you a Visit, I need not assure you if you come this way I shall be extremely glad to see you. I should be very much obliged to you if you would let your Steward buy me a good Par-pisan cheese, and some Mortadella's, &c send them to this place, and lett me know how many dozen of Florence one of your Chests Holds, & if its a good time of Year to send me some White & Red; y<sup>e</sup> White I should be glad to have of the sweet sort. and when I have your answer, I will send you word what Quantity I w<sup>o</sup>uld have, & you will lett me know to whom my Banquet shall Pay the Monny, & I should be very glad to know what Prices the marble Tables made at Florence come to, & what are the Common sives you have of those with Birds & Flowers in them. I beg a thousand pardons, my Dear Colman, for giving you all this trouble. Pray my compliments to Mr<sup>s</sup> Colman, & am, in a great hurry my Dear S<sup>r</sup>

"Most faithfully Y<sup>r</sup>

"Turin August y<sup>e</sup> 26th 1732.

ESSEX."

"The British Resident at Florence was now approaching that solemn period which terminated his residence in this world. Mr. Francis Colman's declining state of health is evident, from the subsequent letter; and, in that which follows it, his DEATH is mentioned, quaintly enough, in a *Postscript*."

This postscript is indeed a rare one; but

• The formal letter must have been the official opening of Lord Essex's correspondence (on his arrival at Turin) with a diplomatic brother. There is, certainly, nothing "formal" in the present *surcoat*; which is an admirable specimen of the utter contempt evinced by many men of rank, in his Lordship's day, for pen-dentry, in their familiar epistles.



we must prefix the letter, to lend it its full force.

"From Mary Colman to Mrs. Tyndal!"

"Madam

"Mrs. Colman being uncertain whether she shall return to Florence to-morrow or No, desires that you will take all possible Care of the Child, and notwithstanding you will be obliged to attend the Consul who will be with you to-morrow, yet she begs that you would at the same Time leave the Child in the safest hands, as likewise take care of every Thing committed to your Charge, especially *Dear Pinner*, and not leave her to Cry but to take her with you every where where you properly can; which at present concludes from

"Yrs

"MARY COLMAN.

Pisa, Apr 20, 1733.

"P. S. Mr Colman departed this Life this Morning at 35 Minutes past 7 o'Clock."

"To Mrs. Tyndall, Florence."

On the death of F. Colman, Lord Bath took charge of his son, and there are a number of letters from that nobleman to his ward. In one of them he quotes the following epigram, which it is probable he wrote himself, but which he describes as being dropped in the House of Lords by a Wag on a debate about bringing in Irish Cattle, when the Duke of Newcastle observed that "beef gave additional courage to soldiers."

Since Beef adds more Courage to Soldiers in Battle

I consent to the bringing in Irish Cattle.

But add then a Clause to the Bill, which annuls All free Importation of Irish Bulls.

To another of his Lordship's epistles, in which he lectures George on economy &c., is this note.

"Lord Bath's parsimony, in trifling matters, was, sometimes, laughable. I had the following anecdote from my father:—In a rural lane, through which the noble Earl often passed, in his carriage, a gate was placed across the road, which was opened for travellers by an ancient female. His Lordship, one day, touched by the appearance of the old woman, gave the word to halt—the ost-riders echoed the order,—the coachman pulled up,—the carolade stood still!—and William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, stretching forth his hand from his Coach-and-Four, bedecked with coronets, threw to the venerable object of his bounty—a half-penny!"

At the end of this division of the correspondence, is a very curious explanation of the motives which induced Will Pulteney to abandon his party, and connect himself with the court by accepting a peerage.

We shall briefly copy some of the most remarkable passages. A M.S. of G. Colman (the elder) mentions his visiting Lord Bath, and finding him with Hooke the Roman Historian.

"Upon my first entrance into the Room, (he proceeds) L<sup>d</sup> Bath was just closing an Account of a Conversation between himself

\* Who Mary Colman was, is uncertain: probably, a sister of Francis, whose death she announces.

and The King, by which it appeared that the Partizans in the Opposition had had some differences among themselves. Upon this occasion His Majesty made use of these words to L<sup>d</sup> Bath. 'As soon as I found you were at variance among yourselves, I saw that I had *Two Shaps to deal with*, and I rather chose to come to you, because I knew that your aim was only directed against my Ministers, but I did not know but the Duke of Argyle wanted to be King Himself.' These words, it was agreed both by L<sup>d</sup> Bath & Mr Hooke were suggested to His Majesty by Sir Robt Walpole.

"Mr Hooke then said that he had always looked upon his Lordship's conduct in that affair as a mystery, and so did most other people, who cried 'It is strange that Will Pulteney should be taken off by a Peerage, when we all know that he might have had one, whenever he would, for many years before.' But that he had conversed with some of his Lordship's friends, who, though they also looked on his conduct as a mystery, still believed that he had good and honest reasons for what he did.

"His Lordship replied that he certainly had, that there were several curious Anecdotes relating to that affair; and some particulars known to no soul living except the King & himself; that he had never made any minutes of those transactions, but, that he could easily recollect all the principal circumstances; which he would at times endeavour to do, in hopes that Mr Hooke, as he had a fine pen, would, if he survived his Lordship, work up those materials into a sort of History of this affair."

The negotiations are then related, and it is added—

"Among many other particulars which fell from Lord Bath on this occasion, & which from the confusion and irregularity of the conversation I cannot well recollect, I particularly remember the following. When things began to draw to a Crisis, and the parties in the Opposition saw themselves soon likely to come in, they became at variance with each other concerning who should have the best places. This it was that occasioned that speech of the King's mentioned in the beginning of this account, and destroyed, said L<sup>d</sup> Bath, that glorious scheme which I had laid of bringing about a reconciliation in the Royal Family on a proper foot, & retiring with honour myself. When I found (continued he) what they were driving at, I went to the Prince of Wales, and first asked him whether the others in the Opposition had not been there before me. The Prince frankly owned that they had been with him. I then told him that I found that their views were directed to the securing rich preferments to themselves,—but that my sole aim was to reconcile His Royal Highness to the King on a proper foot, & to make him appear in a right light as Prince of Wales. To convince him of this, I only begged to come alone, & confront all the rest in His Royal Highness's presence; upon which the Prince appointed a meeting at his House in Pall Mall, at eight o'clock that evening. I went accordingly, and

found them there before me, viz., The Duke of Argyle, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Gower, Lord Colham, & Lord Bathurst. Each of these spoke in his turn, and I answered each successively. When we had all spoken, The Prince said that he thought Mr Pulteney acted from the best motives, & delivered it as his resolution that he would go in with him. This was so sore a mortification to the Duke of Argyle that it is thought to have been the occasion of his death."

All that we can gather from the story is, that then, as now, the most violent opposit-  
onists might be prevailed upon to change sides; but from politics, we will divert our readers with two anecdotes.

"The confederates (in the war of 1763) hang up all the Russians (generally by the feet) who fall into their clutches, and the Russians put to the sword the Confederates; the Russian Cossacks have an admirable sang froid in these executions; the other day at a place call'd Rava forty or fifty Confederates were condemn'd to the Bayonet, but as They were tolerably well dress'd, They were desir'd to strip for the ceremony, the Cossacks not chusing to make any holes in their coats."

George Garrick was always ready at his brother's call. "George usually inquired, every night, on coming behind the Scenes, at Drury Lane, 'has David wanted me?' On it's being idly asked how George came to die so soon after the demise of his celebrated relation, the answer was,—*David wanted him.*"

There is a singular letter from Mathew Guthrie, which owing to its length we postpone, with the purpose of inserting it entire in a future Literary Gazette; and now pass on to a very interesting one, from Oliver Goldsmith, to Mr. Colman, who was Manager of Covent Garden Theatre.

"From Oliver Goldsmith."

"Dear Sir,

"I treat you I relieve me from that state of suspense in which I have been kept for a long time. Whatever objections you have made or shall make to my play I will endeavour to remove and not argue about them. To bring in any new judges either of its merit or faults I can never submit to. Upon a former occasion when my other play was before Mr Garrick he offered to bring me before Mr Whitehead's tribunal but I refused the proposal with indignation: I hope I shall not experience as hard treatment from you as from him. I have as you know a large sum of money to make up shortly; by accepting my play I can readily satisfy my Creditor that way, at any rate I must look about to some certainty to be prepared. For God sake take the play and let us make the best of it, and let me have the same measure at least which you have given as bad plays as mine.

"I am your friend and servant,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

George Colman, Esq.

\* The much celebrated Goldsmith:—The Comedy in question, here, is "*Sic Stoops to Conquer*," which succeed'd greatly.

Our next is a favourable specimen of the celebrated Macklin.

"From Charles Macklin.

"Dr Sir,

"I have just received a Species of Irish female Garniture which accompanies this note. I think it has some fancy in it, tho' manufactured in Bostonia. It consists of Seven Yards, enough for two gowns, or one Sague & Petticoat, I have often tried at Compiliments to the fair Sex, but not finding myself happy at that kind of Eloquence I have taken my leave of it for some years. I request that you will dispose of this Trifle in your household, and that you will be so kind as to exercise your Genius, in my name, on this occasion in apologetic Compliment & Persuasion, which will inrich oblige yours, as you would have him,

August 7th 1773

CHARLES MACKLIN.

"P: S: I hope you are, in the midwife Phrase, as well as can be expected in your Condition. I hope you are near your time. Apollo Send you a good hour. \* I have had a disagreeable one lately—my Son unexpectedly, unprofitably, & unwellcome, returned from the East-Indies in disgrace, & justly, for being a bon vivant and guilty of all the idle Consequences of that unmercantile, & indeed as he has managed it, ungentlemanlike Character. I was proud of his Employment in that honourable Service, as it is capable, by an assiduous & faithful discharge of that Trust, of furnishing great Knowledge & dignity of mind, & of rewarding the man with wealth and honour. I was proud of the Parts nature had given him, & of the Cultivation I bestowed upon them; I was confident of his assiduity & Success, & loved him to a paternal pitch of Zeal—now Judge I am now the most perturbed Father in this Land. I can not eat, I have not slept this week I can not read, nor remember; & tho' Justice has disgraced him, still he is mine,—& I think I shall still be happy in him—for he has a fine understanding, & is Sick in bed with Self disgrace & Penitence—which must reform—or kill him. which is my only comfort."

"My Chains are forged ready for putting on, this unhappy Incident has prevented my Seeing you—I find paternal affection & Philosophy make a most unequal Conflict, nature will not be defied, she must have her way or make her Exit—you are a Father, may you be a happy one—I pity the Character,—especially if the Fool is proud & fond,"

"To George Colman Esq."

The following relation an odd occurrence respecting the Beggars Opera.

"From the Magistrates in Bow Street.

"The Magistrates now sitting in Bow

\* From the date of this letter, the Comedy, with which my father was then pregnant, must have been the *Man of Business*; not the most thriving of his literary children.

\* Macklin has been thought, by many, to be a man of little feeling—but, surely, his sentiments of paternal tenderness (so naturally here expressed) come from the heart, and are very affecting.

Street present their Compliments to Mr Colman, and acquaint him that on the Beggar's Opera being given out to be played some time ago at Drury Lane Theatre they requested the Managers of that Theatre not to exhibit this Opera, deeming it productive of mischief to Society as in their Opinion it most undoubtedly increased the Number of Thieves, and that the Managers obligingly returned for Answer that for that Night it was too late to stop it, but that for the future they would not play if the other house did not. Under these Circumstances from a Sense of Duty and the Principles of Humanity, the Magistrates make the same request to Mr Colman and the rest of the Managers of his Majesty's Theatre Royal Covent Garden; the same Opera being advertised to be played there this Night

"Bow Street, October 27, 1773."

Answer.

"Mr Colman presents his Best Regards to the Magistrates with whose Note he has been just honoured. He has not yet had an opportunity of submitting it to the other Managers, but for his own part cannot help differing in opinion with the Magistrates, thinking that the Theatre is one of the very few houses in the Neighbourhood that does not contribute to increase the number of Thieves.

"Covent Garden—W'ednes. Morn."

The matter seems to have gone no further. But perhaps the most entertaining portion of the volume under notice, consists of letters from Garrick to Colman, principally written while the former was travelling in France and Italy. A very warm friendship subsisted between these individuals; and we are sorry to add, that his correspondence does little credit to Garrick, either as an actor or a man. It is indeed quite melancholy to notice the littleness of mind, and low worldly cunning, which it too frequently suffers to peep out. The following extracts appear to us, however, to be exceedingly entertaining. (Garrick is at Paris, Anno, 1763, he says—

"You can't imagine, my dear Colman, what honours I have received from all kind of People here,—the Nobles & the Litterati have made so much of me that I am quite ashamed of opening my heart ev'n to You. Marmontel has wrote me y<sup>e</sup> most flattering Letter upon our supping together, I was quite in Spirits & so was the *Choirin*, who sup'd with us at Mr Neville's. She got up to set me a going & spoke something in Racine's *Athalie* most charmingly—upon which I gave them the Dagger Scene in *Macbeth*, y<sup>e</sup> Course in *Lear*, & the falling asleep in *John Brute*, the consequence of which is, that I am now star'd at y<sup>e</sup> Playhouse, and talk'd of by Gentle & Simple as y<sup>e</sup> most wonderful wonder of wonders—the first Person I did going to England shall bring you Marmontel's Letter—D'Alembert was one of y<sup>e</sup> Company & sings my praises to all y<sup>e</sup> Authors of the Encyclopedie."

From Naples, 21 Dec. the same year—

"I am to have the honour & satisfaction of seeing the King's Italian Actors perform

before him in y<sup>e</sup> Palace, which is a most extraordinary favour; they perform *Estemore*, & the Nobleman, who stands in the place of y<sup>e</sup> Lord Chamberlain has sent me word, that if I will write down any dramatic Fable & give the Argument only of the Scenes, in 24 hours after they shall play it before me as y<sup>e</sup> greatest Compliment they can pay me—I shall work at it to-morrow—I hear there is one great Genius among the Performers—the Situation and Climate of this place are most extraordinary, & the People are still more so; they are a new race of beings, & I have the highest Entertainment in going amongst them, & observing their Characters from the y<sup>e</sup> highest to y<sup>e</sup> lowest—I was last night at their great Theatre, which is a most magnificent one indeed; I was really astonished at first coming into it—it was quite full, & well lighted up—but it is too great \*, & the singers were scarcely heard—the famous *Gabrielli* pleas'd me much; she has a good person, is the best Actress I ever saw on an Opera Stage, & has the most agreeable voice I ever heard; she sings more to the ear than to y<sup>e</sup> heart."

"I cannot quit you till I say something about Rome: I hardly slept the night before I arriv'd there with y<sup>e</sup> thoughts of seeing it—my heart beat high, my imagination expand'd itself, & my eyes flash'd again, as I drew near the *Porta del Popolo*; but the moment I enter'd it, I fell at once from my airy Vision & Utopian Ideas into a very dry ill looking place (as they call it) with three crooked streets in front, terminated indeed at this End with two tolerable Churches—w<sup>as</sup> a disappointment! my Spirits sunk & it was with reluctance that I was drag'd in the afternoon to see the Pantheon—but my God, w<sup>as</sup> my Pleasure & Surprise!—I never felt so much in my life as when I enter'd that glorious Structure: I gasp'd, but could not speak for 5 minutes—It is so very noble, that it has not been in y<sup>e</sup> Power of Modern Frippery or Popery (for it is a Church you know) to extinguish its grandeur & Elegance—Here I began to think myself in Old Rome, & when I saw the ruins of the famous amphitheatre—

"*Onnia Cæsareæ cedat lae* or Amphitheatre—I then felt my own littleness—and was convinc'd that the Romans were as much superior to the Moderns in Every thing, as *Vespasian's* Amphitheatre was to *Broughton's*—it is impossible, my dear Colman, to have any idea of these things from any Prints that have been made of 'em,—all modern performances look better upon paper, but these Ruins are not to be conceiv'd, but by the sensible and true *Archæologist* of your own *Eyes*. The I am pleas'd, much pleas'd with Naples, I have such a thirst to return to Rome, as cannot possibly be slak'd till I

\* If any one be curious enough to ascertain the dimensions of the Theatre here mentioned, (of San Carlo, it is pretence), he may, then, possibly discover Garrick's opinion, though posthumously given by him, in respect to the magnitude of the present Playhouses in Drury Lane and Covent Garden.

† Broughton, of pug Black & emory.

have drunk up half y<sup>e</sup> Tiber, which, in its present state, is but ascurry draught neither. It is very strange that so much good poetry sh<sup>d</sup> be thrown away upon such a pitiful River; it is no more Comparable to our Thames, than our modern Poets are to their Virgils & Horaces."

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### GALIFFE'S ITALY.

(Second Volume and concluding Notice.)

We do not find this volume quite so much to our tastes as the first. It contains further observations on Rome, and accounts of Naples, Florence, Bologna, Milan, Turin, &c. through which it is not incumbent upon us to follow the author, though his remarks are generally shrewd, and his trivial matter not more abundant than is usual with those who travel over a well known track. A few miscellaneous extracts will afford our readers sufficient insight into its delicacy. There is at setting out a well drawn, perhaps a little exaggerated picture, of the modern Romans.

"A modern Roman (says our author) is, indeed, a singular being. Mr. Edward Banks described them by one of the best comparisons imaginable. He said they put him in mind of impressions of engravings from worn-out plates. This is exactly true: they seem to be but half finished; and in most parts so faintly portrayed, that you cannot conceive why nature perseveres in striking off more copies of them. Wherever the strokes are deep and strong, you may be sure there is a blot.

"The Romans are a sullen, pale, spiritless, morose people. They hardly ever speak, except to beg alms, which when offered they absolutely tear from the giver, without taking the trouble to thank him for them, and without showing the least satisfaction at having obtained them. They are not at all like the Italians we had previously seen; in fact, they are like no other living beings. The whole nation seems tired of its existence, and waiting for the sleep of death. Walking, seeing, hearing,—every act in short seems to be a painful exertion of exhausted mind and body. I never saw one of them smile.—I am now speaking of the native Romans of the lower classes, not of the temporary inhabitants of Rome, who come from various districts far and near, to gain their livelihood in the city."

The following notice of the leading men at Rome is interesting at this period, when Italy shudders with revolution.

"It appears to be generally admitted, that Cardinal *Gonsalvi* is the most liberal Minister that any Pope ever had; and most people think he would do a great deal of good if he possessed sufficient power; but he is for that very reason detested in the Conclave. He has not received Holy Orders, and may thus still marry if he chooses,—which I had always thought impossible for a Cardinal. But he does not stand alone in this respect. The Cardinals *Pacca* and *Albani* are similarly circumstanced, and possibly others with whom I was not acquainted. Cardinal *Gonsalvi* is yet comparatively young, (not above

fifty or fifty-five years of age,) stout, good-looking, gentlemanlike, civil, and cheerful. But it is extremely difficult (I might rather say, that it is quite impossible) to judge correctly of him at present. It is thought that if the Pope were to die soon, Cardinal *Loti* would most likely succeed him; but the intrigues of the Conclave are much too deep for the penetration of strangers."

Proceeding, we have proof that the age of superstition is not past. "Whatever may be the liberality of the Prime Minister, it is not sufficient to put a stop to the most absurd superstition. Little prints of the miracles attributed to the present Pope, were publicly sold in the streets of Rome; and some time before our arrival, an immense number of his shirts were sold in retail to the common people, and perhaps to better informed persons also, who fully believed that a small piece of one of them boiled in their soup, was the surest of all remedies against any disorder! I could not have credited this story, if I had not had it from a very honest merchant, who told it to me in the simplicity of his heart, as a thing of which no real Christian could entertain a doubt. This boiling of small rags is a common practice, as well with respect to the shirts of clean Saints, as to the dirty gowns of shirtless Friars. The gown of St. Francis must have had a train of prodigious length,—for the sale of it still continues!"

A sketch of a play at the Teatro Nuovo at Naples, must amuse the English public.

"There was a good set of performers at this theatre, amongst whom Signora Tessari, was particularly eminent. I saw a play here, of which the scene was laid in England, and as it is curious to observe the notions which the people are taught to entertain of England, and of the British Government, I shall give a short sketch of the piece. The scene (as I have said) lies in London; and the principal actors are, 1. An Alderman Voender, who is represented as a minister invested with despotic power. 2. A Milord Utson, Lord Mayor of London, who is yet superior to the former; for he appoints and cashier even Aldermen of his own private authority. 3. Mr. Voender, Jun., who has married without the consent of his father, but the latter has seized upon the bride, sent her to India, and spread the report of her death. 4. A Captain of a man-of-war, who brings the young woman home again, and with her is cast into prison by the Alderman, in the presence of the Lord Mayor,—without any sort of accusation, or any other pretext than that it is the Alderman's will! However, the friend of young Voender, who had perfidiously betrayed him into his misfortunes, now repents, and with the help of the Lord Mayor brings the play to a favourable conclusion. The dress of the Alderman was a magnificent coat, with a gold embroidery of six or seven inches in breadth, two brilliant stars, and a blue ribbon! After such profusion of distinctions, it will be seen that it was no easy matter to keep up the dignity of the Lord Mayor in a becoming proportion, consistent with the means of the treasury and the wardrobe of the theatre: but the object

is attempted to be accomplished by investing him with a star or two more than the Alderman."

Alderman Wood himself could not appear in greater glory. From the play we learn a description of the last sad scene of all, a funeral solemnity, if we may quote the author in calling it so, at the monastery of San Lorenzo, Salerno.

"The corpse of a woman was brought to the church, laid not in, but upon a coffin, covered with fine cloth, with gold fringe and tassels. The body was very decently attired, and showed the deceased to have been a person in a respectable station of life; but the only attendants were, a young man who preceded it with a torch, four penitents in their white gowns and masks who carried the bier, and a woman who followed. As soon as they came into the church, a monk began to sing the Office for the dead, to which one of the penitents chanted, or rather yelled, the responses. The latter had very comfortably seated himself in a chair, with his greasy cap on his head; and during all the time that he was thus joining in the service, he was busily occupied in picking up the mortuary cloth, the gown, and other paraphernalia, which had been hired for the ceremony. He mingled the two occupations with the utmost composure and impartiality; sometimes singing with one end of the picking strings in his mouth; and the whole proceeding was the oddest burlesque of devotion,—the most comical solemnity I ever beheld. As soon as the singing was concluded, they placed the body in a vessel like a kneading-rough on the floor, and the woman took away the pillows which had supported her departed friend's (or mistress's) head, together with the white shoes from her feet, thereby exposing a pair of ragged stockings. A trap-door formed of two square stones, was then raised, and one of the men taking the body in his arms, carried it down a flight of steps into a spacious vault below, where he placed it in an arm-chair, in a numerous circle of dead gentlemen and ladies, who were all in like manner gravely seated round the vault, waiting till the places should be entirely occupied. When the circle is complete, all the corpses are then taken together and thrown without further ceremony into another and a deeper vault. When I observed to one of the attendants, that the stench of all these hodies must be dreadful, and might even be pestilential in summer, the man replied,—'What shall I say to you? it is our profession.' ('*E nostra arte*.) Just as if his health and that of his brother "artists" were all that I could be solicitous about."

We shall only add one paragraph more, relative to the burning of flies on the Arno at Florence, which curious act is thus narrated:—"On the 26th of July I witnessed an extraordinary spectacle,—that of the annual burning of several millions of flies, which ascend the river once a year towards the end of July or the beginning of August, and are immediately devoted to the flames. Great fires are lighted for this purpose on the two upper bridges, into which immense clouds

of them rush in rapid succession; the ground was covered with their remains to the depth of two inches at least, all round the fires. This operation seemed to inspire every one with mirth, and one of the destroyers availed himself of the good humour of the spectators, to raise voluntary contributions among them for the wood and straw which he had burnt in pretty large quantities."

In conclusion, we have to repeat our approbation of this work, which we consider to be among the best contributions from Italy of late years.

#### BRITISH FRUIT TREES.

We resume our extracts from Mr. Phillips' excellent work on this subject, whereon so general an interest is spread over our gardens, orchards, and tables; and, as in our last Number, do little else than indicate the various subjects by (in printers' phrase) an italic side-head. We begin with some curious particulars relative to the

**Barberry.**—"I have (says the author) a barberry-tree in my garden near 20 feet in height, the branches of which extend over a circumference of 60 feet. It has been covered with blossom this spring, and had a pleasing effect in the shrubbery; but was so offensive for about a fortnight, that no one would walk near it during that time. It seems particularly attractive to singing birds, wherever it is planted, especially the bullfinch and the goldfinch, both of which often build in these bushes.

"A very singular circumstance has been stated respecting the barberry-shrub,—that corn sown near it, proves abortive, the ears being in general destitute of grain; and that this influence is sometimes extended to a distance of three or four hundred yards across a field. This is a just cause for banishing it from the hedge-rows of our arable fields, for which, otherwise, it's thorny branches would have made a desirable fence. When this coral-like fruit is ripe, it adds much to the beauty of the garden; but it's acidity is so great, that even the birds refuse to eat it."

**Chestnut.**—"The remains of very old decayed chestnut-trees may be seen in the Forest of Dean, Enfield Chase, and in many parts of Kent. At Fortworth, in Gloucestershire, is a chestnut-tree fifty-two feet round: it is proved to have stood there since the year 1150, and was then so remarkable, that it was called "The great chestnut of Fortworth." It fixes the boundary of a manor. Mr. Marsham states that this tree is 1100 years old."

"Chestnuts stewed with cream make a much admired dish, and many families prefer them to all other stuffings for turkeys; they make an excellent soup; and I have no doubt but that chestnuts might be advantageously used in cooking, so as to make many agreeable and wholesome dishes. I have had them stewed and brought to table with salt fish, when they have been much admired, but it is exceedingly difficult to introduce any article as food that has not been established by long custom; and it is not more strange

than true, that the difficulty increases, if the object be economy.

The justice of this remark will be acknowledged by every observer.

"His true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true.

"The importation of chestnuts is very considerable both from Spain and Portugal, yet I believe it is rare if ever there is a single meal made from them in this country. The Catalonians have this strange religious practice. On the 1st of November, the eve of All Souls, they run about from house to house to eat chestnuts, believing that for every chestnut they swallow, with proper faith and unction, they shall deliver a soul out of purgatory."

"The great chestnut-tree near Mount Etna is perhaps one of the most extraordinary trees in the Old World. It is called 'The chestnut-tree of a Hundred Horses,' from the following traditionary tale: Jean of Arragon, when he visited Mount Etna, was attended by her principal nobility, when a heavy shower obliged them to take refuge under this tree, the immense branches of which sheltered the whole party. According to the account given of it by Mr. Howel, this chestnut tree is 160 feet in circumference, and, although quite hollow within, the verdure of the branches is not affected; for this species of tree, like the willow and some others, depends upon its bark for subsistence. The cavity of this enormous tree is so extensive, that a house has been built in it, and the inhabitants have an oven therein, where they dry nuts, chestnuts, almonds, &c. of which they make conserves; but as these thoughtless people often get fuel from the tree that shelters them, it is feared that this natural curiosity will be destroyed by those whom it protects."

**Wild cucumber.**—"The juice of wild cucumber leaves dropped with vinegar into the ears, was thought a good remedy for deafness. A decoction of the fruit being sprinkled in any place will drive away mice;" it was also said to cure the gout, &c.; indeed, so many virtues were attributed to it by the ancients, that if we were inclined to give credit to them, it would cause our wonder to find they had any complaint uncured."

**The Currant.**—"This agreeable and wholesome fruit is undoubtedly a native of our country: it was formerly found growing in the wild state, in woods and hedges in Yorkshire, Durham, and Westmorland, as well as on the banks of the Tay and other parts of Scotland. As a further proof of its being a northern fruit, we have no account of its having been at all known to the ancient Greeks or Romans, who have been very accurate in describing all the fruits known in their time. It seems not to have grown so far south as France; for the old French name of *groscaille d'outremer* evidently bespeaks it not to have been a native of that country, and even at the present time their language has no appropriate name for it distinct from the gooseberry. The Dutch also acknowledge it not to have been indigenous

\* So simple a remedy for a destructive pest, is worth trying.—Ed.

to Holland, where it was called *bonshins over zee*. Whether the Dutch first procured this fruit from Britain, or from any other northern countries, we must acknowledge ourselves indebted to the gardeners of that country for so improving the size, if not the flavour of this fruit.

"The English name of currant seems to have been taken from the similitude of the fruit to that of the small Zante grapes, which we call *currants*, or *Corinths*, from Corinth, where this fruit formerly grew in great abundance, and which are so much used in this country for cakes, puddings, &c.

"The Italians seem to have no other name for the currants than *uettie*, little grapes. At Geneva they are called *raisins de Mars*. The currant does not appear in the list of fruits published by Thomas Tusser in 1557, which I have transcribed to shew what fruits were cultivated in the latter part of Queen Mary's reign.

"Apples of all sorts, apricots, barberries; bootlesse, black and white; cherries, red and black; chestnuts; cornet plumbs; damians, white and black; filberts, red and white; gooseberries; grapes, white and red; green or grass plumbs; hurril berries; medlars, or meles; mulberries; peaches, white and red; peera of all sorts; peer plumbs, black and yellow; quince-trees; raspas; raisons; small nuts; strawberries, red and white; service trees; warden, white and red; walnuts; wheat plumbs."

The black currants, which were formerly called *quinancy berries*, on account of their great use in quinsies, are natives of Sweden and the northern parts of Russia, as well as the northern counties of England, where they have been found in their natural state, growing in alder swamps, and in wet hedges by the banks of rivers. In some parts of Siberia, the black currants are said to grow to the size of hazel nuts. The inhabitants of that country make a drink of the leaves: in Russia a wine is made of the black currants; and it is also made in some parts of England."

"The currant-tree that was brought from the Isle of Zante, by our Levant traders, and first planted in England in the year 1538, I conclude was the vine that produces the small grapes which we call currants, and of which the English use more than all the rest of the world together. This fruit grows in great abundance in several places in the Archipelago. We have a factory at Zante, from whence we import them so closely pressed by treading, that they are often obliged to be dug out with an iron instrument, the natives thinking we use them as a dye."

A few grammatical inaccuracies will be observed in these quotations; but they do not seem to render the sense of the author doubtful, and therefore we spare our readers the trouble of a gloss.

**Elder.**—"The leaves of the elder-tree are often put into the subterraneous paths of moles, to drive those noxious little animals from the garden. If fruit-trees, flowering shrubs, corn, or other vegetables, be whiped with the green leaves of the elder

branches, insects will not attach to them. An infusion of these leaves in water is good to sprinkle over rose huds, and other flowers subject to blights and the devastations of caterpillars."

*Fig.*—"The Athenians were so choice of their figs, that it was forbidden to export them out of Attica. Those who gave information of this fruit being sold contrary to law, were called *syphophantai*, from two Greek words signifying the discoverers of figs; and as they sometimes gave malicious information, the term was afterwards applied to all informers, parasites, liars, flatterers, impostors, &c. from whence the word *syphophant* is derived."

"At Oxford, in the botanic garden of the Regius Professor of Hebrew, is a fig-tree, which was brought from the East, and planted by Dr. Pocock, in the year 1648. Of this tree, the following anecdote is related: Dr. Kennicott, the celebrated Hebrew scholar and compiler of the Polyglot Bible, was passionately fond of this fruit; and seeing a very fine fig on this tree which he wished to preserve, wrote on a label, 'Dr. Kennicott's fig,' which he tied to the fruit. An Oxonian wag, who had observed the transaction, watched the fruit daily, and when ripe, gathered it, and exchanged the label for one thus worded: 'A fig for Dr. Kennicott.'"

"It is a curious fact, that fresh-killed venison, or any other animal food, being hung up in a fig tree for a single night, will become as tender and as ready for dressing, as if kept for many days or weeks in the com-

mon manner. A gentleman, who lately made the experiment, assured me that a haunch of venison which had lately been killed, was hung up in a fig-tree when the leaves were on, at about ten o'clock in the evening, and was removed before sun-rise in the morning, when it was found in a perfect state for cooking; and he adds, that in a few hours more it would have been in a state of putrefaction."

*Filberts.*—"It is supposed, that within a few miles round Maidstone, in Kent, there are more filberts growing at the present time, than in all England besides, there being seven hundred acres planted with filbert-trees in the vicinity of that town. The London market is entirely supplied from thence with these nuts, which are excellent in quality, and, if quite ripe, will keep good for several years placed in a dry room. Filberts are not only much more agreeable than the common nuts, but are esteemed wholesome and nourishing when taken in moderation."

*Gooseberry.*—"The gooseberry, which is now so much and so justly esteemed, is a native of Europe; and as it grew in the woods and hedges about Darlington, Cambridge-shire, Norfolk, and other northern counties, in the wild state, I consider it indigenous to this country, although Drs. Smith and Miller both entertained doubts of its being truly so. It appears not to have been known to the ancients, either in Greece or Rome, as their authors have made no mention of it; but it is noticed by the earliest naturalists who have written in this country, notwithstanding it was a fruit much neglected, according to Allioni's account, who says, 'they are eatable, but somewhat astrigent.' Gerard says, 'it is called *feaberry bush*, in Cheshire, my native country; and I find that it had the same name in Lancashire and Yorkshire. In Norfolk it was abominated into *feabes*. It appears to have taken the name of *gooseberry*, from its being used as a sauce for young or green geese."

"I have not attempted to give even the names of all the varieties of this fruit, finding them so numerous, that one nurseryman furnished me with his list, and obliged me with a sight of 300 varieties, the largest of which in weight was equal to three guineas and a half." [Three grains and a half, we presume.]

"The pale gooseberry was first brought from Flanders in the year that Henry the Eighth received the title of *Defender of the Faith*. This monarch, and his daughter Queen Elizabeth, seem to have encouraged the art of gardening, as, during their reigns, most of our best fruits and vegetables were first introduced and cultivated in this kingdom; but even during the reign of these sovereigns, gooseberry leaves were used as a sallet by those who could not afford to send to Holland for a lettuce. The gooseberry is but little esteemed on the continent, for want of being more known; and foreigners seem astonished at the size and flavour of this fruit in England."

(To be concluded in our next.)

*Julia Alpinna: with the Captive of Stamboul, and other Poems.* By J. H. Wilson, author of *Asiatic Hours*. London, 1820. 12mo. pp. 237.

"Many men there be (saith the honest old writer of *The Testament of Love*) that with eres openly spied, so much swallowe the deliciousnesse of jests and of ryme, lequint knittinge coloures, that of the godnesse or of the badnesse of the sentence take they litel hede or els none." Towards this sect, the author betrays a strong tendency. With glimpses of poetry, and a fine tone of poetical feeling throughout, he frequently contrives to be unintelligible, and does so multiply words, that ideas, originally good, and conceptions in their generation vigorous, come to be extinguished in the most dilute verbiage that can possibly be imagined to weary out the attention of the reader. Diffuseness is the bane of Mr. Wilson's *metre*; and, as these ladies are sometimes personified with wings, flying about, we may say, that her flapping flight more resembles the heavy bustard than the soaring eagle, or even swift evolving swallow. Mr. W. has also either contemned the counsel which we offered him on his *Asiatic Hours*, (*Literary Gazette* for 1819, p. 632.) or has found it beyond his art to avoid the style of composition which disfigured that work. If proper words in their proper places be a desideratum in verse, the numerous misapplications of epithets which appear in these numbers, are quite fatal to their character. A chaos of language is a very different thing from the occasional use of a bold phrase, and that sort of daring genius which led a Milton to sing of "Darkness visible." Mr. Wilson is unlucky in this respect; and, as it seems to be done in defiance of criticism, we shall point out a few instances of the absurdity which the defect involves.

We but add—of things destroyed,  
One atom to the mighty word. p. 3.

This is a double puzzle; first a thing destroyed being still an atom and that atom, being added to what nevertheless remains a being!

Their passionate orbs (of eyes) such brilliance  
hunted,  
As soothed by turns. 19.

The haunting brilliance of her soothing eyes, however, is beaten by her smile, which is

A glow, bursting half from gloom,  
So vividly, and yet so swift,  
We cannot fix its transient bloom,  
For pleasure's, or for sorrow's gift;  
But deem it heaven's own cherubin,  
Lighting the lamp of soul within.

All which so dazzles us, that we think it nothing but rhapsody. Diana's temple is  
The ambrosial pall that shuts out sin. 21.

And the following is a curious effect of memory—

When the bright past appeared a blot,  
Which apathy remembered not. 23.

\* [On the subject of this review, as commenced in our last, we have received the following, which we insert, as well for the information it notes, as for the opportunity it affords us of saying, that we esteem the volume it refers to, and its companions, the *Conversations on Chemistry*, and on *Political Economy*, to be among the most valuable manuals in the English language.—L.D.]

Hickory.

"Sir.—My Tutor takes in your *Literary Gazette*, and I am sometimes favoured with a perusal of it, which amuses me greatly. In your last article of the last week's number, on the diseases of fruit-trees, the author, whose work you are reviewing, recommends the trunks of apple-trees to be rubbed with the leaves and young shoots of elder, to which all kinds of blight hath an antipathy, and those injuries, although minute insects, would not only be destroyed, but that it would prevent their doing themselves on these trees; and he requests the remarks of any of your correspondents who may try the experiment. Now, Mr. Editor, in a most interesting book, called *Conversations on Botany*, which I gained as a prize, I find the following information:

"*Elder.*—Why does the gardener spread elder leaves near the mole hills?

"*Moth.*—To keep away the moles, which will not come near elder. You may have seen the conchman also putting branches of it in the horses' heads, to keep off the flies; for few insects can endure the smell of this plant. The faculty that most animals possess of distinguishing one plant from another, by the smell or taste, and of knowing whether they are noxious or salutary, is very extraordinary, and of great importance."

Tyro."

We cannot comprehend

A color, making bright the shape  
And attitude of things. 33.

Nor how—

—the *morn's* whitest earliest flush  
Flew from the *morn's* gales of pearl. 36.

Nor how—

The long processional departs. 43.

Nor how—

The purple almous (has) its light tread  
When prostrate caravans lie dead. 51.

Nor how war can be called a "miscreant-  
ing crew, 53; or come charioted in a *teag-  
gon*, 54, with "Eycballs that act the gorgon-  
ous part," illud; all which, in truth, are  
tanto us nonsense, and worthy of the dogged  
relative to the same subject which we  
here introduce, by way of parenthesis.

Heaven's angry Angel pour wrath on thee, War!  
Ambition and Cruelty harness thy car,  
And Rain, and Rapine, and fell Decay,  
Herald thee on thy lightning way,  
Thou cancellst Treaty at thy nod,  
Crumblest the robes of the Price; God!  
On the palace of kings and the peasant's cot  
Thou turnest thy visage and they are not;  
Where thy hurricane hurls, a capitol burns,  
And infantry's ashes fill innocent urns.  
Wrath on thee, War! thou hast given to the  
tomb

Tens of thousands to dread the day of doom;  
Thou hast fixed on the age that is rolling by,  
The terrible charm of the rattle-snake's eye;  
They have come to thy altar with fire and spell,  
To people the chambers of death and hell,  
To royal smiles, and yet beauteous vows,  
They crown thee with laurel and myrtle-bows;  
And minstrels throng to their hallowed spring,  
Thy sanctified homilies to sing;  
Dressing to nations a frenzied fire,  
Sorrow to mercy, and shame to the lyre.

Yet this stuff is followed by a sweet in-  
vocation to grief, when Helvetia has lost her  
last battle, which shows how capable the  
author is of better things.

Princess of mountain, Good, and fell!  
Helvetia! to thy crown—farewell!  
Weep! for thy patriots' hopes are o'er;  
Weep! for thy freedom is no more;  
For those who live, and those who sleep  
In death's cold chains of bondage weep:  
'Tis morn! (how can the morn look gay  
On the lost field of yesterday!)

Then again comes the ridiculous—

The clouds, which form the sun's pavilion,  
Are rolled in beautiful vermilion,  
Nor one faint shape of *andreas* wear,  
For all the thousands bleeding there,  
The ibex comes as it was wont  
At sunrise to the crystal font,  
But starts with trembling foot aside  
In horror of the waters dyed.  
No human voice or footstep fills  
The echo of the lonely hills.

At p. 66, we are told of there being no  
human sound to electrify the silence, while  
"The world flows on;" but we shall disturb  
no more of the ashes of Julia Alpina in this  
respect. The captive of Stamboul is equally  
filled with ill-sorted words. At the very  
outset the sea breaks

Deep, deep, below the turret's base,  
As though some giant heaved his mace.

And shook with an eternal sound,  
The dungeon vaults that tremble round.

Nor your giants don't shake by hearing  
the mace, especially with an eternal sound;  
nor are shaking and trembling synonymous.  
A greater miracle still is a young Trouba-  
dour in his proteneal wood.

When wine, and wit, and woman's praise,  
Had made his soul—an orb of rays! 100

We hear farther on of a night—

Which from heaven's recording loof  
No line might blight. 107.

And of a sea view, we will venture to say  
quite novel to our painters, where the "far  
projecting shadow of a cliff lay on a bright-  
ening bay."

The riddle of the morn's flush flying from  
the morn's gales, in the preceding poem, is  
countenanced in this, for there is an appoint-  
ment to meet,

—when at set of sun  
The bearded Innom's chant in air,  
From mosque, proclaims the morn's done. 113.  
By a droll anticipation, and in the like spirit  
with which the warriors conclude in the  
same page, that "fall or flee," their *intrat*  
rites shall be paid to freedom. The follow-  
ing is also a rather ludicrous instance of the  
simile of dissimilitude.

He stood as rooted to the spot  
By some overmastering charm!  
So have I seen in vernal woods,  
Freeding amid the violet's buds,  
With seeming calmness in its eye,  
The darkly-brooding serpent lie.

We fancy the author is the only person  
now alive, who ever saw a serpent of any  
sort, darkly-brooding or otherwise, lie at all,  
and far less lie *unerring*, like a man who  
stood, and far less who stood rooted. We  
assure Mr. Wiffin that good sense is the  
spirit of all good poetry; and that this misap-  
plication of words is the ruin of his imaginative  
and descriptive powers. Horace's advice is  
worth attending to

Scribendi recte

Sapere est principium et finis.

To justify the objections on this head, which  
we have urged so strongly, because we are  
sorry to see the author's fine perceptions of  
nature, feeling, and genius, thus perverted in  
their development, we shall only further  
add two or three passages.

Intense distractedness of mein  
Upon his blanched front is seen. (p. 119.)

Mien upon his front, forehead!

A seeming virtue, but a wily foe. (131)

What is the opposition?

To continue

With naught but the sun-forging swallow, and  
cloud  
Soaring free,—soaring free!—in calms regions  
of noon

Of their limitless pleasure and liberty proud,  
And alone on the frailty of fortune relying. 145.

This appears to be inexplicable nonsense.  
What cloud is proud of pleasure and liberty,  
and what is the *frailty* of fortune on which  
it and its swallow companion rely. But we  
will not pursue this unpleasant speculation,  
nor shall we waste time in pointing out the

mean expressions which occasionally intru-  
de these pages. Availing himself of the modern  
license in poetry, the author makes such un-  
allowable rhymes, as wrath—fall, unav-  
ed, sword—planet, granite—fall, capitol—  
forewarning, dawning, morning—now, por-  
tico—temple, tremble—faith, death—dare,  
war—eye, virginity, &c. &c.: the last occurs  
in a strange account of a statue of Diana,  
which has

—that full, unmisplured eye

By genius' most divine excess  
Fixed in the *Vision of Virginity*!!

We have also to reprehend the author for a  
sprinkling of grammatical inaccuracies and  
errors in construction, originating in the ne-  
cessity for finding rhymes in tenues of verbi,  
where the sense of the passages would not  
have gone to look for them.

Of the pleasing thoughts ill expressed, we  
shall quote the picture of a fond father con-  
templating his child.

Gazing on her, a smile and sigh  
Would strive with him, she knew not why,  
She knew not why—she could not know  
How bitter thoughts on sweet ones grow,  
When in the daughter's face, we kiss

The mother's charms, those charms which  
lighted

Our young, romantic hearts with bliss.  
The lone caressed, the quickly blighted;  
When that dear love of early years  
Lies low, and cannot heed our tears!

Refined taste will here detect the poverty  
of the word *beet*, and the confused weakness  
introduced for the sake of the rhymes *his*  
and *blighted*.

Before doing that justice to Mr. Wiffin  
which his talents deserve, by quoting some  
specimens of his better parts, we shall ven-  
ture to suggest to him, and to all writers of  
the same school, that a very efficient cause  
of their diffuseness and consequent want of  
interest, is to be traced to the nature of the  
plan in which they think they can construct  
a good poem. In his preface Mr. Wiffin  
says, "With regard to any objection that  
may arise in the mind of the reader from the  
paucity of incident in this little History, it  
may not be irrelevant to remark, that al-  
though the mind may be amused by the vivid  
and various delineation of fictitious events,  
the better sympathies of the heart are much  
more likely to be excited by the simplest  
narrative, founded on real circumstance, and  
the play of the sweet and amiable affections,  
than by the most complicated tissue of situ-  
ations that have no basis beyond the imagi-  
nation." Now our opinion is, that the reader  
who peruses a composition of considerable  
length in an hour's time, which cost the  
poet many a day's toil, ought to have  
some incident to link his mind to the fast  
following changes of passion, and varieties  
of sympathy which are sought to be excited.  
The heart may be playful on Monday when  
he convalesces on; part, and grave on Satur-  
day when he writes another; but the reader  
cannot cram these transitions into the space  
of ten minutes; and there must be some  
action to lead him to those rapid alternations  
which the author, owing to the long intervals  
that occur to him, does not perceive.

The following extracts will show that it is neither from want of ability nor of admirable sentiment, that Mr. Wilkin has afforded grounds for the foregoing remarks. Julia Alpina begins thus beautifully—

With rapid wing, in ceaseless flight,  
Time sweeps along, and leaves in night,  
Each brilliant aim of life's short span,  
The joys and agonies of man.  
The storied arch that Glory rears,  
He mantes with the moss of years;  
O'er Beauty's urn in ivy creeps;  
Shatters the tomb where Valour sleeps;  
And quenches, ne'er to burn again,  
The fire in Freedom's awful fane.  
He sends the beating wind and shower  
Proudly to battle with the tower,  
And when in ruin they have rent  
Frieze, portico, and battlement,  
With scoffing lip he seems to say,  
"Weak worm! thou too shalt be as they;  
Soon passion's fire, shall leave thine eye;  
Ambition fade, and feeling die;  
Hope faithless find its splendid trust,  
Thy pride claim kindred with the dust,  
And nothing more of thee remains,  
Than what remembrance views with pain,  
A starting Vision, void and vain."

Alpinus leaves home for battle; and a favourite tree is thus tenderly painted.

It spoke of all that's blest and pure;  
Of happiness that cannot last;  
Of hope, but hope may not endure;  
And peace, but peace itself is past.  
It spoke of a deserted claim,  
It seemed to whisper Julia's name.  
And must be leave that floor, where first  
Her footsteps ran, her charms were nursed?  
Leave the sweet tennil which entwined  
With each emotion of his mind?  
How could he see his daughter's face,  
How meet her mournful, mute appeal.

A vessel under sail—

With bounding prow and bending pine  
Across the roaring Bosphorus,  
She yet bears nobly through the brine,  
As if she ever wrestled thus,  
And ne'er her pendants gave to fly  
In crystal bay or purple sky.

The captive's wife, in the second poem—

She seeks not,—rather shuns repose;  
And now her faded aspect shows  
Her many passions sunk in one—  
The brilliant eye of other days,  
Dim, and the bosom cold to praise,  
Which charmed so much when life begun;  
Sorrow alone on her white brow sits,  
And some deep feeling gleams by fits,  
Like ruins of the spirit's light  
Burning on through years of pain,  
As the moon's track on the main,  
Glimmers through the dark midnight.

The rise and fall of empires is treated in a highly poetical strain (though *fire* is expressive, and to call *glow* a *thirst*, is bad).

See first how splendour's rushing rays adorn  
The peopled towers of empire in her morn;  
Thither the yet barbaric nations pour,  
And Battle's blast is blown from shore to shore.  
By fire and freedom in her bright noon nursed,  
The glow of genius is a glorious thirst;  
Then Power his pinnacle bestrides, and we  
View Taste spring forth, like Venus from the sea,  
Radiant, and pure, and goddess-like to draw  
High aspirations, settling into awe.

Last Pride and Luxury, wedded to decay,  
Conceal, in clouds, the ruins of her ray;  
Faint, and more faint, upon the dial falls  
That ray, long shadows creep o'er crumbling  
walls;

When that, her sunshine of renown expires,  
The sons forget the grandeur of their sires;  
Heroes are slunk to vasaals; deeds sublime  
Are scoffed; and Liberty becomes a crime;  
Scarcely known, through Slavery's gathering shadows flit,  
Like ghosts, the forms of Wisdom and of Wit;  
Taste breaks her pencil; Hope her charmed  
glass,—

Another age—and her descendants pass  
O'er altars rent, and sculptures given with grass;  
From gilded balls, the crouching tiger springs,  
And try create the Capitole of kings;  
Doubt on his moor, marbles sit, and spells  
Disputed names, and cancelled chronicles;  
And as the melancholy wind repines  
Through vacant temples, and deserted shrines,  
Sighs o'er the vigils which his fondness keeps,  
Or sickens at the solitude and weeps.

The following is also finely executed—

All is still but the wind on the wave,  
The minute-beat of the ocean's pulse!  
All is at rest but the hoarser roar  
Of rushing tides which the walls repulse,—  
That mighty voice, that hollow sound  
From all the mustering billows round,  
Heard in a mass from realm to realm,  
As if the floods which erst did whirl  
The universal earth, were yet  
Not all assuaged, nor could forget  
How, in their rushing night, went down,  
Temple on temple, tower on town,  
The lofty mountains wild and wide  
With all their snows upon them,—Pride  
In his communion with the stars,—  
Battle, with all his crests and cars,—  
All, all the omnipotent created,  
None were left of millions, none  
But Pyrrha and Deucalion,  
To watch the waves as they abated,  
And smile, amid their wilderness,  
When the first star of their new night  
Put forth from clouds, its lonely light,  
As Venus dimly does on this.

The author who could write thus, ought not to have given so much cause of complaint. We trust that when he again puts forth his light, he will not obscure its lustre with such shadows.

*Cornelii Nepotis de Vita excellentium Imperatorum, Editio nova; &c. &c. Studio Alexandri Stewart. Edinburgi, 1819.*

This is a recent Edinburgh edition of Cornelius Nepos, an author whose merits have been so feelingly made known to most of us, that it is only necessary to mention his name, in order to recall their memory. Therefore, too, it might be thought that he required no notice from a reviewer; and, in point of fact, we are not going to say a single syllable upon the excellence of his Lives, for catching the mind of the young scholar, nor the purity of his style, for the earlier purposes of classical education. What has attracted our attention and deserved our praise in this neat little publication, is the plan upon which it is constructed. Marginal notes are added to the text, admirably cal-

culated to help the Tyro to the full understanding of his task; and a Chronological Table completes this portion of useful information. There are also an Index of Proper Names, and instructive tables which explain and apply the Roman method of reckoning by calends, nones, and ides; but the great and peculiar recommendation to us is one of a typical kind, namely, the printing of the accents very accurately over the text. At the period when the boy reads Nepos, this affords a valuable assistance; and it seems to us, that in no part of his Latin education can it be so advantageously given to him. What he now learns will never be obliterated; and well-versed in this important and difficult branch in his first book, he will find the lesson of the utmost consequence when Horace, Virgil, Livy, Cicero and Tacitus, succeed Eutropius, Nepos, Cæsar, and Sallust. We have only to repeat our perfect approbation of this edition, for its ample intelligence, correctness, and form.

*The Delphin Classics, with the Variorum Notes, &c.*

March, April, May, and June, have furnished us with four more of the Parts of this classic treasure, which finish Sallust, and carry us to A. U. 815, in the admirable history of Tacitus. Into these volumes we have looked diligently; and in the double character of subscribers and reviewers, it is pleasing to us to express our entire satisfaction with them. There being now XVIII. Parts published, we consider it a proper time to say that the continuation of the design is equal to its promise; and to repeat a sentiment which we stated more near its commencement, viz. that the lovers of learning have, in this publication, the best opportunity ever offered of making a classical library at a cheap rate, in a very useful and beautiful form, and of the highest order in the scale of literature.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEBRETT'S PEERAGE.

[Though unwilling to prolong the discussion on the errors in this useful publication, yet as we have admitted our correspondents (for we assure Mr. DebreTT there are few) to be replied to, and as their answers are not only amusing from their humor, but calculated to produce a very desirable improvement in the future editions of the work, we trust that by doing so in the present instance, we shall confer a double benefit upon our readers—give them a good laugh, and cause the correction of a book, whose popularity is evinced by the number of editions through which it has gone.]

*To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.*

SIR,—I have perused with mingled feelings of mirth and compassion, the delectable epistle of Mr. John DebreTT, Editor of the Peerage, Baronetage, and Imperial Calendar. Being a plain matter-of-fact-man, I cannot hope to compete with that droll personage, in either wit or erudition, and must resign the field to him in those respects, without

attempting to crack jokes or quote scraps of latin. Nor shall I take any notice of the personalities which that facetious chronicler has thought it necessary to have recourse to. Patient however of injuries as I am, I cannot consent to give up my personal identity. You, Mr. Editor, can assure Mr. Debrett that I, who glory in the signature of the triple P, am quite a different person from him of the bi-literal appellation of J. M. We are, I suspect, from different sides of the channel. Mr. Debrett has thus been affected in a contrary way to the votaries of Bacchus, who are said to see every object double in their cups, whereas he has blended two people into one while pouring forth his indignation.

Passing by all this buffoonery, let me call to Mr. Debrett's recollection the true state of the case. I pointed out in his account of the noble families of Howth and Clarina, errors of the most palpable and ridiculous description; and I added, that it was scandalously negligent to continue them in edition after edition, said to be carefully revised and corrected. In answer, he tells me, that it is very easy to rectify these errors (the existence of which he cannot deny), which, if true, renders his negligence in suffering them to remain unamended for so many years, still more inexcusable; and that I am a scandalously mean fellow, which, whether true or not, does not establish the correctness of his peagee.

I confess, however, such is my obtuseness, that I cannot see wherein I am so scandalous. I gave for Mr. Debrett's book, four and twenty shillings, under the impression that it was accurate. If not accurate, it is not worth as many pence: and every approach to inaccuracy, is a sensible, a calculable diminution of its value. And I re-assert, that it contains as many errors as articles; but I must also repeat, that to prove the assertion at length, would occupy all your columns. If Mr. Debrett have the honesty to return me my twenty-four shillings, which I can assure him I regret parting with for his peagee, I engage to forward him by return of post four and twenty blunders as ridiculous as any already mentioned; but as he seems to wish for a farther exposé in public, I shall, with your permission, oblige him with a dozen specimens of his correctness, which I have collected in less than half an hour.

1st. P. 54. We are told, that the late Duke of Dorset was killed at *Killarney* in Ireland. Now his grace met with the sad accident, that put an end to his life, above a hundred miles from *Killarney*, in a different province altogether. He might as well say, that a gentleman killed in Norfolk, was killed in Cornwall. I confess I do not lay much stress on such blunders as these, because they are not very material. If I did, I could glean a hundred of them by barely casting my eyes over his pages; but as we do not consult peerages for historical facts or anecdotes, I shall only notice errors in what we principally do consult them for, that is, in dates.

2d. P. 73. George Paulett of Amport,

twelfth Marquis of Winchester, married in 1812 Martha Ingoldslay, who died in 1796. In spite of this droll taste of marrying a woman sixteen years after her death, he had three children; and it is not the least wonderful circumstance, that he himself died in 1800, twelve years before his marriage. I have a dim recollection of reading in Mr. Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*, an account of a ghost-wedding; but I did not know till now that he had such authentic warrant for the circumstance. I must farther remark, that it is rather scandalous in Mr. Debrett to assert, that the noble lady of Sir Joseph Yorke was married twenty-seven years before her mother was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to her father; and that the late Marchioness of Winchester had a grandchild before she had a husband. I omit mentioning that he makes her son to be married a year after his mother. This is almost *scandalum negatum*.

3d. P. 231. Here is more scandal. Bennet, third Earl of Marlborough, married, according to this authentic register, in 1748, having had children by his lady in 1731, 1741, 1743, and 1744. What follows is almost as bad. This Earl had a daughter Frances, married to Colonel Morgan in 1776, six years after her father's death, which occurred in 1770; and yet we are told he left no surviving issue. What is the meaning of this? Does Mr. Debrett mean to insinuate that Lady Francis, though the Earl's daughter, was not his child?

4th. P. 986. Here we have scandal against a living lady. The Earl of Mexborough, he says, was married to his Countess, September 25th, 1782, and their daughter Eliza came into the world on the 20th of June preceding. Upon my word, Mr. Debrett, this is taking a shocking liberty with Lady Mexborough's character!

5th. P. 1248. Again to it! William Townsend, eldest son of Lord Ventry, marries Miss Jones in 1797; but her son by him was born in 1793. On the part of the Hon. Mrs. Mulesen, I must take upon me to contradict this calumny, and to expostulate warmly with Mr. Debrett for treating her in this manner, in his scandalous chronicle.

6th. P. 375. Catherine, wife of Edward Devereux, eleventh Viscount Hereford, dies Feb. 2d, 1741, yet has a son on the 19th of the same month, and a daughter in 1743!

7th. P. 1045. This fashion of *Lady Hereford's*, appears to have been adopted about the same time in Ireland; for we find that the mother of the first Viscount O'Neil died in 1742, and had her eldest son, the Viscount, in 1748, six years after. It appears to me, however, that he is rather unfairly counted her eldest son, as her second son is born in 1746, which, I submit, is an earlier date. But that is a bagatelle here.

8th. P. 980. We have another post-obit birth—a circumstance I suspect rather more frequent in this peagee, than in the *Lying-in-Hospital*—in the case of Catherine, wife of the second Earl of Arran, who dies in 1770, and, according to custom, has a son in 1774, and daughters in 1775 and 1776

This would have been a valuable woman in a new colony.

9th. P. 584. William Brabazon, Baron Ponsonby of Inokilly, was born in 1744, and married in 1728, only eighteen years before his birth. He had three children nevertheless, one of whom, Mr. Debrett makes Knight of the Shire for Cork in 1817, though the gentleman at that time was not in parliament at all; and I perceive that the error is repeated in the revised and corrected edition for 1820. If an edition be published in 1850, I suppose he will still figure as M. P.

10. P. 899. Robert Fitzgerald, nineteenth Earl of Kildare, marries in March 1708, Lady Mary O'Bryen, who died in the February preceding. As usual, this hopeful marriage produces eleven children!

11th. P. 966. Rev. Pierce Butler, third son of the second Earl of Carrick, dies in 1803, and as usual here, marries in 1806. His lady, I see, took a second husband. I hope her second match was more auspicious than her first. It must have been rather unpleasant to be married to a man who had been three years dead.

12th. P. 1271-2. In the former of these pages, we are told that Richard Handcock was member for Athlone in 1800, and in the latter, that William Handcock, first Lord Castlemaize, represented that town from 1783 to 1801. Now William represented it until 1801, and I believe Richard never at all. I should be obliged to Mr. Debrett, if he would tell me where he learned that the two Messrs. Handcock sat together for Athlone in 1800?

There is my dozen for you. It will be in vain for Mr. Debrett to shift these errors on his pressman. They arise from *scandalous negligence* somewhere; and it is little matter to the people who like me are out of pocket for Mr. Debrett's bundle of inaccuracies, whether it is master or man that is to blame for them. I could not help laughing at the suggestion of the worthy editor, that I ought rather to have sent my corrections to him in a private letter, when I recollected how carefully he adds in his advertisement, prefixed to his worthy work, that all correspondence to him on the subject of the *Peagee*, should be post paid. This is, I suppose, what he calls soliciting corrections; but the plain English of it is this—you have lost one pound four shillings by me, and now to enable me to make another edition more correct, you ought to throw away a few additional shillings in postage.

I believe I take leave of Mr. Debrett here. He refers me to his Baronetage: I have seen that book. Does he wish to have my opinion on it. If so, let him say the word, and I am ready for it, in public or private.

I remain, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

August 10, 1820.

P. P. P.

P. S. The pages refer to the edition of 1817; but the errors exist as well in the edition of 1820 as in the former one, *not a single inaccuracy being corrected*.



To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

[Post-mark Glasgow] 10th Aug. 1820.  
Sir.—I am happy to learn that the letters of P. P. and myself have attracted the notice of Mr. Debrett, as I trust this will lead to the result desired by me, and doubtless by P. P. namely, greater accuracy in his future editions. I therefore willingly spare myself the irksome task of sending you a list of errors in his English Pezage, contenting myself with assuring Mr. Debrett, that the assertion of P. P. as to the number of errors contained in it is by no means exaggerated; and that, by turning over a few leaves, any one may easily satisfy himself of the truth of Mr. Debrett's assertion, that he "never aimed at perfection." I am sorry, however, to observe, that he considers it "idle to attempt perfection." As, although I agree with him that it cannot be expected, yet, I must take the liberty of telling him, that it is his duty "to aim at perfection," as the only way of ensuring tolerable accuracy.

I would here willingly take my leave of Mr. Debrett; but there are one or two points in his letter which I feel myself bound to notice, and I trust you will indulge me to the extent of a very few sentences.

In the first place, I can assure him that he is quite mistaken as to the identity of P. P. and J. M. nor has either the least idea of who the other is. Mr. Debrett flatters me by alleging a similarity of style. I can only say, that there was no intentional imitation.

Mr. Debrett charges me with "scandalous meanness." I do not complain of this, but I may be allowed to say, that the charge is unwarranted. My attack on Mr. Debrett's work was made openly, and supported by the best of all proofs—extracts from the work itself.

Mr. Debrett says, the errors I have brought to notice are "mere errors of the compositor, or dropping a letter at press." Some of them, (*not all*) appear to be of that nature, and would have been venial, had they not been copied faithfully year after year, into edition after edition. If this does not justify the term "scandalous negligence," I am at a loss to conceive what would.

I would humbly advise Mr. Debrett, when he does copy from Wood's admirable edition of Douglas's Pezage, to do so with greater accuracy. In an annual work the same correctness cannot reasonably be looked for; but the purchasers are entitled to expect at least careful copying; and, on comparing some of the passages I formerly mentioned, with the parallel ones in Wood, I find, in most cases, the errors arise from inaccuracy in transcribing.\*

Finally, when Mr. Debrett writes in a passion, he should not boast of his calmness. His letter brings to my mind the worthy knight Sir Anthony Absolute, who thought himself "cool, quite cool," but every one else in a rage. I ask pardon for

this intrusion, and beg to say, that, however provoked, I shall not offend in the same way again, having no ambition to prolong a controversy on so unimportant a subject.

I am, Mr. Editor,  
Your faithful and obedient servant,  
J. M. (Scotus.)

## LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### FINLAND, AND ITS LITERATURE.

*Extract from a letter written by the celebrated Danish traveller, Mr. Rask.*

The Finns, since their union with Russia, which has in some manner raised them to the rank of an independent people, have waked from their slumber, and a new era of their literature has begun. It must be owed, that for a considerable time past, the treatment of the Finns does honor to the sovereign. If it should be alleged that policy is the motive, yet we may reasonably bless that policy, the effect of which is, the improvement of a generous nation; and this effect is evident, not only in the intellectual improvement, but in the welfare and character of the people. They are moral, sedate, laborious, frugal, serious, hospitable, and upright in the highest degree. The magnanimity of the present Russian government has especially had a great influence on the Finns, particularly in the union of what is called Old Finland, (the government of Wyborg) with New Finland, under one government, with the same (Swedish) laws, of which there is a very good translation into the native tongue. All the inhabitants of Finland, within a few miles of St. Petersburg, live in the enjoyment of the same civil liberty, and are treated in the same mild manner as under the Swedish government; nay, the Emperor Alexander has increased their liberty. This union of the whole country has the most advantageous consequences. Formerly the Gymnasium at Wyborg was subordinate to the University of Dorpat; hence the German language prevailed in the instruction of youth; the Swedish was adopted by the higher classes; the Finnish had remained the language of the people; and the Russian was introduced with the military organization; thus there were four rival languages, and all of them were spoken and written badly and without taste. Now the gymnasium and the schools of the government of Wyborg, are united with the University of Abo, and the Swedish language, which is employed by the government, again becomes general.

In Abo itself also, literature has made rapid advances. The University is extended, and has several learned and able professors; for instance, M. Gadolin. The learned G. Rennwall is composing (at the expense of the Count Romanzow, Chancellor of the Empire) a complete Finnish Dictionary, with a Latin and German translation; the half of which is already finished in MS. With the year 1819, a good and well printed journal began at Abo; it is called *Mnemosyne*; in the Swedish language, and edited

by some promising young literati, who seem not to confine themselves to any literary party in Sweden. It has already given us very interesting essays and criticisms relative to the language and literature of Finland. This is an agreeable phenomenon to those who were acquainted with the old Gazette of Abo, which was as bad as possible. The zealous cultivation of the Finnish language is favourable to the improvement of the people, to the honor of the government, and to the sciences. This language is one of the most peculiar, the most regular, the most polished and sonorous. It has the most beautiful proportion between the number and distribution of the vowels and consonants, and may be compared in this respect with the Italian; it has not the disagreeable hissing letters of the Slave and Lapland languages, and resembles in this particular the Danish; it has, like the Icelandic and French, a forced accent; it has twelve cases, but only two or three declensions, and very few irregularities: thus possessing greater advantages, and fewer imperfections and difficulties. Like the Greek and the German, it is infinitely rich in derivatives and compounds, and seems to combine in itself the chief excellencies of the other European languages.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

**SULPHUR FUMIGATION.**—The advantages of this species of bath in cutaneous, rheumatic, and various other chronic disorders, are gradually recommending it to popular use. Dr. Gales, a French physician, has written an essay upon it (which has been translated) and received a pension of 6000 fr. as well as exclusive privilege to practise in that way in Paris, as the reward of his discovery and labours. It is, however, of great antiquity, and Dr. G. has no claim to having originated the application, far less the invention, of this important remedy. The efficacy of the celebrated sulphur fumigating baths as on the celebrated lake of *Agnone*, near Naples, has been a matter of notoriety for ages. In those baths the sulphurous vapours rise spontaneously from the earth, probably from the bosom of some exhausted volcano. It is collected in apartments into which the patients enter, and the action of the vapour is similar to that described by Dr. Gales in the use of his artificial fumigations. But the value and application of sulphur fumigations to diseases of the skin, has been for many years, and antecedent to those of Dr. Gales, established near home. In the first edition of the very popular "Essay on Bathing," by Dr. Sir Arthur Clarke, we find it mentioned as a remedy of great practical value, and then in ordinary use; and he even mentions a case of leprosy of eight years' standing, cured by his *sulphurated vapour bath*, in 1812. We think it but justice, therefore, to state, that while those investigations were going on in Paris and on the Continent, the efficacy of the vapour arising from the combustion of sulphur as a curative means was established in Dublin.

\* e.g. The account of the family of Hugh, late Earl of Eglington; and of the issue of the late Hon. Henry Erskine, the latter under the article Earl of Buchan—*nam multis alibi*.

## NEW INVENTION.

Having mentioned in our last number the new invention of Baron Von Drais, we extract, from a foreign journal, the following article on the subject. "Baron Von Drais of Mannheim, the inventor of the velocipede, has now invented what he calls an Elevating Telescope, by means of which, looking through a tube about an inch and a half in diameter and three feet high, in the shape of a stick, you may command, not two and a half, but twenty-one and a half degrees of the horizon, in spite of intervening obstacles. These telescopes, it is affirmed, will be particularly useful:—1st. In popular assemblies, though you stand on level ground, to look over the heads of the people, even if they wear high hats or head dresses;—2dly. For a general to command a much more extensive view than by ascending a high ladder;—3dly. On board ships, to see to as great a distance over the sea, when down below, as you could from the mast head; 4thly. In houses, to be able, by means of a tube, (which may always be turned round) through the roof of the house, to have almost the same effect in the lower story, as if the eye was elevated far above the house. The inventor is induced to enter into partnerships, to obtain patents for this invention, if acceptable offers are made him !!!

## FINE ARTS.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[Recollections suggested by the Exhibition of Portraits, continued.]

*Mirble Bust of Oliver Cromwell. — Marquis of Lansdowne.*

Those whose ardent curiosity tempts to deviate from the high road of common sense, into the labyrinth of speculative philosophy, to take a peep through the key-hole of the temple of mystery, would fancy themselves repaid for the rag-torn new suit, and the scratching and pricking of briars and thorns, by discovering this marvellous bust upon its altar. It cannot but be lamented, that we seek in vain to discover the name of the sculptor, whose skill could give life to a block of stone, with all those distinguishing characteristics of the extraordinary being, whose mental image is thus stamped, with more than mortal felicity. The physiognomist might here find a theme for a successful lecture on his disputed science; convert infidels to his faith, and make proselytes even of those who "have no speculation in the eye." In this countenance of Cromwell we read the written index to the mental history of a mighty man; wherein each page diversified, tells a stranger tale, yet not more strange than true. There hypocrisy and enthusiasm, cunning and zeal, bravery and meanness, firmness and suspicion, generosity and selfishness, cruelty and good nature, severity and weakness, villainy and justice;—a marvellous compound of consistent inconsistencies, forming a "wicked great man."

It was well observed by a contemporary Frenchman, who had formerly been at the

court of King Charles I. and who in common with other foreigners was astonished at the career of Oliver Cromwell, "That a man never goes so far as when he knows not whither he is going." This daring man, for all his *visions*, had not contemplated his future greatness, even after he had become the leader of a faction. So hopeless was he of a successful opposition to the crying sins of the court, that in his patriotic disgusts, he had realized the remnant of his paternal effects, and, together with Hampden, had taken his passage in a ship, to try his fortune in the new world. The evil genius of the king interposed authority, and stayed his expatriation. In fact, Cromwell, though confident to audacity, knew little of the extent of his own latent powers; for his *prophetic spirit*, like that of many a modern *pseudo prophet*, had not developed itself to his credulous followers, until after the events foretold were past. He was the chief of those who never put their superstitious heads out of window, but in the expectation of seeing the morning mists change to fiery dragons, or the evening clouds to armies drawn up in battle array; when, in short, in beasted England,

Truly, "the pleasure was as great  
In being cheated, as to cheat."

Cromwell too soon discovered the nature of the material he had to operate upon, and most sagaciously converted it to his ambitious purposes.

"More water glideth by the mill  
Than wots the Miller of"

Hampden alone appears to have had a presentiment of Cromwell's genius, though he lived not to see the consummation of his prophecy. Cromwell soon drew the attention of the House of Commons, by the pertinacity of his harangues on subjects of little apparent import. Lord Digby, on descending the stairs from the House, enquired of Hampden, "Pray, Sir, who is that man, for I see he is on our side by speaking so warmly to-day?" It should be noted, that although the three fates gossiped at Cromwell's birth, the three graces were not of the coterie. It was Cromwell's homely appearance that begot the inquiry. "That sloven," said Mr. Hampden, "whom you see before you hath no ornament in his speech; that sloven, I say, if we should ever come to a breach with the king, (which God forbid!) in such a case, I say, that sloven will be the greatest man in England." Lord Digby did not dream that he was asking the question of Cromwell's cousin.

If we are to give credit to the stories of his early life, the Lord Protector was a hopeful youth, and it might well move the calumnious gossippers of the sixteenth century to note, that in the chamber of his birth the devil stood behind the door. The apartment was hung with figured tapestry, and a portrait of the cloven-footed fiend happened to fall into the group just in that spot. Perhaps it was that dark image which possessed him when a boy—the incubus hidden under the heavy suppers of the age, which his *visions* might naturally enough magnify to a

devilish large giant devil, who drew his curtain and told him, he 'should live to be a king.'

There are some born the sport of the destinies, merely to be hunted wild,—others to ever changing adventures, who through life are objects of their special care. Oliver Cromwell, the marvel of adventure, everlastingly in danger, to the terror of his friends, always escaped.

The first chapter of his wondrous history opens with a hair-breadth 'scape. When quite a child, at his grandfather's, Sir Cromwell, at Hinchinbrook, there was a large monkey in the mansion; the baboon, as well as the buffoon were oft times found as part of the establishment of great houses, a great while ago. Jaco took an extraordinary liking to master Oliver,—the sagacious animal might, for ought we know, have had the faculty, as well as others, to read the "lines o' th' face,"—and therein mark the presage of some monkey tricks. He seized the darling, and scrambled with him up the wall upon the roof of the house. The family, all terror, hastened to surround the height with beds, to catch the unconscious babe. But their fears were needless; the monkey protected the embryo protector, and brought him back in safety.

Another escape is recorded of this adventurous wight, when a school-boy, and alone in deep water, shrieking for help. He would have been drowned, had not a clergyman, of the name of Johnson, saved him at the hazard of his own life. Many years afterwards, when the minion of fortune had become a general, and was marching through Huntington at the head of his army, he recognised his preserver in the person of an aged man. Honesty and loyalty were not the best qualifications for preferment—he was only curate of Cunnington. "Do you remember me, Sir?" said Cromwell, "I owed my life to you some years ago." "Remember you, yes," answered the curate; "but, had I supposed that you would have appeared in arms against your sovereign, I would have held you under water, rather than dragged you out."

The early history of Cromwell forms a series of mischievous pranks; and his ripper years were actively devoted to sensual and boisterous indulgences, to every immorality that constituted the probationary practice of a saint, who waited for a call.

The knights of old were educated in the school of virtue, and thought honour the only passport to fame;—but such were weak, and did not know—

"What free-born consciences may do."

The reformers of the sixteenth century had exploded these romantic modes, and, with regeneration, established a less self-denying code. This was the epoch of *new* light. Hence it was maintained, and stoutly too, that he could not become a saint militant, and bear a lance, who had not proved his qualifications as a miserable sinner.

It's not ridiculous and nonsense,  
A saint should be a slave to conscience—  
That ought to be above such fancies,  
As far as above ordinance?

Oliver was well qualified. He had been a grief to his widowed mother, a nuisance to his relations, and a scourge to his pot companions; the first to begin a brawl, and the last to turn his back, or cry, "hold, enough." No respecter of persons, whilst a boy he had given his prince a bloody nose; and, when a man, the "Boyster" he would get drunk with sturdy tinkers, and break heads with his quarter-staff. His exploits were not harmless among the gentler sex. When having proved

That "saints may do the same things by  
The spirit, in sincerity,  
Which other men are tempted to,  
And at the devil's instance do;  
And yet the actions be contrary,  
Just as the winds and wicked vary.  
For as on land there is no beast  
But in some fish at sea's express;  
So in the wicked there's no vice  
Of which the saints have not a spice.

Cromwell, when elected chief of the puritans, soon commenced the tragedy of Charles the First. The king had too much of the noble dignity of the knight, to descend to "calling of names;" yet he owed no small share of his evil fortune to the prevalence of this folly among the cavaliers.

Christian charity was not extinguished in the bosoms of the saints alone; the malicious and illiberal rage for reviling, disgraced even the dignitaries of the church, who, blinded by the fury of zeal, would not allow a solitary virtue to the roundheads. Indeed, all the Christian and the cardinal virtues were scared from the field, and vengeance blew the fire of civil war.

Archbishop Williams, a pernicious adviser of his sovereign, speaking of Cromwell to his royal master, says, "Every beast has some evil properties; but Cromwell has the properties of all evil beasts."

Dr. South thus described Cromwell, in a sermon preached at his church: the Protector then was gone to the grave. Such invectives were commonly delivered from the pulpit. "Who that have beheld," said the Doctor, "such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell, first entering the parliament-house, with a thread-bare torn cloak, and a greasy hat (and perhaps neither of them paid for), could have suspected, that in the space of some years, he should, by the murder of one king, and banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested in the royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a king, but the changing of his hat into a crown?"

The Usurper is thus caricatured by a contemporary:—"But Cromwell wants neither wardrobe nor armour; his face was naturally buff, and his skin may furnish him with a rusty coat of mail: you would think he had been christened in a lime pit, tanned alive, and his countenance still remains mangy. We cry out against superstition, and yet worship a piece of wainscot; certainly it is no human visage, but the emblem of a mandrake—one scarce comely enough for the progeny of Hecuba, had she whelped

him when she was a bitch. His soul, too, is as ugly as his body, for who can expect a jewel in the head of a toad? Yet this basilisk would king it; and a brewer's horse must be a lion."

That he had good sense enough not to quarrel with Nature for the person she had ordained to him, is evident in the conversation he held with Lely, when he sat to that admired painter for his portrait—"I desire, Mr. Lely," said the Protector, "that you copy minutely those warts and excrescences which you perceive on my face; for if you do not produce a faithful resemblance, I would not give you a farthing for your work." He certainly did not bestow the honor of knighthood upon the painter for his flattery—for Lely has left us, in his fine portraits of Cromwell, sufficient proofs of the identity of his skill, not forgetting the red nose of his illustrious prototype. The pen of the wits seemed to derive fire from his blazing nose. This prominent feature was the unceasing subject for satire.

"Oliver, Oliver, take up thy crowns,  
For now thou hast made three kingdoms thy own;  
Call thee a conclave of thy own creation,  
To ride us to ruin who dare thee oppose,  
While we, thy good people, are at thy devotion,  
To fall down and worship thy terrible nose."

*Vide Verses on his expected coronation.*  
In the same spirit one writes, "This Cromwell should be a bird of prey by his bloody beak; his nose is able to try a young eagle, whether he be lawfully begotten." Another says, "Cromwell's nose is the dominical letter;" and again, "His nose looked as prodigiously upon you as a fiery comet." Notwithstanding these rilleries, and the picturesque colouring of his nose, there is so commanding a character in the visage of the Protector, that even in the diminutive portrait by Cooper, now exhibiting in the British Gallery, one perceives traits that mark him above the expression of ordinary men.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### A DAY-DREAM.

She must be fair whom I could love,  
But more in mind than form;  
She must be pure, whom I could love,  
And yet her heart be warm.

She must be piteous, soft, and kind,  
A sufferer with the sad;  
I could not love a maiden's mind,  
For ever idly glad.

She may be wild, she must be gay,  
In hours of youthful glee,  
When calmer thought gives welcome way  
To mirth and melody;

And she must nurse, with lofter zeal,  
That pure and deep delight,  
Which warms and softens all, who feel  
For Nature's works aright.

She may have foibles—nay, she must;  
From such what maid is free?  
Perfection, ill-combined with dust,  
Were sure no mate for me.

Yet must she nurse no bitterness,  
Nor aught imagine meanly;  
But ere through venal fond excess  
Of feelings edged too keenly.

Such foibles, like the dewy sleep  
That shuts the flowers at night,  
With renovating shade will keep  
Her bloom of feeling bright.

The form of such a maid would blend  
With every thought of mine;  
Each wish would own her for its end,  
Each hope on her recline.

To me she would be such, as spring  
To wintry field or wood;  
A glowing influence, prompt to bring  
Luxuriance of good.

IGNOTO SECONDO.

[By Correspondents.]

### FRAGMENT.

Is not this grove  
A scene of pensive loveliness—the gleam  
Of Dian's gentle ray falls on the trees,  
And piercing thro' the gloom, seems like the smile

That pity gives to cheer the brow of grief:  
The turf has caught a silvery hue of light  
Broken by shadows, where'er the branching oak  
Hears its dark shade, or where the aspen waves  
its trembling leaves. The breeze is murmuring  
by,

Fraught with sweet sighs of flowers and the song  
of sorrow, that the nightingale pours forth,  
Like the soft dirge of love.

There is oft told  
A melancholy record of this grove—  
It was time once the haunt of young affection—  
And now seems hallowed by the tender vows  
That erst were breathed here.

Sad is the tale  
That tells of blighted feelings, hopes destroyed;  
But love is like the rose, so many ills  
Assail it in the bud—the cankering blast,  
The frost of winter and the summer storm,  
All how it down; rarely the blossom comes  
To full maturity; but there is nought  
Sinks with so chill a breath as Faithlessness.—  
As she could tell whose loveliness yet lives  
in village legends. Often, at this hour  
Of lonely beauty, would she list the tale  
Of tenderness, and hearken to the vows  
Of one more dear than life unto her soul:  
He twined him round a heart which beat with all  
The deep devotee's of early love—  
Then left her, careless of the passion which  
He had awakened into wretchedness:  
The blight which withered all the blossoms love  
Had fondly cherish'd, wither'd to the heart  
Which gave them birth. Her sorrow had no  
voice,

Save in her faded beauty; for she looked  
A melancholy, broken-hearted girl.  
She was so changed, the soft carnation cloud  
Once mantling o'er her cheek like that which  
gave

Hangs o'er the sky, glowing with rosy hue  
Hath faded into paleness, broken by  
Bright burning blushes, torches of the tomb.  
There was such sadness, even in her smiles,  
And such a look of utter hopelessness  
Drearily in her soft blue eye—a form so frail,  
So delicate, scarce like a thing of earth—

'Twas sad to gaze upon a brow so fair,  
And see it traced with such a tale of woe—  
To think that one so young and beautiful  
Was wasting to the grave.

\* This we believe wants confirmation. En.

'Within yon bow,  
 'honey suckle and the snowy wreath  
 'mountain ash puts forth to welcome spring,  
 'or form was found reclined upon a bank,  
 'here nature's sweet unstar'd children bloom,  
 'or white arm lay beneath her drooping head,  
 'hile her bright tresses twin'd their sunny  
 'wreath  
 'ound the polish'd ivory; there was not  
 'tinge of colour mantling o'er her lovely face;  
 'was like to marble, where the sculptor's skill  
 'as traced each charm of beauty but the blush  
 'reality so sweet sat on her brow;  
 'soft a smile yet hover'd on her lips,  
 't first they thought 'twas sleep—and sleep it  
 'was—  
 'he cold long rest of death.

L.

On a Lady with a hooked Nose singing.

What in Florida's mouth can be,  
 Who sings like merry linnet?  
 'Tis something queer—for you may see  
 Her nose keeps peeping in it.

A. M. A.

## BIOGRAPHY.

ALI PASHA.

Though there is a very ample biography of Ali Pasha in the Literary Gazette for 1817, (pages 295, 314, 327,) yet, at the present moment, when so much interest is excited by the war between him and the Porte, the following brief notice may be acceptable to our later subscribers. Ali Pasha of Jönina, who is now about sixty years of age, has invariably maintained a threatening attitude towards his neighbours, and has ever been dreaded by the Porte. He is by birth an *Arnaout*, and has numbers of his countrymen in his service, who are not deficient either in talent or education. From his earliest youth he evinced a strong taste for politics, and his secretaries daily translate to him the most striking articles from the English, French, Italian, and German Journals; he has likewise read the works of all the publicists of Europe.

His dominions are very extensive, comprehending ancient Epirus, Acarnania, Phocis, Thessaly, several districts of Ætolia, and Macedonia, as well as the passes of the Pindus. His army is well disciplined after the European manner, and amounts to about 30,000 men.

His treasures are variously estimated; it is impossible to state their exact amount; but it is well known, that his coffers contain vast sums of money, that he may be enabled to carry on war successfully for a long period.

Jönina, the capital of his dominions, is a regularly built city, containing about 40,000 inhabitants, among whom are a great number of Greeks. It is accounted the most ancient city in Greece, and is the centre of almost all the trade of the Levant. Its principal mercantile houses trade with every part of Europe, and have agents at Vienna, Venice, Constantinople, &c.

It has been remarked, that Ali Pasha greatly resembles the ancient chiefs of the

\* See Literary Gazette, No 185.

Huns, Bulgarians, and Vandals. Like them, he is at once ferocious and magnanimous. He conceives great projects, and sometimes loses all self-control, even in the most trivial circumstances: he is ambitious, yet he has no fixed and invariable object in his ambition; his subjects obey him, though he has not the art of winning their affections; he does not reign by proclamations and promises, but by the sabre and the bow-string.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ANECDOTE TOWARDS THE HISTORY OF THE SPANISH INQUISITION.

When General Lasalle entered Toledo, he immediately visited the Palace of the Inquisition. The great number of the instruments of torture, especially the instrument to stretch the limbs, the drop baths (already known) which cause a lingering death, excited horror even in the minds of the soldiers hardened in the field of battle. Only one of these instruments, singular in its kind, for refined torture, disgraceful to reason and religion in the choice of its object, seems to deserve a particular description. In a subterranean vault adjoining the Secret Audience Chamber, stood, in a recess in the wall, a wooden statue made by the hands of Monks, representing—who would believe it?—the Virgin Mary. A gilded Glory beamed round her head, and she held a standard in her right hand. It immediately struck the spectator, notwithstanding the ample folds of the silk garment which fell from the shoulders on both sides, that she wore a breast plate. Upon a closer examination it appeared that the whole front of the body was covered with extremely sharp nails, and small blades of knives with the points projecting outwards. The arms and hands had joints, and their motions were directed by machinery placed behind the partition. One of the servants of the Inquisition, who was present, was ordered by the General to make the machine *manœuvrer*, as he expressed himself. As the statue extended its arms and gradually drew them back, as if she would affectionately press somebody to her heart, the well-filled knapsack of a Polish grenadier supplied for this time the place of the poor victim. The statue pressed it closer and closer, and when at the command of the General, the director of the machinery made it open its arms and return to its first position, the knapsack was pierced two or three inches deep, and remained hanging upon the nails and knife-blades. It is remarkable, that the barbarians had the wickedness to call this instrument of torture *Madre Dolorosa*,—not the deeply afflicted, pain-enduring; but, by a play on words, the pain-giving—Mother of God.

## THE DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—*Patent Seasons*, a drama of mixed reproach and satire upon the management of Drury Lane, for the unseasonable opening of that theatre, under the plea of giving Mr. Keen an opportunity of exhibiting his characters previous to em-

barking for America, has been successfully got up at this summer house. It possesses fully as much point and humour as could be expected from a production so hastily elicited; and indeed, its merits are such as to prove, that when men write in earnest with their subject, they always write best! After a tolerably fair address (spoken by Miss Kelly, as Thalia), which ridicules the large dramatic temples, Harley appears, as Manager Drill, from the Manager's last Kick, and, with humorous pathos, laments the "downfall of his house," in consequence of the *winter* of the theatres lasting, not only all summer, but all the year. Various performers come in, and he describes to them their forlorn situation; and pun and parody amuse the audience. Miss Carew, as Polly from the Beggar's Opera, introduces very naturally a dinge upon the beggar Opera House. Wilkinson, a dry comedian, as the blue coat boy, Geoffrey Matfinap, relates his misfortune as a country player of light comedy, (i. e. carrying the torches, and illumining the candles) which led him to his present climax of misfortune in the Strand, where the treasury cannot pay him his shilling a week: and he steals off to pilfer the O. P. leg of the fowl which Miss Carew left from No Song No Supper last night. And a chorus of thieves chaunt a parody with the manager, beginning,

Har! I hear no sound of coaches;  
 The devil of a one approaches.

Exhausted by these exertions, Drill falls asleep, and a vision opens to him of Sir Joshua's fine picture of Garrick between the Tragic and Comic Muse. The figures are real, viz. Wrench as Garrick, Melpomene, Miss Love, and Thalia, Miss Kelly, who leaves her *canon* to make her *election* of this theatre. Garrick also descends from his frame, awakes the manager, and a very clever and biting dialogue ensues. Garrick, to whose portrait Wrench owes infinite credit, advises Drill how to act, and in this way lashes the manager of Drury most mercilessly. Drill, looking at Wrench as Garrick, observes that he is taller than the original, and clearly alluding to Keen, says, "he thought your tragic heroes were *short chaps*;" to which Garrick answers, "that they like to *run as long as they can*. He then imitates Mr. Elliston's addresses to the audience, to procure occasion to deliver which is ascribed to a check-taker sent to the gallery with instructions to be noisy; he tells Drill to print his bills with one great actor's name in great letters, and the rest like Hamlet's picture, "in little," to show the public how little there is worth seeing; he counsels managerial puff in the same bills denouncing puffing; and if deep, (Drill, by parenthesis, asks, "in little," to accuse the minor theatres of cunning; if poor, to twist them with poverty; and above all, to invite the tradesmen to send in their bills before they are due, in order that they may be examined and (paid says Drill?) put by. After a good deal of this, cleverly done, the serious mixed with jokes, there is a grand procession in which the leading actors of

this place of amusement appear in the costume of particular parts, carrying explanatory banners. They sing a round, and the curtain drops. We were entertained with the performances, and think the idea ably developed, and much in the manner of our livelier neighbours on the other side of the sea.

*Whang Fong*.—A farce, resembling in its construction the Agreeable Surprise, but, unluckily, without its Lingo, was produced on the same night with the preceding; but, though not destitute of some recommendatory qualities, it does not seem destined for longevity. We might select a few jests, as the salt of this piece; but the mass of the performance was so indifferent, that even if the author were better than he is, his success must have been rendered very problematical. Harley, certainly a prop to any theatre like this, and Wilkinson, a good, though limited *Drole*, exhibited the characters of an intriguing valet and male gossip to advantage; and a debutante, Mrs. Pindar, sustained the part of an abigail, in a way to establish herself fairly in that line. But the rest was "leather and prunella."

While we, by repeating to a certain degree, countenance the costigation of Drury Lane by the Lyceum for its unworthy quackery and absurdity, we ought in candour to notice, that the *little theatre* is not a whit behind-hand with the *big*, in the offences it reprehends. The bills of the English Opera House are as replete with false assertion and puff, as the bills of Drury Lane; and (no longer) to our surprise, we have repeatedly seen in both (and in short, in the bills of all the theatres, great and small) more wonderful transformations than ever Harlequin's wand accomplished—empty benches, into crowded houses—hisses, into rapturous shouts of applause—contempt, into enthusiastic admiration—and the most stoical apathy, into electrical approbation. Indeed, as far as the public is concerned, the dispute is between the *pot* and the *lettle*.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—On Tuesday, Mr. Terry appeared as Falstaff, in the First part of Henry the Fourth. This performance had been promised for a considerable time, and much expectation had been raised upon it. The actor's habits were familiar to the public; and while he was known as among the most judicious of the Stage, it was not altogether conceived that he had the qualities suited for the round humour of Sir John. Notwithstanding prediction, he succeeded. We are not much in the habit of panegyric, as we are by no means sure that much of it is deserved in this world of moderate men and things. But Mr. Terry unquestionably gave us the strongest impression of Falstaff that we have hitherto received. We have not now space to detail the passages in which he exhibited his superiority. But his soliloquy on honour, his description of his ragged troop, and his acting in the scene with Percy's body, excited great applause. He has certainly added a character to the modern stage.

#### VARIETIES.

The Kaleidoscope applied to a moral pur-

pose.—Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, who has made so many efforts to release the Christian slaves in Africa, and to free Europe from the disgraceful yoke which the Barbary States impose on most of the maritime states, has made use of an ingenious modification of the kaleidoscope, for the attainment of his humane purpose. He has had kaleidoscopes made, where, among the infinitely various figures which the instrument produces, moral sentences of the Koran in Arabic characters are constantly presented to the eye; one of them is that which forbids the slave trade; others express thoughts such as the following: "No power but from God;" "All men are brethren," &c. &c. Sir Sidney, who has very extensive connections in the Levant, has sent kaleidoscopes of this kind to some Pashas, and also to several European Consuls, to circulate them by means of caravans, and thus to present in an agreeable manner to the attention of many ignorant people, these short and clear sentences, which are supported by the authority of their sacred books, and contain the first elements of civilization.

*An Irish tribute to General Falcany.*—The general was regarded by some of the *Milicians* of Ireland with enthusiastic affection, for his exertions in the cause of the ancient literature and history of that country. Many odd proofs were given of this feeling. Among the rest, the veteran used to tell with the utmost good humour, that a Kerry gentleman waited on him in Killarney with a knife of antique fashion, which he presented him with these words: "General, this knife has been in my family one hundred and fifty years, during which time it had only three blades and two handles; and though it is a family relic, it is perfectly at your service, for the zale you have shown in the cause of ould Ireland. I got the last blade in yesterday, and the last handle a month ago, that I might give you this rare antiquity as perfect as possible."

*Baron Smyth's Riddle.*—Some men of the greatest talents have taken delight in composing or endeavouring to unravel riddles. Dean Swift is a case in point. Sir William Smyth, the learned Irish Baron of the Exchequer, at one time spent two days and nights in considering the answer to this conundrum: Why is an egg underdone, like an egg overdone? He would not suffer any one to give him the answer, which he at last discovered. It is a tolerable pun enough. Because they are both *hardly* done.

*Irish Banks.*—There has been and havoc among the southern banks of Ireland within these few months, and of course their failures have furnished very constant topics of conversation, with respect to their presumed solvency. A dispute arose about the comparative merits of the banks of Cork and Clonmell, in one of these conversations. "I own, (said one of the company) I prefer Clonmell to Cork. In the former, the banks are always on the *Sure* side, and in the latter, as constantly on the *Lee* side." The *Sure* and *Lee* are the rivers on which these towns stand.

Whilst Madame Catalani remained at St.

Petersburgh, she gave several concerts, each of which produced receipts amounting to twenty thousand roubles. The latest accounts mention, that she had set out on a visit to the castles of Zarskoye and Pavloski, where she was to sing before the Emperor Alexander and his court. She will return to St. Petersburg to give her last concert, previous to her departure for Sweden and Denmark.

It has lately been the fashion in Paris, for gentlemen, as well as ladies, to sport fans in the theatres and all public places. A French poet says:

"L'entrain d'une belle est le sceptre du monde."

Perhaps the gentlemen have adopted the fan in the hope of ruling also.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

AUGUST, 1820.

- Thursday*, 17.—Thermometer from 55 to 72.  
Barometer from 29.96 to 29.93.  
Wind S.W. 2, and W. b. S. 1.—Morning generally cloudy; afternoon and evening generally clear.
- Friday*, 18.—Thermometer from 48 to 71.  
Barometer from 30.01 to 29.96.  
Wind N. b. W. 1, and S. W. 1.—Cloudy till noon; the rest of the day generally clear.
- Saturday*, 19.—Thermometer from 45 to 63.  
Barometer from 29.89 to 29.96.  
Wind N. b. E. 3, and S.W. 2, and 1.—Clouds generally passing; sunshine at times. Heavy thunder, with rain, about 1 P.M. which continued for about an hour.
- Sunday*, 20.—Thermometer from 39 to 62.  
Barometer from 30.00 to 30.04.  
Wind N. 1, and E. S. E. 1.—Generally clear; clouds passing.  
Rain fallen .03 of an inch.
- Monday*, 21.—Thermometer from 41 to 61.  
Barometer from 30.00 to 29.96.  
Wind E. b. N. 1, and N. E. 2.—Generally raining.
- Tuesday*, 22.—Thermometer from 49 to 68.  
Barometer from 29.96 to 30.03.  
Wind N. E. 3 and 4.—Generally cloudy; in the evening it became clear.  
Rain fallen .2 of an inch.
- Wednesday*, 23.—Thermometer from 49 to 60.  
Barometer from 30.11 to 30.24.  
Wind N. E. 2, and 1.—Generally cloudy; sunshine at times in the morning.
- On Sunday 27th, at 24 minutes, 51 seconds after 10, the 3d Satellite of Jupiter will immerse into the shadow of his body, and emerge at 40 minutes, 18 seconds after 1 in the morning; and on the 4th of September, the 2nd Satellite will immerse at 21 minutes, 1 second after 8.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are requested by R. W. F. to solicit from our Correspondent signing "a Thief-Taker," (see our last Number) a correct reference to the volume on which his charge of plagiarism is founded. It is for a special reason, and R. W. F. has given us his address.

Elen Jackson's verses would open the door to an error. None of the same kind: we must therefore content ourselves with handing them to his publisher, for the gratification of the happy bard to whom they are addressed.

We purpose inserting another paper on the important subject of Insanity and the Treatment of the Insane, in our next Number.

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

**Glass of the British Gallery, Pall Mall.**  
**THE GALLERY**, with an Exhibition of  
 PORTRAITS of distinguished Persons in the  
 History and Literature of the United Kingdom, is open  
 daily, from 10 in the Morning until 6 in the Evening;  
 and will be closed on Saturday next, the 26<sup>th</sup> of Sept.  
 (By order of) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.  
 Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.—Historical ditto 2s.

**Tomkins's Picture Lottery.**  
**MR. TOMKINS** begs to announce his in-  
 tention to draw this Lottery as early as possible  
 in the Spring. By the Act of Parliament just passed  
 the time cannot be extended beyond July 1821; and in  
 order to remove all impediments respecting the drawing,  
 Parliament have provided for a Drawing, under the di-  
 rection of Commissioners, separately from the State  
 Lottery, should the Numbers not correspond. The  
 Public may therefore be assured, that no disappoint-  
 ment can take place, as neither care nor expense has  
 been spared to render the Prizes engaged to be given in  
 the Lottery of real value and excellence. Tickets,  
 price 2s. 6s. each, are on sale at the Exhibition of the  
 Specimens of Prizes, Nos. 53 and 54, New Bond Street;  
 and at all Lottery Offices, where Prospectuses may be  
 had. This Lottery consists of 10,500 Tickets—valued at  
 152,234 13s. The Purchasers of Two Tickets, one Red  
 and one Black, are sure to gain a prize, which may be  
 value 7,000, 5,700, 3,000, &c. &c. &c.

#### Fine Arts.

On the 1<sup>st</sup> of September will be published,  
**VIEWS IN GREECE**, from Drawings by E.  
 Dodwell, Esq. F. S. A. Part V. imperial folio.  
 H. PARIS, and J. E. Tassie; from a drawing by  
 Captain Tassie. No. 5, Imperial folio.  
 III. SWISS SCENERY, from drawings by Major  
 Cockburn. No. XI. imperial folio.  
 IV. VIEWS OF THE LAKE OF CUMBERLAND and  
 WESTMORELAND, drawn and designed by W. West-  
 all, R. A. No. III. complete Kingdom Lake.  
 V. VIEWS ON MOUNT CENES, engraved on stone,  
 from drawings by Major Cockburn, imperial folio, No. III.  
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**THE PROPRIETORS** beg to inform the Public that  
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 is the most comprehensive. The long life of the learn-  
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 able Coadjutors. The elegant and accurate engravings  
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 tion in their power, and to fulfil their original promises,  
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 Work are requested to complete their Sets immediately,  
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 entirely out of print, when the Proprietors cannot engage  
 to complete them.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE ABBOT.

[London and Edinburgh: 12mo. 3 vols. 1820.]

With this new novel, by the author of *Waverley*, the Edinburgh mail enables us to make our readers acquainted; while the packet-load of brethren-copies is tidling between Leith and London, for general circulation within a few days.

Assuming that Sir Walter Scott is responsible for all the effects of these remarkable productions, it seems to us that he has come under a heavy responsibility, which however, as far as we know, has not yet been pressed upon his conscience. We do not accuse him of having thrown a heavy shade over the works of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett—the two latter, at least, will again reassert their rights, though for a while obscured by novelty and predominating talent, and ever present a distinguished niche in the temple of genius: but what shall we say of Sir Walter! his destruction, and almost total extirpation of a whole class of persons—the class of modern and (till he appeared) of *liege* novelists? Justice demands of him that he endow an hospital for those whom he has reduced to distress and beggary; and we trust, that speedy accounts from Scotland may announce to us that the foundation stone has been laid of this charity, somewhere near, or perhaps upon the ruins of Kennaquair. Sure we are, that Sir Walter's humanity would prompt him to this beneficent design, were a tythe known to him of the wretchedness of *which* he has been the occasion, and of which *we* are the constant witnesses. Not to mention the baffled hopes of boarding-school girls of becoming authoresses, and revelling in all the luxuries of woe and loves of their own invention; not to mention the mortal sickness of Minerva at her especial press; not to mention the fastidiousness with which publishers now eye the budding flowers of young genius, nor the clipping of every Icarus's wing, without allowing the chance of a flight; not to mention the millions of sheets, which he has caused a wet blanket to be thrown over—the literary pangs, the disappointments, which his encroaching of the public mind has caused,—there are at this moment, to our certain knowledge, forty-seven most respectable and ingenious Hack-writers reduced to absolute want by his merciless and overwhelming ambition. These, he is in reason bound to provide for; and as they were each equal to the furnishing of two novels or romances per annum, at the respective prices of 10*s*. and 15*s*. he will see (10 and 15 are 25: 25 times 47—1175) that even to begin with, the hospital ought to have a revenue of 1175*l*. a year. But we dare say our readers would rather have something of the Abbot, than our suggestions: they shall be gratified; but we hope, that the philanthropy of our motives, and the necessity of doing something promptly for a very oppressed order of our fellow creatures, would excuse in the breast of feeling, a much longer digression than that in which we have indulged.

A very short introductory epistle to Capt. Clutterbuck, alludes to the little encouragement which public taste now gives to those legendary superstitions, which formed alternately the delight and the terror of our predecessors. This being acknowledged, we proceed to the tale, without fear of meeting any of the inconsistencies which (in our judgment) detracted from the merits of the *White Maid of Avenel*; and are the more pleased as on opening the page we discover that some of the personages of the *Monastery* renew their existence here.

The work commences with a description of the married state of Sir Halbert Gleninning and the Lady of Avenel, at the end of ten years from the period of their union. They have no children, and during the frequent absences of the knight from his Lake Castle, in consequence of his intimate connection with the regent Murray, and active interference with the politics of these troubled times, his wife leads but a dull life among her domestics, and with Warden the reformed preacher. An accident relieves the monotony. Roland Graeme, a boy about ten years of age, is rescued from drowning, and dragged to the castle by a noble dog called Wolf. Having obtained the consent of his grandmother, and only relative, the lady adopts Roland for her page, and he becomes a spoiled favourite, with all the faults which indulgence creates, but still of a superior nature. His grandmother, Magdalen Graeme, is a powerfully drawn character—Meg Merrilies of a higher order. She is a devoted Catholic, and Roland in secret cherishes the faith of that church amid his Huguenot associates, Edward Gleninning (now Father Ambrose, and in the course of the 1st volume, last Abbot of Kennaquair) strengthening his young mind in that persuasion. The Graemes perform too important a part in the tale to be only thus generally introduced; and we therefore select a few passages, to unfold them more distinctly. Lady Avenel is walking on the battlements, and reflecting in a melancholy mood on the extinction of her name and race:—

"She sighed as these reflections arose, and looking towards the shore of the lake, her eye was attracted by a group of children of various ages, assembled to see a little ship constructed by some village artist, per-

form its first voyage on the water. It was launched amid the shouts of tiny voices and the clapping of little hands, and shot bravely forth on its voyage with a favouring wind, which promised to carry it to the other side of the lake. Some of the bigger boys ran round to receive and secure it on the farther shore, trying their speed against each other as they sprang like young fawns along the shingly verge of the lake. The rest, for whom such a journey seemed too arduous, remained watching the motions of the fairy vessel from the spot where it had been launched. The sight of their sports pressed on the mind of the childless Lady of Avenel.

"Why are none of these prattlers mine!" she continued, pursuing the tenor of her melancholy reflections. "Their parents can scarce find them in the coarsest food—and I, who could nurse them in plenty, I am doomed never to hear a child call me mother!"

"The thought sunk on her heart with a bitterness which resembled envy, so deeply is the desire of offspring implanted in the female breast. She pressed her hands together as if she was wringing them in the extremity of her desolate feeling, as one whom heaven had written childless. A large stag-hound of the grey-hound species, approached at this moment, and, attracted perhaps by the gesture, licked her hands and pressed his large head against them. He obtained the desired caress in return, but still the sad impression remained.

"Wolf," she said, as if the animal could have understood her complaints, "thou art a noble and beautiful animal; but alas! the love and affection that I long to bestow, is of a quality higher than can fall to thy share, though I love thee much."

"And as if she were apologizing to Wolf for withholding from him any part of her regard, she caressed his proud head and crest, while, looking in her eyes, he seemed to ask her what she wanted, or what he could do to show his attachment. At this moment a shriek of distress was heard on the shore, from the playful gronpe which had been lately so jovial. The Lady looked, and saw the cause with great agony.

"The little ship, the object of the children's delighted attention, had struck among some tufts of the plant which bears the water-lily, that marked a little shoal in the lake about an arrow-flight from the shore. A hardy little boy, who had taken the lead in the race round the margin of the lake, did not hesitate a moment to strip off his *wylie-coat*, plunge into the water, and swim towards the object of their common solicitude. The first movement of the Lady was to call for help; but she observed that the boy swam strongly and fearlessly, and as she saw that one or two villagers, who



were distant spectators of the incident, seemed to give themselves no uneasiness on his account, she supposed that he was accustomed to the exercise, and that there was no danger. But whether, in swimming, the boy had struck his breast against a sunken rock, or whether he was suddenly taken with the cramp, or whether he had over-calculated his own strength, it so happened, that when he had disembarassed the little plaything from the flag in which it was entangled, and sent it forward on its course, he had scarce swum a few yards in his way to the shore, than he raised himself suddenly from the water and screamed aloud, clapping his hands at the same time with an expression of fear and pain.

"The Lady of Avenel instantly taking the alarm, called hastily to the attendants to get the boat ready. But this was an affair of some time. The only boat permitted to be used on the lake was moored within the second cut which intersected the canal, and it was several minutes ere it could be unmoored and got under way. Meantime, the Lady of Avenel, with agonizing anxiety, saw that the efforts which the poor boy made to keep himself afloat, were now exchanged for a faint struggling, which would soon have been over, but for aid equally prompt and unhelpful for Wolf, who, like some of that large species of greyhound, was a practised water-dog, had marked the object of her anxiety, and, quitting his mistress's side, had sought the nearest point from which he could with safety plunge into the lake. With the wonderful instinct which these noble animals have so often displayed in the like circumstances, he swam straight to the spot where his assistance was so much wanted, and seizing the child's under-dress in his mouth, he not only kept him afloat, but towed him towards the causeway. The boat having put off with a couple of men, met the dog half-way, and relieved him of his burthen. They landed on the causeway, close by the entrance to the castle, with their yet lifeless burthen, and were met at the entrance of the gate by the Lady of Avenel, attended by one or two of her maids, eagerly waiting to administer assistance to the sufferer.

"He was borne into the castle, deposited upon a bed, and every mode of recovery resorted to, which the knowledge of the times, and the skill of Henry Warden, who professed some medical knowledge, could dictate. For some time it was all in vain, and the Lady watched with unspeakable earnestness the pallid countenance of the beautiful child. He seemed about ten years old. His dress was of the meanest sort, but his long curled hair, and the noble cast of his features, partook not of that poverty of appearance. The proudest noble in Scotland might have been yet prouder could he have called that child his heir. While, with breathless anxiety, the Lady of Avenel gazed on his well-formed and expressive features, a slight shade of colour returned gradually to his cheek; suspended animation became restored by degrees, the child sighed deeply, opened his eyes, which to the hu-

man countenance produces the effect of light upon the natural landscape, stretched his arms towards the Lady, and muttered the word 'Mother,' that epithet, of all others, which is dearest to the female ear.

"'God, ma'am,' said the preacher, 'has restored the child to your wishes; it must be yours so to bring him up, that he may not one day wish that he had perished in his innocence.'

"'It shall be my charge,' said the Lady; and again throwing her arms around the boy, she overwhelmed him with kisses and caresses, so much was she agitated by the terror arising from the danger in which he had been just placed, and by joy at his unexpected deliverance.

"'But you are not my mother,' said the boy, collecting his recollection, and endeavouring, though faintly, to escape from the caresses of the Lady of Avenel; 'you are not my mother—alas! I have no mother—only I have dreamt that I had one.'

"'I will read the dream for you, my love,' answered the Lady of Avenel; 'and I will be myself your mother. Surely God has heard my wishes, and, in his own marvellous manner, hath sent me an object on which my affections may expand themselves.' She looked towards Warden as she spoke. The preacher hesitated what he should reply to a burst of passionate feeling, which perhaps, seemed to him more enthusiastic than the occasion demanded. In the meanwhile, the large stag-hound, Wolf, dropping wet as he was, had followed his mistress into the apartment, and had sat by the bed-side a patient and quiet spectator of all the means used for the resuscitation of the being whom he had preserved, now became impatient of remaining any longer unnoticed, and began to whine and fawn upon the Lady with his great rough paws.

"'Yes,' she said, 'good Wolf, and you shall be remembered also for your day's work; and I will think the more of you for having preserved the life of a creature so beautiful.'

Warden condemned this so sudden, and violent affection: but when—

"He left the apartment, the Lady of Avenel gave way to the feelings of tenderness which the sight of the boy, his sudden danger, and his recent escape, had inspired; and no longer awed by the sternness, as she deemed it, of the preacher, heaped with caresses the lovely and interesting child. He was now, in some measure, recovered from the consequences of his accident, and received passively, though not without wonder, the tokens of kindness with which he was thus loaded. The face of the lady was strange to him, and her dress different and far more sumptuous than any he remembered. But the boy was naturally of an undaunted temper; and indeed children are generally acute physiognomists, and not only pleased by that which is beautiful in itself, but peculiarly acute in distinguishing and replying to the attentions of those who really love them. If they see a person in company, though a perfect stranger, who is by nature fond of children, the little lumps seem to dis-

cover it by a sort of free-masonry, while the awkward attempts of those who make advances to them for the purpose of recommending themselves to the parents, usually fail in attracting their reciprocal attention. The little boy, therefore, appeared in some degree sensible of the lady's caresses, and it was with difficulty she withdrew herself from his pillow, to afford him leisure for necessary repose.

"'To whom belongs our little rescued varlet?' was the first question which the Lady of Avenel put to her hand-maiden Lillias, when they had retired to the hall."

"'To an old woman in the hamlet,' said Lillias, who is even now come so far as the porter's lodge to enquire concerning his safety. Is it your pleasure that she be admitted? Is it my pleasure?' said the Lady of Avenel, 'echoing the question with a strong accent of displeasure and surprise; 'can you make any doubt of it? What woman but must pity the agony of the mother, whose heart is throbbing for the safety of a child so lovely!' 'Nay, but ma'am,' said Lillias, 'this woman is too old to be the mother of the child; I rather think she must be his grandmother, or some more distant relation.'

"'Be she who she will, Lillias,' replied the Lady, 'she must have a sore heart while the safety of a creature so lovely is uncertain. Go instantly and bring her hither. Besides, I would willingly learn something concerning his birth.'

"Lillias left the hall, and presently afterwards returned, ushering in a tall female very poorly dressed, yet with more pretension to decency and cleanliness than was usually combined with such coarse garments."

She is asked her name: "Magdalen Græme is my name," said the woman; 'I come of the Græmes of Heathergill, in Nicolfest, a people of ancient blood.'

"And what make you," continued the lady, 'so far distant from your home?'

"'I have no home,' said Magdalen Græme, 'it was burnt by your Border-riders—my husband and my son were slain—there is not a drop's blood left in the veins of any one which is of kin to mine.'

"That is no uncommon fate in these wild times, and in this unsettled land," said the lady; the English hands have been as deeply died in our blood as ever those of Scotsmen have been in yours.'

"You have right to say it, lady," answered Magdalen Græme; 'for men tell of a time when this Castle was not strong enough to save your father's life, or to afford your mother and her infant a place of refuge. And why ask ye me, then, wherefore I dwell not in mine own home, and with my own people?' 'It was indeed an idle question, where misery so often makes wanderers; but wherefore take refuge in a hostile country? My neighbours were Popish and mass-mongers,' said the old woman; 'it has pleased Heaven to give me a clearer sight of the gospel, and I have tarried here to enjoy the ministry of that worthy man Henry Warden, who, to the praise and comfort of many, teacheth the Evangel in truth and in sincerity.' 'Are you poor?' again demand-

ed the Lady of Avenel. 'You hear me ask alms of no one,' answered the Englishwoman.

'Here there was a pause. The manner of the woman was, if not disrespectful, at least much less than gracious; and she appeared to give no encouragement to farther communication. The Lady of Avenel renewed the conversation on a different topic.

'You have heard of the danger in which your boy has been placed?' 'I have, lady, and how by an especial providence he was rescued from death. May Heaven make him thankful, and me!' 'What relation do you bear to him?' 'I am his grandmother, lady, if it so please you; the only relation he hath left upon earth to take charge of him.' 'The burthen of his maintenance must necessarily be grievous to you in your deserted situation,' pursued the lady. 'I have complained of it to no one,' said Magdalen Graeme, with the same unmoved, dry, and unconcerned tone of voice in which she had answered all the former questions.

'If,' said the Lady of Avenel, 'your grandchild could be received into a noble family, would it not advantage both him and you?' 'Received into a noble family!' said the old woman, drawing herself up, and bending her brows until her forehead was wrinkled into a frown of unusual severity; 'and for what purpose, I pray you?—to be my lady's page, or my lord's jackman, to eat broken victuals and contend with other menials for the remnants of the master's meal? Would you have him to fan the flies from my lady's face while she sleeps, to carry her train while she walks, to band her trencher when she feeds, to ride before her on horseback, to walk after her on foot, to sing when she lists, and to be silent when she bids!—a very weathercock, which, though furnished in appearance with wings and plumage, cannot soar into the air—cannot fly from the spot where it is perched, but receives all its impulses, and performs all its revolutions, obedient to the changeful breath of a vain woman? When the eagle of Helvellyn perches on the tower of Lanercost, and turris and changes to show how the wind sits, Roland Graeme shall be what you would make him.'

'The woman spoke with a rapidity and vehemence which seemed to have in it a touch of insanity; and a sudden sense of the danger to which the child must necessarily be exposed in the charge of such a keeper, increased the lady's desire to keep him in the castle if possible.

'You mistake me, dame,' she said, addressing the old woman in a soothing manner; 'I do not wish your boy to be in attendance on myself, but upon the good knight, my husband. Were he himself the son of a belted earl, he could not better be trained to arms, and all that befits a gentleman, than by the instructions and discipline of Sir Halbert Glendinning.'

'Ay,' answered the old woman in the same style of bitter irony. 'I know the wages of that service;—a curse when the corslet is not sufficiently brightened,—a blow when the girth is not tightly drawn,—to be

beaten because the hounds are at fault,—to be reviled because the foray is unsuccessful,—to stain his hands, for the master's bidding, in the blood alike of beast and of man,—to be a butcher of harmless deer, a murderer and defacer of God's own image, not at his own pleasure, but at that of his lord; to live a brawling ruffian, and a common stabber,—exposed to heat, to cold, to want of food, to all the privations of an anchorite, not for the love of God, but for the service of Satan,—to die by the gibbet, or in some obscure skirmish,—to sleep out his life in carnal security, and to awake in the eternal fire, which is never quenched.'

'Nay,' said the Lady of Avenel, 'but to such unhalloved course of life your grandson will not be here exposed. My husband is just and kind to those who live under his banner; and you yourself well know, that you have here a strict as well as a good preceptor in the person of our chaplain.'

'The old woman appeared to pause.

'You have named,' she said, 'the only circumstance which can move me. I must soon onward, the vision has said it—I must not tarry in the same spot—I must on—I must on, it is my word.—Swear, then, that you will protect the boy as if he were your own, until I return hither and claim him, and I will consent for a space to part with him. But especially swear, he shall not lack the instruction of the godly man who hath placed the gospel-truth high above these idolatrous shavelings, the monks and friars.' 'Be satisfied, dame,' said the Lady of Avenel; 'the boy shall have as much care as if he were born of my own blood. Will you see him now?' 'No,' answered the old woman, sternly; 'to part is enough. I go forth on my own mission. I will not soften my heart by useless tears and wailings, as one that is not called to a duty.'

Roland's pride, impetuosity, presumption, and tyranny over the rest of the household, is very happily illustrated in the following extract.

'When Roland Graeme was a youth almost seventeen years of age, he chanced one summer morning to descend to the mew in which Sir Halbert Glendinning kept his hawks, in order to superintend the training of an eyass, or young hawk, which he himself, at the imminent risk of neck and limbs, had taken from a celebrated eyrie in the neighbourhood, called Gledersraig. As he was by no means satisfied with the attention which had been bestowed on his favourite bird, he was not slack in testifying his displeasure to the falconer's lad, whose duty it was to have attended upon it.

'What, ho! sir knave,' exclaimed Roland, 'is it thus you feed the eyasse with unwashed meat, as if you were gorging the foul brancher of a worthless hoodie-crow by the mass? and thou hast neglected its castings also for these two days. Thinkst thou I ventured my neck to bring the bird down from the craig that thou shouldst spoil him by thy neglect? And to add force to his remonstrances, he conferred a cuff or two on the negligent attendant of the hawks, who, shouting rather louder than was necessary

under all the circumstances, brought the master falconer to his assistance.

'Adam Woodcock, the falconer of Avenel, was an Englishman by birth, but so long in the service of Glendinning, that he had lost his national attachment in that which he had formed to his master. He was a favourite in his department, jealous and conceited of his skill, as masters of the game usually are; for the rest of his character, he was a jester and a parcel poet, (qualities which by no means abated his natural conceit) a jolly fellow, who loved a flagon of ale better than a long sermon, a stout man of his hands when need required, true to his master, and a little presuming on his interest with him.

'Adam Woodcock, such as we have described him, by no means relished the freedom used by young Graeme, in chastising his assistant. 'Hey, hey, my lady's page,' said he, stepping between his own boy and Roland, 'fair and softly, and it like your gift jacket—hands off is fair play—if my boy has done amiss, I can beat him myself, and then you may keep your hands soft.' 'I will beat him and thee too,' answered Roland, without hesitation, 'an you look not better after your business. See how the bird is cast away between you. I found the careless lurdane feeding him with unwashed flesh, and she an eyass.' 'Go to,' said the falconer, 'thou art but an eyass thyself, child Roland—What knowst thou of feeding? I say that the eyass should have her meat unwashed, until she becomes a brancher—twere the ready way to give her the frottee, to wash her meat sooner, and so knows every one who knows a gied from a falcon.' 'It is thine own laziness, thou false English blood, that doest nothing but drink and sleep,' retorted the page, 'and leaves that fither lad to do the work, that he minds as little as thou.' 'And am I so idle then,' said the falconer, 'that have three cast of hawks to look after, at perch and mew, and to fly them in the field to boot?—and is my lady's page so busy a man that he must take me up short?—and am I a false English blood?—I marvel what blood thou art—neither Engländer nor Scot—fish nor flesh—a bastard from the Debateable Land, without either kith, kin, or ally!—Marry, out upon thee, foul kute, that would fain be a tereel gentie!'

'The reply to this sarcasm was a box on the ear, so well applied, that it overthrew the falconer into the cistern in which water was kept for the benefit of the hawks. Up started Adam Woodcock, and seizing on a truncheon which stood by, would have soon requited the injury he had received, had not Roland laid his hand on his poniard, and sworn by all that was sacred, that if he offered a stroke towards him, he would sheath it in his bowels. The noise was now so great, that more than one of the household came in and amongst others the majordomo.'

'This will be no tree for my nest,' said 'There is a difference amongst authorities how long the nestling hawk should be fed with flesh which has previously been washed.

the falconer, 'if this cock-sparrow is to crow over us as he seems to do.'

'He struck me with his switch yesterday,' said one of the groins, 'because the tail of his worship's gelding was not trimmed altogether so as suited his humour.'

'And I promise you,' said the landress, 'my young master will stick nothing to call you slut and quean, if there be but a speck of soot upon his hand-collar.'

'If Master Wingate do not his errand to my lady,' was the general result, 'there will be no tarrying in the same house with Roland Greeme.'

'The master of the household heard them all for some time, and then, motioning for universal silence, he addressed them with all the dignity of Malvolio himself.—'My masters,—not forgetting you, my mistresses,—do not think the worse of me that I proceed with as much care as haste in this matter. Our master is a gallant knight, and will have his sway at home and abroad, in wood and field, in hall and bower, as the saying is. Our lady, my benison upon her, is also a noble person of long descent, and rightful heir of this place and barony, and she also loves her will; as for that matter, show me the woman who doth not. Now, she hath favoured, doth favour, and will favour, this jack-an-ape,—for what good part about him I know not, save that as one noble lady will love a messan dog, and another a screaming popinjay, and a third a Barbary ape, so doth it please our noble dame to set her affections upon this stray elf of a page, for nought that I can think of, save that she was the cause of his being saved (the more's the pity) from drowning.' And here Master Wingate made a pause.

'I would have been his caution for a grey goat against salt water or fresh,' said his adversary, the falconer, 'marry, if he crack not a rope for stabling or for snatching, I will be content never to hood hawk again.'

'Peace, Adam Woodcock,' said Wingate, waving his hand; 'I prithee, peace, man—Now, my lady liking this springall, as aforesaid, differs therein from my lord, who likes never a bone in his skin. Now, is it for me to stir up strife betwixt them, and put as 'twere my finger betwixt the bark and the tree, on account of a pragmatical youngster, whom, nevertheless, I would willingly see whipped for of the barony? Have patience, and this boll will break without our meddling. I have been in service since I wore a beard on my chin, till now that that beard has turned grey, and I have seldom known any one better themselves, even by taking the lady's part against the lord's; but never one who did not dirk himself, if he took the lord's against the lady's.'

'And so,' says Lilius, 'we are to be crowned over, every one of us, men and women, cock and hen, by this little upstart? I will try titles with him first, I promise you.—I fancy, Master Wingate, for as wise as you look, you will be pleased to tell what you have seen to-day, if my lady commands you.' 'To speak the truth when my lady

commands me,' answered the prudential major-domo, 'is in some measure my duty. Mistress Lilius; always providing for and excepting those cases in which it cannot be spoken without breeding mischief and inconvenience to myself or my fellow-servants; for the tongue of a tale-bearer breaketh bones as well as a Jeldart staff.' 'But this imp of Satan is none of your friends or fellow-servants,' said Lilius; 'and I trust you mean not to stand up for him against the whole family besides?' 'Credit me, Mrs. Lilius,' replied the senior, 'should I see the time fitting, I would with right good will give him a lick with the rough side of my tongue.'

'Enough said, Master Wingate,' answered Lilius; 'then trust me his song shall soon be laid. If my mistress does not ask me, what is the matter below stairs before she be ten minutes of time older, she is no born woman, and my name is not Lilius Bradbourne.'

'In pursuance of her plan, Mistress Lilius failed not to present herself before her mistress with all the exterior of one who is possessed of an important secret,—that is, she had the corner of her mouth turned down, her eyes raised up, her lips pressed as fast together as if they had been sewed up, to prevent her blabbing, and an air of prim mystical importance diffused over her whole person and demeanour, which seemed to intimate, 'I know something which I am resolved not to tell you.'

The arts of the envious servants ultimately produced the desired effect, and the insolent Roland was dismissed by his partial lady. He quits the castle indignantly, after a fine scene with his mistress, which, like the rest of this captivating book, is so natural as to put the idea of invention entirely out of the readers' heads, and they go on as if every syllable were truth, and every circumstance real. This indeed is the acme of art: to have nothing that deviates from common life, and yet the charm of the most extraordinary adventures. How delightfully the author can portray the every-day matter of the world, may be exemplified in the behaviour and conversation of the domestics, after the dismissal of the minion.

'Upon the morrow succeeding the scene we have described, the disgraced favourite left the Castle; and at breakfast-time the cautious old steward and Mrs. Lilius sat in the apartment of the latter personage, holding grave converse on the important event of the day, sweetened by a small treat of sweetmeats, to which the providence of Mr. Wingate had added a little flask of racy canary.'

'He is gone at last,' said the abigail, sipping her glass; 'and here is to his good journey.' 'Amen,' answered the steward, gravely; 'I wish the poor deserted lad no ill.' 'And he is gone like a wild-duck, as he came,' continued Mrs. Lilius; 'no lowering of drawbridges, or pacing along causeways for him. My master has pushed off in the boat which they call the little Herod, (more shame to them for giving the name of a Christian to wood and iron,) and has rowed himself by himself to the further side

of the loch, and off and away with himself, and left all his finery strewn about his room. I wonder who is to clean his truncheon out after him—though the things are worth lifting, too.'

'Doubtless, Mrs. Lilius,' answered the master of the household; 'in the which case, I am free to think, they will not long cumber the floor.' 'And now tell me, Mr. Wingate,' continued the daisel, 'do not the very corks of your heart rejoice at the house being rid of this upstart whelp, that flung us all into shadow?' 'Why, Mrs. Lilius,' replied Wingate, 'as to rejoicing—those who have lived as long in great families as has been my lot, will be in no hurry to rejoice at any thing. And for Roland Graeme, though he may be a good riddance in the main, yet what says the very sooth proverb, 'Seldom comes a better.' 'Seldom comes a better, indeed!' echoed Mrs. Lilius. 'I say, never can come a worse, or one half so bad. He might have been the ruin of our poor dear mistress, (here she used her kerchief,) body and soul, and estate too; for she spent more coin on his apparel than on any four servants about the house.'

'Mrs. Lilius,' said the sage steward, 'I do opine that our mistress requireth not this pity at our hands, being in all respects competent to take care of her own body, soul, and estate into the bargain.' 'You would not mayhap have said so,' answered the waiting-woman, 'had you seen how like Lot's wife she looked when young master took his leave. My mistress is a good lady, and a virtuous and a well-going lady, and a well spoken of—but I would not Sir Halbert had seen her this morning, for two and a plack.'

'Oh, foy! foy! foy!' reiterated the steward; 'servant! servant! hear and see, and say nothing. Besides that, my lady is utterly devoted to Sir Halbert, as well she may, being, as he is, the most renowned knight in these parts.'

'Well, well,' said the abigail, 'I mean no more harm; but they that seek least renown abroad, are most apt to find quiet at home, that's all; and my lady's lonesome situation is to be considered, that made her fain to take up with the first beggar's brat that a dog brought her out of the loch.' 'And, therefore,' said the steward, 'I say, rejoice not too much, or too hastily, Mrs. Lilius; for if your lady wished a favourite to pass away the time, depend upon it, the time will not pass lighter now that he is gone: since she will have another favourite to chuse for herself, and be assured she will not lack one.'

'And where should she chuse one, but among her own tried and faithful servants,' said Mrs. Lilius, 'who have broken her bread, and drank her drink for so many years? I have known many a lady as high as she, that never thought either of a friend or favourite beyond their own waiting-woman—always having a proper respect, at the same time, for their old and faithful master of the household, Mr. Wingate.'

'Truly, Mrs. Lilius,' replied the stew

ard, 'I do partly see the mark at which you shoot, but I doubt your bolt will fall short. Matters being with our lady as it likes you to suppose, it will neither be your cramped pinners, Mrs. Lilius, (speaking of them with due respect,) nor my silver hair, or golden chain, that will fill up the void which Roland Græme must needs leave in our lady's leisure. There will be a learned young divine with some new doctrine—a learned leech with some new drug—a bold cavalier who will not be refused the favour of wearing her colours at a running at the ring—a cunning harper that could harp the heart out of woman's breast, as they say; Signor David Rizzio did to our poor Queen; these are the sort of folks who supply the loss of a well-favoured favorite, and not an old steward, or a middle-aged waiting woman.'

'Well,' said Lilius, 'you have experience, Master Wingate, and truly I would my master would leave off his pricking lither and thither, and look better after the affairs of his household. There will be a papistrie among us next, for what should I see among master's clothes but a string of gold beads? I promise you, *aves* and *credos* both!—I seized on them like a falcon.'

'I doubt it not, I doubt it not,' said the steward, sagaciously nodding his head; 'I have often noticed that the boy had strange observances which savoured of popery, and that he was very jealous to conceal them. But you will find the Catholic under the Presbyterian cloak as often as the knave under the friar's hood—what then? we are all mortal—Right proper beads they are,' he added, looking attentively at them, 'and may weigh four ounces of fine gold.'

'And I will have them melted down presently,' she said, 'before they be the iniquifying of some poor blinded soul.'

'Very cautious, indeed, Mrs. Lilius,' said the steward, nodding his head in assent.

'I will have them made,' said Mrs. Lilius, 'into a pair of shoe-bucklers; I would not wear the Pope's trinkets, or whatever has once borne the shape of them, one inch above my in-step, were they diamonds, instead of gold—But this is what has come of Father Ambrose coming about the Castle, as demure as a cat that is about to steal cream.'

'Father Ambrose is our master's brother,' said the steward gravely. 'Very true, Master Wingate,' answered the dame; 'but is that a good reason why he should pervert the king's liege subjects to papistrie?' 'Heaven forbid, Mrs. Lilius,' answered the sententious major-domo; 'but yet there are worse folks than the papists.' 'I wonder where they are to be found,' said the waiting-woman, with some asperity; 'but I believe, Mr. Wingate, if one were to speak to you about the devil himself, you would say there were worse people than Satan.' 'Assuredly I might say so,' replied the steward, 'supposing that I saw Satan standing at my elbow.'

'The waiting-woman started, and having exclaimed, 'God bless us!' added, 'I wonder, Mr. Wingate, you can take pleasure in

frightening one thus.' 'Nay, Mrs. Lilius, I had no such purpose,' was the reply; 'but look you here—the papists are but put down for the present, but who knows how long this word *present* will last.'

While these worthies thus entertain themselves, poor Roland wanders abroad. He meets a peasant whose ingratitude stings him; and he also meets the honest Falconer, Adam Woodcock, who forces a loan of money upon his quondam adversary.

His first night's lodging is taken at St. Cuthbert's cell; where we have a fine picture of the sacrilegious outrages committed by the early Reformers.

After a highly wrought dialogue, in which the deep devotee is grandly contrasted with the giddy page, and fanaticism is relieved by the latest and strongest feelings of human affection, and the buoyant, though momentarily depressed spirits of youth, Magdalen consecrates her grandson, in blind obedience to some great and secret service of Rome.

As she spoke she bent her head towards the broken image, with a countenance in which strong resentment and zeal were mingled with an expression of ecstatic devotion; she raised her left hand aloft as in the act of making a vow, and thus proceeded: 'Bear witness for me, holy saint, with whose violated temple we stand, that as it is not for vengeance of my own that my hate pursues these people, so neither for any favour or earthly affection towards any amongst them, will I withdraw my hand from the plough, when it shall pass over the devoted furrow! Bear witness, holy saint, once thyself a wanderer and fugitive as we are now—bear witness, Mother of Mercy, Queen of Heaven—bear witness, saints and angels!'

In this high strain of enthusiasm, she stood, raising her eyes through the fractured roof of the vault, to the stars which now began to twinkle through the pale twilight, while the long grey tresses which hung down over her shoulders waved in the night breeze, and the chasm and fractured windows admitted freely.

Roland is rather silent than consenting, for he is too headstrong to surrender his actions to any dictation.

After a night passed among the ruins of St. Cuthbert's cell, its inmates journey to a dilapidated house or convent, occupied by an ex-abbess of the family of Seyton, and an ex-novice of the same noble race. The heroine is drawn with the touch of a Titian. On Roland's entry with the two elderly matrons, glancing her eyes towards him, she adjusted a veil which hung back over her shoulders, so as to bring it over her face; an operation which she performed with much modesty, but without either affected haste or embarrassed timidity.

During this manœuvre Roland had time to observe, that the face was that of a girl not much past sixteen apparently, and that the eyes were at once soft and brilliant. To these very favourable observations was added the certainty, that the fair object to whom they referred possessed an excellent shape, bordering perhaps on *embonpoint*,

and therefore rather that of a Hebe than of a Sylph, but beautifully formed, and shewn to great advantage by the close jacket and petticoat, which she wore after a foreign fashion, the last not quite long enough absolutely to conceal a very pretty foot, which rested on a bar of the table at which she sat; her round arms and taper fingers very busily employed in repairing the piece of tapestry which was spread on it, which exhibited several deplorable fissures, enough to demand the utmost skill of the most expert seamstress.

It is to be remarked, that it was by stolen glances that Roland Græme contrived to ascertain these interesting particulars; and he thought he could once or twice, notwithstanding the texture of the veil, detect the damsel in the act of taking similar cognizance of his own person. The matrons in the meanwhile continued their separate conversation, eyeing from time to time the young people, in a manner which left Roland in no doubt that they were the subject of their conversation. At length he distinctly heard Magdalen Græme say these words: 'Nay, my sister, we must give them opportunity to speak together, and to become acquainted; they must be personally known to each other.'

The commencement of this acquaintance is delightfully playful; and it is with regret we are obliged to exclude it from our critique.

When the house of St. Catherine of Sienna, to whom Catherine was about to be devoted was broken up by the Reformation, this damsel, so unfit for a nun, became what Roland found her; and these two gigglers were destined to a task for which, unlikely as they appeared, they possessed very essential requisites. Our author gives us some insight into it, in his most pleasing manner. Roland is exploring the old house, after being left to himself for the evening.

As he thus stalked from desolation to desolation, and began to think of returning from so uninteresting a research to the chamber which he had left, he was surprised to hear the low of a cow very close to him. The sound was so unexpected at the time and place, that Roland Græme started as if it had been the voice of a lion, and laid his hand on his dagger, while at the same moment the light and lovely form of Catherine Seyton presented itself at the door of the apartment from which the sound had issued.

'Good even to you, valiant champion!' said she; 'since the days of Guy of Warwick, never was one more worthy to encounter a dun cow.' 'Cow!' said Roland Græme, 'by my faith, I thought it had been the devil that roared so near me—who ever heard of a convent containing a cow-house.' 'Cow and calf may come hither now,' answered Catherine, 'for we have no means to keep out either. But I advise you, kind sir, to return to the place from whence you came.' 'Not till I see your charge, fair sister,' answered Roland, and made his way into the apartment in spite of the half serious half laughing remonstrances of the girl.

"The poor solitary cow, now the only severe recluse within the manery, was quartered in a spacious chamber, which had once been the refectory of the convent. The roof was graced with groin'd arches, and the wall with niches, from which the images had been pulled down. These remnants of architectural ornaments were strangely contrasted with the rude crib and manger constructed for the cow in one corner of the apartment, and the stack of fodder which was piled beside it for her food."

"By my faith," said the page, "Crombie is more lordly lodged than any one here." "You had best remain with her," said Catherine, "and supply by your filial attentions the offspring she has had the ill luck to lose." "I will remain, at least, to help you to prepare her night's lair, pretty Catherine," said Roland, seizing upon a pitchfork. "By no means," said Catherine, "for, besides that you know not in the least to do her that service, you will bring a childing my way, and I get enough of that in the regular course of things." "What! for accepting my assistance?" said the page, "for accepting my assistance, who am to be your confederate in some deep matter of import? That were altogether unreasonable—and, now I think on it, tell me if you can, what is this mighty emprise to which I am destined?" "Robbing a bird's nest, I should suppose," said Catherine, "considering the champion whom they have selected." "By my faith," said the youth, "and he that has taken a falcon's nest in the Scours of Polmoode, has done something to brag of, my fair sister.—But that is all over now—a murrain on the nest, and the cyvases and their food, washed or unwashed, for it was all anon of cramming these worthless kites that I was sent upon my present travels. Save that I have met with you, pretty sister, I could eat my dagger-bill for vexation at my own folly. But as we are to be fellow-travellers!" "Fellow-labourers! not fellow travellers!" answered the girl; "for to your comfort be it known, that the Lady Abbess and I set out earlier than you and your respected relative to-morrow, and that I partly endure your company at present, because it may be long ere we meet again." "By Saint Andrew, but it shall not though," answered Roland; "I will not hunt at all unless we are to hunt in couples." "I suspect, in that and in other points, we must do as we are bid.—But hark! I hear my aunt's voice."

In effect they are separated; and the Seytons proceed one way, and the Graemes towards the monastery of St. Mary. Here they arrive, just in time to witness the election of Edward Glendinning, to be the last abbot of that shrine, under the title of Ambrosius. The fallen estate of the rich and proud church is admirably painted, and contrasted with one of those saturnalia of ancient times, which flowed from the election of an *Abbot of Unreason*; and with this mockery the rabble now insulted and profaned the abbey. We cannot find room for much of this admirable picture of an olden custom; which is about to end in a fray, when Sir Halbert Glendinning happily arrives, and

puts an end to the frolic. We cannot, however, resist a few brief extracts. The crowd "was composed of men, women, and children, ludicrously disguised in various habits, and presencing groupes equally diversified and ludicrous. Here one fellow with a horse's head painted before him, and a tail behind, and the whole covered with a long foot-cloth, which was supposed to hide the body of the animal, ambled, caracolled, pranced, and plunged, as he performed the celebrated part of the hobbie-horse, so often alluded to in our ancient drama; and which still flourishes on the stage in the battle that concludes Bayes's tragedy. To rival the address and agility displayed by this character, another personage advanced, in the more formidable character of a huge dragon, with gilded wings, open jaws, and a scarlet tongue, cloven at the end, which made various efforts to overtake and devour a lad, dressed as the lovely Salora, daughter of the King of Egypt, who died before him; while a martial Saint George, grotesquely armed with a goblet for a helmet, and a spit for a lance, ever and anon interfered, and compelled the monster to relinquish his prey. A bear, a wolf, and one or two other wild animals, played their parts with the discretion of Snug the joiner; for the decided preference which they gave to the use of their hind legs, was sufficient, without any formal annunciation, to assure the most timorous spectators that they had to do with habitual bipeds. There was a group of outlaws, with Robin Hood and Little John at their head—the best representation exhibited at the time; and no great wonder, since most of the actors were, by profession, the banished men and thieves whom they presented. Other masqueraders there were, of a less marked description. Men were disguised as women, and women as men—children wore the dress of aged people, and tottered with crutch-sticks in their hands, furled gowns on their little backs, and caps on their round heads—while grandmothers assumed the infatuate tone as well as the dress of children. Besides these, many had their faces painted, and wore their shirts over the rest of their dress; while coloured pasteboard and ribbands furnished out decorations for others. These who wanted all these properties, blacked their faces, and turned their jackets inside out; and thus the transmutation of the whole assembly into a set of mad grotesque mummers, was at once completed."

The new Abbot addresses them in a tone which affects even the most hardy—"The morrice dancers stood still—the hobby-horse surceased his capering—pipe and tabor were mute, and 'silence, like a heavy cloud,' seemed to descend on the once noisy rabble. Several of the beasts were obviously moved to compunction; the bear could not restrain his sobs, and a huge fox was observed to wipe his eyes with his tail. But in especial the dragon, lately so formidably rampant, now relaxed the terror of his claws, uncoiled his tremendous rings, and grumbled out of his fiery throat in a repentant tone, 'By the mass, I thought no

harm in exercising our old pastime, but an I had thought the good Father would have taken it so to heart, I would as soon have played your devil as your dragon."

"In this munificent pause, the Abbot stood amongst the miscellaneous and grotesque forms by which he was surrounded, triumphant as Saint Anthony, in Callot's Temptations; but Howleglas, the mock Abbot would not so resign his purpose."

Magdalen interferes, "Unreason" orders her to be ducked, and Roland stays him to death but for his stuffing, to make a paunch. It is at this period that Sir Halbert's appearance prevents further mischief; and the more readily, as the revellers turn out to be Adam Woodcock, as Howleglas; Dan of the Hawlet-Hurst, the Dragon; and others, the retainers of Avenel.

Roland reclaimed by the knight, is willingly yielded by Magdalen (who sees in this the especial doing of providence) and sent under the guidance of Adam Woodcock, to the Regent Murray, at Holyrood House. The boy's character develops itself more and more—

"Now, he thought, now or never shall I become a man, and bear my part in those deeds which the simple inhabitants of our hamlets repeat to each other as if they were wrought by beings of a superior race to their own. I will know now, wherefore the Knight of Avenel carries his crest so much above those of the neighbouring baronage, and how it is that men, by valour and wisdom, work their way from the hodden gray coat to the coat of scarlet and gold. Men say I have not much wisdom to recommend me; and if that be true, courage must do it, for I will be a man amongst living men, or a dead corpse amongst the dead."

On reaching the capital, an immediate opportunity is afforded him, for he drops into the midst of a fray, between the Leslies and the Seytons, for the crown of the cause, (the centre of the road, which is like the wall in England, the path of honour) and immediately takes part with the latter.

Our author now enters upon that sort of field, of which he is so skilful a reaper. Hitherto the tale has led us through the mazes of private life; it now links itself to history, and to that period of history which is by far the most romantic and interesting in the annals of Scotland. The matchless skill with which he intertwines his thread of fiction with the melancholy fate of Mary Stuart, is truly admirable. We are so imposed upon by it, that we cannot direct ourselves of the reality; it seems as if the descriptions were penned, and the facts related, by an acute eye-witness. Take, for example, one of the views of Edinburgh at that unsettled era:—"The Regent's palace—"

"It was indeed no common sight to Roland, the vestibule of a palace, traversed by its various groups,—some radiant with gaiety—some pensive, and apparently weighed down by affairs concerning the state, or concerning themselves. Here the hoary statesman, with his cautious yet commanding look, his furrowed brow and sable pantofles; there the soldier in buff and steel, his

ong sword jarring against the pavement, and its whistled upper lip and frowning brow; here again passed my lord's serving-man, righ of heart, and bloody of hand, humble to his master and his master's equals, insolent to all others. To these might be added, the poor suitor, with his anxious look and depressed mien—the officer, full of his brief authority, elbowing his betters, and possibly his benefactors, out of the road—the proud priest, who sought a better benefice—the proud baron, who sought a grant of church lands—the rubicund chief, who came to solicit a pardon for the injuries he had inflicted on his neighbours—the plundered franklin, who came to seek vengeance for that which he had himself received. Besides, there was the mustering and disposition of guards and of soldiers—the dispatching of messengers, and the receiving them—the trampling and neighing of horses without the gate—the flashing of arms, and rustling of plumes, and jingling of spurs within it. In short, it was that gay and splendid confusion, in which the eye of youth sees all that is brave and brilliant, and that of experience much that is doubtful, deceitful, false, and hollow—hopes that will never be gratified—promises which will never be fulfilled—pride in the disguise of humility—and insolence in that of frank and generous bounty.”

We pass over a rencontre with Catherine, and a remarkable visit at the hostelry from a young chivalier, whom he takes to be that fair damsel in disguise, and who presents him with a sword, under an oath never to draw it until hidden by his lawful sovereign. It would not be fair to our readers to anticipate too much of the plot, though an author of such power over the mind, as we have here before us, needs to care little for that terrible drawback on common novelists. The object for which Roland was despatched to Edinburgh by Glendinning, was to be appointed page to Queen Mary, at Lochmaben castle, in the interest of the Regent Murray, her other attendants, Lady Mary Fleming and Catherine Seyton, being of her own selection. To Lochmaben, accordingly, our hero is sent, with the Lords Lyndesay and Ruthven, when the hapless queen is forced to sign her abdication of the throne.

The portraits of these noblemen, and those of Murray and Morton, are worthy of Van-dyke; nor is the latter less happy in the Lady of Lochmaben, the mother of the Regent, whose hatred of Mary is aggravated by her legitimate descent—a living reproach to her amour with James V.

But the highest effort is the character of Mary herself. After all that has been written upon that subject, it appears as fresh and original as if untouched by other hands—a powerful, natural, and exquisite performance. The traits, however, are so blended with the greater portion of the book, that it must be read to give an idea of their captivating nature. We shall only select what can be intelligibly separated.

“Her face, her form, have been so deeply impressed upon the imagination, that even at the distance of nearly three centuries, it is

unnecessary to remind the most ignorant and uninformed reader of the striking traits which characterize that remarkable countenance, which seems at once to combine our ideas of the majestic, the pleasing, and the brilliant, leaving us to doubt whether they express most happily the queen, the beauty, or the accomplished woman. Who is there, at the very mention of Mary Stuart's name, that has not her countenance before him, familiar as that of the mistress of his youth, or the favourite daughter of his advanced age? Even those who feel themselves compelled to believe all, or much of what her enemies laid to her charge, cannot think without a sigh upon a countenance expressive of any thing rather than the foul crimes with which she was charged when living, and which still continue to shade, if not to blacken her memory. That brow, so truly open and regal—those eye-lids, so regularly graceful, which yet were saved from the charge of regular insipidity by the beautiful effect of the hazel eyes which they overarched, and which seem to utter a thousand histories—the nose, with all its Grecian precision of outline—the mouth, so well proportioned, so sweetly formed, as if designed to speak nothing but what was delightful to hear—the dimpled chin—the stately swan-like neck, form a countenance, the like of which we know not to have existed in any other character moving in that high class of life, where the actresses as well as the actors command general and undivided attention. It is in vain to say that the portraits which exist of this remarkable woman are not like each other; for, amidst their discrepancy, each possesses general features which the eye at once acknowledges as peculiar to the vision which our imagination has raised while we read her history for the first time, and which has been impressed upon it by the numerous prints and pictures which we have seen. Indeed we cannot look on the worst of them, however deficient in point of execution, without saying that it is meant for Queen Mary; and no small instance it is of the power of beauty, that her charms should have remained the subject not merely of admiration, but of warm and chivalrous interest, after the lapse of such a length of time. We know that by far the most acute of those who, in latter days, have adopted the unfavourable view of Mary's character, longed, like the executioner before his dreadful task was performed, to kiss the fair hand of her on whom he was about to perform so horrible a duty.”

Perhaps we cannot portray her better than by copying a passage of the audience given to the adverse Lords. Lord R. reads the deed of renunciation:

“And, is this all my loving subjects require of me, my lord?” said Mary, in a tone of bitter irony. “Do they really stint themselves to the easy boon that I should yield up the crown, which is mine by birth-right, to an infant, which is scarcely more than a year old—fling down my sceptre, and take up a distaff—O no! it is too little for them to ask—That other roll of parch-

ment contains something harder to be complied with, and which may more highly tax my readiness to comply with the petitions of my lieges.”

“This parchment,” answered Ruthven, in the same tone of inflexible gravity, and unfolding the instrument as he spoke, “is one by which your Grace constitutes your nearest in blood, and the most honourable and trust-worthy of your subjects, James, Earl of Murray, Regent of the Kingdom during the minority of the young King. He already holds the appointment from the Secret Council.”

“The Queen gave a sort of shriek, and clapping her hands together, exclaimed, ‘Come the arrow out of his quiver?—out of my brother's bow? Alas! I looked for his return from France as my sole, at least my readiest chance of deliverance. And yet, when I heard that he had assumed the government, I guessed he would shame to wield it in my name.’

“I must pray your answer,” madam, said Lord Ruthven, ‘to the demand of the Council.’

“The demand of the Council!” said the Queen; ‘say rather the demand of a set of robbers, impatient to divide the spoil they have seized. To such a demand, and sent by the mouth of a traitor, whose scalp, but for my womanish merriness, should long since have stood on the city gates, Mary of Scotland has no answer.’

“I trust, madam,” said Lord Ruthven, ‘my being unacceptable to your presence will not add to your obduracy of resolution. It may become you to remember that the death of the minion, Rizzio, cost the house of Ruthven its head and leader. My father, more worthy than a whole province of such vile sycophants, died in exile, and broken-hearted.’

“The Queen clasped her hands on her face, and resting her arms on the table, stooped down her head and wept so bitterly that the tears were seen to find their way in streams between the white and slender fingers with which she endeavoured to conceal them.

“‘My lords,’ said Sir Robert Melville, ‘this is too much rigour. Under your lordships’ favour, we came hither, not to revive old griefs, but to find the mode of avoiding new ones.’ ‘Sir Robert Melville,’ said Ruthven, ‘we best know for what purpose we were delegated hither, and wherefore you were somewhat unnecessarily sent to attend us.’ ‘Nay, by my hand,’ said Lord Lyndesay, ‘I know not why we were cumbered with the good knight, unless he comes in place of the lump of sugar which pothecians put into their wholesome but bitter medications, to please a forward child—a needless labour, methinks, where men have the means to makethen swallow the physic otherwise.’ ‘Nay, my lords,’ said Melville, ‘ye best know your own secret instructions. I conceive I shall best obey mine in striving to mediate between her grace and you.’ ‘Be silent, Sir Robert Melville,’ said the Queen, arising, and her face still glowing with agitation as she spoke. ‘Make

chief, Fleming—! I shame that traitors should have power to move me thus.—Tell me, proud lords," she added, wiping away the tears as she spoke, "by what earthly warrant can liege subjects pretend to challenge the rights of an anointed Sovereign—to throw off the allegiance they have vowed, and to take away the crown from the head on which Divine warrant hath placed it?"

"Madam," said Ruthven, "I will deal plainly with you. Your reign, from the dismal field of Linkie-vench, when you were a babe in the cradle, till now, that ye stand a grown dame before us, hath been such a tragedy of losses, disasters, civil dissensions, and foreign wars, that the like is not to be found in our chronicles. The French and English have, of one consent, made Scotland the battle-field on which to fight out their own ancient quarrel. For ourselves, every man's hand hath been against his brother, nor hath a year passed over without rebellion and slaughter, exile of nobles, and oppressing of the commons. We may endure it no longer, and, therefore, as a prince, to whom God hath refused the gift of hearkening to wise counsel, and on whose dealings and projects no blessing hath ever descended, we pray you to give way to other rule and governance of the land, that a remnant may yet be saved to this distracted realm."

An incident connected with Roland's sword ultimately decides the queen, and she signs the documents.

"My lords," said Mary, with inexpressible grace and dignity, "the evils we cannot resist we must submit to—I will subscribe these parchments with such liberty of choice as my condition permits me. Were I on yonder shore, with a fleet jennet and ten good and loyal knights around me, I would subscribe my sentence of eternal condemnation, as soon as the resignation of my throne. But here, in the castle of Lochleven, with deep water around me—and you, my lords, beside me—I have no freedom of choice. Give me the pen, Melville, and bear witness to what I do, and why I do it." "It is our hope your Grace will not suppose yourself compelled, by any apprehensions from us," said the Lord Ruthven, "to execute what must be your own voluntary deed." The Queen had already stooped towards the table, and placed the parchment before her, with the pen between her fingers, ready for the important act of signature. But when Lord Ruthven had done speaking, she looked up, stopped short, and threw down the pen. "If," said she, "I am expected to declare I give away my crown of free will, or otherwise than because I am compelled to renounce it by the threat of worse evils to myself and my subjects, I will not put my name to such an untruth—not to gain full possession of England, France, and Scotland, all once my own, in possession or by right."

"Beware, madam," said Lindsey; and snatching hold of the Queen's arm with his own gauntleted hand, he pressed it, in the rudeness of his passion, more closely perhaps than he was himself aware of,—beware how you contend with those who are the stronger, and have the mastery of your

fate." He held his grasp on her arm, bending his eyes on her with a stern and intimidating look, till both Ruthven and Melville cried shame; and Douglas, who had hitherto remained in a state of apparent apathy, had made a stride from the door, as if to interfere. The rude Baron then quitted his hold, disguising the confusion which he really felt at having indulged his passion to such extent, under a sullen and contemptuous smile. The Queen immediately began, with an expression of pain, to bare the arm which he had grasped, by drawing up the sleeve of her gown, and it appeared that his grasp had left the purple marks of his iron fingers upon her flesh—"My lord," she said, "as a knight and gentleman, you might have spared my frail arm so severe a proof that you have the greater strength on your side, and are resolved to use it. But I thank you for it—it is the most decisive token of the terms on which this day's business is to rest.—I draw you to witness, both lords and ladies," she said, shewing the marks of the grasp on her arm, "that I subscribe these instruments in obedience to the sign manual of my Lord of Lindsey, which you may see imprinted on mine arm."

In this part of the story there are many passages which will suit the present times, and we doubt not soon to see them borrowed from Queen Mary, to be applied, by her friends, to Queen Caroline.\*

\* Not to interrupt our epitome we subjoin two or three for their use:—

Lady Mary Fleming says, "I trust it is impossible that we can, any of us, or in any circumstances, forget, that few as we are, we form the household of the Queen of Scotland; and that, in her calamity, all boyish mirth and childish jesting can only serve to give a great triumph to her enemies, who have already found their account in objecting to her the lightness of every idle folly, that the young and the gay practised in her court."

Roland exclaims, "But, for betraying this unhappy Queen, God knows I am guiltless of the thought. Did I believe worse of her, than as her servant I wish—as her subject I dare to do—I would not betray her—far from it—I would aid her in aught which could tend to a fair trial of her cause."

Again, "This poor Queen," says Roland, "I know she is unhappy—but, Catherine, do you hold her innocent? She is accused of murder." "Do I hold the lamb guilty, because it is assailed by the wolf?" answered Catherine; "do I hold yonder sun polluted, because an earth-damp sullies his beams?"

And perhaps the following, from Mary's own lips, will seem to the parties above alluded to the aptest saying of all; "Thou knowest, my friend, whether to make those who have served me happy, was not ever Mary's favourite pastime. When I have been rebuked by the stern preachers of the Calvinist heresy—when I have seen the fierce countenances of my nobles averted from me, has it not been because I mixed in the harmless pleasures of the young and gay, and rather for the sake of their happiness than my own, have mingled in the masque, the

Young George Douglas, whose exploit in delivering the Queen from imprisonment is well known, is now introduced; and the plans of the limited court of Mary to escape together with their doubts whether to trust Roland or treat him as an enemy, occupy a considerable space. Douglas's love and devotedness are as finely delineated as any other individual passions in the Abbot; praise beyond this it would not be easy to bestow upon their treatment.

Roland somehow finds grace in the sight of the Lady of Lochlainn, and is sent on a business of hers to Kinross, on the mainland. Here there is a fair and gala day, into the sports of which he enters with youthful alacrity, under the auspices of a whimsical personage, the Douglas's chamberlain, Dr. Luke Lumbin. But the most important matters connected with this mission are his meeting once more with the supposed Catherine in disguise, and with the Abbot Ambrosius; and with Margaret Grème, in the garb of a witch, and under the name of Mother Niceneven; in short with the Queen's partisans devising means for her flight, and in intelligence with the castle through the means of George Douglas.

The fair and its shows are in the usual style of our able reviver of ancient manners; but we have quoted too much to be able to give what of our space we wish to description, and must briefly hurry on to the close. On returning to the island, Roland is locked out of the castle by Dryfesdale the steward, his enemy, and a fanatical villain. Obligated to lie all night in the garden, he accidentally defeats a plot for releasing the Queen, and George Douglas, being thus betrayed, flies to the mainland. Roland is now the last hope of Mary, whom the Steward attempts to poison, but having purchased the drugs from Mother Niceneven, they prove to be innocuous. The catastrophe hurries on. Dryfesdale is sent off by the Lady, and stabbed in a quarrel by Henry Seyton, the brother of Catherine. His letters lead to the formation of a better plan for the escape of the captive Queen, which is finally effected, chiefly through the instrumentality of Roland. The Queen is almost overcome as the hour approaches, and Catherine exclaims:—

"For God's sake, madam, droop not now—sink not now." "Call upon Our Lady, my Liege," said the Lady Fleming—"call upon your tutelary saint." "Call the spirits of the hundred kings you are descended from," exclaimed the page; "in this hour of need, the resolution of a monarch were worth the aid of a hundred saints." "O! Roland Grème," said Mary, in a tone of deep despondency, "be true to me—many have been false to me. Alas! I have not always been true to myself. My mind misgives me that I shall die in bondage, and that this bold

song, or the dance, with the youth of my household. Well, I repent not of it—though Knox termed it sin, and Morton degradation—I was happy, because I saw happiness around me; and woe betide the wretched jealousy that can extract guilt out of the overflowings of an unguarded gaiety!"

attempt will cost all our lives. It was foretold me by a soothsayer in France, that I should die in prison, and by a violent death, and here comes the hour—O, would to God it found me prepared! 'Madian,' said Catherine Seyton, 'remember you are a Queen. Better we all died in bravely attempting to gain our freedom, than remained here to be poisoned, as men rid them of the noxious vermin that haunt old houses.' 'You are right, Catherine,' said the Queen; 'and Mary will bear her like herself. But, alas! your young and buoyant spirit can ill spell the causes which have broken mine. Forgive me, my children, and farewell for a while—I will prepare both mind and body for this awful venture.'"

But we are warned to wind up: Mary's evasion leads to the fatal battle in which her friends are defeated, and her flight into England. Young Seyton is slain, and so is George Douglas, in an affecting way, before the face of his much loved mistress. A melancholy interest is raised by making this happen at the castle of Crookston, where Mary passed her happy bridal days with Darnley. Roland is found to be the son of Julian Avenel and his wife, a Greeme (the child left by his dead parents in the field of strife, which concludes the Monastery), and of course the representative of the house of Avenel. A short addition informs us of his union with Catherine, who was compelled to leave her sovereign when her imprisonment in England was rendered more straight by the dissembling Elizabeth and her crafty counsellors. We can only subjoin the final exit of Magdalen.

"Seizing Roland's hand, she led him to the Queen's feet, kneeling herself upon one knee, and causing him to kneel on both. 'Mighty Princess,' she said, 'look on this flower—it was found by a kindly stranger on a bloody field of battle, and long it was ere my anxious eyes saw, and my arms pressed all that was left of my only daughter.' For your sake, and for that of the holy faith we both profess, I could leave this plant, while it was yet tender, to the nurture of strangers—ay, of enemies, to whom, perchance, his blood would have been as wine, had the heretic Glendinning known that he had in his house the heir of Julian Avenel.—Since then I have seen him only in a few hours of doubt and dread, and now I part with the child of my love—forever—forever.—O, for every weary step I have made in your rightful cause, in this and in foreign lands, give protection to the child whom I must no more call mine!' 'I swear to you, mother,' said the Queen, deeply affected, 'that, for your sake and his own, his happiness and fortunes shall be our charge!' 'I thank you, daughter of princes,' said Magdalen, and pressed her lips, first to the Queen's hand, then to the brow of her grandson. 'And now,' she said, drying her tears, and rising with dignity: 'Earth has had its own, and Heaven claims the rest. Lioness of Scotland, go forth and conquer, and if the prayers of a devoted votaress can avail thee, they will rise in many a land, and from many a distant shrine. I will glide like a ghost

from land to land, from temple to temple; and where the very name of my country is unknown, the priests shall ask who is the Queen of that distant northern land, for whom the aged pilgrim was so fervent in prayer—Farewell, honour be thine, and earthly prosperity, if it be the will of God—if not, may the penance thou shalt do here, ensure thee happiness hereafter.—Let no one speak or follow me—my resolution is taken—my vow cannot be cancelled."

"She glided from their presence as she spoke, and her last look was upon her beloved grandchild."

The battle tempts us to another extract, but we must forbear: and we lay down our pen, grateful to the author for one of the most varied and noble banquets he has yet presented to an admiring public. Had we inclination, we have no room for criticism; but we may, we think, safely presume, that what it evinces of insight into the springs of human action, wonderful skill in the delineation of character, and marvellous art in making a pleasing story, the vehicle for bringing into view a most interesting epoch of national history, with descriptions of the times and moving pictures of ancient manners,—the Abbot will vie even with Waverley and Ivanhoe.

## COLMAN'S POSTHUMOUS LETTERS.

(Concluded.)

We resume our extracts from Garrick's correspondence.—Venice, January 12, 1764.

"I am tir'd to death; tho' I have seen here such sights I had no Conception of but in Fairy land, & have seen the Visions of the Arabian Nights realiz'd by the Venetian Regate; This Show was given the 4th of this Month in honour of our King & to entertain the Duke. I shall be a week in telling you all I saw and felt that Day. Such Elegant luxury! which plainly shew'd, that the Contrivers were as little formidable in war & Politicks, as they were superior to all ye World as Managers of a Puppet-Show.—I have taken my Evening Walks of Meditation on the Rialto, & have fancy'd myself waiting for my friend Pierre, but the whole Idea has vanish'd at the Sight of a Venetian Noble, who can give you no Idea in look & in dress but that of an Apparitor to a Spiritual Court in the Country."

Paris Nov. 10, 1764.

"I am a little y<sup>e</sup> worse for wear, and was so alter'd a fortnight ago, that I was not known, till I spoke; but now, my Cheeks are swelling, my belly rounding, & I can pass for a tolerable looking French Man; but my Nerves, & my nerves—They are agitated at times; & the Duke of Devonshire's death had very near crack'd them—they kept his Death from me by the manage of the best of Women & Wives, till I was better able to struggle with such a Heart-breaking loss—He lov'd me to the greatest Confidence, & I deserv'd it by my gratitude, tho' not by my Merits—I must not dwell upon this subject, it shakes me from head to foot—I can't forget him—and the blow was as dreadful to me in my weak condition as it was unexpected—I heard

nothing of Hubert and Hogarth before your letter told me of their Deaths—I was much affected with your News, the loss of so many of my acquaintance in so short a time is a melancholy reflection: Churchill I hear, is at the point of death at Boulogne, This may be report only—he is certainly very ill—what a list of publishing has possess'd him for some time past—the greatest Genius no more than the greatest Beauty, can withstand such continu'd prostitution—I am sorry, very sorry for him—such Talents with prudence had commanded the Nation—I have seen some extracts I don't admire."

"You wish me in Southampton Street—and so do I wish myself there; but not for Acting or Managing, I'll see you, my Dr Colman, and other Friends—ye Doctors all have forbid me thinking of business—I have at present lost all taste for y<sup>e</sup> stage—it was once my greatest passion, & I labor'd for many years like a true Lover—but I am grown cold—should my desires return, I am the Town's humble servant again—tho' she is a great Coquette, & I want Youth, vigorous Youth, to bear up against her occasional Capriciousness—but more of this when I see you—Foutie has been here, I did not see him."

This pretended indifference to the stage may be contrasted with the paltry puffing which subsequent letters enforce as preparatory to Garrick's return and reappearance. In this respect he seems to have been a *Master of Arts*. *Ex. gr.*—In a letter dated Jan. 27, 1765, he says—

"Suppose there was an extract of a letter from Paris?—in which many things may be mention'd & y<sup>e</sup> friend among y<sup>e</sup> rest, that it may take off all suspicion from me: I should be glad that you would add, diminish, correct, and blow a little pepper into y<sup>e</sup> tail of y<sup>e</sup> following Nonsense.

—Extract of a letter from Paris—

—the great subject of Conversation here at present is the Hermaphrodite who has married a Girl at Lyons—they have annull'd y<sup>e</sup> marriage there, and in their sentence have condemn'd the Hermaphrodite to wear Woman's Apparel hereafter—from y<sup>e</sup> circumstances of this case (& very strange they are) the Sentence is thought unjust, and there is an appeal from it to y<sup>e</sup> Courts here, and the Curious wait with great impatience for the Consequences—the Philosophical Dictionary which has made so great a noise here, & thought to be Voltaire's, is absolutely disown'd by him, & for very good reasons, the parliament has taken it into consideration, & if the Author is known, He may have reason to repent both of his Wit & his Indecency—the Play house (the french one I mean) cannot stand against the comic Operas at the Italiani—the last which is taken from our George Barnwell, & call'd l'Ecole de la Jeunesse, is much admir'd—They have chang'd the Murder of the Uncle into an intention of robbing his Scrivener, where the Young Man finds his Uncle's Will, in which he is left Heir to all his Uncle's Estate—this occasions a new Catastrophe, by repentance &c. & it Ends happily & happily, " &c. &c. "I write (he adds) in cor-



fusion for y<sup>e</sup> Ambassador's Private Secretary has promis'd to send this for me in his packet & the man waits for it—I think you must leave me out as I have, or begin y<sup>e</sup> Paragraph about me; 'our little Stage Heroe looks better than he did &c'—if you think it right speak of me as you please, gravely, ludicrously, jokingly, or how you will, so that I am not suspected to write it—pray touch this matter up as I believe at times & in all humours—walking, trotting or Galloping

"Ever & Ever y<sup>s</sup> D. GARRICK."

In a letter about two month's later we find the following olla.

"But Munn—pray does Powell continue to visit you, and get a little Sense from you, or is he topsy turvey like y<sup>e</sup> rest & thinks like Rich<sup>d</sup> y<sup>e</sup> 34 that he is himself alone? I hope he is wiser—but I'll answer for Nothing or Nobody in a playhouse—the Devil has put his hoof into it, & he was a Deceiver from y<sup>e</sup> beginning of y<sup>e</sup> world—told me really what you think of him—I am told by several that he will bawl & roar—*Ross*, I hear, has got reputation in *Leam*—I don't doubt it—the Town is a factious Gentleman—What do you mean, my good friend, by my being oblig'd to appear, if I manage? upon looking over y<sup>e</sup> letter, I find your words are expected to appear—I must intreat you to be very sincere with me—do the Town in general really wish to see me on y<sup>e</sup> Stage? or are they (which I rather think y<sup>e</sup> truth) as cool about it as their humble Servant?—I have no new for it, at all, & yet something must be done to restore our credit: that I may be able to play, & as well as Ever, I will not deny, but that I am able to do as I have done, wear & tear, I neither must or can, or will—the Physicians here, Dr Gem among the rest, advise me, to a man, against appearing again."

We shall not dwell upon the little trickeries of business which transpire in pages 280, 281, &c.: the following extract is more agreeable to our tastes and purposes; and with it we conclude our quotation.

To George Colman.

Christmas day.

May Xmas give thee all her cheer,  
And lead thee to a happy year!  
'Tho' wicked Gout has come by stealth,  
And threats Encroachments on my health;  
Thou still my foes indolge their Spite,  
And, what their malice prompts, will write;  
Thou now to me the Stage is hateful,  
And He, who owes me most, ungrateful;  
Yet think not, George, my hours are sad,  
Oh no—my heart is more than glad;  
That Moment all my Cares were gone,  
When You & I again were One;  
This gives to CHRISTMAS all her cheer,  
And leads me to a HAPPY YEAR."

In one of his letters speaking of Cumberland, Garrick says, "It was impossible for you to satisfy Cumberland, had y<sup>e</sup> rack forc'd from you as much falsehood, as he has vanity—I am very glad you have prepar'd him for me; had you been as mischievous as you were sincere with him, You might have sent him so high Season'd, & stuff'd so full with conceit, that I should have had much ado to lower him; he has behav'd so dis-

agreeably with me, that I must have a pluck at his feathers, whether they belong to Terence, Shadwell, or are of his own growth." In another, he says, "I am very angry with Powell for playing that detestable part of Alexander—Every Genius must despise it, because that, & such fustian-like Stuff, is the bane of true merit—If a man can act it well, I mean to please y<sup>e</sup> People, he has something in him that a good actor sh<sup>d</sup> not have—he might serv'd Mr. Pritchard, & himself too, in some good natural character: I hate your Roarers."

Before we have done we shall just state that the Editor seems in his notes to be rather inclined to depreciate those of whom he speaks; he also treats Cumberland very slightly, as well as Murphy and others. Henderson the actor appears from his letters to have been a very superior being to the general run of performers; and Gentleman Smith, from his, to have been a quarrelsome fellow.

Upon looking back, we feel that we may safely mention this volume as a production that will afford much gratification to the public.

#### BRITISH FRUIT TREES.

[Extracts and Observations continued: Phillips' Pomarium, &c.]

*Gourd*.—"The hottle-gourd, (*lageneria*) grows in many parts of the world to near six feet long, and two feet thick. The rinds or shells are used by the negroes in the West India islands as bottles, holding from one pint to many gallons. Barham speaks of one that held nine gallons; and the Rev. Mr. Griffith Hughes mentions them, in his History of Barbadoes, as holding twenty-two gallons. Sloane mentions one of these gourds as large as the human body. • •

"The gourd, called Vegetable Marrow, is of a pale yellow colour. Those I have seen did not exceed from seven to nine inches in length. It has only been known a few years in this country; and, I believe, was not sold in the shops and markets before the summer of 1819; and although they are of so late an introduction, the accounts are very imperfect; but it seems most probable that the seeds were brought in some East India ships, and likely from Persia, where it is called *cicader*. It is cultivated in the same manner as cucumbers, and is said by those who have grown them to be very productive. This fruit is used for culinary purposes in every stage of its growth. When very young, it is good fried with butter; when half-grown, it is said to be excellent, either plainly boiled, and served up sliced on toasted bread, as asparagus; or steamed with rice sauce, for which purpose it is likewise sliced. It is often sent to table mashed like turnips: when full grown, it is used for pies. It has been highly recommended to me by many persons who have grown it, while others speak of it as but little superior to the pom-pion."

We observe, from Galiffe, that the pumpkin is the principal food of the lower orders in Valencia; and have no doubt but

that it might be very advantageously introduced into the meadows of this country, but for the prejudice against all innovations of this sort, and for purposes of economy, which Mr. Phillips has noticed. All along the Danube too the gourd and melon constitute, during their season, the daily meals of the labouring classes.

But we return to our extracts, which afford so much for consideration, and offer so many useful suggestions.

*Grape Vine*.—"The Duke of Portland has upwards of a hundred kinds of grape-vines at his seat at Welbeck; and in the year 1781, his grace made a present to the Marquis of Rockingham of a bunch of grapes that grew in his vinery, which weighed nineteen pounds and a half: it was nineteen inches and a half in the greatest diameter, four feet and a half in circumference, and twenty-one inches and three quarters in length. It was conveyed to Wentworth House, a distance of twenty miles, by four labourers, who carried it suspended on a staff, in pairs, by turns.

"The vine at Hampton-Court Palace, which was planted in the year 1769, has a stem of thirteen inches in girth, and a principal branch 114 feet in length, which, in one year, produced two thousand and two hundred bunches of grapes, each weighing, on an average, a pound. His late revered Majesty enjoyed the fruit of this vine half a century. Fruit was the only luxury in which he indulged himself, and that was cultivated in the Royal Gardens to the highest perfection, and served at table in great abundance.

"The first duty on wines was one penny per ton, which was in the year 1272, when wine gaugers were first appointed at London and the principal sea-ports. The new gauge duty at London alone amounted to fifteen pounds sixteen shillings and seven pence, which makes the quantity imported amount to 7,598 pipes. The principal customs for importation, at that period, seem to have been on wines chiefly French and Rhenish, as there is yet scarcely any mention of Spanish, or Portuguese, or Italian wine. (*Madox's History of the Exchequer*.)

"In the year 1409, the duty on wine was three shillings per ton.

"Grapes seem to have become rare about the year 1560. Strype, in his life of Grindall, Bishop of London, (who was one of the earliest encouragers of botany in this kingdom,) writes, that his grapes, at Fulham, were esteemed of that value, and a fruit Queen Elizabeth stood so well affected to, and so early ripe, that the bishop used every year to send her Majesty a present of them."

The following lines, of a poet of the fourth century, show what wines the Britons of those days had a knowledge of.

"Ye shall have rumney and malspine,  
Both yppocrase and vernalge wyne,  
Mountreie and wyne of Greke,  
Both algrude and despice eke;  
Antioche and Bastardie,  
Fymet also, and garnarde,  
Wyne of Greke, and Muscadell,  
Both clare, pymeat, and Rochell.

"Some of these liquors, as yperassae, pyment, and clare, were compounded of wine, honey, and spices."

*Juniper.*—"It has been said, that a coal of juniper wood, covered with ashes of the same kind, will keep on fire a whole year."

[Mr. Phillips, in a note, has been obliging enough to assure us, that the weight of the gooseberries, alluded to in this work, the account of which we quoted last Saturday, was three Guineas and a half, and not three Grains and a half, as we imagined. They were grown by Mr. Lee of Hammersmith, by whom they were weighed.]

(To be concluded in our next.)

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### SURPRISING PROPHECIES!!

#### MOORE'S ALMANAC.

SIR.—Last night, immediately on my return from a month's trip to the Continent, went to pay my respects to my grandmother, and had scarcely acknowledged her affectionate gratulations, with her pious "Blessed be God," when I perceived her venerable countenance assume a playful air of triumph, which prepared me to expect some new conviction, "setting me to rights" for a former error, on the score of incredulity. For, be it known, the good old lady has a little taint of ancient superstition, which being so unfitting with her good sense and real piety, somehow conveys an indescribable interest to the minds of all her grandchildren, having begotten a thousand little disputations which show her weak side, and which will be treasured up by our family circle who may survive her, with fond recollection.

Well, then, Mr. Editor, I saw the secret triumph playing on her benignant brow—and inwardly began to cry "peccavi." "Now Sir," said she, with that mock gravity, which she affects so well, and holding her admonishing finger to my face, "Now, Sir, will you henceforth have the presumption to laugh at my credulity? Thou saucy boy!" And very coolly putting on her spectacles, took from her favourite work-basket, what you may guess for a long time before you hit upon: and pointing to a passage, already marked with her pencil, to my confusion, said, "read you that, and that."

"Well, dear Granny," said I, "this certainly is strange enough." She took the book from me, and smiling with conscious victory, said, "Aye master Phil. I knew I should have you some day;" and with her accustomed mildness returned MOORE'S ALMANAC carefully back into the conservatory basket.

Now be it known, my grandmother has been a constant subscriber to Moore's Almanac, from the year of our Lord, being bissextile or leap year, 1760, up to this time, speaking from the recollection of my grandfather's chronology of this event; who, good man, (venerated be his memory,) I

verily believe first taught me my *unbelief* in this mystic book.

The passages so carefully treasured up, and identically marked for the conversion of the *sceptic* Phil., I have by granny's permission copied out, and send them for the contemplation of your readers, whether seasoned like my grandmother, with a spice of superstition, or far gone in calisthenic reverie, or like him that overthrew old Sirophiel and kicked the impertinent Thracium, who held no allegiance to the stars at all, knowing that among the multitude of readers "now a-days," there are some—

"Of those *Athenian sceptic* owls,  
That will not credit their own souls,  
Or any science understand  
Beyond the reach of eye or hand:  
But measuring all things by their own  
Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known:  
'Those wholesale critics, that in *CORRÈ*  
*HOUZES* cry down all philosophy."

Mister Editor, this is a sad business. "There is no moral speculation in the land." I see it, to our shame be it spoken. The news-paper rooms are crowded, and gentlemen who tell you, who provide a literary feast, that they have no *stomach* for it—Yes, tell you, and some worthy confidants who would tempt this *SPRIT* of *ILLUMINOR* to recreate in the cheerful regions of poetic imagination, or wander awhile amidst the delightful scenes of nature, where the sickening soul might breathe the pure air, untainted with the pestilence of politics—that they have no time for "such things," no leisure for reading;—God help them, elbowing each other as they do, feasting upon the diurnal catalogue of human woes and human iniquity, for three hours at a time in dull succession. Such are seen scrambling for a newspaper and a seat, at the Institution in the East, and the Institution in the West; that too in the South, and the same within the smoky walls of Jermyn Street, where the uncounteous politician, surly hux! snatching the half-shut snuffers from a neighbour's hand, snuffs no one's candle but his own. Meanwhile the library, well stored with wisdom's interesting lore, is left alone for "rats and mice, and such small deer" to *quadrille* it, morning, noon, and night, upon the deserted floor, to colonize behind the folios, and turn the silent shelves to unloasted nurseries.

Yes, this is the AGE OF SLANDER. The stars have told us so; vide old DOCTOR MOORE, and you shall see it, Sir. And were your "gentle readers," addicted to reading, like my grandmother, this foreknowing of the long since deceased almanac maker, would long ago have found its way into the *Literary Gazette*, or some like "topping" work.

But before I give you the prophetic sentences, be it known there were two Mr. Moores, the one, as Jeremy Collier says, of evil report, belonging to the profaneness of the Drama, of whom it was said,—

"O! Mr. Moore, you son of—  
I wish I'd known your tricks before,"—  
*Vide Dragon of Wantley.*

Whereas, my grandmother's Mr. Moore was a physician and a pious man, who died many years ago; but who foretold what is acting on the great stage of life at this very hour!

"Quoth Hudibras, make that appear,  
And I shall credit whatsoever  
You tell me after on your word,  
How'er unlikely or absurd."

Then, Sir, without further digression, read this, and compare notes, with my grandmother—

"MOORE, August 1820. Monthly Observations."

Marked page 17, immediately beneath the red ink. "NEW MOON 8 day, at 10 night. 'Now let the Farmer attend to his *Wenther Glass*, if he has got a good one."

"SCURRILOUS PAMPHLETS SPRING FROM THE PRESS, VILLIFYING AND AFFRONTING EVEN MAJESTY ITSELF."

"There is a Lust in Man no Charm can tame,

Of loudly publishing his neighbor's  
First Quar. 17\* day, at 2 morn. (Day\* of the Trial.)

Shame;  
On eagles' wings immortal Scandals fly,  
While virtuous Actions are but born and die."

Full Moon, 23 day, at 10 night.

Matters of weight are now upon the carpet, I wish them a happy issue."

What will the *LUNATICS* say of this? Is it not a true, a lamentably true, prediction? But this is not all. In September, it is prophetically said, "there are too many amongst us that despise and contemn the honourable and learned clergy; such persons we shall find, will be sufficiently active this month." Lo, the whole bench of bishops are not only vilified by factious writers, but daily exposed to the hissing and hooting of the mob, in their way from the House of Peers. October (I have no doubt truly) foretells that "matters very formidable begin to appear in Italy;" but the most astounding of all appears in November.

"The aspects of this month (says the gifted MOORE) are most of them of a very turbulent nature; broils and uneasiness now appear very barefaced."

Full moon, 20 day, at 3 morn.

"Towards the end, one of the LONG ROBE meets disgrace, or at least some great disappointment."

And the very next article—"Also a FEMALE of note meets sorrow and affliction."

And the following, with nothing but the moon in red intervening—"A sly intrigue about this time comes to light."

Why, Mr. Editor, men are not stocks and stones,—if they do not believe this, as Lord Peter says, let them die and be damned.

I confess to you that these things have produced an effect upon me, more or less; and I anticipate that they will likewise astonish the world, if not the day before, the day after your publication, as the heavens do walk in a constant course of circular motion. Indeed I begin to think with Hamlet, that

\* N.B. I am on the wrong side of 40; for my female progenitors showed a good example to their sex, by marrying young.

There are more things in Heaven and Earth Than are dreamt of in our philosophy. But enough of this game, which I fear may be so long as to tire you with

PHILIP-MOORE.

#### ANCIENT SUPERSTITIONS.—NO. I.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—To investigate the absurd and fanciful customs of past ages, is not only curious and instructive, but at the same time highly interesting, as such an investigation clearly shows the vast improvement effected in the mind of man on his emerging from his former state of ignorance and superstition. Among the many extravagant hypotheses entertained by the ancients, none appear to have been carried to a greater or more absurd height than the doctrine of numbers; for, without mentioning authors of an inferior class, it is sufficient to remark, that the mysteries of the ternary, septenary, and novenary, have severally employed the pens of an Aristotle, a Plutarch, a Macrobius, and a Censorinus. Porphyry, in his Treatise de Sacrificiis, tells us, they were bestowed by the Gods, and that the use of them is essential to the well being of mankind; and this doctrine was so admired by the Pythagoreans, that they even called their deities by them, assigning one number to *Pallas*, a second to *Dianna*, a third to *Apollo*, &c.; affirming, that by numbers alone, the natures of all things were preserved.\* Odd numbers were those most regarded, and Virgil gives us the following reason, because—*Numero Deus impar gaudet*;† and Censorinus and Pliny notice the same thing; for the former, alluding to the odd day of the year, says—“*Sed ut unus dies abundaret, aut per imprudentiam accidit, aut quod magis credo est superstitione quod impar numerus plenus est magis faustus habebatur.*”‡ The latter believes, in enumerating the various silly beliefs that influenced his countrymen, asks, “*Cur impares numeros ad omnia vehementiores credimus?*”§ Of all the unequal numbers, three was considered the chief; or, as Macrobius terms it, *primus omnium numerorum impar*, and was supposed to contain, in itself, a beginning, middle, and end; the adoption of this particular number arose not improbably from the faint and imperfect notion of a Trinity, that existed among many nations; from this circumstance, it borrowed much of its attributive power, to which it owes its

frequent and almost particular use in all charms, ceremonies, sacrifices, remedies, &c. &c.—thus,

“*Terni tibi hinc primum triplices diversa colores  
Lilis circumdo, terque hinc altaria circum  
Efficiam duco.*”—*Virg. Ecl. 8. v. 73.*

“*Necte tribus nodis ternos Amarilli colores.*”

*Id. Ib. v. 77.*

“*Hec mihi composuit cantus, quies fallere possit,*

*Ter rano, ter dictis despus carminibus.*”

*Tibul. Eleg. 2.*

“*Et digitis tria thura tribus sub limine ponit.*”

*Ovid. Fast. lib. 2.*

“*Terque senem flammis, ter aqua, ter sulphure  
lustrat.*”

*Ovid. Met. v. 261.*

“*Ter si resurgat murus ahenicus  
Auctore Phœbe; ter pereat moies*

*Excisus Argivis; ter uxor*

*Capta virum proseroque ploret.*”

*Hor. Carm. lib. iii. Od. 3.*

As quotations from the classics on this subject may be carried on to a considerable length, I shall merely observe, that, in medicine, if the eyes were sore, they washed them three times; if a potion was administered, it was to be taken in three cups; in sacrifices the people were sprinkled by the priest three times; in the Salian dance they beat the ground three times; women in childbirth called on *Juno Lucina* thrice; in exorcisms they spat three times on the ground, &c.—In religion, likewise, the ancients paid particular regard to this number: Jupiter's thunder had three forks; the sceptre of Neptune three prongs; the dog of Pluto three heads; the Pythian priestess sat on a tripod, the three legs of which, as we are informed by the Scholast on *Aristophanes*, signified the knowledge of the God, as distinguished by the three parts of time, viz. the present, the past, and the future. There were likewise three *Parce*, three *furies*, and three several capacities to the sun, as *Sol*, *Apollo*, and *Liber*; and a similar number to Proserpine, as *Hecate*, *Dianna*, and *Luna*, &c. With respect to other nations, the Hindoos make three suppressions of the breath when meditating on the trilateral syllable OM: the Sabians prayed three times a day; and acts of adoration are performed among many nations by bowing the head three times, or by three prostrations. In our own country, people were dipped in holy wells three times; diseases were cured by three circumvolutions, &c.; and Shakespeare, in his *Macbeth*, makes his witches say,

“*Thus go about, about*

*Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,*

*And thrice again to make up incense.*

Peace! the charm's wound up.”

*Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Mr. Gay also alludes to this number, in his 4th pastoral.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### HERCULANEUM MSS.

On Sir Humphrey Davy's attempts to unroll the Herculanæan Manuscripts.

The above is the superscription of a letter to the Editor of the *Bibliothèque Italiana*, in the Number for April 1820. It contains

corrections of the reports of entirely successful experiments, first inserted in the *Giornale Enciclopedico* de Napoli 1820, Number 2, and thence rapidly circulated by many German (and other) journals; but which reports, according to the assurance of the writer, are entirely founded on what one has related to another; and by no means on an accurate knowledge of what really happened.

The first part of the letter relating merely to previous circumstances, with which we have been already made acquainted by Sickler and others, need not be repeated here; and we proceed immediately to that part which alone is new; namely, what relates to Sir Humphrey Davy's latest experiments, and their results.

Davy's attempts are here said to have been led by those of Sickler, which failed; and by which seven MSS. were nearly ruined; for which reason the English Government would not allow the remaining ones to be subjected to any new experiments. The Prince Regent (now King) commissioned Sir Humphrey Davy to go to Naples, to make a trial of his method on the MSS. there, the Court being induced to communicate them by an official application of the English Government. By an order from the King of Naples to the chief director of the process of unrolling, a part of a MS. was in fact delivered to Sir Humphrey Davy. It contained a Greek fragment, and was unrolled very easily.

Davy (says the writer) brought a small phial with him, containing a substance which he did not show; and also a glass tube open at both ends, into which he put the roll. He put the whole into a copper tube which was carefully closed. This was placed near a gentle fire, which was gradually increased, and at the expiration of an hour and a half as gradually diminished, in order to prevent all possible damage from the expansion of the gas. It was remarked on opening the apparatus, that the gas penetrated into the leaves of the papyrus, and that they began to separate; and also that its operation, partly removing the dust from the surface, made the Greek characters appear the more legible. As this excited some hope, it was wished to try what success would be obtained with a harder piece of papyrus, which was treated in the same manner. But as Sir Humphrey Davy could not stop more than half an hour, very little was done. He promised to come back in six weeks, but did not return till December 1819, and petitioned the King for permission to make the chemical experiments on five or six spoil rolls of papyrus, and to unroll five or six good ones. All that he wished was granted him.

Sir Humphrey Davy made his experiments on the fragments which were given up as useless; and convinced himself that many of them contained, besides the coal, earth also, namely tuffa. It appeared likewise, that the ink of the ancients contained no metallic or mineral parts, but was merely a mixture of very fine charcoal, or properly soot, with a vegetable substance, as Pliny describes it.

At the same time, or to speak more pre-

\* Vid. Plutarch. Comment. in Anim. procreant. parvum.

† Eclog. viii. v. 75.—In Ravenscroft's Comedy of “Mamamouchi, or the Citizen turned Gentleman,” London, 1675. p. 52. Tizicknorne, habited as a physician, says: “let the number of his bleedings be odd, Numero Deus impar gaudet.”

‡ Censorinus de die Natali, c. 20.

§ Plin. Hist. Nat. tom. iii. lib. 28, c. 2.

¶ The Brahmins have their *Brahmah*, *Vishnoo*, and *Siva*; the Persians their *Oromasde*, *Mithra*, and *Arathra*; the Egyptians their *Amset*, *Imset*, and *Orus*; the Arabians their *Adit*, *At*, *Uzza*, and *Manah*; the Phœnicians and Tyrians their *Belus*, *Cronus*, and *Adonis*, &c. &c. *Vid. Holwel's Events, Part 3d, § 43. p. 33.*

ciously, on the 27th of December last, Sir Humphrey Davy desired to leave the process of unrolling continued upon two MSS., which he found on the well known machines, according to the usual mode. He observed, that the leaves did not easily separate, and consequently disturbed the uniformity of the proceeding.

He therefore wetted the surface of the MS. with a pencil dipped in sulphuric ether, and suffered this liquid to dry on it. As this composition is extremely corrosive and expansive, it indeed quickly penetrated into the internal part of the roll, and really separated the leaves; but it detached several leaves at once, and consequently hindered that from being done with the MS. which must be done, to obtain a knowledge of its contents. Hence, conceiving the idea that the Latin rolls were composed of a double leaf, and that consequently, in order to separate them entirely and completely to unroll them, a stronger glue should be applied than that used here, and which might effect a better union of the papyrus with the gold-beater's skin, he determined to substitute for the isinglass used at Naples, a solution of resin, namely, gum of the olive tree; but unfortunately this cement could not unite the papyrus and the skin: this attempt was therefore soon given up. He then had recourse to a solution of *cloruro di jodio* in alcohol, and wetted with this the surface of the roll; he then quickly laid on the gold-beater's skin in the usual manner, and contrived a mode of accelerating the unrolling of the leaves by a warmer current of air, of which we shall speak below. How little this answered, appeared from its having been attempted only once or twice, without any success. For some of the MSS. appear to be rather stone than carbonised papyrus, so much are they covered with the finest particles of tuffa.

Sir Humphrey put one manuscript into a copper tube closed at both sides, and connected on one side with the mouth of an alembic. In it he mixed, in certain proportions, lime and hydrochlorate of ammonia, and brought this near to the flame of a lamp. The roll, which by these fumigations had become almost unfit for unrolling, was taken out of the tube, and exposed to the air. The following day it was found split into many pieces, like shavings. Sir Humphrey attempted to soften these by a solution of gum elastic in sulphuric ether. He then had them lined with gold-beater's skin, and dried them by directing upon them a warmer current of air. But all was in vain; not a line was legible.

Other rolls, which appeared not sufficiently carbonised, and consequently not adapted for the usual process, Davy resolved (in order to carbonise them still more) to put into a copper tube which was open on one side and closed on the other. He poured a few drops of muriatic ether upon it, and heated it to a very high temperature. This was the cause of the failure; for the experiment being repeated more slowly and cautiously, it was observed to be attended with some success; not indeed in rendering the

reading easier, but facilitating the unrolling of the imperfectly carbonised papyrus leaves.

The greater part of the rolls on which Sir Humphrey tried his experiments shewed no traces of writing, even when he could get to the inner side of the leaf. The reason appeared to be, that the ink which the ancients used had been entirely dissolved or destroyed by time, or by the effect of the fire. Sir Humphrey still flattering himself with the hope that the characters would appear more plainly if the leaf were tinged with yellow, he mixed *cloruro di jodio* with sulphuric ether, and moistened the surface with it. But this experiment had no influence on the colour, and did not bring to view the much wished for characters. A more favourable result appeared to attend the *gas cloro*, to the effects of which a small piece of a roll was subjected, for the letters appeared rather clearer through it; but it was soon found that this process was not applicable on a large scale, and did not seem to produce any considerable effect.

After all this Sir Humphrey Davy returned to the old method, and abided by it to the last day of his stay at Naples. Only sometimes, instead of adding water to the isinglass, he poured in some drops of alcohol, which accelerated the separation of the leaves even when they seemed to be stiff and unmanageable.

Recourse was again had to the experiment of directing upon the surface of the MS. a warmer current of air, *i. e.* atmospheric air which passed through a bladder that had been warmed by a metal pipe; but it was found that great care was necessary in this process, because otherwise it blew away the very delicate substance of the papyrus, and wrinkled and displaced the skin (the gold-beater's skin we presume); this method was, however, good to soften the glue when it had become too hard. This is the sum of the gain of these and of some other experiments, the inapplicability of which was recognized at the first moment. The narrator therefore does not detail them particularly: he mentions only that it was the resin of the *Ligno Santo* (gum guaiacum) and mastic dissolved in alcohol, gummi elasticum dissolved in sulphuric ether, the solution in alcohol of pure potash mixed with the solution of gummi elasticum, ammoniacal gas, &c. with which experiments were made on no less than twenty-six MSS. which Sir Humphrey Davy himself selected. He left two and twenty behind half finished, without having accomplished the unrolling of them, entrusting the continuation of the process to the persons appointed in Naples. After so much good will and perseverance (probably on the part of the Neapolitans, for the expression of the narrator is equivocal) Sir Humphrey Davy departed not a little dissatisfied, and complained that rolls had been given him in which there was no writing. Only very inconsiderable and absolutely useless fragments were obtained through him of Greek as well as Latin MSS. Sixty-seven such fragments have been drawn (or designed), of which only thirty-one have come into the possession of the institution for unrolling

the MSS.; and though Sir Humphrey Davy promised to leave them all there, he took the rest with him, after having united the copies of them, with a pen, in a book which he proposed to shew at London.

If the chemist, as appears pretty plainly, was not fortunate, the Hellenist whom he had with him was proportionally lucky. He, when he had read only a couple of words, knew immediately what was the subject of the MS. Thus, in a fragment of a Latin MS. he had read the word *dirit*, and now it was evident that it contained an historical work. In a Greek MS. he succeeded in making out the words *ἑστὸς ἄνθρωπος*, and he was convinced it was a philosophical work; in another he found a few words which might be formed into pieces of impure iambics, and our Hellenist now affirmed it was a drama, though, from the continuation of the lines, there was much more reason to suppose it was prose. In another he read *ἡ ἀρχή*, and insisted that it must be academy; and could not be persuaded of the contrary when it was observed to him that the letter which followed *aka* was certainly not a *d*. This learned man wished to have a column of every one of the MSS. which he already unrolled in the establishment, in order to make a list of their contents; but the Neapolitans kept back those elucidations from the learned world, under the vain pretext, that the persons appointed to explain had read them more at leisure, and would not fail, in due time, to give an account of them. But what might we not have promised ourselves from the acuteness of an Hellenist, who was able to distinguish not only the lion by his claw, but even the skin by a single hair!

However this be, concludes the narrator, we must commend the great chemist for having exerted himself to the utmost to restore to the learned world the works, the loss of which we deplore. If the process of unrolling hitherto used has received from him only inconsiderable improvements, and if he had not succeeded in rendering even a single page legible, this is by no means to be ascribed to a deficiency in zeal, but solely, as we believe, to the unfortunate condition of the manuscripts.

As some of our readers may be unacquainted with the condition of these MSS, we copy from Galiffi's Italy (of which a review has been taken in our immediately preceding Numbers) a brief notice of the subject, which will serve to explain parts of those remarks.

"One of the most interesting things at the *Studiis*, is the unrolling of the ancient and carbonized manuscripts, found in the subterraneous ruins of Herculaneum. It is performed in a manner at once very simple and very ingenious (qualities which are usually found combined in the most useful inventions). Every manuscript looks exactly like a piece of charcoal cut into the shape of an ancient *calamus*, and it requires the greatest care to prevent it from crumbling into mere coal-dust. For this purpose, the outer part is covered with very small pieces of skin applied to it with a light glue or liquid gum. The roll is suspended on two ribbons, fastened to an upper board, which, with two parallel supporters, forms a sort of frame, of the shape of a Greek *pi* (Π). The

roll is, moreover, tied with two small threads to two pegs, which, being gently turned, unfold it by very slow degrees. As for as the whole of what was seen outside has been covered with skin, and glued together, to prevent its falling to pieces. The pegs are of course fastened on the upper board also, and the beginning of the volume is drawn upwards by them, so as always to leave the unexpended part of it resting on the ribbons by means of its own weight. The side boards have no other use than that of supporting the upper one. I wish I could make this description quite clear to those who have not seen the thing itself, but the simplest machinery is often very difficult to be described.

"It is impossible to avoid the loss of some parts of the manuscripts, which the violent action of the heat, combined with other accidents, has either melted together, or so completely fastened that they cannot be drawn asunder entire; but these blanks are not nearly so numerous as might be expected. The writing of the Grecian manuscripts is so uncommonly beautiful, that it makes the task of deciphering them, as fast as they are unrolled, comparatively easy: the Latin ones are much more difficult. The whole of the inside of the rolls is black; but a slight difference of shade renders the ink sufficiently perceptible. The invention does the highest honour to the man who first conceived the possibility of unrolling a piece of charcoal. Millions of well-informed men would have thought it absurd to undertake it."

There are in all seventeen hundred manuscripts in the studio, of which three hundred are already unrolled. The eyes of all the amateurs of classics are anxiously turned to the discoveries which may be made by these means, and they are justly impatient to see the result. Hitherto, the most valuable of the works which have been unrolled, are a treatise by Epicurus, and several others by his disciple Philodemus, on music, rhetoric, virtue and vice."

#### LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

*Another discovery of Fragments of Cicero's Orations.*—The Abbé Amadeus Peyron, professor of Oriental languages, in the University of Turin, has discovered some fragments of Cicero in a MS. from the Monastery of St. Columban di Bubio, a town on the Trellina, in the King of Sardinia's dominions. This MS. contains important new readings of orations already known, and confirms the identity of several texts, which have been cruelly tortured by indiscreet critics. It contains, besides, fragments of the orations, Pro Scauro, pro M. Tullio, in Clodium, orations which are unfortunately lost. Some of these fragments had been already published by M. Mai, after a MS. of the same library of St. Columban, preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan; so that, at the first sight, those two MSS. would appear to have made originally but one. But the difference of the writing, that of the parchment, the circumstance that one of these

MS. is written in three columns and the other in two, as well as that several deficiencies in the Ambrosian MS. are supplied by that of Turin, leave no room to doubt of their being copies essentially different.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### BRITISH GALLERY.

It is rumoured among the connoisseurs, that His Majesty, and the noble Directors of the British Institution, with their accustomed liberality, intend to leave most of the finest pictures, particularly those by Vandyck, in the Gallery for some weeks, as examples of excellence in *portrait*, to be copied for the improvement of the students—properly the protégés of these illustrious patrons.

This most interesting Exhibition closes this evening; and those of our London readers who miss seeing it will have missed an extraordinary treat.

Among the most curious portraits are 72, Sir George Jeffreys by Riley (belonging to the Earl of Winchelsea), and one of the most benign countenances that ever disciple of Lavater studied. One would say it was impossible, with this stamp of nature, he could be the cruel monster he is represented to have been: 136, Killgrew painted when Minister at Venice, by Shepherd (belonging to G. Watson Taylor, Esq.). It was on his return thence it was said—

Our Killgrew Tom, from Venice is come,

And left the gay statesman behind him;

Just as wise, just as rich, just at the same pitch,

And just as we left him we find him.

161, Sir Nathaniel Bacon, by himself (the Earl of Verulam's), and a proof that he was no mean artist: 116, Dobson the painter, an admirable portrait, by himself: 162, Sir Thomas Gresham, by Sir Antonio More, (Mr. Taylor's), a work which raises the painter exceedingly in the scale of talent: and others which we cannot particularize.

##### CANOVA'S HORSES.

The celebrated Canova, who, by the admirable work of two lions which adorn the Mausoleum of Pope Clement XIII. in St. Peter's Church, had proved that he was no less skillful in representing animals than in producing the finest forms of the human body, has just given a new specimen of his ability in this branch of his art. It is now some years since he made the model of a horse of colossal size, it being the largest in Europe. This work excited the admiration of all the judges of the art, and of all those who have particularly studied this noble and spirited quadruped. This model has been cast in bronze at Naples, with complete success. Meantime Canova has been employed on another model of the same animal, but in an attitude different from the first; and though it seemed impossible that the artist should excel himself, he has found means to introduce into this new work so many new beauties, that one is never tired of admiring this *chef-d'œuvre*. Every part is finished—every part is worthy a sculptor, all whose designs are at once pleasing and learned, accompanied with per-

fection in the execution. The limbs of the courser are full of life and motion; but the head, in particular, seems to move, to breathe, and to neigh. This model is to serve as a companion to that of which we have spoken above; and both will adorn the grand square of the magnificent temple of Saint Francis de Paule, which is at this moment building at Naples, with truly royal splendour, after the designs of the architect Bianchi.—(From the *Diario di Roma*.)

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### THE BATTLE OF TOPLITZ.

[One of the most brilliant affairs of the late war was the attack on Vandamme's army, after the failure of the march against Dresden. The chief allied corps was commanded by Count Osterman; and in command of his cavalry was Prince Leopold, who was subsequently distinguished by the allied Sovereigns for his gallantry in the engagement.]

From morn to eve the shell and ball  
Thunder'd on Pirna's shatter'd wall.  
From morn to eve the blood, like rain,  
Ran round the foot of Konigsstein.  
But, Toplitz, from thy granite brow  
Did that day's fiercest battle glow.  
Before the dawn, the musquet blaze  
Rust thro' the mountain's icy haze;  
And shouts and shrieks were on the air—  
The work of death was doing there.  
Day rose—and vast and wild the fight  
Broke from the bosom of the night.  
Still on the summit-crown a cloud  
Hung glowing like a sulphur shroud:  
There on his rock stood Osterman,  
Mowing the Franks' exhaustless van:  
War had no art that day untried  
Along that mountain's mighty side.  
Where stretch'd its brief and broken plain  
The squadron gave the spur, and rein:  
Where from the dell the rivulet stray'd,  
Perch'd o'er its bank the mortar play'd;  
Thick ramparted in groves of pine,  
The yagier tore the naked line;  
The cottage was a fortress wall,  
Mill, steeple, farm, were fought for all;  
Even where the mountain vapours fell  
Like twilight on the vicissitudes fell.  
There war was seen;—the yellow flash,  
The trumpet's blare, the cannon's crash,  
The volley thicket and sudden roll'd,  
Shew'd where the bold had met the bold.

'Twas evening. On the ridge of gray,  
In farewell to that dreadful day,  
Ours beat'd the sun: the mighty glare  
Laid the whole sweep of battle bare.  
Still front to front, thro' hills and dells,  
Down stretch'd the mighty parallels,  
Exploding flame—a lava tide  
Down the volcano's shatter'd side.  
The lines of horse along the plain,  
Like a huge serpent's doubled train,  
In wave for wave and fold for fold,  
Watching each other restless roll'd.

The final struggle was at hand—  
Swift as the desert's whirling sand,  
Condensing deep from flank to flank,  
On rush'd the squadrons of the Frank—  
The battle on the mountain's brow  
Was hush'd at once; all gazed below,  
And all was silence, hope, and fear.  
But oh! the shout that smote the ear,

\* See recent Numbers of the Literary Gazette, for accounts and specimens of these most interesting classical discoveries.

† Viz. pro Cluentio, pro Cæcina, pro Clodio, in Pisonem, &c.

When, like a mighty vulture's wing,  
Covering the land with gloomy swing,  
Upbeard'd the Russian cuirassier,  
The rank was check'd in full career.  
Each paused for a moment's sullen glance—  
What thoughts the heart in such moments  
shrouds!  
But the trumpet soon startled them from their  
trance—  
Out flash'd the sabre, and down couch'd the  
lance.  
And with tossing standards, and plunge and  
prance,  
They met.—'Twas the meeting of thunder-  
clouds!  
Bloody the charge: they mingle, reel,  
Fierce rings the clash of steel on steel;  
Helmet and head on high are flung.  
And riders by the stirrup swung,  
And standards torn and drench'd in blood,  
Are whirled along the fighting flood.  
Till pierced by lance, and crush'd by heel,  
Like parted flame the Frenchmen wheel.  
Still faintly up the riders bore  
Their flag of death, the tricolor;  
One fearful moment stood at bay;  
From the mountain roll'd the Russ hurrah—  
Rous'd by the roar, the cuirassier  
Struck in the spur, and stoop'd the spear—  
Thro' the weak ranks in thunder tore,  
And, Toplit, thy wild day was o'er!

TRISSINO.

## IMPROMPTU,

To a Literary Friend, on his Marriage.

Really, P—, I am sorry you thought of this  
thing—

The pleasures of both it will cramp;  
For your poor wife will feel she's *The Slave of the  
Ring*,

While you are *The Slave of the Lamp*.

ALADIN.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## THE SHADOW.

A series of Essays under this title is about to  
be commenced in the Literary Gazette. They  
will be devoted to the delineation of men and  
manners; and it is hoped, will not present less  
claims to popularity than the most favored  
Sketches of Society, which have recently ap-  
peared. Notwithstanding the preparations  
made for carrying this design into effect, the  
Editor is solicitous to give additional spirit and  
variety to these periodical papers; and he begs  
leave to invite communications from Wits  
and men of talent. Those to whom remunera-  
tion is expedient shall have no ground of  
complaint; and those who honour us by mak-  
ing this journal the vehicle for their gratuitous  
incubations, shall be gratefully welcomed.

## THE DRAMA.

**HAY MARKET THEATRE.**—The comedy  
of Suicide was revived from a sleep of a quar-  
ter of a century, on Tuesday. C. Kemble  
and Terry were its chief props; but we are  
this week shut out from details.  
On Thursday, a comedy, entitled 'Dogdays  
in Bond Street,' was presented, with consid-

able applause. It is, we might say of course, a  
translation from a French Farce, improved  
according to the true *procrustean* method;  
racked out into three times its native di-  
mension. Its story is the old French an-  
ecdote of two young men, who in their  
distress for money, tried the expedient of  
giving out a report of the death of one of  
them, and thus extorting a remittance from  
his relations as funeral expences. In the  
Farce, the remittance is unluckily followed  
by the old uncle, who comes to enquire into  
the affairs of his deceased nephew, and who  
takes up his residence in the very hotel  
where the dead man is hiding from his  
creditors. This occasions the usual obvious  
tumult of escapes, discoveries, distresses,  
and disguises. The burthen of the play fell  
on Terry, as the old man; on Jones, as the  
surviving swindler; and on Liston, as the in-  
triguing valet. Mrs. Mardyn was the he-  
roine, and actually looked feminine; and a  
landlady new to the theatre, acquitted her-  
self with meritorious giddiness and garrulity.

## EXHIBITIONS

Her Majesty's Entrance into Jerusalem  
continues to attract multitudes to Pall-Mall,  
and is essentially beneficial to the other  
shows in that vicinity. Being in the way  
of temptation, and having seen the Spanish  
Imposition (Inquisition we believe the pla-  
cards call it) before, we paid our shilling for  
a bit of horse-flesh, and went to look at the  
beautiful Little Mare from Bengal, only 33  
inches high, and acknowledged by the *nobility*,  
and others who have seen it, to be the  
smallest horse in the kingdom! It always  
gives us pain to differ in opinion from the  
*peers* of the realm, and especially so when  
their judgement on flesh of another sort is  
creating such *disputations* ferment through-  
out the land. But we cannot in truth agree  
with the nobility, that this is the smallest  
horse in the kingdom. It is a pretty creature,  
docile, and deerlike; but we have not  
only seen, but have had in our possession, a  
smaller horse from Shetland, where hundreds  
of his family remain of the same diminutive  
stature, and even of smaller dimensions.  
Our perfect Hounym came in a Hackney  
Coach from the wharf at Wapping; and  
though thicker than the Bengal Mare, was  
several inches lower. It may be worth stat-  
ing, that these are the aboriginal horses of  
Shetland, and strong enough to carry a man  
nimbly and surely over the hills. They are  
not shod, and their sagacity is extraordinary,  
as is particularly shown by their travelling in  
the darkest nights over a country where roads  
are unknown, and where the slightest deviation  
would generally be to perish.

## VARIETIES.

To an admirable description of the mar-  
bles and statues, M. Clarac has added the  
following curious articles:—*A notice on the  
various substances, and different kinds of  
marbles, used by the ancient sculptors.*—*A  
table of the abbreviations in the latin in-  
scriptions and consular family names, which*

*appear on medals; and a minute description  
of the costume, arms, and attributes of every  
monument in the French Museum.*

A German journal relates the following  
curious fact:—A young man was lately ex-  
ecuted at Weimar, for the murder of his mis-  
tress, by throwing her into a well. The  
proof on which the criminal was convicted,  
is perhaps unparalleled in judicial annals.  
The unfortunate victim, finding all her sup-  
plications were vain, in a fit of despair,  
bit the arm of her murderer. When the  
body was drawn out of the well, there was  
found between the teeth a piece of cloth,  
which exactly fitted a hole in the sleeve of the  
criminal. Confounded by this unexpected  
testimony, the murderer confessed his guilt.

\**Northern Expedition.*—Accounts have  
been received in Edinburgh from the Arctic  
Land Expedition, which represent the party  
as being in good winter quarters, though the  
thermometer was 30° below zero, at Um-  
berland's Cove, in January last. The atmo-  
sphere was dry, the rivers and lakes abounding  
in fish \* of various kinds, particularly  
large trout; and the hunters brought plenty  
of Moose deer and buffaloes from the woods.  
As soon as the weather permitted, they were  
to set forward for the Northern shores.

## Daily Papers.

M. de Clarac, successor to the M. Vicenti  
in the office of Keeper of the Antiques of the  
Royal Museum of Paris, has just published an  
interesting catalogue of the Museum,  
much more extensive than any that has hith-  
erto appeared.

A violent shock of an earthquake was felt  
at Schivatz in the Tyrol, on the 17th ult.  
It moved in a direction from North to South,  
and did not last above a second. Almost  
every house in the place has been more or  
less damaged, and several walls have fallen  
down. The same shock was felt near the  
mountain of St. George, where several huge  
pieces of rock were detached, and hurled  
into the neighbouring valley. It is singular,  
that a phenomenon of the same kind, though  
attended by much more fatal consequences,  
took place in the Tyrol on the 17th of July  
1670.

• Were they not frozen up? Ed.

*Many articles of criticism, &c. are unavoidably  
postponed, to make room for The Abbot—cedunt  
arma togæ.*

Nothing in our next Number.

•• The bust of Cromwell, noticed in our last as  
one by an unknown hand, is mentioned to us to be  
the work of an artist of the name of Wilton. We  
do not recollect a sculptor of that name of the age  
of Cromwell. If *Alpold* does not record him;  
and Bryan, in his excellent Dictionary, speaks  
only of an Engraver Wilton in 1670. With re-  
gard to the anecdote of Cromwell's giving Prince  
Charles a bloody nose in 1654, we expressed our  
doubt of its accuracy on the authority of the  
memoirs of Oliver Cromwell, published a few months  
ago by his descendant Oliver Cromwell, and re-  
vised by his descendant Oliver Cromwell, Number 155, 8th  
January last, where R. B. P. will find the rea-  
sons for our disbelief stated.

Page 555, Col. 3, of this article, line 12 from the  
bottom, for sixteenth read seventeenth.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Sir Henry Torrens.

**THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE** for Sept. 1, embellished with a fine Portrait, (accompanying by a Memoir) of **SIR HENRY TORRENS**, and containing among other interesting articles—1. Letters to Mr. Malthus on several subjects of Political Economy, and on the present causes of the stagnation of Commerce, by Mr. Kay. 2. On the present state of Periodical Literature. 3. Lania and other Poems, by John Keble. 4. Reviews in a Garret, containing short and original Remarks on Men and Books, by Paul Pindar, Gent. 5. Anecdotes of George III. and the late Queen, by Mrs. Delany. 6. On Angling, by an Amateur, Letters 5 and 6. 7. On the supposed habitations of Columbus, Petrarch, and Judas Iscariot, by Baron Zach. 8. Historical Anecdotes of the Japanese. 9. Comparative Psychology. 10. On the Origin and Language of Ancient Rome, by M. Gallico. 11. Memoir of Jannina, King of the Sandwich Islands. 12. On the Manners, Customs, and Character of the Celts. 13. Journal of a Voyage from Paris to St. Cloud. 14. The Book of Four Columns, by M. Bon Ton. 15. Intelligible Tales, Cheerful Eclogues, Gay Sonnets, and Tales of no Wonder. 16. Fine Art. 17. Dramatic Notices—Mr. Kem's re-appearance. 18. Varieties, Literary and Scientific. 19. Rural Economy. 20. New Publications, with Critical Remarks. 21. New Inventions and Discoveries. 22. Reports, Literary, Agricultural, and Commercial. 23. Historical digest of Political Events. 24. Interesting Occurrences, Promotions, Births, Marriages, and Deaths; with Biographical particulars of the most celebrated Persons. Printed for Henry Colburn and Co. Conduit Street.

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## THE LONDON MAGAZINE, No. 3.

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August 30, 1820.

London: Printed for the Proprietors, by W. P. Giff, Chancery Lane: Published every Saturday by W. A. SCRIPPS, at the Literary Office (No. 10) (Exeter Chamber) Strand, where Communications and orders; are requested to be addressed to the Editor.

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No. 190.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Recollections and Reflections, Personal and Political, as connected with Public Affairs during the Reign of George III.* By John Nichols, Esq. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 408.

This is one of those publications which may be expected when

—Old age looks out

And garrulous, recounts the feats of youth.

The author is an ancient gentleman of seventy-six, resident at Thoulouse; his father was a physician at the court of George II. and, having himself sat in three Parliaments, he imagined that he had materials enough for a volume, to enlighten the present generation, respecting the doings of the last. His claim is, however, rather moderately supported; for though there will be found some intelligence, and some sound views, in his lucubrations, he broaches so many wild theories, repeats the same things so very often, contradicts himself so frequently, and is so lavish of imputations on every unfortunate individual honoured by his notice, that he presents us, upon the whole, but a crude mass of inconsistencies, and a sweeping libel upon humanity. Not only every monarch and minister, but every man and woman, whom he recognizes, for three quarters of a century, appear in the vizards of rogues, or the caps of fools. There is nevertheless some curious information in these pages, and several facts (if they can be depended upon) of considerable importance. For example, it is asserted, by this zealous Foxite, that Mr. Pitt was unwillingly forced into the war against the French Revolution, by the great Whig families, instigated by Burke; and, indeed, very cogent reasons are given in corroboration of this statement. But we will leave Mr. Nichols' political reflections on French, Spanish, and American revolutions, on agriculture and commerce, on the Pope and parties, on German Governments and Indian affairs, to those who love that species of speculation, contenting ourselves with extracting half a dozen of his anecdotes, which possess the more agreeable property of being likely to amuse our readers. We shall just premise, in order to mark our reprehension of it, that the terms in which he speaks of our late king, are very unbecoming, as well as foolishly at war with his own expressed opinions. He seems also to attach more consequence to Burke than ever Burke in reality possessed;—in short, his free language is hardly one remove from the slander of the dead, from the throne to the fustool. The following is his story of the origin of an influence of which we have all heard a great

deal, under the names of Back-stairs, and Behind-the-throne authority.

"The Princess Dowager of Wales wished her son to be a king, such as she had been educated to believe a king ought to be; viz. a king after the model of a Duke of Saxo Gotha; and this was the object of that lesson which she was continually inculcating to him, 'George, be King.' But I do not see any reason for believing that there was any original intention of forming an interior Cabinet. I believe that the plan of the interior Cabinet grew out of circumstances which afterwards arose. The first wish was, that the Earl of Bute should be advanced to be Prime Minister; and while he was Minister, there was certainly no desire to form an interior Cabinet. Most probably the interior Cabinet arose on his retirement from office. When the Earl of Bute was made Secretary of State for the Northern Department, he found in that office Mr. Charles Jenkinson a man of family, though in the inferior situation of a volunteer clerk. The Earl of Bute discovered this gentleman's abilities; and when he was made first Lord of the Treasury, removed Mr. Jenkinson with him to his new office, and made him Secretary of the Treasury. When the Earl of Bute resigned, Mr. Jenkinson was the channel through which confidential communications were conveyed from the King to the Princess Dowager and the Earl of Bute; and this was most probably the origin of the interior Cabinet."

We quote a passage relating to the celebrated Edmund Burke, whom Mr. N. seems to love but little.

"At the time when Burke was selected to be the private Secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, he was an author in the service of Mr. Doddsley, the bookseller; he had conducted for that gentleman the Annual Register, a work of considerable reputation and merit, first established in the year 1758; and I believe that it was conducted under the direction of Mr. Burke to a very late period of his life. The political knowledge of Mr. Burke might be considered almost as an Encyclopedia: every man who approached him received instruction from his stores; and his failings (for failings he had) were not visible at that time; perhaps they did not then exist; perhaps they grew up in the progress of his political life. When Mr. Burke entered into the service of the Marquis of Rockingham he was not rich, but the munificent generosity of that Nobleman immediately placed him in an affluent situation. Mr. Burke purchased a beautiful villa, at Boscawen, which was paid for by the Marquis of Rockingham. When Dr. Johnson, who, like Mr. Burke, had subsisted by his labours as an author, visited his friend at

his new purchase, he could not help exclaiming with the shepherd in Virgil's Eclogue,

"Non equidem invidio, miror magia." \*\*\*

"Soon after Mr. Edmund Burke became a political character, he, and his cousin William Burke, embarked in a speculation in India Stock. They prevailed on many of their friends to join them, among others, on Earl Verney, who fell a victim to this connexion. They used much solicitation with Sir Joshua Reynolds to join them, but he was dissuaded from it by Anthony Chamer, for which Anthony Chamer, he told me himself, was never forgiven by the Burkes. This speculation was at first extremely successful, but at last it failed. William Burke, and Lord Verney, were announced as the defaulters; and Edward Burke's name was concealed. William Burke was sent to India, and a situation at the Court of the Rajah of Tanjore obtained for him. Other advantages in India were also obtained for this gentleman.

"When the Coalition came into power, Mr. Burke saw that much strength might be acquired for his party, by the seizure of India patronage. With this view Charles Fox was employed to bring in the India Bill, generally known by the name of Fox's India Bill. But I am firmly persuaded that Mr. Fox had nothing to do with the formation of this Bill. It was prepared by Mr. Edmund Burke, whose only assistant in it was Mr. Pigot, afterwards Sir Arthur Pigot. Mr. Lee, at that time Attorney General, and Sir James Mansfield, at that time Solicitor General, both assured me, that they never saw the Bill, until it was printed for the use of the House of Commons. They doubted whether Charles Fox himself had seen the Bill, before the essential parts of it had been completely arranged by Mr. Burke. Lord North certainly did not see it until the Bill was completed; and when it was shown him, he said with his usual pleasantry and sagacity, 'that he thought it a good receipt to knock up an administration.'"

The subjoined is a pleasant story, to account for Mr. Francis's hostility to Warren Hastings and his friends.

"Mr. Francis was a man of considerable abilities. He was a very superior classical scholar; and he was capable of laborious application. Strong resentment was a leading feature in his character. I have heard him avow this sentiment more openly and more explicitly than I ever heard any other man avow it in the whole course of my life. I have heard him say publicly in the House of Commons, 'Sir Elijah Impey is not fit to sit in judgment on any matter where I am interested, nor am I fit to sit in judgment on



him.' A relation of the ground of this ill will may be amusing. Mrs. Le Grand, the wife of a gentleman in the Civil Service in Bengal, was admired for her beauty, for the sweetness of her temper, and for her fascinating accomplishments. She attracted the attention of Mr. Francis. This gentleman, by means of a rope-ladder, got into her apartment in the night. After he had remained there about three-quarters of an hour, there was an alarm; and Mr. Francis came down from the lady's apartment by the rope-ladder, at the foot of which he was seized by Mr. Le Grand's servants. An action was brought by Mr. Le Grand against Mr. Francis, in the Supreme Court of Justice in Calcutta. The judges in that court assess the damages in civil actions, without the intervention of a jury. The gentlemen who at that time filled this situation, were Sir Elijah Impey, Chief Justice, Sir Robert Chambers, and Mr. Justice Hyde. I was intimate with the first and the third from early life; having lived with them on the Western Circuit. On the trial of this cause, Sir Robert Chambers thought, that as no criminality had been proved, no damages should be given. But he afterwards proposed to give thirty thousand Rupees, which are worth about three thousand pounds sterling. Mr. Justice Hyde was for giving a hundred thousand rupees. I believe, that Mr. Justice Hyde was as upright a judge as ever sat on any bench; but he had an implacable hatred to those, who indulged in the crime imputed to Mr. Francis. Sir Elijah Impey was of opinion, that although no criminal intercourse had been proved, yet that the wrong done by Mr. Francis to Mr. Le Grand in entering his wife's apartment in the night, and thereby destroying her reputation, ought to be compensated with liberal damages. He thought the sum of thirty thousand rupees, proposed by Sir Robert Chambers, too small; and that proposed by Mr. Hyde, of a hundred thousand, too large. He therefore suggested a middle course, of fifty thousand rupees. This proposal was acquiesced in by his two colleagues. When Sir Elijah Impey was delivering the judgment of the Court, my late friend, Mr. Justice Hyde, could not conceal his eager zeal on the subject; and when Sir Elijah named the sum of fifty thousand rupees, Mr. Justice Hyde, to the amusement of the bystanders, called out, 'Siccas, brother Impey!' which are worth eleven per cent. more than the current rupees. Perhaps this story may not be thought worthy of relation; but it gave occasion to that animosity, which Mr. Francis publicly avowed against Sir Elijah Impey; and the criminal charge afterwards brought against him in the House of Commons, was the offspring of that animosity. I will follow up this anecdote by mentioning the consequences of the action brought by Mr. Le Grand. The lady was divorced: she was obliged to throw herself under the protection of Mr. Francis for subsistence. After a short time she left him, and went to England. In London she fell into the company of M. Talleyrand Perigord. Captivated by her charms, he prevailed on her to accompany

him to Paris, where he married her; and thus the insult, which this lady received from Mr. Francis, and the loss of reputation, which was, perhaps unjustly, the consequence of that insult, eventually elevated her to the rank of Princess of Benevento.

The following are also curious—

"George II. had always publicly kept a mistress; most certainly with the knowledge of the Queen; and it was generally believed that his mistresses were chosen by the Queen. I believe Mr. Walpole is right when he says, that the Queen was the woman who had the strongest hold of his affections. I recollect a circumstance mentioned to me by my father, which is a proof of this assertion. The morning after the King's death, my father and Sir Edward Wilmot, who were the only two King's physicians then in town, received an order to be present at the opening of the body, and to report their opinion as to the causes of his Majesty's death.

A paper of directions left by the King, as to the manner in which his body should be treated, &c., was produced; and in that paper he had directed, that the coffin should be so constructed, that one side of it might be drawn out. The coffin in which the body of Queen Caroline was placed had been constructed in a similar manner; and his Majesty directed, that one side of each coffin should be drawn out, so that the two bodies might be in one coffin. I believe these directions were very exactly observed.

"George II., while Electoral Prince of Hanover, had served in the Duke of Marlborough's army, and had given distinguished proofs of personal courage: but I believe that this was the only military qualification which he possessed. He had neither literature nor taste, but a strong sense of decorum. I will mention a little anecdote as a proof of this. The Duke of Richmond of that day was one of the King's chief companions. A Doctor of Divinity of the Duke's acquaintance, eminently learned, had acquired a knack of imitating the caterwaulings of a cat. The Duke had no taste for his friend's learning; but he took great pleasure in hearing him imitate the cat. He had often talked to the King of this uncommon talent which his friend possessed, and had pressed his Majesty to allow him to place this gentleman behind his chair, one day at dinner, that he might himself judge of his extraordinary power of imitation. The King at last consented; and this learned man was one day placed behind the King's chair, while he was at dinner. The King was for some time amused with his various imitations; he at last turned round to see the gentleman, when he received a blow from a gentleman full dressed in canonicals. The King was so shocked at the sight, that he could not refrain from saying to the Duke of Richmond, 'Do take him away: I cannot bear buffoonery from a man in such a dress.' If this may not be mentioned as a proof of the King's good taste, it may at least serve to show that he had a strong sense of decorum."

We annex but one paragraph more; and, as it contains a reference to the author, our readers may apply to him (post-paid) for any

information which we may have omitted to lay before them.

"This is my opinion (no matter what it is about) while resident in France, on the 7th of March, 1820. In the town which I now inhabit, the house formerly occupied by the Inquisition has been purchased for the use of the Missionaries; and it is well known, that a body of men, under the name of *severits*, are still kept in the same town and its neighbourhood. Probably they are not so numerous as they were in 1815. They were then uncontrollable. They openly murdered General Rameau, the Commander of the King's forces in this town. I believe other Generals in the service of Louis XVIII. experienced the same fate in other parts of France."

We must recommend a good chapter on the decline of talent in our law-courts; it is the cleverest part of the work, and, we are sorry to say, much to the disadvantage both of the present bench and bar.

*Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain, with Biographical and Historical Memoirs of their Lives and Actions.* By Edmund Lodge, Esq., Lancaster Herald, F. S. A. Medium and Super-royal Folio. Parts 1 to 19. London 1814 to 1820.

Since the illustrious portraits of Houbraken, we are not aware of any similar work of equal magnitude and importance with the present; and excellent as many of the heads in the former magnificent publication were, there was an inequality in the general execution, which certainly does not exist to the detriment of this undertaking. The uniformity of style in the engravings before us, and the care and correctness observable in their finish, render them peculiarly worthy of public regard and of the attention of men of taste. The mode, a mixture of the chalk and line, excellent in itself for the purposes of characteristic expression in the countenances and perfect representation of costume and draperies, has been as judiciously employed as admirably performed; and the result is, the production of the most brilliant and striking effect, in clearness, tone, and depth of colour.

As however we shall have many occasions to introduce our opinions respecting the graphic merits of this superb collection, as we proceed with those local details which it is our intention to submit to our readers, we shall now rather look to the grand outline than to particular parts. After laying a foundation of this kind, we shall find much, both in the letter press and in the plates, worthy of more particular notice.

The exhibition just closed at the British

Gallery, has familiarized us with a considerable number of the paintings, whence Mr. Lodge has taken his copies; and it would have been desirable to bring his volumes under review, at the period when the comparison between their ornaments and the originals might so readily have been instituted. But besides that our weekly sheet was too limited to admit of two Essays of any length upon the Arts in the same numbers, (consistently with our plan of giving as much variety as we can to each,) we postponed our determination, in the hope that the last part (XX.) would have appeared, and put it in our power to take the complete series into view at once.

These reasons for and against having respectively lost and gained force, we deem it advisable to delay our remarks on Mr. Lodge no longer; and the fresh recollection of the splendid Exhibition to which we have alluded,\* and to which, we believe, this publication led the way, will materially assist and improve the spirit of our criticism.

The title of the work sufficiently indicates its plan; which is, to give an exact copy of the portraits of the most illustrious personages of British History, engraved with the strictest attention to excellence of execution and faithfulness of similitude, from the finest and most authentic pictures which are extant of them. To obtain this distinction, one course alone seems to have been adopted throughout; for, as portraits of the illustrious personages of our country, have in general descended with titles and estates to their posterity, and are consequently to be found principally in the galleries of the ancient nobility, or in the national collections; we find every portrait to have been executed from authorities of this nature, which are at once sources of the highest authenticity, and productions of the most exquisite art. Thus, we perceive portraits of the Howards, to have been contributed from the Norfolk Gallery; those of the Russels, by the Duke of Bedford; of the Hamiltons, whose loyalty so long upheld the royal cause in Scotland at the period of the Rebellion, from the palace of their noble descendants, at Hamilton; and of the historians of this turbulent period and companion in exile of our second Charles, from the collection of his descendant, the present Earl of Clarendon. The episcopal palace at Lambeth and the British Museum, have contributed portraits of three of the most distinguished primates that ever upheld the Protestant faith—Archbishops Warham, Cranmer, and Laud. From Oxford we find portraits of Thomas Bodley and of Cardinal Wolsey, engraved from the original pictures, which are preserved in the insignificant establishments of which they were the respective founders: in short, this work is a costly proof of the extent to which private enterprise may be carried in this country, when it depends upon,

\* We observe 23 of Lodge's portraits, are from pictures in this exhibition; and several of the same individuals, but from portraits by other hands.

and is deserving of, public patronage for support; for the most valuable collections of pictures throughout the empire, appear to have been visited; and thence, the portraits of illustrious characters have been selected, for the enrichment of this gallery of British worthies.

The bounds allotted for this design are 20 parts, each containing 6 portraits of distinguished individuals, of British birth, who died previous to the year 1700; and it is but justice to state, that all the impressions which could be anticipated from an admirable union of literary biography and engraved portrait, has been achieved to the full extent of the author's promise. He has indeed acquitted himself most ably and satisfactorily in both branches; and we are sure it will be felt, that his exertions have raised a splendid monument to departed greatness—a tribute to the dead, a stimulus to the living, and an honour to the arts of England.

We have perused the biographies with as much interest as we have looked at the plates with admiration; and we know not when we have experienced a stronger influence than their combination has exercised over our minds.

Part I. which was published in April 1814, contains Sir Philip Sidney, (by Sir Antonio More,) William first Lord Paget, (by Holbein,) Queen Catherine Par, (by the same,) Henry Howard Earl of Northampton, (by Zuechero,) Thomas Radclyffe, 3d Earl of Sussex, (by Sir A. More,) and Sir Thomas Bodley, (by Cornelius Jansen). Of these personages, the lives are generally too well known to sanction our devoting much space to extract; we shall therefore say nothing of the renowned Sidney, of the sixth wife of the uxorious blue-beard Henry, of the able statesman Radclyffe, or of the celebrated founder of the Bodleian Library. Nor indeed shall we repeat more of the founder of the Uxbridge and Anglesley peerage, than that he was born in London in 1506; where his father was Serjeant at Mace to the Corporation. The young William was noticed by Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and by him educated and recommended to public employment, at a court where merit was more sure of advancement, than perhaps it ever was at a court before, or has been since.

The Earl of Northampton is vindicated by Mr. Lodge, from the charge of being privy to Sir Thomas Overbury's murder. He was the builder of Northampton House, Charing Cross, afterwards Suffolk, and now Northumberland House, where he died in 1563.

Among the writings of this acute man, besides those which he published, are "two Treatises to justify Female Government;" the one in the Harleian, the other in the Bodleian collection: "An abstract of the Franks of the Officers of the Navy," among the King's MSS. "A defence of the French Monsieur's desiring Queen Elizabeth in Marriage," also in the Harleian; and some devotional pieces in other departments of the library of the Museum. But the great treasure of his remains is a volume of 1,200 pages, in the Cotton MSS, marked Ti-

tus C, consisting of private letters, speeches in parliament, small treatises, prayers, detached maxims and observations, poems, &c., written at all times of his life, and here transcribed, almost wholly with his own hand. "In the authorities which I have consulted for the present purpose, (Mr. Lodge tells us,) I find no notice taken of this very curious collection, which, even from the very cursory inspection which I have been able to bestow on it, appears to contain matters of inestimable importance to the history of his time."

Part II, contains Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, Sir Kneelm Digby, Queen Jane Seymour, and Cardinal Allen; the first two and the last painted by unknown artists, and the three others by Zuechero, Vandike, and Holbein.

From this part we shall select only one passage, a letter of the Earl of Essex to the Lord Treasurer Burghley, previous to his setting out on his expedition to Ireland. It possesses considerable interest, and is a fair specimen of the manners at the Court of Elizabeth, as well as of the style of the times.

"May it please your L.

"Yesterday I was at the Courte, and dyd take my leave of Her Ma<sup>tie</sup>. She hath signed all my books, and I am departed from her Ma<sup>tie</sup> w<sup>th</sup> verie good words, and promyse of her favour and furtherance of this enterprise. Upon the taking of my leave, she told me that she had two speciall things to advise me of; the one, that I should have consideracon of the Irish there, whiche she thought had become her disobedient subjects, rather because they have not byn defended from the force of the Scotts then for any other cause. Her Ma<sup>tie</sup>'s opinion was, that upon my comyng, they wold yield themselves good subjects, and therefore wysshed them to be well used. To this, my L. I answered, that I determyned to deale so w<sup>th</sup> them, as I should fynde best for her service when I came there; and, for the present, I could not saye what is beste to be done; but this her Ma<sup>tie</sup> should be sure of, that I wold not imbrue my hands w<sup>th</sup> more blud then the necessitie of the cause requirthe. The other speciall matter was, that I should not seeke too hastily to bring people that hathe byn trayned in another religion from that w<sup>ch</sup> they have been brought uppe in. To this, I answered, that, for the present, I thought it was best to letme them to know their allegiance to her Ma<sup>tie</sup>, and to yeld her their due obedience; and after they had lerned that, they wold be easily brought to be of good religion. Muche more speeches beids passed betweene her Ma<sup>tie</sup> and mr, whiche were of no grante importance, and therefore I wryte them not to yo<sup>r</sup> L.

"I am, my L. desptel from the court, w<sup>th</sup> many good and fayre promises of dyvers, but of the p<sup>er</sup>formance of them I knowe what assurance I may make. I repose my o<sup>u</sup>ltruste upon your L. Your honourable dealing w<sup>th</sup> me, both in this, and at all times before, hathe byn such as hath bound me

ever to be at your L<sup>d</sup>. commandment. And so I rest, and humbly take my leave of you L<sup>d</sup>. From Duresme House, this xxth of Julie, 1573. At your L<sup>d</sup>. commandment.

"W. Esser."

The Earl of Suffolk here is the discoverer of the memorable gun-powder treason. His portrait is remarkable for its small hat and feathers, resembling the highland bonnet.

Cardinal Allen, was the zealous defender of the Roman faith during the reign of Elizabeth. About 1563, when driven out of England in consequence of his writings and success in converting proselytes, he went to Douay, where, on an academy recently established, he raised the college since so celebrated for the education of British Romanists, and which subsisted till the French Revolution dispersed its inmates, and converted their academic retreat into a military hospital. It is now, we believe, a manufactory.

[Sequent Parts in our following Nos.]

*Prometheus Unbound; a Lyrical Drama, in four acts, with other Poems.* By Percy Bysshe Shelley. London, 1820, 8vo, pp. 222.

It has been said, that none ought to attempt to criticise that which they do not understand; and we beg to be considered as the acknowledged transgressors of this rule, in the observations which we venture to offer on *Prometheus Unbound*. After a very diligent and careful perusal, reading many passages over and over again, in the hopes that the reward of our perseverance would be to comprehend what the writer meant, we are compelled to confess, that they remained to us inflexibly unintelligible, and are so to the present hour, when it is our duty to explain them *pro bono publico*. This is a perplexing state for reviewers to be placed in; and all we can do is to extract some of these refractory combinations of words, the most of which are known to the English language, and submit them to the ingenuity of our readers, especially of such as are conversant with those interesting compositions which grace certain periodicals, under the titles of enigmas, rebuses, charades, and riddles. To them Mr. Shelley's poem may be what it is not to us (*Dævus sum non Œdipus*)—explicable; and their solutions shall, as is usual, be thankfully received. To our apprehensions, *Prometheus* is little else but absolute raving; and were we not assured to the contrary, we should take it for granted that the author was lunatic—as his principles are ludicrously wicked, and his poetry a mélange of nonsense, cockneyism, poverty, and pedantry.

These may seem harsh terms; but it is our bounden duty rather to stem such a tide of literary folly and corruption, than to promote its flooding over the country. It is for the advantage of sterling productions, to discountenance counterfeits; and moral feeling, as well as taste, inexorably condemns the stupid trash of this delirious dreamer. But, in justice to him, and to ourselves, we shall cite his performance.

There is a preface, nearly as mystical and mysterious as the drama, which states Mr. Shelley's ideas in bad prose, and prepares us, by its unintelligibility, for the aggravated absurdity which follows. Speaking of his obligation to contemporary writings, he says, "It is impossible that any one who *inhabits* the same *age*, with such writers as those who stand in the foremost ranks of our own, can conscientiously assure himself, that his language and tone of thought may not have been modified by the study of the productions of those extraordinary intellects." [Mr. S. may rest assured, that neither his language, nor tone of thought, is modified by the study of productions of extraordinary intellects, in the *age* which he *inhabits*, or in any other.] He adds, "It is true, that, not the spirit of their genius, but the forms in which it has manifested itself, are due less to the peculiarities of their own minds, than to the peculiarity of the moral and intellectual condition of the minds among which they have been produced. Thus, a number of writers possess the form, whilst they want the spirit of those whom, it is alleged, they imitate; because the former is the endowment of the age in which they live, and the latter must be the uncommunicated lightning of their own mind." We have, upon honour, quoted verbatim: and though we have tried to construe these two periods at least seven times, we avow that we cannot discern their drift. Neither can we collect the import of the following general axiom, or paradox.—"As to imitation, poetry is a mimetic art. It creates, but it *creates* by combination and representation." What kind of creation the creation by representation is, puzzles us grievously. But Mr. Shelley, no doubt, knows his own meaning; and, according to honest Sancho Panza, "that is enough." In his next edition, therefore, we shall be glad of a more distinct definition than this—"A poet is the combined product of such internal powers as modify the nature of others; and of such external influences as excite and sustain these powers; he is not one but both." We fear our readers will imagine we are vulgarly quizzing; but we assure them, that these identical words are to be found at page xiii. In the next page, Mr. S. speaks more plainly of himself; and plumply, though profanely, declares, "For my part, I had rather be damned with Plato and Lord Bacon, than go to heaven with Paley and Malthus.—Poor man! how he moves concern and pity, to supersede the feelings of contempt and disgust. But such as he is, his 'object has hitherto

been simply to familiarise the highly refined imagination of the more select classes of poetical readers with beautiful idealisms of moral excellence"—such, to wit, as the preference of damnation with certain beings, to beatitude with others!

But of this preface, more than enough—we turn to *Prometheus Unbound*; humbly conceiving that this punning title-page is the sweetest in the book—as no one can ever think him worth binding.

The *dramatis impersonæ* are Prometheus, Jupiter, Demogorgon, the Earth, the Ocean, Apollo, Mercury, Hercules, Asia, Panthea, Ione, the phantasm of Jupiter, the Spirit of the Earth, Spirits of the Hours, other Spirits of all sorts and sizes, Echoes, substantial and spiritual, Fawns, Furies, Voices, and other monstrous personifications. The plot is, that Prometheus, after being three thousand years tormented by Jupiter, obtains the ascendancy, and restores happiness to the earth—*revelant Saturnia regna*. We shall not follow the long accounts of the hero's tortures, nor the longer rhapsodies about the blissful effects of his restoration; but produce a few of the brilliant emanations of the mind modified on the study of extraordinary intellects. The play opens with a speech of several pages, very argutely delivered by Signior Prometheus, from an icy rock in the Indian Caucasus, to which he is "nailed" by chains of "burning cold." He invokes all the elements, *seriatim*, to inform him what it was he originally said against Jupiter to provoke his ire; and, among the rest—

Ye icy Springs, stagnant with wrinking frost,  
Which vibrated to hear me: and then crept  
Shuddering through India.  
And ye, swift Whirlwinds, who, on poised wings  
Hung mute and motionless o'er your hushed abyss,  
As thunder, louder than your own, made rock  
The orb'd world.

This first extract will let our readers into the chief secret of Mr. Shelley's poetry; which is merely opposition of words, phrases, and sentiments, so violent as to be utter nonsense: *ex. gr.* the vibration of stagnant springs, and their creeping shuddering; the swift motionless (*i. e.* motionless) whirlwinds, on poised wings, which hung mute over a hushed abyss as thunder louder than their own! In the same strain, Prometheus, who ought to have been called Sphynx, when answered in a whisper, says,  
Thy scarce like sound: it tingles thro' the frame  
As lightning tingles, hovering ere it strike.

Common bards would have thought the tingling was felt when it struck, and not before,—when it was hovering too, of all things for lightning to be guilty of! A "melancholy voice" now enters into the dialogue, and turns out to be "the Earth." "Melancholy Voice" tells a melancholy story, about the time—

When plague had fallen on man, and beast, and worm  
And Famine;

She also advises her son Prometheus to use a spell,—

— So the revenge

Of the Supreme may sweep thro' vacant shades,  
As rainy wind thro' the abandoned gate  
Of a fallen palace.

Mr. Shelley's fallen buildings, having still gates to them! Then the Furies are sent to give the sturdy Titan a cast of their office; and they hold as odd a colloquy with him, as ever we read.

The first tells him,  
Thou thinkest we will rend thee bone from bone,  
And nerve from nerve, working like fire within;

The second,

Dost imagine  
We will but laugh into thy lidless eyes?  
And the third, more funnily inclined than her worthy sisters—

Thou think'st we will live thro' thee  
Like animal life, and though we can obscure  
The soul which burns within, that we will dwell  
Beside it, like a vain loud multitude  
Vexing the self-content of wisest men—

This is a poser! and only paralleled by the speech of the "Sixth Spirit," of a lot of these beings, which arrive after the Furies. She, for these spirits are feminine, says,  
Ah, sister! desolation is a delicate thing:  
It walks not on the earth, it floats not on the air,

But treads with silent footsteps, and fans with silent wing  
The tender hopes which in their hearts the best and gentlest bear;

Who, soothed to false repose by the fanning plumes above,  
And the music-stirring motion of its soft and busy feet,

Dream visions of aerial joy, and call the monster Love,  
And wake, and find the shadow pain.

The glimpses of meaning which we have here, are soon smothered by contradictory terms and metaphor carried to excess. There is another part of Mr. Shelley's art of poetry, that deserves notice; it is his fancy, that by bestowing colouring epithets on every thing he mentions, he thereby renders his diction and descriptions vividly poetical. Some of this will appear hereafter; but we shall select one passage, as illustrative of the ridiculous extent to which the folly is wrought.

Asia is longing for her sister's annual visit; and after talking of Spring clothing with golden clouds the desert of life, she goes on:

This is the season, this the day, the hour;  
At sunrise thou shouldst come, sweet sister mine,

Too long desired, too long delaying, come!  
How like death-worms the wingless moments crawl!

The point of one white star is quivering still  
Deep in the orange light of widening morn  
Beyond the purple mountains: thro' a chasm  
Of wind-divided mist the darker lake  
Reflects it: now it wanes: it gleams again  
As the waves fade, and as the burning threads  
Of woven cloud unravel in pale air:

'Tis lost, and thro' yon peaks of cloudlike snow  
The roseate sun-light quivers: hear I not  
The Eolian music of her sea-green plumes  
Winnowing the crimson dawn?

Here in seventeen lines, we have no fewer than seven positive colours, and nearly as many shades; not to insist upon the everlasting confusion of this rainbow landscape, with white stars quivering in the orange light, beyond purple mountains; of fading waves, and clouds made of burning threads, which unravel in the pale air; of cloudlike snow through which roseate sun-light also quivers, and sea-green plumes winnowing crimson dawn. Surely, the author looks at nature through a prism instead of spectacles. Next to his colorific powers, we may rank the author's talent for manufacturing "villanous compounds." *Ecce signum*, of a Mist.

Beneath is a wide plain of hilly mist,  
As a lake, paving in the morning sky,  
With azure waves which burst in silver light,  
Some Indian vale. Behold it, rolling on  
Under the curdling winds, and island  
The peak whereon we stand, midway, grand,  
Embraced by the dark and blooming forests,  
Dim twilight-lanes, and stream-illumined caves,  
And weird enchanted shapes of wandering mist;  
And far on high the keen sky-clearing mountains  
From icy spires of sun-like radiance fling  
The dawn, as lifted Ocean's dazzling spray,  
From some Atlantic islet scattered up;  
Spangles the wind with lamp-like water-drops.  
The vale is girdled with their walls, a howl  
Of catarracts from their thousand-ravines  
Satiates the listening wind, continuous, vast,  
Awful as silence.

This is really like Sir Sidney Smith's plan to teach morality to Musselmans by scraps of the Koran in Kaleidoscopes—only that each scrap has a meaning; Mr. Shelley's lines none.

We now come to a part which quite throws Milton into the shade, with his "darkness visible;" and as Mr. Shelley professes to admire that poet, we cannot but suspect that he hides himself on having out-done him. Only listen to Panthea's description of Demogorgon. This lady, whose mind is evidently unsettled, exclaims,

I see a mighty darkness  
Filling the seat of power, and rays of gloom  
Dark round, as light from the meridian sun,  
Ungrated upon and sheathed—

We yield ourselves, miserable hum-drum devils that we are, to this high imaginative faculty of the modern muse. We acknowledge that hyperbole, extravagance, and irreconcilable terms, may be poetry. We admit that common sense has nothing to do with "the beautiful idealisms" of Mr. Shelley. And we only add, that if this be genuine inspiration, and not the grossest absurdity, then is force sublime, and inhuman raving the perfection of reasoning: then were all the bards of other times, Homer, Virgil, Horace, drivellers; for their foundations were laid no lower than the capacities of the herd of mankind; and even their noblest elevations were susceptible of appreciation by the very multitude among the Greeks and Romans.

We shall be very concise with what remains: Prometheus, according to Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelley—

Gave man speech, and speech created thought—

which is exactly, in our opinion, the cart creating the horse; the sign creating the inn; the effect creating the cause. No wonder that when such a master gave lessons in astronomy, he did it thus—

He taught the implicated orbits woven  
Of the wide-wandering stars; and how the sun  
Changes his hair, and by what secret spell  
The pale moon is transformed, when her broad eye

Gazes not on the interlunar sea.

This, Promethean, beats all the systems of astronomy with which we are acquainted: Shakespeare, it was said, "exhausted worlds and then imagined new;" but he never imagined aught so new as this. Newton was a wonderful philosopher; but, for the view of the heavenly bodies, Shelley double distances him. And not merely in the preceding, but in the following improved edition of his astronomical notions, he describes—

A sphere, which is as many thousand spheres,  
Solid as crystal, yet through all its mass  
Flow, as through empty space, music and light:  
Ten thousand orbs involving and involved,  
Purple and azure, white, green, and golden,  
Sphere within sphere; and every space between  
Peopled with unimaginable shapes,  
Such as ghosts dream dwell in the lamplight deep,  
Yet each inter-transpicuous, and they whirl  
Over each other with a thousand motions,  
Upon a thousand selfless axes spinning,  
And with the force of self-destroying swiftness,  
Intensely, slowly, solemnly roll on,  
Kidding with mingled sounds, and many tones,  
Intelligible words and music wild.  
With mighty whirl the multitudinous orb  
Grinds the bright brook into an azure mist  
Of elemental subtlety, like light;  
And the wild odour of the forest flowers,  
The music of the living grass and air,  
The emerald light of leaf-enframing beams  
Round its intense yet self-conflicting speed,  
Seem wreathed into one aerial mass  
Which drowns the sense.

Did ever the walls of Bedlam display more insane stuff than this?

When our worthy old pagan acquaintance, Jupiter, is disposed of, his sinking to the "void abyss," is thus portrayed by his son Apollo—

An eagle so caught in some bursting cloud  
On Caucasus, his thunder-buffed wings  
Entangled in the whirlwind! &c.

An' these extracts do not entitle the author to a cell, clean straw, bread and water, a strait waistcoat, and phlebotomy, there is no madness in scribbling. It is hardly requisite to adduce a sample of the adjectives in this poem to prove the writer's condign abhorrence of any relation between that part of speech and substantives: sleep-unsheltered hours; gentle darkness; horny eyes; keen faint eyes; faint wings; fading waves; crawling glaciers, toads, agony, time, &c.; belated and noontide plumes; milky arms; many-folded mountains; a lake-surrounding bote; veiled lightning asleep (as well as hovering); unbewildering flowers; odour-faded blooms; semi-vital worms; windless pools, windless abodes, and windless air; unermating waves; unpavilioned skies; rivetted wounds; and void abysses, are parcel of the Babylonish jargon which

is found in every wearisome page of this tissue of insufferable buffoonery. After our quotations, we need not say that the verse is without measure, proportions, or elegance; that the similes are numberless and utterly inapplicable; and that the instances of ludicrous nonsense are not fewer than the pages of the Drama. Should examples be demanded, the following, additional, are brief. Of the heroic line:—

Ah me! alas, pain, pain ever, for ever—

Of the simile:—

We will entangle buds and flowers and beams  
Which twinkle on the fountain's brim, and make  
Strange combinations out of common things,  
Like human labes in their brief innocence. —

Of the pure nonsensical:—

Our feet now, every poem,  
Are saddled with calm,  
And the dew of our wings is a rain of balm;  
And beyond our eyes,  
The human love lies  
Which makes all it gazes on paradise.

We'll pass the eyes  
Of the starry skies  
Into the loar deep to explore;  
Death, Chaos, and Night,  
From the sound of our flight,  
Shall flee, like mist from a tempest's might.

And Earth, Air, and Light,  
And the Spirit of Night,  
Which drives round the stars in their fiery flight;  
And Love, Thought, and Breath,  
The powers that quell Death,  
Wherever we soar shall assemble beneath.

And our singing shall build  
In the void's bow-feld,  
A world for the Spirit of Wisdom to wield;  
We will take our plan  
From the new world of man.

And our work shall be called the Promethean.  
Alas, gentle reader! for poor Tom, whom the foul foul bath (thus) led o'er bog and quagmire, and bliss thee from whirlwinds, starre-blasting, and taking. Would that Mr. Shelley made it his study, like this his prototype.

How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Poor Tom's affected want of wits is inferior to Shelley's genuine wandering with his "father of the hours" and "mother of the mouths" and his dialogue of ten pages between *The Earth* and *The Moon*, assuredly the most arrant and gravest burlesque that it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. We cannot resist its opening

*The Earth.* The joy, the triumph, the delight,  
The madness!

The boundless, overflowing, bursting gladness,  
The vaporous exultation not to be confined!

Ha! ha! the animation of delight  
Which wraps me, like an atmosphere of light,  
And bears me as a cloud is borne by its own wind.

*The Moon.* Brother mine, calm wanderer,  
Happy globe of land and air,

Some Spirit is darted like a beam from thee,  
Which penetrates my frozen frame,  
And passes with the warmth of flame,  
With love, and odour, and deep melody  
Through me, through me!

*The Earth.* Ha! ha! the caverns of my hollow  
mountains,

My cloven life crags, sound exulting fountains

Laugh with a vast and inextinguishable laughter.  
The oceans, and the deserts, and the abysses,  
And the deep air's unmeasured wildernesses,  
Answer from all their clouds and billows, echoing  
after.

This is but the first of the ten pages: the sequel, though it may seem impossible to sustain such "exquisite fooling," does not fall off. But we shall waste our own and our readers' time no longer. We have but to repeat, that when the finest specimens of inspired composition may be derived from the white-washed walls of St. Luke's or Hoxton, the author of *Prometheus Unbound*, being himself among these bound writers, and chained like his subject, will have a chance of classing with the foremost poets of the place.

*English Stories, (Second Series); including the period between the Accession of Henry III. and the Death of Henry VI.*  
By Maria Hack. London, 1820.  
12mo. pp. 311.

We are not acquainted with, or do not remember, the first series of this very useful and well managed publication; but if it resembles the volume now before us, it is entitled to the approbation of every friend of youth. The plan is formed to delineate the most striking facts in our national history, and at the same time to make sensible remarks on the conduct of the principal actors, and draw valuable inferences from the incidents. With this design, Harry and Lucy, the children of Mrs. B. and their mother, are introduced; the two former read the history, and the latter comments on its prominent features. It appears to us, that the most authentic historians have been consulted, and that the opinions put into the mouth of the elder character, while they are ingenious and acute, invariably tend to inculcate sound principles, and incite to virtuous actions. The work needs no higher praise.

PHILLIPS ON BRITISH FRUIT TREES.  
[Concluding Notice.]

*Mulberry.*—"Should a few spirited land-proprietors make the experiment of grubbing up their hedge-rows, and planting fences of mulberry-trees, I have no doubt but that in a few years they would reap as great a profit from their hedges as from their corn. It would find immediate employ for many labourers, and would in time require the assistance of thousands of the lower classes to gather the leaves and attend to the breeding and feeding of the silk-worms, the winding of the silk, &c.; indeed, the whole process is calculated as an employ for the aged and the infirm, who, being unable to do laborious work, must now, of necessity, add to the weight of the parochial taxes. I am fully of opinion that it would be the foundation of a permanent reduction in the poor-rates, which must continue to augment, unless employ be found equal to the increase of the population. It is worthy of notice that the trees, which are planted for the feeding of the

silk-worms, are seldom suffered to grow to a height to injure the land; but they are kept as shrubs or espaliers. The great nurseries of mulberry plants, in the plains of Valencia, in Spain, are produced from seeds, obtained by rubbing a rope of cypress with ripe mulberries, and then burying the rope two inches under ground. As the young plants come up they are drawn and transplanted; the trees are afterwards set out in rows in the fields, and pruned once in two years.

"The mulberry-tree's seldom producing fruit until it has arrived at a considerable age, has been much against its cultivation; but it is now discovered, that by grafting it from the aged trees, or, to use a common phrase, putting an old head on young shoulders, it soon becomes fruitful."

*Orange.*—"Oranges were first brought into Europe by Jean de Castro, a celebrated Portuguese warrior, who made them a present to the Conde Mellor, the king of Portugal's prime minister, who was only able to raise one plant from a great number that were brought to Europe. This tree, which was planted in 1548, and from which all the European orange-trees of this sort were produced, is said to be now alive at Lisbon, in the garden of Count S. Laurent.

"In the Philosophical Transactions, No. 114, there is a very remarkable account of a tree standing in a grove near Florence, having an orange stock, which had been so grafted on, that it became in its branches, leaves, flowers, and fruit, three-formed; some emulating the orange, some the lemon or citron, and some partaking of both forms in one. These mixed fruits never produce any perfect seeds: sometimes there are no seeds at all in them, and sometimes only a few empty ones.

"The Maltese graft their orange-trees on the pomegranate-stock, which causes the juice to be of a red colour, and the flavour to be more esteemed. The Rev. Mr. Hughes, in his Natural History of Barbadoes, mentions the golden orange as growing in that island. He describes the fruit as a large fine orange, of a deep colour within, from whence it derives the name Golden Orange. He adds, 'This fruit is neither of the Seville or China kind, though it partakes of both, having the sweetness of the China mixed with the agreeable bitterness and flavour of the Seville orange.'"

*Pear.*—"Miller mentions eighty varieties of the pear in his day; and, at the present time, they are so much increased, that Mr. Lee, of Hammersmith, assured me that he possessed 213 kinds of pear-trees. We trust that, while the Horticultural Society are seeking for new varieties, those of established fame will not be neglected. It is desirable to have our orchards planted with a variety, that we may have some for all seasons and for various purposes; but it is equally to be wished, that the best of each sort should be selected, not only of the dessert kinds, but those for baking and preserving, as well as those for making perry, which is one of the justly admired British beverages."

*Plum.*—"The Orleans plum takes in

name from the part of France so called. This is a handsome but an indifferent fruit, and not equal to the common Muscle plum in flavour, although it is more cultivated than even the Green Gage, which is not only the most agreeable, but also the most wholesome of all the plums. This latter plum was called the Reine Claude, from having been introduced into France by Queen Claude, wife to Francis the first of that country, but it bears various names in different parts of France. It is often called *dama verd*; at Tours it is named *abricot verd*; at Rouen, where it grows abundantly, they call it *la cerise bonne*. This plum received the name of Green Gage from the following accident. The Gage family, in the last century, procured from the monastery of the Chartreuse at Paris, a collection of fruit-trees. When these trees arrived at the mansion of Hengrave Hall, the tickets were safely affixed to all of them, excepting only to the Reine Claude, which was either omitted to have been put on, or was rubbed off in the package. The gardener, therefore, being ignorant of the name, called it, when it first bore fruit, the Green Gage. The compliment was justly due to the family for the introduction of this excellent plum, which is more acceptable to the country at large, than the trifling respect can be to the family of Gage. Lord Cromwell brought several sorts of plums from Italy into this country, in the reign of Henry VII.: among them was the Ferrignon.

"The Bonum Magnum is our largest plum, and greatly esteemed for preserves and culinary purposes. A plum of the same size and shape, but of a yellower hue, has lately been introduced by Mr. Coe, of Brompton, and is called Coe's Golden Drop. In flavour it partakes both of the Green Gage and the Apricot. I have several standard trees in my garden at Bayswater, which are very productive; and the fruit has the quality of keeping perfectly sound and good until near Christmas, if it be gathered with the stalk or a part of the branch, and suspended in a dry room."

**Raspberry.**—"The yellow or white raspberry is most admired at dessert: indeed all the white fruits of the berry kind, are sweeter than the coloured, but other fruits that are coloured are generally sweeter than the white."

"The red raspberry is considered the finest for flavouring ices, jams, &c. A third kind is cultivated, which produces two crops a year, but I have seldom met with the October raspberry, possessing much flavour."

"Raspberries are much cultivated in the neighbourhood of Isleworth and Brentford; from whence those are sent to London in swing carts, which are used by the distillers for making raspberry brandy, raspberry vinegar, &c. as also those used by confectioners and pastry-cooks: but the raspberries which are intended for the table are brought by women on their heads: their load consists of a round, or basket, containing twelve gallons, of three pints to a gallon; and, although the distance is ten miles from Isleworth to Covent Garden market, they regularly perform

the journey in two hours: for which they are paid three shillings and sixpence. From Hammersmith these industrious women will take a load three times a day, for which they receive eighteen-pence per load. These female fruit porters come to the vicinity of London for the season, from Wiltshire, Shropshire, and Wales: in their long journeys they seldom walk at a less pace than five miles per hour."

**Strawberry.**—"The varieties of the strawberry, like those of other fruits, been so increased, that, to describe them distinctly, would be almost impossible, even with the assistance of coloured drawings. The President of the Horticultural Society, Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq., states, that he has at this time not less than 400 varieties of this fruit in his garden. Among those which he has raised, is one from the white Chili strawberry and the pollen of the black strawberry."

**Service Tree.**—"This fruit, which is a native of England, is now a little known, and as rare in the London market, as the fruits of the most distant parts of the world; and the service-berry-tree is now so thinly scattered over the country, that many farmers do not even know its existence." \*

"The service-tree is still occasionally to be met with in the hedge-rows in Kent, and in the Wealds of Sussex, of the size of a moderate oak-tree; as also in the north of England and Wales."

"I know many noblemen and gentlemen object to fruit-bearing trees being planted on their estates, on the principle that it encourages depredations to injure their plantations; but this seems but a poor excuse for depriving themselves and the public of the beauty and variety which the blossoms give at one season of the year, and the fruit at another, particularly to those who have park-keepers, or bailiffs, on the premises."

The selfish principle noticed in this paragraph deserves the deepest attention. We are convinced that it is the cause of most of the destructive inclination observable in the inferior ranks of the people. Were they less excluded from enjoyments, they would have other feelings towards their sources; and were half the pains taken to furnish the poor with harmless recreations and allowable comforts, that are taken to deter from the one and deprive them of the other, we are assured, in our own minds, that it would produce the happiest effects in the country. Instead of proscribing rustic sports and innocent pleasures in towns, they ought to be invented and encouraged, in moderation, for the labouring classes; instead of thorns and brambles, it would be wisdom to plant flowers and fruits. Then envy and hatred would not be felt towards pleasures which were participated instead of being forbidden: then would abundance and the liberty of slight gratification convert the malicious destroyers and pilferers into the grateful admirers and protectors of things in which they were allowed to have ever so little of a common interest."

**Walnut.**—"Pliny tells us, that the Romans honoured walnuts with the name of

'Juglandes, viz. Jupiter's nuts.' They were much used at weddings by this people."

"This author has written much on their medical virtues, book 23, chap. 18, wherein he says, that 'the more walnuts one eats, with more ease will he drive worms out of his stomach; and that, eaten before meals, they lessen the effects of any poisonous food: eaten after onions,' he states, 'they keep them from rising, and prevent the disagreeable smell.'"

"Walnuts are considered stomachic: their oil is a good medicine for the stone and gravel. The bark of the tree is a strong emetic, either green or dried and powdered. The unripe fruit is used in medicine for the destruction of worms, and is administered in the form of an extract. I find, if the water in which the outside covering of walnuts has been steeped, be thrown on the ground, the worms will immediately come out of the earth: anglers often use this means to obtain bait for fishing." [But with no effect; we have often tried it, and pronounce it a quack expedient.]

"The walnut-tree was formerly cultivated in England for the sake of the wood, which was in great esteem for cabinet goods, before mahogany and other curious woods were imported from America into this kingdom, which was about the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the use of mahogany was discovered by the following chance:—Dr. Gibbons, an eminent physician, was building a house in King Street, Covent Garden. His brother, who was a West-India captain, brought over some planks of this wood as ballast, which he thought might be of service in his brother's building; but the carpenters finding the wood too hard for their tools, it was laid aside as useless. Soon after, Mr. Gibbons wanting a candle-box, the doctor called on his cabinet-maker (Wollaston, in Long Acre) to make him one of some wood that lay in his garden. Wollaston also complained that it was too hard; but the Doctor insisted on having it done; and, when finished, it was so much liked, that the doctor ordered a bureau to be made of the same wood, which was accordingly done; and the fine colour, polish, &c. were so pleasing, that he invited all his friends to see it. Among them was the Duchess of Buckingham: Her Grace begged some of the same wood of Dr. Gibbons, and employed Wollaston to make her a bureau also. On this the fame of mahogany and Mr. Wollaston was much raised; and furniture made of this wood became general."

We have now approached the close of our selections from Mr. Phillips's book; and when we look back on their variety, importance in many respects, and interesting mélange of intelligence and anecdote, we feel assured, that they must have been acceptable to the public. But it would be doing gross injustice to the author, not to add, that they are but meagre samples of that mass of curious matter which he has laid before us. His work is susceptible of some literary improvement; but for extent of information, utility, and most of the other good qualities which can be desired in a pro-

duction of its kind, it is really deserving of the warmest eulogy. Pleased with his labours, we conclude with an extract in favour of that branch of science of which he is so ardent a professor and so able a cultivator.

"The following anecdote, as related by Ray, will prove how necessary it is for all classes of men to be in some measure acquainted with botany: the counsellor who would be a judge, the student who would be a pleader, the jurymen who would give an honest verdict, and the defendant who would gain his cause, will, in this instance, see the importance of botanical information."

"Baal, who was a gardener at Brentford, in Middlesex, having cultivated a remarkably fine cabbage, sold a large quantity of the seeds to several gardeners about the suburbs of London. They committed them to the ground after the usual manner; but instead of the sort Baal had made them believe would spring up, they proved to be chiefly the *brassica longifolia*, instead of the *florid*. His incensed customers, in a body, instantly commenced, in Westminster Hall, a prosecution against him. The unfortunate man being unable to prove his innocence before the judges, the court found him guilty of fraud; and he was condemned, not only to restore the price given for the seeds, but was likewise obliged to pay each gardener for the loss of time, and for the ground that had been uselessly occupied. His character and circumstances were consequently ruined; which impaired his health, and caused him to pay an untimely debt to nature. Had the judges been at all apprised of the sexual hypothesis, or had this honest man known, from careful observation, the use of the farina in rendering the pistillum productive, Baal would not have been found guilty of a crime, but the accident would have been attributed to the true cause, the fortuitous impregnation of the *brassica florid* by the farina of the *brassica longifolia* growing in the neighbourhood." *Finis.*

CURIOUS LETTER from Dr. Matthew Guthrie to the *Editor*, in which it is justly remarked by the *Editor* of the posthumous correspondence, lately published, contains much learning, antiquarian research, pleasantness, and good sense, as bad spelling and punctuation.

St Petersburg, Sept. 12<sup>th</sup> O. S. 1775.

Dr Sir,

"A man from the frigid Zone, in consequence of having read your Elegant translation of Terence with your commentations, has taken the Liberty of sending you a Small present of little Value but some curiosity. It consists of some rude Musical Instruments in common use in the interior parts of this Empire (Russia) where no foreign custom has found an Entrance for many centuries, and where modern improvements in Music and almost every thing Else, have never been heard of. I mean to be understood as speaking of the interior parts of the Empire far removed from the State of Government, for certainly in the place of my ordinary residence St Petersburg there are few of the fine arts that have not found their way. Some of the

Instruments I send you I think resemble those that we are told were introduced upon the Grecian Stage whilst in its rude, Simple, confined State, and probably you may find with me a resemblance between the unequal flutes which I send you, and those so often mentioned as accompaniments to the Ancient Drama at its first appearance, they are piped upon by our Russian Shepherds and I think answer to Horace's description,

*Tibia non ut tunc, orichalcio vineta, tubaque  
A'mula; sed tenuis, simplexq; foramine paucis  
&c.*

The Learned Montfaucon was at a loss to conceive how a double flute could create an agreeable harmony yet supposed that it was even more in use with the Ancients than the single; but I am of opinion if he had heard one of those rustics mentioned above play upon it his infidelity would have been removed, at least it pleases my untaught Ear, he also supposes that the two Flutes were in fact separated, but that the several Pipes of each join in the mouth of the Player; this opinion seems to be confirmed by those sent both with regard to construction and manner of playing upon them. he also says "that the flute at first had but three holes and that they were afterwards multiply'd to seven and even ten." certainly these strengthen this assertion and are good Samples of the flute whilst in its rude unimproved state with only three holes.—I shall make one observation more upon them, that I think they are not unlike the unequal flutes in the Mouth of Francisco Ficaroris female Minstrel whom you have given us a plate of, and those She is playing on seem by the application of her fingers to have also but three Holes. As to the Flutes that were termed by the Ancients Right and Left handed I can pick up nothing in this part of the World that throws any light upon the Subject (alho I have met with another of their instruments in common use as I shall mention after I have given Some description of those I Send) for I suppose there must have been something in their construction that made the name applicable. You will find in the Case another rustick Shepherd's Pipe made of Wood and the Bark of a Tree that I think is as well intitled from its appearance to the Honor of the Original Bucolic Pipe as any thing I have seen, alho I must confess that the captivating Pipe of Theoricus must have had a little more sweetness in it or he would have found some difficulty to have charmed Lycidas the Goatherd out of his Crook. It has Six Stops and is used here to swell the Chorus of a Rustick Song similar perhaps to that which was the father of Drama, it is sung by one voice but a number of Boors join the Chorus and sing in parts, I wish from my heart I had the learn'd Dr Burney's Technical Pen to give you a description of both the Vocal and instrumental parts Secund. Art. but I am a judge of no composition but a Bolus or Pill, so you must take the will for the deed, however thus much I can inform you of that it has a deep harsh Note and serves to swell the Chorus alho it does not add much to the Melody. Besides this Pipe they accompany the Chorus

with a stranger sort of an instrument consisting of two Bunches of hollow, oval, Brass Grapes I believe I must call them, for they resemble very much Clusters of Grapes when suspended over the Players Head one in each hand, which he shakes and occasionally strikes together so as to keep time to the Music, this Performer throws himself into a Number of Barchick postures and has much the appearance of one half mad with Liquor. I am almost tempted to hazard an opinion that this very figure has made its appearance in Antique Musical Groups but from the great resemblance his instrument bears to grapes he has always been taken by the Moderns for a mad Bacchanalian, I wish Sir you that are so founded in these Subjects would pursue this hint and see if there is any thing to confirm it. They are commonly strung like these sent, upon wooden Spoons for the advantage of striking the convex sides of their mouths together which I suppose they find answer better than common sticks.

The next instrument you'll find in the Case I don't know what name to give it but take it to be the Mother of your Guitarrer, Lutes, &c. and certainly has the most rude Simple appearance that ever stringed instrument bore, it is certainly in its first State of invention from both its Shape Materials and Number of Strings being only two, and the whole formed by the hand of the Shepherd himself, as indeed are all the rest, but the Brass Grapes—It is surprising what execution the Russ Boors have upon these instruments considering their Simplicity, and what I admire most is the Ease with which they fill for a leuth of time the pipe cover'd with Bark which you need only try to be a judge of—

upon the whole I take all these to have been the musical instruments of the Ancient Slavonians or Slavi that possessed the tract of Country afterwards called Russia and that escaped Rurick and the Waragians or Rossians who over ran and took possession of the Country as I find non of them in those parts where the invaders came from

I have also visited our new conquered Provinces Moldavia and seen part of Walachia inhabited by Greeks who are certainly not descended from the Heras that bore the same name in the Ancient World, for a race of more ignorant lazy dastardly People I never saw however what makes me mention this part of my travels is to take notice to you of finding the Pipe of Pan consisting of Seven unequal reeds in common use in Moldavia, The performer upon it always accompanies a Group of itinerant Minstrels who are the only musicians they have in those Parts which I had the clearest proof of at a Ball which the Nobility of the province gave to Prince Orlof Ambassador plenat at the Congress, the Field Marshal Romanoff, Sir Charles Knowles &c. they could muster no other music and we danced Greek dances to Pans Pipe, another instrument resembling a Violin, a sort of Tabor, and the Voire of a Barl who was perhaps singing Homer in Modern Greek, or might be celebrating our activity in the Whirling Ring, with extem-

pory Song like Mr. Barretti's Spaniards for any thing I knew to the contrary.

If I remember right it has been a matter of inquiry amongst the moderns, in what manner the Ancient Greeks join'd their Winding dance, which they threw into so many gracefull figures; whether by joining hands or laying hold of a string. It is danced to this day by the modern Greek Ladies exactly in the same manner that I have seen it painted, they form a long Single file by each Lady laying hold with one hand of the end of a handkerchief, and they twist this line into a great many gracefull figures, according to the fancy of the first or leading Nymph, in a sort of gracefull flowing minuet Step. however these people seem to think Activity in every shape as much below them, and seem to adhere as religiously to the Graces as my Lord Chesterfield. There is a considerable resemblance between this last mentioned Dance and a Polonoise only with the difference of a Single instead of a double line, and I make no doubt but the Poles have taken it from the Greek one as the country borders one another, but they seem to have thought a Line of males no bad addition and a hand sufficient without a Kerchief.

When upon this Musical Subject, I must take notice to you also of a Company of Buccarin Tartars who have travel'd from their own country down here to show their dexterity upon the Rope, and given me an opportunity of seeing the Drum I really believe in its first state of invention. It consists of an Earthen Pot that Bellys towards the top and covered with a piece of dried Lambskin which they beat with two round Sticks without Nobs at the Ends, which would be unnecessary as they apply the whole surface of the Stick to the parchment.

A pair of these Pot Drums, a Sort of Tabor coverd only of one side and hung with Iron rings, and a screaming Pipe; is the music with which they exhilarate the Spectators during the performance, and I make no doubt but that it has the proper effect in Buccaria altho the four instruments dont produce Six different Sounds.

One would be almost tempted to suppose that those People derived their name from BUCCA as their face is almost all Cheek. I cant help making an observation upon the performance of those Eastern Neurobati, that altho they perform some difficult feats upon the rope (which is a thick Hare one and they dance it barefooted) yet there is that Asiatic Lector attends them which I have observed every where in the East that I have visited; they have nothing of that activity which accompanies European Performance. One thing more offers it self before I take my leave The Finnas or Finns the ancient inhabitants of these countries bordering the Gulph where we now dwell, have the Bagpipe in a very rude State and from its venerable Simple appearance I strongly suspect it to be the Parent of our Scotch one (as I am resolved to Send you no Orphan) for considering that its principle residence is in the Highlands, and that the Western Islands were often visited by the Baltic Gen- tery it seems very probable that they had

the Honor of introducing that war-breathing Bulga. but at the same time I dont mean even to hint that they have most distant claim to the Fibrogh, the Cronough, or any of these Noble Strains which the Highlanders have taught it, on the contrary, I have the best opportunity of judging of their merit by hearing the mean Original—

I think Sir I have now exacted a sufficient Share of your patience in return for my present, so will now quit Scores; and assure you that I am your

admirer and obedient Humble Servant  
MATHEW GUTHRIE M. D.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## ANCIENT SUPERSTITIONS.—NO. I.

(Concluded.)

The Funerals of the Ancients were likewise celebrated on the third day; thus the author of the Argonautics,

At vero orantes supremo funus honore,  
Trea totos conduit lugubri marmore soles,  
Magnificè tumulant quarto.

Vat. Mar. lib. ii.

Also in Book 3d.

Inde ter armatos Minys referentibus orbes  
Concussu tremuere rogi, ter inhorruit æther  
Lactificum clangente tubæ, jectæ supremo  
Tum clamore facies.

As the ancients believed that the ghosts of unburied men were incapable of obtaining admittance into the realms of bliss, but were compelled to wander, for a certain number of years, on the banks of the river Styx, so they entertained the idea that this unhappy fate could be avoided by erecting a sepulchre for their bodies, and repeating their names thrice, in order to call their ghosts to the habitation prepared for them: thus *Æneas*, in *Virgil*, performs this office for *Deiphobus*;

Tunc egomet tumulum Rhætoe in littore inæm  
Constitui, et magnâ Manes ter voce vocavi.

Æneid. 6, v. 506.

And *Antonine* has described this superstitious custom in the following elegant lines:

Hoc satis et tumulis, satis et telluris ægæis;  
Vocæ cicer amicus fueris instar habet:  
Gaudet compositi cicerus nam nomina dici;  
Frontibus hoc scriptis et monumenta jubent:  
Ille etiam mortui cui definit una sepulchri,  
Nominis ter dicto penè sepulchro erit.

Præfat. Parnal.

They likewise purified themselves thrice after a funeral, which ceremony *Virgil* thus alludes to:

Idem ter socios purâ circumtulit undâ,  
Spergens rore levi, et ranno felicia viros:  
Lastravitque viros.—

Æneid. 6, v. 229.

The names of such who died in foreign countries were also called over three times; and *Homer* informs us that *Ulysses* did so, when he lost some of his men in a battle with the Cicones:

Οὐδ' ἄρα μοι προτίειπ' ἦτος κίον ἀμύδιλασαι,  
Πέντε τ' αὖτις διδόν' ἵππεσσι ΤΡΩΕ ἱεράς ὄσας,  
Οἱ δ' αὖτος ἐν νηὶ Κικόνων ὕπο δαΐδ' ἔειπεν.

And *Hercules*, in *Theocritus*, calls on *Hylas* three times:

ΤΡΙΣ μὲν Ταν' αἶψα ἴδον βαδὺν ἄρρηκ' λαμπρῶς.  
The Eucharist in like manner, in *Theocritus*, is extremely exact in the number of her libations:

Ἐς ΤΡΙΕ ἀποσπίνδα, καὶ ΤΡΙΕ ταδὶ νότῃνα, φῶνδ.

Traces of this superstition adherence to odd numbers present themselves in every part of the globe:—the Mexicans look upon *five* as a sacred figure; the Persis pray at *five* stated times every day; the Chinese, in performing the abject ceremony of the *Koutou*, knock their heads *nine* times on the ground; the Sabians make their fasts to consist of *nine* or *seven* days; the Mahometans divide Hell into *seven* regions,—on their pilgrimage to Mecca, they surround the *Cadba seven* times,—kiss the black stone at the corner *seven* times,—run between the mountains of *Safâ* and *Mercaa seven* times,—and fling *seven* stones at the devil in the Valley of *Mîna*! But notwithstanding all these authorities in favour of *odd numbers*, yet the number *thirteen* was considered excessively ominous, and it was supposed that when thirteen persons met together in a room, one of them would die within the year: this Pliny mentions, "Quin et repente conticescere convivium adnotatum est, non nisi in pari præsentium numero." *Nat. Hist. lib. 28, c. 2.*

Even numbers, on the other hand, were always considered as unlucky; thus in the "Honest Lawyer," by S. S., in 1616.—"Sure 'tis not a lucky time: the first crow I heard this morning cried *twice*. This *even*, Sir, is no good number." This passage evidently alluding to the old vulgar saying of

One crow good luck,  
Two crows bad luck;  
Three crows a wedding,  
Four crows a burying.

I shall close my present paper and this subject, with a few remarks on the attention which the *Jews* paid to numbers. In the perusal of the sacred writings it will appear evident that great regard was had to numbers: thus we have the following particulars respecting the number *three*;—He shall purify himself on the *third* day,—shall sprinkle upon the unclean on the *third* day,—called Samuel the *third* time—in the *third* day he will raise us up—he went out about the *third* hour, and prayed the *third* time—the *third* time that Jesus shewed himself to his disciples, after that he was risen from the dead—and the *third* part of the sea became blood—and a *third* part of the creatures which were in the sea died—and the *third* part of the ships were destroyed—and the *third* part of the sun was smitten, and the *third* part of the moon, and the *third* part

• "Si in Convivio sicut *tridectum* Convive, creditur intra Annum aliquem de istis moriturum; totidem enim personæ accumbentibus mensæ, quando *Christus* celebravit Eucharistiam pridie quam mortuus est. Sic inter superstitiones triginta unus numerus ominousus est, quia *Christus* triginta denarius venditus est." *Peir. Moll. var. Vales. c. 219.*



of the stars, so, as the *third* part of them was darkened, and the day shone not for the *third* part of it, &c. &c. Of the number *seven*:—Went up by *seven* steps—shall purify *seven* days—least of *seven* days—*seven* priests shall blow before the altar *seven* trumpets—compounded the city *seven* times—*seven* spirits which are about the throne—mystery of the *seven* stars—*seven* lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the *seven* spirits of God—the *seventh* day is the Sabbath—the *seventh* year shall be a Sabbath—purify yourselves on the *seventh* day—Enoch the *seventh* from Adam—the *seventh* Angel sounded, &c. &c.

Of the number *forty*:—It rained *forty* days and *forty* nights—Moses was *forty* years in Egypt, *forty* years he fled from the face of Pharaoh, *forty* years he led the *Israelites* in the desert, and was in the Mount *forty* days and *forty* nights—the spies searched the land *forty* days—*forty* days, and *Nineveh* shall be destroyed—when he had fasted *forty* days—being seen of them *forty* days, &c. &c. The Jews had moreover a secret and significant meaning in their Hebrew names of men, the letters of which signified numbers; but which I shall for the present pass over, for the purpose of bringing this paper to a close.

CAUS.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## STEEL ENGRAVING.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—As you have more than once mentioned in your Journal the inventions of Messrs. Perkins and Fairman, your readers may perhaps be interested by the following article translated from the *Bibliothèque Universelle* of Geneva for July 1820.

*Claim to the priority of the invention of engraving in relief on copper, by the pressure of a plate engraved by incision (encreux) on steel.*

Paris, 25 July 1820.

Gentlemen,—In your valuable collection, you give the translation of some details respecting the inventions of Messrs. Perkins and Fairman relating to the art of engraving.

The editor of the Journal of the Royal Institution of London, from which the article is extracted, assigns to his countrymen the honour of the discovery which he lays before the public, and enriches with it the century we live in, which, though in its infancy, is already so opulent.

Permit me, gentlemen, to protest against these two assertions, and to claim for the eighteenth century, and especially for the French artists, the priority of the invention and discovery attributed to Messrs. Perkins and Fairman.

I owe it to the distinguished artists with whose labours my functions associated me during three years, not to permit them to be deprived in silence of one of their fairest claims—the gratitude of the friends of the arts.

\* The writer seems unaware that Messrs. Perkins and Fairman are not Englishmen, but Americans.—Ed.

M. A. G. Camus, Member of the French Institute, read to that society, on the 17th of March and 27th of May 1798, a memoir, the title of which was "*Histoire et Procédés du Poly-type et de la Stérotypie.*" This work was printed at Paris, and published by Baudouin in November 1801.

I had communicated to M. Camus the original memoirs, and the copies of the writings which my office had enabled me to collect respecting all the parts of the manufacture of assignats, the direction of which was confided to me from 1792 to 1795.

As the room which you can allow to a mere notice does not permit me to enter into long developments, I content myself with quoting the work of M. Camus.

Page 77. The plate of copper being laid upon the plate of engraved steel, was subjected to the action of a screw-press, and he (Gingembre) obtained in relief upon the copper the lines engraved by incision (encreux) upon the steel. He disposed plates of Rose Copper, well annealed, and after having laid them on the plate of hard copper, he caused the two plates together to pass under the rollers of the flattening mill, and this pressure gave him as many plates, in relief, or *encreux*, as he could desire.

Page 87. Fiezingher made some essays in engraving on steel; and by the processes mentioned in page 77, identical plates were obtained.

Pages 93 and 94. Herhan being charged with the polypage of the etching of the assignats of 400 and of 50 livres, polypayed for those of 400 livres, 897 primary stamps or coins, *poings mères* (i. e. in relief), 488 secondary ditto (in hollow); 190 stamps over this number were found to be defective. For the assignats of 50 livres, Herhan polypayed 4,760 *poings mères* (in relief) and 7,684 secondary ditto; 1,140 stamps above this number were found to be defective.

These extracts suffice, I think, to prove, 1. That a French artist (Gingembre) was the first who conceived the idea of transferring to copper the engraving in very low relief executed on steel.

2. That a French artist (Fiezingher) subsequently executed on steel, an engraving which was polypayed on copper.

3. That subsequently to this, Herhan was charged to polypage on copper, after the original engraved on steel, the eagle and the figure of liberty printed on the assignats of 400 livres and of 50 livres.

I must add, that at a late period I made Tardieu retouch the head of Ceres engraved by him on steel two years before, and that copper impressions were taken from it, not under the stamp or the flattening mill, but under a screw-press, (*d'un pas serré*) turning in its nut (*écrou*) of copper; on the head of the screw is placed an iron handle, each part being four or five feet long, which two men, one at each extremity of the handle, cause to descend on the engraved steel plate, which is covered with a plate of annealed copper.

At the instant when the plate fastened to the end of the screw touches the copper, the two men push the bar with an equable motion, and by a slow and successive pressure,

a pure and perfect impression is obtained of the steel upon the copper.

M. Camus has not fixed the year in which Gingembre made his first essays to obtain an impression on copper from an engraving on steel: the authentic documents in my possession prove that these first trials were made about April 1791; that the multiplication of the two medallions etched by Fiezingher, were executed under the stamp, by Diox, from June to September 1792; lastly, that the polypage by Herhan, from steel on copper, and from copper upon copper, was executed in 1793 and 1794.

Experience has discovered in the use of the various processes described by M. Camus, such defects, that the plates (*pièces*) being no longer identically the same, the employment of engraving in the composition of assignats has been entirely renounced, unless the thing to be printed required only one single press.

4. Copper, when strongly pressed, experiences in all its parts an extension proportioned to its degree of annealing and to its thickness. The difference between two impressions in copper has been found to amount in the eagle and in the figure of liberty to two centimetres 25-100ths (a line); hence the identity is destroyed.

If such a difference has been discovered on so small a surface as that of these two engravings of 30 and 66 square centimetres (4 square inches and 9 square inches), it is easy to foresee the enormous difference which will result from the multiplication of engraving on any large copper plates, especially when this multiplication shall be effected under a cylinder acting as a flattening mill.

If you think these observations, hastily drawn up, worthy of attention, please to make such use of them as you shall think proper; my sole object has been to prove that we owe the invention to French artists at the close of the eighteenth century.

Please to accept, Sir, &amp;c.

F. E. GUILLOT,

Ex-director of Assignats,  
Paris, Rue Duphot, No. 16.

## LITERATURE &amp; LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## OXFORD, AUG. 19.

The anniversary meeting of the Cambro-British Members of Jesus College, in this University, was held at Aberystwyth, a few days since. At three o'clock in the afternoon those productions to which the prizes had been awarded were read by the Rev. Daniel Evans, Fellow of the above-mentioned College. The premiums of 20*l.* for the best Welsh Essay on the words of Taliesin, "*Eu Hiaith a gadwant*;" and that of 2*l.* for the best six Englynion (Stanzas) on the following subject:—"LWYDDIAST I GOLIC JEST," were given in favour of the Rev. John Jones, B. A. (Joan Tegyd) of Jesus College. Mr. Thos. Davies, of the same College, was pronounced entitled to the prize 10*l.* for the best translation of a sermon in the Welsh language.

The verse from which the above subject was taken runs thus:—

Eu Ner a folant,  
Eu hialh a gadwant,  
Eu tir a gollant,

Ond Gwyllt Wallis.

Thus translated into Latin by Dr. Davies of Mallywyd, in North Wales.

Uque laudabant Dominum creatum,

Uque servabant idioma linguae

Arraque amittent sua cuncta, praeter

Wallacia rura.

And thus paraphrastically in English by J. W.

Still shall they chant their great Creator's praise;  
Still, still retain their language and their lays;

Not thought preserve of all their wide domains,  
Save Wallia's wild, uncultivated plains.

(Oxford Herald.)

#### ENGLISH LITERATURE ON THE CONTINENT.

Among the new circumstances of these times of international peace which come under this denomination, we have to notice the curious fact of a course of lectures on English literature being delivered at Geneva! We observe by the prospectus, syllabus, and letters which have reached us from Switzerland, that the lecturer, Thomas Mulock, Esq. (late of Magdalen Hall, and known to the British public by several political and theological works, as well as by his taste in the belles-lettres), commenced this course on the 7th ult. and that the Genevese are so earnest in the cultivation of our literature, that his success has been very great. The audience of the five lectures up to the 17th consisted of Germans, Italians, Genevese, and English; and nine discourses yet remained to be delivered of the proposed series, which was divided into four chronological eras, and embraced a comprehensive view of the subject, interspersed with criticisms, from the dawning of letters in Britain, to the close of the last reign. Independent of the novelty of the circumstance of hearing the English language propagating English Letters in the midst of so many tongues, we may fairly reckon it a matter of national concern, that so able an apostle as Mr. Mulock has assumed the literary cross.

#### EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.

On the 1st of August, the *Senatus Academicus* of this University conferred the degree of Doctor of Medicine on 121 gentlemen; viz. 31 of Scotland, 34 of England, 41 of Ireland, 1 of Geneva, 1 of Petersburg, 1 of Canada, 2 of America, 1 of the West Indies, 2 of Jamaica, 3 of Barbadoes, 1 of Antigua, 1 of Honduras, and 2 of the East Indies. This large number proves the continued fame of this noble School for medical education; even though a considerable proportion consisted of graduates who had previously served in the army and navy.

#### FINE ARTS.

*Reflections on the close of the British Gallery Exhibition of Portraits.*

The numerous works of the old masters, which of late years have been in succession exhibited on the walls of the *British Institution*, have effected the patriotic object fore-

seen by the sagacious spirit of its liberal projectors, by diffusing through the whole nation a regard for the *Fine Arts*, and planting the seeds of taste in the bosoms of thousands, who but for this generous zeal in the cause of genius, would have passed away like their progenitors, totally regardless of such object:—thus opening a channel of delight to many persons of leisure and fortune, who, stimulated by these rare examples, have taken up the interests of art with such a growing ardour as to find in the pursuit the richest source of rational enjoyment.

We have been attentive observers of the progress of this establishment from its beginning; and animated by the same spirit which raised the structure, the love of our country, offer our humble tribute of congratulation and respect, at the shrine of its success.

That mind cannot be envied that is indifferent to posthumous honours. Who could visit the British Gallery, and contemplate the many almost living images of these our illustrious countrymen, without feeling emotions of love and veneration for their memory. The sons of those yet unborn, may contemplate in a future gallery the portraits of the founders of the British Institution. Time marshals merit and worth with unerring impartiality—hence future generations may behold a Gower occupying the next space to a Pembroke; a Long by the side of an Addison; a Baring with a Gresham; and the munificent Sir Joseph Banks seated by the benevolent John Evelyn!

No single head in the collection, perhaps, combines more of what is the object of research than that by Vandyke of the British *Mæcenas* of the seventeenth century. It exhibits great freedom of execution, being wrought with thinness, purity, and transparency; qualities in which the English school are most deficient. It is not so florid as Rubens, nor so artificial as Rembrandt, nor so inexplicable as the style of Titian. It has the very tone and texture of life, and displays the masterly finishing of a hand, held in prompt obedience to an eye,—a painter's acute eye, which reads nature at a glance.

Comparisons of the works of the living with the dead, are too often made to the wilful disparagement of the former, prompted by the spirit of vanity or ill-nature. The dead are no rivals, and the living are thus brought down, whatever their excellence, to a nearer mental standard with the multitude who eat and drink, until "gathered to their fathers" by the fleeting ministers of oblivion. Our contemporaries' artists, will not feel angry with us for according to Vandyke these honours; for the painters of our day, we observe, at all collections of the works of the old schools, are the first to point out these, and other excellences in this great Flemish master. They all admit he drew more correctly, and painted with greater purity. It is these qualities then, so difficult of attainment, but when attained so easy of application (for Vandyke executed with mighty facility), that we strenuously recommend to the observations

of the students, who will now have a fair opportunity afforded them to accomplish a much desired object.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, even to the youthful essayist in this delightful art, that the process used by the generality of our painters is not the same as the process either of Italian, Venetian, Dutch, or Flemish schools. Every great master of former ages had his disciples, under whose auspices the executive principles of the art were taught, by systems as comprehensible as the rules of rhetoric at our public academies. Hence the student acquired a knowledge of the materials; all the *handicraft* by which he was to realize his own views of the prototype he sought in the vast field of nature. In England, every painter has to instruct himself. The art is begun *de novo* by every new candidate for fame; and hence, the willing hand toils laboriously after the excursive mind, too weak to execute its will.

Rubens, whose powers of execution as tonish and delight, has left a precept, which cannot be too strongly inculcated to the rising artist; for where the beginning is wrong, few have sufficient constancy, though journeying, as they thought, onward for the region of truth, to retrace their steps on discovering that they are far advanced in the path of error. This great painter says, "Begin by painting in your shadows lightly, taking particular care that no white is suffered to glide into them; it is the poison of a picture, except in the lights; if once your shadows are corrupted by the introduction of this baneful colour, your tones will no longer be warm and transparent but heavy and leady. It is not the same in the lights; they may be loaded with colour as much as you may think proper, provided the tones are kept pure; you are *sure* to succeed in placing each tint in its *place*, and afterwards by a light blending with the brush or pencil, melting them into each other without *tormenting* them; and on this preparation, may be given those decided touches, which are always the distinguishing marks of the great master."

It is want of attention to this golden precept, or if he knew it not, the want of power to follow its dictates, that causes the pictures by our honoured Reynolds, to suffer by comparison, when surrounded with the works of the old schools—and by those of the great Flemish masters, Rubens and Vandyke, he suffers most. The grand conception of form, the majesty of light and shadow, the just perception of character, and all the strength which are displayed by his gigantic powers, cannot bear Reynolds up to the comparison of the dazzling brilliancy of these. His pictures look dull, "*heery, and leady*,"—destitute of the viracious rancour of the Flemish style of art.

It is when dwelling on the conviction this deficiency in the English style of painting, that we have often been almost urged to venture with due deference to suggest to the enlightened and noble directors, whether during the time which is allowed for copying the fine specimens lent for the imitation of the youth who paint in the

Gallery, it would not be advisable to appoint professors, who might afford advice to the students. Such might find among our distinguished painters.

Mr. Ward has sufficiently proved his knowledge of the process of every celebrated school, whether Italian, Venetian, Dutch, or Flemish; we allude to his own inimitable representation of animals, wherein the purity and transparency of the happiest periods of art have been rivalled by his brilliant pencil and masterly execution. His copy of Titian, by favour of the Marquis of Stafford, at Cleveland House, has all the original spirit of that great master, and his pasticcios of every school, bear testimony to the extent of his powers. He could direct the student, and point the way to this desired object; and thus effect a reformation in the executive department. This is all that is wanted: we have a superabundance of mind and talent in every other attribute of the art. If to this distinguished painter, at the approaching opening of the British Gallery, were added the sterling talent of Mr. Phillips, the students might by their aid be directed to the development of the pure Flemish style, and England might commence a new era, and excel the world in arts as in commerce, and in arms.

#### BRIGHTON GALLERY.

A Correspondent at Brighton (under the signature of P. S.) informs us that two picture galleries have been opened there, and describes one of them as containing the following works of art. A Moses striking the rock, by Nicholo Poussin, formerly in the Houghton Gallery, and combining all the well known beauties of design and colouring peculiar to that great master; an original Marriage of St. Catherine by Parmigiano, painted for the Grand Duke of Tuscany, which for harmony of composition and richness of colouring deserves equally the encomium of the connoisseur and the admiration of those less experienced; an exquisitely finished portrait of Menga, by himself; and a Cupid in Vulcan's Forge, by Domenichino; the Cupid is particularly beautiful, the expression of countenance, and grace of the head, as he archly shows his Mother the sharpened point of his arrow, and the ease and repose of the whole contour of the figure, are sweetly wrought, which with the deep shade enveloping the back ground, and throwing a softness over the colouring, affords one of the most voluptuous evidences of the magic of the chiaro oscuro. This painting combines so finely the masterly disposition of light and soft colouring of Corregio, with the beauties of expression produced by Domenichino, that it is a contested point, to which of these great artists it is to be attributed. In addition to these are numerous specimens of the Italian, Dutch, English, and French schools, and perhaps the most splendid collection of De Louthembourg extant, comprising thirty-one paintings.

#### THE TOMB OF JULIET,

Of which Mr. Galiffe gives so whimsical an account, we forgot to mention in our Re-

view, had previously attracted so much of our attention that we not only inserted an original account of it from a distinguished pen, but also an accurate engraving, in Number 9 of the Literary Gazette—March 22, 1817.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

NOTHING.

Aug. 28, 1820.

Sir.—In offering the following translation, it is much for a Neophyte to request that you would differ for a time from the noblest sentiment of the foster-friend of Scipio—"Humani nil a me alienum puto."—I have nothing in rhyme (or reason) to back my desire; yet whilst I am assured that among your richly-stored columns, *nothing*—meritless or faulty—can find a place; let me not be deemed *paradoxical*, or *malicious*, when I express the hope that they may shortly contain *Nothing*, that will prove agreeable or entertaining to your numerous readers.

I am, sir, yours respectfully,  
TO THE EDITOR OF THE  
Literary Gazette. ΟΥΔΕΙΣ.

• JOANNIS PANSERATII POEMA.

..... οὐδὲν γὰρ οὐδὲν ΟΥΔΕΝ.....  
ΟΥΔΕΝ ἢ ἄλλοι οὐδὲν. ΑΝΤΙΟ.

Another year revolves! the festal days  
Require their due, my tributary lays.  
What! the Castalian fountain drain'd so low  
That not a streamlet can be forced to flow?  
The exhausted fancy sink o'erworn,  
So soon desert, and point me out to scorn?  
No! If she thus with my mistresses sport,  
Let newer plans, and unknown paths be sought.  
Yet whilst my muse on every side looks round,  
Despise her not though *Nothing* still be found;  
*Nothing* than gems is richer; whilst with gold  
*Nothing* a just comparison will hold.  
Turn then your thoughts on *Nothing*, and be  
kind,—  
For look thro' Rome and Greece—and you will  
find  
That *Nothing* ever 'scaped their poets' eyes,—  
*Nothing* to their attempts the Muse denies,  
Where'er on earth bright Ceres holds her reign,  
Or billowy Neptune lords it o'er the main,  
Without beginning *Nothing* is produced;  
And *Nothing* of immortality can boast.  
*Nothing* with heav'n's high power may well com-  
peer;

Then *Nothing* let us serve with equal fear.  
More than the grove delights, can *Nothing* please,  
*Nothing* is softer than the zephyr's breeze;  
The gayest garden *Nothing* can outvie—  
Greener than meadows *Nothing* meets the eye;  
*Nothing* thro' hostile fury can endure,  
In peace is just, in treaties is secure;  
Who *Nothing* has (Tibullus speaks) is blest—  
The traitor's wife ne'er harnesses his rest;  
Pointless for him, is sheath'd the assassin's knife,  
Silent the tongues of all judicial strife.  
The minds which Zeno's arduous lessons fire  
For *Nothing* hope—and *Nothing* long desire;  
+ The Prince of Grecian wisdom, see! declares  
That *Nothing* is the end of all his cares:

• The original may be found annexed to Johnson's Life of Rochester.

+ Socrates, after contemplating the power of the Divinity, exclaimed in despair, that the sum of his own knowledge was less than *Nothing*.

*Nothing* at school is gain'd; ah, happy fate!  
Since to know *Nothing*, both in church and state,

Seems one sure op'ning to be rich and great.  
Know *Nothing*, and the horrid "Pun" is seen,  
Which fill'd Philosophy's forbidden bean.  
Behold! the earth's metallic entrails forc'd,  
And all the grandeur's fortune—'all disgorg'd,  
+ Whilst our crucible and furnace heat,  
On one vain hope see multitudes intent!  
Their means exhausted, and their prospects few,  
Tho' *Nothing* is found, still *Nothing* they pursue.  
Its measure baffles geometric art;  
Not Ocean's sands would form its meanest part:  
*Nothing* escapes the gaze of Phœbus' eyes,  
Or soars triumphant o'er the starry skies:  
E'en thou, immortal Newton! who so well  
The secret motions of the spheres could tell,  
Tho' *Nothing* open'd at thy summons bold,  
Still *Nothing* lingers by thine art untold.  
Touch *Nothing*—incorporeal *Nothing* meets  
Thy touch—thy proffer'd contact greets.  
Look upon *Nothing*—*Nothing* will be there,  
And colorless emit a vivid glare.  
Defend'd, will *Nothing* hear; or tongueless,  
talks;

Or without legs, or plumes, flies or walks:  
*Nothing*, without motion, and devoid of place,  
Wanders thro' boundless realms of empty space;  
See, generous Physic rescues half mankind!  
Stronger than Physic—*Nothing* heals the mind:  
Seek not for health in herbs, nor cures in balms—  
*Nothing*, can stay th' approach of Death's alarms!  
Love draws his bow—a fatal arrow flies!  
*Nothing* subdues its heartfelt agonies.  
Grim Charon plies his bark from shore to shore—  
*Nothing*, brings back his freight for evermore!  
Pluto's unbending soul can *Nothing* move,  
Or turn the Fates to pity and to love!  
The horrid Titans, scorch'd to ashes, own'd  
That thunder *Nothing* strikes a deeper wound;  
Beyond the earth's vast circle, *Nothing* reigns;  
The very Gods it tears with racking pains.  
*Nothing* is perfect—Virtue yields the palm  
To *Nothing*; 'tis than Love itself more warm.  
But hold, my trifling muse—these forward  
pranks  
Will scarce entitle you to niggard thanks:  
How shall I ask redemption for my verse,  
Or *Nothing* with a blushing cheek rehearse?  
Prythee, let *Nothing* 'scape you, and be wise—  
For out of *Nothing*, *Nothing* can arise.

#### LINES,

Written on the blank leaf of "The Angel of the World and other Poems, by the Rev. G. Crab."—

#### 1.

It is a sunny vision—a deep dream,  
Too full of beauty for the heart to dwell,  
Unpain'd, on that dazzling rays that stream  
Around the Bard's creations: Music's swell  
Voluptuous on the ear—the camel-bell  
Borne softly on the distance—banners bright  
Instinct with gems: that Angel ere he fell,  
And starry Eblis, in their mingled might,  
Deluge each weary pulse with too intense delight.

#### 2.

We turn away, with dim delirious sense,  
From that so fervid blaze, and seek repose  
From Eastern splendour and magnificence,—  
From gorgeous palaces, and clouds of rose,  
Sceptres and thrones and diamond-crested brows,

+ Beans, it is well known, were forbidden by Pythagoras to his followers.

+ Alluding to the search for the Philosopher's Stone.

Where sweet Florante\* warbles forth her woes,  
In strains, of power each turbulent thought to  
'swage,  
And bid the passions cease their fierce wild war  
to wage.

## 3.

Surpassing Lyrist! from thy powerful hand  
The thunders and swift lightning of the Muse  
Speed forth in glorious might;—thou canst com-  
mand

The noon-tide burst of Poesy, yet infuse  
Its twilight calms, and bloom-refreshing dews,  
Amid thy deep conceptions,—and canst braid  
Woofs rich and bright, with variegated hues,  
As those on an Arabian heaven display'd,  
Ere day's last rainbow beams have vanish'd into  
shade.

C. R. S.

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

While I upon thy bosom lean,  
And gaze into thine eyes,  
I turn from sorrows that have been  
To those which yet may rise:—  
I think on thy untiring truth,  
And faster flow my tears;  
I mark thy waning rose of youth,  
And cannot hide my fears.

## 2.

Oh! light have been the pangs we've proved  
To what may yet remain;  
We've suffered much—but fondly loved—  
Parted—but met again!  
Still something speaks a wilder doom,  
From which we ne'er may flee:  
Well, dearest, let the thunder come  
So that it spares me thee!

## 3.

Even whilst I clasp thee to my soul,  
And feel thou'rt only mine,  
The bodings I can not controul  
My lip breathes out on thine.  
Thy stooping lid and pallid brow,  
The hue thy features wear,  
With voiceless eloquence avow  
That I have much to fear.

## 4.

And when to this I add the thought  
Of parting soon again,  
The future, as the past, seems fraught  
With undivided pain:—  
But no—I will not dwell upon  
Such dreams while blest with thee;  
This hour is bright, and all our own,  
Whate'er the next may be.

1815.

A. A. W.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## THE POLONG.

The Polong is one of the many evil Spirits in the existence of which the Malays believe; and as it is curiously different from our fairies or vampires, a few particulars respecting it, from the Indo-Chinese Gleaner, may be amusing. The Malays say that the Polong is capable of being conveyed down from parents to children. According to their laws, it is death to keep one of these supernatural beings; and the possessor uses for this purpose a small earthen bottle with a neck of sufficient size to admit a finger. The Polong feeds on human blood. The keeper cuts the tip of his fore-finger once or twice a

week, either Friday or Monday night, till blood issues, and he then puts it into the vessel for the Spirit to suck his fill. If neglected to be fed regularly he comes out, and sucks the whole body to such a degree that the skin becomes all over black and blue. The Polong is seldom kept by males, generally by females; and the woman, however ugly by nature, is endowed, through his influence, with surprising charms in the eyes of every beholder. If the keeper of a Polong entertains a grudge against any one, or if asked for or hired by another, he is let loose upon the person whom it is wished to injure. The marks of his vengeance are numerous.

As soon as he enters the victim, consciousness leaves him, and he screams and falls down; sometimes he becomes speechless and death-like; sometimes there is no appearance of ailment, but he talks incoherently; sometimes he begins to beat all about him; and sometimes sudden death ensues. The Polong always strictly obeys his orders, and inflicts the punishment which is commanded. Occasions occur in which his inflictions are inferior, and from one to twenty individuals suffer similar evils with the party originally visited. The people are so well acquainted with the power of this demon, that as soon as they see any one affected they send for a physician skilled in necromancy and the occult sciences, who administers medicaments, or more frequently employs spells to cure the patient. One of these is to draw a fantastical figure (pretended to be that of the soul fiend), on the inside of a white basin, into which water is poured for the sufferer to drink. Then the doctor takes hold of the end of his thumb, that being the door of the human body by which the Polong makes his entrances and his exits, and interrogates him in the following style: "Why do you torment this man?" Then he answers through the patient, "My father (so he designates his keeper) has a grudge against him." "Who is your father?" "—" "What has he told you to do?" "To eat his heart and entrails," (the usual phrase for torment). But sometimes the Spirit braves all exorcisms, and refuses to speak; and at other times he lies and gives wrong names. When however he does confess, the operator tries to discover his local habitation, (for though invisible and spiritual, he has dimensions and substantial shape), and for this purpose feels the body all over, to detect his lurking place, between the flesh and skin. When found in the arm, or behind the ear, or in any other part, the process of expulsion commences. The soothsayer first exacts an oath that he has spoken nothing but the truth, and further, that he will never return. He is then permitted to escape; and where the power of the physician is very great, he is even sent back to plague his own keeper.

The *Penanglan* (a derivative from the verb to "Pull out,") is another creature of Malay demonology. It is described as a human head and neck, with the intestines hanging to this odious conception. It has a female body to inhabit, but frees itself at pleasure from this covering to pursue its excursions through the air, and pounce and

prey upon all kinds of garbage. The *Penanglan* also sucks the blood of its victims. The body which it inhabits is, like that of our witch, devoted to the devil. Nothing can exceed the disgusting attributes and actions ascribed to this abominable and loathsome imagination.

HISTORICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS.  
REMARKABLE TOMBS.

[We select these particulars from the *Memorial Parisien*: they are rendered interesting at present from the destruction, by fire, of the *Quarter Bercy*, in which they were situated.]

The *Hôtel de la Vierge* is the oldest edifice in the Rue de St. Paul, Ile Louvier:—it has survived the church of St. Paul, of which not a fragment now remains. At the period of the expulsion of the Jesuits, their magnificent church in the Rue St. Antoine, was used for the performance of divine worship, instead of the parish church of St. Paul. The latter was a massive heavy building, and its interior was dark and gloomy. The interest of the arts called for the preservation of the Jesuits' Church; but nothing could be lost by the decay of St. Paul's. The latter, which was originally a mere chapel, had been enlarged without being beautified. It however contained a vast number of remarkable tombs. Near the grand altar, Henry III. had, at enormous expence, erected monuments to the memory of his three favourites, Louis de Mougiron; Jacques de Levis, Count de Quelus; and Paul de Stuart, Count de St. Meurin. These tombs consisted of black marble, and were each surmounted by a statue of the person to whose honor they had been raised. Saint-Foix has preserved the courteous epitaphs inscribed on them. These funeral monuments did not long exist; they were destroyed in the year 1588. The three favourites all came to an unhappy end. The two first died in consequence of the wounds they received in a duel which took place in 1578, Mougiron on the spot, and Quelus shortly after him; the latter had received nineteen wounds in the conflict. Saint Meurin was assassinated in the Rue Saint Honore on the 21st of July 1578.

The Church of St. Paul also contained the tombs of the following distinguished persons:—Marechal de Birou, who was beheaded at the Bastille for high treason, on the 31st of July 1602; Jean Nicot, the author of the French and Latin Dictionary, and who originally imported tobacco into France, which when first introduced was called *nocotiane*, or *herbe à la reine*, because Nicot presented it to Catharine de Medici; Pierre Biard, a celebrated sculptor and architect; François and Jules-Haroulin Mansard, to whom Paris is indebted for some of its finest monuments; the Countess de la Suze, the daughter of Admiral Coligny; Saint Sorin, the poet, now only known through Boileau's epigrams; and finally, François Rabelais, who was a cordelier, a benedictine, a physician, and the curate of Meudon. If the laconic will which some writers attribute to Rabelais, be really his, it is not very creditable either to his head or

\* See "Sebastian, a Spanish tale," in the same volume.

his heart; it is this. *I have nothing; I owe much, and I leave the rest to the poor.* It is, however, gratifying to turn to the simple but expressive epitaph of William Devienne, the father of the celebrated Jean Devienne, Admiral of France under Charles VI. William Devienne, when on his death-bed, ordered the following words to be inscribed on his tomb. *He was the father of Jean Devienne.* The hero was killed in Bulgaria, on the 26th September 1396.

A sensation of horror is excited on contemplating the spot in the burial ground of St. Paul's Church, in which were deposited the bones found in the different cells of the bastille in 1789. They are all enclosed in one tomb, which is surmounted by a stone bearing two inscriptions, one French and the other Latin; the latter is as follows.

Qui nos incarcerabat viventes,  
Nos adhuc incarcerat mortuos  
Lapis.

No other stones were used in the construction of this monument, except those of which the cells were built.

## THE DRAMA.

### ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

On Monday a *melo drame*, from the French, (as usual) was performed, for the first time. The title is the *Baron de Trench*; and the story is founded on the prison escapes of that luckless and liberty-loving personage. A *melo drame* which followed the adventures which his famous book has unfolded to so many wondering ears, must have a great deal to excite interest; for nothing in the romance of all the Jonathan Wilds and Caleb Williamses of the earth can exceed the details of *Trench's* prison hours. But they order those matters in another style in France; and as simple innocence, and constant love, are the two theatrical admirations of the most artificial and most unfeeling people in existence, the *Baron Trench* must be a perpetual lover, and his deliverance must be wrought neither by his own hard won hands, nor by the wearied hatred of his royal persecutor, but by a boy, won to his service by chivalrous gratitude. All this is absurd, though it is French; but what is too absurd for France and *melo drame*? We have no time to recapitulate the mass of heavy adventure through which the Baron is dragged, in order to be dragged out by the grateful page, and chaunted over by the enamoured Countess. But after having been on the verge of escape, and of the scaffold, the requisite number of things for three acts, *Trench* is at last delivered by the detection of the plot which had originally appeared him, as carrying on a correspondence with the Austrian enemy. On the whole, the *melo drame* is interesting, though many a cloud of tediousness heavily portended its failure. It is an hour too long; but Miss Kelly's acting was charming. We are reluctant to panegyrise this clever performer too much, because we wish to avoid contributing to the pride which sometimes besets the clever, and which would spoil even Miss Kelly. But she

yet seems free from this sinister inflation; and we must praise her at least so far as to say, that she makes the prettiest page imaginable—*"Puella pene puer."* Her dress too was, by a rare fortune for those who have such taper limbs, sufficiently decorous; and, with such qualities, we are only surprised at the tastelessness of the *Celibataires* of the present age. Miss Carew, *helo!* *encore une priere*, sang as the Countess, and made love as Miss Carew, with delightful and delighted tenderness. There may, perhaps, be more beauty before the eye; there can scarcely be more grace: other voices may swell with more power upon the ear; none can die with more sensibility. She is one of the most feeling singers upon the stage; and feeling is the soul of beauty, poetry, and song.

## VARIETIES.

A deputation of the members of the French Institute, a few days ago, attended the funeral of the late academicien M. Tschon d'Ancey. The deceased possessed one of the most valuable cabinets of medals in Europe.

About two years ago we announced the arrival of a considerable botanical curiosity in this university (copied into the Literary Gazette), namely, the *Tree Pink*, from the island of Scirphos, in Greece; sent, in a living state, to the botanical garden of this university, by Mr. Rawson of Halifax. This plant, the *Dianthus fruticosus* of Linnaeus, is now in full flower. It blossomed for the first time upon the 17th inst. in the evening. This beautiful shrub, promising so great an ornament to the green-house of this country, has already attained the height of two feet. The stem is twisted, woody, brittle, and hard, covered with a dark cloven bark; the leaves grow in tufts, and the flowers, which are numerous, are solitary. The petals are shorter than when the plant flowers in its native country, but exhibit a very beautiful appearance.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

The King of France has issued an ordinance authorizing the Secretaries of the *Academie Française* and the *Academie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres*, to accept the legacy of 24,000 francs bequeathed to them by the late Count Chassebault de Volney, with the view of exciting the philosophic study of languages, and encouraging every undertaking that may tend to put in practice a method invented by the testator for transcribing the Asiatic languages in European characters.

*Remarkable Accident.*—A singular circumstance lately took place at the *Comédie Française*. Baptiste, who was playing the part of a bailiff, drew from his pocket a paper to represent the warrant by virtue of which he exercised his authority. What was his astonishment on reading the name of one of his female relations, who, through ignorance of a Will which had been made in her favour at Dresden, was deprived of a considerable fortune bequeathed to her by her uncle. The paper was a true copy of this will. Baptiste uttered several excla-

mations of surprise, accompanied by such comic gesticulations that the theatre resounded with applause. The audience were, however, far from suspecting the real cause. Baptiste, having carefully deposited the paper in his pocket, continued his part, and on the following day, communicated the discovery to his relation, whose claims will probably be speedily acknowledged. This strange adventure is explained as follows:—Some time ago, a party of the performers of the *Comédie Française* proceeded to Dresden to play in the presence of the Sovereigns who were assembled in that city. Among other *scenic accessories*, they found it necessary to procure a number of old parchments; and it is probable that the document in question has ever since remained in the pocket of the dress worn by Baptiste when he made the fortunate discovery.

*Seeing an Eclipse.*—Many of our readers, no doubt, remember the story of Galileo. A nobleman of some consequence, desirous of seeing an eclipse, which happened in his time, to the best advantage, applied to the philosopher to admit him and a party of ladies to view the phenomenon through his apparatus. Galileo assented; but our fine gentleman was too much of a dandy to be dressed in time; and he arrived at the Observatory when the eclipse was over. The ladies were, of course, shockingly disappointed; but he consoled them, saying, "Pray don't mind it; I assure you, I have great influence with Galileo, and I make no doubt, but to oblige me, he will perform it over again!"

Many persons, indeed, have odd notions about heavenly as well as earthly matters. We remember a worthy farmer at Doncaster in the comet year, who being asked by some of his friends in that town, if he had seen the fiery stranger, replied with much simplicity, "Na, how could I? when I was at Wakefield all the while?"—18 miles off.

*AN IRISH FUN.*—Two pretty girls of the name of Hobbs, made their appearance some years ago at Cheltenham, where they were a good deal admired. One of them was much taller than the other, and a difference arose one day, between some gentlemen, as to their respective claims to superior beauty. It was referred to Dr. S. an Irish physician, who happened to be on the spot; and he decided the dispute in these words: "My dear fellow, I can't say I am much a judge of beauty, but I think the devil's in the dice but there's a grate (great) difference between the Hobbs."

*Grand Map.*—On the summit of the mountain of Méné-la-Horgne, in the department of the Meuse, there is at present an establishment of geographic engineers appointed to draw up a grand map of France. At night fires are kindled, which correspond with other points, and serve for the trigonometrical measurement.

*Lusus Nature.*—At Void, in the department of the Meuse, a cow lately brought forth a calf with a wolf's head, while its hind legs and tail resembled those of an ape. This singular monster however did not long survive its birth.—*French Journals.*

**Superstition.**—On the banks of the river Bhaugrutty, at Bhowaneah, between Moorshadabad and Sooty, is a tank, called the Koop (well) of Bhowaneah, possessing the credit of being haunted by a preet or sprite, which drags into its power and drowns whoever approaches the tank alone after dark. Its depth sufficiently accounts for the origin of this superstition, for those who fall into it can rise no more. It has thus become an object of fearful adoration; and lately, when the cholera morbus broke out in this part of India, the credulous natives assembled in hundreds daily upon its banks, to deprecate the wrath of its unearthly occupant.

## LITERARY NOTICE.

*Contents of the Journal des Belles Lettres, for July, 1820.*

Biot on the Aurora Borealis (second article).

B. de Roquefort, Poésies de Marie de France.—Reviewed by M. Raynouard.

C. A. Valckenær, Le Monde Maritime.—Abel Rémusak.

M. P. Le Bru, Marie Stuart, tragédie en cinq actes.—Vanderbourg.

Albuquerque, Georgina Portuguesa.—M. Raynouard.

Lettres de Saint James.—M. Tessier.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

AUGUST, 1820.

Thursday, 24.—Thermometer from 37 to 68. Barometer from 30, 31 to 30, 25.

Friday, 25.—Thermometer from 44 to 66. Barometer from 30, 08 to 29, 93.

Saturday, 26.—Thermometer from 52 to 66. Barometer from 29, 86 to 29, 84.

A fine parcelion formed west of the sun, about 5 P. M. Rain fallen, .95 of an inch.

Sunday, 27.—Thermometer from 45 to 68. Barometer from 29, 85 to 29, 89.

Rain fallen, .075 of an inch.

Monday, 28.—Thermometer from 50 to 63. Barometer from 29, 67 to 29, 74.

Rain fallen, .1 of an inch.

Tuesday, 29.—Thermometer from 44 to 68. Barometer from 29, 71 to 29, 91.

Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.

Wednesday, 30.—Thermometer from 56 to 64. Barometer from 30, 05 to 30, 12.

The Wind generally in the S. W. the weather fine, with occasional clouds.

Thursday, 31.—Thermometer from 43 to 62. Barometer from 30, 22 to 30, 23.

Wind N.E. and N. b. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Morning cloudy, with rain; the rest of the day generally clear.

SEPTEMBER, 1820.

Friday, 1.—Thermometer from 49 to 64. Barometer from 30, 26 to 30, 22.

Wind N. E. and N. 1.—Generally clear; clouds passing.

Rain fallen, .125 of an inch.

Saturday, 2.—Thermometer from 42 to 64. Barometer from 30, 22 to 30, 23.

Wind N. b. E. 3. and 1.—Generally clear.

Sunday, 3.—Thermometer from 50, 27 to 30, 31.

Wind N. b. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  and N. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Clouds generally passing till the evening, when it became clear.

Monday, 4.—Thermometer from 36 to 67. Barometer from 30, 34 to 30, 30.

Wind N.  $\frac{1}{2}$  and N. E. 1.—Generally clear.

Tuesday, 5.—Thermometer from 35 to 69.

Barometer from 30, 30 to 30, 24.

Wind N. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and S. E. 1.—Generally clear.

Wednesday, 6.—Thermometer from 39 to 65.

Barometer from 30, 21 to 30, 24.

Wind N. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally clear; clouds passing during the morning.

Thursday, the eclipse commenced 22 minutes, 3 seconds after 12; ended 14 minutes, 4 seconds after 3.

From the intervening clouds, no particular observation could be made on the Thermometer. Venus became visible sometime prior to the greatest obscuration, but the darkness was not so great as it was thought it would have been.

On Saturday the 16th, at 11 minutes, 41 seconds after 7 o'clock, the 1st Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**THE SHADOW.**—The several papers received in answer to our invitation of communications towards a weekly series of *Essays on Men and Manners*, under the above title, are under inspection: the writers of such as required private replies will find letters at their respective addresses.

T. K. has been forwarded to the proper quarter.

Miscellaneous Advertisements,  
(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

To Booksellers.—A Caution.

Messrs. Pinnoek and Maunders consider it their duty to inform the respectable Members of the Bookselling Business throughout the Country, that since their Series of Elementary Works for the instruction of Youth, denominated "Pinnoek's Catechisms," have been honoured with such an unprecedented share of public approbation, the most fraudulent and contemptible Piracies and Imitations of them have been thrust on the notice of the public, by men equally destitute of literary abilities and originality of design.

The Trade cannot well fail to remember, that on the 27th of July, 1819, Messrs. Pinnoek and Maunders found themselves compelled to apply to the Court of Chancery for its protection against the injury they were then sustaining, by several of their Catechisms being pirated, and it was determined in that Court that the said attempts to evade the law of copyright by printing and transcribing certain passages, should not screen the authors of the piracy. The Lord Chancellor therefore granted the Injunction in the most explicit terms:—*"Extract from the Injunction."*—"That the defendants be restrained from printing, publishing, selling, or exposing to sale, books produced in Court, or any book or work in which the matter of any of the Plaintiff's books or works, of any part or parts thereof, is or are verbally, or substantially, or in effect, introduced."

In the course of the Lord Chancellor's examination of Pinnoek's Catechisms, with the pirated Editions produced in Court, after having given them very minute attention, his Lordship was pleased to make the following important Observations on the originals:—"It appears to me that *details* might be greatly benefited by the *Instruction* these Books contain, as well as the *younger Branches of Society.*"

Anxious to avoid the necessity of again resorting to legal measures, but determined at the same time to visit such Plagiarists as they may hereafter discover, with the punishment due to the offence, P. and M. most respectfully take this method of cautioning the whole Trade not to sell any work coming within the meaning of the foregoing Injunction; as the sellers of a single Copy are equally exposed to the penalties attached to an infringement of the orders of the Court of Chancery, as the individuals who have the temerity to commit the piratical act.

To Booksellers.

**WANTS** a Situation, a Young Man from the Country, who has served an apprenticeship of four years to the business, and can be well recommended. An Old Book Shop would be preferred. Address to J. W. at Mrs. Roan's, 11, Great Turnstile, Holborn.

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No. 191.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

POEMS, BY A COMMON SAILOR.

In the Literary Gazette, No. 76, July 4, 1818, we reviewed a publication entitled "The Harp of the Desert, containing the Battle of Algiers." &c. and purporting to have been written by Ismael Fitzadam, a Seaman. At that period we were led to believe that this title was merely assumption, and that the real author was Captain C—, the brother of a noble Lord who has travelled much and to good purpose, in distant countries. Certainly there was nothing in the poetry which could warrant any conclusion hostile to this theory; for its merits, both of composition and mind, were such as would not have disgraced a writer of any eminence in station or literature.

We have recently learnt to our great surprise (from anonymous, but self-evidently respectable authority), that Fitzadam is really what was given out...an Able Seaman on board a King's Frigate! And what is still more incredible, that neither the noble Lord, Exmouth, whose exploits he so gloriously sings, nor any of his officers, have ever thought it worth while to seek for and reward this nautical but genuine Child of Song. Perhaps we should be still more astonished at the same neglect in another quarter, were it not known to us that the official duties of the two Secretaries of the Admiralty (both high among the literati of England, and one of them himself a distinguished poet), are of so engrossing a nature, that they may have prevented their attention from being drawn to this fact: otherwise, we should unhesitatingly express our opinion, that it was a discredit to Mr. Barrow, and especially to Mr. Croker, to overlook the author of the striking production to which we have alluded.

All that we know of Fitzadam: is, that he is a self-educated Sailor; a native, as we understand, of Leith; and now discharged, after long and honourable service, unfriended and unprovided for. That such a man should pine in obscurity and want, is a disgrace to VOL. IV.

the country, from which we trust this public notice will pave the way to redeem it. For ourselves, we shall gladly promote any plan to benefit the individual in question: and that our goodwill towards him may find congenial sentiment and co-operation, we beg not only to refer to our Paper indicated at the commencement of this article, but to the following extracts from a MS. by the same hand, and, we believe,\* from a volume in preparation for the press, under the title of "LAYS OF LAND." The variety of talent which they display, their beauty, their pathos, their unaffected and pure poetic character, will plead more effectually than we can for our Poor Sailor!

Extracts from the unpublished Poems, "LAYS OF LAND."

### SONGS.

Oh, would I were among the bowers  
Thy waters, Witham! I love to lave,  
Where Botolph's far-distinguished towers  
Look out upon the German wave.  
There is a star upon that stream,  
A flower upon those banks there blows—  
Heaven cannot boast a lovelier beam,  
Nor earth possess a sweeter rose.  
How blest were I, how more than blest,  
To sit me down those scenes among,  
And there, the cot's contented guest,  
Divide my life 'twixt love and song.  
To guard thee, sweet, and in thine ears  
Plead passion, not perchance in vain—  
The very vision costs me tears  
Of mingled tenderness and pain.

Alas! how different is my lot!  
To drag out being far from thee,  
Far from that dear, that sacred spot,  
Which Witham leaves in tears like me.  
But, pilgrim of whatever shore,  
No fate from thee my soul shall tear;  
And even when life itself's no more,  
My spirit will be with thee there.

### A PETER-PINDARIC.

A Frenchman, on a recent tour to *Landres*,  
Made rather a factious blunder;  
And, what is much more rare, got out of it  
With somewhat of an expiating bit.

His stock of linen, as it did befall,  
A curse long plumed to shoulders of Monsieur,

\* Our readers will perceive that we speak doubtfully on several points in this brief notice: the reason is, that we are personally ignorant of these circumstances, and rely on information given to us under the signature of "Philo Nauticus," who seems warmly to espouse the cause of this extra-ordinary bard. If required, we hope he will furnish us with further means of promoting the interests of the writer. Ed.

Was mutilated much, and small,  
Collar, and frill, and wristband riddled thro'  
By pounding *blanchettes*' potent drub,  
Instead of rub,  
The river Seine her suds, a boat her tub.—  
"Ma foi," quoth he, "il faut que je m'adoise,  
J'ai beson à present de *von chemist*—  
Et en voila, à-propos,— tout pris—"  
A gilded shop-front just upon his way,  
Inform d his eye, in letters painted fair,  
A *chemist*—'twas enough—did business there.  
Our traveller entered—made his bow—took  
snuff—  
And look'd complacent round—John Ball look'd  
gruff.  
"Sare," said the son of frogs, "je vois tish here  
Que, l'on vend les *chemistes*.... que.... c'est à  
dire,  
That you do sell some shirt, et.... tout comme  
ça—  
N'est ce pas?"

"Shirts! shirts!" scowled Bolus, tempted half  
to throttle,  
"Who ever saw, or heard, of shirts in bottle,  
Or in a gallipot's dimensions cooped?  
Tho' yours, sir, 'windowed' as it is, and 'loop-  
ed,'  
Seems from some mortal's vengeance to have  
fled,  
Which discipline might serve your own goose  
head.—  
Sir, I'm no seamstress—Nay, sir, quit your gria-  
ping—  
I make up medicine, jackanapes, not linen."  
"Ah, vous le medecin-chemist—ah, oui, oui—  
Je suis sans trompé done, je trouve—I see.  
C'est drole ça, mais—the difference is small—  
A peu pres c'est égal—  
Monsieur le medecin, you be trop, too proud,  
To make some shirt, but you do make the shroud—  
Voila tout—that's all."

### PARTING.

No, never other lip shall press  
The plighted one where thine hath been,  
Nor ever other bosom press  
The heart whereon thy head did lean.  
Oh, never, love! tho' after this  
Thy smile perchance no more I see—  
The very memory of that bliss  
Shall keep me sacred all to thee.

Farwell, farwell! in woe or weal,  
Tho' worlds may interpose to sever,  
And "the world's law," I wildly feel,  
Thy heart and mine are one for ever.  
Farwell! the ripe tear fills mine eye—  
My very inmost soul is riven!  
After such pang 'tis light to die—  
Matilda, we shall meet in heaven!

### LOVERS' OATHS.

By the first hint of love  
Heaved from hearts newly swollen,  
While it secretly strove  
Thro' the glance that was stolen—



By the hope mildly bora  
In that false gleam of gladness,  
As a moment of morn  
Soon clouded in sadness—

By the sigh that would steal,  
And the silence, and trembling,  
Which make the soul feel  
It has done with dissembling—

By the vow breath'd thro' lips,  
Meeting oft as they breathed it,  
As to drink the warm life  
Of the heart that bequeathed it—

By the big tear of blisses,  
That moistened, in starting,  
Our long-clinging kisses,  
The moment of parting—

By the sweetness and grace,  
More than heaven to a lover,—  
By that form and that face,  
Which are heavenly all over—

By the struggle we proved,  
Shewing, oh, too severely!  
That, tho' both dearly loved,  
We loved virtue more dearly—

By the anguish like death  
Our hearts felt to sever—  
By the memory, whose faith  
Will adhere to these ever—

These pledges I call, love,  
To witness I take thee—  
By these, each and all, love,  
I'll never forsake thee!

## BALLAD.

A dew-drop hung on the cheeks of a rose,  
Fast by a flower,  
Where, at sunset hour,  
The young sylph, Beauty, sought repose.  
Lovely as nature the flower looked at even,  
And the pure pearl wan,  
That trembled thereon,  
Had just been distilled from heaven.

An angel of light, on some errand alore,  
By accident strayed  
Where the innocent maid  
Lay dreaming—her dreams were of love.

Soft, soft to her wild-flower pillow he stole—  
Her bosom of snow,  
Now lighted, now low—  
Spoke the visions that warmed her soul.

Then he plucked the rose, and diffused its fine dye  
O'er her cheek so bright,  
And bade the mild light  
Be henceforth the herald of tender joy.

"And thou, little gem, be still trembling near,  
For if hint of my heaven  
To mortals be given,  
'Tis beauty's blush set with love's tear."

It may be that we have readers (we hope we have none) whose hearts can resist these appeals. If such there be, our last effort upon them is an extract which appears to us to have but too much of the expression of truth in it not to be drawn from the life. The author, we fear, is himself—

## THE MARINER.

Son of the storm, along the "vasty" world  
Of wild, unstable waters wafted far,

Or obvious to the hissing death-bolt, hurled  
Thro' the red bursting of confronted war,  
Was happiness—for then my worshipped star,  
The sacred one of duty, briefly shone,  
And audible above the cannon's jar,  
My country's voice, and honour's, hail'd me on,  
While hoarded hopes of glory to be won  
Enhanced the strife, where death and danger  
were.

To sternest ecstasy!—But all is gone—  
And nought is left me now to hope, or done.  
Recall'd upon thy stagnant pool, despair!  
With not one attribute of life, save breath—  
And misery—friendless in my sordid shed,  
Like the lone captive stretch'd on dungeon bed,  
Numbering the lone sands as they creep away,  
What recks to me such worse than living death!  
Such gloomy eve of no glorious day?  
Oh, bitter doom! bitterer for unforeseen!  
Within whose *apex* shadow joy, hope, nay  
The very spirit rots in dull decay—  
Is life then stripped to this sere, lifeless thing?  
Beams of my morning! blossoms of my noon!  
Whither, and wherefore, are ye fled so soon?  
Weep, fond enthusiast! weep thy withered  
spring—

God! that my grave, as was my birth, had been  
Amidst the living billows' mighty swing,  
Or pall'd beneath the battle's blazing wing,  
Then had I 'scaped this agony of keen,  
Keen suffering—'scaped the curse to bear, by  
turns,  
Ingratitude, that, with a stony eye,  
Like the vile heartless Levite, passeth by—  
Affected pity's mockery—the spurs  
Of pampered pride—perchance the stings of po-  
verty!

*Tentamen; or an Essay towards the  
History of Whittington, some time  
Lord Mayor of London.* By Vice-  
mus Blinkinsop, LL. D. P. R. S.  
A.S.S., &c. London, 1820. 18mo.  
pp. 76.

One of the most disagreeable features of the party politics of our times (leaving out of account the horrible nastiness of the investigation into the Queen's conduct abroad), is the sourness and malignancy of spirit with which the contest is carried on. There is no longer any thing humorous, gentle, or manly in the struggle; but it has assumed a gloomy, bloodthirsty, and barbarian aspect, at once frightful and abhorrent to the few who do not suffer their lives to be embittered by abandoning the bounties of Heaven, and plunging into this gulph of senseless turmoil and unproductive trouble. Politics are, indeed, the curse of our times. Peace, the mother of the useful arts, the nurse of the sciences, the improver of the condition of man, hath returned to earth in vain; the stormy and base passions seem loosened by the event, and we pass from aggravation to aggravation, like maniacs; while the detested flux and reflux of discontent drowns all the better parts of nature,

and the spirit of contention blasts creation, from the humble plough-boy to the scepter'd monarch.

Among the efforts of some of the clever partisans in this servile war, to introduce a little of the pleasantries, if not the chivalry of such conflicts into the struggle of the present period, this *Tentamen* is the most successful that we have seen. The author, whoever he is, is far above the ordinary standard of squib-writers; and has thrown much more wit into his jeu-d'esprit, than usually belongs to performances of its class.

The design appears to be, to ridicule a person publicly conspicuous enough to render him a fair object of satire to his opponents—we allude to Mr. Alderman Wood; and as this is cleverly done, and without ill nature, under the pretence of raking up the story of the celebrated Whittington, we shall endeavour to entertain our readers (on which ever side they range themselves), with a glance at its fashion and manner.

The dedication is to the Duke of Sussex, and enumerates a laughable list of His Royal Highness's titles, as patron or member of many benevolent and other institutions, from the Garter to the Fishmongers Company; and from the Grand Lodge of Freemasons, to the institutions for delivering married women at their own habitations, and the General-Central Lying-in Charity; from the Society of Arts, to the Beef Steak Club. The address which follows this enumeration is so severe, that we trust its insinuations are not well founded; and in this hope, pass on to the body of the work.

The author opens his subject with a good deal of drollery:

"In looking at the propensities of the age we live in, comparatively with those of times past, one cannot fail to observe a laudable love for the noble science of antiquities: of which it may be truly said, that it is conversant with peaceful and unoffending *yesterday*, while the idle votaries of the world are busied about *to-day*, and the visionaries of ambition are dreaming of *to-morrow*."

"Connected with this grave and useful pursuit is the general inclination to search into the minutie of history, which never before prevailed amongst us in so ardent a degree. The smallest information upon traditional points, is received with an avidity more salutary and commendable than that which is the result of a common place love of novelty; and the smaller the information, the greater the merit of the painstaking author; who, like a skilful clock maker, or other nice handy-craftsman, is lauded in proportion to the minuteness of his work."

Such are, for instance, the valuable discoveries which that excellent philosopher and novelist Mr. Godwin hath made and edited, of and concerning the great poet Chaucer; and, inasmuch as the nice and small works of clock makers, which we have mentioned, are carefully placed in huge towers and steeples, beyond malicious or impertinent curiosity, so this prudent philosopher hath disposed his small facts in two

tall volumes, equally out of the reach of the vulgar.

"Such also are those valuable illustrations of the private lives of public men which have issued from the press under the titles of "*Ann*," "*Remains*," and "*Memoirs*," and which have so admirably answered the purposes for which they were put forth—namely, that of being *solid*—while they at the same time maintain a discreet silence on all matters which the ingenious subject of the biography might wish to conceal, agreeably to that excellent maxim *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*: by these means, such treatises become a delectable kind of reading, wherein nothing is admitted which can hurt the feelings of any of the worthy persons mentioned in the course of the work, particularly if they be deceased. This mode of writing conduces to good humour and charity amongst men, and manifestly tends, as Dr. Johnson observes on another occasion, to raise the general estimate of human nature.

"On these principles and considerations have I been induced to at no small cost of time and labor, to endeavour to throw a new light upon the life of Matthew Whittington, some time Mayor (or Lord Mayor, as the courtesy goeth) of this worthy City of London, a man, whose fame needs no addition, but only to be placed in a proper point of view, to challenge the admiration of a grateful posterity of Mayors and Aldermen.

"In humble imitation of my aforesaid friend, Mr. Godwin, and of divers other well-reputed authors, I have written this life in one hundred and seventy-eight quires of foolscap paper, in a small and close, but neat hand; which by my computation, having counted the number of words therein contained, as well as the number of words in the learned Bishop Watson's life of himself, (which made my excellent friend Dr. Snodgrass, who lent me the same, facetiously declare, that I was the only man he ever knew who could get through it); I say, having counted all these words, I find that my life of Mr. Whittington, (including thirteen quires on the general history of Cats) would, if duly printed after the manner of Mr. Davison, who never puts more than sixteen lines into a quarto page, make or constitute five volumes of a similar size and shape to Dr. Watson's life, which, with cuts by Mr. John Britton, author of several curious topographical works, might be sold for the reasonable sum of 31*l*. 10*s*. being only six guineas the volume; and if it should please the legislature, in its wisdom, to repeal the Copy-right Bill, (by which costly books are made accessible to poor students at the Universities, who have no business with such sort of works) my said work might be furnished at the reduced price of 31*l*. 4*s*. 6*d*.

"But small as this sum is, it is with grief I say, that such is the badness of the times, occasioned by the return of peace, and the late long succession of plentiful harvests; that I find booksellers strangely reluctant to embark in this transaction with me."

"The badness of the times, according to that venerable Rule of modern days. Mr.

They offer indeed to print my work if I can get it *precisely printed* in the Edinburgh Review; and the Reviewers say, that they are not unwilling to praise it, but that it must, of a necessity, be *precisely printed*.

"I have observed to Mr. Jeffrey in my seventh letter to him on this subject, that this condition is not only new and injurious to me, but, by his own showing, clearly gratuitous and unnecessary; because for aught that appears in the generality of his articles, he may never have read the work which is the subject matter of them; nay, it hath sometimes been *proved* from the context, that he never hath even seen the work at all; and as this little accident hath not hindered his writing an excellent essay under color of such work, so I contended, that he need not now make the preliminary *sine qua non*, as to having my work *printed*; for 'de non impressis et de non lectis eadem est ratio.'

"But I grieve to say, that all my well grounded reasoning hath been unavailing; and as neither party will give up his notion, I stand at a dead lock between the booksellers and reviewers.

"In this dilemma, I should—like Aristotle's celebrated ass—have starved till doomsday; but that, through the kindness and prudent advice of my learned friends Mr. Jonas Backhouse, Jun. of Pocklington, and the Rev. Doctor Snodgrass of Hog's-Norton, I have been put upon a mode of extricating myself, by publishing, in a small form, a *tentamen*, specimen, or abridgement of part of my great work, which I am told Mr. Jeffrey will not object to review, he being always ready to argue 'à parti culier ad universale;' so that, in future time, the learned world may have hope of seeing my erudite labours at full length, whereof this dissertation is a short and imperfect sample or pattern."

Having thus beat out his flag, not without hitting some very worthy persons of ours; the author begins the *magnam opus*.

"The whole history of the illustrious Whittington (he says) is enveloped in doubt. The mystery begins even before he is born; for no one knows who his mother, and still less who his father was. We are in darkness as to where he first saw the light, and though it is admitted that he most probably had a Christian name, adhue sub judice sit est, as to what that Christian name was."

The inquiry to settle this important point is conducted with due solemnity, and with the help of the Rev. Dr. Snodgrass of Hog's Norton, it is brought to a successful issue.

"Tradition has handed down to us that Whittington was a charity boy, as it is called, and received the rudiments of letters at the parish school of Hog's-Norton aforesaid; this clue directed the Doctor's researches,

Cartwright, is owing to the Septennial Parliament Bill (1 Geo. I. cap. 78); but according to the better opinion of Mr. J. C. Boguehouse, to the battle of Waterloo. (vide Panegyric. Nap. Bon. passim.)

† Erratum, for "Boguehouse," read "Hobhouse."

and by that enlightened zeal for which he is conspicuous, he has been so fortunate as to discover rudely carved on the wainscot by some fellow pupil,

M. W. IS A FOOL;

M. W. IS A DUNCE;

And one, which is more satisfactory.

M——W. W. IS A STUPID DOG,

1772.

"This date seems at first sight to apply to a period long posterior to Mr. Whittington; but when we recollect how often the wisest men, the most careful copyists, the most expert printers, mistake dates and transposition figures, we are not to be surprised at a similar error in an unlettered and heedless school-boy; and therefore, as Dr. Snodgrass judiciously advises—(a noble conjecture indeed, which places the critic almost on a level with the original writer)—the mistake may be corrected by the simple change of placing the figures in their obvious proper order, 1277, which as Mr. Whittington is known to have been Sheriff or Mayor about the year 1330, when he was probably near sixty, shews that he was about seven when at Hog's-Norton; and proves incontestibly, that to him and him alone, these ancient and fortunately discovered inscriptions refer."

It is afterwards added:

"It may seem to some readers that these epithets,—*approbri*, as some may think them,—do not redound to the credit of Mr. Alderman Whittington's intellect; but even if they are not, as before suggested, the production of envy, they are by no means inconsistent with Whittington's successful progress in life; on the contrary, they seem to designate him as a person who would naturally rise to City honours. It is grown to be a proverb, and admitted by the best writers on the subject, that Lord Mayors are "stupid dogs." The City hath a prescription to choose "fools," for places of honor therein; and as Matthew was at least twice Lord Mayor, he might with great propriety have been *twice* as great a fool as any of the others."

In the same style of irony follows an investigation to ascertain how often Whittington was mayor; but this we must overlook. The subject is then systematically divided into nine sections; but they are all, save one, postponed for discussion in the great work, and the eighth only treated of in this *opusculum*. That head is—

"What the Cat was by which he rendered himself chiefly notorious, and whether his famous expedition to catch the Cat was undertaken prior, or subsequently, to his second Mayoralty."

Previous however to entering even upon this single point, we have some notice of the earlier life of Whittington, during which he formed an intimacy with one Joshua, a thief and receiver of King's stores.

"This Joshua was of a very low origin, and was ironically called Joshua the son of *note*, never having had an ostensible father or mother; to which untoward circumstance may be charitably attributed the errors into which he was occasionally betrayed. The first notion of property which a child receives,

is from being told, I am *your* parent; you are *my* son; this is *your* milk; that is *his* bread. The poor innocent who does not receive this early instruction is naturally deficient in this particular: whence it happens that such persons are generally found rather lax in their principles of *meum* and *tuum* to the end of their lives; which, however, by an equal dispensation of Providence, are usually shortened by a special interposition of the law."

"It was in allusion to these boards, and the *means* and *times* by which they were collected, that in the quaint bil-lal-factiousness of that age it used to be observed, that if Joshua of old had known how to do his business by night, as well as his modern namesake, he need not have desired the sun to stand still; a witicism which Speed records with great delight."

Other incidents of the hero's youth are related; and it is decided, that it was not the housemaid, but another domestic who drove him from his service, on these grounds—

"Certain it is, that Mr. Whittington when in very different circumstances, maintained his rooted dislike to a *cook*, while his favourite remembrance of the housemaid's kindness evinced itself in the respect he openly professed for a *broom*, (however cracked or crazy it might be) wherever he saw one."

The grand subject of inquiry now demands all the acuteness of our antiquarian. He is puzzled to find out whether the source of M. W.'s fortune was a *bona fide* cat, an animal,—a ship so called, as that in which Newcastle coals are imported in to this day,—or a *great lady*. It may be guessed, that he inclines to the latter opinion, which he supports in the first instance, "by a very curious ballad of the times," now in the British Museum (Messalin 2), of which the annexed is a genuine copy.

*Ann exceeding, ex-cite, and excellents good ballads, written by mee Geoffrey Lydgate, upon mee Master Whittington hys Catte.*

Yee Cytyens of Lundun tounne,  
Ande Wyres so faire and fattee,  
Beholde a gieste of high renouee!  
Grete Whittingtone hys Catte!  
Ye kynge hath yun hys towre off state  
Becare, lyones and alle thatte;  
But hee bathe notte a beste so grate  
As Whittingtone hys Catte!  
This Catte dothe notte a catte appear,  
Berynge toe bigge forre thatte  
But herre attendaunts alle doe weare  
Some tokyon off a Catte!  
Ye one bathe whykkes, thicke ass burrs  
Monste comelye toe looke atte :—  
Ander weares a gowne of furrs,  
Ye lyverye off ye Catte!  
She dothe notte creepe along yf floores,  
But standes or else lyes flatte :  
Whyles they must gamble onee all fours  
Whoe wyshe to please ye Catte!—  
A conyng monkeye off ye lawe,  
Asse bye ye fyre he satte,  
Toe pick hys nuts oute, need ye pawe  
Off Whittingtone hys Catte!  
But Whittington discovered playne  
Whateer this ryle ape was atte;

Whoe faylde thus hys nuttes toe gayne,  
And onely synge ye Catte.

Thenne Whittington yun goarrouse state.

Syttyng wythoute his hatte,

Broughte toe hys house atte Grover-gate

Thys moste yllustrious Catte.

She ys so graciouse and soe tame

Alle meane may strooke and patte ;

But yt ys sayde, norre maye norre dame,

Have dared toe seee thatte Catte.

Fuller hugelye gladd, she seemeth, whenne

They brynge herre a grete ratte

But still more gladd, atte katchyng meane

Ys Whittington hys Catte.

A Catte, they saye, maye watche a kynge ;

Ye apotheme ys patte ;

Ye conserve is a differente thyng :

Noc kynge may watche thys Catte.

Thenne take, each manne, hys scarlatte gowne,

Ande eke hys velvete hatte,

And humblye welcomme yntoe tounne

Great Whittington hys Catte.

Lest any doubt should hang on his allusion, he adds, as if from Mr. Hallam.

"This great Lady," he says, "was *Catti*; that is, a *German*, one of the people called *Catti*, who inhabited that part of the ancient Germania now called the Duchy of Brunswick."

Another hypothesis is, from "a more ancient writer still, (Prenlergast on Sorcery,) that that which rendered Whittington famous, was both a Cat and an illustrious Lady."

He says, "that while under the appearance of a human being she was capable of performing what in those days passed for miracles; at one time metamorphosing menials and washer-women into Lords and Ladies; causing unknown and portentous stars to appear, and changing by "*arte magice*," white into black, and black into white. He also more fully explains in the same way, the strange facts alluded to in the ballad, of her putting off at pleasure, the form of a cat, and transforming the several feline attributes and appearances to her followers; giving to one supernatural whiskers; to another, a covering of fur; to a third, eyes that can see best in the dark; to a fourth, the faculty of falling on his legs, whatever may happen, and so forth."

This Prenlergast! is a useful authority for Mr. Blinkinsop; for he "goes so far as to hint, that Whittington himself, from the rapid acquirement of his wealth, lay under the imputation of sorcery, and that he aimed at the attainment of some secrets from the Enchantress to carry on his schemes, which was the chief cause of his devotion to her. The same author says, that he was taxed with concocting a liquor made from noxious weeds and deadly herbs, with which he was enabled to steal away men's senses, and lead them according to his will; but I, quoth the liberal author, must be allowed to doubt the truth of this charge, it seems to be a vulgar revival of the old story of Circe—looking at the events of his life, there appears to me abundant proof that Matthew was no conjuror."

In this way of pleasant trifling, the advance of the worthy alderman is marked, till we

come to some lines in his praise, though in deference to his notorious modesty and hatred of public notice, only the initials of his name are employed.

Serche Eynglonde round, naye all the earthe,  
Litle myghtelle would trouble you  
To find a manne so rich in worthe  
As honest Matthew W.

He's notte the manne to doe you wrong  
Nor wyth false speeches bubble you  
Whyle Beef growes fatter, and Beef growes strong  
Long lye the Matthew W.

The writer now falls more directly into the question which has so much agitated the country; and though he treats it at once shrewdly and sportively, we hold it in such dislike, that, having quoted enough to show what the Tentamen is, we shall here beg leave to close the volume.

*Poems for Youth.* By a Family Circle. Liverpool and London, 1820. 12mo. pp. 100.

This *Family Circle* is, we believe, that which gathers round the fireside of Mr. Roscoe; and, if amiable sentiments and refined expressions are to be taken in confirmation of the fact, we may say that we have no doubt of its truth. The *Poems for Youth* are very sweetly written; and they are especially deserving of applause for their invariable tendency to cherish the purest feelings, and inculcate the softest humanity—the grace and blessing of our nature. Those who have studied the formation of character will be the best able to appreciate the value of so delightful an assistant as this little volume offers—

— To rear the tender thought,  
And teach the young idea how to shoot:  
And we enjoy the pleasure of doing a good action, when we recommend it to instructors and parents.

That it may not, however, rest altogether on our favourable report, we transcribe a few of the pieces, which, we trust, even age and learning may peruse with satisfaction.

#### TO AN EARLY SWALLOW.

Wild tenant of the changeful year,  
That borne upon the southern wind,  
Across the ocean's distant waves,  
Would'st here a sheltering region find;  
Too soon, alas! from brighter climes  
Thou heedless spread'st thy transient wing;  
Too soon thou hast their comest to greet,  
With artless notes, the infant spring.

In hoary Winter's palsied lap  
The infant Spring all cradled lies,  
Whilst round the nursing's tender form  
The bitter storms unquenching rise.

To melt the tears that freeze his eyes  
No zephyr lends its balmy breath;  
For ever clo'd their purple light,  
Seal'd by the icy hand of death.

And gentle May, in sable garb,  
Seeks with slow steps his mournful bower;  
And sudden in the silent grove,  
The leafless tree, and lingering flower.

For thee, amid the noontide beam,  
No gossamer floats along the vale;

And fled the various insect tribes,  
That revel in the summer gale.

Behind yon mountain's misty brow  
The low ring storm is gathering fast,  
And sweeps along the cultured plain,  
And wakes the wind and welkin blast.

Then turn thee to my humble cell,  
And shield thee from the beating rain,  
Till Winter's dreary reign is o'er,  
And Summer suns shall smile again.

Thus would I soothe Misfortune's child,  
And gently calm his troubled breast;  
And when life's pelting storms arise,  
Here bid the wretched wanderer rest.

It is thus that benevolent morals are im-  
planted in young hearts: For sheer fancy, we  
will quote an example of another kind.

## FAIRY SONG.

Swiftly we fly  
Thro' the evening sky,  
When the silver moon shines bright;  
When the bat flits round,  
And the dewy ground  
Is speckled with the glow-worm's light.

When the ring-doves rest  
On their downy breast,  
Flitting thro' the air we pass;  
Where screams the owl,  
And watch-dogs howl,  
We revel in the shaven grass.

Then when we hear  
Loud chanticleer,  
Again to our haunts we fly;  
And thro' the day,  
Sleep the hours away,  
Till the moon-beams again we spy.

The language of the following is, per-  
haps, too elevated for the subject; but the  
thoughts are charming, and we are not with-  
out hopes that it may augment that sym-  
pathy which has lately been bestowed on the  
wretched creatures whose lot it befalls, and  
aid the efforts of the good Samaritans who  
have, as yet in vain, endeavored to accom-  
plish the amelioration of their condition.

## THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER'S COMPLAINT.

Sweep, Sweep! I cry from street to street,  
With wailing loud to all I meet;  
In sorrowing voice and dismal plight,  
'Tis still Sweep, Sweep! from morn till night.  
Oh! many a frightful risk I've run,  
Since first my wretched lot began;  
I've climb'd up many a chimney dark,  
Bear witness many a cruel mark;  
My limbs are cramp'd, my spirit's gone,  
And all unheeded is my moan.  
I once could laugh, and sing, and play,  
Full jocund, thro' the merry day;  
Breathe unconfin'd the air of heaven,  
And feel the blessings God had given;  
But now all stunted, maim'd, diseas'd,  
I wait till I may be releas'd.  
Beyond the grave there sure will be  
No master hard to torture me;  
With tearful eye and flinty heart,  
To act the ruthless tyrant's part.  
'The secret truth will then be shewn,  
And all my silent sufferings known;  
And all will find, ev'n hearts of steel,  
That little chimney-sweepers can feel.  
Oh! once I had a mother dear,  
She would have shed the bitter tear,  
To see her darling thus degraded,

His ruin'd health—his cheek so faded;  
That cheek where she left many a kiss:  
Thank God! she has not liv'd for this.  
No, she rests in her last calm home,  
And thither her poor boy will come.  
The world, alas! is all unkind;  
There's nought I love to leave behind;  
No! there is none to pity me,  
And only when I die—I'm free!

The following short poem is, we think,  
extremely pathetic.

## A DIRGE.

The summer winds sing lullaby  
O'er Mary's little grave,  
And the summer flowers spring tenderly,  
O'er her little buds to wave.

For oh, her life was short and sweet  
As the flowers which blossom at her feet.  
A little while the beauteous gem  
Bloom'd on the parent breast;  
Ah! then it wither'd on the stem,  
And sought a deeper rest;  
And we laid on her gentle frame the sod,  
But we knew her spirit was fled to God.  
The birds she loved so well to hear  
Her parting requiem sing,  
And her memory lives in the silent tear,  
Which the heart to the eye will bring;  
For her kind little feelings will ne'er be forgot  
By those who have mourn'd her early lot.

Our readers will not dislike a livelier strain  
to close our notice; and we (in preference to  
an *Elegy*, page 23, which strikes us as the  
only failure in the book, being rather ludic-  
rous than affecting), select for them, the

## FORRESTER'S SONG.

Forrester! leave thy woodland range,  
And his thee hence with me;  
For brighter scenes and pleasures strange,  
Forake thy greenwood tree.  
Come, gather thy cloak above the knee,  
And take thy tall staff down,  
I'll show thee what delights they be  
That dwell in town and town.

Nay, stranger, check thy bright bay steed,  
To sojourn with me here;  
And turn him forth at large to feed,  
Amongst these dappled deer:  
And thou, while summer skies are clear,  
Within my greenwood bowyer,  
Shalt count the pleasures once so dear,  
That dwell in town and town.

Well may I find a better home,  
My steed a warmer stall,  
I know full many a lordly dome,  
Full many a palace hall;  
Where stately rows of columns tall,  
The fretted roof sustain,  
Then, Forrester, yield thee to my call,  
And follow me o'er the plain.

Doth lofty roof delight thy eye,  
Or stately pillar please?  
Look, stranger, at yon azure sky,  
And pillars such as these—  
Where, wreathing round majestic trees,  
The verdant fry clings;  
The pillar'd roofs, the peasant sees,  
Are fit to shelter kings.  
O, who would to the greenwood roam,  
To hear the hauty's sound,  
To see the glittering goblets foam,  
While mellow pledge goes round;  
Then, while our cares in wine are drown'd,  
The precious stake to hold,

And find our varying fortunes crown'd  
With hopes of yellow gold?

Stranger! the woodman's frugal fare,  
No sickly rosin stain;  
Nor ever hauty's artful air,  
Might match yon throstle's strain:  
And, if the stores of ample grain  
Thy avarice crave,  
Go, stranger, teach the ruddy grain  
O'er yonder wastes to wave.

Nay, rather to my lady love,  
My courtly lays I'll sing;  
And in my helmet wear her glove,  
When gallants ride the ring,  
Or foremost in the battle spring,  
Where charging squadrons meet;  
And all my warlike trophies bring  
An offering to her feet.

Falsehood in beauty flies conceal'd,  
Guilt haunts the deadly fight:  
Here woods a harmless warfare yield,  
And make their true-love plight—  
Such simple joys of rustic right,  
To thee 'twere vain to tell;  
But heavily fall the shades of night—  
Now, stranger, fare thee well.

We are sure we need not reiterate our  
eulogium on a publication so unpretending,  
and yet containing such compositions as  
these.

## ASAM.

An account of this eastern kingdom,  
collected by Francis Hamilton, Esq.  
in 1808-9, at Bengal, and published in  
the 2d No. of the *Annals of Oriental*  
Literature, furnishes the substance of  
the following epitome.

Without entering into their early history,  
which, as is generally the case, reaches to the  
gods, we may observe, that for many cen-  
turies the Asamese were distinguished as a  
valiant and enterprising nation. Previous  
to the year 1721, Siva Singha, the eldest son  
of Rudra, ascended the throne; but in this  
reign a curious cause threw the whole power  
into the hands of women, or of those who  
promoted them. Soon after Siva's succes-  
sion, a brahman, by his profound skill in the  
science called Iyotish, discovered that the  
reign would be very short, and that the mo-  
narch would be deprived of rule before his  
death. To avoid these calamities it was  
suggested that the prophesy might be ren-  
dered nugatory, by resigning the government  
to a wife, in whose fidelity confidence might  
be placed. Poor Siva was glad to accede to  
this mode of cheating his destiny; and se-  
veral queens reigned in turn, while he re-  
mained a mere cypher, merely mounting the  
throne to marry them as they were wanted.  
Siva (or rather his wife) was succeeded by  
his brother Pramatta, in 1744, and he, on  
his death, about 1751, by another brother,  
Rajeswar. Rajeswar reigned about twenty  
years, and inclined to the Moslem manners.  
Lakshmi, his brother, succeeded him; and,  
according to the custom of Asam, married  
all the males of his family, so as to secure  
the throne to his own son. The kingdom  
was now, however, hastening to ruin. The  
power of the spiritual teachers had acquired

such force, that their insolence became intolerable, and Lakshmi, as Lord of heaven (Swargadeo), could no longer contain his anger; so that, to check their pride, he burned a splendid building, which, contrary to law, had been erected by one of them named the Mahamari, who guided a multitude of the lowest and most ignorant of the people. The inflamed multitude put the chief minister to death; but the prudence of Lakshmi enabled him, although with great difficulty, to smother the rebellion; and he died in peace.

Gaurinath, the son of Lakshmi, succeeded his father, and was the twelfth prince and seventeenth generation of the family since it came on earth.

He seems to have been a weak young man, totally unable to contend with the enthusiastic multitude. The low followers of the Mahamari (mostly fishermen) drove him from his throne, and Pitambar, the spiritual guide of these ruffians, appointed his nephew, Bharat Singha, to be king. This person, in a coin dated in the year Saka 1715 (A.D. 1792), claims a descent from Bhagavatta, which, had he been successful, would have been considered as an indisputable fact. But Gaurinath, having thrown himself on the protection of Lord Cornwallis, that nobleman, shortly before his departure for Europe in 1793, sent Captain Welsh, with eleven hundred Sepoys, who restored Gaurinath to the throne of his ancestors, and after a short stay returned to Bengal, very much to the regret of the prince. The usurper rebelled about two years after, and was seized and put to death. The restored king, however, soon died, and an overbearing minister, Bara Gohing, placed a boy (not upon the throne, an illegitimate descendant from Gohindhar the father of Rudra. About 1802 or 1803 there was a conspiracy against Bara Gohing, which he suppressed, putting to death five hundred persons of some rank, among whom was the brother of his own wife. The executions were performed with the cruelties usual among the Asamese, namely, with hoes heated to redness; but the terrible example is not thought to have quelled the spirit of insurrection.

The persons descended from Rudra Singha by legitimate marriage, and entitled to continue the succession, are called Tungkhungya; and all these have a right to succeed to the royal dignity; except such as have on their body some blemish or mark, whether from disease or accident, the scar either of an honourable wound, or of the small-pox, being equally a complete bar to the royal dignity. This induced the practice of rounding conspicuously on the nose or ear, all the royal progeny, except the presumptive heir. As a further precaution, all the princes, not sons of the reigning king, and their families, were confined on a hill among forests called Tejinamrup, two miles from Gargang the capital, to which there are three ascents, and three strong guards, Chandang, Dolakakuriya, and Kukurachoya. "The kings formerly lived at Gargang; but Siva Singha removed the seat of government to Rangapur Nagar (the city the abode of

pleasure), which is situated on the Dihko river, that, about three hours' journey from the fort, falls into the Dihing or southern part of the Brahmaputra river." Near the royal palace was a small temple, composed entirely of copper, in which the god Chung, it is supposed, was kept; but the whole worship of that deity is veiled in profound mystery.

The coronation, or rather enthronement of the king, is performed with much ceremony. The raja, mounted on a male elephant, and accompanied by his principal wife (Bara Kumari) riding on a female, proceeds to plant a tree (Ticus religiosa) on the hill Choral Khorong, where his ancestor Khumtai first appeared on earth. By the way he takes up the young tree, and pays the proprietor whatever price he chooses to demand. In performing this ceremony, the god Chung is suspended round his neck, he is girt with the sword Hyangdang, he carries in his turban the feathers of the sacred bird Deokakura (Pavo bairacetrans), and he is accompanied by all the principal officers of the kingdom, by a great part of the army, and by a vast multitude of the people.

Having planted the tree, the Raja and his followers descend to three huts, that have been erected for the purpose, and which are called Patchar, Holongghar, and Singgorighar. The Raja and his queen first enter the Patchar, where some water is poured on them from a shell called Duckshinavarta Sangha, the mouth of which is turned the way contrary to that of the shell, which is usually sounded by the Hindus, in order to attract a little notice from the gods.

The two royal persons then enter the Holongghar, and sit on a stage made of bamboos, under which is placed one of each species of animal that can be procured, such as a man, an elephant, a horse, a cow, a deer, a hog, a fowl, a duck, a snake, an insect, a fish, &c. Then water from nine Tirthas, or holy places, is poured over the king and queen, and falls on the animals.

The water of each holy place is kept in a golden vessel, and the plants called Sarvaushodhi, and Mahaushodhi have been infused into it.

The royal persons having been bathed, the king replaces the feathers in his turban, and advances with his queen to the Singgorighar, having in his hand the sword Hyangdang; and with this, before he enters, he kills a buffalo. The original custom was to kill a man, a criminal having been selected for the purpose; but since the time of Rudra Singha a buffalo has been substituted. The Raja then enters the Singgorighar, and ascends a throne (Singhasan) of gold, consisting of seven stages. Having been seated, the queen and the three chief persons of the kingdom make many presents of gold and jewels, and then lay their hands on the four feet of the throne. These nobles then walk seven times round their sovereign, who orders money to be coined, and gives some presents to the Deodhial, and to the Brahman who is his spiritual guide. He also orders gratuities (siropa) to be given to all the principal officers, and to religious mendicants; and some days'

provisions are distributed to the multitude, who have assembled to see the show. The Raja and his queen then dine with all the Asamese of high rank. Then all the tributary rajas, landlords, and inferior officers are introduced, and make presents, which occupies a whole month. In all these ceremonies the Chiring Phukon presides, and regulates every thing according to the ancient customs of the kingdom.

The whole kingdom of Asam, or Akam, as the natives pronounce it, formed a portion of Kamrup, one of the ancient divisions of Indian geography; and at the commencement of this degenerate iron age Kamrup was subject to Bhagadatta, a person celebrated in the fables concerning the great war. Dikorbisul, a temple which was at the eastern boundary of Kamrup, is at the extremity of Asam in the same direction. In modern Asam, however, the term Kamrup is confined to the western and most important province of the kingdom, the greater part of which was wrested from the Moslems early in the reign of Aurungzebe."

The trade between Bengal and Asam is stated at, exports from Beugal 223,300 rupees; imports 130,000 rupees. The balance is paid in gold from the mines, and in silver. The gold is from the mine Pakerguri, and is contained in the sand at the junction of the Dowsiri, or Dushiri, with the Brahmaputra. It is wrought by 1,000 men, from 15th September to 14th October, and each man must deliver one and a half rupee weight of gold dust. If successful he keeps all the overplus; if otherwise he must make good the quantity. "The mine, therefore, produces to the royal treasury 15,000 rupees weight of gold dust; for every person employed is paid in land. The rupee weight of gold dust is worth twelve rupees of silver; but it is adulterated and formed into small balls, which sell at Goyalpara for eleven sicca rupees for the weight of an Asamese rupee. The mine, therefore, is worth to the king somewhat more than 18,000 sicca rupees a year.

"In the territory called Doyang, S.W. from Jorhat a day's journey, there is an iron mine, which is wrought in the same manner on account of the king. It supplies the whole country with abundance." There is also a fine salt mine, worth 40,000 rupees a year to the treasury.

"The capital offences are treason, murder, rape, arson, and voluntary abortion. Rebels are never excused; for other offences pardon may be purchased. Capital punishment extends to the whole family of a rebel, parents, brothers, sisters, wives, and children. Offenders are put to death in various manners, by cutting their throats, by empaling them, by grinding them between two wooden cylinders, by sawing them asunder between two planks, by beating them with lammers, and by applying burning hoes to different parts until they die. This is the most horrible.

"Except the gang from Bengal, there are few robbers and atrocious house-breakers, or pirates. Such persons are punished in a summary manner by thrusting out their eyes,

or by cutting off the knee-pans. The wretches usually die of the latter operation, but survive the former. Both punishments are inflicted by the sole order of the chief minister in Assam proper, or of the governor of the two other provinces. Petty thefts are very common, and are punished by whipping, or by cutting off the nose or ears."

The productions are chiefly rice, mustard, black pepper, the betel-leaf; the sugarcane flourishes, and cotton is grown on the hills. But silk forms the greater part of the clothing, and no fewer than four different kinds of worms are reared, that on the mulberry being the least, and that on the muga (a species of laurel) the most common. The insect is fed on the tree as it grows. There are two crops; the silk procured at the beginning of the dry season (karlik) is red, that which is cut in the end of spring (jishutha) is white, and reckoned the best. The silk Meddangori, obtained in Assam proper, on a cultivated tree of another description, is still dearer than the preceding. The fourth kind, called Grenli, is reared on the Ricinus, and is abundant. Oxen and buffaloes are plentiful; but the art of making butter and cheese unknown: sheep are scarce, and goats not numerous. There are no asses, and very few horses. Ducks are more common than fowls, though many persons keep game cocks.

The handicraftsmen do not seem to be very expert, though the turners, it is said, can straighten an elephant's tooth, by covering it with a thick coat of clay and cow-dung, and then exposing it to the fire.

"No one is allowed to wear shoes without a special licence from the king, and it is an infuigence that is very rarely granted. At the capital there are a few Bengalese shoemakers, who are ready, whenever his Majesty chooses, to have a pair of shoes, or to imulge one of his chiefs with that luxury.

"There are no confectioners, no butchers, no bakers, no tailors.

"All the domestics are slaves, and they are pretty numerous, every man of rank having several. The slaves are procured from among the necessitous, who mortgage themselves, in the same manner as in the eastern divisions of Rangoon. Some are exported. About a hundred of pure cast are annually sold to Bengal. They are mostly children: the girls are chiefly bought by prostitutes, and cost from twelve to fifteen rupees. A Koch boy costs twenty-five rupees, a Kolita fifty. Slaves of impure tribes are sold to the Garos, and many are said to be sent to Nora, from whence they are probably exported to Ava."

#### BRITISH BIRDS.

*A Compendium of the Ornithology of Great Britain; with a Reference to the Anatomy and Physiology of Birds.*

By John Atkinson, F.L.S. &c. London and Leeds. 1820. 8vo. pp. 322.

In his preface the author of this very useful work, truly says:—"It has long been regretted that the want of a concise system of British Ornithology has prevented the diffusion

of these advantages. The works on this subject, though highly valuable in themselves, are too expensive for every one to procure, and so volunuous as to discourage those whom we should invite, and appal the student with images of difficulty and labour, when we should cheer his efforts, and smooth his approach."

He then unfolds his design as follows:—"The intention of the author, in forming this compendium, was to collect the information scattered through extensive treatises, and the transactions of learned societies,—to state the species which have been recently discovered,—and to correct those errors in synonyma, which the difference of feather in different ages, or at certain times in the year, has frequently produced. Far, therefore, from aspiring to supersede the standard works, he trusts his synopsis will facilitate their study.

"From the writings of Shaw, Montagu, Pennant, Latham and Bewick, he has often drawn his descriptions; but in almost every instance, diligently compared them with specimens in his own cabinet, or those of his friends. The details of authors, however, the conspicious plan of his compendium has often obliged him to abridge; yet he is not aware of having ever omitted the characteristic of a species.

"Besides the external appearance, this synopsis will be found to contain anatomical remarks. A great proportion of the British birds have been accurately examined by the author as to their internal structure, while others were dissected in the Orkney Islands by well informed assistants, sent for the purpose of procuring specimens. The habits of several species these gentlemen also ascertained, and some were kept alive under the author's inspection."

In the beaten path of criticism we have but to state, that Mr. Atkinson appears to us to have formed a good plan, and to have executed it very ably. Such a publication admits of hardly any other mode of illustration, than the expression of opinion; but we shall endeavour to condense its information (on leading points), and add such examples of the peculiarities and habits of some of the birds, as may serve to relieve the technical dryness of the subject.

Mr. Atkinson thus classes the birds of Great Britain. First division, LAND BIRDS.

*Order I. Accipitres*, consisting of three genera.—*Genus 1.* Falco. Eighteen species from the golden eagle to the sparrow hawk. *Genus 2.* strix (owl) of eight species, and *Genus 3.* lanus (strike) three species. *Order II. Picæ*, consisting of eleven genera; viz. corvus (crow) of nine sorts, coracias (ruekoo) one, oriolus (oriole) one, cucullus (wuekoo) one, yunx (wryneck) one, picus (woodpecker) five, alcedo (kingfisher) one, sitta (nutbath) one, meops (bee-eater) one, upupa (hoopoe) one, and certhia (creeper) one. *Order III. Passeres*, sixteen genera; viz. sturnus (starling) one, turdus (thrush) seven, cinclus (water-ouzel) one, glareola (pratcole) one, ampelis (chatterer) one, loxia (finch) five, emberiza (humming) seven, fringilla (sparrow) nine, muscicapa (fly-

catcher) two, alauda (lark) six, motacilla (vagtail) three, vitifera (wheat-eater) one, sylvia (nightingale) nineteen, parus (titmouse) seven, hirundo (swallow) four, and caprimulgus (goatsucker) one. *Order IV. Columbae*, one genus, the pigeon, four species. *Order V. Gallinae*, four genera; viz. colchicus (pheasant) two, tetrao (grouse) four, peridix (partridge) three, and otis (bustard) two.

The Second Division is that of WATER BIRDS. These are subdivided into the three orders, grallæ, pinnatipedes, and palmipedes. The grallæ are of the following eleven genera. *Platalea* (spoonbill) one sort, ardea (crane) fourteen, tantalus (ibis) one, numenius (curlew) two, scolopax (snipe) eleven, tringa (ruff and reeve—scaup) fourteen, charadrius (plover) seven, cursorio one, isomatopus one, rallus (rail) one, and gallinula (water hen) five. The pinnatipedes are of only three genera; the phalaropus of two kinds, the fulvia (coot) one, and the podiceps (grebe) six. The last order is the palmipedes, or web-footed, which consist of ten genera; viz. the avocata, of one kind, alca (auk) five, uria (guillemot, &c.) three, colymbas (divers) five, sterna (tern) six, larus (gull) ten, procellaria (petrel, &c.) three, mergus three, anas (swan, goose, &c.) thirty one, and pelicanus (cornorant, &c.) three.

In all, fifty-nine genera: one hundred and forty-two kinds of land birds, and one hundred and thirty-seven water-fowls: in all two hundred and ninety-seven kinds of birds known to Great Britain.

We now insert three definitions, to show the author's method.

"Alcedo.—Bill long triangular, tongue short, sharp pointed; legs short, feet, in most species gressorial. 1. Ispida, kingfisher. *A. atroviridis*, subulius fulvus, dorso caruleo nitidissimo vertice macula transversa carulea. Shaw. The bill is two inches long, and blackish; base of the lower mandible orange; irides light hazel; crown and coverts of the tail bright azure; under parts dull orange; legs red orange. The kingfisher generally deposits her eggs in an ascending rats-hole. The nest is composed of the bones of fishes, the castings of the parent birds. The eggs are seven, white and transparent. It is supposed that the young are fed by the parents ejecting food from their stomachs. See an interesting account in Mont. Orn. Dict.

"Genus XI. Sitta.—Bill salutate, straight, sharp pointed; nostrils covered with reflected bristles; feet three toes forwards, one backward. 1. Europea, nut-batch, wood-cracker, nut-jollier. *S. pyralis*, subulius subfuliginosa fascia transoculari nigra, rectricibus lateralibus nigris prope apicem albidis. Shaw. The bill is strong, black above, beneath white; irides hazel; the crown and upper parts are of a fine bluish grey; the cheeks and chin are white; breast and belly are of a dull orange; quills dusky; the legs are pale yellow. The female lays six or seven white eggs, spotted with rust colour. She forms her nest in the hole of a tree, the entrance to which is contracted, by a plaster of clay, so as barely to allow a passage

When disturbed she hisses like a snake. The nut-hatch feeds upon beetles and crabs, the latter after securing in a chink, it nicks by a stroke of its bill."

"*Rubecula, red-breast. S. grisea, gula pectoraque ferrugineis.* Shaw. The bill is slender and black; the irides are large and dusky; the plumage is yellowish brown; the breast deep rufous-orange; the belly and vent are whitish. Both sexes are alike. Length six inches. The red-breast builds its nest at the bottom of some thick shrub: it is composed of leaves, moss and feathers. The female lays from five to seven dirty white eggs, spotted with rust colour. Its food is worms and insects, which it never eats alive, but beats them with its bill against the ground until they cease to move."

Agreeably to our proposition we conclude with a few characteristic notices.

"As birds do not possess the sense of taste, the fluid usually secreted by the parotid gland is not saliva, but a mucus fluid, and its use is to lubricate the throat, and defend it from the many hard substances constantly swallowed. In the woodpecker this gland is unusually large, and the fluid most viscid, which enables it to attach insects, &c. the better to its curiously formed tongue. This organ in most birds has the os hyoides, which runs in the centre cartilaginous, but in the woodpecker it is completely ossified, runs longitudinally through the tongue, and projects at its tip, a barbed point, the use of this structure is of course to transfix insects. But in order to allow a sufficient protrusion and retraction, the cornua of the os hyoides are elongated backwards and upwards, and slide in a groove of the cranium. Thus by the surprising latitude of motion, which this conformation allows, conjoined also with the elasticity of the root of the tongue, and the peculiar muscles which produce its motions, the bird has the power of darting out for several inches its singular weapon."

"The organ of voice in birds is at the bifurcation of the trachea, and not in the larynx: it appears by the observations of Cuvier to depend upon the number of constrictor muscles, and their situation. He found in all singing birds five pairs:—

- Two anterior longitudinal contractors.
- Two posterior do.
- Two small do.
- Two oblique
- Two transverse

"In most birds which do not sing there is in general only one pair."

"Of the owl." "Spallanzani found that the gastric juice of the owl and some hawks, is perfectly incapable of digesting vegetable substances, however triturated or masticated; but that the gastric fluid of the ring-tail eagle, digested bread when forced into the stomach, although the bird would not touch it voluntarily after four days fasting."

"The gastric fluid will not act upon the enamel of the teeth, horn, or the cartilaginous portion of the gizzard of fowls."

"A curious anecdote is related of the screech owl, by a gentleman who resides in Yorkshire, and who is well acquainted with Ornithology. Having observed the scales of

fishes in the nest of a pair, which had built near a lake, upon his premises, he was induced one moonlight night to watch their motions; when he was agreeably surprised to see one of them plunge into the water, and seize a perch, which it bore to its nest, whence the gentleman took it."

The hooded crow. Mr. A. says, "This bird, my assistant observed in Orkney, to break shell-fish, by letting them fall upon the rocks from a great height."

"The hooded crow is rarely seen in this part of the country, but is frequent on the shores of our tide rivers, during the winter. We have seen it in most parts of the Highlands, Scotland, in July and August."

"A remarkable instance of a male of this species, pairing with the female carrion crow, (*corvus corone*) we witnessed at Arrochar, on Loch Long, and this singular attachment, had subsisted three or four years; their nest was like that of carrion crow, in the fork of a tall pine, and the young brood had already flown, but we were unable to procure one of them, or to ascertain which of the parents they most resembled."

The cuckoo. "It is curious, that when two cuckoo-eggs, are deposited and hatched, the stronger bird ejects the weaker, and remains sole possessor of the nest."

"A young cuckoo was hatched in the nest of a water-wagtail; after it had quitted the nest, we observed the singular manner in which it was fed by its foster-parent; the young bird remained squatted on the ground, and in that position, with its head thrown backwards, and gaping with its mouth, received the wag-tail on its back, who liberally supplied it with worms and insects."

The sparrow. "The ignorant, ever ready to judge from superficial observation, have condemned the sparrow, because it feeds on the produce of the farmer, as a most noxious bird, fit only to be extirpated. It is to be recollected, however, that insects form no inconsiderable part of the food for birds. Mr. Bradley, in his treatise on husbandry and gardening, has proved by actual observation, that a pair of sparrows, during the time they had young, carried to the nest forty caterpillars in one hour; and supposing them employed with equal diligence for twelve hours a day, they will in one week consume the astonishing number of three thousand three hundred and sixty caterpillars."

"Thus an all wise Providence checks the inordinate increase of insects; which, however useful in themselves, would if left unmolested, propagate with such rapidity as to consume the vegetable productions of the earth, and leave it a desert waste."

The chaffinch. "Mr. White, in his History of Selborne, observes, that great flocks sometimes appear in that neighbourhood, about Christmas, and that they are almost all hens. In Sweden the hens migrate, leaving the males."

The author mentions tobacco smoke as the only cure for the disease called *acuties*, or the gapes, in birds; and the following is another of his notes, worth repeating.

"It is curious to observe a bird on its

perch and at rest; it is not by any voluntary action which it exerts by which it is prevented from falling when asleep; it is by the pressure of the body upon the legs, by which the flexor tendons of the feet are compelled to embrace the branch upon which it is seated."

An appendix describes the best mode of preserving birds for the cabinet; but for this and other matters, we must refer to the work itself, which needs no further recommendation either to ornithologists, or the public generally.

#### LODGE'S PORTRAITS.

##### Parts. III & IV.

The greatest difficulty which appears to stand in the way of a work like this, is that of selecting subjects to engrave. In many instances the portraits of our most eminent characters are but of small value as works of art; and yet to omit them on account of this defect would be to exclude the most illustrious persons in our history. This necessarily creates an inequality in the engravings; since the artist well knows the impossibility of producing a fine plate from a picture destitute of talent. But when such a drawback has occurred in any portrait which is the most authentic representation of a distinguished individual, it has been balanced by the care and skill of the engraver in finishing the plate; for we can truly say, that we never had occasion to review a work of such extent, where the combination of ability requisite to bring it before the world has been so various; in which the plates have been so uniformly good, and in which they have improved so much in merit as the publication proceeded.

This is in itself no mean praise, and certainly does honour to the proprietors of the copyright; though it prevents our saying so much of the plates in the early parts, as we may have occasion to observe upon those of later date. It will be a sufficient assurance of their general beauty to state, that the talents of Messrs. Hilton, Satchwell, and others, have been employed in making the drawings, and of Messrs. Agar, Meyer, Cooper, &c. upon the engravings.

Part III. contains Prince Henry the son of James I. (by Mytens), and gives us the idea of a beautiful Stuart countenance in youth, full of benevolence and intelligence. Archbishop Cranmer, from the original in the British Museum. What we find remarkable in the literary portion belonging to this portrait, is a statement that Cranmer had a son and a daughter by his second wife (the niece of Osiander, a protestant divine of Nuremberg), whom he sent back to Germany on the promulgation of the famous six articles, in 1539, forbidding the marriage of the clergy upon pain of death. This fact, which has escaped all who have written concerning Cranmer, is put beyond doubt by the Journals of Parliament, where Mr. Lodge has discovered a Bill passed by the House of Commons, on the 9th of March 1562, for "the restoration in blood of Thomas and Margaret, children of the late Archbishop Cranmer." Another singularity in this portrait is its being the production of one Ger-

liens Fieclis, and not only possessed of much intrinsic merit, but the only known specimen of an artist whose very name has escaped the observation of Vertue, Lord Orford, Pilkington, Bryan, and others who have devoted their attention to pictorial biography.

The third portrait is that of Ann Clifford, the renowned Countess of Pembroke (by Mytens). The fourth is John Paulet or Powlett (for our ancestors were not very particular in the orthography of even their own names), who was the fifth Marquis of Winchester. It is from a picture by Peter Oliver, and does credit to the gallant royalist and brave defender of Basing House. Edward Courtenay Earl of Devonshire, the last of the elder male branch of that great house, is the fifth subject. This is the personage who was suggested as a husband to Queen Elizabeth; he died at Padua in 1556. The last portrait is that of George Clifford, the third Earl of Cumberland, the father of Ann of Pembroke, and one of the commanders against the Spanish armada. His costume is very peculiar; and he wears in the front of his hat the glove which Elizabeth dropped, and when he presented it to her, bade him keep it for her sake. This honourable mark of his politic mistress's favour is proudly enriched with gems, and seems to be as proudly worn by the adventurous sailor.

Part IV. consists of the following: John Russell, 1st Earl of Bedford, and Thomas Sackville, 1st Earl of Dorset, by unknown artists; John Selden, by Mytens; George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, by Jansen; Lucy Harington, Countess of Bedford, by Honthorst; Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, by Mytens. The second of these is the well known author of *Perrex and Porrex*, afterwards called *Gorbudoe*, the prototype of the tragic drama in the English tongue. He ought, perhaps, to be almost equally celebrated for his "Induction," to which Warton (though Virgil and older poets might claim it) ascribes the honour of teaching Spenser the mode of designing allegorical personages; as the tragedy no doubt did much towards the production of that resplendent era of which *Shakspeare* was the sun. We copy a verse or two from the poem, as illustrative of Warton's opinion. The poet is led by Surrow to the infernal regions:

And by and by another shape appears  
Of greedy Carc, still brushing up the breers:  
His knuckles knob'd, his flesh deepe dented  
in;

With tawd hands, and hard ytanned skin,  
The morrow gray no sooner hath begun  
To spread his light, even peeping in our eyes,  
When he is up, and so his worke yrun.  
But let the night's blacke mistie musles rise,  
And with foule darke never so much disguise,  
The faire bright day, yet censeth he no while,  
But hathe his candles to prolong his toile.

By him lay hevie Sleepe, cosin of Death,  
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone;  
A very corpse, yae yeelding forth a breath.  
Small keepe tooke he whom Fortune frowned on,  
Or whome she lifted up into the throne  
Of high renown; but, as a living death,  
So, dead alive, of life he drew the breath,

The bodys rest; the quiet of the heart;  
The travails ease; the still night's feere was he;  
And of our life in earth the better part;  
Rever of sight, and yet in whom we see  
Things of that tide, and oft that never bee.

Without respect, esteeming equally  
King Cræsus' pompe, and Iru's povertie.  
And next in order, ad Old Age we found:  
His beard all bore, his eyes hollow and blind;  
With drooping cheere, still poring on the  
ground;  
As on the place where Nature him assigned  
To rest.

This is not only fine, but displays much of the cunning of poetry. The alliteration is obvious, without affectation; and many of the images served later lords in good steal, as all our readers will at once perceive.

In the biography of the Duke of Buckingham, Mr. *Lodge* is wrong where he says that "England could not at that time furnish moustiers sufficiently depraved to apologise for a frantic enthusiast (Felton) who had murdered even a bad minister." Never was the country more disgraced by such apologies than on this very occasion: pamphlets were published in praise of Felton, with the names of persons of respectable station attached to them, and multitudes openly regarded the assassin with the veneration of a martyr.

Of Lionel Cranfield, whom Buckingham ruined and got dismissed with heavy fine and disgrace from his office of lord treasurer, we have a good anecdote. A question had arisen at his table (after this event) as to the best means of prolonging human life, upon which his lordship facetiously observed, "Let a man get himself appointed lord treasurer, for no one ever died in that office." His humour was also displayed in some mock-complimentary verses prefixed to the *Travels or Crudities of Tom Coryat* in 1611, who, like Mr. Curwen, (see a subsequent page) seems to have written as he ran.

Poor Coryat was so insensible to ridicule that he inserted all the burlesques upon himself in his book, and, among the rest, Lord Middlesex's:

"Great lude deserves the author of this worke,  
Who saw the French, Dutch, Lombard, Jew,  
and Turke,

But speaks not any of their tongues as yet,  
For who in five months can attaine to it?  
Short was his time, although his booke be lone.  
Which shewes much wit, and memory more  
strong

And yron memory—for who but he  
Could glue together such a rhapsodie  
Of precious things, as towers, sleeples, rocks,  
Tombs, theatres, the gallows, buls, and stocks,  
Mules, asses, arsenals, churches, gates, and  
townes,  
The Alpine mountains, cortezans, and Dutch  
clowms?

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### CURWEN'S TOUR IN IRELAND.

#### To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir,—Mr. Curwen, M.P. published, a few years ago, a tour through Ireland, the second volume of which I accidentally met with yesterday, and read for the first time. Whatever that gentleman's other qualifications

may be, it would be very unjust to deny him the praise of exemplary expedition. He travels, in the second volume, from south to north of the island, traversing several hundred miles, viewing innumerable towns, villages, seats, and farms, some of them with the utmost minuteness, (whether real or assumed I cannot say) and the tour only occupies him from the 14th of September, when he leaves Macroom, to the 19th of October, when he departs for England, after having, in these five weeks, produced his comely octavo of 355 pages!

We have, however, an old proverb, which does not bear favourable testimony to the advantages to be derived from such hasty operations; and I must say, that the venerable adage is borne out completely on this occasion by Mr. Curwen: for his book, at least as far as my personal knowledge goes, is very inaccurate indeed. But I am not willing to bring general charges without substantiating them; and shall accordingly point out a few inaccuracies. As I am a Cork-man I shall only speak of what relates to my own neighbourhood.

Page 4. We have a couple of errors: "*Bally Cobleck*, six miles from Cork, is a great ordnance depot." The name of the place is *Ballincollig*. And shortly after, he talks of the *Irishtown* of Cork, no part of which city is designated by such a title; and in fact the name conveys an erroneous idea.

Page 7. "The situation of Cork is particularly striking. The old town being built on the side of a hill forms an amphitheatre, at the foot of which the river Lee formerly ran." Now the old town of Cork is built on a flat at the foot of the hill, and was surrounded by the Lee. When the necessity for keeping themselves cooped up in a fortified town censured, the inhabitants spread over the adjoining hills; so that what Mr. Curwen calls the old town is in truth the most modern. He might have learned this fact from Spenser, who sings of

The spreading Lee that, like an island fair,  
Encloseth Cork with its divided flood.

Page 8. "The old town occupies the southern bank, the new is built on the northern." The old town, as I have said before, was encompassed by the two branches of the Lee, which divides above and unites below it.

Page 9. We have a couple of verbal errors in names; let that pass; but they are a sign of carelessness.

Page 10. "Party animosities here are carried to a great height—private comfort and public prosperity are always sacrificed to these unfortunate local misunderstandings, which are greatly promoted by the mutual desire that each party fosters to avoid personal conferences with each other, and to prefer the insinuations and misrepresentations of interested, invidious characters." I must positively deny every word of this. No one who knows any thing whatever of Cork could make such an assertion. There is perhaps no city of its size in the empire, where all

\* Of the first I know nothing, so I cannot tell whether its contents are as galling as those of the second.



sects of religion and politics mix in such unrestrained intercourse both in public and private society.

Page 21. After some very silly remarks on the state of our county representation, we are told that "the representation of the town rests mostly in each body corporate, which seldom exceeds twelve members." Of what town? As he is writing from the county of Cork, he must mean its county town; and so far from its elective franchise being confined to twelve members, its corporate body consists of over two thousand freemen, and its freeholders, who vote at elections, to as many more. But I am not astonished at this error when I find,

Page 22. That he informs us that *twenty-eight* peers are returned to Parliament for Scotland by *two hundred and seven* electors! I thought every body knew that Scotland returns but *sixteen* peers, and the elective body is, I believe, under one hundred. Why this is as bad as any thing in Debreut.

Page 24. "Mr. McCasell, whose residence is near Fernoy, has the reputation of being a good farmer." Here is a hopeful blunder. Who do you think this gentleman is? I am sure you would hardly guess that he is neither more nor less than Lord Mountcashel—one of the first farmers indeed in the county. The accurate name under which he appears in Mr. Curwen's pages was no doubt picked up from some of the peasantry, in whose dialect his lordship's title is often corrupted into McCasell; which pretty barbarism, a little more barbarized, is promulgated to the world by our senatorial tourist.

Here he gets out of the county, and I shall not follow him. He is not more exact in other shires, but they are not in my bulliwick. If I wished to go *arguing* against his statements, I might have swelled the list easily enough; but I have pointed out only palpable blunders. It would be wonderful, indeed, if such were not committed, when the dates of his letters are as follows: Cork, September 14; Fernoy, September 14; and Lisnmore, September 15. Giving thus about two days to the survey of the largest county and the second city of Ireland.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,  
Passage West. R. P.

#### AMERICA.

#### OBSERVATIONS OF A TRAVELLER, ON THE UNITED STATES.

M— 21st June 1820.

I have resided some time in America, and believe myself tolerably well acquainted with the state of commerce and manufactures in the United States; and cannot but wish, for the good of so many deluded people, to destroy, as far as lies in my power, the false representations which are entertained of this country, and which are particularly supported by those whose interest and selfish purposes require it. Having arrived about three weeks ago in Hamburg, my information is recent and authentic; and having no other motive than to counteract the delusions which are assiduously spread abroad concerning that country, I shall speak the truth, and nothing but the truth.

The proposal (which is mentioned in an article in the Gazette of Spire) to prohibit the importation of all woolen, cotton, and iron goods into the United States, has indeed been made to the congress: there was, however, never any talk of an absolute prohibition, but merely of an inconsiderable addition to the present import duty, in order, by this means, as they supposed, to bring the American manufactures to such perfection that they might maintain the competition with those of foreign countries. But this proposal will never be adopted, for this reason; first, because the landowners, who are the far larger part of the American people, are so decidedly against it, and the members of the congress having been elected by the people, dare not vote but according to their pleasure; secondly, because the American manufactures, even with additional import duties, which at the most can be only from 40 to 50 per cent, will never support the competition with the foreign, consequently an additional impost duty would never accomplish the proposed object.

In the last war with England, the American manufactures rapidly flourished, merely because they had no others to contend with. Suppose a cloth coat, which a farmer can now buy for ten or twelve dollars better than at that time for eighty to one hundred dollars, should be again raised to this price, it is very natural to suppose that he would vote against such a measure. Manufactures do not spring up like plants in hot houses; they require many years, much experience, immense capitals, and a contentedness with respect to the enjoyments of life, which the American never had nor ever will have. Supposing such an act passed in congress, how will the immense deficiency in the revenue be covered, which would be the consequence, if the importation of foreign goods was so much decreased, or was perhaps even totally given up; as the constitution will not admit of a land tax, and the farmer who is firmly attached to it, never would consent to pay one.

The internal wealth of the United States, which the article mentions, is very inconsiderable, and rather decreases than increases; for according to my ideas, it consists in the prosperity of trade and commerce, in the quick circulation of money; but now the first are very much declining in North America, and the money is like a mere article of merchandise; bank notes, which are almost the only currency, being always at a discount, and continually varying in value.

Of what service is it to the individual or to the country, if large tracts of uncultivated land are ploughed and the farmer does not find a market for his superfluous produce, and must therefore suffer that to spoil which he does not want for his own use?

Surely the internal wealth of a country cannot be established by such means. But that the American manufactures can be brought to such a height as to be exported, and thus to enter into competition with those of Europe, is so far beyond the limits of probability, that it is wholly unnecessary for me to adduce any arguments on the sub-

ject; if they are unable to support the competition with strangers in their own country, with protecting duties of 40 or 50 per cent, how will they be able to compete with the Europeans in other parts of the world? The sixty cotton, and the thirty-six woollen manufactures, are inconsiderable in themselves, and are besides only in the northern states, including Maryland, and extend no farther to the south; they manufacture only goods of very inferior quality, and may therefore be said merely to vegetate. America has indeed natural advantages, and all the raw materials in abundance; but this is not sufficient; there are required, besides hands, skill, long experience, capital, and many essential things which they are far, very far from possessing. It is only on the Ohio or Mississippi that steam boats are established for the conveyance of goods; on all the other rivers they only carry passengers. The rates are in truth insignificant, and in the interior of the country provisions extremely cheap; but this will not make manufacturers thrive, when the most essential requisite is wanting.

The influx of strangers will not greatly increase the population; for it is a fact, that by the highly exaggerated delusive notions of this country, which were designedly circulated, many thousand persons have been brought to want, misery, and death; and last year many vessels with English, Irish, and French, returned back, which they would surely have done if they had met with great success there. The distinctive epidemic peculiar to America and the West Indies (the yellow fever) has carried off, in the southern states, by far the greater part of the strangers lately arrived, including even the North Americans themselves; which has induced the state of Georgia to issue an ordinance prohibiting the importation of strangers during the unhealthy season, which is from May to October.

If, at Savannah, all foreigners died, and, in New Orleans, a city containing 25,000 inhabitants, of whom only 8000 are whites, 50 persons died daily, and 1,400 in five weeks, this is surely not the land of promise, whither every body should desire to travel. It is to be wished, for the sake of humanity, that the deceitful nimbus which hangs over that country may be at length dispelled, which has cost Germany so many thousands of her sons, and millions of money, that never return. The preponderance of the English manufactures is not temporary, but firmly established for a long time to come. In the great towns on the Atlantic, there are very insignificant manufactures, or rather none at all; for a worker who has two, or at the most, three looms, cannot well be called a manufacturer. Besides Pittsburgh, Zanesville, Cincinnati, and Lexington, are quite insignificant towns, and the last three in particular, are going to decay, in consequence of the banking system, the notes often being at a discount of 50 or 60 per cent. compared with money, and frequently not being current at any exchange. At Marietta, a small town in the state of Pennsylvania, a house which was built only four years ago, at the expense of 16,000

dollars, was sold last winter for as many hundreds; and such instances are not rare. It is not to be denied, that the Americans have a great talent for mechanics, particularly in building bridges and ships, (though the most skilful bridge-builder in Pennsylvania is a German); but in manufacturing machinery, they have hitherto done but little, as almost all that they possess is of English origin. According to my conviction, therefore, it is impossible that the seven or eight millions of Americans will soon be able to produce as many manufactures as the 15 millions of English and Irish. The South American gold and silver mines lie as near to the English, and the West of Europe, as to the Northern States of America, which alone have any manufactures: for it requires as much time to sail to South America from New Orleans, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, &c. as from the ancient hemisphere, because all vessels sailing from those ports are obliged to proceed nearly off Madeira, and then steer south-west, if they can gain the wind; they therefore require as much time as those that sail from Europe.

A remarkable proof of the scarcity of money in North America, particularly in the Western States, is furnished by an advertisement in one of the three journals, published in the flourishing town of Cincinnati, on the Ohio: the editor offers to take from his subscribers corn, brandy, meat, sugar, linen, flax, feathers, wool, wax, tallow, candles, skins, and rags, at the current prices of the market.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### LITHOGRAPHY.

We are glad to find that this interesting art continues to attract the public attention in this country, and we hope ere long to see it succeed still more than it has done in Germany and France. The perfection of the machinery employed is of the greatest con-

sequence; and we therefore take an opportunity of laying before our readers a sketch of a new Lithographic Printing Press, constructed by Mr. J. Ruthven of Edinburgh, on the principle of his patent, and which answers perfectly for printing from stone. It is represented as free from the disadvantages that have hitherto attended lithographic presses, and as thus promising to render the art very generally adopted. Any degree of pressure is at once brought to bear on the stone, by means of the lever. The roller is found to clear the stone from the printing ink at each impression, and the labour of winding the bed through is much less than by the method hitherto used. By this machine a greater number of impressions may also be obtained in a day than formerly. One of them has been for some time at work at the Lithographic Establishment of Mr. Charles M. Willch, No. 6, Dartmouth Street, Westminster, where we have inspected it, to satisfy ourselves of its merit, and where we believe it may be seen by the admirers of this interesting art. This press has also the advantage of being applicable to copper-plate printing. Upon enquiry we learnt, that at length English stone has been found to answer the purposes of lithography. In the above establishment it has been used with perfect success for Transfer Lithography, in which branch it is even thought to be superior to the German stone. The press from which the sketch has been made is intended for printing from stones 10 inches by 15 inches. It is extremely neat, and works with great facility.

### NEW CARRIAGE.

The Journal de Nancy announces that a gentleman of that city has invented a carriage which is impelled forward by a piece of mechanism, set in motion by a person stationed at the back of the vehicle. It is said that six persons may ride in this carriage, as rapidly as though it were drawn by horses at a trotting pace.

### STEEL ENGRAVING.

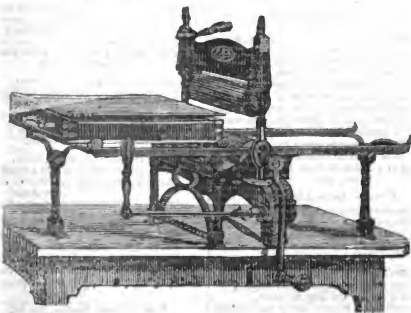
To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—I have, with much satisfaction, read the paper over the signature of F. E. Guilloit, ex-director of assignats, which appeared in your valuable Gazette of the 9th instant, since it affords me an opportunity of doing justice to the inventors of the *Silicographic Art*. M. Guilloit says "claim to the priority of the invention of engraving in *relief on copper*, by the pressure of a plate engraved by incision (*encreux*) on steel." The inventors of this valuable art do not claim the discovery of engraving in *relief on copper*; it constitutes no part of their process of multiplying copper or steel engravings.

The method adopted by the French artists to multiply engravings is not practicable, and is acknowledged by M. Guilloit to have been abandoned long since: what practical man could suppose that copper having been pressed into a steel engraving, although made harder by the operation, could indent, by its relief, another copper plate, without enlarging each, and thereby distorting and injuring the engraving?—M. Guilloit, after claiming for his countryman this invention, says it is worth nothing, and points out the reason why. He says (and we perfectly agree with him) "Copper when strongly pressed experiences in all its parts an extension proportioned to its degree of annealing, and to its thickness. The difference between two impressions in copper has been found to amount, in the eagle and in the figure of liberty, to two centimetres 25-100ths (a line); hence the identity is destroyed." M. Guilloit has, we think, fairly proved that, although the French artists long ago conceived the idea that engravings might be multiplied, yet they could not put their ideas into practice, and, after many experiments, it was given up. Messrs. Perkins and Fairman also conceived the idea of multiplying engravings, and have put their ideas into most successful practice. The simple reason is this: Messrs. Perkins and Fairman's method is practicable, and entirely different from the French method, which is not practicable.

"If such a difference has been discovered on so small a surface as that of these two engravings of 30 and 66 square centimetres, (4 square inches and 9 square inches) it is easy to foresee the enormous difference which will result from the multiplication of engravings on any large copper plates, especially when this multiplication shall be effected under a cylinder acting as a flattening mill."

We perfectly agree with M. Guilloit, that when copper plates are attempted to be produced by the above described process, they, as he has stated, would be destroyed. We have seen a copper plate made by Messrs. Perkins and Fairman's indenting process, of 360 square inches, without the least enlargement; is not this a proof that the invention is dissimilar? We have also seen some of Heath's most delicate engravings retouched, after having been worn out by use; now if the plate had been the least enlarged, would the original lines and dots be again renewed? It is very evident, that although M. Guilloit



perfectly understands the plan adopted by his countryman, he has not correctly informed himself of the system adopted by Messrs. Perkins and Fairman.

M. Desnoyès, the celebrated French engraver, on his recent visit to this city, called on the inventors, and was shewn the process; he, like all the English artists, spoke in the warmest terms of its utility, beauty, and originality; if Mr. Guillot would visit his countryman, he could satisfy him that what was attempted in France, without success, is now successfully practised in this country. I have only to add, that such is the demand for this invention, that nearly 1,000 steel plates have already been ordered, for bank notes and other purposes.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, &c.  
September 15, 1820.

JUSTICE.

## NEW SPANISH PLOUGH.

The Royal Society of Valladolid has published a description of an improved plough, presented to the society by Don Andres Herrarrie, one of its members. The improvement which this ingenious artist has given to an instrument of such importance to agriculture, preserving the same simplicity and the common uses, varying it only in the share, cause it to work with much less fatigue to the cattle and the driver, moving and penetrating the earth every where to the same depth, clearing away the weeds, and cutting through the deepest and largest roots.

## LITERATURE &amp; LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## FRENCH ACADEMY.

*Prizes to be distributed at the Annual Sitting of August, 1821.*

*Prize of Eloquence.*—To determine what constitutes poetic genius, and how it may be ascertained independently of diversity of languages, and forms of versification, in all its varieties, from the *Epopée* to the *Apologue*. The prize to consist of 1500 francs.

*Prize of Poetry.*—1st. The Devotion of *Malesherbes*, prize 1500 francs. 2d. The Restoration of Literature and the Arts, under Francis I. prize 1500 francs.

*Prize for the literary work most useful to morals.*—The Academy not having awarded this prize in 1819 and 1820, will grant, according to the merit of the work, a double or triple prize, consisting of a gold medal, of 800 or 1200 francs value, to the author of that literary work (published completely, and for the first time, between the 1st of January and the 31st of December, 1820), which may be deemed most useful to morals.

*Prize of Virtue.*—At the same sitting, the Academy will grant a prize to reward some virtuous action which may have been performed in the department of the Seine, within the three years preceding the 1st of July, 1820.

*Prize of Eloquence for 1822.*—The subject for the prize of Eloquence, which the Academy intends to propose for 1822, will be—The *Eloge* of Le Sage. The prize will consist of 1500 francs.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

## THE CALM.

Phœbus o'er the mountains bright,  
Now sheds his dawning light;  
The wood-bird hails with joy the day,  
Hopping from spray to spray.  
Come, Nora! let us brush the dew—  
From yon tall peak we'll view  
The sluggish vessel's lazy motion  
Over the glassy ocean.  
There! the belling sail is spread;  
Yet on the unruddied bed  
Of azure, rests it motionless—  
"Sleeps it there, Albert?"—"Yes,  
The tedious sleep of lethargy;  
Not so the watchful eye  
Of the expectant sailor closes—  
Not so his heart reposes.

Again he sees his native shore;  
He hails it! its cliffs once more;—  
The tear-drop to his eye will start,  
Beats his responsive heart,  
As his lone Nancy's pensiveance  
Will on his memory press.  
Twere but a leap from thence to her,  
Why, why, his bliss defer?—  
And lo! her love-discerning eyes  
The signal recognize!  
That wave must bring him to the shore—  
It murmurs—but no more.

Thus Nora! should thine Albert's heart  
Be doom'd from thine to part,  
Would thine eyes trace the tardy keel  
Thro' the blue waters steal?

I know they would—and so would mine  
Strain to encounter thine;  
And stretching o'er the vessel's side,  
They'd curse the mocking tide.

Yet us, sweet girl! ah, never, never  
May the wide ocean sever;  
Fix'd here, thine Albert will be found  
In thy heart's fibres bound.

My labour o'er, sweet be my rest,  
Soft pillow'd on thy breast;  
I'll joy, with thee my nature's balm,  
One universal calm!

Thou weeps't—I see the frequent lash,  
Prepare thy cheeks to wash;  
Come, the breeze stirs—we'll add one greeting  
At the fond lover's meeting.

Sept. 5, 1820.

OTAEIS.

*To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.*

Sir.—In one of the Free-schools in the West Riding of Yorkshire, founded by Queen Elizabeth, there is an annual holiday kept in honour and commemoration of the foundation, when the boys of the first three classes exhibit verses, in which mention at least is to be made of Queen Elizabeth. They have not to vouch for the authenticity of their poetical assertions. I send you the flights of a couple of these boyish Poets.

Yours, &amp;c.

T. H. M.

*Verses on Queen Elizabeth.*

Queen Elizabeth! once on her travel  
Met, by chance, with sir George Saville;  
She took him by the hand, and gave him a salute,  
And he play'd her a tune on the German flute.

*A Second Attempt.*

Queen Elizabeth crept up a spout,  
She crept so far, that she could not get out;  
She called for help, and help did come,  
And they pul'd her Majesty out by the—thumb.

## LINES TO "THE IPHIGENIA OF MILAN."

When Greece of old, urged on by rival hate,  
On Troy's proud towers pour'd the vengeful  
storm;  
Thou may'st have read, have wept the hapless  
fate  
That clothed in death thy namesake's virgin  
form.

With grace like thee adorn'd, and beauty's  
bloom,  
She saw unheeded pass youth's fleeting hours,  
And wandered, reckless of her destined doom,  
Mid Argive meadows, and Love's romantic  
bowers.  
She fell—the victim of misguided zeal—  
A parent's trembling frame o'erhung her bier;  
And as each chieftain view'd the reeking steed,  
Burst from each chieftain's eye the pining  
tear.

Oh! may thy fate to her's far different prove;  
And since fair Science decks for thee her  
crown,  
Cease not the page of ancient lore to love,  
But boldly claim Minerva's ear'd throat.

Be like Virginia chaste, like Poria brave,  
And grasp the laurels of no vulgar fame;  
Fair flowers! then will deck thy honour'd grave,  
And Milan's matrons hail thy classic name.

Middle Temple.

ALPHEA.

## FARODY.

"Young Love."

Tom Stokes liv'd once in a garret high,  
Where fogs were breathing,  
And smoke was wreathing  
Her curls to give the cerulean sky,  
Which high up above Tom's head did lie:  
His red cheeks flourish'd,  
For *Sam Swipes* flourish'd  
Their bloom fall off with *Walden's* stream.  
But debts, tho' 'horrid, must be paid,  
And Bailiffs a't' bane'd for many hours.

Ah! that the *Nabster's* evil eye  
Should e'er come hither,  
Such cheeks to wither!  
The fat soon, soon, began to die,  
And Tom fell sick as the blades drew nigh.  
They came one morning,  
Ere Stokes had warning,  
And rapp'd at the door where the wild spark lay.  
'Oh, bo!' says Tom, 'Is it you?' good bye—  
So he pack'd up his awls, and he trad'd away.

ON SEEING A BUTTERFLY IN A CHURCH-TARD.  
AUGUST 30, 1820.

And dost thou, giddy rover, dare  
Thus to prophane the House of Fry?  
Dost thou presume to enter here,  
Thou gaudy fly?  
Thou hast indeed assurance rare,  
I can't deny.

For in that solemn, sacred dome,  
Thou canst not think to find a home;  
Thence therefore, fluttering insect, come  
To sport about,  
Where man prepares him for the tomb,  
With heart devout!

Oh! hie thee hence! this holy place  
But ill befits the thoughtless race;  
The stiflen cloak, and golden lace,  
Are here unknown;  
But a meek heart, and humble grace,  
It suits alone.

\* See Literary Gazette, No. 185.

Go where sweet Spring's enchanting bow's  
Are deck'd with ever-varying flowers,  
And there employ thy wanton hours  
With honey'd dew :  
Or sip the drops of April's showers  
From cups of blue.

'Light on the cowslips' golden heads,  
Or range along the violet beds,  
Or o'er the plains where primrose spreads  
Its yellow ray,  
Or where the modest cistus sheds  
Its leaves by day.

There trifle thy short life away  
In wantonness and idle play ;  
Or boast thee of thy colours gay,  
Vain Rutterfly !  
For there will surely come a day  
When thou must die !

Canterbury, Aug. 20, 1820. W. B.

#### JEU DE MOT.

To M—int—sh some one expressed his surprise  
That a certain learned counsel, both sprightly  
and wise,  
Would play second in that where so low the first  
stood ;  
But Sir J— said that *Broom was always Under-wood*.

[Sir.—I hope you will have no objection to  
insert the following little song, which I wish  
you could without violating any principle pub-  
lish as soon as possible.] \*

#### FROM A SICK BED.

To *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Prey to sickness and to pain,  
On my troubled bed I lie,  
Doomed upon it to remain,  
While the warm sun glids the sky,  
Tossing, tho' all nature's glad.  
Fretful, gloomy, lonely, sad.  
Seldom does the cheerful smile  
On my care-worn visage glow ;  
Hard I find it to beguile  
The dull moments of their woe,  
Save when comes, to chase my spleen,  
*Blackwood's merry Magazine*.

Turning o'er its various page,  
Passing light from grave to gay,  
Sometimes laughing, sometimes sage,  
Brilliant with the warmest ray  
Genius, taste, or wit can give,  
For an hour I seem to live.

Dear to me the olive coat,  
As in that its sheets are drest ;  
On that calm mild face I doat,  
Which upon its back impress,  
Almost loudly seems to cry,  
"Hither, sons of humour, hie !"

Could I say but half I feel,  
I should rhyme the whole day long,  
And express for it my zeal  
In a full career of song ;  
And although my muse were rude,  
It should speak my gratitude.

But I fear my verse is dull—  
How unlike the strains of thine—  
Strains of wit, of talent full,  
And of energy divine :

\* Having received this from a valued corre-  
spondent, though not quite *en regle*, we comply  
with his request. Ed.

May success thy steps attend,  
Blackwood, my own jolly friend !  
Ireland. R. T. S.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### REMARKABLE STORY.

##### 'PRETENDER TO THE DANISH THRONE.'

The following account of this person is  
given in a Berlin Journal:—

The late king, Christian VII. had a mother-in-law, Juliana Maria, upon whom his-  
tory has already pronounced sentence, with  
respect to her endeavours to place upon the  
throne her son, the hereditary Prince Fre-  
deric, to the injury of the lawful heir. This  
Juliana was as inimical to King Christian as  
to his descendants : to her alone is attributed  
the unhappiness which the King experienced  
in his marriage with the English Princess,  
Matilda, sister of George III. : nay, and  
even the state of mental debility in which  
Christian passed his life. But, as she could  
not accomplish all her plans in favour of her  
son, she is stated to have attempted, at least,  
to secure the crown for her grandson  
(Prince Christian Frederic, who, with his  
amiable consort, is now travelling in Italy).  
When, therefore, the present Queen, then  
Crown-Princess, consort of Frederic VI. was  
first delivered of an heir to the throne, she  
is said to have had the child taken away as  
soon as it was born, and a dead child substi-  
tuted in its room. The dead child was bu-  
ried, and the true heir to the throne en-  
trusted to one of the Royal attendants, named  
H—, who, being in the secret, brought  
him up as his own son. The step-grandmo-  
ther assigned the sum of 4000 dollars annu-  
ally for his education, to reward her coun-  
dant. When the Prince grew older, he was  
sent to the academy Schnepfenthal, and a  
great banking house at Altona paid the ne-  
cessary sums to order, without knowing any  
thing further of the matter. The young  
man probably remarked, from many circum-  
stances, that the — was not his father :  
and when he returned to Denmark, after  
finishing his studies, urged him to reveal to  
him the secret of his birth, which the latter,  
partly instigated by his conscience, at length  
did. He furnished his foster-son with all the  
documents necessary to support his claim,  
and then committed suicide, being justly  
afraid of punishment, for having so long  
concealed so shameful an action.

The Prince, being at Copenhagen, and  
furnished with his papers, laid his claims  
before the police, which immediately re-  
ported the affair to the King, who sent for  
the Pretender, examined his papers, and,  
finding that his countenance and figure  
greatly resembled his own, and the papers  
contained important explanations, which  
seemed deserving of attention, he immedi-  
ately caused him to be put under confine-  
ment, but without any rigour, and placed  
officers to guard him, in order to examine  
thoroughly who he was.

This is the present state of the affair,  
which, in truth, is more like the romantic

invention of some idle fancy, than a real fact.  
However, letters from Denmark, and even  
from Copenhagen, speak with such con-  
fidence on the subject, that the story certainly  
deserves attention. It is farther affirmed,  
that the Altona banker, who paid the money  
to the school at Schnepfenthal, has been  
summoned to Copenhagen, to give such in-  
formation as is in his power ; that he set  
out for that city a week ago ; that the Dan-  
ish Minister of State K—, passed through  
Hamburg, on the night of July 22, on his  
way to Schnepfenthal ; and it is also said,  
that the Danish government has sent for to  
Copenhagen two ladies of the chamber of  
the late Queen, who live in Hanover, (whether  
in the kingdom or city of Hanover, we  
are ignorant,) and who, it is pretended, are  
in the secret. The Pretender is stated to be  
about 29 years of age, and very like the  
King, (except that his hair is brown, whereas  
that of his majesty is very fair,) and to have  
served last with the rank of Lieutenant. This  
is all that I have been able to collect, re-  
specting this most strange affair, which it  
must be left to time to clear up.\*

#### Trick of the Spanish Mule Drivers, and Obstinacy of their Mules.

(Related by an Eye-witness.)

It is customary in Spain to guide the mules  
without reins, and merely by calling to them.  
The animal, when called by its name, punctu-  
ally follows the orders of its driver. But it is a  
very peculiar circumstance, that they must al-  
ways be yoked at the very same place to which  
they have been accustomed, otherwise they  
will not draw. After the battle of Cordura,  
several waggons were required to carry  
away the effects of King Joseph Napoleon  
from Madrid. While the waggons were  
loading, most of the drivers unyoked their  
mules, under pretence of feeding them, and  
then put them too again at an unaccustomed  
place. The animals refused to draw. The  
drivers at first seemed to give themselves all  
possible trouble to make them go on. The  
French who escorted the train, attempted to  
assist, and liberally dealt out their blows  
on all sides. The Spanish drivers, however,  
contrived to get out of the way, and the  
mules kept their place, in spite of all this  
beating. This occasioned a long delay ; for  
the French sought in vain the cause of the  
obstinacy of the mules. At last, a part of  
the escort of cavalry were obliged to dis-  
mount, and their horses were harnessed to  
the waggons. But, during this time, a part  
of the Spanish cavalry, whose approach ap-  
peared to have been known to the drivers,  
had made a detour about Madrid, and cap-

\* We have seen some accounts of a later  
date, which say, that the pretended Prince has  
been discovered to be the son of a tailor ; and  
others, that he has been found to be insane.  
Without being able to vouch for the truth of  
any of these statements, we have thought our  
readers might like to have a more particular  
account of this strange business (which created  
great sensation in Denmark,) than has ap-  
peared, to our knowledge, in any other English  
Journal. —Ed.

tured almost all the baggage of poor Joseph who is said to have narrowly escaped being made prisoner.

## EAST INDIES.

## Monday Morning.

Sir,—As your articles, under the head of Sketches of Society, do not seem to be confined to any class or country, I send you an anecdote illustrative of Indian cunning and address, which you may depend on as being related without the least exaggeration, and well known to many people.

The Rajah of Travancore being dispossessed of some territory by the British collector resident at that station, during the late Governorship, applied to the authorities at the Madras seat of government, for its restoration. Not finding his application attended to for some time, he was induced to listen to the proposal of one of the government dobashis,\* who offered to manage the affair for him on certain conditions. The credulous rajah consented, and came on an appointed day, was introduced (as he thought) to the Lady Governor's, to whom he presented 50,000 pagodas in cash, with some handsome rhinels, and other valuable presents, and withdrew, much pleased with his reception.

Nothing was heard of the circumstance for some time, and the Rajah was in daily expectation of having his territory restored; but some time after, meeting the real wife of the Governor, on the Mount road, he saw that it was not the same person to whom he had been secretly introduced, and he mentioned the circumstance. At last it reached the ears of the Governor, and it was discovered that the Dobash had got a Portuguese in the Governor's employ to personate Mrs. —, who did so, without having been in the least suspected by the Rajah, with such condescension and dignity did she receive the presents. The facts were traced, the Portuguese turned king's evidence, and discovered the whole plot. The Dobash was fined 5000 pagodas, (20000*l.*), sentenced to the pillory, and three years imprisonment. The poor Rajah was said to have died of a broken heart for the loss of his territory and money; and the Portuguese was destroyed by his infamous colleague.

The attempts on the life of the Portuguese by the Dobash, shew to what guilt will impel even the timid and merciful Hindoo.

This man hired a house in the most retired part of the Black Town, and, in the inner apartment, destined for repose, which is generally without other opening than the door, he had a grave dug: having got persons to assist him in his murderous intent, he invited the Portuguese to an entertainment, and, having made him drink pretty freely, he led him into the sleeping apartment, and they had actually got a rope round his neck, when they were broken in upon by the police, who had by some means or other got notice of their design.

\* The Dobashce, or dobash, is a native secretary, or manager of business connected with natives.

This attempt having failed, the Dobash employed persons to supply him with drink, of which he was very fond, and, at last, succeeded in giving him the dose of brandy and opium, which caused his death.

R. N. W.

## THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—On Wednesday Brabam commenced his engagement at this theatre. We can add nothing to the public knowledge or the public praise of this admirable singer, and we shall limit ourselves to the mere mention, that his songs on Wednesday gave perfect evidence of unimpaired powers. A report has spread itself that Brabam is about to retire: for this we can discover no ground in the performer. His voice is at its height in all that constitutes the charm of music. What portion of its volume it may have gradually exhausted, it is still difficult to ascertain, for it is still more than equal to fill the largest of our theatres. But its delicacy, finish, and execution, are matters of simpler judgment; and in those points we can discover no inferiority to the triumphs of his earlier days: we are even satisfied, that if by the failure of his volume of voice he should be compelled to adhere to his more delicate and tasteful style, to exchange the English for the Italian, he would add only so much the more to his true popularity. The opera was *Guy Ragonier*, in which he was the *Henry Bertram*. He sang the *Death of Abercrombie*, *Loch's Young Dream*, and *Scots who ha*, with great applause. Miss R. Curri was the *Lory Bertram*. This young performer promises to be among the first singers of the stage. Her voice is rapidly purifying; her style is Italian, and her taste exhibits a spirit and elegance rare to English Opera. J. Russell was a tolerable *Dandie Diamond*. Liston, as the *Dominie*, was *pro-di-gi-ous*! and the rest were sufficiently well in their vocation. The house was full and feverish.

## FOREIGN DRAMA.

THEATRE DU VAUDEVILLE.—*La Poste Dramatique, revue Allegorique*.—M. Lambin has set up a dramatic posting establishment. The business of his post-hoys is to convey novelties to the different theatres. M. Succes d'Argent, who, in his character of cousin german of Fortune, loves to escape from those who pursue him, has taken up his abode at the establishment, assuming the name and dress of the proprietor. The *Bergeres Chateleine*, the *Platteur*, and the *Homme Poli*, successively arrive, but none of them recognise *Succes d'Argent*. At length *Mary Stuart* and Queen Elizabeth make their appearance, and a laughable scene takes place between the two queens. They appear attired in rich court dresses, and commence a dialogue in an elevated strain: by degrees, however, their anger is roused; their robes fall off, they appear dressed like women of *la Halle*, and they continue their dispute in language corresponding with their costumes. A little disapprobation was manifested towards the conclusion of the piece.

## SECOND THEATRE FRANCAIS.

*Frederick and Conradi*, a tragedy, in five acts.—The death of these two young princes is one of the most touching events of modern history. Conradi, the son of Conrad IV. Emperor of Germany, was only two years of age when his father died. The Roman Pontiffs, Pantaleon, Urban, and Clement IV. had disposed of the States of Naples and Sicily, and Conradi, the lawful heir to those kingdoms, was deprived of his rights until the age of fifteen, when fortune favoured his cause. Accompanied by his young cousin, Frederick of Austria, he placed himself at the head of an army; and, after being received with transport in Rome, he triumphantly entered Abruzzo. He was, however, overcome in a sanguinary battle, in which he had at first enjoyed the most brilliant advantage; and after the death of Frederick, he wandered about in the disguise of a shepherd. He was at length recognised by a Roman nobleman, who seized him, and delivered him up to Charles of Anjou, and shortly after the unfortunate prince perished by the hand of the executioner.

The author of the new piece probably thought that the simplicity of the above story did not afford sufficient dramatic resources: for almost all the secondary events have been changed, and a kind of romantic machinery has been attached to the main incident, which is in contradiction to the best authenticated historical facts.

## THEATRE ITALIEN.

*Il Turco in Italia*.—The brilliant success of Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, induced the managers of the opera to bring forward another production of that master. *Il Turco in Italia* has been selected; and this preference is in some measure justified by two or three charming pieces, such as the finale of the first act, &c. But even Rossini's music could scarcely induce the audience to tolerate the absurdity of the piece. A gallant Turk visits Italy, where he unexpectedly meets with a lady, who, on the suspicion of infidelity, he had formerly doomed to death. He is once more ensnared by her charms, after having resisted the fascinations of an Italian coquette. The Turk is reconciled to his slave, with whom he returns to Turkey, to the great satisfaction of the husband and *caendiere serrette* of the Neapolitan lady.

## THEATRE DE LA GAITE.

First representation of *Le Payan grand Seigneur*, a melo drama, in three acts.

The substitution of one child for another is the incident on which this piece is founded. The Chevalier de Saint Alban, who has witnessed the death of the Marquis d'Esparville, his pupil, substitutes in his stead a young peasant boy, named Justin. He at the same time directs Leonard, one of his agents, to present Marguerite, the mother of Justin, with the sum of ten thousand francs; but the honest agent finds it more convenient to appropriate the money to his own use. The marriage of the young man is about to be celebrated with Adolphe, the daughter of Count d'Ormeuil, when a peasant, named Bazili, who suspects that

Justin is not the real Marquess, conducts Marguerite to the presence of the Count, and thus the truth is discovered. The Count pardons Justin, who has been the means of saving his life, and he consents to his union with Adolpheine.

The piece was tolerably successful.

### VARIETIES.

Professor Spacermann, the naturalist, who was one of the most distinguished pupils of the celebrated Linnaeus, died lately at Stockholm, in the 73d year of his age.

The resident population of Paris, according to the latest enumeration, amounts to 657,172 persons. Strangers amount, upon an average, to 56,794. Consequently Paris contains 713,966 inhabitants,—about a sixth part more than before the revolution.

**REMARKABLE CANNON.**—At Kubberepore na Jheel, in India, there is a cannon 213 inches long, 66 inches round the muzzle, and 18 inches round the calibre. It has five, and had, originally, six equidistant rings, by which it was lifted up. This gun is called by the natives *Jann Kushal*, or the destroyer of life, and its casting and position are attributed to the deotas or divinities, though its almost obliterated Persian inscriptions declare its formation by human means. But what is most extraordinary about it is, that two peepul trees have grown both cannon and carriage into themselves. Fragments of the iron, a spring, one of the flitches, and part of the wood-work, protrude from between the roots and bodies of these trees, but the trees alone entirely support the gun, one of the rings of which, and half of its whole length, are completely hid between and inside their bark and trunks. A more curious sight, or a cannon more firmly fixed, though by the mere gradual growth of two trees, cannot well be imagined. The Indians assert that it was only once fired, and sent the ball 24 miles!—(*See Asiatic Journal.*)

The busts of celebrated Italians, which have hitherto adorned the Pantheon at Rome, were lately removed to a gallery prepared for that purpose in the Capitol, where it is in contemplation to form a museum of all the celebrated men that Italy has produced. The writer of an article inserted in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, strongly censures the removal of the busts of Raphael and of other distinguished men who were buried in the church of the Rotunda (the Pantheon). It is, however, extremely doubtful whether the mortal remains of Raphael were deposited in the church; and with the exception of Carlo Maratti, it is pretty certain that none of the great men, whose busts have lately been removed, were buried there.

A horticultural society in England, which annually distributes medals for beautiful flowers exhibited by its members, this year awarded the grand prize to the cultivator of a fine carnation, which was named the *Afflicted Queen*. The second prize was given for another flower of the same species, called *British Opinion*. Where will *opinion* fix it-

self next? The third prize was adjudged to a flower distinguished by the name of the *Trial by Jury*!—(*French Paper.*)

**Miracle.**—At the church of St. Gervais, in Paris, a mass, called the *Hostie enlevée*, is performed every Friday. Respecting the origin of this custom, the following curious story is related. A thief stole the vessel containing the host from the church of St. Gervais. On arriving near St. Denis, he opened the cup, when the host flew out, and fluttered around him, without his being able to catch it. He was tried and condemned on the prosecution of the Abbé of St. Denis. A lawsuit afterwards ensued between the Abbé and the Bishop of Paris, respecting the possession of the miraculous host; and it was finally agreed that it should be delivered up to the curate of St. Gervais, who had consecrated it; but on the express condition that the mass above mentioned should be regularly celebrated.

**Paquinade.**—At all the religious festivals in Rome, travellers of whatever religion, and especially British, obtain admission, in preference to the native Catholics. *A bon mot* has appeared on this custom. Paquin asks Marforio, "Where are you going, brother, dressed in black, and a sword at your side?"—Marforio, "I am going to the Sixtine Chapel, to hear the Miserere."—Paquin, "You go in vain. The Swiss Guards will push you away, and the papal cavaliers politely refuse you admission."—Marforio, "Don't be afraid; I shall get in, for I turned heretic yesterday."

Dr. Gesenius, who, with Lord Guildford, has been recently translating some Arabian MSS. at the Bodleian Library, has nearly completed the singular task of translating the Book of Enoch from the Abyssinian language. This language resembles the Arabic, one fourth of the words perhaps being radically of that tongue, in which the learned Doctor is well skilled, while he is also one of the most celebrated Hebrew scholars on the continent.

We are informed that the report of M. S. Poems of Ossian having been discovered at Connor, is unfounded. It is not likely that any one credited it.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

*Contents of the Journal des Savans, for August, 1820.*

B. de Roquefort, Poésies de Marie de France.—Reviewed by M. Raynouard.

Biot on the Aurora Borealis.

F. de Neufchâteau, L'Esprit du grand Corneille.—M. Raynouard.

T. Matter, Essai Historique sur l'Ecole d'Alexandrie.—M. Daunou.

Abel Rémusat, Recherches sur les Langues Tartares.—Silvestre de Sacy.

Barde du Vign, Un Mot sur la nouvelle Orthographe.—M. Raynouard.

The famous Bergault is, according to the French Papers, preparing his memoirs for publication at Neuchâtel.

A tragedy from the pen of Lord Byron is on the tapis. We understand that it is to be published, and not offered to any Theatre for performance.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

SEPTEMBER, 1820.

Thursday, 7.—Thermometer from 37 to 62. Barometer from 30, 27 to 30, 30. Wind E. b. S.  $\frac{1}{2}$  and 1.—Generally fair; the sun shining through light clouds.

Friday, 8.—Thermometer from 41 to 69. Barometer from 30, 33 to 30, 50. Wind N. W. 1. and N. b. W. 2 and  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Generally hazy; at times clear.

Saturday, 9.—Thermometer from 39 to 70. Barometer from 30, 51 to 30, 49. Wind N. b. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  and S. W. 1.—Generally hazy; at times clear.

Sunday, 10.—Thermometer from 41 to 71. Barometer from 30, 48 to 30, 43. Wind S. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Generally clear.

Monday, 11.—Thermometer from 41 to 70. Wind S. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  and E. b. S. 1.—Generally clear.

Tuesday, 12.—Thermometer from 49 to 71. Barometer from 30, 41 to 30, 38. Wind S. E. 1.—Generally clear; clouds passing. The Northern Lights about 10 this evening, rather bright, but quite silent.

Wednesday, 13.—Thermometer from 43 to 73. Barometer from 30, 55 to 30, 52. Wind S. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  and 1.—Generally clear.

A thick haze or fog every morning during the week, which sometimes lasted all the forenoon.

On Saturday the 23d, at 5 minutes, 46 seconds after 9 o'clock, the 1st Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

On Friday 22nd of September the moon will be eclipsed, partly visible at Greenwich. Beginning of the eclipse (clock time).

5. 6. 29. A.M.  
5. 49. 59.  
Moon sets eclipsed.  
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* \* \* We shall be glad to receive the conclusion of the Essay on the Incontinence of the Clergy anterior to the Reformation: it is contrary to our rule to commence a subject without being sure that we shall be able to finish it.

R. R.'s hint respecting a more copious Index to the annual volume of the Literary Gazette, shall be attended to: the Editor is aware of the utility of distinct reference in so mixed a publication.

T. R. C.—We must see the drawings, &c. mentioned by T. R. C. before we can make any statement concerning them.

A. C.'s communication is objectionable on grounds which may (if wished) be stated in a private letter.

ERRATA.—In the Review of *Prometheus Unbound*, last Number, p. 580, col. 3, l. 23, for *Saturnian* read *Saturnia*; l. 31, for *Signior* r. *Signior*; l. 82, for *Canevas* r. *Canevas*; p. 581, col. 2, l. 13, for *Calorific* r. *Caloric*.

In the verses on the *Angel of the World*, in our last, a line was accidentally dropped in passing from one column to the other. It is the fifth line of the second stanza.

"Plucking our spirits pinions at the page  
Where sweet *Florante*, &c."

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No. 192.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

#### YOUR TEETH!

*The Dentiste de la Jeunesse; or, the way to have sound and beautiful Teeth, preceded by the advice of the Ancient Poets upon the Preservation of the Teeth, &c. &c.* By J. R. Duval, Dentist; Translated and supplied with Notes by J. Atkinson, Surgeon Dentist, &c. London and Leeds, 1820. 8vo. pp. 161.

We have made "YOUR TEETH" our head, for the sake of attracting peculiar attention to the very generally interesting book whose title we have partially extracted above. Yet, truly, this may seem needless, since they must be young indeed who are not aware of the importance of the subject, and extremely old who do not care for it. To all who come within the pale of life, from nine months to ninety years; to all who stand between that period, when Time itself is toothless, and that epoch when the devouring jaws of eternity are gaping for their final crash, this work must present much for rumination.

*The Dentiste de la Jeunesse* is rather an inauspicious Anglo-French mixture of a name; and hypocritics might feel disposed to imagine that the volume would be but so-so, which set out in so fantastic a manner; but, as no one can tell what sort of a mouthful of teeth may spring up from merely looking at the tumours of their cutting, so we would advise no one to form an opinion of a scientific publication from a mere glance at the first page. If in the present instance, for example, they persevere, as we have done, to the end, we can promise them that considerable amusement, if not instruction, will be their reward.

Quackery apart, Monsieur J. R. Duval is a very extraordinary person, as the following analysis "shall fructify unto you."

The preface is not remarkable for any great discovery, except it be that "Attention to the teeth is necessary at every age; and when we have been deprived of some, still it is of very great importance to be able to preserve those which remain." Our readers will therefore observe, that, however

few the number of their remaining grinders may be, they ought to regard them with due care: in fact, we can well suppose that the value even of a stump augments as its neighbours successively disappear; and we love the last of our old friends apparently with the whole concentrated affection which we once bestowed on a whole row of them.

But our author does not rest his claim to universal interest on the simple appeal to the personal feelings of every individual; he sustains himself on the highest classical authorities; and with all that philosophy and astonishing erudition so happily illustrated by French writers, lays deep the foundations of his theory; and, accordingly, commences with a chapter containing the "Advice of the Ancient Poets on the Preservation of the Teeth." This, it will be allowed, even by national jealousy, is a genuine, and an original mode of setting out with a treatise on teething and tooth-powders. It would have been long before so brilliant an idea entered the mind of a native of our land of fogs and stupidity. But to return to Mr. Duval and the ancient poets. Lucretius was, it seems, quite wrong in supposing that age demanded the fall of the teeth:

*Nec minus in certo dentes cadere imperat ætas Tempore.*

Had Mr. Duval practised in those days, the hard would have known better. Ovid was a wiser, as well as a more delicate observer of the teeth.—

*Quid si principium, ne fuscet inertia dentes; and Horace and Martial were strenuous advocates for keeping them clean. Plautus, Catullus, Herodotus, Palladius, Hippocrates, Juvenal, Macedonius, Petronius, Tibullus, Sæmoneus, Galen, Virgil, Apuleius, and a hundred other illustrious authors, fortify Mr. Duval's positions.*

Petronius, in describing the luxury and effeminacy of a certain people, observes that they made use of silver tooth picks. Martial says "the best tooth pick is the lentisk; if, however, you cannot procure a tender shoot, you may pick your teeth with a quill," but this was not to be used too freely. Ovid forbids the picking of the teeth in company. The neglect of this rule by Esculapius, probably drew upon him the remonstrance of Martial: "He was almost toothless," says he, "and the tooth-pick was constantly in his mouth." The coquettes of Greece, when they were laughing, were in the habit of holding a little branch of myrtle, in order to display their beauty, between their teeth; this trait has not escaped the notice of the comic Alexis: perhaps however it may have been used for the sake of necessity. Hippocrates, and the other physicians of antiquity, recommended certain substances to be chew-

ed, for the purpose of removing a swelling of the gums, and of fastening loose teeth. From the advantages which have been experienced, some of these have been converted into articles of luxury. Such is the advice given by the ancient poets upon the preservation of the teeth; it is in vain to observe that Tibullus represents Venus as always sure to please, without having paid attention to the mouth: it is only by conforming to the precepts of the art, that we can give to the teeth that lustre alluded to by Ovid, in the following expression, "I can perceive your attentions, by the whiteness of your teeth." When Julia presented herself to Manlius, she shone, according to Catullus, by a flowery mouth: she doubtless possessed those teeth of snow so sung by the favourite of the muses, or that row of pearls so extolled by Lucian; the lustre of which was extolled by Theocritus, as above that of the finest marble of Paros.

"Let youth, who with too much security regard the loss of the teeth as an uncertain problem, remember, that according to Marcan, the figure cannot be agreeable when a front tooth is wanting; a Greek poet observes, that such a mouth has lost the graces with which it was decorated: Ovid wisely proposes as a remedy against love, to make her laugh who has defective teeth; attentive to this stratagem, ought not the young amant to recollect, that art is capable of supplying the defect, and should it not call to the remembrance of him, who wishes to please, the following lines:

*Si Chloe dans ses dents vous offre quelque appas, Par les vôtres, Daphnis, ne lui répondez pas."*

Having in this way, and with so much learning, established the fact, that teeth are really useful and ornamental, and ought to be taken care of, our philosophical dentist very judiciously adds, "It is not enough to know with the poets, the mole of treating the teeth adopted by the ancients; it is of more importance to be acquainted with the best and most likely means of rendering and preserving them in a healthy state."

To supply this information, is the avowed object of his treatise; and, if it does invariably resolve into the conclusion that you ought always to employ a dentist, that only shows the extreme anxiety of the writer that the best assistance should be at hand for so momentous a matter as dentition and tooth-cleaning. That laudable anxiety is also further evinced by the references kindly furnished to preceding publications by the author, whose "Dissertation upon the Accidents arising from the Extraction of the Teeth," "Propositions respecting Dental Fistulæ, Paris, 1814;" "Historical Researches upon the Dentists' Art among the Ancients, published at Paris in 1808;" "Anecdotes His-



torical, Literary, and Critical, in Medicine, Surgery, and Pharmacy, (Paris, 1785); "Bulletin de la Faculté de Médecin de Paris, 1808," and "Reflections upon Odontalgia," (all which "see," contain the fullest and most valuable information.

Should the world not be inclined to buy all these tomes, it may be well to know how much intelligence is contained in *le* (we beg pardon, *the*) Dentiste: and in the first place it is worthy of remark, as Mr. Duval incriminously states, "that the Latin word which signifies a tooth, is an abbreviation of another word, which implies chewing", and which proves that the teeth have always been considered by the ancients as formed especially for that operation." 11

This marvellous natural secret being ripped from the mystical and hieroglyphical oracles of the earliest sages; Mr. D. increases our admiration of his acumen and sagacity by further informing us, that "The teeth are found in most animals which live upon solid food, and they serve naturalists for the purpose of classing them into herbivorous, granivorous, and carnivorous; and as man is endowed with all these different kinds, he is called omnivorous, that is, he is intended to eat of all." 11

The Ogre Man, thus felicitously defined by his edacious qualities, is fitted, as our readers who are concerned in the fact will be happy to learn, for his devouring purposes, in the following manner:

"When the mouth is opened the teeth exhibit themselves under the form of two semicircular rows of little white bodies, hard and shining; in the adult they are thirty-two in number, sixteen for each jaw: the four in the middle are flat and cutting, they are therefore called incisives or cutting teeth; from their connection with the four others of the lower jaw, which have the same name, there can be no doubt, that they are intended to cut, when they come in contact, like a pair of scissors. Upon the sides of these in each jaw are two teeth, which are more round and sharp, and which seem made to tear the aliment, like those of dogs, from which they borrow their name; (canine) they are also called eye teeth, because their root being exceedingly long, approaches the eye nearer than those of any other tooth; they do not however communicate with that organ, and the involuntary tears which are observed to flow when one of them is drawn, are also seen upon the extraction of one of the grinders; they are also called angular teeth, either on account of their form, or because being placed at each angle of the mouth, they regulate its extent: more backward, and on each side of these teeth, are five others called molars or grinders, two small, and three large, whose office it is to grind the food, and have the same effect in mastication as the mill stones have in a mill."

So provided with cutters, terrors, and grinders, including the wisdom teeth, it is strange that men should have fallen into a blunder about these members, as to have regarded them as inorganic bodies *without life*, which Mr. Duval assures us has been

the case; drawing, at the same time, this very obvious inference from it (for he is literally *avant jusqu'aux dents*) viz. "From this circumstance it arose no doubt the ingenious fable, which represents Cadmus as giving birth to men, by sowing the teeth of the dragon which he had slain." 11

Not being quite sure that men were born from teeth, we are, at all events, certain that teeth are exceedingly serviceable appendages to them, after they have been born. In this Mr. Duval bears us out: "If (says he) the orator to whom Rome had the honour of giving birth, compared the teeth to the chords of a musical instrument for the purpose of modifying the sound of the voice; if, in order to speak the Jewish tongue with more grace, St. Jerom caused his teeth to be filed; if they serve physiognomists with the means of calculating the probable longevity and moral character of man, and if they form one of the greatest ornaments of beauty, the parasite in his turn only esteems them for one function more important, in which he puts those organs into action for the purpose of dividing and grinding his aliment, which forms the object of his delight; the freshness of his appearance announces his having masticated well, and consequently the digestion has been perfect; which seems to verify an adage used by the Arabian physicians, 'he who does not masticate well, is an enemy to his own life.'" And this admirable axiom is immediately illustrated by a quotation from the Arabic! "Illum qui non bene masticaverit, animam suam odise constat."

The next branch handled by our author is that of the first dentition, or milk teeth; and here again, if he mounts into the third heavens, it will be acknowledged that he has the excuse of some connection with the Via Lactea, or Milky Way. His exordium is in a style worthy of him, or of his translator: "Although," says he, "in general dentition is only considered as an operation by which the teeth tend to pierce and traverse the gums, in order to arrange themselves in their places, yet we cannot dispense with the necessity of considering it in a more extended point of view. The teeth, as well as every other part of the body, require to exist from the earliest moments of life."

Nevertheless, "The child being born, the nourishment destined for him, proves that he has no need of teeth during the first year; it is true that infants have been born with one or more teeth, this was the case with a great monarch, (Louis XIV.) in whom the presence of a tooth at his birth seemed the presage of his future greatness."

This prophetic property of teeth is another recommendation to Mr. Duval's work; for it will readily be granted, that so extraordinary a quality, in addition to their common and daily usefulness, renders them of infinitely greater importance than any other organ. M. Duval proceeds to condemn the washing of infants in cold water, as prejudicial to the teeth; and with a marked severity, reprehends the mothers in Scotland for the practice, as giving their children the croup. "It has been remarked (he tells us) that this cruel disease, which speedily suffo-

cates the little sufferers, was endemic of peculiar to Scotland: and it is observable, that the Scotch plunge themselves and their children into cold water, even in the depth of winter!" Nor let any of our southern readers fancy that Mr. Duval approves more of their customs. No, addressing his countrymen, he says; "To clothe a child as such is a requisite to shelter it from the sudden impressions of heat and cold, is what nature demands for an easy digestion; every one she offers us the example. Let us endeavor rather to imitate her, than to believe that we can do better, and leave to the English to make their children walk barefoot, according to the advice of their writers Locke, Flax, Hamilton, and others." After this we are not surprised to learn that the French ladies are such admirable nurses that their milk sometimes absolutely *intoxicates* their babies! \*

These little drunken animals, however, like other children, about the age of seven years, come to their second dentition, or permanent teeth; and in this department Mr. Duval learning shines once more: "To see (says he) two rows of teeth, as in the son of Midas, or three, as in Hercules, must certainly excite our astonishment: perhaps, we might be tempted to doubt these facts, as consider them only as fables, if in a collection of observations published at Berlin, 1772, and dedicated to the celebrated Mr. Arnold had not reported, that he had seen a child, aged fourteen years, who had seventy-two teeth, thirty-two for each jaw, which were healthy and well placed in two rows, except the front ones, which were slightly irregular." The cutting of teeth in very old age, he also tells us, is not in the common course of nature, and facetiously proposes the following epitaph, composed by himself for the general use of such exceptions to the rules of dentists.

Here lies an old person once toothless and bare,  
Who renew'd all his teeth, and his health and his hair,  
And then was cut off in the height of his years,  
After living two ages devoid of all care.

For these ultra-teethings, and other misconduct, the author mildly remonstrates with Nature: that *beneficent* mother is, as he justly observes, "sometimes forgetful in her operations, and wanders from the path which the *Author of all things* has marked out for her; sometimes she gives to certain teeth an oblique direction, again she transports them to a distance from their proper use; here they cross each other, or they are so turned as to present one of their sides; there we observe one which presses against the lip, producing excoriation; again we find a tooth planted in the middle of the palate."

Oh! be on Nature, to give dentists so much trouble as these confounded transpositions, transpositions, crossings, and plantings must

\* It is a common saying in France, that such a one lies like a *dentist*—"Il meurt comme un arabeur de dents;" from the dentists always assuring their patients that drawing a tooth will give no pain. Has Mr. Duval furnished any other ground?

\* Dens quod dicitur edere.

occasion! We should like to see the skill of Duval employed in transplanting a grinder from the middle of the palate to some more appropriate situation.

Having administered this wholesome correction to nature, our author next falls foul of acids, for the mischief they do to his charge, the teeth. "The ancients (as he tells us) were not ignorant of the injurious effects which acids have upon the teeth, the prophet Jeremiah expressly says, that if we eat unripe grapes the teeth will be set on edge; and Solomon, who was not unacquainted with the physical sciences, observed an analogy between the action of smoke upon the eyes, and that of vinegar upon the teeth." Well may he exclaim after this, punning so happily upon the *blowing of flowers*. "By what fatality then are the minds of men fascinated by those powders which have an acid base? It is like the charm of a *face flower*, which only yields an agreeable odour, that it may more effectually strike a mortal blow at those who dare approach it." Such persons are worse than beasts.

"If these truths should appear to some persons ill-founded, or of less weight than we believe they merit, we request them to recollect the lesson which has been given them by the cows, of which M. le Vaillant has given an account, from his own observation of their habits among the Caffres: according to this illustrious traveller, when these cows have eaten herbs which have a sour taste, their teeth are strongly set on edge; to relieve which, they mutually bite each others horns, when they cannot find any bones: those persons then, (i. e. such as are not blessed with horns) after using acids to clean their teeth, will try from the example of these animals, to soften their effects by gnawing their nails, and they will finish by biting their fingers."

But if this example will not suffice, to another.

"Two young persons, Pasquin and Simone, were conversing together at the foot of a tree, which was situated in a garden, upon the properties of sage for cleaving the teeth; Pasquin even gathered some leaves of that plant, with which he rubbed his teeth and gums; but immediately became pale, lost his sight, his speech, and soon died: his face was swelled, and marked with black spots. Simone was accused of having poisoned this young man; when brought before the judge, she clearly explained to him by going to the foot of the tree, how the leaves of sage had been used by Pasquin, and illustrated it by rubbing her own gums with the same plant; but how great was the astonishment, when the same effects were immediately seen to ensue, and she died. To prevent a similar scene, the ma-

gistrate ordered the plant to be pulled up and destroyed, believing it to be venomous; and there was found among its twigs an enormous toad. It was, therefore, believed that this animal had communicated a pernicious quality to the leaves of a plant among which it delights to live."

The lesson from this is very rich—  
"Whatever be the origin of this account, it may serve as a lesson to those who hold in their mouths, either for their teeth, or for any other purpose, certain substances, whose pernicious tendency they are unacquainted with."

Mr. Duval now warns his patients against certain things, which have been found by experience, (and he as usual quotes his authorities,) to be a little detrimental to the teeth. Among these, we may particularize cracking cherry stones, knocking your mouth in playing at blind-man's buff against the marble table of a commode or of a chimney, the stroke of a hammer, thumps with tennis balls, a push in the jaw with a foil; against all which practices, we join in dissuading those who wish to preserve a good show of teeth.

Mr. Duval further advises any one whose teeth are "entirely knocked out of their sockets," not to *swallow them*; though Elian praises this act, in a wrestler whom he mentions (*Historiar. Discreet.* lib. x. cap. xix.). To this we may annex another piece of excellent counsel given by this prince of dentists. He proceeds:

"To represent a ferocious animal with teeth of iron is an ingenious idea which belongs to the style in which the prophet Daniel wrote: it is to arm ferocity with weapons of such a hardness, that sparks might be drawn from them. But confiding too much in this solidity, no one should imitate the example of him whose teeth gave sparks when struck with a flint, as related by Bartholin; he will also leave the bully to chew glass and stones, as well as those who have the indiscretion to crack nuts with their teeth. To use them thus, is to run the risque of breaking or of loosening them, or at least of producing an irritation which afterwards may become the source of pain and caries."

Biting threads, tying parcels, drawing corks and nails with your teeth; and moreover, vagering them in any bet, ought prudently to be avoided. "Want of cleanliness also renders the mouth fetid, which in society where it is customary to embrace often, is a matter of importance."

This is in France, where fashion and costume too operate against the teeth, which leads their zealous patron to condemn inexorably slight clothing, crops, and shaving.

"It is not a matter of indifference with regard to the teeth, to submit the head to the caprices of fashion. Although pains in the teeth may have been cured, according to the report of some observers, by cutting the hair, we ought not to conclude, that we can always imitate without inconsequence the head-dress of Titus and of Caracalla, many persons could depose to the contrary."

"It sometimes happens, that the toothache is produced every time that a person is

shaved; but we should not conclude with Hottinger, that the presence of the beard is a preservative against that malady. The curious and painful teeth of those venerable anchorites, who distinguished themselves by their long beards, have scarcely left us room to believe that any intimate connection exists between this part and the teeth."

There are many other things to be shunned, and many to be done; but we must now refer those of our readers who are desirous of further information on this subject, to the work itself, which they will find to be exceedingly particular in its directions on every misadventure and malady incident to teeth—to employ a dentist! This, indeed, is the sum of what we have gathered from it, and the whole may be summed up in the author's own words.

"If, notwithstanding all the precaution to preserve the teeth, certain disorders should still appear, yet we need not despair of a remedy; submitted to the vigilant eye of the professional man, his hand is often able to arrest the progress, and his counsel to remove the cause; but it is important to apply in the incipient state of the disease, for at a certain period, medical science is often unavailing, or precarious."

This course, gentle reader, will make your gums more odorous than the precious gums of Arabia; you may smile and even laugh without fear, and salute without apprehension; but as for the teeth, we would humbly suggest to Mr. Duval, in his own drolling style, that his last word above quoted, seems to us to be erroneous, since the best system of treatment that we can think of, is that which he appears to depreciate; namely, the *Pre-cautious* method.

*Jack Randall's Diary of Proceedings at the House of Call for Genus.* Edited by Mr. Breakwindow, &c. &c. London, 1820. pp. 75.

We ought in conscience to say a good word for this little *spirited* publication, since Mr. Breakwindow, whoever he is, has favoured us anonymously from time to time, with the effusions of his fancy. Having thought them worthy of a place in the Literary Gazette, we need hardly repeat, that as lively trifles, characterising one of the follies of the age, they seem to us amusing and ingenious. But the very preference which we have already displayed, cramps our purpose of illustration; and we are compelled, in allowing Jack Randall and his congenial Editor to put in their own blows, to reject those that hit hardest, for the sake of what are of a newer cast. The following, from the Diary, is Master Randall's picture of his "Changehouse" at different periods.

Who has e'er been at Randall's at day-break?  
And seen

The first gleam of light from the East stealing in,  
And bright'ning the white chalks that on the

Tap-door,  
Mrs. Randall has scored; and the pipes on the

floor,  
That, broken and crack'd, have fell from the

boards

Of the *Covers* who love *light-twist*\*, at evening  
to cheer 'em?

Who love them when sleeping, for stretch'd on  
the sand,  
Are the *Covers* rather cut †, in somnolence  
near 'em.

Who has e'er been at Randall's, when twilight  
has lent

Inexpressible charms to this *luch-crab*, and sent  
All those who were *Swipers*, yet hated the day,  
To witness the spot where their feet lov'd to  
stray?

When the light that is streaming from the new-  
lit Gas,

Sheds its ray on the *top tables, benches, and*  
*pillars,*

And illumines the *light wet*, that now shines in each  
glass

Of the *Soakers* that sit in sweet Chancery Lane.

This night, just at nine, the *Kids* 'gan to drop-in,  
But seem'd 'd undetermined for going or stopping;  
Which I thought unhandsome,—for most of them  
knew

I'd got all on purpose for them, clean and  
ready,

A *brass-nose* fresh cargo of *Prime-wet me-through*;  
(A name Trot thought genteeler for gin than  
the *Deady*.)

And I long'd just as much as a beau at a ball,  
To shew off in *prime style*, or a wit with his  
funning;

And 'twas my intention, when the *Chair* gave a  
call

For *blue ruin*, to set this "right sort of stuff"  
running.

We now select an address to a renowned  
pugilist, in which the pun is fairly carried  
through.

To Mr. Painter, on his late Pugilistic Combat with  
the resuscitated Tom Oliver.

Oh, Painter! thou *Artist*, whom *Same Nature*  
owns,

For painting the *life, the flesh, and the bones*,  
In colours cerulean,—whose bright-tinted hue  
Could be drawn out, my old one, by no one but  
you.

Rejoice in your laurels, and *swing* the full cup;  
Let your old heart with triumph, and joy be  
clate,

For in *milking* tough Tom, and *sewing* him up,  
You've prov'd your *executive* powers most  
great.

Thou Raphael of fancy! your *fat* was the *brush*,  
And Tom's *head* was the *palette*, where many a  
blush

Of the *crimson* was drawn; but the *blue* and the  
*black*,

You contriv'd to extract from his *chest* and his  
*back*.

Your powers of *handling* we saw in a trice,  
When your *bunch of fire* † tickled his *mane*,  
and then *ribb'd* him;

And your genius for *keeping*, for just like a  
vice,

You held the old boy while you *fac'd* † and  
*ribb'd* him.

Oh! when Sir Thomas, by that *Miller* Time,  
Is sent *full trot* to that delicious cline,  
Where Rubens dwells, and Titian takes the  
air,

Thou Painter, fit for such a station rare,  
Come up to town and stand for the Professor's  
Chair.

Oh! when Sir Thomas, by that *Miller* Time,  
Is sent *full trot* to that delicious cline,  
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Come up to town and stand for the Professor's  
Chair.

Thou Painter, fit for such a station rare,  
Come up to town and stand for the Professor's  
Chair.

One poem more will suffice to give an  
adequate idea of the volume, to our classi-  
cal and female readers.

## MOULSEY.

On Moulsey when the moon was bright,  
And comets wing'd their burning flight,  
Was heard the sound of *tax-car* light,

Of *Baldwin* rolling rapidly.

But Moulsey when the sun was high,  
Saw clouds of dust in myriads fly;  
For *prads* and *rattlers* rolled by

Full trot in drunken revelry.

At early dawn was heard the "sing"  
Of—"Clear, Baldwin, clear the Fancy's ring,  
For soon Tom Crib will Randall bring,

In buggy—to fight devilishly."

Then, then arose a murd'rous din;  
For Randall then came rattling in,  
And, when he gain'd the ropes vaulting,

He flung his *costor* vauntingly.

Then Turner rais'd a deaf'ning shout,  
And whips war'd high, and fists flew out,—  
For Belcher loap'd the ring elmet,

And post'd the *buffers* dexterously.

On, Turner, on—now *Nonpareil*,  
Let every blow in thunders tell,  
Your *manly* do their duty well,

And mill the *fibber* gloriously.

His *agles* now both look askance,  
His *chatters* all in air now dance,  
Now, *Nonpareil*, thine is the chance,

And thou hast won it easily.

Smile, Moulsey, smile, the sun again  
Shall once more blaze upon thy plain,  
And dry each *claret* mantling stain

That Turner has spilt willingly.

The grass once more shall grow upon  
The spot of all this slaughter'ring fun,  
Where *blunt* was lost and *flunkeys* won,

And *Deady* guzzled merrily.

## SHABENEY'S WIMBUCTOO, &amp;c.

By J. G. JACKSON.

Had we not become, through prac-  
tice, somewhat hardened reviewers, we  
could not so long have delayed the ex-  
ecution of our promise, to bring further  
parts of this curious and entertaining  
volume before our readers. In our No.  
171, we abridged Shabeneey's remark-  
able intelligence respecting Timbuctoo  
and Housa; and in 178, gave only a few  
miscellaneous extracts from Mr. Jack-  
son's more direct and personal labours.  
Referring to these, we now resume his  
interesting notices of various places and  
customs, &c. in Africa.

"The second part consists of letters,  
giving an account of various journeys through  
West and South Barbary, performed by the  
author: it is from these that our present  
selections are taken. The Emperor Soliman  
having marched from Fas to Morocco, sent  
orders to his nephew, Abd el Melk, the go-  
vernor of Santa Cruz, to join him with  
the garrison and merchants of that place. Mr.  
Jackson was of the party; and on the second  
day they reached the noble chain of the Atlas  
mountains. He gives the following descrip-  
tion of this superb region:

"This country abounds in extensive plan-

tations of olives, almonds, and gum trees;  
some plants of the (*fashook*) gum ammoniac  
are here discovered. Vines producing purple  
grapes of an enormous size and exquisite  
flavour: (*degrmuse*) the Euphorbium plant  
is discovered in rocky parts of the mountains;  
and great abundance of worm-seed and stick-  
liquorice.\* The indigo plant (*caneel*) is  
found here; as are also pomegranates, of a  
large size and a most exquisitely sweet fla-  
vour, and oranges. Ascending the Atlas,  
after five hours' ride, we reached a table-land,  
and pitched our tents near a sanctuary. The  
temperature of the air is cooler here, and  
the trees are of a different character; apples,  
pears, cherries, walnuts, apricots, peaches,  
plums, and rhododendrons, were the pro-  
duce of this region. The next morning, at  
five o'clock, the army struck their tents, and  
after ascending seven hours more, we met  
with another change in vegetation. Legu-  
minous plants began to appear; pines of an  
immense size, ferns, the *belute*, a species of  
oak, the acorn of which is used as food, and  
is preferred to the Spanish chestnut; elms,  
mountain-ash, *seadra* and *enobar*, the two  
latter being a species of the juniper. After  
this we passed through a fine campaign coun-  
try of four hours' ride: we were informed  
that this country was very populous; but our  
fakier and guide avoided the habitations of  
men. We now began again to ascend these  
magnificent and truly romantic mountains,  
and in two hours approached partial cover-  
ings of snow. Vegetation here diminishes,  
and nothing is now seen but fir, whose tops  
appear above the snow; the cold is here  
intense; and it is remarkable, that the pul-  
lets' eggs that we procured in the campaign  
country just described, were nearly twice the  
size of those of Europe. Proceeding two  
hours further, we came to a narrow pass, on  
the east side of which was an inaccessible  
mountain, almost perpendicular, and entirely  
covered with snow; and on the west, a tre-  
mendous precipice, of several thousand feet  
in depth, as if the mountain had been split  
in two, or rent asunder by an earthquake:  
the path is not more than a foot wide, over  
a solid rock of granite. Here the whole army  
dismounted, and many prostrated in prayer,  
invoking the Almighty to enable them to pass  
in safety; but, however, notwithstanding all  
possible precaution, two mules missed their  
footing, and were precipitated with their bur-  
dens into the yawning abyss. There is no  
other pass but this, and that of Belawin,  
which is equally dangerous for an army; so  
that the district of Suse, which was formerly  
a kingdom, might be defended by a few men,  
against an invading army from Morocco of  
several thousands, by taking a judicious po-  
sition at the southern extremity of this narrow  
path and tremendous precipice, which is but  
a few yards in length. Proceeding north-  
ward through this defile, we continued our  
journey seven hours (gradually descending  
towards the plains of Fruga, a town of con-  
siderable extent, distant about fifteen miles  
from the mountains). Proceeding two hours

\* This root abounds all over Suse, and is  
called by the natives *Arti Suse*, i.e. the root of  
Suse: the worm seed is called *sheb*.

\* Tobacco.

† Tipsey.

‡ The milking band is often figuratively term-  
ed—"the bunch of *fire*."

further, making together nine hours' journey, the army pitched their tents, and we encamped on another table-land, on the northern declivity of Atlas, at the entrance of an immense plantation of olives, about a mile west of a village, called Ait Musie, a most luxuriant and picturesque country. The village of Ait Musie contains many Jews, whose external is truly miserable; but this appearance of poverty is merely political, for they are a trading and rich people, for such a patriarchal country. The olive plantations at this place, and in many other parts of this country, do honour to the agricultural propensity of the emperor Muley Ismael, who planted them. They cover about six square miles of ground; the trees are planted in right lines, at a proper distance; the plantation is interspersed with openings, or squares, to let in the air. These openings are about a square acre in extent.

"In travelling through the various provinces of South and West Barbary, these extensive plantations of olives are frequently met with, and particularly throughout Suse. It appeared that they were all planted by the emperor Muley Ismael, whose indefatigable industry was proverbial. Wherever that warrior (who was always in the field) encamped, he never failed to employ his army in some active and useful operation, to keep them from being devoured by the worm of indolence, as he expressed it. Accordingly wherever he encamped, we meet with these extensive plantations of olive trees, planted by his troops, which are not only a great ornament to the country, but produce abundance of fine oil. The olive plantations at Ras El Wed, near Terodant in Suse, are so extensive, that one may travel from the rising to the setting sun under their shade, without being exposed to the rays of the effulgent African sun.

"We remained encamped at Ait Musie three days, amusing ourselves by hawking with the prince's falconer, and hunting the antelope. Early in the morning of the fourth day, we descended the declivity of the Atlas, and travelling eight hours, we reached the populous town of Fruga, situated in the same extensive plain wherein the city of Morocco stands. From this village to Morocco, a day's journey, the country is one continued corn-field, producing most abundant crops of wheat and barley, the grain of which is of an extraordinary fine quality, and nearly twice the size of the wheat produced at the Cape of Good Hope.

"On our approach to the metropolis, the emperor sent the princes that were at Morocco to welcome the prince Abd El Melk. They were accompanied by 100 cavalry, who saluted our prince with the Moorish compliment of running full gallop and firing their muskets. These princes, who were relations of Abd El Melk, son of Abd Salan, shook hands with him respectively, and then kissed their own. This is the salutation when friends of equal rank meet. We entered the city of Morocco at the *Bab El*

*Mushoir*, which is the gate situated near the palace and place of audience, towards the Atlas mountains. The next day I had an audience of the emperor, who received me in (the *Jenan En neel*) the garden of the Nile, a small garden adjoining the palace, containing all the fruits and plants from the Nile of Egypt. The (*wordes fillety*) Tabet-rose grows in great luxuriance in this garden, resembling that of China; the odour is very grateful and strong, perfuming the air to a considerable distance. This is the rose, from the leaves of which the celebrated (*attar el rose*) i. e. distillation of roses is made, vulgarly called in Europe, *otto* of roses.

"The emperor declared the port of Santa Cruz to be shut; and that no European merchant of any nation should continue there."

In travelling from Morocco to Mogador, "the first day's journey is through the plains of Sheshawa, a fine champagne country abounding in corn; the mountains of Sheshawa, which are higher than any in Great Britain, have strata of oyster and other shells at the top of them.

Mr. J., on examination, found these strata several feet deep, and extending all the way down the mountains.

Leprosy, it appears, is still as prevalent in this part of Africa as it was once in Europe.

"There is (says our author), near to the walls of Morocco, about the north-west point, a village, called (*Deshira el Jeddam*) i. e. the Village of Lepers. I had a curiosity to visit this village; but I was told that any other excursion would be preferable; that the Lepers were totally excluded from the rest of mankind; and that, although none of them would dare to approach us, yet the excursion would be not only unsatisfactory but disgusting. I was, however, determined to go; I mounted my horse, and took two horse guards with me, and my own servant. We rode through the Lepers' town; the inhabitants collected at the doors of their habitations, but did not approach us; they, for the most part, showed no external disfigurement, but were generally sallow; some of the young women were very handsome; they have, however, a paucity of eyebrow, which, it must be allowed, is somewhat incompatible with a beauty; some few had no eyebrows at all, which completely destroyed the effect of their dark animated eyes. They are obliged to wear a large straw hat, with a brim about nine inches wide; this is their *badge of separation*, a token of division between the clean and unclean, which when seen in the country, or on the roads, prevents any one from having personal contact with them. They are allowed to beg, and accordingly are seen by the side of the roads, with their straw hat badge, and a wooden bowl before them, to receive the charity of passengers, exclaiming, (*attanie m'ta Allah*) "bestow on me the property of God," (*kulakie m'ta Allah*) "all belongs to God" reminding the passenger that he is a steward of, and accountable for the appropriation of his property; that he derives his property from the bounty and favour of God.

When any one gives them money, they pronounce a blessing on him; as (*Allah e seed kherik*) "may God increase your good," &c. The province of Haha abounds in lepers; and it is said that the Arganic oil which is much used in food throughout this picturesque province, promotes this loathsome disease!"

In another journey to Mequinas, by way of Rabat, it is stated—

"On the morning of the 15th, we pursued our journey to Mequinas, passing through a very fine country, inhabited by a Kabyl of Berberbers, called Ait Zemurh. We halted, at four o'clock P. M. at a circular Douar of these Berberbers, in a fine champagne country. The next morning, at five o'clock, we struck the tents, and proceeded through a dangerous country, infested by artful robbers, and the occasional depredations of the lion and other wild beasts, whose roaring we heard at a distance. We saw several square buildings, which our guides informed us were built by the Berberbers, for the purpose of destroying the lion. The patient hunter will conceal himself in one of these buildings, which are about five feet by seven, and will wait whole days for an opportunity to get a shot at the lion: these noble beasts are here said to be the largest in all Africa. After travelling this day ten hours, we pitched our tents at another circular encampment of the Zimurite Berberbers. These people drive in stakes and place thorny bushes round their encampment, eight feet high, and fill up the entrance every night with thorns, as the fiercest lions of Africa abound in the adjacent forests, and sometimes attack their habitations, accordingly they keep a large fire all night to deter the lions and other wild beasts from approaching."

At page 198, we find a curious paper on the excavated residences of the inhabitants of Atlas, which we subjoin; only prefacing that *Hel el Killeb* and *Ben el Killeb* are synonymous; the former signifies the *dog like race*, the latter the *sons of dogs*. In the Map of the World by Fran. Mauro. A.D. 1459, inserted in Dr. Vincent's Periplos of the Eritrean Sea, the country of these people is described as lying N. W. of Abyssinia, or the country of Prester Jan; and they are there denominated *Benicheleh*, the province of Dogs; because the natives (as the map asserts,) have the heads of dogs. The orthography *Benicheleh* is however incorrect; the final *h* ought to be a *z*—this is possibly an error of the press.

"The inhabitants of the snowy or upper regions of the Atlas live, during the months of November, December, January, February, and half of March, in caves or excavations in the mountains; the snow then disappears, and they begin to cultivate the earth.

"I have repeatedly heard reports of the (*Hel el Killeb*), dog-faced race; of the (*Hel Shual*), tailed race; and of the race having one eye, and that in the breast. It is extremely difficult to ascertain the origin of these reports, which are so involved in metaphor that the signification is not intelligible to Europeans; their existence is not

† Here the prince sent couriers to the emperor, to announce his approach.

doubted, however, in Africa. Of the *Hel el Kilbeh* some ignorant people affirm that the Almighty transformed one of the tribes of the Jews into these people, and that these are their descendants; others report them to be a mongrel breed, between the human and ape species; their strength is said to be very great. The Africans assert with considerable confidence, which is corroborated, that the *Hel Shnal* have a tail half a cubit long; that they inhabit a district in the desert at an immense distance south-east of Morocco; that the *Hel El Kilbeh* are in a similar direction; that the latter are diminutive, being about two or three cubits in height; that they exclaim *bah, bah, bah*, and that they have a few articulate sounds, which they mutually understand among themselves; that they are extremely swift of foot, and run as fast as horses. The Arimaspi of Herodotus are called by the Arabs *Hel Ferid*, these are represented by the Arabs of the desert as living at the foot of the lofty mountains of the Moon, near Abyssinia: the male and female are equally without hair on their head, having large clins and nostrils, like the ape species; they are said to have a language of their own; their costume is a *jelabea*, and a belt, without shoes or head dress; their country is said to abound in gold. It is "a consummation devoutly to be wished," that our knowledge of Africa should increase so as to enable us to unravel the mystery of these doubtful reports, to ascertain the degree of credit that is due to these mysterious traditions. These desiderata, however, can hardly be expected, whilst the present injudicious plans for the discovery of Africa are persevered in. We must, if we desire to discover effectually the hidden recesses and reported wonders of this continent, adopt plans and schemes very different from any that have hitherto been suggested; we must adopt a *grand system upon an extensive scale*, a system directed and moved by a person competent to so great an undertaking. The head or director of such an expedition should be master of the general travelling and trafficking language of Africa, the modern Arabic: he should moreover be acquainted with the character of the people, their habits, modes of life, religious prejudices, and fanaticism. A grand plan, thus directed, could hardly fail to secure the command of the commerce of Africa to Great Britain. Then the discovery of the inmost recesses would follow the path of commerce, and that continent, which has baffled the researches of the moderns as well as of the ancients, would lay open its treasures to modern Europe, and civilisation would be the natural result. Then would be the period to attempt the conversion of the Negroes to Christianity; and the standard of peace and good will towards men might be successfully planted on the banks of the *Nile El Kabee*, or *Nile Asudan*, the Great Nile, or Nile of Sudan, or Nigriti, commonly called the Niger."

The following is a singular fact:

"Every house in Morocco has, or ought to have, a domestic serpent: I say ought to have, because those that have not one, seek

to have this inmate, by treating it hospitably whenever one appears; they leave out food for it to eat during the night, which gradually domesticates this reptile. These serpents are reported to be extremely sagacious, and very susceptible. The superstition of these people is extraordinary; for rather than offend these serpents, they will suffer their women to be exposed during sleep to their performing the office of an infant. They are considered, in a house, emblematical of good, or prosperity, as their absence is ominous of evil. They are not often visible; but I have seen them passing over the beams of the roof of the apartments. A friend of mine was just retired to bed at Morocco, when he heard a noise in the room, like something crawling over his head, he arose, looked about the room, and discovered one of these reptiles about four feet long, of a dark colour, he pricked it with his sword, and killed it, then returned to bed. In the morning he called to him the master of the house where he was a guest, and telling him he had attacked the serpent, the Jew was chagrined, and expostulated with him, for the injury he had done him: apprehensive that evil would visit him, he intimated to his guest, that he hoped he would leave his house, as he feared the malignity of the serpent; and he was not reconciled until my friend discovered to him that he had actually killed the reptile."

*A Tour through a Part of the Netherlands, France, and Switzerland, in the year 1817.* By Thomas Heger. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 250.

We anticipated from the preface a rather more entertaining tour than this upon perusal has turned out to be. The writer, indeed, lays no claim to a very elevated station in travelling lore; but, even moderate as his pretensions are, we do not think that he has accomplished anything which ought in sound judgment to have thrust his labours out of the private circle of friends into the public for sufrage. The most favourable view that we can take of the volume is, that the writer has journeyed abroad under the influence of very amiable feelings, and acted in a manner which it could be wished, for the credit of our country, were the fashion with all its tourists; but beyond this, we find little to praise. He went over a very beaten road; saw little that has not been described a thousand times; and, excepting a species of sentimentality belonging to one of the lower forms of the school of Sterne, has varied in no degree from the accustomed style of the note and common-place book. A bit of romance is super-added; and this is all that Mr. Heger produces in support of his right to publish a book. We are afraid we must nousait him in the critic court with costs (except the cost of our time); but will allow him a brief pleading. It is thus humbly that he sets forth his own capabilities.

"There is a kind of talent—I beg the critic's pardon, I mean a sort of—I really don't know how to call it, but a something which

has a knack of putting words together, till a kind of composition is effected, at which those who are not over fastidious contrive to feel somewhat amused. It is here I make my stand, and I think not sufficiently in any body's way to run much chance of being molested. It is on the first step of the ladder to fame; and if by accident I should be jostled off, it won't much matter, as I have not far to fall."

We congratulate him on this fact; but still it is painful to fall even one step, and especially, for a heavy body, which in truth is the case here. At Brussels, the author mentions the following report, which we do not remember having heard before.

"One thing at least I must speak of on account of its extraordinary nature; the Americans, I forget the year, in order to destroy the Dutch shipping in the Texel, conveyed there several casks of a peculiar worm, which they emptied into those waters: the result was, that they ate their way into the hulls of the vessels, which in a short time became completely rotten; a piece of the timber, thus rendered useless, is preserved in spirits at this cabinet, containing still the destructive agents in the holes which they had made. I mention this circumstance because I do not remember that we have any such curiosity at our British Museum."

Another of the most agreeable extracts we can pick out, will sufficiently exemplify the writer's general manner. He and his companions set out for Rouvray.

"As there was a good deal of hill-work for the horses in this day's journey, we were not able to reach that town, and were obliged to put up at a lone house, at ten o'clock at night, about a mile out of the public road. The appearance of the place was rather against it, to those whose taste the use of comforts had spoiled for flock beds, jack-towel sheets, and sanded tile floors; but where there is no choice, the proudest must yield;—we had walked up several of the hills, to save our horses, in the course of the day; and fatigue is not much disposed to quarrel with any place of rest.

"A large kitchen divided my room from that of my companions; and in a recess, at one extremity of it, was a bed, screened by a dirty old red-and-white chequered curtain, full of large holes; though one of which, at each extremity, we were greeted, on entrance, by a grim face, surmounted with a red cap, which once, no doubt, in its earlier servitude, had been able to confine the stubble which it encumbered; but, alas! subdued by its hard duty, it could no longer keep under the refractory bristles, which now stood on end through the breaches of their prison. Conceive to yourself a welcome of this sort, in a lone house, at the entrance of a wood nine miles through; and when you feel the alarm getting master of you, imagine a whispering from various quarters, without being able to see the mouths from whence it issued; then, when you have worked up your fears to an almost overwhelming pitch, just fancy to yourself, on suddenly looking up, an arm extended from a hole in the ceiling, beckoning a tall

figure, with a belt and hatchet, who had just come in at a back door; and when you have got the picture to this height of colouring, keep looking at it with all the chilly sensations which it inspires, till the recollection comes upon you, that, whatever the prospect, there is no eluding it; and I think you will have done enough for yourself in the way of terrors. There was no getting out of this business; so I judged it better to put a good face upon it, and, calling for a bottle of such wine as they had, and an unclet, we refreshed ourselves and retired to rest; but not before we had examined our separate cells, (without indeed appearing to do so,) to see that there was no way of entrance or exit, but by the door at which we were introduced: having settled matters on this point to our satisfaction, we separated.

"I must confess I did not like the appearance of things, but could hardly bring myself to believe in the residence of bandits so near the public road, except in the pages of romance. Caution, however, is always the right side of doubt; so, without taking off more than my coat and boots, I threw myself into bed, and lay divided between sleep and the adventure; but just as the former was getting a-head, and I had nearly forgotten where I was, I heard a strange breathing noise, close to the head of my bed, and began to fear I had not been sufficiently particular in examining my room; for no one could enter by the door, as I had taken care to double lock and bolt it. I listened again, and heard the breathing distinctly; my heart began now to quicken its pace a little, and had got from the quiet gentle walk into a trot; I thought that before it got into a gallop, it would be better to be on my legs, and prepared for the worst; so jumping out of bed, (as much as to say, who's afraid?) I rushed to the door, and unbolting it, disturbed one of the many occupants of the kitchen, which was by this time converted into a general chamber:—"Est-ce que Monsieur manque le p?" was the first exclamation which greeted my ear, in a female voice, since our arrival. "Non," replied I, "*je manque seulement la lemme*."—With the greatest good nature she brought me one, and showed her civility in so doing, at the expense of her modesty, for she had nothing on but her chemise; I wished her good night, and, having again secured my door, renewed my examination of the room.

"Darkness is a powerful ally to terrors; and it not unfrequently happens, that without its assistance, they are scarcely formidable enough to produce more than a start on the nerves which they assail. The breathing which I had heard, I now began to think could have been nothing but the wind, and the rustling of the leaves in the great wood beside us,—so valiant does a lighted candle make us. I was almost resolute enough by this time to be ashamed of myself; and out of bravado, was actually going to extinguish the light, when my hand was arrested by the dreaded sound. I listened attentively, and traced it to the place I at first imagined it issued from. There was now no longer a doubt upon the point; so, pulling my bed away

from the wall behind it, I discovered the real, the genuine night-mare; no sickly offspring of the fancy, mounted by a sleep-oppressing demon, but a good substantial horse, who, with a kindly snort, dismissed all my fears and anxiety: not even a window glass separated me from my welcome companion, and I was glad of it—for there was more to allay my doubts in his physiognomy, than in that of any of his masters,—and, patting his neck through the hole in the wall, I wished him good night, and slept till six the next morning, without farther fear or trembling.

"Had we given ourselves time to think, we should not have found it so difficult to account for the strange appearance of things, on our arrival at this place. The proximity of the wood might have accounted for the hatchet and bolt, and the novelty of visitors in a carriage, for the silent reception and the respectful whispers, as well as for the arm that beckoned, in order, no doubt, to make silent enquiry about the unlooked-for guests. The fact is, the inhabitants of this lone residence were heavers of wood, and in all probability, (whatever their appearances,) full as honest as ourselves."

As Mr. H. observes no system in his lucubrations, we may be the more readily excused for following the same rule of want of rule. We shall therefore only briefly add, that he has made some blunders in his names of painters, speaks of the onths of the Horaces, and commits a few other offences amenable to criticism. But as his performance has not challenged close examination, we shall now dismiss it, with the expression of a hope that the next will be better: if not, we shall abjure the lines in John Gilpin.

And when he next doth ride abroad,  
May we be there to see.

*An Introduction to the Knowledge of the Fungusses, &c. &c.* London, 1820. pp. 20.

When we opened this little publication, we thought we were about to fall upon some satire on men of sudden wealth, and equally sudden importance, brokers, nabobs, speculators, trading politicians, or such like; and were not disagreeably disappointed when we discovered that it was literally a *bona fide* scientific performance, to help the botanical student to a knowledge of mushrooms, champignons, toad-stools, and other fungi. These are divided into fourteen genera, (too few, we imagine,) and brief definitions given of each, are rendered more plain by coloured figures. The descriptions seem accurate: but are, perhaps, somewhat too technical without explanation for the use of learners. All elementary works ought to be, as the phrase is, adapted to the meanest capacities. We are glad however, to see any thing done to rescue this branch of botany from the neglect it experiences, and think this very small tract may afford both gratification and instruction to those who love to study the productions of nature, which are wonderful in the ant as in the elephant in the glow-

worm as in the pincet in the fungus as in the oak.

#### THE GAROS.

In our last Number, we abridged, from the narrative of Francis Hamilton Esq., an account of the kingdom of Assam: the same authority supplies the following particulars respecting another oriental people, formerly more powerful than they now are; namely, *The Garos*.

Previous however to entertaining this subject, the author takes a brief view, chiefly statistical, of the countries adjacent to Assam, consisting of Bhutan and its dependencies Dinkhoth, Lakhwar, Baka dvar, Hlipidwar, &c. north of the Brahmaputra, and of Tripura, Manipur, Jaintiya, Kachhar, Chingpho, Nora, &c. to the south of that river. The people of the district of which Manipur is the capital, are called Maitay, and the country produces elephants, horses, buffaloes, and oxen. Its wonderful abundance, or the excessive disproportion of the precious metals may be imagined, when we say that twelve cows may be bought for a rupee, about twopence half-penny a piece, and as much rice as a man can consume in a year for the same money! The sugar cane grows as thick as a man's leg.

It is to the westward of this that the remains of the Garo nation have retired to the hills for independence; all their territories on the plains having been gradually conquered by the Zemindars (Bengal) and other enemies. Mr. Hamilton's observations apply to the northern parts of the Garo country, the only preceding intelligence respecting which that we have seen, consists of the very short geographical note of Major Rennell, and some remarks on the southern side, by Mr. Elliot, who (as well as Major Rennell) writes the name, Garraw. The dimensions of the Garo dominion are now limited to about 100 miles in length from east to west, and thirty in breadth from north to south. The extreme difficulty of penetrating into this territory is the cause of its preservation: for Mr. Hamilton tells us "It seems a mass of hills from 1000 to 3000 feet of perpendicular height, and very steep; and although watered by numerous small streams contains scarcely any level land, the hills being every where immediately contiguous to each other. Towards the centre, I am credibly informed, that there are immense masses of naked rock, and even large spaces totally destitute of vegetation; but so far as I saw, and as I am told, is the case in by far the greater part of the territory, the hills, however steep, consist of a deep rich soil, and are fit for being cultivated by the hoe. The climate being very moist, such a soil produces a most luxuriant vegetation; and wherever undisturbed by cultivation, the mountains are covered by noble forests, that contain a great variety of trees and plants, highly ornamental, curious, and valuable."

Such Garo chiefs as remain upon the plains, are tributaries to other powers; and

we therefore confine our view to the occupants of the mountains, whom freedom and independence render worthy of contemplation.

"The Garos are a short, stout-limbed, active people, with strongly marked Chinese countenances, as is the case with all the aboriginal tribes of the mountains, from the Brahmaputra to Cape Negrais. In general the features of the Garos are harsh, but the chiefs are rather handsome, and their manners, in both urbanity and veracity, are superior to those of the Zemindars of Bengal. The Garo chiefs in their address are equally exempt from insolence and adulation; two extremes into which the Zemindars are apt to indulge, according as they are confident or afraid; while the veracity of the whole Garo nation is undoubted; and it is avowed by the Bengalese that a Garo was never known to forfeit his word. It is admitted by both people that a Garo woman can carry on the hills as great a load as a man of Bengal can carry on the plain; and that a Garo man can carry one third more; and this is attributed to their using more animal food and spirituous liquor.

"Garo is a Bengalese word, nor do they seem to have any general word to express their nation, each of the tribes into which it is divided having a name peculiar to itself. An individual of the tribe adjoining to Hawaraghat is called Achlik; but the collective name or plural number is Achlikrong. The high hills of Mechpara are occupied by the Abeng. The tribe bordering on Mechpara and Kalmalupara, that occupies the high mountains and retains an entire independence, is the Kochinasiindya. The tribe bordering on Saanaga is called Kœhi, or Conneh, as Mr. Eliot writes. The tribe of the Garo nation that borders on Assam is called Nuniya. Part of the Nuniyas have been converted to the worship of Vishnu, and occupy a large portion of the lower part of Assam; a part however inhabits the mountains, and is independent. The Nuniyas are also called Dugol.

"The language of the Nuniyas is said to be different from that of the other Garos; and although all Garos can intermarry, it is generally admitted that the Nuniyas are of highest rank. Their priests can officiate for all Garos; but no priest of any of the other tribes can officiate for a Nuniya. The Nuniyas and Kochinasiindyas have made some farther progress in society than the others. Some among them are merchants, and trade in slaves, salt, and silver; while others are artists, and work in iron, brass, and the precious metals. The Achliks and Abeng are all cultivators, who practise some rude arts, and who live no other commerce than the exchanging of the produce of their farms for the articles which they want for consumption. The languages of the four western tribes appear to be nearly the same. The Achliks seem to occupy by far the greatest part of the territory, in which the nation is entirely independent.

"The chiefs and the head men of families assemble in a council called Jingma changga, and endeavour to reconcile all those of the

clan who have disputes; for it would not appear that they have a right to inflict any punishment unless a man should be detected in uttering a falsehood before them, in which case he would be put to instant death, more from popular indignation than from a regular progress of justice. Dishonesty or stealing seem rarely to be practised, and almost the only source of dispute seems to be murder, which would appear to be an ordinary crime. But the relations of the persons killed, are, by custom, held bound to demand blood for blood, and ought to put to death either the murderer or one of his kindred, or at least one of his slaves. The other family then is bound to pursue a similar mode of retaliation, and the feud would thus continue endless, unless the council interfered, and brought about a mutual reconciliation, which it is usually able to effectuate, by inducing the parties to accept a price for the blood that has been spilt. Although every head of a family has an equal right to sit in their assemblies, the influence of the chiefs, or of one or two wise men, usually decides every thing.

"When a man of one clan murders a person belonging to a different community, the matter is arranged with more difficulty, and often produces a war, unless the chiefs mutually endeavour to reconcile matters, in which case their influence generally prevails; but they have no authority to declare peace or war, nor even in the field do they pretend to command any free man. If any man complains of an injury, such as one of his family having been murdered by a foreigner, the whole clan is ready to avenge his cause, or to fight until their companion is satisfied. No compulsion can be used; but the man who refused to take the field would be entirely disgraced. In the field every free man (Nokoh) fights as he pleases; but as the slaves (Nokol) form about two fifths of the whole population, as they almost entirely belong to the chiefs, and as they all are led to war, and implicitly obey the orders of their masters, the influence of these last predominates in every resolution; as their men, acting in subordination, form the chief strength of the clan. The slaves are not only distinguished for their obedience, but for their courage, as freedom is a reward often bestowed on such as exhibit valour. Unless, therefore, the injury has been committed by a chief on some person of a chief's family, the dispute is usually terminated after a little skirmishing, and the chiefs induce the injured person to accept a price for the blood of his kinsman.

"The important matters of succession, and union of the sexes, have been arranged in a manner that does not seem convenient.

"A Garo man or woman, that has connexion with a person of a different nation, is not liable to excommunication; and any person who chooses to live among them and follow their manners, may obtain the rights of a free man. A young unmarried woman, who proved with child, would suffer no disgrace; but instances are very rare, as the women are usually married while children. A man cannot turn away his wife on account

of adultery, unless he chooses to give up his whole property and children, and to this he seldom consents, except when he knows that some other woman, who is richer than his wife, will take him for her husband. A woman, whenever she pleases, may turn away her husband, and may, in general, marry any other person, conveying to him the whole property that her former husband possessed, and taking with her all her children; but the rank of the children arises from that of their father. A man is thus placed in a very difficult situation. If his wife chooses a paramour the husband is terrified lest this intruder should be able to persuade the woman to transfer the property of the family. It is true, that, as a remedy, he may kill the lower, which he may do without blame; but he is afraid not only of the revenge of the man's kindred, but of that of his wife, who, if permitted to enjoy her lover, might be unwilling to disturb the family in which she had lived, but who would be very apt to avenge her lover's death by choosing a new husband. In fact, however, it is said that divorces are very rare, and many wives when they are infirm, or have no children, allow their husbands to marry a second wife, or to keep a concubine. When a chief dies, his heir is any one of his sister's sons, that his widow, or if he has left no widow, that his surviving concubine chooses. The fortunate youth, if married, immediately separates from his wife, who takes all his private fortune and children; while he marries the old woman, and receives the dignity, fortune, and insignia of honor becoming his high rank. These insignia consist of a red turban, two bracelets of bell-metal for each arm, and a string of beads for his neck, and are bestowed in a great ceremony, that cannot cost less than a hundred rupees. These acquisitions, however, do not always compensate for the disparity of age in his bride; and a boy who had been lately elevated to the dignity, after taking a draught of wine that opened his heart, complained with great simplicity, that he had married an old toothless creature, while his cousin, although poor, had a pretty young wife, with whom he could play the whole day long. When the old lady dies he will of course take a young wife, who will probably survive him, and select a new chief from among his sister's sons. The wife of a chief may divorce him, but she must choose her next husband from the same noble family, as its members alone are capable of being raised to the dignity.

"A man cannot marry his father's brother's daughter; but he may marry the daughter of his mother's brother. A chief may marry the daughter of any free man (Nokoh); but intermarriages between free men and slaves are not tolerated; nor can a man even keep a slave girl as a concubine.

A great part of the slaves are procured from the Nuniyas, who bring them from Assam. They are chiefly Garos, who had been converted, and who have lost cast by impure feeding, and have been sold as a punishment for their transgression. They of course return to the customs of their ancestors, and often obtain freedom by their va-

lorous conduct in war. Many poor parents, however, are reduced by want to sell their children; a conduct that is considered as reprehensible, but for which there is no punishment. Several chiefs can bring 60 able bodied slaves into the field, which in such small clans gives them a vast authority.

The Garos rear, for eating, kine, goats, swine, dogs, cats, fowls, and ducks; and they purchase from the inhabitants of the low country all these animals, together with tortoises, and fish both fresh and dried. In the hills they also procure many deer, wild hogs, frogs, and snakes, all of which they eat. In fact they have no aversion to any food, except milk and its preparations, all of which they abominate; and they have no objection to eat in any company, nor to eat what has been dressed by people of another nation. Their vegetable diet consists chiefly of rice and millet (*Panicum Italicum*) with many arums, caladiums, and discoreas. For seasoning they have capicum, onions, and garlic; but they do not use turmeric. In their dishes they employ both salt and ashes, and sometimes oil; but they cultivate no plant that produces this. From both the rice and millet they prepare a fermented liquor, which is not distilled, and is used both by men and women to great excess. Poor people usually get drunk once a month, the chiefs once every two or three days. On such occasions they commonly squabble and fight. They liked the taste of brandy, but preferred wine, as not being so strong.

Although the Garos have long raised great quantities of cotton, they formerly neither spun nor wove. They now have begun to practise these arts, and weave the small slips of cloth, which both men and women wrap round their waists, and their turbans. This constitutes their ordinary dress. For cold weather they make a kind of rug from the bark of the *celtis orientalis*. This serves as a blanket, and by day is thrown round the shoulders. The chiefs, or others in easy circumstances, when in full dress, throw round their shoulders a piece of cloth, silk, cotton, or gold. Their favourite ornament consists of rings of bell-metal, which are passed through the lobes of the ears, and are so heavy as to distend these until they reach the shoulders.

"In science they have not even proceeded so far as to write their own language: a few have learned to write the Bengalese.

They believe in the transmigration of the soul, as a state of reward and punishment. Those who are morally wicked are punished by being born as low animals. Those who have not been wicked, and who have made many offerings to the gods, are born in high and wealthy families. Saljung is the supreme god, who lives in heaven (*Rang*) and has a wife named Manim. No offerings are made to this goddess; but to her husband are offered male goats, swine, and fowls. This seems to be the deity whom Mr. Eliot called Mahadera, which merely signifies the great god; but there is no affinity between Saljung and Siva, who, by the Brahmans is usually called Mahadera. Saljung, in fact, is the firmament or visible heavens. The

heavenly bodies, sun, moon, and stars, and spirits who preside over hills, woods, and rivers, are considered as the agents employed by Saljung to manage the affairs of the world. White cocks are offered to the heavenly bodies, and fermented liquor, rice, and flowers, are offered to the spirits of the hills, rivers, and forests. The blood of the animal is first offered, and then, after the flesh has been dressed, a portion is added to the offering, and the votary eats the remainder. There are no temples nor images. Before each house a dry bamboo, with its branches adorning, is fixed in the ground. To this the Garos tie tufts of cotton, threads, and flowers, and before it they make their offerings.

"They have an order of priests who, by the Bengalese, are called *Rojas*, from the resemblance between them and the *Rojas* or *Ojas* of Bengal. In their own language, these priests are called *Kamal*. They marry, cultivate the ground, and go to war like their neighbours, and the office is not hereditary; any man who has committed to memory the requisite forms of prayer, may assume that office. These forms of prayer are publicly repeated at marriages, funerals, and in cases of sickness, or when the clan is about to engage in war. The *Kamals* also pretend to explain the fates by an examination of the entrails of sacrifices. The liver, in particular, is an object of their attention. The presence of the priest is not necessary on the occasion of common offerings, that are made to the gods.

"The funeral of the *Accchiks* are inconvenient and expensive. When a person dies, the relations are summoned to attend, and ten or twelve days are allowed for their convenience. As they assemble, they are feasted, until the number is complete. In the mean time the body falls into a dreadful state of corruption; but no attention is paid to that circumstance. The head of a stake is then formed into an image, supposed to resemble the deceased, and the point of the stake is driven into the ground. The body is then burnt, the bones are collected into an earthen pot, and the relations retire. After some months, when the family has recovered from the former expense, and has laid in a stock of food and liquor for a new entertainment, the relations are again assembled, and feasted for three days. The bones are then thrown into a river."

#### MILAN. \*

[By a German Traveller.]

The city of Milan is eight Italian miles in circumference, and contains one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants. The streets are narrow and angular, with the exception of a few; for instance, those which lead to the *Porta Orientale* and the *Porta di Roma*, which on account of their great breadth and length, serve as promenades to the inhabitants, and are called *Corai*. The streets of Milan, notwithstanding their narrowness, are

• Milan has got a sort of *supra-English* attraction at present, through its famous Commission. We take this time to lay a very clever account of it before the public.—Ed.

kept quite clean, partly by the canals which run through the city, and partly by the poor children, who collect and sell the street-sweepings, and every thing that can serve the purpose of manure. The streets are paved with marble, and small granite stones of various colours (*migliarino*), which are found in the bed of the neighbouring river, and even two or three feet below ground in the vicinity of the city. The houses, which are for the most part white, are three or four stories high, and are furnished with green window shades and balconies. They have in general a very unpleasant effect, owing to a total want of uniformity in the situation of the windows, balconies, and doors. The lower stories of the houses are, for the most part, occupied by shops of various kinds, so that the city has altogether the appearance of a vast market.

The utmost bustle prevails in the streets of Milan, particularly in those in the vicinity of the Cathedral, and in the royal palace, where the most elegant goldsmiths' and jewellers' shops are situated. In the latter, the goods are very tastefully arranged, though in general the shops of Milan are far inferior in magnificence to those of Paris and London.

The Milanese are passionately fond of walking and riding. On Sundays, the promenade at the end of the *Corai*, near the *Villa Bonaparte*, is crowded to excess. Rows of lofty chestnut-trees form a thick roof over the heads of the promenaders, and shade them from the sun. In the evening, the fashionables of Milan drive out in carriages, chaises, or whisks, which extend in an uninterrupted line to the *Porta Orientale* or the *Porta di Roma*. The common people resort to little public houses where wine is sold, and ladies of rank, after driving once or twice up and down the *Corai*, return to the city to regale themselves with ices.

The inhabitants of Milan are very fond of repairing to the coffee-houses, which are continually crowded with visitors, except during a few hours in the morning and afternoon; and in the evening they are frequented by women as well as men. They are, for the most part, elegantly furnished and brilliantly illuminated.

The licentious manners of the women of this city have frequently been condemned. Certainly, it cannot be said, that the morals of the people in general have been improved by their intercourse with the French. The custom of educating young females in cloisters is now exploded; and, they are taught nothing but music, singing, and French.

The girls are for the most part pretty; they have good figures and bright animated eyes; but I observed some frightful countenances among the old women, particularly among those of the common class. Their natural ugliness is, if possible, increased by the custom of wearing their heads uncovered with their hair hanging down in disorder. Some of these old gorgons wear powder in their bristly hair, which has a truly hideous effect.

The principal edifice in Milan is the celebrated Cathedral, which stands in the very



centre of the city. It was begun in the year 1385, by order of *John Galeas Visconti*, the first Duke of Milan. Some suppose the architect to have been a German, named *John Camodius*, while others attribute the plan of this magnificent structure to *Marco de Campione*. To the building of this Cathedral, the Duke assigned an abundant quarry of marble, situated at *Candoglia*, near the valley of *Dono d'Ossola*. The stone was conveyed along the *Lago Maggiore*, to the Tessino, and from thence to Milan by the *Naviglio* canal. The Gothic style of architecture was chosen, and for the space of two centuries, the works were carried on according to the original plan. Under *Charles Borromeo*, the front was completed and ornamented; and it was agreed, that in finishing the edifice, the Gothic and Grecian styles should be united. *Pellegrini's* plan was adopted, and a cousin of *Charles Borromeo*, who was a great friend and patron of art, carried it into execution. At a later period, the architect *Sessa* made some alterations on the building.

The exterior of the Cathedral has a most imposing effect; it is entirely faced with white marble, and appears like a huge mountain of stone with numberless towers, loaded with carved work, and adorned with thousands of statues of various sizes. Its immense magnitude bewilders the imagination, and the whole structure pleases from its sublimity rather than from its beauty. It has a most singular, and it may be said, magical effect, by moon-light, when the numberless statues by which it is surmounted, seem to be floating in the blue ocean of the clouds.

The church is built in the form of a Roman Cross, and a flight of steps leads to the entrances, which are five in number. The doors are all of common wood, except the principal one, which is painted grey. The pillars before this door are seven feet in diameter. The interior of the church has a very grand effect, owing to its vast size. The largest portion,—namely, that which extends from the front to the arm of the cross, is divided into five naves, each of which has a separate door. The gothic arches and arcades are supported by fifty-two marble columns, each forty-eight feet high; and the naves are lighted by five cupolas, the principal one being supported by four massy pillars, twenty-seven feet in circumference. The church measures 455 feet in length, from the front to the polygon behind the choir; the five naves are 166 feet in breadth; and the breadth of the whole edifice is 267 feet, including the chapel of *Madonna dell'Albero* on the north, and that of *St. Jean Bono* on the south, which form two towers at the extremities of the arm of the cross.† The walls are nearly 7 feet in thickness. The floor is paved with white marble; and in the year 1786, some astronomers

drew a meridian line across it, the extremity of which is carried up the wall; for the winter-solstice, on the wall, where the image of a goat is figured, the sun's rays enter through an aperture in the dome. The windows of the middle nave are of plain glass, but those of the side naves are painted. The church contains pictures by *Perracini*, *Zuccaro*, *Barocci*, *Flammenghino*, *Cerano*, *Figino*, &c. The statue of *St. Bartholomew*, by *Agrati*, stands behind the choir, completely in shade. As an anatomical study, it may be interesting and useful, though it certainly has but few claims to beauty. On the pedestal are inscribed the words. *Non me Praestitela sed Marcus finxit Agrati*. The people of Milan set a high value on this piece of sculpture, and relate many anecdotes respecting it. They declare that its weight in silver has been offered for it. It formerly stood in a niche on the outside of the church, but it was deposited in the interior, in consequence of a report that the inhabitants of Bergamo, whose tutelary saint the statue represented, had laid a plan for carrying it off. The church contains other statues of saints, but they present nothing remarkable.

The baptistery stands on the left-hand side of the grand entrance; it is a beautiful urn of porphyry, which was found in the *Thermae*. Above is a canopy, executed after the design of *Pellegrini*, and supported by pillars of a kind of marble, called *Moscina Vecchia*, which is found at *Arzo*, near the Lake of Lugano.

The choir is of considerable extent; in the inside it is adorned with elegant bas-reliefs of carved wood, and on the outside with white marble. At each of the two entrances there is a pulpit supported by bronze-figures of fathers of the church, as *Cariates*.

On the left side of the church, near the grand altar, is a staircase, consisting of four hundred and sixty-eight steps, leading to a balcony which runs completely round the building. Those who take the trouble to ascend this interminable staircase are amply repaid, by being as it were transported into a region of sculpture; and the magical effect of the innumerable statues is increased by the dazzling whiteness of the whole structure, and the gilt image of the *Madonna* which surmounts the lofty spire. In clear weather this balcony commands a most extensive prospect; the chain of the Alps which unites with the *Apennines*, is distinctly visible, together with the luxuriant plains of *Lombardy*, justly styled the Garden of Italy,—the towns of *Pavia*, *Bergamo*, *Brescia*, &c.

In the vicinity of the cathedral, there is a church called *Santa Maria dei Morti*, the singularity of which attracts the attention of foreigners. The walls are entirely lined with human skulls and bones piled up in various forms; the altar is ornamented in a similar way, and the church contains several crucifixes formed of piles of human skulls.

The church of *St. Ambrose* is the oldest in Milan. It was originally built in the fourth century, by *St. Ambrose*, that celebrated founder of the Catholic liturgy. The present church, which stands on the site of the old

one, is built in the Gothic style, and consists of three naves; the floor is paved with variegated marble. In the choir are some pretty specimens of mosaic in coloured glass, executed in the tenth century by some Greek artists, who were at that time in Italy.

The Ambrosian library, which was founded in the seventeenth century by *Charles Frederick Borromeo*, is not so rich in printed volumes as in manuscripts; of the latter, the most important are the Jewish antiquities of *Josephus* on papyrus, probably written in the seventh century; a copy of *Virgil* of the thirteenth century, which belonged to *Petrarch*, and the manuscripts of *Leonardo da Vinci*. The library is open four hours every day.

In an apartment, which was once the refectory of a cloister of Dominican monks, near the church of *Maria della Grazie*, may be seen *Leonardo da Vinci's* celebrated picture of the Lord's Supper. The cloister is now transformed into barracks; but the refectory is kept closed, and a small sum is paid to the porter for admittance. The picture, though on the wall, is painted in oil, and not on the bare line (*ad fresco*). *Francis I.* of France, who saw it in all its beauty, wished to have it removed from the walls and conveyed to Paris; but the process was not then sufficiently known, and it was deemed hazardous to meddle with it. Since that period, this master-piece of art has been exposed to the most shameful injuries. It was painted in the year 1497, and in 1566, *Vasari* found it in a wretched state, as did also *Armenini*, who in the year 1587, wrote an account of the picture. It is not improbable, that the circumstance of its being painted with oil, has accelerated its decay, as the oil has not united with the damp of the wall; others suppose that the covering which *Leonardo* laid on the wall has proved the cause of the mischief. So little were the ignorant monks aware of the value of this admirable performance, that they cut through the figures of the Saviour, and several of the Apostles, in order to make a door to communicate with an adjoining apartment. On another occasion it was partly washed off, and again restored by *Michael-Angelo Del-luti*. It however received the greatest damage in the year 1796, from the troops who converted the refectory into a stable.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—The conjecture in *Galiffe's Italy*, of the origin of the Roman language, mixes with some fancy so much fact, that it is to be hoped the attention of our antiquaries will be turned with new interest to the older monuments of Rome, or rather of the ruined cities in its territory, which by their early overthrow have preserved their monuments from being pounded into mortar or buried in caverns by the spirit of building. The greater part of those monuments are in characters which have baffled the whole host of excavators and etymologists, and which for want of a better

† The largest churches in Europe may be ranged in the following order, taking their length as the point of comparison for their size:—*St. Peter's* at Rome, *St. Paul's* in London, and the Cathedral at Milan. The last, however, exceeds *St. Paul's* in height.

solution they have generally decided to be Pelagic. Their meaning is altogether beyond conjecture. Of those a memorable specimen is found in the brass tables dug up in 1444, near Cortona. The antiquaries have decided a portion of the characters to be Etruscan, and a portion to be Pelagic—a character, by the bye, on which no two authorities are agreed. But there are traces of a resemblance to the Latin, i.e. the Russian, in the few phrases which this toilsome ingenuity has been enabled to delve out; and we may yet be indebted to some hyperborean for the elucidation. It appears that there were characters and dialects in use among the first Roman settlers, of which their posterity, even so early as the time of Cicero, could make nothing. The *Carmen Sabinæ*, for instance. The *Engubine Tables* are still a dead letter. Let some of the old Scythian be tried upon them. The present Russian has not been a written language, or rather had not assumed its present characters till within about these 200 years. But the dialects are various; there has been always a kind of barbaric bardic literature in the country. Scythian philosophers occasionally made the grand tour; and the borderers on the Euxine may have been the most likely immediate progenitors of the polished language of the Eternal City.

I have the honour to be, Sir, yours,  
A CONJECTURER.

## INSANITY.

[Resumed from L. G. No. 181.]

On this interesting investigation, Dr. Veitch continues to observe,—a mode of thinking on the subject of the moral treatment of maniacs, has recently occurred to me; and which I believe to be new in its application, and likely to be useful to that unfortunate, and much neglected class of our fellow-creatures; I am therefore induced, well knowing the interest which the Board takes in the comfort and recovery of the patients under my care, to submit these opinions to their consideration. The plan, if approved, can be easily extended to our naval maniacs; among many of whom there exists a turn for drawing, reading, ship building, writing and design, and in which they should assuredly be indulged, where nothing exists to forbid such employment, as such objects of attention would call forth and engage their mental faculties, in a way likely to contribute to their recovery, and to their amusement. I am decidedly inclined to believe that madhouses, constituted as they in many instances, have been, and even now are, have often confirmed a disease that was, in its early stages, easily curable.\*

From such receptacles, generally speaking, not being endowed with the means of agreeably engaging the attention of the maniacs, by either new or favourable pursuits, or of rousing their bodily powers by exercise; the imagination, which may be regarded

as the fountain of insanity, gains an ascendancy on the deranged points; and, by this despotism, the other powers of the mind are absorbed, or embodied under a homogeneous form and tendency, as a sponge does water, if I might be allowed such an illustration, in treating such a subject; so that—all the powers engaged in mental operation are thus brought to aid the original delusion, and hence an obstinate and confirmed disease. Manics, to my judgment, should be regarded as adult children, among a few of whom, comparatively speaking, there will exist a tendency to violence and mischief (often, however, increased by just resentment, flowing from brutal treatment), but this point in the character of a few of these unfortunate men, has been, by general opinion, unjustly extended to the whole class. This sentiment has ever been kept in view, and has been most erroneously and most injuriously associated with the treatment of almost all forms of insanity;—hence their rigid confinement, and abstraction from society; their irons, and prison-like cells, (which are generally unnecessary) with many other revolting circumstances, almost always obstructing their cure, and which have not, until lately, been duly attended to. The physician who aims at a faithful discharge of his duty, ought to analyse every recent case of insanity with the same care that he investigates the nature and causes of bodily disease. Four-fifths of the recent cases placed under my care have already been cured, besides several which were deemed incurable.

With the above impression acted on by my mind, and well knowing the tractable character of a great proportion of the insane, would not a person in the capacity of an instructor, or school-master, be useful at mad-houses? Thus, those whose minds were in any degree accomplished, or informed on subjects of art, might be employed with such arts and accomplishments, or in reading such books, or directed to such pursuits, as would contribute to their employment and to their recovery. Those who were capable, might be led to read aloud to others who were less informed, and thus assist in the restoration of such maniacs, as well as advance their own cure; indeed they might, in some instances, be rendered the actual teachers and instructors of each other; an extension of my ideas on this head, which I owe to a gentleman whose name I at this moment decline mentioning in the manner I could wish, as it might prove disagreeable.

I consider the suggestion most excellent and highly practicable, and therefore likely to perform an important part in this interesting and pleasing pursuit.† Such measures, by subjecting this disease to more general and mixed observation, will tend to remove prejudice; a more extended sympathy will be brought in aid of our sorely distressed fellow creatures, and the hideous impressions invariably flowing from the word mad,

† The effects of intercourse with friends and others, on the mind of the maniac, should be watched; and, when found useful, it should be continued, but when injurious interdicted.

will be corrected, and take a juster position in our minds; and thus the miseries of this unfortunate class will be more generally relieved, and the sound in mind rendered more sensible of the blessings they enjoy, by contemplating these exertions in favour of mental distress.

Premiums (in the form of dress, or of instruments tending to aid their resources in the way of recovery) for good conduct or for excellence of any kind, might be distributed amongst them; and, if their labours were of such a nature as to be sold, the product should be applied to their individual encouragement, comfort, and restoration. They might be assembled a certain number of hours daily, under their instructors; but the nature and duration of their pursuits to be regulated by their medical attendant: and here the analysis of the morbid mind might probably be studied with advantage to that science, in which we have as yet made little progress. Intellectual combination and structure, like that of the body, can probably only be ascertained through the same channels, those of patient observation and dissection of what is morbid and what is healthy; and as these states of corporeal texture reflect light on each other, so in mental operation may the varied conditions of mind contribute to the same end. The reproductions arising from corporeal diseases, *neurosis* for example, throw light on the growth and functions of health; and the returning intellect, keenly watched, may open useful reflections on the varied connections and powers of the mind. It would be singularly pleasing, if that disease, which has heretofore derived so little advantage from intellectual operation and from medicine, should be the means of extending the boundaries of both these sciences. In all cases of incipient mental disease, the action of stimuli is hurtful, and this analogy very generally extends to all incipient corporeal diseases. These opinions are offered with much deference; and I can affirm, that they spring from an ardent and anxious desire to be useful to a class of men, certainly labouring under the greatest affliction that can befall human nature. D.

To these excellent hints we shall at present add only a very few remarks. It is because we have seen the beneficial effects of mild treatment in private practice, that we feel anxious to impress, in importance as well as humanity, on the more extended scale of public institutions and numerous establishments.

The following are the conclusions which

‡ The want of consciousness is commonly supposed to be a constant feature of insanity, which is a most egregious mistake: there is a defect of attention, and consequently of memory, pretty generally accompanying this malady, which has led to the belief of the absence of consciousness. In the application of mental remedies, the faculties of attention and memory should be diligently cultivated; and so acted on as to obliterate old and existing hurtful impressions, by substituting those that are sound, new, and agreeable.

\* I here allude to those establishments that are without medical aid directed to the relief of the mental disease, and consequently are mere receptacles.

we draw from the facts now under our consideration.

In the treatment of insanity, the difference of results between recent and old cases, and the superior success arising from the employment of early and active means, is truly most astonishing. This is forcibly illustrated by the statement which was placed before the Committee of the House of Commons, to inquire into the state mad-houses, by Dr. Veitch.

These successful and most interesting consequences seem to us to be ascribable to the diligence and humanity of that gentleman; for certainly the sphere of action in which he was directed to move professionally, was surrounded with many difficulties, because defective in the means of giving exercise and employment to the unfortunate maniacs who were the objects of his care. That medical man who possesses this resource, and can wield it combined with just views of the nature of this afflicting malady, will always be a successful practitioner. Between the 1st July, 1815, and 4th February, 1817, seventeen recent cases of insanity appear (from the returns) to have become the objects of Dr. Veitch's care, eleven of whom were discharged, cured, and relieved; two died; and four remained at that time, who were deemed curable. One of the two patients who died, was in an advanced state of incurable bodily disease when he became the patient of Dr. Veitch, and the other suffered from an organic affection of the brain, suddenly terminating his existence. Out of 140 cases of long standing, nine were discharged, cured, and relieved. Some of these nine cases had been of six, seven, and eight years standing; and such results are calculated from their duration to shew, that, while there is life, the maniac should not be abandoned by the powers of medicine.

The advantages of continued attention are invariably extended to all bodily diseases, however protracted in their character; and mental disease certainly has stronger claims on our protection and compassion; and the relatives of the deranged who, possessing the means, withhold such efforts for their relief, incur an awful responsibility. We here again repeat, that there can be no method better calculated to render disease, whether bodily or mental, incurable, than to consider it so; and this fate has generally awaited the maniac; and hence the overburdened state of our mad houses. These cures are, upon the whole, most satisfactory, and they assuredly merit the attention of the philanthropist, and of all who are interested in the relief of their afflicted fellow creatures. We know Dr. Veitch to disclaim all pretensions to secret methods of treating this malady. His success flows from humanity, combined with experience, which are both of the utmost importance in the management of this disease. It is a principle with this gentleman, that, where pain exists, it should be instantly relieved; and where exacerbations take place, whether in mental or bodily disease, they should be, with as little delay as possible, met by proper aid, and such

a system of visitation has the effect of checking undue coercion, from which the greatest evils have arisen in the cure of mental derangement.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### PESTILENTIAL DISEASES.

#### To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

The wide circulation of your highly valued journal, which unites in so eminent a degree the useful with the agreeable, that it well merits to bear for its motto the celebrated and often quoted line of the Roman poet, induces me to hope that the information contained in the following extract may be welcome to many of your readers, though it is of course no novelty to adepts in the science of chemistry.

On the disinfecting action of Chlorine, from the *Guide to the Study of Chemistry*, by Dr. Gaspard Brugnatelli of Pavia.\*

Notwithstanding the persevering researches of chemists, no means have hitherto been discovered of collecting and subjecting to examination the contagious miasm which are exhaled in certain diseases. That they have nevertheless a real existence, is proved by the peculiar odour, which is one of their properties: the means formerly used to destroy them were limited to palliating this odour, by the mixture of odoriferous substances, more or less powerful and innocuous; but the germs of contagion were not destroyed. The chemists of our days, by the powerful aid of chlorine, have succeeded in decomposing or wholly neutralising these terrible enemies of the public health. Whatever the infected place may be, the neutralizing action of chlorine is certain; it causes the offensive odour to disappear, and that of the chlorine itself becomes hardly sensible (unless it has been employed to excess), which manifests the reciprocal action of the miasm and the gas. Fumigations with nitric acid, and of hydro-chloric acid (muriatic), may be employed for the same purpose: they are less active than those of chlorine, but they may be used with advantage in many cases.

We will here describe the mode of proceeding, for the use of families in which one or more individuals are attacked by one of those maladies from which contagion may be apprehended, and where the (rather complicated) means of producing chlorine are not at hand. It is sufficient to procure some nitre or sea salt, pulverized; to put half an ounce into a teacup, and to pour upon it sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol). You must stir the mixture, which is of the consistence of paste, with the end of a glass tube: a white smoke is seen to arise from it, the smell of which, though strong, is not disagreeable, and which forms in the chamber, as it were, a slight mist. The operation must be repeated from time to time, and the mixture frequently stirred.

\* Guida allo Studio, &c. Vol. I. We are not informed of the publication of more than this first volume of a work which promises to be highly interesting to the chemical student.

The author, at the conclusion of his article on chlorine, points out one very precious use of this substance; that is, as a specific against hydrophobia. "We have," says he, "very flattering hopes on this subject; for there must be a very strange combination of chance, if the numerous cases of success in the application of this remedy in the hospitals of Pavia and Milan were to prove nothing in its favour. Yet it is so difficult to stop all the sources of error or of illusion, in researches of this kind, that we ought to remain in a state of philosophic doubt, while we invite those who are versed in the art, to multiply experiments for the final discovery of the truth."

### EXPERIMENTS ON THE VENOM OF THE VIPER.

Communicated to Professor Pictet, by Professor Confligiacchi, and read to the Helvetic Society of Natural Philosophy. (From the *Bibliothèque Universelle*.)

I have employed myself for several years in searching after the venomous reptiles of the province of Como, and of a part of the Canton of the Tessin (Ticino). I have found only two species of viper, and one variety. One is the *Coluber Berus*, or the common viper; the other is the *Viper of Bedi*. The variety of the common viper is the *Coluber aspis* of Linnaeus, which is pretty common in France, and is called *Aspis* by Daubenton.

Having opened a hundred of these venomous animals, I have found the number of males to be to that of females in the proportion of one to three. They are alike in all other respects. I have found no difference in the power of their venom; on the other hand, the season, and the nature of the places which they inhabit, contribute to the greater or less degree of promptitude with which it acts.

I collect this venom by pressing with little iron forceps the bladders, situated behind the canine teeth, and squeezing it into a watch glass; then with a needle, channelled towards the point, I inoculated in the thigh (always with an equal quantity of venom,) the animals intended for the experiments: I tried it on pigeons and sparrows.

I convinced myself in the most positive manner that this poison has no effect on the animal economy, unless it is introduced into the blood vessels; for I made these birds swallow pills moistened with this venomous juice, instead of inoculating them with it.

When I made use of the venom extracted from several vipers, and mixed, a small number of the sparrows inoculated died in five minutes; and the mean time was eleven minutes. But when I used the venom of a single animal, the differences were very great: some even recovered when the venom was not strong enough. Our celebrated Masigli has written sufficiently on experiments of this nature; but those in which I chiefly engaged, (having many warm-blooded animals, sparrows for instance, which died before my eyes, after a small number of palpitations,) were to subject them to the electric current of a voltaic apparatus. An inquiry in an-

tural philosophy often opens the way to others; and though in our observations and experiments we propose a determinate object, we do not know whether they may lead us.

With a pile of 80 pair, copper and zinc, excited by a solution of sulphate of alumine, of the tension of one degree of our electrometer à pilettes, I subjected the dead birds which I had poisoned, while still warm, to the electric current, comparatively with others, which I had killed either by suffocating them, or cutting off their heads, or breaking the vertebral column near the neck. I made one pole communicate with the spinal marrow, and the other with one of the muscles of the thigh. The result was, that the irritability of the muscles was considerably diminished in those animals which had been killed by the venom of the viper: its duration was only about a quarter of that of the animals killed in another manner, and was not even the sixth part of those which had been decapitated.

The muscular contractibility was besides so weak in the animals poisoned by the venom of the viper, that a quadruple number of plates did not produce an effect equal to that obtained by the fourth part on those which had been decapitated. It is useless to observe, that in these experiments, the electricity of the pile of 80 pair was sometimes excessive; I reduced it to 40, to 10, according to the effect which I desired to produce: I afterwards subjected the poisoned animals to this same electrical apparatus, before they expired, and that as soon as possible, in order to observe the effect of the action of electricity, at the moment when that of the venom tended to the destruction of life; I was not able to make more than three of these trials; but the result, as I shewed to my master and colleague, Volta, was, that life was sensibly extinguished, more especially in the animals poisoned and exposed to the action of the electric fluid, than in the others: the mean difference was six minutes. Perhaps these researches may throw some light on the deleterious action of the venom of the vipers, and of some other substances, by repeating the same experiments on other animals: they may also guide us respecting the effects of electricity on the animal organization, which would be useful at a moment when opinions are still so much divided upon its use in diseases, and when physiologic-medical researches are making in England, in the same point of view.

Pilghen conceived some years ago the same idea, to class the action of various substances employed in medicine; and I have made use of it to try these experiments, which I intend to repeat in another manner.

I shall only add, that, having poisoned several birds with *Prussic*, or *hydrocyanic acid*, more or less diluted, that is to say with laurel water, (*eau de laurier écriée*) more or less concentrated, I obtained the same results, only with the difference, that the time is always shorter, as well in the duration of the agony, as in that of the irritability of the muscles after death.

## FINE ARTS.

*Competition for the Prizes to be adjudged by the French Academy of Painting.*

The subject this year selected for competition is from the Iliad; namely, Achilles distributing the prizes after the solemn games which took place at the funeral of Patroclus. Achilles presents Nestor with a magnificent gold cup, as a testimony of his veneration for the valour and wisdom of the old warrior.

The pictures exhibited are ten in number: the seven which are hung first in order are only remarkable for exhibiting every sign of a tendency to retrograde towards the bad taste of the old school. Certainly they are not all equally indifferent, but they are feeble in composition, style, drawing and colouring.

The remaining three are also indifferently spoken of, though somewhat better.—(*F. Journal.*)

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

SONG.

My love is like a young rose, blushing  
At the wild embrace of the summer-breeze;  
Fresh as the fountain-waters gushing  
With constant song  
As they sparkle among  
The spreading shade of the deep-green trees.  
Oh! she is fair as a bright cloud, sailing  
Alone in the beauty of the sky,  
When the glory of the sun is falling  
And dying away  
From the splendor of day,  
And ere's light sighs come whispering by.  
And I will love her long and purely,  
Mighty and vast as love should be,  
And she shall reign in my soul securely,  
And not one hour  
Shall lessen the power  
Of the love that shall lengthen eternally.

R. T. LAMBE.

*Nota Bene.*—This will be seen among crotchets and quavers  
As soon as the song can be got from the grave.

## REMEMBER ME.

Remember me, remember me,  
When I am far away from thee,  
When many a sad and weary day,  
When long, long years have passed away.

That careless eye, that wild bewail,  
But tell my heart a bitter tale;  
Oh think how ill that heart can bear,  
The grief it sees depicted there.

Hark! 'twas the signal gun—nay, nay—  
Farewell, farewell, I must away;  
One kiss—and—now farewell to thee—  
Remember me, remember me!

R. T. LAMBE.

## THE RECLUSE.

*A Fragment.*

Pleasure and joy are terms I only know  
From those who tell me they have felt their glow.  
The abbey's bounds, its solitary gloom,  
At once my habitation and my tomb,

Where day succeeding day, and each the same,  
In point of change no preference can claim  
On the blank void. I feel no early trace,  
From childhood's years, to fill the vacant space.  
Yet something, like the memory of a dream,  
Across my floating fancy shook its gleam.  
A vision like the sun's departing ray,  
Struggling to flush upon the close of day;  
Or, when its beams in pictur'd fragments fall,  
Through the stain'd window, on the cloister's wall.

Even in my prayers some wanderings I find  
Break on the trackless desert of my mind;  
And in confession's holiest hour I pour  
My lapse and failings from this hidden store;  
And still condemned to meet the father's brow  
Severe, he bid me think upon my vow.

Yet I have marked upon his pallid cheek,  
The big tear drop, a sigh so sadly meek  
Escape his bosom, when I press'd he'd tell  
The morning of my life he knew so well.

But all is passed away—for he is gone;  
And I, upon this spot of earth, alone  
Stand unconnected with all human ties,  
And wait my long reversion in the skies.

D.

## THE CLOSING SCENE;

*A Sketch from real Life.*

Tho' the shade  
Of death hung darkening over him, there played  
A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek  
That brightened even death—like the last streak  
Of intense glory on the horizon's brim,  
When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim.

MOORE.

Who can bring healing to thy heart's despair?  
Thy whole rich sum of happiness lies there.

CROLY.

Pale is his cheek with deep and passionate  
thought,  
Save when a fevered hectic crosses it,  
Flooding its lines with crimson.—From beneath  
The long dark fringes of his drooping lid  
Stream forth the fitful glances of his eye,  
Like star-beams from the bosom of the night.  
Above his high and ample forehead float  
The gloomy folds of his wild waving hair,  
Even as the clouds that crown a lofty hill  
With a more stern sublimity. Upon  
That broad and prominent front the fiery seal  
Of Febris seems to burn; and on his lid  
The swelling brow weighs heavily, as though  
Bursting with thoughts for utterance too intense.  
His lip is curled with something too of pride,  
Which ill befits the meekness and repose  
That should, at such an hour, within his heart,  
Spite of this world's vexations, be enshrined.  
'Tis not disdain; for only those he loves  
Are round him now, wild mild, low whispered  
words,  
Tender heart-offered kindnesses,—and  
watching  
With fond inquietude the couch whereon  
His slender form reclines. What can it be?  
Perchance some rooted memory of the past.  
Some dream of injured pride that fain would  
wreak

Its force on dumb expression; some fierce  
wrong

Which his young soul hath suffered unappeased.  
But thoughts like these must be dispelled, be-  
fore

That soul can plume its wings to part in peace.

And now his gaze is lifted to the face  
Of one who bends above him with an air

Of sweet solicitude, and propa his head  
 Even with her own white arm; until at length  
 The sliding pillow is replaced;—but ere  
 His cheek may press on its own down,  
 Her delicate hand hath smoothed it.—(What a  
 theme)

For those who love to weave the pictured spell,  
 And fix the shadows that would else depart,  
 From all but memory, on the tablets fair  
 Of the divine Euterpe: Her blue eyes  
 With tenderness grow darker as they dwell  
 Upon the wreck before her;—and a tear,  
 Collecting 'neath their fringes, large and bright,  
 Falls on the snow of her high heaving breast.

Too well divineth he the voiceless grief  
 Which breathes in each unbidden sigh, and  
 beams

From forth her humid eyes; too well he knows  
 That love and keen anxiety for him,  
 Have paved the ruby of her lip, and chased  
 'Till rose's dye from her so beautiful cheek.  
 His quivering lips unclose, as if to pour  
 The fond acknowledgments of grateful love  
 On that sweet mourner's ear;—but his parched  
 tongue,

Denies its office. Gathering then each ray,  
 Each vivid ray of feeling from his heart  
 Into a single focus,—in his eye  
 His inmost soul is glauced, \* and love, deep love,  
 And grateful admiration, beam confessed,  
 In one wild passionate glance!

The gentle girl  
 Basks her while in that full blaze,—then stoops,  
 And hiding her pale visage in his bosom,  
 Murmurs sounds inarticulate, but sweet  
 As the low wail of summer's evening breath  
 Amid the wind-harp strings. Then bursts that  
 tide

Of woe, which may no longer be repressed;  
 Stirred from its source by chill hope-withering  
 fears,

And from her charged lids, big drops descend  
 In quick succession. With more tremulous  
 hand

Clasps she that sufferer's neck.

Upon his brow  
 The damps of death are settling, and his eyes  
 Grow fixed and meaningless. She marks the  
 change

With desperate earnestness; and staying even  
 Her breath, that nothing may disturb the hush,  
 Lays her wan cheek still closer to his heart,  
 And listens as its varying pulses move,  
 Haply, to catch a sound betokening life.

It beats; again, another—and another—  
 And now hath ceased—for ever! What a  
 shriek—

A shrill and soul appalling shriek peals forth,  
 When the full truth hath rushed upon her  
 brain.

Who may describe the rigidity of frame,  
 The stony look of anguish and despair,  
 With which she hangs o'er that unmoving clay?  
 Not I; my pencil hath no farther power,  
 So we'll let fall the Grecian painter's veil.

A. A. W.

\* You clift that glazes  
 Its rugged forehead in the neighbouring lake.

MARRINGER.

And so Lord Byron, on various occasions.

#### ON A PORTRAIT.

Yes—it is thine—that portrait—how true,  
 How perfect the resemblance! The dark eye  
 Of intellectual beam—the brow of thought  
 And energy mingled. The pale cheek, the lip,

No careless smile doth light up. All that art,  
 Most finished art, can give, it there has given;  
 But the high mind, what pencil may portray!  
 Aye—there art fails.

Yet powerful is the skill, whose impress thus  
 Can stamp an untold value on the span  
 Of worthless canvass which that frame enshines  
 Nor warrior's, statesman's, sage's head it is.  
 But worth of one yet dimly known to fame,  
 (Careless to pierce the shadowy cloud—that the  
 sun

The brightest oft—doth love to lie beneath)  
 Thy portrait I would not exchange—my brother,  
 For all that Guido—Titian ever painted.

JULIA.

#### BALLAD.

My bowls were of the purest gold  
 That mortal eye could view,  
 And all the streams that in them rolled  
 Were of the brightest hue;  
 My halls they were the resting place  
 Of every son of song,  
 And Wit and Folly there kept pace,  
 And drove their steeds along.

But Wisdom came one wintry night,  
 When all were deep in sleep,  
 And broke each gem and goblet bright,  
 And flung them in a heap.  
 She fired the pile, and Folly then  
 From all her dreams awoke,  
 And she and Wit wept deeply when  
 They saw the goblets broke.

But Wit took hold of Folly's hand,  
 And said, "Why all this fuss,  
 Though Wisdom drives us from this land,  
 There's still a home for us:  
 A home beneath congenial skies,  
 Where all is bright and fair,  
 Where Folly lives, but Wisdom dies,  
 That house is,—We know where."

Richard Ryon.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

The following story is related in the Paris papers:—A young gentleman from one of the French departments, being lately on the point of forming an advantageous union with a lady in Paris, was anxious to be distinguished in his marriage contract by the title of *Chevalier*. He therefore applied to a person, a sort of universal character, styling himself a *General* at Genoa, a *Colonel* at Venice, a *Duke* at Rome, a *Marquess* at Paris, *Commander* of almost all the orders in the world, past, present, and future, and a member of every learned society in Europe; through the powerful influence of this gentleman, he hoped to attain the wished-for honor.

The ribbons of several foreign orders were laid before the young gentleman. He made choice of one, which as the *Marquess* observed, required numerous titles, for the attainment of which many obstacles must be surmounted. "There is only one foreign Sovereign," said he, "who has the power of conferring the decoration; his secretary, however, is my most intimate friend, and probably for a douceur of about two thousand five hundred francs, it might be obtained. The young man readily paid the money, and in a short time, the *General*,

*Duke*, *Marquess*, &c. came to congratulate him on his new dignity.

At length, I am a Knight! exclaimed the young gentleman; and I have only to purchase a cross and a ribbon. He flew to the Palais Royal, entered the shop of a jeweller who keeps a large assortment of foreign orders, and asked for a cross of the order of the *White Bear*. The jeweller replied, that he had not got it. The *Marquess* informed me it was a scarce thing, thought the *Knight*, as he quitted the shop. He by turns enquired at every jeweller's shop in the Palais Royal, with no better success; when he at length met with a friend, who gave him sufficient proofs of the trick by which he had been duped. He hastened to the hotel of the obliging *Marquess*, but alas! he had set out on the preceding evening for *Constantinople*.

#### THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.—Mr. Kean finished his intercalary season at Drury-lane on Saturday, in Richard the Third, which is, we believe, reckoned his second best character. He took an affectionate leave of his friends and the public, and was very cordially noticed by them in return. A year or two in America will serve to revive his attractions; in these days nothing delights if long continued.

COVENT GARDEN opened on Monday. It has undergone some alterations and improvements. The grand chandelier is now enlarged and made more brilliant. The fronts of the boxes have exchanged their orange for green, and the old royal lion and unicorn that used to frown with such glittering ferocity above the proscenium, have given way to a rich green drapery with a painted shield of the arms. The *coup d'œil* is handsome. On Monday a Miss Wensley made her tragic debut in Juliet. She is a clever actress, but not yet a Juliet. She once succeeded tolerably in Rosalind. On Wednesday a Miss Green, a young copy of Miss Tree in person, countenance, and awkwardness of attitude, and even in style of voice, appeared in Polly. She was well received. Her voice has extraordinary power.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—On Saturday, Mr. Bartley performed Falstaff for his own benefit. His general conception and outline of the part did him infinite credit; for it requires no small share of talent to perform this character well. He certainly did so. An objection might be made to a sort of sub-acidity in the less prominent places, which does not seem congenial to the contented epicurism of the fat knight, whose very anger vents itself in quips and satirical jokes. But there was a green vigour in the principal scenes, which afforded great satisfaction; and, in criticising a Falstaff, it ought ever to be remembered, that the actor has not only to contend against the part, but, in many points, against the preconceived opinions of perhaps the majority of the audience.

## VARIETIES.

The French journals mention, that in the department of Gers, a piece of brass has been found in the heart of a block of stone which was lately dug out of a quarry near the city of Auch. It is conjectured that this piece of brass must have been buried in the quarry, where the stone has been forming, for upwards of two thousand years. Some philosophers have asserted that the art of making brass was known even before the deluge!!

On the night of the 19th of August last, there was observed between Lyons and Grenoble, in the direction of the north-west, a meteor of a serpentine form, extending to the length of 80 toises. The phenomenon continued visible for about two minutes, and then disappeared without detonation, leaving behind it innumerable stars of fire.

Naldi and his daughter have made their debuts at the Opera in Paris, in Mozart's *Cosi fan Tutte*.

## ESTIMATE OF THE NUMBER OF PAUPERS IN PARIS, IN 1819.

First arrondissement, 3,542; 2d arrondissement, 4,434; 3d ar. 4,197; 4th ar. 3,952; 5th ar. 6,175; 6th ar. 7,155; 7th ar. 5,399; 8th ar. 11,979; 9th ar. 9,629; 10th ar. 8,882; 11th ar. 6,730; 12th ar. 13,283.—Total, 85,357 paupers of both sexes.

## MODE OF WARFARE PRACTISED BY THE YUEN TARTARS.

From the *Pekin Gazette* of the 26th of March 1817.

In order to act effectually against certain mountaineers, in a late engagement, the Tartars were ordered to advance, each carrying a bundle of thorns, to enable them to ward off the arrows and stones which were hrown at them. When they had advanced within gun-shot of the enemy they were ordered to fall back on their first position. This manoeuvre was repeated for six successive days, when the mountaineers having exhausted their stock of arrows and stones, fell an easy prey to the Tartars. When the latter attack a town, they are accustomed to seize the inhabitants of the adjacent places, and make them march before them to the walls of the town. Every horseman appropriates to himself ten villagers, whom he dispatches to procure provisions and fuel, or stones and arth to fill up the ditches of the fortress. The peasantry are employed night and day in this labour. Those who work slowly, or who do not procure sufficient quantities of provisions, are massacred. When a town is taken, all the inhabitants, old or young, rich or poor, who oppose the victorious party, are slaughtered without mercy, and indiscriminately.

**THE ECLIPSE.**—From a French Journal. The eclipse, which was so impatiently looked for from the Shetland Isles to the shores of the Adriatic, has at length been seen. Whether it was too much spoken of before-hand, or whether in this, as in other things, we are grown more fastidious than our forefathers, we know not; but certainly very few were satisfied with the effect of the *grand eclipse*. We expected complete obscurity—

night at noon-day—or at least Milton's *darkness visible*! In vain we provided ourselves with telescopes, helioscopes, pieces of smoked glass, and pricked paper!—In vain we thronged to the bridges at the risk of seeing our watches and handkerchiefs *escapade*! All our hopes were disappointed. We may, however, shortly expect a scientific narrative of this sublime spectacle:—it will probably reveal circumstances which have escaped vulgar eyes. Philosophers promise a much grander effect twenty-seven years hence; and those who may live to see the 20th century, will enjoy an eclipse in perfection.

It is a melancholy instance of the superstitions which prevail in Holland, that the announcement of the eclipse produced a kind of panic among the ignorant class of the people. Many were of opinion that it would occasion a remarkable change in the order of the seasons, or some dreadful revolution in the universe. M. Bourjé, a mathematician of Zealand, published a little pamphlet, with the view of tranquillizing the fears of his countrymen. He observed, that during the eclipse the moon would still be several leagues distant from the sun; and he adds with great *naïveté*, that consequently *no disaster can take place in the Heavens*.

**OLIVES: Curious fact in Botany.**—Letters from Provence, mention the total failure of the olive plantations in that part of France. It has, indeed, been remarked, that for upwards of half a century, the olives have shewn a tendency to emigrate. The soil of Provence now appears to be entirely ruined, and no hope is entertained there of the future cultivation of olives. For the last fifty years, none of the young shoots have risen to above five or six feet high. It is the same in the adjacent countries, which have all suffered more or less from the cold of late years. Two-fifths of these plants have been cut down to the very roots; and three years will scarcely suffice to enable them to attain maturity. The olives of Marseilles and Var were some time ago in excellent condition; but all have perished.

**Pun.**—At the commencement of the late eclipse, a gentleman in the country (who would undoubtedly belong to that class denominated, by the writers of the directions for observing the sun on that occasion, inserted in the *Courier*, "*Common observer*,") had not been provident enough to procure before hand two pieces of glass to be smoked *secundum artem*, and being at a distance from any place where they might be purchased, was in great perplexity. His friend, who was by, coolly advised him to break one of his drawing room windows for the purpose; "for," said he, "you ought to spare no pains to promote the advancement of science."

A shocking accident lately occurred at Cologne. The keeper of a menagerie had put his head into a lion's mouth, which he was accustomed to do to shew the tameness of the animal; suddenly, however, the natural ferocity of the lion became roused, and the man was so dreadfully mutilated that he almost instantly expired.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

SEPTEMBER, 1820.

**Thursday, 14**—Thermometer from 41 to 74.  
Barometer from 30, 12 to 30, 01.  
Wind S. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  and 1.—Light clouds generally passing, with faint sunshine.  
**Friday, 15**—Thermometer from 53 to 67.  
Barometer from 29, 88 to 30, 05.  
Wind S. W. 3 and  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—The middle of the day cloudy, with rain; the rest generally clear.  
**Saturday, 16**—Thermometer from 44 to 65.  
Barometer from 30, 11 to 30, 15.  
Wind W. b. S. 2 and 1.—Morning clear; the rest of the day generally cloudy.  
Rain fallen, .05 of an inch.  
**Sunday, 17**—Thermometer from 46 to 66.  
Barometer from 30, 15 to 30, 05.  
Wind S. W. 2, W. and N. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally cloudy; about ten in the evening it began to rain.  
**Monday, 18**—Thermometer from 49 to 52.  
Barometer from 29, 72 to 29, 66.  
Wind N. 1, N. b. W. 3 and W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally cloudy till the evening, when it became clear. Continually raining till 11 o'clock A. M.  
Rain fallen in the night 1 inch, and, 725 of an inch.  
**Tuesday, 19**—Thermometer from 37 to 54.  
Barometer from 29, 99 to 30, 17.  
Wind N. 3, and N. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally clear; light clouds passing.  
Rain fallen, 125 of an inch.  
**Wednesday, 20**—Thermometer from 30 to 53.  
Barometer from 30, 11 to 29, 65.  
Wind S. W. 2, 3, and 4.—Morning clear, with a white frost; the rest of the day cloudy, with rain from 2 till 10 P. M. Ice as thick as a shilling this morning.  
On Friday the 29th, at 11 minutes 30 seconds after 8 o'clock, the second satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.  
On Saturday 30th, at 2 minutes, 3 seconds after 11, the 1st Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.  
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An *Annotator's* letter has been forwarded to our coadjutor, and due notice will be taken of it. If it should be much obliged to our correspondent to inform us whence *Old Reality* is derived: if he looks to our last No. he will see that we cannot begin any series of papers without due assurance of having it in our power to bring it to a ripe conclusion. Experience has taught us that this is hardly ever done, but the issue is disappointment; indeed we have reason to reproach several volunteer friends for want of perseverance in their kindness.

"A *Layman's*" excellent letter is, we are sorry to say, inadmissible into the *Literary Gazette*, which avows even an approach to political or religious controversy.

We shall be induced to become subscribers to the *Retrospective Review*, in consequence of our correspondents' (G. R.) praise of it; but we cannot admit the dicta of a third party in matters of criticism into our columns, as coming from our own pens. Public confidence could never be given to a journal so open to irresponsible and accidental opinions.

**ERRATA.**—In the last verse of "*The Calm*," in our last Number, for "pregnant lark" it was printed "frequent lark;" and for "our greeting," "one greeting."

—In our next, we commence "*Wine and Walnuts*," the cockney gossip of the last century, from original sources.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

*Godwin on Population.*

In the course of October will be published, in one Vol. 8vo.

**AN ENQUIRY** concerning the Power of Increase in the Numbers of Mankind, being an Answer to Mr. Malthus's Essay on that subject. By WILLIAM GODWIN.

Fond, impatient man! I think thou art anguished cloud, Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day! To-morrow he repairs the golden flood, And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

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No. 193.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1820.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Account of a Tour in Normandy; undertaken chiefly for the purpose of investigating the Architectural Antiquities of the Duchy, with Observations on its History, on the Country, and on its Inhabitants. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. By Dawson Turner. London, 1820. Large 8vo. 2 vols.*

Though the principal object of this tour has been to examine the rich and curious Ancient Architecture of Normandy; and though by far the largest portion of these volumes is devoted to the illustration of that interesting inquiry; the collateral parts, the historical debris, and the remarks on customs, manners, costume, and internal economy, are written in so agreeable a style, that the general reader will find as much to please him, as the antiquary to admire, in Mr. Turner's labours. Some botanical notices will also be met with; but the charm of the whole lies in the easy gentlemanly way in which the facts, gathered by an enlightened perception and an elegant feeling for the fine arts, are communicated. It is like being in company with persons of taste and understanding: they not only take up such matters as are most worthy of attention, and reject what are trite and frivolous; but they place in the clearest view what they do take up, and adorn whatever they deem deserving of their regards.

This is the character of Mr. Turner's Norman Tour; and we are the more desirous of stating it impressively, because it would carry us to an inconvenient length, to display the principal merits of his publication in our limited pages; and we are compelled to leave the most important circumstances, in order to select those most readily separable for our review. We are thus made defaulters by the omission of the architectural investigation into the round, and more modern pointed styles of building in Normandy; which throws much light upon their contemporary, ecclesiastical antiquities, in England; and are thrown upon selections of a miscel-

laneous kind, which rather suit our own purpose, than adequately exemplify the nature of the work. To these we now proceed.

The volumes before us are the fruits of three distinct tours, in 1815, 1818, and 1819; that of 1818 being the longest and most inquisitive. The author sets out with an account of Dieppe, and certainly draws a more novel and interesting picture of that Town, than we have before seen in any English writer. Among other topics, he dwells on the suburb called Pollet and its inhabitants, of whom the description is rather remarkable.

"Three-fourths of the natives of this part of the town are fishermen, and not less effectually distinguished from the citizens of Dieppe by their name of Poltese, taken from their place of residence, than by the difference in their dress and language, the simplicity of their manners, and the narrow extent of their acquirements. To the present hour they continue to preserve the same costume as in the XVth century; wearing trowsers covered with wide short petticoats, which open in the middle to afford room for the legs to move, and woollen waistcoats laced in the front with ribbands, and tucked below into the waistband of their trowsers. Over these waistcoats is a close coat, without buttons or fastenings of any kind, which falls so low as to hide their petticoats and extend a foot or more beyond them. These articles of apparel are usually of cloth or serge of a uniform colour, and either red or blue; for they interdict every other variation, except that all the seams of their dress are faced with white silk galloon, full an inch in width. To complete the whole, instead of hats, they have on their heads caps of velvet or colored cloth, forming a *tout-ensemble* of attire, which is evidently ancient, but far from unpicturesque or displeasing. Thus clad, the Poltese, though in the midst of the kingdom, have the appearance of a distinct and foreign colony; whilst, occupied incessantly in fishing, they have remained equally strangers to the civilization and politeness, which the progress of letters during the last two centuries has diffused over France. Nay, scarcely are they acquainted with four hundred words of the French language; and those they pronounce with an idiom exclusively their own, adding to each an oath, by way of epithet; a habit so inveterate with them, that even at confession, at the moment of seeking absolution for the practice, it is no uncommon thing with them to *swear* they will be guilty of it no more. To balance, however, this defect, their morals are uncorrupted, their fidelity is exemplary, and they

are laborious and charitable, and zealous for the honor of their country, in whose cause they often bleed, as well as for their priests, in defence of whom they once threatened to throw the Archbishop of Rouen into the river; and were well nigh executing their threats."

Dieppe itself was a despotic Seignory belonging to the Archbishops of Rouen, to one of whom it was assigned by our Richard the 1st. The church government seems to have been of the most oppressive and obnoxious sort; the prelate-lord not scrupling to convert even the wages of sin into a source of revenue, as scandalous in its nature, as it must have been contemptible in its amount, by exacting from every prostitute a weekly tax of a farthing, for liberty to exercise her profession. The annexed extract will not seem strange after the record of so disgraceful a fact.

"Many uncouth and frivolous ecclesiastical rites and ceremonies of the middle ages, which good sense had banished from most other parts of France, where they once were common, still lingered in the archbishop's seignory. Thus, at no very remote period, it was customary on the Feast of Pentecost to cast burning flakes of tow from the vaulting of the church; this stage-trick being considered as a representation of the descent of the fiery tongues. The Virgin, the great idol of popery, was honored by a pageant, which was celebrated with extraordinary splendor; and as I must initiate you in the mysteries of catholicism, I think you will be well pleased to receive a detailed account of it. The ceremony I consider as curiously illustrative of the manners of the rulers, of the ruled, and of the times; and I will only add, by way of preface, that it was instituted by the governor, Des Marêts, in 1443, in honor of the final expulsion of the English, and that he himself consented to be the first master of the *Guild of the Assumption*, under whose auspices and direction it was conducted.—About Midsummer the principal inhabitants used to assemble at the Hôtel de Ville, and there they selected the girl of the most exemplary character, to represent the Virgin Mary, and with her six other young women, to act the parts of the Daughters of Sion. The honor of figuring in this holy drama was greatly coveted; and the historian of Dieppe gravely assures us, that the earnestness felt on the occasion mainly contributed to the preservation of that purity of manners and that genuine piety, which subsisted in this town longer than in any other of France! But the election of the Virgin was not sufficient: a representative of St. Peter was also to be found among the clergy; and the laity were so far favored that they were permitted to furnish the eleven other



apostles. This done, upon the fourteenth of August the Virgin was laid in a cradle of the form of a tomb, and was carried early in the morning, attended by her suite of either sex, to the church of St. Jacques; while before the door of the master of the guild was stretched a large carpet, embroidered with verses in letters of gold, setting forth his own good qualities, and his love for the holy Mary. Hither also, as soon as *Laudes* had been sung, the procession repaired from the church, and then they were joined by the governor of the town, the members of the guild, the municipal officers, and the clergy of the parish of St. Remi. Thus attended, they paraded the town, singing hymns, which were accompanied by a full band. The procession was increased by the great body of the inhabitants; and its impressiveness was still further augmented by numbers of the youth of either sex, who assumed the garb and attributes of their patron saints, and mixed in the immediate train of the principal actors. They then again repaired to the church, where *Te Deum* was sung by the full choir, in commemoration of the victory over the English, and high mass was performed, and the Sacrament administered to the whole party. During the service, a scenic representation was given of the Assumption of the Virgin. A scaffolding was raised, reaching nearly to the top of the dome, and supporting an azure canopy intended to emulate the 'spangled vault of heaven'; and about two feet below the summit it appeared, seated on a splendid throne, an old man as the image of the Father Almighty, a representation equally absurd and impious, and which could alone be tolerated by the votaries of the worst superstitions of popery. On either side four paste-board angels of the size of men floated in the air, and flapped their wings in cadence to the sounds of the organ; while above was suspended a large triangle, at whose corners were placed three smaller angels, who, at the intermission of each office, performed upon a set of little bells the hymn of '*Ace Maria gratid Dei plena per Secula*,' &c. accompanied by a larger angel on each side with a trumpet. To complete this portion of the spectacle, two others, below the old man's feet, held tapers, which were lighted as the services began, and extinguished at their close; on which occasions the figures were made to express reluctance by turning quickly about; so that it required some dexterity to apply the extinguishers. At the commencement of the mass, two of the angels by the side of the Almighty descended to the foot of the altar, and, placing themselves by the tomb, in which a pasteboard figure of the Virgin had been substituted for her living representative, gently raised it to the feet of the Father. The image, as it mounted, from time to time lifted its head and extended its arms, as if conscious of the approaching beatitude, then, after having received the benediction and been encircled by another angel with a crown of glory, it gradually disappeared behind the clouds. At this instant a buffoon, who all the time had been playing his antics below,

burst into an extravagant fit of joy; at one moment clapping his hands most violently, at the next stretching himself out as if dead. Finally, he ran up to the feet of the old man, and hid himself under his legs, so as to show only his head. The people called him *Grimaldi*, an appellation that appears to have belonged to him by usage, and it is a singular coincidence that the surname of the noblest family of Genoa the Proud, thus assigned by the rude rabble of a seaport to their buffoon, should belong of right to the sire and son, whose *mops* and *moors* afford pastime to the upper gallery at Covent-Garden.

"Thus did the pageant proceed in all its grotesque glory, and while—

'These labor'd nothings in so strange a style  
'Amaz'd the unlearned, and made the learned smile.'

the children shouted aloud for their favourite Grimaldi; the priests, accompanied with bells, trumpets, and organs, thundered out the mass; the pious were loud in their exclamations of rapture at the devotion of the Virgin; and the whole church was filled with 'un non so che di rauco ed insinista.'—But I have told you enough of this foolish story, of which it were well if the folly had been the worst. The sequel was in the same taste and style, and ended with the enthusiasm of all similar representations, a hearty dinner."

Near Dieppe, Cæsar's camp, and the Castle of Arques attract the attention of our agreeable traveller; but we must pass these, and the priory of Longueville, &c. taking from Havre itself no more than the brief notice of a vessel whilom constructed in that port.

"As ship-builders, the inhabitants of Havre have always had a high character; they stand conspicuous in the annals of the art, for the construction of the vessel called *la Grande Française*, and justly termed *la grande*, as having been of two thousand tons burthen. Her cables are said to have been above the thickness of a man's leg; and, besides what is usually found in a ship, she contained a wind-mill and a tennis-court. Her destination was, according to some authors, the East-Indies; according to others, the Isle of Rhodes, then attacked by Soliman II.; but we need not now inquire whether she was bound; for, after advantage had been taken of two of the highest tides, the utmost which could be done was to tow her to the end of the pier, where she stuck fast, and was finally obliged to be cut to pieces. Her history and catastrophe are immortalized by Rabelais, under the appellation of *la Grande Nau Française*."

Rouen, however, with its treasures of antique sculpture and architecture, naturally occupies the greatest share of Mr. Turner's observation. The descriptions of the churches are excellent; and the engravings, like the rest which ornament the work, are at once spirited and correct, replete with refined art, yet appearing to despise all labour and technicality. They well become the text. Among the rest of the buildings are the *Halles*, considered the finest in France, and occupying the site of the Castle of Richard the First.

"The historians of Rouen, in the usual strain of hyperbole, hint that their *Halles* are even the finest in the world, though they are very inferior to their prototypes at Bruges and Ypres. The hall, or exchange, allotted to the mercers, is two hundred and seventy-two feet in length, by fifty feet wide: those for the drapers and for wool are, each of them, two hundred feet long; and all these are surpassed in size by the corn-hall, whose length extends to three hundred feet. They are built round a large square, the centre of which is occupied by numberless dealers in pottery, old clothes, &c.; and, as the day on which we chanced to visit them was a Friday, when alone they are opened for public business, we found a most lively, curious, and interesting scene.

"It was on the top of a stone staircase, (Mr. Turner tells us) the present entry to the *Halles*, that the annual ceremony of delivering and pardoning a criminal for the sake of St. Romain, the tutelary protector of Rouen, was performed on Ascension day, according to a privilege exercised, from time immemorial, by the Chapter of the Cathedral.

"The legend is romantic; and it acquires a species of historical importance, as it became the foundation of a right, asserted even in our own days. My account of it is taken from Dom Pommeraye's *History of the Life of the Prelate*.—He has been relating many miracles performed by him; and, among others, that of causing the Seine, at the time of a great inundation, to retire to its channel by his command, agreeably to the following beautiful stanza of Santeuil:—

'Tangit exundans aqua civitatem;  
'Vox Romanus jubet effici;  
'Audient fluctus, docilemque cedent  
'Unda jubeant.'

"Our learned Benedictine thus proceeds:—But the following miracle was deemed a far greater marvel, and it increased the veneration of the people towards St. Romain to such a degree, that they henceforth regarded him as an actual apostle, who, from the authority of his office, the excellence of his doctrine, his extreme sanctity, and the gift of miracles, deserved to be classed with the earliest preachers of our holy faith. In a marshy spot, near Rouen, was bred a dragon, the very counterpart of that destroyed by St. Nicaise. It committed frightful ravages; lay in wait for man and beast, whom it devoured without mercy; the air was poisoned by its pestilential breath, and it was alone the cause of greater mischief and alarm, than could have been occasioned by a whole army of enemies. The inhabitants, wearied out by many years of suffering, implored the aid of St. Romain; and the charitable and generous pastor, who dreaded nothing in behalf of his flock, comforted them with the assurance of a speedy deliverance. The design itself was noble; still more so was the manner by which he put it in force; for he would not be satisfied with merely killing the monster, but undertook also to bring it to public execution, by way of atonement for its cruelties. For this purpose, it was necessary that the dragon should be caught; but when the prelate required a

companion in the attempt, the hearts of all men failed them. He applied, therefore, to a criminal condemned to death for murder; and, by the promise of a pardon, bought his assistance, which the certain prospect of a scaffold, had he refused to accompany the saint, caused him the more willingly to lead. Together they went, and had no sooner reached the marsh, the monster's haunt, than St. Romain approaching courageously, made the sign of the cross, and at once put it out of the power of the dragon to attempt to do him injury. He then tied his stole around his neck, and, in that state, delivered him to the prisoner, who dragged him to the city, where he was burned in the presence of all the people, and his ashes thrown into the river.—The manuscript of the Abbey of Hautmont, from which this legend is extracted, adds, that such was the fame of this miracle throughout France, that Dagobert, the reigning sovereign, sent for St. Romain to court, to hear a true narrative of the fact from his own lips; and, impressed with reverence awe, bestowed the celebrated privilege upon him and his successors for ever.

"The right has, in comparatively modern times, been more than once contested, but always maintained; and so great was the celebrity of the ceremony, that princes and potentates have repeatedly travelled to Rouen, for the purpose of witnessing it."

"To keep alive the tradition, in which Popish superstition has contrived to blend Judaic customs with heathen mythology, the practice was, that the prisoner selected for pardon should be brought to this place, called the chapel of St. Romain, and should here be received by the clergy in full robes, beaded by the archbishop, and bearing all the relics of the church; among others, the shrine of St. Romain, which the criminal, after having been reprimanded and absolved, but still kneeling, thrice lifted, among the shouts of the populace, and then, with a garland upon his head and the shrine in his hands, accompanied the clergy in procession to the cathedral. But the revolution happily consigned the relics to their kindred dust, and put an end to a privilege eminently liable to abuse, from the circumstance of the pardon being extended, not only to the criminal himself, but to all his accomplices; so that, an inferior culprit sometimes surrendered himself to justice, in confidence of interest being made to obtain him the shrine, and thus to shield under his protection more powerful and more guilty delinquents. The various modifications, however, of latter times, had so abridged its power, that it was at last only able to rescue a man guilty of involuntary homicide. We may hope, therefore, it was not altogether deserving the hard terms bestowed upon it by Millin, who calls it the most absurd, most infamous, and most detestable of all privileges, and adduces a very flagrant instance of injustice committed under its plea.—D'Alégre, governor of Gisors, in consequence of a private pique against the Baron du Hallot, lord of the neighbouring town of Vernon, treacherously assassinated him at his own house, while he was yet upon crutches, in consequence of

the wounds received at the siege of Rouen. This happened during the civil wars; in the course of which, Hallot had signalized himself as a faithful servant, and useful assistant to the monarch. The murderer knew that there was no hopes for him of royal mercy; and, after having passed some time in concealment and as a soldier in the army of the league, he had recourse to the Chapter of the Cathedral of Rouen, from whom he obtained the promise of the shrine of St. Romain. To put full confidence, however, even in this, would, under such circumstances, have been imprudent. The clergy might break their word, or a mightier power might interpose. D'Alégre, therefore, persuaded a young man, formerly a page of his, of the name of Pehu, to surrender himself as guilty of the crime; and to him the privilege was granted; under the sanction of which, the real culprit, and several of his accomplices in the assassination, obtained a free pardon. The widow and daughter of Hallot, in vain remonstrated; the utmost that could be done, after a tedious law-suit, was to procure a small fine to be imposed upon Pehu, and to cause him to be banished from Normandy and Picardy and the vicinity of Paris. But regulations were in consequence adopted, with respect to the exercise of the privilege; and the pardons granted under favor of it were ever afterwards obliged to be ratified under the high seal of the kingdom."

The following lively account of an encounter with an old character at Rouen, is given by the author.

"It chanced, that I visited the hill on Michaelmas-day, and a curious proof was afforded me, that, at however low an ebb religion may be in France, enthusiastic fanaticism is far from extinct. A man of the lower classes of society was praying before a broken cross, near St. Michael's Chapel, where, before the revolution, the monks of St. Ouen used annually on this day to perform mass, and many persons of extraordinary piety were wont to assemble the first Wednesday of every month to pray and to preach, in honor of the guardian angels. His manner was earnest in the extreme; his eyes wandered strangely; his gestures were extravagant, and tears rolled in profusion down a face, whose every feature bore the strongest marks of a decided devotee. A shower which came at the moment compelled us both to seek shelter within the walls of the chapel, and we soon became social and entered into conversation. The ruined state of the building was his first and favourite topic: he lamented its destruction; he mourned over the state of the times which could countenance such impiety; and gradually, while he turned over the leaves of the prayer-book in his hand, he was led to read aloud the hundred and thirty-sixth psalm, commenting upon every verse as he proceeded, and weeping more and more bitterly, when he came to the part commemorating the ruin of Jerusalem, which he applied, naturally enough, to the captive state of France, smarting as she then was under the iron rod of Prussia. Of the other allies, including even the Russians, he owned that there was no complaint to be

made: "they conduct themselves," said he, "agreeably to the maxim of warfare, which says 'battez-vous contre ceux qui vous opposent; mais ayez pitié des vaincus.'" Not so the Prussians: with them it is "frappez-les, frappez-les, et quand ils entrent dans quelque endroit, ils disent, il nous faut ça, il nous faut ça, et ils le prennent d'autorité." Cruel Babylon!—"Yet, even admitting all this," we asked, "how can you reconcile with the spirit of christianity the permission given to the Jews by the psalmist, to 'take up her little ones and dash them against the stones.'" Ah! you misunderstand the scene, the psalm does not authorize cruelty; —mais, attendez! ce n'est pas ainsi: ces pierres là sont Saint Pierre; et heureux celui qui les attachera à Saint Pierre; qui montrera de l'attachement, de l'attachement pour sa religion."

This is as whimsical an expounding of a text as any we remember. The following, is also curious.

"The date of the erection of the chapel (of a supposed Lazar-house, dedicated to St. Julian three miles from Rouen,) is well ascertained. The hospital was founded in 1183, by Henry Plantagenet, as a priory for the reception of unmarried ladies of noble blood, who were destined for a religious life, and had the misfortune to be afflicted with leprosy. One of their appellations was *filles mesclées*, in which latter word, you will immediately recognize the origin of our term for the disease still prevalent among us, the *measles*. Johnson strangely derives this word from *morbilli*; but the true northern roots have been given by Mr. Todd, in his most valuable republication of our national dictionary; a work which now deserves to be named after the editor, rather than the original compiler. It may also be added, that the word was in common use in the old Norman French, and was plainly intended to designate a slight degree of scurvy."

"To pursue this subject a few steps farther, Jamieson, who is as excellent in points of etymology as Johnson is deficient in quotes, in his Scottish Dictionary, an instance where the identical expression, *measle-houses*, is used in old English."

"..... to measles houses of that same road,

Thre thousand mark unto ther spense he fond." R. BRUNS, p. 136.

The Norfolk farmers and dairy-maids tell us to this day of *measle pork*; in Scotch, a leper is called a *measl*; and, among the Swedes, the word for measles is one nearly similar in sound, *mäsling*. The French academy, however, have refused to admit *measle* to the honor of a place in their language, because it was obsolete or vulgar in the time of Louis XIII. The word is expressive, and no better one has supplied its place; and we may suppose that it was introduced by the Norman conquerors, and that it properly belongs to the Gothic tongue, in the whole of which the root is to be found more or less modified. Instances of this kind, and they are many, serve as additional proofs, if proofs indeed were needed, of the

common origin of the Neustrian Normans, of the Lowland Scots, and of the Saxon and Belgian tribes, who peopled our eastern shores of England."

The great bell of Rouen Cathedral, called *Georges d'Amboise*, weighed 33,000 lbs. Its diameter at the base was 30 feet, its height 10; and 30 stout ringers could hardly persuade it to swing. But, says our author, "after all, this great bell proved, like a great book, a great nuisance: the sound it uttered was scarcely audible; and, at last, in an attempt to render it vocal, upon a visit paid by Louis XVth to Rouen in 1786, it was cracked. It continued, however, to hang, a gaping-stock to children and strangers, till the revolution; in 1793, caused it to be returned to the furnace, whence it re-issued in the shape of cannon and medals, the latter commemorating the pristine state of the metal with the humiliating legend, 'monument de métal détruit pour l'utilité.'"

After dwelling on the pomp and power of former times, the picture of the present condition of the Archbishop of Rouen in particular, and of the Gallican church in general, is extremely illustrative of altered times.

"The present archbishop is the Cardinal Cambacérès, brother to the ex-consul of that name, a man of moral life and regular in his religious duties. He was placed here by Napoleon, all of whose appointments of this nature, with one or two exceptions, have been suffered to remain; but I need scarcely add that, though the title of archbishop is left, and its present possessor is decorated with the Roman purple, neither the revenue, nor the dignity, nor the establishment, resemble those of former times. The chapter, which, before the revolution, consisted of an archbishop, a dean, fifty canons, and ten prebendaries, besides numberless attendants, now consists but of his eminence, with the dean, the treasurer, the archdeacon, and twelve canons. The independent annual income of the church, previous to the revolution, exceeded one hundred thousand pounds sterling; but now its ministers are all salaried by government, whose stated allowance, as I am credibly informed, is to every archbishop six hundred and twenty-five pounds per annum; to every bishop four hundred and sixteen pounds thirteen shillings and four pence; and to every canon forty-one pounds thirteen shillings and four pence. But each of these stipends is doubled by an allowance of the same amount from the department; and care is taken to select men of independent property for the highest dignities.—From the foregoing scale, you may judge of the state of the religious establishment in France."

As a further development of the same subject, we copy another passage.

"The laws of France do not recognize monastic vows; but of late years, the clergy have made attempts to re-establish the communities which once characterized the Catholic church. To a certain degree they have succeeded: the spirit of religion is stronger than the law; and the spirit of contradiction, which teaches the subject to do whatever the law forbids, is stronger than either. Hence,

most towns in France contain establishments, which may be considered either as the embers of expiring monachism, or the sparks of its reviving flame. Rouen has now a convent of Ursulines, who undertake the education of young females. The house is spacious; and for its neatness, as well as for the appearance of regularity and propriety, cannot be surpassed. On this account, it is often visited by strangers. The present lady abbess, Dame Cousin, would do honor to the most flourishing days of the hierarchy: when she walks into the chapel, Saint Elizabeth herself could not have carried the crozier with greater state; and, though she is somewhat short and somewhat thick, her pupils are all wonderfully edified by her dignity. She has upwards of a dozen English heretics under her care; but she will not compromise her conscience by allowing them to attend the Protestant service. There are also about ninety French scholars, and the inborn antipathy between them and the *insulaires*, will sometimes evince itself. Amongst other specimens of girlish spite, the French fair-ones have divided the English damsels into two *genera*. Those who look plump and good-humoured, they call *Mesdemoiselles Rouffes*; whilst such as are thin and grave acquire the appellation of the *Mesdemoiselles Goddams*, a name by which we have been known in France, at least five centuries ago. The Ursulines and *sœurs d'Ermenon*, or *sœurs de la Charité*, who nurse the sick, are the only two orders which are now protected by government. They were even encouraged under Napoleon, who placed them under the care of his august parent, *Madame Mère*.—There are other sisterhoods at Rouen, though in small numbers, and not publicly patronized.

"Nuns are thus increasing and multiplying, but monks and friars are looked upon with a more jealous eye; and I have not heard that any such communities have been allowed to re-assemble within the limits of the duchy, once so distinguished for their opulence, and, perhaps, for their piety and learning."

Before we conclude (reserving the second volume for notice in our next Number) it would be disgraceful in a Literary paper not to advert to the public library at Rouen, which, besides containing 70,000 volumes, has recovered some of the ancient stores of the Religious Houses, so wantonly wasted, dispersed, and destroyed during the revolution. These wrecks, as might be supposed, relate chiefly to theological topics and scholastic divinity; but there are about 800 manuscripts, said to be of very considerable value, though as yet unarranged and uncatalogued. Mr. Turner, says, "Among those pointed out to us, none interested me so much as an original autograph of the *Historia Normannorum*, by William Jumièges, brought from the very abbey to which he belonged. There is no doubt, I believe, of its antiquity."

Mr. Turner gives a tracing of the first paragraph of this singular document, and also a fac simile of the initial letter, like a P, in the top part of which Jumièges "has in-

troduced himself in the act of humbly presenting his work to his royal namesake. I am mistaken, (adds the author), if any equally early and equally well authenticated representation of a King of England be in existence. The *Historia Normannorum* is incomplete, both at the beginning and end, and it does not occupy more than one-fifth of the volume; the rest is filled with a comment upon the Jewish History.

"The articles among the manuscript, most valued by antiquaries, are a *Bréviaire* and a *Missal*, both supposed to nearly the same date, the beginning of the twelfth century."

#### LODGE'S PORTRAITS.

##### Parts I. VI. VII. VIII. IX. and X.

The arrangement of the portraits in these six numbers is as follows;

Part V. Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, by Sir Peter Lely; Secretary Walsingham, by an unknown artist; William Villiers Viscount Grandison, William Lawd Archbishop of Canterbury, James Stanley seventh Earl of Derby, and William Seymour first Marquis of Hertford, by Vandype.

Part VI. Lord Keeper Coventry, by Jensen; Thomas Cromwell Earl of Essex, by Holbein; Algernon Percy Earl of Northumberland, Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of Henry VII, Matthew Parker Archbishop of Canterbury, Walter first Lord Aston, by unknown hands.

Part VII. William Warham Archbishop of Canterbury, by Holbein; James Stuart Duke of Richmond, and William Herbert Earl of Pembroke, by Vandype; Arthur Lord Capel by Jansen; George Monk Duke of Albemarle, by Lely; and Margaret of Lancaster mother of Henry VII, by an unknown artist.

Part VIII. Sir Henry Wotton, by Jansen; William Lord Russell, by Lely; Sir John More, and John Dudley Duke of Northumberland, by Holbein; Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, by Mark Gerard; Cardinal Pole, by Titian.

Part IX. Thomas Wentworth Earl of Stafford, Lucy Percy Countess of Carlisle, Francis Russell fourth Earl of Bedford, Daniel Sidney Countess of Sunderland, and Anne Countess of Bedford, by Vandype; and Thomas Egerton Viscount Brackley.

Part X. Henry Spencer first Earl of Sunderland, by Walker; Elizabeth Cecil Countess of Devonshire, by Vandype; Fife Greville Lord Brooke, Robert second Lord Brooke, Edward first Lord North, and Spencer Compton second Earl of Northampton, by unknown painters.

Though we find nothing particular to say of any of these engravings, viewed simply in that light, we may generally observe, that they cannot be otherwise considered than as specimens of a rich variety in the improved state of the graphic art, and peculiarly well suited to the character of portrait.

This eulogium indeed is due to the whole of the plates, for it is in very few that we discover an occasional dryness of manner, and a multiplicity of folds, arising probably in

a great degree, but we are inclined to think not always, from copying minutely the style of the originals. In those from Vandeyke especially, this must have been the consequence of too much attention being paid to subordinate parts; for the painter himself is free from the blemish.

From the letter-press we shall make a few selections; only remarking, that taken separately these little sketches are admirably calculated to revive, and, in some instances, to correct our historical recollections, from the era of Henry VII, through the important epoch of the reformation, and the interesting period of the civil wars, the reign of the Stuarts, and the revolutions of the commonwealth.

Of William Laud Archbishop of Canterbury, not to speak it punningly, a most laudable trait is handed down to us; but we are afraid it has been very little imitated. Of this prelate, it was the "constant practice to allot a certain number of poor to each of his church preferments, in proportion to the amount of their revenues respectively, whom he maintained; and he commenced that practice on his induction into the first benefice ever held by him." We have not so much as heard of any hint, in these our reforming days, when every cozier is mending the church and state, to revive this very benevolent and charitable custom; although we believe there are as many theories as writers, as many plans as parishes, for the reduction of the poor rates. Yet it would, besides setting so good an example to our great lords and barons, lighten them a little!

Of another Archbishop of Canterbury, viz. Mathew Parker, it is mentioned that Queen Bess, alluding to the want of title of an archbishop's wife, thus addressed his spouse at one of the great banquets given to her Majesty. "And you, Madam I may not call you, and Mistress I am ashamed to call you; so as I know not what to call you, but yet do I thank you." This prelate was profoundly learned, and delighted in antiquarian research. We are indebted to him for the publication of four of our best early English historians, Mathew of Westminster, Mathew Paris, Thomas Walsingham, and Asser, whose Life of King Alfred, Parker caused to be printed in Saxon characters, in order to encourage the study of that language. He published himself the lives of his predecessors in the see of Canterbury. His remains were torn from the grave during the ascendancy of the puritans, and buried in a dunghill: thus we observe that the French revolutionists had not the merit of inventing such brutality; heaping indignity on the insensate corpse, and disgracing the living by a miserable attempt to degrade the dead.

In the life of Walter the first Lord Aston, Mr. Lodge states that "a great treasure of his diplomatic papers has lately been discovered in his family mansion, and a zealous and accomplished descendant from him has promised to open it to the public view." Such documents must throw striking lights upon the foreign affairs in the reign of James I, and especially upon the Spanish negotiations.

From the biography of Algernon Percy we quote a remarkable passage of Clarendon's; but such things may be repeated with impunity, for they are curious to some readers though well known to many. This passage points out the origin of two political designations, since the period when first employed, become very famous in this country. The noble historian says, "the bulk and burden of state affairs, whereby the envy attended them likewise, lay principally on the archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Stratford, and the Lord Cottington; the Earl of Northumberland, for ornament; the Lord Bishop of London, by his place, being Lord High Treasurer of England; and the two secretaries, Sir Henry Vane and Sir Francis Windelbank, for service and communication of intelligence. These were reproachfully called the *Juncto*, and enviously, at court, the *Calibinet Council*."

The portrait of James Stuart, Duke of Richmond, represents him in a sort of night dress, made by the skill of the painter to resemble the Roman costume, and a fine greyhound, with a collar adorned with pearls, looking up to his face. This corroborates a tradition, that the duke, when on his travels, was preserved from assassination by a favourite dog which lay in his chamber and roused him from his sleep; in remembrance of which such a collar as is here painted was put about his neck by his grateful master. His Grace was one of the faithful friends who laid the body of the martyred Charles in the grave; and died soon after of grief for the loss of so dear a sovereign.

Our last extract, for the present, shall, for variety's sake, be a specimen of Sir Henry Wotton's poetry, entitled "A Description of Spring; on a Bank, as I sate a Fishing."

And now all nature seemed in love;  
The lusty sap began to move;  
New juice did stir the embracing vines;  
And birds had drawn their Valentines.  
The jealous trout, that low did lie,  
Rose at a well-dissembled fly.  
There stood my friend, with patient skill,  
Attending of his trembling quill.  
Already were the carps poised  
With the swift pilgrim's caubed nest.  
The groves already did rejoice  
In Philomel's triumphant voice.  
The showers were short; the weather mild;  
The morning fresh; the evening mild.  
Joan takes her nest-rubb'd pail, and now  
She trips to milk the sand-red cow;  
Where, for some starchy foot-ball swain,  
Joan strokes a syllabub or twain.  
The fields and gardens were beset  
With tulip, crocus, violet;  
And now, though late, the modest rose  
Did more than half a blush disclose.  
Thus all looked gay; all full of cheer;  
To welcome the new-livered year.

With all its carelessness, there is much of picturesque beauty in this little pastoral description: some of its epithets would redeem a modern poet in the lack-a-daisy-cad style.

#### JACKSON'S AFRICA.

We deem no preface necessary to the continuation of our extracts from Mr.

Jackson's very various and intelligent volume. In a chapter upon trade he says—

"The preparation of leather at Morocco surpasses any thing known in Europe: lion and tiger skins they prepare white as snow, and soft as silk. There are two plants that grow in the Atlas mountains, the leaves of which they use in the manufacture of leather; they are called *tiera*, and *tasaga*. Whether these render the leather impervious, I am not competent to say; every inquiry that I have made at Morocco respecting this beautiful manufacture, has been unsatisfactory. I have always found the manufacturers very guarded, and extremely jealous; but I have often thought that two or three of our leather manufacturers, well versed in their art, and withal of penetrating minds, might contrive to extract the secret from them."

In the way of etymology &c, we find the following curious particulars.

"*Haram*.—This word is called by Europeans *haram* or *seraglio*; but *haram* thus applied, is a barbarism: it signifies *reious*. *Haram* is the correct pronunciation: it signifies a place of safety, that admits of no intrusion."

"The etymology of *muselman* is, a man of peace; from *salem*, peace."

"The word *Koran* conveys the same signification as *Bible*: it means 'the reading,' or 'the book';—*kor*, 'to read'; *el Kateb el Azis*, i. e. 'the dear or beloved book,' meaning thereby the *Koran*."

"*Nile* is a French term, and loses its proper pronunciation and is unintelligible when pronounced by an Englishman to an African; but if written *Neel*, and pronounced by an Englishman, it is intelligible."

Of general information we extract a few miscellanies.

"*Food of the Desert*.—The people, whose interest induces them to cross the desert, (for there are no travellers from curiosity in this country,) obviate the objection to salt provisions, which increases the propensity to drink water, by taking with them melted butter, called *amin*; this is prepared without salt. They also cut beef into long pieces, about six inches long, and one inch square, without fat; these are called *el hudeed*, which are hung on a line, exposed to the air till dry; they then cut them into pieces, two inches long; these are put into (*buckul*) an earthen pot; they then pour the *amin* into the *buckul* till it is covered. This meat and butter, besides being palatable, is comprised in a small compass, and feeds many. When this butter has been thus prepared and kept twelve or fifteen years, it is called *bu-dra*, and is supposed to contain penetrating active medicinal qualities. I have seen some thirty years old.

"*Antithesia, a favourite Figure with the Arabs*.—Mahmoud, sultan of Ocheza in the beginning of the eleventh century, though the son of a slave, was very powerful. He sent to the khalif Alkader, requesting a title suited to his exalted dignity. The latter hesitated; but fearing the power of the sultan, sent him at the expiration of a year the

ambiguous title, *Uly*; i. e. a prince, a friend, a slave. Mahmoud penetrated the khalif's meaning, and sent him immediately 100,000 pieces of gold, with a wish to know whether a letter had not been omitted. Alkaiser received the treasure, and took the hint, instantly dispatching letters patent in full form, creating him *Uly*, which signifies, without equivocation, a sovereign independent prince.

"Itinerant (*tebeebis*) doctors travel through the country to administer to the sick; which, however, are seldom found. They carry over their shoulders a leathern bag, containing their surgical apparatus, which consists of a lancet, a scarifying knife, and a caustic knife, or knife for burning: they scarify the neck, the forehead, or the wrists. The caustic knife is an instrument of very general application. They convert all gun-shot and other wounds, as well as sores, into burns, by heating the knife in the fire, and gently touching the circumference of the wound with it. This produces acute pain; but the Africans bear pain heroically: they say that this method prevents inflammation and festering. They perform, by caustic, extraordinary cures. I imagine this method would not agree with an European body, pampered with a variety of high food and luxurious living.

"The inhabitants of this country break their fast with (*el hassia*) barley-gruel; they grind the barley to the size of sparrow-shot, this they mix with water, and simmer over a slow fire two or three hours. This food is esteemed extremely wholesome, and is antiseptic. The Emperor takes this before he drinks tea in a morning: his father, Seedi Mubamed ben Abdallah, also, who drank none but fine hyson tea, never would drink that beverage till he had first laid a foundation of *el hassia*.

"The Arabs and Shellus, with whom *el hassia* is generally used, urge its salubrity, by reporting that a physician alighted in a strange country, and when he arose in the morning, after performing his matins, he seated himself with some of the inhabitants, and, conversing, asked them how they lived, and with what food they broke their fast? 'With *el hassia*,' was the reply: 'Then, rejoined Esculapius, (*Salam ad alikum*), 'Peace be with you; for if you eat *el hassia* in the morning you have no need of a doctor: and he immediately departed."

Mr. Jackson is a zealous projector of a plan for the gradual civilization of Africa; which embraces the propagation of the christian religion over that quarter of the globe, and the establishment of a vast and lucrative system of commerce. Our limits forbid our entering into the details of this important subject; but we consider it to be well worth the attention of government and the public. Should this not have been felt before, we imagine the following paragraph, which we translate from a Paris paper of last week, will bring it home to the minds of those whom it most concerns.

"The King of France has issued an ordinance, authorizing the establishment of a course of instruction in the Arabic language,

at the *Royal Academy of living Oriental languages*. M. Ellions Boethor, a native of Egypt, is appointed to superintend the pupils. The utility of the Arabic language, both in a commercial and literary point of view, cannot be doubted. It is spoken by upwards of forty millions of men, with whom Europe maintains political relations."

No doubt but France will go on extending its sphere of action in Africa; and its conduct at Senegal shows how much it looks to the advancement of its intercourse with the population. Would it not be wise in us, then, to consider the practicability of Mr. Jackson's more enlarged plan?

"1st. To lay open the interior regions of North Africa to British enterprise—to supply those vast and unexplored countries with British manufactures, with East-India goods, and with colonial produce.

"2dly. To encourage our manufactures, by opening a new market calculated to improve the revenue of the country, to provide employment for the labouring poor, and to enrich the mercantile community; the *genial influence of which sources of prosperity will necessarily diffuse itself through all classes*.

"3dly. To facilitate, through the medium of commerce (*the only medium by which it can possibly be effected*), the exploration of the interior regions of Africa, which have remained to this day a sealed book, notwithstanding the many adventurous expeditions that have been undertaken; by opening a communication with the natives of that vast and little-known continent, and by calling to our aid the co-operation of the native chiefs, by holding out to them the benefits which they will derive from commercial intercourse as a reward for their assistance and exertions in promoting this desirable object."

To effect these purposes a subscription of not more than the tenth of the amount of some of our *enuals*, viz. 100,000*l.* is estimated to be sufficient; and it is added, that

"The spot proposed to be fixed on as the point of communication and commercial depot, between Great Britain and the interior of Africa, is *safe and healthy*: it will afford a direct communication with *Timbuctoo* and the interior regions of *Sudan*, without being subject to the uncertainty of securing the favour and protection of the various sultans and sheiks of the respective territories of the interior, through which the merchants and traders may pass—a measure which would have been indispensable in every plan that has hitherto been suggested for the discovery of those interesting regions.

"The plan now to be adopted, on the contrary, will be subject to none of those impediments and uncertainties; but the merchants and travellers will pass through territories where they need fear no hostility, but will be received with hospitality and attention by the natives, who will give them every assistance and accommodation in their progress through their country."

We have only to repeat, in taking leave of this work, that readers will find in it a great variety of interesting information (not very well arranged) respect-

ing Africa, its geography, language, and customs.

*The Outlaw of Taurus; a Poem: to which are added, Scenes from Sophocles.* By Thomas Dale, of Bene't College, Cambridge, author of "The Widow of the City of Nain." London and Cambridge, 1820. 8vo. pp. 120.

In our publication of Saturday the ninth of October last, we delivered our sentiments upon the Widow of Nain; and extracted several passages, which we thought honourable to the genius of the then anonymous author. The reception of his first work has induced him to present a second; and we are now called to report our opinion upon his acknowledged production. We should have been rejoiced to say, that we noticed a year's improvement in his muse; but impartiality compels us to state, that we do not consider the present as in any way superior to the preceding poem. It certainly displays the same talent; but it also possesses the same inequalities: its beauties are not so prominent, while its imperfections are not less observable; and, in short, we think it perhaps fully as amenable to criticism as its precursor; at the same time, that the composition is more level, and without those redeeming flights, which inspired us with high hopes of the author's subsequent efforts. It is, perhaps, cruel to compare a youthful bard disadvantageously with himself; but *non castigant qui non amant*, is a motto, which Mr. Dale may do us the justice to appreciate; and it is only, we assure him, because we believe him capable of a greater advance, that we seem to speak less favourably of his labours, not intrinsically, but as not having answered our sanguine expectations.

Having said this much, we shall proceed to balance our own remarks, by quoting some very fine lines from the *Outlaw of Taurus*, in which the author breathes the same pure, pious, and elevated spirit, which he has invariably evinced, and which do equal credit to his heart and head.

The poem commences with a noble description of Ephesus, and its Temple, on a day of festival sacred to Diana. Among the votaries is a Nazarene, or Christian Pilgrim;

A work of mercy leads him on  
To seek and save a wandering soul;  
And oh! though joy may cease to warm,  
And Beauty's self forgot to charm,  
No time can chill—so perils move  
The firmness of a father's love!  
Once in the path of Christian truth  
'Twas his to train a generous youth—  
And fondly on his charge he smiled,  
Yea—loved him as an only child.  
Alas! ere yet his work was done,  
Constrained by duty's urgent power—  
The Saint, reluctant—left his son—  
And left him in an evil hour—  
'Reft of his father and his guide  
Too soon his new-born faith was tried—  
Mistled by Glory's meteor-flame—  
He burnt to wear the wreath of Fame,

And win the hero's wanted name;  
His dreams by night—his thoughts by day  
Were all of that delusive ray  
Which beams with radiance—false as fair—  
And leads to darkness and despair.—  
But 'tis a joyless tale to tell—  
Enough—the wily snares of hell  
Were spread around him—and he fell.  
Oh had he rested with the dead,  
Ere from the Christian's home he fled!  
And now he hears the flag of war,  
Where snow-crowned Taurus towers afar;  
And wields the red unhallowed brand,  
And madly leads the robber-band.  
For this—o'er mountain and o'er wild,  
The Father seeks his erring child;  
Though dreary toil—and hostile wrath  
Await him in his tedious path,  
Nought reck he of impending ill,  
When 'tis to work Jehovah's will;  
And oh! how welcome were the grave,  
Should Heaven accord his son to save.—

The renegade differs little from the bandit leaders of romance. He controuls the desperate propensities and inhumanity of his followers; is unhappy and half repentant; and accompanied by one tender and faithful youth, Azor, who turns out to be his beloved Irene in male disguise. Against the robbers, the troops of the government are sent; and just as the old man arrives, a battle is fought, in which the outlaws are victorious. We have here a well-drawn picture of their Captain.

And who, on yon steep crag's rude brow,  
In pensive attitude doth stand?

No conquering pride his looks avow,  
And who that saw would deem him now

The chieftain of the victor-band?  
His crested helmet's flowing pride;

His sword, in carnage deeply dyed;  
His arms, with dust and gore defiled,

Beneath his feet are rudely piled;  
He moves not, and his fiery eye

Rolls wildly round in vacancy;  
Unseen the dead beneath him lying—

Unheard the deep groans of the dying.  
Yet foremost in the desperate fray,

Through the thick legions of the foe,  
His arm shot panic and dismay—

His sabre struck no second blow;  
And chiefs, who never quailed before,

Had braved him once—and braved no more.  
Crowned with triumphant laurels now,

What deep dejection clouds his brow?  
Upon which, the following reflections are

pleas, and from it we select a part of the father's admonition.

What lured thee from the hallowed dome

Of piety and peace,  
Where Truth hath fixed her favourite home—

Where earthly sorrows cease!  
What won thee from the band who seemed

With thine their hearts—their hopes to blend;  
And all were dear—for each was dearest

A Father—a Friend?

Was it the false but specious flame

Of earthly pride—of earthly fame?

Was it the ardour of a soul

That spurred the Gospel's mild control?

Is right here, my son, I deem,

Where is that wild romantic dream?

Where are those joys—so falsely fair;

That ecstasy of glory—where?

Is not thy bosom like the billow

Which warping winds forbid to rest?—

Say, do not thorns corrode thy pillow,

And rankle in thy joyless breast?

Nor thou the end and confession speak,

Enough thy faded looks avow;

I read it in thy withered cheek—

I trace it on thy altered brow—

So calm before—so troubled now!

Think not, with harsh resentful pride

On thy changed looks I coldly gaze;

Those looks my tenderest pity raise

But wake no sterner thought beside;

For in thy Father's heart to thee

Oh how could scorn or sternness be?

Thou wert my hope—my bliss—my pride!

And—save to do Jehovah's will—

I only lived to be thy guide!

In woe or joy—in good or ill—

I loved thee then—I love thee still.

Oh think, my son! how wild and vain

Are all the dreams of earthly pride!

Shouldst thou the height of glory gain,

What countless ills the great betide!

Superior pomp—superior pain—

The madness of th' insatiate brain

That looks on earth with proud disdain,

And sighs for worlds beside!

Where is the meteor flash that shone

O'er Ecstacy and Babylon,

And smote the Persian from his throne?

Where is the self-exalted God?

The Hero of immortal birth—

The Lord of Macedonia—and earth—

Is now a vile and nameless clod.

A few short hours—and they who bowed

The meanest of the servile crowd,

Had spurn'd the mass of lifeless clay,

As on its kindred earth it lay,

In loathsomeness of foul decay.

Great Caesar rode the hour that gave

The free-born Roman for his slave;

And who—for all his sated pride—

Would wish to die as Marius died?

Know—heroes were by heaven designed,

(If heroes men like these we call.)

To rise upon their country's fall,

To gild the grave, and scourge mankind.

And what their guilty toil repays?

That falsehood of dissembled praise

Which Flattery's glowing tongue adorns,

And Vice extols—while Virtue mourns.

Yes—e'en the fame, for which was given

The love of man—the bliss of heaven—

The tale of after times—nay—worse—

Becomes a proverb and a curse.

Say, then, if pomp and high renown,

Thy martial deeds—like theirs—might crown;

Say, wouldst thou wish to share with them

The miseries of a diadem?

Oh spurn, my Son, the hero's name,  
And shun the infamy of fame;  
To thee let nobler praise be given,  
The friend of Man! the Loved of Heaven!

At the risk of refuting our criticism, which we should not be sorry to do, we quote one other extract; a very pleasing contrast between the ostentatious, and the simple worship of the Deity.

For not on proud majestic fane  
(Where tapers glare, and anthems peal,  
And few adore though thousands kneel)

His grace the God of glory deigns;

No—on the meek and lowly breast

Jehovah's eye delights to rest—

Grief's still small whisper He can hear,

And read the mute expressive tear—

And trace the burning thoughts that spring,

Borne upward on Devotion's wing:

No costly fane—no gorgeous shrine,

To Him so loved a temple rear—

So pure—so sacred—so divine—

We have only to add, that as a tale, the *Outlaw* terminates unsatisfactorily; but it seems to have been the author's intention, rather to verify a fact told respecting St. John in Eusebius' History of the Western Churches, and impress a christian and moral lesson from it, than to render the story merely interesting as a narrative; and it is but just to say that he has ably executed this design. Touching the blemishes, we wish to say little; three remarks only shall be adduced in support of our judgment. The first two lines are—

Read the dark veil Oblivion wraps around thee,  
Cheerless and cold as Beauty's virgin shroud.

We presume to think, *Virgin* inapplicable to *thou*: *Virgin* Beauty's shroud would have been intelligible. "*Courtly* dames," also strikes us as a bad phrase for the Ephesian virgins, summoned to do honour to "*Diana's festival* day." The words are not altogether obnoxious, but they are ill weighed—not the best. At the battle's close, we have the following—

How many a youthful heart of flame  
That burnt for conquest and for fame,  
Has withered in eternal gloom,  
And died for glory to the tomb!

With these lines we conclude, as they exemplify all our objections: a heart of flame does not *wither*—does not wither in *eternal* gloom;—and does not then nor at any time *fly* for glory to the tomb; and the whole is an ill-sustained piece of imagery. We still look for far superior things from Mr. Date.

MILAN.

(Concluded from our last.)

The artist has chosen the moment when Jesus thus addresses his disciples:—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me;" and this very selection proves the talent of the painter. It is impossible to describe by words the masterly composition of the picture, or the admirable expression of the heads. Leonardo da Vinci himself relates, that he took the idea of most of his heads from a rough lime wall which faced the window of his study. He used to gaze on this wall until, by the force of his ima-

The outlaw is in this mood, when his saintly parent is brought to him a prisoner. Their colloquy is made the vehicle for the inculcation of many truly christian princ-

gination, the spots with which it was covered assumed the form of heads.

The Palace of Philosophy and Art, formerly the Jesuit College, is deserving of particular notice. It is an extensive building of two stories high, each story being supported by pillars of Baveno-granite, ranged in pairs. The pillars of the first story are Doric, and those of the second, Ionic. A majestic flight of steps leads from one story to the other. This palace is the residence of several men of learning, and artists. The library contains eighty thousand volumes, many of which were selected from the library of the Jesuit cloister. The establishment also contains a collection of twelve thousand medals, an observatory, and an admirable gallery of ancient and modern pictures.

The oil-paintings are ranged in eight apartments, four large and four small, separated from each other by marble pillars. The light descends from the roof, and is softened by white curtains.

One of the principal pictures is the marriage of Joseph and Mary, by Raphael; it contains a great number of figures, and in the back ground appears an octagonal temple. According to the date inscribed on this picture, it was painted in the year 1504, and consequently when the painter was only one and twenty years of age; it appears to have been the first picture in which he divested himself of the stiff manner of his master, Pietro Perugino. In the same year in which this picture was painted, Raphael visited Florence to study from the works of Leonardo, and Michael Angelo. The architectural drawing of the temple is executed in a style seldom met with in Raphael's productions. The picture was brought from Castello, by General Lechi, and sold to the Hospital of St. Lazzaro at Milan, from which the Vice-King Eugene purchased it for sixty thousand lire.

The study of the Saviour's head, from Leonardo's Lord's Supper, was also purchased for three thousand five hundred lire, and likewise an unfinished picture of a Madonna by the same master.

This collection moreover contains many pictures which formerly belonged to the Bolognese gallery. Of these, the most remarkable is Guido Reni's St. Paul and St. Peter, which is beyond doubt the finest production of that master. What energy is displayed in the head of the enthusiastic Paul, and how admirably it contrasts with the gentle expression in the countenance of Peter! Paul is represented standing, and with vehemence of manner, explaining his reasons for preaching the new doctrine to the heathen, and diffusing it over the world; Peter sits in a contemplative attitude; he is undecided, because he imagines his teacher and master came to this world, only for the sake of the Jews. The other principal pictures are a Groupe of Genii, dancing round a tree, by Albano, the painter of infant graces;—*Il patrocinio di Joseph*, with a charming figure of Christ, by the same;—the Woman of Samaria, by Annibal Caracci; and the Woman taken in Adultery, by Augustin Caracci, both highly powerful and expres-

sive;—a large picture by Paul Veronese, the subject of which is, Gregory giving Food to the Poor; among the hungry guests appears the Saviour, and the Pope is sitting on one side; here, as well as in the *Marriage at Canaan*, the painter has introduced himself in the character of an attendant;—an *Annunciation of the Virgin*, by Gio Sanzio d'Urbino, the Father of the Great Raphael;—the Archangel Michael overcoming the Devil, by Marco d'Oggione, a pupil of Leonardo; by a singular accident, the countenance of Satan bears a striking resemblance to that of Napoleon; the picture is remarkable for beauty of colouring. There is a picture here by an unknown artist, which must be extremely old, judging from the gilt ornament on the heads of the figures; the picture represents the four Saints Lewis, Bernard, Clara, and Bonaventura; the heads are painted in a masterly style.

Milan contains several theatres. The principal one is the *Teatro alla Scala*, which is the largest theatre in Italy, and may vie in magnificence with San Carlo at Naples. It was built in the year 1776, after the plan of Piermarini. Though the outside is by no means insignificant, yet it affords no idea of the splendour of the interior. It contains five tiers of boxes besides the gallery: the boxes, which are exceedingly spacious, are separated by partitions of rich coloured damask; in front they have silk curtains, which may be drawn or undrawn. Within them wax candles are sometimes lighted in branch candlesticks with small mirrors behind. The theatre however is in general but sparingly lighted, which renders the stage the more brilliant;—a single chandelier hangs from the centre of the ceiling, and it is drawn up on the rise of the curtain, so that only the proscenium and the orchestra are lighted. At the back of each box is a sofa and a table covered with refreshments.

The theatre *Lentasio* is situated near the Porta di Roma. It is far inferior, in every respect, to *la Scala*. The entrance is wretched, and the interior small;—the fronts of the boxes, of which there are only two tiers, are covered with paltry paper. The stage is narrow, and so extremely low, that the actors walk about like Titans, with their heads towering above the clouds.

[In commencing the series of papers under the title of *Wine and Walnuts*, we beg to state, that it is our purpose to publish them hereafter in a collective form; and therefore that we consider them to be copyright, and as such entitled to protection. It is not our object to debar the periodical press from fair and liberal extracts from the *Literary Gazette*; and we have reason to complain of gross and piratical pillage to an extent, we believe, without precedent, and often committed in a shameful manner, not only without acknowledgement, but partially altered and passed off as their own, by contemporaries, within a few hours of our publication. When we have obtained matter at very considerable cost, and especially original essays, we cannot but deem such conduct unhandsome and unjust; and we in candour prefer our claim to be at least

quoted, for those articles which we procure at quadruple the expense of any weekly journal that ever was published, and through correspondence with every portion of the civilized world.

Of *Wine and Walnuts*, a chapter will be published regularly every week; and from the MSS. which we have seen, we think we may, without boast, promise our readers a treat in this sort of desert.

The papers announced under the title of *The Shadow*, will also appear in due time.]

## Wine and Walnuts.

OR AFTER DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Grey Head.

### CHAPTER I.

If ever a man possessed a particular bent of mind from some inherent feeling, I verily believe I may claim credence on asserting that I have experienced such an extraordinary faculty. But lest the assumption may appear proudly egotistical—nay, savour too strongly of vanity, in this modest age, be it known, that my pretensions to notoriety for this singular gift, are but on an humble score, being neither more nor less than for possessing an inherent love for the PICTURESQUE.

Now having said thus much, I will endeavour to show how this marvellous faculty had birth—call me EGOTIST, if it be your pleasure, for I am of the old school, and save a world of circumlocution, (being too old now to alter) by persisting to pen my sage observations in the first person—I myself I, having congeniality with my ancient friends, \* Baron M. . . . ., and Mr. C. . . . ., among the other ten thousand innovations, those of IT and WE, as though in this mingling age, every man must make the matter of *propria personae*, and worry his brains to stand before the world after all, like another Tom Fool, his own *smugness*, by writing as though mister some-one else sat at his elbow and prompted every line. Well, gentle reader, I will endeavour to shew thee how this faculty arose in my mind, how far it has been indulged (if it have bounds), what have been its concomitants, and what an unceasing source of happiness it has been from early infancy to the present moment—and what a solace amidst a multitude of cares; for its interest has "grown with my growth, strengthened with my strength," and I may add, has lengthened, through God's goodness, with my thread of life.

A foolish fellow wrote, when I was a boy, a book against religion, and by way of

\* Among these is that innovation which has banished pies from table. The sterling Mr. . . . who has outlived all his family, resides with a worthy matron who keeps a boarding house, she is a little romantic, and he a little fastidious—"Will you take a bit of tart," asks the good lady every day—"No Madam," invariably answers the guest, "but I will take a bit of pie." This is all in good part, and the recurrence, I verily believe, contributes to lengthen his days. I know not two worthier souls than he and the Baron; and both, my seniors by many years, read without spectacles.

poeme, like many a modern coxcomb, lamented being "born amidst the wilds of superstition," saying, "some of the briars and thorns yet stuck about him." Now, I was born in the midst of this bustling metropolis, and, *au contraire*, delight in many of the honest prejudices of my youthful days. Time sanctified the past, and the future day by day burst upon me, always thankful for continuance here, like a bright morning ray that awakened to new action from a happy dream. And when the last sun is destined to set upon me, may I watch its departure with a holy smile, and bless Heaven for my long sojournment in my mortal tenement.

Yes, young men and maidens, I was born more than seventy years ago, and have as distinct a recollection of the appearance of OLD LONDON, of London as it was, as tho' in our vast Panorama, it stood now displayed before my eyes; and the events of the greater part of this long period are to me as of recent date. A Journal, which I have occasionally kept, has helped the powers of reminiscence, so that past images by its aid, like the new mode of perpetuating impressions by the steel cylinder in this stupendous age of invention, are never worn out, but the rather are ever being renewed.—And this, I humbly conceive, is the principal member in that extraordinary machine denominated memory.

My father was a manufacturer, and resided in a part of the metropolis, in the very heart of a cluster of old buildings; his workshops were picturesque and rude, and would have furnished abundant subjects for the pencil of a Jan Steen, a Teniers, a Gerrard Douw, a Brauwer, or Ostade. Plastered walls, grotesque implements for business, nooks crowded with horn glasses, obsolete tobacco-pipes, crazy lanterns, broken pitchers, and all the *arrangé* that constitute the *episodes* to pictures of humble life.

The men who worked on the premises were of a "piece to form a whole," every thing in manners and costume was "fitting"; and though comprising objects unsought or disregarded by the greater part of mankind, yet brought before the eye of taste by such rare geniuses as these, with the charm of graphic art, excite the admiration of such as dwell with interest on "the various scenes of many-coloured life"—of men of mind, however high their sphere. Hence we see such pictorial traits of homely customs, and inferior habits and manners, purchased at an immense price; and the interior of a smithy,† a weaver's garret, or a wheel-wright's shed, forming the choicest ornaments of the palace walls, and these graphic treasures, bordered with massive frames of burnished gold. Such is the charm that the picturesque spreads over the cultivated mind.

In the midst of such a grotesque site, long since laid bare to give place to modern improvement, I passed from infancy to youth—from youth to manhood. Among the

workmen I delighted to end my leisure hours; and during their suspensions from labour, I listened with indescribable interest to their tales of mercurial, and enjoyed their artless controversies, and unsophisticated opinions upon passing events. Never did connoisseur character meet with such a collection of originals as in my father's attic stories. A lounge there was Hogarth's delight; he knew all their private history—and many a foaming can had there been drank to his health, at his expense. He was a great favourite, and addressed each man by the friendly appellation of shop-mate. He had a joke for every one, and sometimes found his match. One and all swore he was the "greatest hinker in the world." But more of him hereafter.

Many a man employed from time to time in the manufactory, had been soldier, sailor, or mariner; and there, during a succession of years, might be met some workman from every county in the land, at his department of the loom. Some sluggard, who, like Hogarth's idle apprentice, sat sleeping at the beam; some unfavoured drudge, with more industry than skill; some songster blythe, that beguiled the long hours of labour; and some silent money-saving wight, that bought his winter candles by the pound—nor "lent to none." And there too worked one genius, the wonder of the shop, and poorest of them all. For there were some of every cast, a multifarious group, from great to little, an epitome of all mankind.

Well do I remember the antiquated workshop on a winter's night, the Mother Ship-ton chimney piece in each corner, with the potatoes baking for the workmen to take home for supper; and some worn out old weaver, keeping each property separate, and giving each as its rind craped a friendly turn.

How many curious prints, old martial songs, and dismal ditties, old even then, now sixty years ago, do I yet remember word for word, posted on the walls—walls which time had smoked into endless fantastic scenes,—grottos, and caves, and landscapes wild, to some of which my young imagination gave a "local habitation and a name," scenes that, verily, I now could paint. And well do I remember the names of some old worthies, inscribed with candle-smoke upon the low plastered ceiling, who had worked on the premises before I was born, and who had been kind to "young master" in his juvenile days, long gone to their humble graves, in ostentatious pomp; followed by the fellow members of a *Burying Club*, in mournful train. Circumstances that excited sympathies and interests in my youthful breast not to be found in novels or romances, wrapping me

† It was the custom among the steady workmen of a manufactory in these days, to subscribe to a Burying Club. I remember several of these fifty years ago. A miniature pattern of the coffin lid used to hang out as a sign at the houses where these institutions were held. The male mourners were furnished with cloaks, and the females with hoods and scarfs. A funeral procession of such was an affecting sight. There were no radicals in these better times.

in reflections that opened my mind to tenderness, and up to this hour have claimed my charitable offices for all honest hard working handicraftsmen and mechanics.

Surely every manufactory of long standing has its history; but what manufactory has had its historian? Perhaps I am the first chronicler of the "simple annals of the poor." The first, at least, who put their history in print. And what if the fates should so ordain, that this my biography should hereafter stand side by side, in Russia binding and gilt leaves, with Plutarch, Bacon, Clarendon, and Johnson, inscribed too on the back with the author's name!!

Yes, every manufactory of long standing has its history, and the oral chronicle of some aged workman is heard with silent attention by the grand children and great-grand-children of Robert or William, Jeffery or Watt, and their skill as workmen, what they could weave in a given time, who could best execute this and that, with all the connoisseurship that belongs to the "art and mystery" of every craft. Their risks by land and sea—for what community has not its wanderers; their pleasures and griefs at home, their prowess with the fist, their lively soler pranks and grave drunken frolics, or marked circumstance, or memorable feat, enough to dub them heroes in their sphere, and fill the thoughts of their admiring posterity with a becoming pride, such as the great are wont to feel when speaking of a Milton or a Pope, a Marlborough or a Hawke; and I verily believe any one of my father's men would as soon have committed sacrilege, as have mutilated the carved name of an old fellow workman, or obliterated the impression of the chalked "hand next the heart," stamped upon the plastered wall by some worthy who had left such memorial when some new freak or misfortune had again urged him to enlist as soldier or marine, or take the bounty for another trip to sea.

I do remember too, some returned no more; others lived to meet again their old colleagues; and then how often have I been delighted to witness the warm and eager shake of the hand all round, and the hearty "welcome shopmate," a term of genuine friendship that always went to my heart.

It was then the looms were still for a while, and he that kept the beer-sec for the week quickly dispatched some willing apprentice urchin to the Black Horse; and soon the clinking of the gallon pewter pot was heard upon the stairs, full to the brim with stout porter, crowned with frothy head, to hail the wanderer's return. These were the doings I was used to see above, whilst another scene, a sort of counterplot, was brewing all-the-while below.

Know then, courteous reader, I am describing the times long past, when customs were homely, when master, alas! I say it! when master, true to the spirit of his age, was only as it were the upper workman of his own factory. The shop was his delight, when escaped from one of the long fits of the gout, which he poor soul was always giving warning to quit, although he took more care to invite that troublesome tenant of his than

† Who can have beheld the picture of the Scottish Distillery, by the inimitable Wilkie, and not enter into this feeling?



tenement, than prudence or the good counsel of his wife did warrant. But when the tormentor was, with the doctor, fairly sent a packing—it was then my father and my mother, at the foot of the stairs, were wont to hold discourse.

She, though liberal and kind and boundless in benevolence, never augured any good when one of these expatriates came back to the manufactory, for sad disorganization then prevailed. Long tales of "hair-breath scapes," seduced industry, who laid her hour-glass upon its side to join the group of gossips, and deep draughts of beer were swallowed as it should seem, for no other purpose but to render curiosity still more thirsty.

How eloquent on these occasions was my mother, "Fye," she would say, and tell my inconsiderate father the hundred-thousandth time, "such doings were not the way to maintain the respectability of the concern; I would not go among them," said the sensible housewife, "your presence only confirms them in their habits of thoughtlessness, and you lessen your reputation by such misplaced indulgence." I think I see him now, with his manly countenance, impatient of reproof, the more impatient because conviction whispered him the admonition was too true. Yet faulty as he was, in this he ever showed a virtue; he never expostulated the matter with my mother, but left her the victor of the argument, and hobbled up to the shop. The temptation was too strong.

The wily rogues, how well they knew the "length of master's foot." "Master," says one and all, "we are right glad to see you amongst us once again—You have had a long bout of it worthy air," and already some attentive wight had wiped a rush-bottomed chair with his shirt sleeve, and another had placed a folded jacket, a footstool for his gouty limb.

My uncle Toby never looked more benevolently on Trim, than did the master of the shop on those good fellows who offered him these attentions, and kind gratulations. No captain was ever more beloved by his crew—and woe to any unlucky wight of the Black Horse, or Chequers, that dared to mention him disrespectfully, for there were some prime boxers in his employ.—None might presume to speak a very word of him but themselves; and then 'twas said in "sober sadness, and soon forgot."

Sometimes affairs, even in the best regulated quarters, will run untowardly. Saturday night would come, and the reflections of next day, when *Idleness* peeped into the pot and beheld the short commons grudged by *Desert*;—an empty pot's a rueful sight to a poor man's good woman and hungry babes at Sunday dinner time. 'Twas then murmurs would be heard against old master, and John or Jerry would join in the reviling, to keep the peace. But these feelings lasted not longer than Monday morn, when resolution led them early and sober to the loom again; and taking opinion in the general, there was not a worthy on the crazy premises that would not have laid "down his life" for the master and commander of the garrison.

(End of Chap. I.)

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### FATAL ATTEMPT TO REACH THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC.

Geneva, August 28.

"Dr. Hemel, a Russian physician, was commissioned by the Emperor to ascend Mont Blanc, in order to make experiments upon the accelerated pulsation of the blood in those high regions: for this purpose, he made his preparations at Geneva, and furnished himself with a great variety of instruments, some of which belonged to Mr. de Saussure. On the morning of the 18th of August, he set out from Chamouny, with three companions, two of whom were English and one a Genevese, and twelve guides. The day was remarkably fine, and there was every probability of the continuance of that heat, which, for some time before, had been greater in this country than had been remembered for many years. By night-fall they reached, without any obstacle, the *Grand Mulet*, a lofty and bare rock, which rises from the midst of the snow, and affords tolerable protection to those persons who are hardy enough to attempt this ascent. They had scarcely made their dispositions for the night, when a thunder storm came on with violent wind and rain, which drenched them to the skin, and rendered it very difficult for them to keep their tent up. The next morning was so misty and cloudy that they thought it dangerous to proceed; and resolving to remain where they were till the weather should alter, they sent two guides to Chamouny for provisions. The next night was much more tranquil than the former had been; and when they were roused by their guides at 2 o'clock in the morning, they found the stars shining bright, and the appearance of the weather upon the whole much improved. Still, as there were clouds about them, they resolved to postpone their departure for two hours:—The Genevese gentleman had suffered so much in the ascent from shortness of breath, that he determined to return, at any rate, to Chamouny; and at 4 o'clock, he set out with two guides on the descent, and Dr. Hemel, with the two other gentlemen, proceeded to ascend; by nine in the morning, they reached the *Grand Plateau*, the last halting place, within an hour and a half's walk of the summit. The horizon was perfectly clear, and the sun was now shining with all its splendour. They were all in the highest spirits. The guides threw down their ladders, declaring, as all danger was passed, that they would no longer be encumbered with them. Dr. Hemel attached a paper to the leg of a carrier pigeon, on which was written, *arrivés à la Cime de Mont Blanc, le 20 d'Aout* a—*heure du matin*, leaving a space for the insertion of the hour when they had actually accomplished their object. They breakfasted, and about 10 set out from the *Grand Plateau*, skirting the ascent towards the summit, the guides leading the way. They had not proceeded far, up to the mid-leg in snow, when they all felt a sudden pressure upon the leg, for which they could not account,

and in an instant—the whole party was overwhelmed by the snow from above, and precipitated to a considerable distance towards the *Grand Plateau*. One of the Englishmen, who was stronger than the rest of the party, was the first to extricate himself, and he saw not a human being near him; others of the party emerged by degrees, one by one. Five guides were still missing; an anxious search was immediately commenced, and a crevice was at length discovered, which they had all narrowly escaped, and into which the guides had fallen. Two of them were happily rescued; but though the search was continued with the utmost hazard for an hour and a half, the other three could so where be found. At the reiterated instances of the rest of the guides, Dr. H. and his companions very reluctantly determined to set forth on their return to Chamouny, which place they reached by 10 o'clock at night."

### ANCIENT SUPERSTITIONS.—No. II.

Among the many kinds of omens used by the ancients may be reckoned *Sneezing*, to which they appear to have paid a very particular observance: indeed divine honours were thought due to it, and Athenæus, in endeavouring to prove that sneezing was sacred, observes, that as the head was generally accounted holy from it being customary to swear by it, so likewise were sneezes that proceeded from it to be revered as holy: in short, Aristotle \* in express terms tells us, that sneezing was considered a deity, *To Hapnaisiōs Suez epistates*. Xenophon † likewise says, that the soldiers unanimously worshipped it as a god. Whether however this be the fact or not, there can be little doubt but that sneezing was in great regard among the ancients; for if a man happened to sneeze at certain times, or on a particular side, this was considered as a sufficient reason for either dissuading them from, or persuading them to, business of the greatest importance. Thus when Themistocles was in the act of offering sacrifice, three beautiful captives were brought to him, and at the same moment, the fire burnt clear and bright, and a sneeze happened on the right hand, upon which the soothsayer Euphrantides, embracing him, predicted the memorable victory which he afterwards obtained ‡. And a similar sneeze happening while Xenophon was making a speech, was the cause of their constituting him general. That the observance of this superstition was very ancient, appears from the virgins in Theocritus §, who thus congratulate Menelaus upon his marriage with Helen:

Οὐκ ἄν' ἄν' αὖ, ἀνὰ τὴν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι  
ἐν τῷ στήθεσσι.

Εὖ Σωκράτης.

Homer ‖ also alludes to this custom, when he thus introduces Penelope rejoicing at a sneeze of her son Telemachus:

- \* Problem. sect. xxxiii. cap. 7.
- † De Expeditione Cyr. lib. iii.
- ‡ Themistocles Vita in Plutarch.
- § Idyll. viii. ver. 16.
- || Odys. viii.

Οὐχ ὁραὸς ἢ μὴ τοῦτο εἰναι τὸν οὐρανόν.

Sneezing it appears, however, was not always a lucky omen, but depended in a great measure on the alteration of circumstances: Theocritus makes the sneezing of the cupids to have been an unfortunate omen to a certain lover:

Σιμυχίδας πρὸς ἑστέον· ἐνὶ πύργῳ.

And according to the scholiast on this passage, τὸν οὐρανόν οἱ μὴ ἰδόντες ἀφιδάμα, ἢ δὲ ὄλκον. Some sneezes are profitable, others prejudicial. When Xenophon was persuading his soldiers to engage the enemy, a sneeze was accounted so dangerous an omen, that they appointed public prayers to expiate it. If any person sneezed between midnight and the following noon, it was fortunate; but if from noon till midnight, it was unfortunate; and Aristotle has endeavoured to explain the reason of this difference. If a man sneezed at the table while they were clearing it, or if another happened to sneeze upon his left hand, it was unlucky; if on the right hand, however, it was lucky. If in the undertaking any business, two or four sneezes happened, it was a lucky omen, and was a sufficient encouragement for a man to proceed in it; if more than four, the omen was neither good nor bad; and if one or three, it was unlucky; and if two men were deliberating on any business, and both of them happened to sneeze together, it was a propitious omen. I shall now conclude this paper with some remarks on spitting.

Spitting was generally considered by the ancients as an action of abhorrence and detestation, and the avorter of omens; thus by spitting into the bosom, it was supposed that fascinations were averted; this custom it is conjectured, was practised in the time of Theocritus, from the following verse of Callimachus, which is cited by the scholiast on Theocritus:

Δαίμων, τοῦ πόθου τὸν ἰσχυρὸν ἔχων.

We must observe, however, that this was done thrice, three being considered a peculiarly sacred number. Hence Dāmonas, who is introduced by Theocritus as representing the behaviour of Polyphemus, having praised himself, adds, that by the advice of old Cottyrius, he had thrice spat into his bosom, to prevent fascination:

Ὅς μὴ βαρύνῃ δὲ τῆς ἐς ἱπὸν ἔκτατα κολύμβῃ.

Ταῦτα γὰρ ἂν γὰρ μὴ Κοττύριος· ἐξιδάδα.

Hence it was usual to reprove those who assumed more than they had a right, by telling them to spit into their bosoms; an example of which occurs in Lucian. In order to avert fascinations from infants, the ancients tied a thread, composed of different colours, about the neck of the child, then spat on the ground, and taking up the spittle mixed with dirt, put it upon the forehead and lips of the infant; and there is evidently

an allusion to this custom in the following lines of Persius §:

Ecce aris, aut metum Divum matertera, cum  
Exemlit puerum: frontemque atque unda labella  
Infami digito, et haurialibus ante soluta.  
Exspiat, urentes oculos inhibere perita.

It was also usual among the ancients to spit three times into their bosoms at the sight of a madman, or one afflicted with an epilepsy; and Theocritus has preserved this custom:

.....τῆς ἐς ἱπὸν ἔκτατα κολύμβῃ.

and this was done, as has been before remarked, in defiance as it were of the omen, and as a mark of the greatest contempt and aversion. And the custom of our modern pugilists spitting in their hands before the commencement of their combat, is no doubt made use of from the superstitious idea that formerly existed, that spitting was the means of averting wickera, and thereby giving a threefold blow to his antagonist. Boys in the north of England have a custom of spitting their faith, or, as they call it, their soul or soul, when required to make assertions in an affair of consequence. The colliers also, in their combinations for the purpose of obtaining an increase of wages, are said to spit upon a stone together, by way of cementing their confederacy: and it is likewise a custom among us, when persons agree in sentiment, or are of the same party, for them to make use of this popular saying, "they spit upon the same stone."

CAIUS.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Dear Sir,—I send with great pleasure the following extract of a communication which I have received from a friend at Paris.

Paris, Sept. 17, 1820

On Monday last the 11th of this month, a truly singular experiment was repeated in the Academy of Sciences, with complete success, for the purpose of demonstrating the influence of galvanic, or rather voltaic electricity on the magnetic needle. If the wire made to communicate with the two poles of the pile of volta is held over the needle at a small distance, and in a situation parallel to its direction, the needle instantly quits the magnetic meridian, where it is supposed to have remained in equilibrium and at rest. This deviation may extend to 45°. If you place the wire below the needle, a similar deviation is observed, but in a contrary direction; that is, from North to East, if the first has been from North to West; and vice versa. †

§ Sat. ii. ver. 31.

|| Idyll. xx. ver. 11.

By a slip of the pen, my correspondent has written *au dessus*, (below) in both places; undoubtedly, he meant to write *au dessus* (above) in one of them; but which I cannot determine. L.

† The word if again causes uncertainty here; but the result is sufficiently remarkable to excite curiosity, and induce a repetition of the experiment.

The first idea of this experiment is due to M. Oersted; a very distinguished Danish philosopher. It is calculated to interest the friends of science, even without anticipating how it may be at some future time applied. Was not the magnetic needle a mere object of curiosity, long before it directed the engineers in making a survey, or guided the bold navigator across the ocean?

## CONSUMPTION OF SMOKE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir.—The idea of consuming smoke, whence, if practised on the large scale to which the public attention is at present directed, so much advantage is anticipated, is by no means of recent formation. In the memoirs of the *Academie Royale des Sciences*, &c. for 1686, there is an account of an invention for this purpose by M. Dalesme, an academicien, introduced under the title of "*Reflexions de M. de la Sire sur la machine qui consume la fumee, inventee par M. Dalesme*." This M. (Phillipe) de la Sire, for there were two academiciens of the name, was royal professor of mathematics and architecture, and author of many papers on subjects connected with the sciences in the Memoirs of the Academy, as well as a considerable number of separate works. The principle of Dalesme's contrivance, (which by the way is not very particularly explained in the paper alluded to,) was to make the smoke and flame descend by a tube through the burning charcoal, whereby they (*sic in orig.*) were entirely consumed. Charbon, in the word used here, in allusion to a fire of wood; of course, the meaning is equally applicable to coals, as used in this country. I remain, your constant reader,  
London, Sept. 23d. 1820. J. G.

## LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

FITZDAM, THE SAILOR-PORT.

Our notice of this individual having excited a very strong interest, we have had several letters requesting us to assist in directing and promoting a plan for his benefit, and offering aid in various ways. Nothing could be more grateful to our feelings, than to co-operate in such a duty, and help to rescue so much of genius from poverty and depression. But we had truly stated, that we had no knowledge whatever of the poet, except what his works and our anonymous friend had afforded. We have not at present, even the means of tracing him; and the annexed letter, which we received too late for last week's Literary Gazette only corroborates the truth of our representation; without giving us any clue to the object of our solicitude.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—The Harp of the Desert by a Poor

§ See Literary Gazette, No. 168.

§ Idyll. vii. ver. 96.

¶ Problem. sect. xxiii. cap. 11.

† Idyll. vi. ver. 39.

‡ Πάσις ἢ Ἐξ Χαίτης.

Sabor," as mentioned in your last number, was published by us on his own account; and we lament, that notwithstanding its great merits, the sale has been so very limited, that we have not been able to repay the author the expenses it cost him in printing; although, as you truly stated, he is at this time labouring under pecuniary difficulties.

We are, Sir, Your obedient servants,  
 Charing Cross, WHITMORE AND FENN,  
 Sept. 1st, 1820.

We called on Messrs. Whitmore and Fenn, but they knew nothing of the "Whereabouts" of Fitzadam; and we have at this time no other hope, but that this explanation may meet his eye, or the eye of someone who knows him, (perhaps of some of our literary friends about Edinburgh,) and thus lead to his communicating with us; by which, in the usual language of advertisements, we can assure him, he will hear of something to his advantage.

## FINE ARTS.

### ON ENCAUSTIC GLASS PAINTING, BY DR. SCHWIGHAUSEN.

The art of encaustic painting on glass, that is, the art of burning transparent coloured images on glass, was neglected from the beginning of the eighteenth century, so that it may be said to have been lost towards the middle of that century. This could scarcely have happened had not the art of glass-making been so much changed since Kunkel's time, and continual improvements been made in the beauty, clearness, and size of the panes of glass, the utility, novelty, and low price of which caused painted windows to go out of fashion.

It is true there had been always workmen, especially glaziers, who employed themselves in repairing old painted windows, or in composing new ones; but they for the most part made shift with old coloured glass, with which they formed new pictures as well as they could; and they seldom endeavoured to re-discover lost colours. Hence we have in several countries traces of the continuation of glass painting in the eighteenth century, from which some critics have thought themselves authorized to believe that this art never was lost.

In truth, when we reflect that the writings of Kunkel and Leveit upon this art were published, the first at a time when glass painting was still practised, and the latter soon afterwards, we can discover no other reason why we can no longer work after the precepts of those masters, than the softness of our glass at present, and the difference of its component parts, compared with the glass of earlier times.

Before glass was manufactured for economical purposes, there must have been coloured glass; for the first operations in metallurgy must have furnished glass; and, according to Count Caylus, arabesque seem to have been designed on coloured glass, before the use of glass was extensive. But the

idea of making coloured glass windows must have originated with the monks of the western world, who were induced to adorn the churches of their convents with it, from the want of clear window glass. It seems too that the monks were at first in the exclusive possession of the art of preparing the colours, and staining the glass; that in the sequel, as may be conjectured from Leveit's work, the glass painters obtained the colours, or entire coloured plates, from them, which they manufactured in large quantities, or had got made in glasshouses to which they had easy access. Hence perhaps it may come, that till the fifteenth century, little glass painting was done, except for church windows.

At the commencement the glass was coloured through and through, and figures were composed only by joining together several pieces of glass. Afterwards opaque and semi-transparent shadowings were burnt in upon such glass coloured through and through. Still later, the colourless glass was coloured on one side, and where it was necessary, the colour ground off again, till at length shadows were burnt in on one side and colours on the other.

Though by these and various other characteristics it may be easily discovered to what century a glass painting belongs, yet the ancient glass paintings have certain general physical and chemical properties, so that we cannot affirm that our modern artists have recovered the ancient art, unless their paintings on glass possess the same properties. In the present state of chemistry it is easy to prepare and burn in upon glass, a coloured borax glass, or a very fluid lead glass; but as such painting may be easily effaced by muriatic or nitrous acid, or caustic alkali, tests which the ancient glass paintings resist, unless indeed they are too slightly burnt in, such modern glass paintings do not authorize us to infer the re-discovery or the restoration of the ancient lost art.

If therefore the glass paintings of M. Birrenbach\* bear the above mentioned tests, and have, in other respects, the physical properties of those of the ancients, they have a great advantage over those of the manufactories of Berlin, Vienna, and Dresden: but if this is not the case, M. Birrenbach has, like them, only invented a new kind of glass painting. It would be necessary to expose to the same tests all modern glass paintings, particularly those of M. Frank at Munich, M. Diehl at Paris, and M. Egginton at Birmingham, before we can assert that any of them have re-discovered or restored the ancient encaustic glass painting.

The ancients did much with small means; they joined little pieces of glass together to compose their figures. It is seldom that more than three colours are found in one

\* M. Birrenbach is an ingenious artist of Cologne, who asserts that he has recovered the ancient method of glass painting; he proposes to communicate the secret by way of subscription, and wants 200 subscribers at about 10 guineas each. The Prussian government at Cologne has given him 400 dollars by way of encouragement.

piece of glass. The ancient glass painting is almost wholly composed of beautiful smooth metal-like shadowing, which laid on of different thicknesses gives different gradations on the one side; on the other yellow and blue, and consequently green; or red, ground down and left dead white, or painted yellow where the red was ground down; and finally, blackish, brown, or grey shadowing applied behind for darker shades or half transparent tints. The rest consists in optical illusion well applied, and in joining the pieces of glass with lead. We ought not to be surprised that ancient and often very valuable glass paintings, are disfigured by joinings or flaws; the ancients were not more certain or more fortunate in the cooling of the glass than we are.

We meet likewise with paintings on transparent whitish glass, executed in a grey shadowing only, without any other colour, which the French call *en grisaille*. Such pieces are generally painted by great masters, who would not spend their time in the troublesome operation of laying on the colours.

Among the artists who have attempted during the eighteenth century to restore glass painting, and of whom I have any knowledge, is a Dannecker of Strasburg, who, between the years 1750 and 1760, restored some windows in the minster, and some of whose paintings are to be seen in the library of that city; but which in their physical and chemical qualities do not come up to those of the ancients. I remember also to have read of an English artist, who between the years 1780 and 1790, is said to have sold 200 guineas for a glass painting only a few inches high and broad, executed by him. It seems to me that it was Francis Egginton, whose successor I presume to be Raphael Egginton in Birmingham, who is stated to have received a commission for a church in Italy.

Another artist is Mr. John George Böhm of Urach. I have had an opportunity of examining several of his paintings, and have told him personally that several of his colours cannot stand the test of muriatic and nitrous acid. I also pointed out to him a means of avoiding this fault, and he wrote me word that he had afterwards done so. But he knew how to prepare the beautiful sanguine red of the ancients, and to lay on yellow in various gradations from the palest straw to the deepest orange, on the same plate of glass; many that he burnt were one foot high.

As I occupied myself, for my recreation, from 1803 to 1811, in trying to find out the colours of the ancient glass painting, I obtained such satisfactory results that I was sometimes tempted to make them public; but I desisted, because I feared that I might injure meritorious artists, who had spent time and money in acquiring similar knowledge.

I have examined some painted drinking glasses of the manufacture of Mr. Mohr, who, if I mistake not, worked first at Schwelm, then at Dresden, and now in Berlin, and another similar drinking glass, which was shewn me as coming from a Vienna manufactory; and I found that the colours cannot

stand the mineral acids and dye, and in general do not possess the physical and chemical properties of the ancient glass paintings.

The most beautiful, striking, and splendid glass painting of our times, is said to be that of M. Diehl, porcelain manufacturer, at Paris. He has executed paintings, and exhibited them for money, consisting of one piece six feet high and five feet wide, each of which is said to have been four times in the fire. There is only one little drawback, viz. that it is not permitted to view the paintings at a shorter distance than eight feet.

I have not yet seen any of the performances of Mr. Frank in Nuremberg, and am therefore unable to give any account of them. I however consider it as certain, that an artist who has a porcelain or glass manufactory at command will make a more rapid progress than one who is destitute of this advantage.

In the late exhibition of the works of French industry, there were some new specimens, said to be very satisfactory, of the performances of Mr. Mortelque Devilly, who, together with Mr. Golett, is mentioned as a good painter on glass, in a report of Lenoir's in the *Moniteur*, and from this in the *Archives des Découvertes*, for 1811, where their works are described.

Of the works of M. Birrenbach, I have had an opportunity of examining but one picture burnt in on glass. It was of one colour, painted only on one side of the glass, with a brown colour, which was very smooth, without being shining, and of various degrees of transparency, because it was laid in of different thicknesses. By the judicious introduction of the lights, and the force of the shadows, it produced a powerful effect. The colour bore the test with mineral acids, and caustic lye; but it is a colour which is not met with in ancient glass paintings. If M. Birrenbach's other colours possess the first quality, his method probably deserves the preference to others of modern date; but this is still to be examined and determined.

I hardly think, however, that M. Birrenbach will get 200 subscribers at 10 guineas each, unless sovereigns and princes interest themselves to procure for their dominions this new enjoyment, which would be the more desirable if it could restore the ancient solemn gloom to our churches, in which at present every thing appears too light.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Il piacer della campagna.

Sweet spot! it is not for thy sky of blue,  
'Tis not for thy dewy green,  
That in yonder dell I would rather dwell,  
Than be a jewel'd quene.  
Oh, 'tis not to stray at breaking day,  
While thy flowers are glistening still,

• Scratching in.

† The writer does not seem to be acquainted with several British artists, eminent in this art; some of whose performances have been noticed in the *Literary Gazette*. E.D.

And drink of the stream like a silver gleam  
That floats down thy purple hill.  
But who could gaze on thy evening's rays,  
Who breathe its breath of balin,  
But like a spell feel o'er her steal,  
The hearts' delicious calm?  
And sweeter to rest by yon wood-dove's nest,  
On the heath and the blossomed broom,  
Than sleepless to lie in the canopy,  
Hung round with pearl and plume.

TRISTINO.

### THE EPITAPHES.

A Critique on London Burial Grounds.

A resurrection man, named Joe,  
Did with a brother through the Church-yard go,  
Which two new marble tombs set quite a grace  
on:  
Upon the first, "Here lies," &c. &c.,  
The unbelieving body-snatcher saw,  
And said, "Here no one lies, but the stone-  
mason!"

"That's a wrong epitaph then (quoth his friend),  
But is that juster on the next that's penned,  
All 'Sacred to the Memory' of the dead!"  
"Faith (answered the vile scolding scallard Joe),  
Our Surgeon's Hall, knows 'tis more apropos;  
It left nought sacred else in this grave-bed."  
Hob Goblin.

HOR. Lib. i, Ep. xi, TO BULLATIUS, IMITATED.  
To Dr. J. G. Leath.

What thinks, my Leath, of Horace? what of  
Rome,  
Fam'd through the world for Peter's sacred  
dome?  
What of Versailles, once more the Bourbons'  
court?  
Say, are they less or greater than report?  
Or are they all to Thames and London mean,  
Paris a village, and a ditch the Seine?  
Or is your wish (like Gibbon and Voltaire),  
In some Swiss town, to breathe the Alpine air?  
Or, sick of sailing, and with jolting sore,  
In Shetland would you dwell, to move no more?  
Shetland you know (for Scotchmen meant by  
fate),  
Not Man or Scilly half so desolate:

Yet have I wish'd, even there, for life, my lot,  
My friends forgetting, by my friends forgot,  
Far distant to behold the raging main,  
And ne'er be toss'd upon its waves again.  
But, neither he who rides from York to town,  
Whom mud bespatters, and whom showers half  
drown,

Though hous'd in comfort at the Bear or Bell,  
Would choose for ever at an inn to dwell:  
Nor he, who from the East a cold has caught,  
For whose relief the rocking bath is brought,  
(Though the fierce pest remits, while he is in)  
Would sit for life in water to the chin.  
Nor you, though toss'd by storms to Helvoet, there  
To Dutchmen sell your yacht, and turn Myn-  
heer †.

• HOR. Lib. i. Ep. xi.  
Quid tibi visa Chios, Bullati, notaque Lesbos?  
Quid concinna Samos? quid Cressi regia Sardin?  
Smyrna quid, et Colophon? majora minorave  
fama?  
Cunctaque prae Campo et Tiberino flumine sor-  
dent?

An venit in votum Attalici ex urbis una?  
An Lebedum laudas, odio maris atque viarum?  
Sic Lebedus quid sit, Gabii desertior atque  
Fidenis visus; tamen illic vivere vellem,  
Oblitusque morum, oblitescendus et illis,  
Neptunum procul terrâ spectare furentem.

Who, when the very flies in July sweat,  
Needs wrap in woollen from the head to feet?  
Or in December's snows, and shivering air,  
Wants drawers of muslin for his only wear?  
Or, through a crust of ice, to bathe in Thames?  
Or fires in August, when the dog-star flames?  
And yet, my friend, to him, whose mind is right,  
Florence, and Venice are as needful quire.  
Then, while occasion favours, hasten home,  
And bless the distance between you and Rome;  
Where'er kind Heaven a cheerful hour shall  
send,

To take the gift a grateful hand extend.  
Nor to another year your joys postpone.  
Another year may come, and find you gone;  
But, have it still, (where'er you dwell) to say,  
Not unenjoy'd my years have pass'd away ill.  
If sense and prudence must to ease restore us,  
And not the wat'ry main wide-spread before us;  
Those, who beyond the ocean run, will find  
Their climate chang'd; indeed, but not their  
mind.  
Laborious idleness! from place to place  
In ships and chariots happiness we chase.  
While, what you seek, is here:—is even at Skyre:  
For 'tis, what reason can alone supply §.

H. C.

### STANZAS FOR MUSIC\*.

Non è sempre il mori, come altri crede  
Grave:—anzi è caro a chi contrito è Dio,  
Ogni cura mortal! posta in oblio  
Qual già s'en departì: cotal s'en riede.  
Tasso.

My race is almost run, my days are nearly done,  
Yet my heart still is buoyant, my spirits are  
light;

It is but as the blaze of the dying taper's rays,—  
Life's last vivid flash, ere it fades into night!

In my day spring of youth, with a bosom full of  
truth,

And feelings unwarp'd, or unwither'd by  
wrong;

With every sail unfurled, o'er the waves of the  
world

My bark of existence sped gaily along.

My pilot was Hope, and I fancied I could cope,  
If guided by him with that storm-troubled sea.

† Sed neque, qui Capnâ Romam petit, imbro  
lutoque

Aspersus, vult in caupona vivere; nec, qui  
Frigus collegit, furnos et balnea landat.  
Ut fortunatum plenè præstantia vitam;  
Nec, si te validus jactaverit Auster in alto,  
Idcirco navem trans Ægeum mare vendas.

‡ Incolunt Rhodos et Mitylene pulchra facit,  
quod

Pennula Solistio, campestre nivalibus auris,  
Per brumam Tiberis, Sextili mœnne caninus.  
Dum licet, ac vultum serrat Fortuna benignum,  
Roma laudetur Samos, et Chios, et Rhodos ab-  
sens.

§ Tu, quamcumque Deus tibi fortunaverit  
horam,  
Grata sume mann; neu dulcia differ in annum;  
Ut, quocumque loco fueris, vixisse libenter  
Te dicas:

— Nam si ratio et prudentia curas,  
Non locus effusi latè maris arboris, aufert;  
Cœlestis, non animus, mutat, qui trans mare  
currat

Stronon nos exerceat inertia! navibus atque  
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, lte  
est;

Est Ulubris animus si te non deficit æquus.

• Air—Auld Robin Gray.

Till dashed on Passion's rock, and shattered by the shock,  
I soon found how unskilful a helmsman was he.

But years have flitted past, and tried in many a blast,  
We both have grown wiser and steadier than of yore,

The rack hath o'er us rolled, and now cheerily we hold  
For a haven from whence we shall wander no more!

My days are well nigh done, my goal will soon be won,  
And repose from the buffets of Fortune be mine,

Where Hate, however fierce, or sorrow may not pierce,  
To bid my cold bosom a moment repine.

O, look! I can brook on thy awful front to death,  
And can turn to thee now with a heart void of gloom;—

To him whom Time can bring no balm on its wing,  
There sure must be healing, and rest in the tomb.

ARION.

### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

*Letter from a Württemberg Gentleman travelling in Italy.*

*Naples; August 18, 1820.*

In order to escape the bad air, which began to have an effect on my health, I resolved to exchange Rome for Naples. Not only with a view to examine several remains of antiquity, but also to make myself acquainted with the inhabitants of the mountains, I took the road by Velletri, Cora, Sezza, and Piperno, to Terracina. These are still quite ancient Roman towns, built of stone, finely situated about the mountains, and very populous: the open country is very fertile. The inhabitants, though industrious, are miserably poor, which they ascribe to the heavy taxes. They now speak every where with great joy of the Neapolitans, whom they otherwise hate, as much as they do the Romans. They asked me numberless questions respecting the States of Germany, and affirmed that the Germans were very happy, in being able to travel about the world, and gain instruction, which it was impossible for them to do. It is not to be denied that all the experience and knowledge, and therefore the character of this people, are still pretty much those of antiquity; hence the greater quickness of their practical understanding of the affairs of life; but we must infinitely lament the want of cultivation of the reason and the heart, which can only be effected by pure Christianity: As the extracts from the Bible which are given to them in general contain only moral precepts, they know hardly any thing of religion and its objects; and hence the habitually sensual tendency of their lives. In general these people are very orderly and good, especially when they have not been spoiled by too frequent intercourse with travellers. When I came to Terracina,

I was questioned pretty strictly by the police, what I would do at Naples at such a critical time, and why I had passed over the mountains: In the kingdom of Naples I found the people in the midst of rejoicings, sports, and dancing. The first thing I had to do was to put on a tri-coloured cockade, which procured me friendly treatment every where. Not only the towns, but the roads are occupied by a strong military force, as far as Gaeta, where it ceases. At the police office in the latter city, they asked me, "whether the Romans were still asleep, or whether they would soon follow the example of Naples?" and other similar questions. After the sublime and quiet Rome, with its glorious works of art, Naples makes a very disagreeable impression, which is not removed on a nearer acquaintance. What thronging, driving, bustle, and noise! and for what? It is in nature alone, who here pours into the lap of man all her treasures, that we find the Divinity, about whom man gives himself no concern: The theatre, with its forces and its Turkish music, which overpowers all the nerves and senses, is their highest object, though all means are now employed to carry the madness still farther. The religious festivals resemble the ancient Bacchanalia, for they generally play Turkish music, and make a noise for three nights together before the image of the Madonna, and a wooden punchinello vomits out fireworks, which are lighted by a priest. It strikes me as very remarkable, that the farther we advance to the South, the more do the religious festivals resemble the ancient Greek worship. The churches are without steeples, which none but the pious old German feeling, so noble and so great, could erect, as a symbol of the Christian religion, which leads upwards to heaven and immortality. It is with a childish little bell, and the rhythm of a dance, that the people are summoned to appear before the eyes of the Eternal! The music of the mass, which ought to fill the heart with devotion, is still more adapted to the senses than the music of the theatre. The Society of the Carbonari has formed itself into lodges throughout the kingdom, which are now held openly: 60 or 80,000 of them have likewise organized themselves as soldiers, to provide for the public security, and the observance of the constitution in the absence of the regular troops, who are embarked for Palermo. It is a most animated scene when they go to do duty at the principal guard-house. Before are some priests, then the tri-coloured standard, with Turkish music; then the Carbonari, in all kinds of dresses; then the people, increasing like an avalanche as they proceed, rejoicing, and crying, *Emilia la Costituzione, il Re, la Carbonaria!* and we be to him whom they meet, with his mouth shut. White handkerchiefs were, from all the windows, and a stranger in Naples thinks that the city must be destroyed, so great is the tumult; but when they reach the place of their destination, the greatest noise ceases at once, and they all disperse as if nothing had happened. From 20 to 25 pamphlets appear every day, some of which breathe

only vengeance against the late and the present ministers, and against the Sicilians, and they have already given occasion to some bloodshed. There are also three or four journals written with great freedom, Sicily, except Palermo, is quiet, and the whole kingdom is now perfectly safe; for what reason the journals here have complained very bitterly of some articles in German journals, especially the *Algerine Zeitung* (The Universal Gazette, published at Augsburg, one of the most esteemed, and most ably conducted of the continental journals).

E. D.

### THE DRAMA.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—In consequence of those law-suits, which were a joke to nobody but the Lord Chancellor, and a plague to nobody but the lawyers, much discord arose in that temple of harmony the Open House. The season was however far advanced; and it was hoped, that as winter had not far set in till May, it would not prematurely terminate before the end of August. But what are the hopes of man! The shock-takers received the severest of shocks; the scene-shifters could shift no longer; the dancers getting into debt, were likely to be laid by the heels; the musicians came to full stop; singers of the highest calibre could not raise the lowest note; the first *buffos* and *buffas*, became the dullest drabs in the world; and the orchestra cowering together, struck for wages under the leader of the band. Seeing that nothing could be done, as there was nothing in it, the treasurer carefully locked up his iron chest; and the door-keepers finding that the doors could keep themselves when shut, openly walked away.

In this dismal state of things, the managers of Covent Garden Theatre, with really a laudable feeling towards the unfortunate performers at the Italian House, and a praiseworthy anxiety to produce a new source of amusement for the public, engaged the *opera de ballet*, to diversify and enrich for a limited period, the entertainments at Covent Garden. It might be anticipated, that this proof of zeal and diffidence would have been liberally acknowledged by the frequenters of the theatre; but it should seem as if the Ghost of Evil had taken entire possession of at least a portion of the people of this country. Instead of plaudits, hisses were heard; and instead of approbation, opposition was the reward of a laudable exertion to please the British public. We are not in the habit of being grave in such matters as theatrical arrangements; but unless we are prepared to pay homage to a spirit which would soon degrade us into a nation of brutes, and nasty ferocious growling brutes too, we must set our faces against such contemptible and illiberal proceedings as these; against sour and venomous a display of ignorance and discontentedness, as would thus create prejudice and narrow-minded egotism. From the pot-house to the play-house, and from almost the last source of rational amusement

which the curse of politics has left uncontaminated.

On the second night, the little pretty piece 'Jocunde,' got up for the display of the agility and grace of the ballet, was witnessed with much delight; and since then the malcontents have been put down by overwhelming majorities of gratified spectators.

On Thursday, Mr. Horn resumed his station on these boards, as Young Meadows, in Love in a Village. He is, as when he left them, a pleasing, but not a powerful singer. Miss Green was the Rosetta; and occasionally seemed to forget that she had a large theatre to fill with her voice. Both, however, deserve favourable notice. A different ballet was produced, in which the Opera House dancers were well received.

**HAYMARKET.**—*Over the Water*, a farce altered from the French piece *Deuxes et Cahis*, by Mr. T. Hook, has been added to the attractions at this theatre. It is a lively inconsistent thing, and furnishes a few excuses for laughter, though very little ground for critical remark. It may suffice to say, that the recomposer has adapted his materials cleverly to the English taste and fashion, and that the consequence has been, the continued approbation of audiences for a whole week!

## VARIETIES.

Mr. Rabbini, first flute player at the theatre of La Scala at Milan, lately performed at the *Opera Italian* at Paris. The French critics do not speak very highly of his talents.

The celebrated sculptor Thorwaldsen is about to visit Warsaw, to execute a monument to the memory of Prince Joseph Poniatowsky.

There is at present to be seen, at Arbouche, a beautiful phenomenon of nature, arising from stagnate water by the late hot weather. In a basin belonging to a mill-work, stop some time ago from working, the combination of gases, occasioned by the decomposition of the water, has become so powerful that, after dark, its surface appears as if sparkling with fire; and when a stout, or other weighty substance, is thrown in to disturb the fluid, a brilliant bluish flame immediately takes place.—*Provincial Journal.*

*A Hebrew pun, for the benefit of Hebrewists only.*—A Jew not long since failed for a considerable sum, and a meeting of his creditors was of course called. On examining his accounts one of these gentlemen expressed his apprehensions that the bankrupt would be very defective. Indeed, said a brother Israelite, I am sorry to agree with you; he will be defective in *Pe nun* (pay none).

*Pun proceed.*—The facetious Jeremy Keller, one of the oldest and most respectable members of the Irish bar, was once rallied, by a brother barrister, for not prefixing an O to his name. O Keller, Jeremiah O Keller! why, said he, the very sound would give you a claim to *un doubted* antiquity of family. Nay, replied Mr. Keller, I agree with old Alvan, *O datur ambigua.*

*A bull from England.*—In the eighteenth number of the Imperial Magazine, published last month in Liverpool, we have the following passage in a paper on 'Ancient Manners and Customs of the English.' 'The nuns of St. Mary Kingston, in Wilts, were often seen coming forth into the Nymph Hay, with their rocks and wheels to spin, sometimes to the number of seventy; all of whom were *not nuns*, but young girls sent there for education.' So the nuns of St. Mary's were not nuns, according to this Imperial bull-breeder.

*A bull from Ireland.*—A gentleman in a provincial city of Ireland, who had been for a couple of weeks employed on valuation juries, was summoned on the petty jury for the assizes, which unluckily for him commenced on the day the valuations had concluded. He was a good deal vexed at this new intrusion on his time, and in his indignation exclaimed, Why then, is not this too bad! I am here put on this jury, just after having been on juries a fortnight this week.

*A considerate man.*—A basket woman coming out of a market place in a town in Ireland, loaded with a basket full of provisions, met a very parsimonious gentleman, who observed that she was rather heavily laden. Ah! God bless you, sir, answered she, you were always a considerate man, you never break poor women's backs by loading them with your joints of meat.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

SEPTEMBER, 1820.

Thursday, 21.—Thermometer from 37 to 60.

Barometer from 29.64 to 29.60.

Wind S. W. 3 and 4.—Morning clear; the afternoon generally cloudy, with a heavy storm of thunder and lightning about 2 o'clock, with showers of rain and hail: in the evening it became again clear.

Rain fallen, .275 of an inch.

Friday, 22.—Thermometer from 37 to 57.

Barometer from 29.86 to 30.05.

Wind N. W. 1, and W. 2 and 4.—Morning clear, clouds generally passing the rest of the day.

Rain fallen, .175 of an inch.

Saturday, 23.—Thermometer from 43 to 68.

Barometer from 30.17 to 30.15.

Wind S. W. 1 and 4.—Clouds generally passing. A shower of hail about 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Sunday, 24.—Thermometer from 56 to 66.

Barometer from 29.89 to 29.94.

Wind S. W. 2, and W. 4.—Morning cloudy, with rain in the early part; the afternoon and evening generally clear.

Monday, 25.—Thermometer from 42 to 56.

Barometer from 29.64 to 29.90.

Wind W. 2 and 4.—Cloudy till noon; the rest of the day generally clear.

Rain fallen, .05 of an inch.

Tuesday, 26.—Thermometer from 43 to 52.

Barometer from 29.98 to 30.26.

Wind W. by N. 1, and 4.—Generally cloudy; a little sunshine at times.

Wednesday, 27.—Thermometer from 30 to 52.

Barometer from 30.27 to 30.25.

Wind S. W. 4.—Generally cloudy, with heavy showers of rain at times.

On Monday the 2nd of October, at 37 minutes; 46 seconds after 6 o'clock, the 3rd Satellite of Jupiter will immerse into his shadow, and the same Satellite will emerge at 44 minutes, 54 seconds after 9.

Edmonton, Middlesex.

JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank C. A. B. for his letter, which, at any rate, affords matter to "give us pause"; since the migration of such, in our allowance, deserves a whole theatre of others.

The Third Quarterly Part of the *Literary Gazette* for 1820, containing the 13<sup>th</sup> Numbers, from *Midsummer* to last Saturday, is now ready for delivery.

"Solomon Sapience" will always be a welcome correspondent; many accepted articles shall appear as early as possible.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE, No. 10, for October, published by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, contains the following articles:—1. *Lord's Word*; 2. *Oxford*; 3. *The Parrot of the Valtandrius*; 4. *Table Talk*, No. IV, On the Present State of Parliamentary Eloquence; 5. *The Garden*; 6. *The Cider Cellar*; 7. *Liebig's Descriptions of Hogarth's Works*, No. 11, *The Rake Progress*; 7. *The Ape*; 8. *Oehlenschlaeger's Correggio*; 9. *Sonnet*, the *Leaves* are falling; 10. *Lochaka* and her Daughter, by Madame de la Motte Fouquet; 11. On the Character and Writings of James Shirley, No. 111; 12. *Star Gazing*; 13. On the Connection between the Character and Poetry of Nations; 14. *The Abbot*, by the author of *Waverley*; 15. *The Collector*, No. VII; 16. *The Drama*; 17. *Reports of Music*; 18. *Gleanings from Foreign Journals*; 19. *Literary and Scientific Intelligence*; 20. *Historical and Critical Summary of Public Events*; 21. *Agricultural Report*; 22. *Commercial Report*; 23. *The usual Literary and Commercial Information*, Tables, &c.

\* The first Number having been reprinted, complete Sets from January may still be procured.

Francis Chantrey, Esq. R. A.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE of October 1, will be embellished with a fine Portrait, accompanied by an interesting Memoir of Francis Chantrey, Esq. R. A., and will contain, among other interesting articles:—1. *Remarks on the Abbot*; 2. *Poetical Meditations*, Lord Byron; 3. *On Talking and Talkers*; 4. *Recollections*; 5. *Measure of living in a Country Town*; 6. *On the Poetry of Wordsworth*; 7. *Mr. Ray's second Letter to Mr. Malton on the General Abrogation of Commerce*; 8. *Letters from a New Correspondent*; 9. *Negative Allusions*, Review in a *Gazette*, by Paul Ponder, Gent.; 10. *Voyage from Paris to St. Cloud*, concluded; 11. *The French Revolution judged by its Results*; 12. *Festivals of the Japanese*; 13. *On the Literature and public Education of the Modern Greeks*; 14. *Intelligible Odes*, cheerful Riddles, and gay Sonnets; 15. *The French and Spaniards contrasted*, &c. &c. London: Printed for Henry Colburn and Co. Conduit Street; and sold by Bell and Bradbury, Edinburgh; and J. Cumming, Dublin.

In Royal 8vo. price 10s. 6d. boards.

LIFE OF JAMES CRICHTON, of Glenny, commonly called the Admirable Crichton. With an Appendix of original Papers. By PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, Esq. F. R. S. E. Advocate. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London; and W. and C. Tait, Edinburgh.

In 8vo. price 12s. boards.

A TREATISE ON THE PLAGUE, designed to prove it contagious, from Facts, collected during the author's residence in Malta, when visited by that Malady in 1813; with Observations on its Prevention, Character, and Treatment: to which is annexed, an Appendix, containing Minutes of the Author's Evidence, given before the Contagious Committee of the House of Commons, accompanied by these Reports. By SIR ARTHUR BROOKE FAULKNER, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, late Physician to His Majesty's Forces, and Physician in Ordinary to His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.





# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the Kingdom: but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we beg to recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 194.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Miscellaneous Poems of William Wordsworth.* London, 1820. 4 vols. 12mo.

We merely take up this work to notice it as a new, neat, and portable edition of all Mr. Wordsworth's published poems, except *The Excursion*, and a few small pieces. There are also some poetical additions, but not of a very prominent character; and some prose strictures upon composition, criticism, and English bards, which offer much food for reflection, though strangely unconnected in form, and still more strangely inserted under the title of "Prefaces" at the ends of the volumes.

Our readers are aware that we have not the felicity to be devoted worshippers at the shrine of that sect, among whom Mr. Wordsworth is so distinguished an apostle. It is our melancholy fate to be but temperate admirers of what has been called the *Lake School*; while at the same time, we acknowledge most of their principles to square with the true and genuine gospel of poetry, and confess many of their beauties, even in practice. But we have thought them mistaken in some very essential points, and never can be persuaded to relish as grand, what is mean; as natural, what is affected; and as exquisitely simple, what is ludicrously puerile.

As it is not our purpose, however, to enter upon any critical dissertation on this occasion; and as Mr. Wordsworth's last production was so much in unison with our minds, as to cause us to forget some of our ancient antipathies, if not to make converts of us; we shall now content ourselves with recommending these volumes, and quoting two or three of the minor pieces, which (without referring to former separate publications, but trusting to our memories) appear most novel in their contents.

September, 1819.

The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields  
Are hung, as if with golden shields,  
Bright trophies of the sun!  
Like a fair sister of the sky,  
Unruddied deth the blue Lake lie,  
The Mountains looking on.

VOL. IV.

And, sooth to say, yon social Grove,  
Albeit uninspired by love,  
By love untaught to ring,  
May well afford to mortal ear  
An impulse more profoundly dear  
Than music of the Springs.  
For that from turbulence and heat  
Proceeds, from some narrow nest  
In Nature's struggling frame,  
Some region of impatient life;  
And jealousy, and quivering strife,  
Thereto a portion claim.

This, this is holy!—while I hear  
These vesper of another year,  
This hymn of thanks and praise,  
My spirit seems to mount above  
The anxieties of human love,  
And earth's precarious days.  
But list!—though winter storms be nigh,  
Unchecked is that soft harmony:  
There lives Who can provide  
For all his creatures; and in Him,  
Even like the radiant Seraphim,  
These Choristers confide.

Upon the same occasion.

Departing Summer hath assumed  
An aspect tenderly illumed,  
The gentlest look of Spring;  
That calls from yonder leafy shade  
Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,  
A timely carolling.

No faint and hesitating trill,  
Such tribute as to Winter chill  
The lonely red-breast pays!  
Clear, loud, and lively is the din,  
From social Warblers gathering in  
Their harvest of sweet lays.  
Nor doth the example fail to cheer  
Me, conscious that my leaf is near,  
And yellow on the bough:—  
Fall, rosy garlands, from my head!  
Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed  
Around a younger brow!

## SONNETS.

Ere's lingering clouds extend in solid bars  
Through the grey west; and lo! these waters,  
stealed

By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield  
A vivid repetition of the stars;  
Jove—Venus—and the ruddy crest of Mars,  
And his fellows, beautifully revealed  
At happy distance from earth's groaning field,  
Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.  
Is it a mirror?—or the nether sphere  
Opening its vast abyss, while fancy feeds  
On the rich show!—But list! a voice is near;  
Great Pan himself low whispering through the  
reeds.

"Be thankful then; for, if unholty deeds  
Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!"

Oxford, May 30, 1820.

Ye sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth!  
In whose collegiate shelter England's Flowers  
Expand—enjoying through their vernal hours  
The air of liberty, the light of truth;

Much have ye suffered I from Time's gnawing  
tooth,  
Yet, O ye Spire of Oxford! Domes and Towers!  
Gardens and Groves! your practice overpowers  
The soberness of Reason; 'till, in sooth,  
Transformed, and rushing on a bold exchange,  
I slight my own beloved Cam, to range  
Where silver Isis leads my striding feet;  
Pace the long avenue, or glide adown  
The stream-like windings of that glorious street,  
—An eager Novice robed in flutt'ring gown!

Oxford, May 30, 1820.

Shame on this faithless heart! that could allow  
Such transport—though but for a moment's  
space:  
Not while—to aid the spirit of the place—  
The crescent moon cleaves with its glittering  
prow  
The clouds, or night-bird sings from shady  
bough;  
But in plain day-light—She, too, at my side,  
Who, with her heart's experience satisfied,  
Maintains inviolate its slightest vow.  
Sweet Fancy! other gifts must I receive;  
Proofs of a higher sovereignty I claim;  
Take from her brow the withering frowns of Eve,  
And to that brow Life's morning wreath restore:  
Let her be comprehended in the frame  
Of these illusions, or they please no more.

June, 1820.

Fame tells of Groves—from England far away—  
Groves that inspire the Nightingale to trill  
And modulate, with subtle reach of skill  
Elsewhere unmatched, her ever-varying lay;  
Such bold report I venture to gain say:  
For I have heard the choir of Hammond thrill  
Chanting with indefatigable bill;  
While I bethought me of a distant day;  
When, haply under shade of that same wood,  
And scarcely conscious of the dashing oars  
Plied stealthily between those willowy shores,  
The sweet-souled Poet of the Seasons stood—  
Listening, and listening long, in rapturous mood,  
Ye heavenly Birds! to your Prolegomena.

MR. DAWSON TURNER'S TOUR IN NORMANDY.

Having in our last Number entered so copiously into a view of this pleasing publication, we shall now deem little more necessary than to pursue our task of extracting a few of the striking or entertaining anecdotes contained in the second volume, which is devoted chiefly to Lower Normandy; though besides Caen, Falaise, and Lisieux, we have some interesting notices of Jumièges, Gisors, Evreux, &c. At St. Georges de Bocherville, the original seat of the Tanquerville family, we are informed there is still a charter with the seal of Cœur de Lion attached to it in red wax and in fine preservation. The seal, on one side, represents the king seated upon his throne, with a pointed beard, having his crown on his head, and a sword in one hand, and sceptre in the other: on the other side he is on horseback, with his head covered

\* Walsingham is the country alluded to.



with a cylindrical helmet, surmounted with a very remarkable crest, in the form of a fan: on his shield are plainly distinguishable the three lions of England.

Of Junieges we find the following account with pain: it is a lesson to be sure to all ages and to every people, a touching one to pride and pomp and ambition; but still it is distressing to see it taught by brutality and ignorance in times which we venture to call enlightened.

"The lofty towers of the abbey of Junieges are conspicuous from afar: the stone of which they are built is peculiarly white; and at a distance scarcely any signs of decay or dilapidation are visible. On a nearer approach, however, the Vandalish of the modern French appears in full activity. For the pitiful value of the materials, this noble edifice is doomed to destruction. The arched roof is beaten in; and the choir is nearly levelled with the ground. Two cart-loads of wrought stones were carried away, while we were there; and the workmen were busily employed in its demolition. The greater part too of the mischief appears recent: the fractures of the walls are fresh and sharp, and the fresco paintings are unchanged.—Had the proud abbatial structure but been allowed to have existed as the parochial church of the village, the edifice might have stood for ages; but the French are miserably deficient in proper feeling; and neither the historical recollections connected with Junieges, nor its importance as a monument of architectural antiquity, could redeem it from their tasteless selfishness. In a few years, its very ruins will have perished; and not a wreck will remain of this ancient sanctuary of religion and of learning.

It was in the year 654 or 655, that St. Philibert, second abbot of Rebas, in the diocese of Meaux, founded this monastery."

We have heard of equally unfeeling and sacrilegious dilapidations upon some of the finest monuments in England, within these few years. But what perhaps inclines us to lament for Junieges in particular, is, that it was truly an institution for the encouragement of literature; since "the records of the monastery contain a curious precept, in which Abbot Godfrey, about the middle of the 11th century, directs that prayers should be offered up annually upon a certain day, *pro illis qui dederunt et fecerunt libros*." Nobody prays for us poor book-makers now a days; and we fear that booksellers and publishers are not so saintly as the holy father who succeeded St. Philibert.

The next abbey which has attracted us in a peculiar manner, from the author's researches, is St. Evrou, or St. Evroul, one of four Benedictine monasteries within the diocese of Lisieux. This was "the sanctuary where Orlericus Vitalis, to use his own expressions, 'delighted in obedience and poverty.'—This most valuable writer was an Englishman; his native town being Attingham, on the Severn, where he was born in the year 1075. He was sent to school at Shrewsbury, and there received the first rudiments, both of the *humanities* and of ecclesiastical education. In the tenth year of his

age, his father, Orlericus, delivered the boy to the care of the monk Rainaldus. The weeping father parted from the weeping son, and they never saw each other more. Orlericus crossed the sea, and arrived in Normandy, an exile, as he describes himself, and 'hearing, like Joseph in Egypt, a language which he understood not.' In the eleventh year of his age he received the tonsure from the hands of Mainierius, the abbot of St. Evroul. In the thirty-third year of his age he was ordained a priest; and thenceforward his life wore away in study and tranquillity. Aged and infirm, he completed his *Ecclesiastical History*, in the sixty-seventh year of his age; and this great and valuable work ends with his auto-biography, which is written in an affecting strain of simplicity and piety.—The Ecclesiastical History of Orlericus is divided into parts: the first portion contains an epitome of the sacred and profane history of the world, beginning with the incarnation and ending with Pope Innocent II. The second, and more important division, contains the history of Normandy, from the first invasion of the country, down to the year 1141. Though professedly an ecclesiastical historian, yet Orlericus Vitalis is exceedingly copious in his details of secular events; and it is from these that his chronicle derives its importance and curiosity. It was first published by Duchesne, in his collection of Norman historians, a work which is now of rare occurrence, and it has never been reprinted.

"Valuable materials for a new edition were, however, collected early in the eighteenth century, by William Bessin, a monk of St. Ouen; and these, before the revolution, were preserved in the library of that abbey. Bessin had been assisted in the task by Francis Charles Dujardin, prior of St. Evroul, who had collated the text, as published in the collection of Norman historians, with the original manuscript in his own monastery, to which latter Duchesne unfortunately had not access, but had been obliged to content himself with a copy, now in the Royal Library at Paris. It is to be hoped, that the joint labours of Bessin and Dujardin may still be in existence, and may come to light, when M. Liquet shall have completed the task of arranging the manuscripts in the public library at Rouen. The manuscript which belonged to St. Evroul, and was always supposed to be an autograph from the hands of Orlericus Vitalis himself, was discovered during the revolution among a heap of parchments, thrown aside as of no account, in some buildings belonging to the former district of Laigle. It is now deposited in the public library of the department of the Orne, but unfortunately, nearly half the leaves of the volume are lost. The earliest part of what remains is towards the close of the seventh book, and of this only a fragment, consisting of eight pages, is left. The termination of the seventh book, and the whole of the eighth, are wanting. From the ninth to the thirteenth, both of these inclusive, the manuscript is perfect. A page or two, however, at the end of the work, which contained the author's life, has been torn out.—At the

beginning of the sixteenth century, the manuscript was complete; for it is known that, at that time, a monk of St. Evroul made a transcript of it, which extended through four volumes in folio. These volumes were soon dispersed. Two of them found their way to Rouen, where they were kept in the library of St. Ouen: the other two were in that of the abbey of St. Maur de Glanfeule, on the Loire. A third, though incomplete, copy of the original manuscript was also known to exist in France before the revolution. It formerly belonged to Coslin de Cambort, bishop of Metz, by whom it was presented, together with four thousand manuscripts, to the monks of St. Germain des Prés at Paris. But the greater part of the literary treasures of this abbey fell a prey to the flames in July 1793, and it is feared that the copy of Orlericus perished at that time.

"The original code of St. Evroul, was discovered by M. Louis Dubois, whom I have already mentioned in connection with the ruins of Neomagus. He is an antiquary of extensive knowledge and extraordinary zeal. His *History of Lisieux*, which he has long been preparing for the press, will be a work of great curiosity and interest."

This gentleman allowed Mr. Turner to copy an original letter from the Princess Borghese, Buonaparte's sister, to the Empress Marie Louise, which fell into his hands as librarian of Alençon. We transcribe it *literatim et punctatim*, as a specimen of the talents of no mean branch of the Napoleon family.

"*Madame et tres chere Sœur,*  
je recois par la Prince Aldobrandini la lettre de V. M. et la belle tasse dont elle a daigné le charger pour moi au nom de L'empereur, je remercie, mille fois votre aimable bonté, et j'ose vous prier ma tres chere sœur d'être auprès de L'empereur l'interprete de ma reconnaissance pour cette marque de souvenir.—Je fais parler beaucoup le Prince et la Princesse Aldobrandini sur votre santé, sur votre belle grossesse, je ne me lasse pas de les interroger, et je suis heureuse d'apprendre que vous vous portez tres bien, que rien ne vous fatigue, et que vous avez la plus belle grossesse qu'il soit possible de desirer, combien je desire chere sœur que tous nos vœux soient exaucés, ne croyez cependant pas que si vous nous donnez une petite Princesse je ne l'aimerai pas. non, elle nous sera chère, elle ressemblera à V. M. elle aurait sa douceur, son amabilité, et ce joli caractère qui la fait chérir de ceux qui ont le bonheur de la Connaître—mais ma chère sœur j'ai tort de m'appesantir sur les qualités dont serait douée cette auguste princesse, vous nous donneriez d'abord un prince un petit Roi de Rome, jugés combien je desire nos bons toscans prient pour vous, ils vous aiment et je n'ai pas de peine à leur inspirer ce que je sens si vivement.

"Je vous remercie ma tres chere sœur de l'intérêt que vous prenez à mon fils, tout le monde, dit qu'il ressemble à L'empereur, cela me Charmé il est bien portant a present, et j'espère qu'il sera digne de servir sous les drapeaux de son auguste oncle.—adieu ma chère sœur soyez assés bonne pour Conserver un souvenir à une sœur qui vous est

tendrement attachée. Napoléon ne cesse de lire la lettre pleine de bonté que V. M. a daigné lui écrire, cela lui a fait sentir le plaisir qu'il y avait à savoir lire, et l'encouragement dans ses études—je vous embrasse et suis,

"Madame et très chère Sœur  
de V. M.

"La plus attachée  
et affectionnée Sœur  
"ELISA."

By way of interlude between the acts of grandeur we may quote that

"Norman cider is famous throughout France: it is principally, however, the western part of the province that produces it. Throughout the whole of that district, the lower classes of the inhabitants scarcely use any other beverage. Vines were certainly cultivated, in early times, farther to the north than they are at present. The same proofs exist of vineyards in the vicinity of Caen and Lisieux, as at Junieges. Indeed towards the close of the last century, there was still a vineyard at Arzenge, only four miles south-east of Caen: and a kind of white wine was made there, which was known by the name of *Vin Hart*. But the liquor was meagre; and I understand," says Mr. Turner, "that the vineyard is destroyed." Upon the subject of the early use of beer in Normandy, tradition is somewhat indistinct. The ancient name of one of the streets in Caen, *rue de la Cerroisier*, distinctly proves the habit of beer-drinking; and when Tacitus speaks of the beverage of the Germans, in his time, as *honor ex hordeo vel frumento in quantum similitudinem vini corruptus*, it seems highly improbable but that the same liquor should have been in use among the cognate tribes of Gaul. Brito, however, expressly says of Flanders, that it is a place where,

Raris ævola locis facit umbram, vinea nequam:  
Indigenis potus Thetidis miscetur avena,  
Ut vice sit vini multo confecta labore.

And the same author likewise tells us, that the Normans of his time were cider drinkers.—  
..... *Sicæneque potatrix*  
*Algin tumentis* .....

Non tot in autumnol rebus Algen tementis  
Unde liquore solat sicæne sibi Nestora gratum.

"Huet is of opinion, that the use of cider was first introduced into Neustria by the Normans, who had learned it of the Biscayans, as these latter had done from the inhabitants of the northern coast of Africa."

We must now return to Olericus Vitalis, from whom the author has copied some details relative to the death of William the Conqueror, not generally known to the English reader; and some indeed which are quite new to us.\*

About a mile from Caen is the village of St. Germain de Blancherie; from the quarries of which, as Stow informs us, the stone was brought for the building of London Bridge, Westminster Abbey, and many other public edifices in this country.

At Bayeux our travellers saw the famous tapestry known by the name of that town. Mr. Turner remarks on the incorrectness

with which the French artists have copied this very curious piece of historical needlework, but teaches us to expect a very different work from the hands of Mr. C. A. Stothart,\* who has been employed by the Antiquarian Society to make a fair simile of the whole. Of the tapestry Mr. Turner gives us a very interesting account, which we transcribe.

"Till the revolution the tapestry was always kept in the cathedral, in a chapel on the south side, dedicated to Thomas à Becket, and was only exposed to public view once a year, during the octave of the feast of St. John, on which occasion it was hung up in the nave of the church, which it completely surrounded. From the time thus selected for the display of it, the tapestry acquired the name of *le toile de Saint Jean*; and it is to the present day commonly so called in the city. During the most stormy part of the revolution, it was secreted; but it was brought to Paris when the fury of vandalism had subsided. And, when the first Consul was preparing for the invasion of England, this ancient trophy of the subjugation of the British nation was proudly exhibited to the gaze of the Parisians, who saw another Conqueror in Napoléon Bonaparte; and many well-sounding effusions, in prose and verse, appeared, in which the laurels of Duke William were transferred, by anticipation, to the brows of the child and champion of Jacobinism. After this display, Bonaparte returned the tapestry to the municipality, accompanied by a letter, in which he thanked them for the care they had taken of so precious a relic. From that period to the present, it has remained in the residence appropriated to the mayor, the former episcopal palace; and here we saw it.

It is a piece of brownish linen cloth, about two hundred and twelve feet long, and eighteen inches wide, French measure. The figures are worked with worsted of different colours, but principally light red, blue, and yellow. The historical series is included between borders composed of animals, &c. The colours are faded, but not so much so as might have been expected. The figures exhibit a regular line of events, commencing with Edward the Confessor seated upon his throne, in the act of dispatching Harold to the court of the Norman Duke, and continued through Harold's journey, his capture by the Comte de Ponthieu, his interview with William, the death of Edward, the usurpation of the British throne by Harold, the Norman invasion, the battle of Hastings, and Harold's death. These various events are distributed into seventy-two compartments, each of them designated by an inscription in Latin. Ducarel justly compares the style of the execution to that of a girl's sampler. The figures are covered with work, except on their faces, which are merely in outline. In point of drawing, they are superior to the contemporary sculpture at St. Georges and

elsewhere; and the performance is not deficient in energy. The colours are distributed rather fancifully: thus the fore and off legs of the horse are varied. It is hardly necessary to observe that perspective is wholly disregarded, and that no attempt is made to express light and shadow.

"Great attention, however, is paid to costume; and more individuality of character has been preserved than could have been expected, considering the rude style of the workmanship. The Saxons are represented with long mustachios: the Normans have their upper lip shaven, and retain little more hair upon their heads than a single lock in front.—Historians relate how the English spies reported the invading army to be wholly composed of ecclesiastics; and this tapestry affords a graphical illustration of the chroniclers' text. Not the least remarkable feature of the tapestry, in point of costume, lies in the armor, which, in some instances, is formed of interlaced rings; in others, of square compartments; and in others, of lozenges. Those who contend for the antiquity of Duke William's equestrian statue at Caen, may find a confirmation of their opinions in the shape of the saddles assigned to the figures of the Bayeux tapestry; and equally so in their cloaks, and their pendant braided tresses.

"The tapestry is coiled round a cylinder, which is turned by a winch and wheel; and it is rolled and unrolled with so little attention, that if it continues under such management as the present, it will be wholly ruined in the course of half a century. It is injured at the beginning: towards the end it becomes very ragged, and several of the figures have completely disappeared. The worsted is unravelling too in many of the intermediate portions. As yet, however, it is still in good preservation, considering its greatness, though, as I have just observed, it will not long continue so. The bishop and chapter have lately applied to government, requesting that the tapestry may be restored to the church. I hope their application will be successful."

At Bayeux there is the following legend: "Once upon a time, the wicked canons of the cathedral murdered their bishop; in consequence of which foul deed, they and their successors for ever, were punished, by way of penance, annually to send one of their number to Rome, there to chant the epistle at the midnight mass. In the course of revolving centuries, this vexatious duty fell to the turn of the canon of Cambremér, who, to the surprise of the community, testified neither anxiety nor haste on the occasion, Christmas-eve arrived and the canon was still in his cell: Christmas-night came, and still he did not stir. At length, when the mass was actually begun, his brethren, more uneasy than himself, approached him with his delay; upon which he muttered his spell, called up a spirit, mounted him, reached Rome in the twinkling of an eye, performed his task, and, the service being ended, he stormed the archives of the Vatican, where he burned the compulsory act, and then returned by the same conveyance to Bayeux, which he reached before the mass was com-

\* The son of our eminent academician, and possessed of talents not unworthy of his lineage: we certainly anticipate a work of the most perfect kind from his great abilities.—Ed.

\* These we shall insert in our next Number. Ed.

pleted, and, to the unspeakable joy of the chapter, announced the happy tidings of their deliverance."

This story belongs to too many places to be worth repeating, were it not for the odd Latin distich, which is preserved as having been extemporized by the demon as he was flying over the Tuscan sea, and by which he thought to get his rider to the bottom of it. The verses read both backwards and forwards.

*Signa te, signa, tenerè me tangis et angis;  
Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.*

We have now occupied as much of our limits as we can spare to this agreeable work; and have only to add, that the author speaks very highly of Mr. Colman's Norman Antiquities, and also of a History of Anglo-Norman Poetry compiled by the Abbé de la Rue, and now ready for the press. The subject is unquestionably one of deep interest.

#### PARIS.

In the present dearth of new publications, while we take the opportunity of filling our Journal with a greater proportion of miscellaneous matter than of our staple, Review, a slight work on the amusements of the French capital may be allowed a slight notice. It is entitled "An Appendix to the Descriptions of Paris," and written by Madine Domeier, a German Lady\*. Were we not most liberal critics and gallant chevaliers, we might say that it reveals both its foreign and female origin; but as we want nothing from it but a few paragraphs to amuse our readers, we shall leave the worthy authoress in full possession of all the consequence which authorship gives; and neither state that she treats of trite subjects, nor that she takes very often very erroneous views of them. It is with the better parts of Mad. Domeier's appendix that we shall concern ourselves; and thus intending, we shall commence with an extract, which, whatever her own merits as a traveller may be, evinces a good deal of discrimination in regard to the merits of other tour writers.

"The limits," she tells us, "of the human intellect are such, that the most accomplished traveller will only be able to impart useful information on a certain number of objects which fall in the immediate sphere of his own particular knowledge. Large works, therefore, on foreign countries, discussing a variety of heterogeneous matters, often contain compilations, collected without taste, and opinions, formed without proper judgment. Such works are perhaps more profitable to write than to read; but the worst is, that they tend to widen the breach between different nations. If travellers, therefore, contented themselves with communicating such observations only as their talents and pursuits qualify them to make with correct-

ness and veracity, fewer prejudices would be propagated, and nations would judge each other with more equity."

This is all very true, except that we exceedingly doubt the notion that such laborious productions as are here described, are "more profitable to write than to read."

We believe, that in this respect, the profit is perfectly equal, for O cannot be graduated. Mrs. Duncieir visits Paris, and during a few weeks, runs about to see every thing, just like other folks. But what other folks have generally limited to the benefit of their private friends, reserved to enliven their conversations and lengthen their stories, this more liberal lady has chosen to unlock to the public at large. Now, we will acknowledge after all, that her offence is not heinous; for we consider this to be a fairer course than that of boring us individually, in *propria persona*, with the tales and observations gathered in excursions to Margate or to Paris. A printed encroachment upon our patience can be dismissed at any moment without rudeness; but a *viva voce* communication is a favour not easily got rid of consistently with politeness. And again, we may be sure not to read a tiresome book twice, but we have no security against being obliged to listen to the same dull narration of common place facts and extraordinary nothings half a dozen of times. These arguments are all we can alledge in support of Mad. Domeier's literary labours; and we assure the good-natured world, that it is not without considerable difficulty, that we have found so much to plead for them. At page 19, we read as follows:—

"On Saturday morning I visited some shops in the rue Vivienne, which is the Bond-street of Paris. It seems that the transactions between vender and purchaser are become intricate and difficult of late. Many English travellers, from having been formerly too liberal in their dealings with French tradespeople, who no doubt often abused it, are now verging to an opposite extreme, and for fear of being duped, hardly ever buy any thing without long and tedious bargaining. The French, on their part, regulate their demands accordingly, asking frequently a third more than they intend to take, all which proceedings make shopping laborious in France."

This is a just picture of some of our country people: are the feelings and manners of Britons changing at home and abroad?

Among the spectacles, Mrs. D. went to Mr. Comte's little Theatre. "He is an admirable ventriloquist, and performed some scenes with an invisible neighbour to the great delight of the company, by no means very select. When the curtain was drawn up a second time, a man was seen walking on the ceiling, dressed like a fly, who was called *homme-mouche*. After he had taken some turns backwards and forwards he threw off his disguise, and danced on a rope with his feet upwards, in which awk-

ward position he prepared and ate a plate-full of salad, and drank several glasses of wine. There is no doubt that it must be extremely difficult to go through this evolution; but it had better have been impossible, as Dr. Johnson said of a difficult and unharmonious piece of music."

Our fair informant is somewhat addicted to the fantastical. When gratified, there are no bounds to her admiration. *Ex. gr.*—

"The gardens of the Tuileries, planned by the famous Le Notre, are majestic beyond conception. The imagination may please itself in fancying these strait and long avenues, the limits of which no naked eye can perceive, as being infinite, and thus their regularity is not monotonous, but produces an imposing grandeur."

"At the end of the performance (of the *Misanthrope*) some verses in praise of M. de Molière were thrown from the pit on the stage, with cries addressed to the actors, 'Lisez! lisez!' and on their non-compliance with this peremptory demand, some little disturbance arose in the pit, which was, however, immediately quelled by one of the performers coming forward and saying to the audience, 'Messieurs, nous n'avons pas la permission de lire des écrits qu'on jette sur le théâtre.'"

At the Garden of Plants "one of the enclosures contains eight hundred various species of fruit trees, reared in different parts of France; another, contains four hundred and sixty different plants for domestic uses, and in some parts they have made experiments of uniting different species of trees together, the fruit of which is said to partake of a many different flavours. (!!) With true French humour they have nicknamed one of the plants charlatan, because Pliny, the naturalist, has ascribed to it some qualities which it does not possess."

"On Wednesday morning we saw the Luxembourg, another gorgeous royal palace, the long galleries of which are filled with pictures of ancient and modern artists. French painters seem to excel particularly in perspective, some of their landscapes and views of the interior of palaces and churches, produce a most perfect illusion." (!)

At the French Academy, on the distribution of the Prizes, "The greater part of the literary men then in town were present, and amongst them the venerable Abbé Sicard, the great benefactor of so many human beings. He has greatly improved the Abbé l'Epée's method; but not content with liberal benevolence, he has extended its influence beyond the Atlantic, by lately sending two of his pupils to America, to form an institution there for the instruction of the deaf and dumb. The capacity of these youths was so great, that they learned the English language during the voyage." (! !)

But it is not worth while to multiply these *softeners*; and we shall quote a few observations of a different kind. At Serre, the writer says—

"A magnificent china table was shown us, of large dimensions, destined as a present from the King of France to the Prince Regent of England, his present Majesty, for which

\* Our landlord at Rouen told me, that a foreign gentleman bargained for his cup of coffee before he paid for it.

\* London, 1820. 12mo. pp. 168.

the former paid the sum thirty-six thousand francs."

The following is to us quite a new fashion of dancing:—

"On Saturday evening we went with my obliging friends, the Baron and Baroness de P..., to a ball, at Ranelagh, in the Bois de Boulogne, where about a hundred couples were assembled. It is very strange to see young ladies dance with so little spirit as the French generally do. A friend told me, that it was thought unbecoming and beneath the dignity of a woman of fashion to dance with the spirit and vivacity of an opera dancer. But they go too much into the opposite extreme. After Maria-Antoinette had arrived in France, the higher classes applied particularly to dancing, because the young and gay princess excelled in it. But nobody dances now at court, and this amusement is become obsolete. The lower people, however, less guided by fashion than by their inclinations, like it as much as ever, and their very walking in the streets is a kind of dancing step. Nay, the man who swept my rooms (for men in hotels perform most domestic offices), did it in the following curious manner. He put his feet on two hair brooms, covered with damp house cloths, moving alternately one foot after the other, till he had actually danced away the dust from the floor."

The authoress proceeds in a complimentary way, to draw an infamous character of French female morals, and especially of Parisian:—

"It is remarkable, that the generality of young ladies are not only deficient in animation when dancing, but that they are altogether too serious and grave in society. Several Frenchmen told me that they preferred the conversation of well-bred English ladies to that of their own countrywomen. It has been remarked at all times, that females of the higher ranks in France are too reserved whilst single, and too free in their social intercourse with the other sex after they are married. However that may be, I am far from wishing to invidiate, that conjugal fidelity and domestic happiness are not frequently met with in France, and even in Paris."

As an Epitaph is the last of all things, we shall finish this notice with an Epitaph, which Mad. D. informs us, is visible in the burial grounds of Pere la Chaise.

"Amongst the monumental inscriptions, most of which were simple and unassuming, there was one, however, which struck me as a very absurd conceit. A cock was standing on a tomb with the following inscription: 'Je veille ici, pour vous éveiller le dernier jour du jugement.'"

Henry VIII. and George IV.; or the Case fairly stated. By Thomas Haral. London, 1820, 12mo. pp. 240.

Without entering into the political opinions of Mr. Haral, which are friendly towards the king and his ministers, we notice this publication simply to say that it will be found useful, as containing a constitutional view of the law of divorce, and a his-

torical illustration of prosecutions for adultery, &c.; a concise sketch of the trials of Henry the Eighth's Queens, and a summary of the proceedings in which Queen Caroline has acted so prominent a part since the year 1796. It is subdivided into four parts. The part whence it takes its name is that least skillfully managed; the other parts contain much valuable information at the present time. A very neat frontispiece, with portraits of Henry, Anne Boleyn, George IV. and the Queen, ornaments the volume.

#### THE JESUITS.

*The Emperor Joseph II.'s opinion of the Jesuits.—From a Letter to the Duke de Choiseul, (lately published.)*

I know these people thoroughly; I know all the plans they have accomplished, their endeavours to spread darkness over the earth, and to govern and trouble Europe, from Cape Finisterre to the North Sea. In China they were Mandarins; in France academicians, courtiers, and confessors; in Spain and Portugal the grandes of the kingdom; and in Paraguay kings. Had not my great uncle, Joseph I. become Emperor, we might have seen in Germany, Malagrida, Aveiros, and an attempt at the assassination of a sovereign. But he knew them thoroughly; and when the Sanhedrim of the order once suspected his confessor of honesty, because he showed more attachment to the Emperor than to the Vatican, he was summoned to Rome. He foresaw the cruel fate that awaited him, if he should be obliged to go there, and begged the Emperor to prevent it. Every thing that the monarch did to hinder it was in vain; even the Nuncio, in the name of his court, demanded that he should be removed. Incensed at this despotism of Rome, the Emperor declared, that if this priest must absolutely go to Rome, he should not travel without a numerous escort, for that all the Jesuits in the Austrian dominions should accompany him, and not one of them should ever return. This unexpected, and for those times, uncommonly resolute answer of the Emperor, caused the Jesuits to desist from their purpose.

#### Online and Off-line.

OR AFTER DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Grey Beard.

#### CHAPTER. II.

*Sketch of my uncle Zachary, and Ned the Barber.*

It was amid such originals, and surrounded by such imagery, that my thinking faculties were early diverted to the most interesting reveries, excited by the appearance of comical faces, which declared in vast varieties the genuine English Humourist, and the witchery of imagination created by the appearance of ancient walls, and the interiors of buildings, hoary with decay. Hence I conjured up I know not how many associations of the manners, habits, and customs, of the times before, which urged my curiosity to gather from

all the aged people I could meet, every thing worth knowing of what they had witnessed of the past; so that whilst a boy, I felt acquainted with the characteristics of unsophisticated London for more than half a century; and the humourists, and eccentrics of the days of queen Anne, and George the first, were as familiar to me as though I had lived among them. Indeed I was born a gossip; I was educated among gossips, and up to this moment know no amusement so great as that of sitting round a winter's evening fire, with the remnant of that gossiping fraternity, who, like myself, delight to hold a case about "auld lang sene." Yet it is strange, but not more strange than true, that I had no participant in this penchant for collecting local knowledge of characters and customs of old, for my youthful colleagues were like the boys of the present day, ever restless for something new, when marbles gave way to tops, and tops to kites; these, and rambling in the fields, occupied their gay thoughts, when we were liberated from school.

My speculations and comical turn, as it was called, did not escape observation however, for the demolition of an antiquated building, even before I had attained my eleventh year, was the cause of a melancholy that betrayed itself in my old-fashioned face. The clergyman of our parish, a facetious fat old gentleman, having seen me sketch some jutting gables at the back of St. Anthony Sheerhog, on the morning of the baptism of my sister Jemima, desired me to bring my portfolio, after dining with the family on the day of the ceremony; when pouring me on the subject of antiquity, and finding me more apt perhaps than he imagined, he gave me a queen Anne half-crown, and christened me "Old Mortality." This circumstance most likely, as it was very generally known, gave Sir Walter the hint, for it occurred more than forty years before that bright star of the north was numbered in the glorious constellation of British Poets.

My uncle Zachary, or more properly speaking, my great uncle Zachary, a retired horse milliner, was my first patron, and NED the BARBER, my greatest admirer. Ned to me was an oracle; he was the most complete humourist I have ever known, and no mean antiquary. How he became a common foot soldier I could never learn, for some said he was very well born; but such he had been, and having got a hurt in Flanders, he was discharged, and placed on the out pension list at Chelsea; he moreover had a small annuity from the mother of an officer whom he gallantly saved in the battle at Minden. Ned for all this was but a barber's man, for he was a sot. He was a great breeder of canaries, a tolerable judge of metals, and had a collection of curious prints; it was to him, good-natured soul! I owed several impressions of old St. Paul's cathedral, engraved by Hollar for the interesting work on that gothic structure by "Master William Dugdale."

Ned knew every body, and was an eye

• Sadler's ironmonger.

witness, as it should seem, of every extraordinary event; he was talking with sergeant End of the guards, the moment before young Alout was shot in the cowhouse at Newington Cross, and preserved to his dying day a jacket stained with the blood of that unfortunate youth, being one of those who picked him up. Ned, like most heroes, was humane; at when shaving my great uncle Zachary the morning after the event, and telling the story, his hand trembled so that he could not proceed. Hogarth was there, and listened attentively to the barber's tale. "I have seen many a comrade fall," said Ned, "but nothing ever cut me like this;" and then with a convulsive sob he cut my uncle Zachary on the upper lip: I believe it was partly my uncle's fault, for he was blubbing.

It mostly happens, that a little evil is rendered a great misery, where the feelings of the perpetrator are too sensitive. "Plague take you!" in great passion, said my uncle to the already much afflicted Ned, who was, when not too far gone, if we may credit general report, certainly the most dextrous shaver in the town. Colweb, scraped half, Friar's balsam, and every styptic that could be thought of was applied; blood-stone, and the street door key was put down the back, and all in vain; the wound bled most uncharitably for Ned, and most provokingly for my father, uncle Zachary, Hogarth, and all the party, and it was one o'clock ere they could start for the object of their meeting. For Hogarth had called, by appointment, to walk over London bridge, among the tens of thousands of other curious Londoners, to St. George's Fields to view the spot of this recent catastrophe. Poor Ned skulked away, and I sincerely felt for his chagrin. He called at night after the party had returned, to enquire about my uncle Zachary's lip. "The old citizen heard his voice," Hogarth and the group were talking of Wilkes, with their pipes, over a bowl of punch. "Come in Ned," said my father, looking in my uncle's face, anticipating his kind wishes.—"Come in Ned," and filled him a glass of the fragrant liquor. Ned bowed and drank their healths, and began to stammer his apology for what happened in the morning; but my uncle interrupted him with, "I heartily forgive thee, Ned; it was as much my fault as thine, and I like thee for thy feeling. The truth is, the old gentleman had been mulling to himself all the way back from St. George's Fields, "Poor Ned, it was no fault of his;" and his coming in afforded my uncle relief, for he felt compunctions for his harshness to my old favorite. So whilst Hogarth was asking him some further particulars about young Allen, my good great uncle was wrapping something in a paper which he secretly slipped into Ned's hand, with a whisper, "You will open it carefully." I afterwards learned it was a curiously chased tobacco box; containing a broad

piece. This, the *thoughtless Ned* soon melted; but the *grateful barber* kept the box in memory of my uncle to the last.

#### CHAPTER III.

*Containing some account of the Master and Mistress of Ned the Barber.*

My father had three wigs; two were of the same pattern, with two curls on each side; these were every-day wigs, one of which Ned regularly brought, nicely powdered, every morning when he came to shave master and my uncle; the other he took away to dress; the third was a Sunday wig; this was carried off on the Friday, and returned on Saturday morning. I recollect my father giving orders for a new Sunday one, of the same pattern as that worn by Garrick; and I think I see old "Heck-beck," weaving the caxonawl in his shop up four steps at the corner of the street. This appellation attached to old Bumpstead, called Bump by my father, arose out of his waggish humour, heck-beck being indicative, according to the dubbing of my father's coterie, of a "smock-faced man." For old Bumpstead had no more hair upon his chin than his wife; and it had been matter of wonder if he had. Ned was full of chat; his dry humour was irresistible; Hogarth called him the "Prattling Barber of Baglial". He used to strap his razor an hundred times more than there was occasion for, to prolong his gossip, when he shaved my father's head; whereas, old Bumpstead shaved, and never *spoke out*, and said little more than "Yes, Sir, and no," packed up his razors, covered the soap lather, put the paraphernalia in an old buffette, turned out of the parlour into the kitchen, bent his head, and went away. How many severe jokes did my father cut at old Bump, to the displeasure of my mother, who always pleaded for the unoffending. My father liked the smock-faced Heck-beck and his wife, none the more for being foreigners—French refugees. But what did my manly-hearted sire feel, on hearing, some years afterwards, that the old couple had died within a week of each other, at the poor house of the parish in which they had paid scot and lot forty years, poor, gentle, honest souls! and how his heart smote him on hearing that it was discovered that they were sisters! Ned had died long before; and though it was supposed he opened all his heart to my father, yet this secret the generous barber carried to his grave.

#### CHAPTER IV.

*Gill Stuart and his Aunt Prudence.*

Gill Stuart had a maiden aunt; she was an ancient and wore a narrow hoop, a queue,

and a hood, and might have passed in a glass case for one of the elder Mrs. Salmon's waxen ladies in Westminster Abbey. We used to call her the Scottish silyl. She was a strange being, making it a rule, among other eccentricities, to show herself but once in her life to any male or female friend or acquaintance of the family. It was reported, that she kept a book, and entered the name, place of abode, age, and descriptive physiognomy of those who had been honoured by an interview; and it was a rare accident that admitted a second time to "the presence." I say the presence, for she maintained that she was of the royal house. She was never seen out of doors; and such was her reluctance to strange faces, that the parson of St. Mary le Strand, commonly called the New Church, on being requested to pray by her in an illness that threatened to send her to the grave, the pious man was constrained to read the prayers for the sick in a closet attached to her chamber, with the door ajar; and although she knew he would not see her, yet she had her face rouged preparatory to the interview.

Prudence (Stuart), for that was her christian name, resided in the attic; and her study, museum, and bed room, all on the same floor, were at the back of the old house, commanding an off-skip, bird's-eye view all along St. George's Fields to the ascent leading to the windmill on the top of Nun-head hills, over the red pantile roofs on the Surrey side of the Thames. This, she said, was her rural demesne, which she contemplated *à la distance*, as she did mankind.

Gill, then a boy, a shade older than myself, (who, had he lived longer, might have attained to an almost equal degree of singularity in his way,) was her greatest favourite. Indeed, he did dub her heir, before he was born, provided the embryo should prove a male. Gill, had he been less volatile, was the only one among my playfellows who gave promise of becoming an antiquary. He sometimes brought me information of a "new old building," as he called it, that had eluded my research, which he had discovered in his rambles, and which he would never have noticed but for his cronic Ephraim. Gill was one of those good-natured, and kindly officious fellows, that willingly lent a knee finder's nose, but was too idle to pursue the game. He had the least portion of selfishness that ever was doled out to man, although, like "Tam O' Lyn," he was a "Scotsman born."

Worthy Gill, most persevering in all good offices for his friends, could never be roused to do any mighty matter for himself. The life and soul of his regiment, the money-lender to every good hearted comrade of the mess, keeping no book of principal or interest, never in debt, sober, brave as a lion, the sarcastic scourge of duellists, and the chosen umpire by both sides in all disputes. Even the rebel soldiers, who knew his virtues, after uttering a few oaths and prayers, said he was too good a fellow to fill an American grave so soon, when at the close of the battle of \*\*\*\*\* they laid him respectfully wrapped in his sash, under the blood stained sod. Yes, worthy Gill! old as I am,

† The unfortunate son of a cow-keeper, who was unintentionally shot by a detachment of the guards, during the memorable riots occasioned by Mr. Wilkes being sent to the King's Bench prison in the year 1762.

‡ The curiously wrought piuch-beck tobacco

should I find that "I am read," my next work shall be devoted to his biography.

Gill had no rest until he had brought about an acquaintance with aunt Pru; for so he called her, and myself; he was a confident dog, and assumed the manners and phraseology of One even a wit too, who had lived much longer and seen more of life. But he had by nature the largest stock of *bien decir*, and the least of *mauvaise honte*, of any youngster in our parish, which was not lacking of population; in fact, he did every thing like a man.

"You must know my aunt, old Ephraim," said the saucy Gill, "for I know you were designed for each other." Now I had then not entered my "teens," and she might have added my years to fifty, and been yet *under age*. She looked even ten more than that. Gill succeeded, and she was a *host* of information; chapter and verse, she could with little rummaging of her brain, point to the local history of the oddities of that age, from Charing Cross west, to Cornhill east, and nearly fill up the transept from old Somerset House south, to Montague House north: Old Tabby as she was to others, she was a very "Tablet of Memory" to me.

Prudence Stuart was a great prognosticator; but her pre-knowledge was mingled, rather strongly too, with her pre-judices; and her fore-tellings, were sometimes *bitter* forebodings, when the parties were *not to her taste*. I had the "good hap" to be only second to Gill in her good graces, and so she cast my Fortune. It is but doing her justice to her memory however, to say, that she comprehended Old Lilly; knew how to construct all the houses, quarters, crannies, and crinkum crankums of a horoscope; and was as well acquainted with the intentions of the Fates, as though she had been the fourth daughter of the father and mother of that "skin and grief," sisterhood. She knew the secrets of the Planets almost as well as the age wight, our worthy contemporary I\*\*\* V\*\*\*, although the *scouring* Georgium Sidus, had not then shed its portentous light, to illuminate such mystical speculators.

Several of Prudence Stuart's foretellings have suited to a T; some are yet unaccomplished, but among others she wrote upon the aforementioned horoscope, which she folded up in the form of an Asiatic puzzle, and sent to my mother—That "I was cut out for the *chair* of a learned body." My mother received this very courteously, though she never was gratified by a sight of "Aunt Pru." My father, who had any day rather been ferried over the Styx than the Tweed, and moreover not being very ceremonious in his phrase, called her a "Scotch canting painted old Jesabel," and swore "she had dealings with the devil." My mother, on the contrary, though not at all in the spirit of contradiction, thought her a very extraordinary person, and regarded her none the less for being a Stuart. Indeed the two ladies professed a great respect for each other. Prudence had heard nought but "good report" of the matron, whilst the matron, on her part, esteemed aunt Pru, because she heard she was pious, and ordered

coals to be sent to her distressed neighbours in frost and snow.

*Errata*.—In last No. p. 613, l. 21 of the second col. For soldier, sailor, and mariner, read, soldier, sailor, and marine. Also (l. 7.) for connoisseur character, read, connoisseur of character.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A CONCISE VIEW OF THE INCONSTANCY OF THE CLERGY ANTERIOR TO THE REFORMATION.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—The subject of which I am about to treat is I confess singular, but I hope, on that account, not the less interesting to many of your literary readers. The want of a sufficiently uninterrupted series of materials will prevent me from presenting them with so regular a view of it as I could wish; but still the loose fragments (rather I must confess, a "rudis indigestaque moles," here collected, will exhibit a tolerably correct idea of those excesses and indiscretions which eventually proved one of the principal instruments of depriving the clergy of their power, and reducing them to a state of indigence and poverty. It is undoubtedly astonishing, that the Ecclesiastics should have yielded so much to the frequency of this vice, when it was usual to chain up in their religious houses, books inculcating a directly opposite line of conduct, and containing tales calculated, as one might have supposed, to warn them against its indulgence; but alas! Monachism, as an ingenious writer\* has justly remarked, was an institution founded on the first principles of religious virtue wrongly understood and wrongly directed. As soon as its duties became mechanical operations, the work was performed and the principle disregarded; while the heart left open to the world, was constantly prompting those aberrations, which naturally result from the opposition of sentiment to duty.

*Gildas*, who wrote about the year 565, has left behind him the following description of the clergy at that period. "Sacerdotes habet Britannia, sed insipientes: quamplurimos ministrans, sed imprudentes: clericos, sed raptores subdolos: postores, (ut dicuntur) sed occasione animarum lupos paratos: (quippe non commoda plebi providentes, sed proprii plenitudinem ventris querentes.) Ecclesie domus habentes, sed turpis lueri gratia eas aduentes: populos docentes, sed præbendo *paucissima exempla vitæ, multoque moribus præcepta Christi spernentes, et sua libidine votis omnibus implere curantes, &c. &c.*" This invective against them he continues through fifteen pages. It is supposed, by Dr. Henry, in his History of England I, that the Anglo Saxons who settled in this country, A.D. 449, were on their first arrival particularly chaste, a virtue they were supposed to have inherited from their ancestors the

Germans; but that the imprudent zeal of the clergy in attempting to carry this virtue to a greater height than the laws of nature or the good of society would admit, produced a bad effect on the manners of that people, especially on the behaviour of the Ecclesiastics. *Keafrit*, Earl of Mercia, in a donation to the Abbot *Aldelmus*, in 680, thus writes on the depraved and corrupt state of the country. "Fortuna fallentis seculi proci non facteo immarcescibilium liliorum candore amabili, sed felicitate vitandæ corruptionis amaritudinis odibilis, filios in valle lachrymarum fæstentes carnis rictibus venenosus mordaciter dilacerat, quæ quamvis aridissimo sit in felicitibus attractabilis, Ache-ronis tamen ad unâ Cocytus insitus alti sulci-veniat boantis Impudenter est delevit §. The same words are repeated in a grant to the Monastery of Meldun, by King Athelstan, A.D. 938. In reading, however, the chronicles of the monks, we rarely find them implicate any of their own profession in these unchaste proceedings, but inveigh merely against the laity. Thus the faults of an Edgar and an Edwy are astonishingly magnified; while St. Dunstan, St. Winifred, St. Edmund, and a thousand others, are held up as shining models for imitation, and described as scourging themselves with thorns, rolling in the snow, &c. &c., in order to escape the libidinous attacks of the devil. One of the exploits of St. Edmund, is very curiously related in a MS. of The lives of the Saints, from which it appears, that he was even from his childhood inclined to piety and virtue, and a bitter enemy to every description of lewdness. As it is not very long, I shall insert it for the amusement of your readers. It describes the manner in which he treated the daughter of his hostess, who was in love with him:—

His ostesse had a douter, & ther he was at lene,  
That lounde moche this holi childe, gef þ he hit migte winne.  
Heo ð ne kothæ nether non other wit; heo ð fouteðe for to do  
Folic nig and dai, gef heo migte bringe him ther to,  
Heo ð had him, that heo ð moste anigt to his bedde ð wende.  
This holi man ð ne wernede hure nogt, ac duede ase thende.  
Heo was glad inow, for k er heo hadde wel ofte,  
A nig ð the heo sei hure time, to his bedde heo com wel softe.  
Hure clothes heo duede of swon, as rigt is of bedde,  
And naked hure made to crepe in, ac ð felliche hure speelde,  
For Seint Edmund hadde a smarte ð gerd; this woman ð adon he bredde  
And leide yþ on hure naked bodi, that þ heo in awaude,  
He ð ne sparde rig ne side nether, er heo to gronde bledde,

§ Guiliel. Malmes. de Pontif. p. 345.

a Where. b She. c Get. d Neither spoke of neither any other knew. e Tried. f Desired. g Might one night. h Go. i Did not deny her at all, but did as the kind. k Before. l When she saw her. m Freely. n Rod. o Down he threw. p She was made in. q Neither opened

\* Rev. T. D. Fosbrooke.

† Epist. Gild. ap. Gale. p. 23.

‡ Vol. 4.—Vid. also Wilkins Concil. tom. i. p. 118, &c.

Queinche heo migte hure foule thoght mid blode  
that heo ⁊ schadde.

And eare seide this holi man, as heo leide on  
hure faste,

"Maide, thou schalt! I leai thus, awei forto  
caste

The folle of this bodi fleach, with such  
discipline.

He thoghte ⁊ life of ful thoght, er this gondeman  
would ⁊ fine.

This wenche ⁊ wende agen softe, hure ⁊ rug  
smerte sore.

He bi gat so lite tho, that hure ⁊ ne longede  
thuder na more.

Cleue woman heo bi com, with oste fleches  
dece,

And cleue maide ⁊ sulthe deide, as oure  
schrifflader seide.

Thus maidenes that beoth wilful, foli for  
to do,

Ich wolde ⁊, be fonde such a lemmann, that hem  
wolde ⁊ chasti so.

Hearne has inserted these lines in his Glossary to the Chronicles of *Peter Langtoft*, from which I have taken them. From the frequent precepts and reprimands however given to the Ecclesiastics, and the numberless canons made against unchasteness, we may readily conclude, that the clergy were far from imitating the conduct of St. Edmund; but on the contrary, gave themselves up to the indulgence of this vice. Thus, *Pope Sergius*, at the end of the seventh century, in an injunction to the monks of Meldun, writes: "Hortamur vos in Dei laudibus et orationibus studiosi, atque per vigiles abstinentie, castitumque purificationis tenaciter inhaerentes; et a little lower down adds, "innuatiolatos vos non solum de cogitatione carnali, sed etiam a sermonibus noxiis et cogitationibus custodire, ut castitatem atque sobrietatem corporis simul et spiritus vestri, ante Dei oculos luceat," &c. Aldebrand likewise makes use of these words to St. Wilfrid. "Posco, ut nequaquam prostibula lupanarium nugas in quibus pompulenta prostituta delitescunt, lenocinante luxu adeas;" and, moreover, advises him to refrain from reading; "lascia potarum carmina." Bede tells us, that the Abbess of Walton Monastery, in John Beverley's time, had a carnal daughter, who was a nun of that house; and we learn from some old rhymes of *Abbot Malvern*, that the "Clarks" of Gloucester were banished by Canute on account of their vicious living. The Anglo Saxon laws against fornication and adultery were very severe; but the only persons who suffered by them were the laity, the clergy always contriving to escape the penalties.

back nor side neither, ere she to ground. With  
⁊ shed. ⁊ Learn. ⁊ Foul. ⁊ Little of foul.  
⁊ End. ⁊ Went. ⁊ Back. ⁊ She got. ⁊ Longed  
not to go thither any more. ⁊ Afterwards died.  
⁊ Confessor said. ⁊ Be. ⁊ They found. ⁊ Chastity.

I refer such of your readers as may be desirous of being acquainted with the penalties attached to fornication, rape, and adultery, by the Anglo Saxons, to the laws of Alfred, B. 11, 10, 25, 29. Canute, 24, 49. Edm. 4. Edgar, 34, 25, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36. Ethelred, 4. Concl. Bebrand, 4, 8. Northumb. Presbyt. Leg. 63. Ethelric, 10, 11, 12, 14, 16, 81, 82, 83, &c. &c. &c.

The distinction observed between the laity and ecclesiastics is singularly marked in the series of questions put to Pope Gregory by Austin, in 601; the XIVth. of which was, "May a man after an impure dream receive the communion, or if he be a priest administer it?" After some deliberation, his holiness replied, that a man in the case mentioned ought not to communicate, but a priest might! By a canon of the synod of Berghamsted, held 697, under Withard King of Kent, adultery is punished by penances, and if the offender be obstinate, by excommunication. At the council of Calcuth held in 785, a canon was made, that bastards, particularly the children of nuns, should be incapable of inheriting. In a like council of both orders, held by King Edmund at London, in 944, one of the canons ordained, that unchasteness with a nun, should be on equal crime with adultery, and subjected to the same penalties. And in the reign of Canute, the compensation for a rape on a nun was as high as murder, besides deprivation of Christian burial.

The character of the clergy about the year 1065, may be pretty correctly ascertained from the writings of one of their own class; who relates, that King Edward, in this year falling sick, saw a vision, wherein appeared to him two holy men, who told him, that "primores Anglie, Duces, Episcopi, Abbates, non sunt ministri Dei, sed Diaboli &c."

Indeed the ordinary tenor of the monks proceedings may be learnt from the following verses, written at the beginning of the 12th century; wherein the author having reproved their indolence, gluttony, &c. thus alludes to their unchastity.

An other abbate is ther bi  
For soe a great nunnerie;  
Up a river of sweet milk,  
Whar is plenty gret of silk.  
When the summeris day is hote,  
The young nunnas takith a bote,  
And doth ben forth in that river,  
Both with oris, and with stere:  
When hi buth far from the abbei  
Hi maketh him naked for to plet,  
And leith dune into the brince,  
And doth him sleilich for to swimme;  
The yung monkes that hi seith,  
Hi doth ham up, and forth he fleeth,  
And comith to the nunnas anon,  
And each monk him takith on,  
And smellich berith forth har prei,  
To the mochel gret abbal, &c. &c. &c.

Pope Honorius II. having appointed John de Crema as his legate in England, he accordingly presided in a council held on September the 9th, A.D. 1126, when one

• Rapin.Hist. Eng. vol. i. p. 78.  
• Spel. Concil. vol. i. p. 291.  
• Ibid. 420. • Higd. Polychron. p. 284.  
• Wart. Hist. Eng. Poet. p. 11. Hicke.  
Thes. tom. i. pp. 132, 133.

• What follows is too distinct and broad for our pages. Ed. The quotation thus concludes.

And think monk that clepeth best,  
And doth is likam all to rest,  
Of him is hope, God hit wote,  
To be some vader Abbot."

of the regulations was, that the clergy should keep no women in their houses, except their sisters, aunts, or those of whom there could be no suspicion; but that very night after the council had broken up, the legate, who had declined with great warmth in honour of immaculateness, and inveighed with no less vehemence against the horrid impurity of married clergy, was actually caught in bed with a "frail fair one;" and his detection was so public, that being unable to shew his face openly any more, he sneaked out of England with the greatest secrecy and precipitation. *Walter de Mapes*, the facetious archdeacon of Oxford, and chaplain to Henry II., wrote a satire on *Pope Innocent*, in defence of the marriage of the clergy; the following is an extract from it.

O quam dolor anxius, quam tormentum grave,  
Nobis est dimittere quoniam est suave!  
O flomane Pontifex, statuat prave,  
Ne in tanto crimine mortuam, cave.  
Non est Innocentius, innoce neres,  
Qui quid facit ducit, studet aboleri.  
Et quod olim Juvencus voluit habere,  
Modo vixque Pontifex vult probare.

Gignere precepit vetus Testamentum,  
Ubi Novum prohibet ausquam esse inventum.  
Dedit enim Dominus maledictionem:  
Viro, qui non fecerit generationem;  
Ergo tibi consulo per hanc rationem,  
Gignere, ut habbas benedictionem.

And he concludes thus:—

Ecce jam pro clericali munus allegavi,  
Nec non pro Presbyterii plura comprobavi.  
Pater Noster nunc pro me quoniam peccavi,  
Dicat quisque Presbyter cum aliis nunci.

King John during his reign, we are informed, was so enraged at the interdict which he compelled every priest's concubine to pay a grievous fine.

At a synod held at Oxford, by Cardinal Langton, A.D. 1222; the 28th canon prohibits clergymen to keep concubines publicly in their own houses, or to resort to them in other places, so openly as to occasion scandal. And at another synod, held at Canterbury by the same Cardinal in the same year, three men were condemned; one of whom was a deacon, who, to marry a Jewish woman, had actually circumcised himself. At a council held also in London, A.D. 1237, by Cardinal Otho, the 16th rule is against priests keeping concubines; and again, at one assembled at Reading, under Archbishop Peckham, in 1279, the same canon is repeated; so that we may easily conclude what little effect they had in correcting and preventing this vice.

(To be continued.)

• Spelm. Concil. tom. 2. p. 34.  
• Hen. Hunt. lib. 7. p. 219. R. Hornden, p. 274. H. Keyghiton, col. 2382, &c.  
• Camd. Reim. pp. 334, 335. Golden Fleece. 1622. 4to. p. 67.  
• Wilkins Concil. tom. i. p. 590. • Ibid.  
• Spelm. Concil. tom. ii. p. 218. Wilk. Conc. tom. i. p. 649.  
• Spel. Concil. tom. ii. p. 340.

## To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir.—If the following observations be thought sufficiently interesting to your readers to deserve a place in the Literary Gazette, they are much at your service.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Sir William Drummond, in his *PEPI TON* (OIKIOE, (vide the Classical Journal, vol. 16, p. 89 to 95,) doubts if *Duld Karnien*, means Alexander the Great. I have no hesitation in declaring, without apprehension of contradiction, that there is not *any doubt* but this is the term by which that conqueror was and is designated, in the language of the sons of Israel. (Arabic.)

There appears, however, to be a mistake in Sir William's orthography, as the Arabic words are *Bû el Karnien*, which literally translated, signify the father of two horns, in allusion to his power and conquests in the east and in the west. The term horn, in the East, and in Africa, is emblematic of power.

## THE EGYPTIAN CUBIT.

Sir William Drummond in his learned dissertation in the sciences of the Egyptians and Chaldeans, discusses the various opinions of the learned men of Europe, respecting the exact length of the Egyptian cubit. Sir William, in that dissertation, which is inserted in the Classical Journal, vol. 16, p. 270, says, the Egyptian cubit called *Arde*, is estimated by Bishop Cumberland at 21  $\frac{1}{2}$  English inches; by Freret at 20  $\frac{3}{4}$  French inches, by D'Anville, at 19 French inches and 8 or 9 lines: but all these calculations are erroneous; for having resolved upwards of sixteen years in Africa as a merchant, where only the Egyptian cubit is used as a measure, I can assert from my own knowledge, that the Egyptian cubit, of which Sir William speaks, is exactly 20  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches English measure: and that seven Egyptian cubits make exactly four English yards.

## MATAMORES.

In my travels in Africa, annexed to Shabeny's account of Timbuctoo and Iousa, reviewed by you in the 171st and in the 178th number of the Literary Gazette, I have committed a considerable error; for in page 339 of that work, I have used the term *matifers*, when speaking of *matamores*, the first being a reservoir for water, the latter for corn. A description of the latter will be found in the note, page 195 of that work. I do not know how I can better apologize to a liberal public for this blunder, than through your intelligent vehicle of literary intelligence. A long period has elapsed since I was a resident in Africa, and time destroys all things; our memories are frail and treacherous, and we lose much for want of a record. I am, Sir, &c.

JAMES G. JACKSON.

22d. Sept. 1820

## TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

## To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir.—The character of Caleb Balderstone, in the *Bridal of Lammermuir*, has been objected to by many, as being overstrained; and it has been alleged by the Edinburgh

Review, that he belongs more to the Italian school of burlesque, than to that of humorous delineation of genuine character. With these objectors and critics, I confess I do not agree. Old Caleb appears to me, to be a very fair portraiture of an attached old servant to a falling house, with the fortunes of which he has completely identified himself. I am confident, that in every-day life, instances may be found of servants concealing the poverty of their masters as zealously, scheming as assiduously, and lying as earnestly, as the last retainer of the house of Ravenswood. He is, in fact, but the lying valet of an upper order, a more subtle wit, and a more chivalrous dog, than Sharp in Garrick's (if it be Garrick's) farce. I believe, if his artifices were fairly examined, it would be found, that there is not one of them which has not been resorted to by these desperate defenders of family honour these "faithful servants to their master, and rogues to all the world beside."

None, for example, of all the expedients of Caleb, is more extravagant than the burning, or pretending to burn his master's castle, to avoid giving a reception to the Marquis. And yet we find that poverty actually, in real life, compelled a nobleman of the sister kingdom to have recourse to a similar stratagem. As the story is curious, I shall transcribe it from Smith's History of Cork, vol. i. p. 151. There certainly is a difference between the stories; but what was projected in Ireland, might, without much stretch of fancy, be conceived to be done in Scotland; and I believe the reader will confess, that the activity of the steward of Mogeely bears some similarity to the desperate fidelity of the old domestic of Wolsolope. "On the banks of the Bride, are the ruins of several of Desmond's castles. Nogelly, two miles W. of Tallow, was a principal seat of the Earl himself. It takes its name from the parish church, which in old Irish was named *Moidhealladh*, i. e. the church of the vow. At this castle, resided Thomas, the great Earl of Desmond who had a favourite steward, that often took very great liberties with his lord; and by his permission, tyrannized over the earl's tenants, equally with his master. This steward, unknown to the earl, gave an invitation in his lord's name to a great number of chiefs of Munster, with their followers, to come and spend a month at this castle. The invitation was accepted, and crowds of gentlemen flocked in, to the great surprise of Desmond, who began to be alarmed lest sufficient provisions should not be found for such a number of guests. They had not stayed many days, when provisions in reality began to fail, and at last, the earl's domestics informed him, that they could not furnish out a dinner for the next day. The earl was in a great strait, and knew not what to do, for his pride could not brook to let his guests know any thing of the matter; besides his favourite steward, who used to help him in such difficulties, was absent. At length, he thought of a stratagem to save his credit; and inviting all his company to hunt next morning, ordered his servants to set fire to

the castle as soon as they were gone, and pretend it was done by accident. The earl and his company hunted all the forenoon; and from the rising grounds, he every moment expected with a heavy heart, to see Mogeely in a flame. At length, about dinner time, to his great surprise, his favourite steward arrived, mounted upon a fresh horse, whom the steward, I presume, not the horse) the earl threatened severely for being so long absent at such a juncture. The steward told him he arrived just time enough at the castle to prevent his orders from being executed; and farther, that he had brought a large prey of corn and cattle, sufficient to sustain him and his company for some months; which news not a little rejoiced the earl, who returned with his guests to the castle, where they found sufficient plenty of every thing they wanted."

The *rustic* in the tale is transferred from the master to the man; and justly, for it would not be consistent with the high honour of Ravenswood; but I should not be astonished if this story gave the first idea of the burning of the castle. The steward's behaviour at the end of the adventure at Mogeely, is quite à la Balderstone. I am, Sir,

Sept. 16, 1820. Yours, &c.,  
Middleton, Co. Cork. G. S.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, ON THE 7TH SEPTEMBER.

[Extracts from various Communications.]

*Manchester Observatory, Sept. 9th.*—The very remarkable solar eclipse of the 7th instant, could only be observed here at intervals, the sky being at times covered with clouds. The commencement was wholly lost, and a pretty thick cloud passing over at the end, that moment could only be estimated: the subsequent statement is therefore not certain within a few seconds. On the other hand, the observation of the two principal moments, the formation and the disappearance of the solar ring, was very good, because the sun was entirely free from clouds during the whole time of its annular appearance.

The following are the moments of these three phases, as noted in the Grand Duke's Observatory here. First internal contact of the edges, at 2<sup>h</sup> 37' 37<sup>s</sup>.8 true time; second internal contact of the edges, 2<sup>h</sup> 42' 32<sup>s</sup>.0 true time; end of the whole eclipse, 4<sup>h</sup> 0' 50" nearly. These data coincide very accurately with those we before gave. The formation of the solar ring took place in a very remarkable manner. The extremely narrow annulus seemed, about a second before the ring was completely formed, to be interrupted in some places, and the separate parts then ran in a moment into one another, like two globules of water or quicksilver, that are very near together. The cause of this appearance is, doubtless, to be sought in the great inequalities in the moon's edge; the more level parts of which suffered the sun's light to appear, while the more elevated parts interrupted it. Indeed, during the whole eclipse, several lofty mountains on the moon's edge, particularly on the



southern part, were plainly to be distinguished. A similar phenomenon took place also, at the disappearance of the annulus; for it parted not in one place, but in several at the same time; so that for a moment the fine thread of light seemed to be broken into several parts. Nothing was perceived of any phenomenon, the cause of which might be looked for in the lunar atmosphere. The thermometer and barometer were observed several times during the eclipse. The thermometer was from 1 till 2 o'clock, at 15°·3; towards 3, a little after the middle of the eclipse, it fell to 13°·8; and about 4, at the end of the eclipse, it rose again to 15°·1. This small difference of one degree and a half leaves it uncertain whether it is to be ascribed to the eclipse. The barometer stood from 1 to 3 o'clock, at 28 inches 0·6 lines; in the hour from 3 to 4, it rose to 28 inches 0·9 lines. About the middle of the eclipse, there was a sensible diminution of the daylight, which if the sky had been entirely clouded, would doubtless have been considerable. The sun was wholly free from spots.

*Augsburgh*, 10th Sept.—We were unable to observe here with perfect accuracy the beginning of the remarkable eclipse on the 7th, on account of the passing clouds, which after half past 12 o'clock seemed to hinder all observation. From 34 minutes past 1 till 38 minutes past 3, we were able to make accurate observations, though frequently interrupted by clouds; after which, the sky was entirely covered with clouds, so that no observation could be made of the end of the phenomenon. For the present, we subjoin only some of the many observations of the Rev. Mr. Stark. At 2<sup>h</sup> 28<sup>m</sup> the moon appeared to be of a dark copper colour; at 2<sup>h</sup> 30<sup>m</sup> 31<sup>sec</sup> the chord between the tips of the horns, caused by the interposition of the moon, amounted to 29<sup>m</sup> 57<sup>sec</sup> and 7 tenths, in parts of the sun's diameter. From the time of the closing till that of the opening of the ring, formed by the entrance of the whole moon within the sun's disc, there passed 5<sup>m</sup> 47<sup>sec</sup> and a half; at the interesting moment of the central eclipse, objects on the earth appeared of a yellow colour, inclining to violet: Reaumur's thermometer fell 34 degrees, and the manometer indicated  $\frac{1}{4}$  French grains less porosity: a large burning glass produced combustion at the time of the central eclipse.

*Frankfort, on the Maine*, 11th September.—The following are the results of the observations made by Mr. Ulrich, architect, of this city, with several friends of astronomy, upon the solar eclipse on the 7th instant, with two very good instruments; viz. an achromatic telescope by Wilson, and a reflecting telescope by Hurter.

1st. The beginning of the eclipse, the edge of the moon apparently coming in contact with the edge of the sun, was at 1<sup>h</sup> 14' 14" P. M. true time, at Frankfort. 2d. At 1<sup>h</sup> 59' 14" the moon covered 6 inches of the sun's diameter; and at 2<sup>h</sup> 36' 44" it covered 11 inches; therefore, the moon advanced one inch on the sun's diameter in 7' 30". 3d. At 2<sup>h</sup> 37' 29" the tips of

the horns joined on the sun's north-west limb, and the ring was formed: and at 2<sup>h</sup> 43' 49", the tips of the horns parted, the moon breaking through the ring: the annular duration of the eclipse was, therefore, 5' 35<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>, and the middle of the whole eclipse was at 2<sup>h</sup> 40' 16<sup>5</sup>/<sub>2</sub>". The ring was now about 36<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>" broad, on the sun's lower limb, and 16<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>" broad on the sun's upper limb. 4th. Inequalities on the moon's edge were very distinguishable; and when the tips of the horns were about 10" asunder, two lighter points appeared at this place, which quickly joined and united with the tips of the horns. 5th. When 9 inches of the sun's diameter were eclipsed, a burning glass would not set fire to tinder or touchwood, and the warmth in the focus was scarcely perceptible on the hand. 6th. The daylight diminished, and the shadows of objects grow faint. The diminution of the temperature of the air, from the western side, was also very considerable. 7th. When the moon broke through the ring, the sun was covered with clouds, so that the end of the eclipse could not be observed; but, according to the above data, it must have been at 4<sup>h</sup> 6' 19<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>" and consequently, the whole duration of the eclipse was 2<sup>h</sup> 52' 5".

*Bamberg*, 9 September.—At 2<sup>h</sup> 40' the disc of the sun was almost wholly covered by the moon, but the ring was not yet quite formed. This appearance lasted but two minutes, the sun being immediately covered again with thick clouds. At Wurtzburg, the ring was plainly seen at 2<sup>h</sup> 30' with the naked eye; the beams of the sun being rendered fainter by the interposition of thin clouds. Both the light and the temperature of the air were sensibly diminished.

*Munich*, 10 September.—At the Observatory of Munich, the only one where the eclipse of 7 September was to be seen perfectly central, the observation was very imperfect, on account of the cloudy sky. The only part that was accurately observed was the first internal contact, or the moment of the formation of the ring. This was at 13<sup>h</sup> 59' 36<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>" sidereal time, or 2<sup>h</sup> 53' 23<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>" mean time. The final closing of the ring took place with the rapidity of lightning. There was no indication of a lunar atmosphere: the points of the horns, and the profile of the lunar mountains on the edge, appeared almost incredibly clear and defined.

In the middle of the city of Munich, about 65 Bavarian feet above the surface of the river Isar, the following observations were made. At 1<sup>h</sup> 27', the thermometer was at 14°; the barometer, 26 inches 7·7 lines: at 2<sup>h</sup> 56', therm. 13°; barom. 26 inches 7·7 lines: at 4<sup>h</sup> 16', therm. 12°·9; barom. 26 inches 7·9 lines. The wind was constantly north, and clouds passing. At 2<sup>h</sup> 45' the light was sensibly diminished.

*Stuttgart*.—The sun was visible only at intervals through the passing clouds. The beginning of the eclipse was hidden by a cloud; but soon after, i. e. at 1<sup>h</sup> 17' 30", a small segment of the sun was seen to be obscured. A cloud also hindered us from observing the first moment of the formation of the ring. The middle of the annular ap-

pearance was estimated at between 2<sup>h</sup> 44' to 45'; the end of the annular appearance was observed through thin clouds at 2<sup>h</sup> 47'. The eclipse ended at 5<sup>h</sup> 5' and a few seconds. The appearance of the ring was very interesting, even to the naked eye, the sun being more or less veiled by clouds. At the middle of the eclipse, many spectators thought they observed a sensible though small diminution of the light, which did not seem to be entirely the effect of the clouded sky, and an uncommonly gloomy appearance of terrestrial objects.

*Strasbourg*.—The clouds dispersed about the middle of the eclipse, so that it could be accurately observed. Here too it was annular. The annular appearance lasted only from 2<sup>h</sup> 37' to 2<sup>h</sup> 39' 4". Thin clouds afterwards passed over the sun, but without impeding the observation. The diminution of the daylight was sensible. When the eclipse was at the height, it seemed as if the full moon shone; no stars were visible, only Venus was seen in the horizon.

*Berlin*.—Clouds hindered any observation of the beginning of the eclipse, and they did not disperse so as to shew the sun, till 1<sup>h</sup> 45'. Clouds frequently crossed afterwards. At the middle of the eclipse, the daylight was sensibly fainter, and the almost annular appearance of the sun, was an extremely interesting sight through thin clouds. As far as the state of the atmosphere allowed, the necessary observations were made at the Observatory.

*Hamburg*.—The sky being covered with clouds, continually interrupted the observation. The sky was sensibly obscured.

*Holland*.—The eclipse was observed at Leyden, by Mr. Ekama; beginning, 0<sup>h</sup> 43' 51"; end, 3<sup>h</sup> 34' 59".

*Utrecht*, by Mr. Schroeder; beginning, 0<sup>h</sup> 48' 50"; end, 3<sup>h</sup> 37' 48".

*Breda*, by Mr. Nahuys; beginning, 0<sup>h</sup> 49' 54"; end, 3<sup>h</sup> 38', true time (calculated according to an accurately drawn meridian).

Messrs. Ekama and Nahuys, observed the planet Venus west of the sun, at the time of the greatest obscuration.

Mr. Ekama observed, that the ends of the illuminated horns were not exactly defined, and so in steady, that it was difficult to measure their distance, as they were joined by a thread of light, and the whole not distinctly bounded.

At Utrecht, Fahrenheit's thermometer fell during the eclipse, from 68<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>° to 64°; at Groningen, from 67° to 62°. Professor L'illens remarked, that this eclipse had no effect on the poultry and wild pigeons, but that the bees assembled in their hives, as they do towards evening. It was also remarked, that during the eclipse some flowers closed, and opened again as it passed off.

Rome 26th August.

*Progress of Science*.—About seven or eight months ago, Mr. Settele, Professor of Astronomy to the Academy della Sapienza, laid before the Maestro del sacro Palazzo, the manuscript of his course of lectures, to obtain leave to print it. This was refused, because Settele taught the motion of the

earth round the sun, a doctrine which is known to be condemned by the Court of Rome, and for broaching which Galileo was thrown into prison. Application was therefore made to the Inquisition, to solicit a decision conformable to the present state of the sciences. The holy office gave its decision a few days ago, and permitted the publication of the above named work, as well as the public teaching of the Copernican system. But Mr. Settele is in a note commanded to remark, "in conformity with the truth," that it cannot appear surprising that Galileo's theory experienced opposition at a time when it was still new, and by no means generally adopted; and that the persecution which Galileo suffered, was to be attributed more to his conduct, and to the improper language which he used, than to the system which he attempted to prove.

## BOTANY.

Communicated by Mr. Phillips.

The ash-tree, which is this year unusually full of fruit or seeds, commonly called keys, will be found worthy the attention of those who are fond of the curiosities of nature. The pod of the fruit is in shape like a bird's tongue, having only one cell that contains a seed of the same shape. By opening the pod carefully with a pen-knife, the umbilical cord will be found running from the stalk to the upper-end of the fruit, where it enters to convey the nourishment to the germ, which (on opening from the reverse end,) will be found the future tree, so formed both in trunk and leaves, as not even to require the assistance of magnifiers to see the perfect plant. I am not aware of any other kernel that affords so distinct a resemblance of its parent; or that this circumstance has been noticed to the public in any work.

**NEW INVENTION OF LE BATEAU ROULANT.**—Some trials of a boat on a new construction have lately been made at Paris. In the second trial, the inventor placed himself with his apparatus below the platform of the Pont Neuf. He set out from this point at ten minutes before ten, having on board Mr. Dacheux, an experienced mariner, who took charge of the helm. Messrs. Marlet and Thibault, inspectors of the navigation, followed in another boat, to observe the operations. In twenty minutes at the utmost, he proceeded beyond the Pont Royal, after having passed and repassed under the arches, and landed opposite the Quay d'Orsay. There he made his land apparatus act, and roll the boat to the School of Navigation, which was the end of his expedition.

The author of this ingenious discovery wished to prove, that by the aid of his machine, we may with equal ease roll on land and navigate on water, without the aid of the wind, or even of ordinary oars; and that the motions on both elements are neither interrupted, nor the velocity impeded. The whole secret lies in the moving power which makes it act, and remains constantly the same, except that the hinder wheel becomes the rudder when the boat is in the water.

You may go with the wind favourable or against you; tack, ascend, or descend a river, at pleasure. The author asserts, that with a small decked vessel of this kind, it would be possible in calm weather to cross the channel rapidly, without fear of being overtaken by any boat.—*Foreign Journals.*

## FRENCH SOCIETY OF NATIONAL INDUSTRY.

At a late general meeting of the above society, the prizes proposed for this year were distributed. Count De Lasteyrie presided. A prize of 1,200 francs was presented to M. Chevanard, and 1,000 francs to M. Galteaux, for improvements in the manufacture of carpets. Gold medals were also awarded to M. M. Appert of Paris, and Quinton of Bordeaux, for their plans for the preservation of food.

The following new prizes were proposed:—

1st. 2,506 francs for a machine to polish optical glasses.

This prize will be delivered in 1821.

2d. 1,500 francs for the manufacture of bars of copper for the use of gold-wire drawers. This prize to be delivered in 1822.

3d. A prize of 3,000 francs for the manufacture of paper from mulberry leaves; to be awarded in 1824.

## LITERATURE &amp; LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir.—The following singular piece of Bibliographical information is extracted from the correspondence of the Rev. Dr. Pinkerton, attached to the 16th Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, page 34:—

After stating the difficulty of obtaining a correct translation of the Old Testament into the Georgian tongue, he says, "There seemed no alternative left but to request the Georgian department of the Holy Synod, at Tiflis, to send two or three young men of promising talent to study the Hebrew, or Greek, at the Spiritual Academy at Petersburg, in order to obtain a correct version of the sacred text in the Georgian tongue, as no individual belonging to that nation could be found qualified for this work. A resolution of the committee to this effect was accordingly taken, and a copy of it sent to Georgia. In the mean time, an edition of the Georgian New Testament, in the Civil character, was resolved on; and I was requested by the committee to consult with the Georgian Princes in St. Petersburg, respecting the exact form of character to be adopted, and to superintend the printing of this edition. I applied, therefore, to Prince George, one of the sons of the late King Heraclius, who furnished me with some of the finest manuscripts in the Civil character. One morning, while employed with the Prince, in the winter of 1817, in examining the specimens of the characters, and con-

versing on the difficulties which impeded our furnishing the Georgians with a complete version of the sacred writings, he mentioned to me, that while lately reading in the annals of their nation, and of the reign of his ancestor, in Georgia, he had fallen upon a passage in which it was said, that when St. Euphemius translated the Holy Scriptures into the Georgian language, he deposited a copy of it in the Iberian, or Georgian Monastery, at Mount Athos. After hearing this piece of interesting information, I collected the particulars from the Prince, and lost no time in laying them before our noble president, Prince Galitzin, requesting him to use means for ascertaining whether such a manuscript of the Holy Scriptures in the Georgian language still existed in the Iberian Monastery of the far famed *αγιον ορους*; and after many months expectation, to our great joy, an answer was returned, that this precious manuscript was still preserved! The following letter from the librarian of that Monastery, Nicephorus, contains the interesting particulars, which puts the fact beyond a doubt.

"According to the request of your Highness, I have made proper search in the library of this Monastery. I have found different books in the Georgian language, of which some are written on parchment, and others on paper.

"For a very long time we were entirely ignorant of their contents, having no knowledge of the Georgian language. It is only between four or five years that a Georgian monk, named Laurentius, visited this Monastery, whom we requested to examine these works; and it is from his testimony and explication that the annexed catalogue has been prepared.

"Among the said books, there are two large volumes of the *Old Testament*, on parchment. We possess also some other manuscripts in the Georgian language, which are not indicated in the catalogue, and of the names of which we are still ignorant.

"Respecting a manuscript of the Bible, translated by St. George, the first apostle of Christianity in ancient Iberia, we are entirely ignorant. The manuscript of the Georgian Bible which we possess in our library, is in the hand-writing of St. Euphemius, the Georgian, the founder and patron of this holy Monastery, the Chrysostom of this nation, and the first who translated the Old and New Testaments into the Georgian language, and who gave to his countrymen translations of other works, and also composed several himself.

"It is impossible for us at present to transcribe these books, as none of us understand the Georgian language; and it is equally impossible for us to part with the originals mentioned in the catalogue, as the most terrible excommunication and anathemas have, from time immemorial, been pronounced by the holy Synod and the Patriarchs, against those who should dare to carry away, or in any manner whatever dispose of, a single volume of this library: the preservation of it is due to these sage precautions.

"At different periods, learned travellers and others have had permission to read these books; but none of them were ever allowed to carry a single volume out of the monastery.

"From these circumstances your Highness will observe, that the only way to attain the laudable and Christian object in view, will be to send some persons learned in the Georgian language, in order to take a faithful transcript of the Georgian Bible, or of any of the other MSS. which may be found salutary or useful.

"When such individuals shall arrive here, they shall be fraternally welcomed by us; and we shall do our utmost to afford them every possible facility in order to obtain the desired object.

(Signed)

NICEPHOR.

Librarian of the Ilibrian Monastery."

Among the manuscripts named in the catalogue referred to, which are all in the Georgian language, and thirty-nine in number, and mostly on theological subjects, are the following—the *Old Testament*, in two volumes; the *four Gospels*; the *Acts of the Apostles*; the *Psalmes*; the *Gospels*, in the vulgar idiom (or rather, I suppose, in the Civil character); the *Commentaries of St. Chrysostom on Matthew's and St. John's Gospels*; the *Works of St. Gregory the Theologian*; the *Discourses and Moral Maxims of St. Basil the Great*; the *Autograph Works of St. Euphemius the Georgian*, &c.

While in Constantinople, I spoke with the Patriarch Gregory on the subject; and he warmly recommended the plan proposed in the above letter, as the best for attaining the object we have in view. I had also an opportunity of conversing with Hilarion Iricus, the Archimandrite of the said Monastery, who happened to be at Constantinople at the time, and who confirmed to me every thing contained in the letter of Nicephor. On inquiring of the Patriarch, in what age St. Euphemius lived, I was answered by one of his Archimandrites present, that he lived in the *eighth century*.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

FAREWELL WILD HARP! \*

Farewell, wild harp! whose slumbering melody  
With venturous touch I have essayed to wake;  
Harp, which high bards to notes of ecstasy  
Have struck, till heaven's bliss archway seems'd  
to shake;

And some a softer tone have bid thee take,  
While numbers passing sweet, yet wild and torn,  
As their own fate, they pour'd from hearts  
that broke.

So the bird leans her bosom on the thorn,  
And warbles sweetest then, when most her breast  
is torn.

And not in vain, oh! not in vain the lay,  
Thou' Fame should ne'er upon her votary  
glance;

Thou' he go down to darkness and decay,

\* Copied from among the additions to a forthcoming new edition of the writer's *Odes*, &c.

Unwept, unhonour'd, 'mid the world's mad  
dance,  
Where wealth, pomp, pleasure, mightier claims  
advance;  
Yet it may loose him from care's subtle ties,  
And soothe his soul, like incense, which per-  
chance

Will not majestically mount the skies,  
Yet accents the altar still whence first it strove to  
rise.

Farewell! there's misery in the word, yet bow,  
With eager ear, upon the sound we dwell;  
Farewell! it dims the eye, and clouds the brow,  
Yet the heart breaks unless we say "Fare-  
well!"

And oh! my harp, unhidden notes will swell,  
Saddening my song, as o'er thy strings I cast  
A trembling hand; and broken accents tell  
My heart is throbbing as I say "thou' past,"  
And breathe to thee a long farewell, perhaps a  
last.

Sept. 27, 1826.

HENRY NEEDLE.

## SONNET ON A COWARD.

Search through the ample world with curious  
mind,

And tell me if the coward's life be not  
Meanest in every station. Not a spot

Under the broad expanse of heaven you find

Extend to him its honours. All mankind

Level their scorn against his base-born soul:

Contempt will follow him from pole to pole;

And he that honour's sacred laws can't bind,

Roams mad the crowd a lonely wanderer.

The sneering laugh, the keen contemptuous jest,

Hear fire upon his head; the bitter slur

And ceaseless taunt his coward heart molest:

Loathed in the dust at last his corse is trod,

Like the vile worm in his congenial sod.

W. F. P.

## EPIGRAM.

Quoth angry Tom to Will, "I much suspect  
That in your face a swindling rogue I view."

"Thy fact," says Will, "for if my eyes reflect,  
They show one rogue reflected into two."

A. M. A.

## LINKS.

Oh! hark to the voice of the pestilential gale,  
That swells o'er the bosom of India's sea!

It comes like the breath of the fell Upar tree,  
Wafting onwards the sighs that its victims be-  
wail.

Hark!—it whispers the death of the young and  
the brave,

Of the soldier that struggles for glory no  
more,

Of the seaman that beats on the merciless  
shore,

And the millions it sweeps away—reckless to  
save!—

Two summers their mantles of verdure have  
shed,

Since beneath its dark influence Frederic fell;  
You stone the sad tale will too mournfully tell,

In a stranger-land rais'd o'er his mould'ring  
head.

But his virtues it tells not—they linger for ever,  
Recorded on Memory's tablet of steel;

It tells not the pang that affection will feel,  
When she thinks on the ties, that the blast fail'd  
to sever.

Yes! years may revolve—and this fabric decay,  
And he bid after thee, in the desolate tomb;

But ne'er will that time of false-heartedness  
come,

When we come to remember thy life's parting-  
day!

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

TAMEIAMEIA, KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The death of Tameiameia has been mentioned in several public papers. This sovereign and his kingdom, which has been never formed in the present century, are generally interesting, on account of the peculiarity of the circumstance, and highly important to all those nations which trade in the Pacific Ocean. We therefore lay before our readers the following authentic details, derived from the communications of the learned Dr. Adelbert Von Chamisso, who visited the Sandwich Islands in 1816—17. These details will be the more welcome, as the publication of Lieutenant Otto Von Kotzebue's Account of his Voyage round the World is still delayed,\* a supplement of which work will contain the observations of Mr. Chamisso, who accompanied the expedition as naturalist.

The deceased sovereign of the Sandwich Islands, Tameiameia, a man of distinguished abilities, after he had voluntarily done homage to King George III. (that is to Captain Vancouver, as his representative,) and placed himself under the protection of Great Britain, conquered from the main Island Owhyhee, the other islands of the group; and the king of the western Island, Atoti, submitted to him of his own accord to avert the storm which threatened him. This vassal, protected by the Russian American Company, lately rebelled against his sovereign, but soon repented of his rash step, and did homage again. Tameiameia, during the war between England and the United States, remained faithful to his engagements, and England rewarded him with the present of a handsome ship, built at Port Jackson.

By the situation of his islands, which renders them the natural staple place of the trade between China and the northern and eastern shores of the great ocean, by their fertility, and especially by their produce of the Saunders wood, he accumulated great riches, procured himself ships and artillery, and even attempted to get his flag admitted at Canton: his ships were commanded by Europeans, and manned half by European sailors and half by natives; the voyage succeeded perfectly, though the object partially failed. He formed a very accurate judgment of the characters of those Europeans who offered him their services. He was liberal to them when they deserved it, and a great part of the land has come into their hands as fiefs, which they enjoy without exciting the envy or ill will of the natives. Tameiameia neglected no opportunity to obtain instruction from strangers; but he notwithstanding always adhered to the spirit and manners of his people.

There have never been any missionaries on the Sandwich Islands. The statement in

\* The only accounts of Mr. O. Kotzebue's voyage yet published may be found in the *Literary Gazette*, Numbers 14, 25, 26, 27, 28, 38, 39, 47, 48.

the Missionary Reporter of 1818, that the sole heir of the kingdom is educated for this pious office, in the school of the Foreign Missions, at Cornwall, in America, is only a proof how true a native of Owhyhee knows how to give himself importance out of his native country. The real heir of the kingdom, Lio-Lio (Leo-Rio) a son of Tameiameia, and on account of his descent on the mother's side, of higher rank, or in fact more holy (taboo) than his father, who dared not appear before him but with his head uncovered, is of a mean understanding, and addicted to idleness and drunkenness, and inherits none of the qualities of the old hero; only courage cannot be denied him, as this is a virtue common to all the inhabitants of Owhyhee.

The kingdom of Tameiameia will fall to pieces at his death. His great vassals had already divided it among them, while he still governed with entire power; and they awaited in good harmony and well prepared the moment in which he should close his eyes, to take each formal possession of his share. No European, however powerful he may be as a chief in these islands, could ever think of ruling the Owhytheans, and none has ever thought of it. Much less could an European power think of the conquest of the Sandwich Islands, even if civil war favoured the conquerors, for these islanders will suffer no foreign yoke, and are too strong to be easily extirpated. Tamura, king of Atueli, will regain and preserve his independence in his island. Kareimoku, called by the Europeans Billy Pitt, descended from the house of the chiefs of Manwee, and who, at the time of the conquest of this island, being still a child, was spared by Tameiameia's generosity, who educated and loved him, and raised him to the highest honours and power, is at present governor of the island of Owhoo, the most important of the whole group, because it alone has a harbour (Hannaruru), defended by a fort with many guns. He will take possession of this island for himself. Teimotu, of the ancient royal family of Owhyhee, who is strictly allied with Kareimotu, obtains Manwee as his share, and the weak Lio Lio will not be able to maintain himself, except by arras, in possession of the hereditary island of Owhyhee.

*A new St. Cecilia, or Triumphs of Music!*—The Ravenna Gazette is full of a triumph of Signora Rosa Morandi, a celebrated singer, which she herself announces. She says—"she has received permission from authority to be publicly crowned; that she will sing with her usual perfection, particularly the magnificent rondo, which has always been received with such rapturous applause. That, according to usual custom, a golden shower will fall with innumerable sonnets, panegyrics, &c. in which admiration will be expressed in the most beautiful verses: and after this, several cupids will descend, with garlands of flowers, doves, and other birds; and in the midst of this opera-

parade, the crown is to be placed on the head of the artiste. After this exhibition, the incomparable singer will be drawn home in a splendid car with six horses, accompanied with beautiful music: all the streets will be illuminated, and fireworks displayed in her honour; and she will retire amidst a discharge of grenades, serpents, and sky-rockets."

#### *To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.*

Sir,—In the prevailing rage for hyperbole and metaphorical expression, I am afraid there is some risk, if carried much farther, that the writings of the present and former ages may be unintelligible to future ones; and that it may become necessary for authors and editors to have a running margin to the works they put forth, denoting the passages to be understood literally, and those where the words are used hyperbolically;—to mark those which assert the naked truth, and those which magnify or diminish it till it almost ceases to be so.

In tracing effects to their causes with the calm discrimination of a philosopher, I think I may venture to assert, with but little fear of contradiction, that this style of expression has introduced a corresponding hyperbolical change in our manners. I mean to say, that a man's character and circumstances in life are now no more to be judged of by the cut of his coat or general demeanour, than the meaning of an author, or the truth of his narration, is to be gathered from the literal meaning of the expressions employed in the pages of our modern publications. I can recollect the time, when servants and working people, yea, even respectable tradesmen, could be distinguished by their dress as well as by their conversation,—and when the rich, the respectable, and the mechanic, could be remarked at the distance of a street. But happily, or unhappily, these days seem to be for ever gone by; and the only real distinction between master and servant now consists in having the choice of the apartments of the house, and the first cut of meat at the table; with the additional pleasure of paying solely for both.

I can also remember the period when upper servants in families, lawyers, and shopkeepers' clerks, were designated by their christian names, if spoken of by their masters or mistresses; but all of these, by common consent, seem now to have dropped this distinctive mark of inferior situation for the equalizing title of *master, mistress, or miss*. A lady's maid \*, or a housekeeper, would feel very much hurt indeed, if called by their christian denomination; and a journeyman tradesman would take it as an insult, were he addressed in the ancient form. In fact, the words *master and miss* have so far changed their meaning, that, in place of signifying really and truly the

\* *Maids* has become a term of dubious import, and in many cases might mislead pious young men of understanding in its former and literal sense. Woman *servant* is the appropriate term, as it implies neither virgin purity nor incontinence.

master of a family, or a young lady in respectable circumstances, they have become merely terms denoting the difference of sex.

In one respect, however, this change in manners and dress has been of advantage. In place of those ancient and formal distinctions between master and servant, there is now a uniformity in both, which many think very desirable; and it may be recorded, to the honor of British wealth and liberality in the 19th century, that our servants are better dressed, fed, and lodged, than the barons, knights, and high born dames of former days. This equalizing principle has also this further advantage, that gentlemen need not be ashamed to be seen in company with their female servants; and ladies incur no discredit in being found with their well-dressed lacquies.

But I proceed to instance examples of the present hyperbolical mode of speaking and writing. On meeting an old acquaintance, I have been frequently saluted with "My dear friend, I have been dying with impatience to see you!" when in fact, there were no evident symptoms of this fatal termination of kindness in his appearance or expression. A young lady whom I met the other day at dinner, and who I thought had taken a fancy to my person; on my taking leave of her, laid her fair hand upon my shoulder, and prayed me very bewitchingly "not to allow her to be long without the pleasure of seeing me;" but on calling at her house the very next day in my best attire, though I saw her at the window, she had desired the servant to say, that "she was not at home." On waiting on an old pupil with whom I had made the tour of Europe, he professed, in the warmest manner, "that he was never so much delighted and honoured in his life" as by my visit; and yet, I was scarcely out of the room, when I heard him characterize me to his companion as "a troublesome old pedant." And it has chanced to reach my ears, that an affecting elegy, which I wrote upon the death of his favourite pointer, Peeping-Tom, and which he was pleased to say to myself, was superior to any thing that had ever been composed, he represented to others, as "most intolerable stuff."

There is not a shopkeeper or tradesman now, that would not be offended if he were not dubbed *esquire* on the back of his letters; and there is scarcely an author of a sixpenny pamphlet, who does not print his name with the same adjunct. I do not at all object to this mode of addressing my tailor or shoemaker, provided my so doing gives them pleasure. I merely mention the circumstance, to notice the change which has taken place in the meaning of the word; for in my younger days, it always meant a man possessed of landed property, and of comparative wealth. To make the thing complete, and in compliment to the fair sex, I beg to suggest that they likewise should have a share of the passing honours; and that, since they have relinquished the title of *mistress* to their nurses and housekeepers, they should adopt the prefix of *lady* to their family names. I am aware, that in many cases, the *accollement of the wife or*

apocryphal of a half-pay lieutenant or country apothecary, or others in similar circumstances, is frequently announced in the newspapers, under the title of "The lady of Captain Firebrault," "the lady of Dr. Grapplefever," or "the lady of Andrew Shoeshanks, esquire," has been safely delivered, &c. &c. And I am told, that all this is managed for the matter of a few shillings paid at a newspaper office, for the announcement of the important intelligence. But I am anxious to put something on record which may enable future times, if it shall be of any consequence to them, to distinguish between the wife of a shoemaker or shopkeeper, and the female sex of barons, baronets, &c. to whom I have been accustomed to think such title of right belonged. After all, however, I am not sorry for the transmutation, as it gives us consequence in the eyes of foreigners; and we may leave it to them to find out, that the title of *lady*, in place of denoting female nobility, is merely the distinctive mark of the one sex, as that of *gentleman* is of the other.

If this change, however, is to be followed out to its utmost extent, I should propose, that in our liturgy and sermon books, the vulgar term "*brethren*," applied to hearers who have nothing in common, might be altered to suit the prevailing taste for hyperbole; and "*dearly beloved brethren*," give way to "*ladies and gentlemen*," or to phrases more suited to present ideas and prevailing modes of speech.

Further, in the reprinting of the works of our celebrated authors, the puritanical affectation of the simple name should be laid aside, and the word *esquire* added at full length on the title pages. Our authors would, by this simple expedient, be at once put upon a level with those landless barons and literary counts of other countries who take it into their heads to write books; and our fashionable circles would relish the poetry of Shakespeare and Milton in a much higher degree, if they knew the books to have been written by *William Shakespeare, esquire*, or *John Milton, esquire*.

I could mention a thousand other instances had I spare paper at hand. But I conclude at present, with remarking, that *friendship* seems to have lost its ancient meaning; *honour* is not now what it was in former days; the difference between *virtue* and *vice* has almost ceased to be remarked; and *love* has no existence but in novels or among peasants. A *good man*, is he who has plenty of money; and a wise and prudent one is he who best can take advantage of the necessities or follies of his neighbours. One would almost be ashamed in these times to be called *honest*; and to be *religious* would lay one under the imputation of methodism. A strictly *honourable* man may violate all the laws which bind society together without

losing that character; and a *very plebeian fellow*, may ruin his own health or embarrass his family, without any sin against good breeding. In fine, the decalogue, as at present worded, is completely inapplicable to modern manners; and as people have a strong propensity to do what is forbidden, I see no safe way of bringing back our morals to their former healthy state, than by enacting, by authority of parliament, the commission of the crimes forbidden in the *ten commandments*. In this case, the natural tendency of human beings to find enjoyment in what is prohibited, would infallibly lead them to practice as vices, the virtues which our religion teaches, and for unsuccessfully inculcating which, the tenth part of our income is by law appropriated.

I am, Sir, Your most humble servant,  
PETER PANGLOSS, LL.D. F.R. & A.B.S.

### THE DRAMA.

The Theatres this week have produced no novelty of remarkable notoriety. The English Opera House has closed its summer campaign in a manner suitably formal. At Covent Garden stock pieces, of the growth of the last two years, have been performed, with little variety in the casts. This Theatre was also shut one night (Tuesday), in consequence of the death of its respectable proprietor, the senior Mr. Harris; a tribute due to his long connection with the house, and, indeed, with the national drama. We were not personally acquainted with this gentleman, and can therefore say nothing in the style of the notices which have appeared in the daily journals, touching his private character; nor should we follow the example, even were we competent to the task. As an individual in society, we have always understood Mr. Harris to have been eminently entitled to regard; but it is as supreme director of Covent Garden Theatre alone, for many years, that his actions become public property. In this light we think no one will deny him the praise of having shown a spirit of princely magnificence and liberality; and of having done much towards extending the splendour of dramatic representation in all its adjuncts. He further proved himself to be a judicious critic, and a sound judge of what was likely to please—at least, in so far as we can appreciate from the majority of successful works produced under his auspices, and without knowing any thing of the merits or demerits of what he rejected. Still, however, Mr. H. appears to us to have done great injury to the drama of England. His partiality for spectacle paved the way to that tremendous enlargement of the theatres, which has nearly banished natural acting, and introduced exaggeration in its stead; which has in so great a measure superseded sterling tragedy and comedy by melo-drame and burlesque. We have no doubt that it may be said in reply to this, that the proprietor of the theatre merely consulted the public taste: we are however of opinion, that if he did not create, he contributed much

to confirm the lapse and decay of right feeling in this respect. Be that as it may, the height of our charge is an error in judgment, generated by the change which previously converted theatrical property, like most other matters in this country, into a mere commercial speculation, nearly divested of literary character. This is the source of the perpetuation of many existing evils, and of many alterations which we cannot but lament. Hence we grieve to see adwosons and church-livings sold to the highest bidder; hence we regret to see learned titles (not honours, purchasable for a few pounds; hence we deplore the portrait-trade in gross, call it likeness or bust, which usurps the name of the *fine arts*, in painting and sculpture; hence we marvel at the encouragement of literature and literati, not by kings and illustrious nobles, but by booksellers and publishers, who feel so much for learning in distress, that they will always relieve it; and for ability in repute, that they will usher it into notoriety, provided the rules of The Trade are not put *hors de combat* in the calculation; hence we are concerned to see every invention of human ingenuity, every production of human genius, every thing of which a *prun* can be made, become the object of traffic and base consideration, instead of maintaining the glorious prerogative of being, because worthy of being, and insensible of as unmoved by debasing and extrinsic capacities. Therefore, when we say that Mr. Harris has (as we conceive) lowered the tone of dramatic production, nothing can be further from our intention than to impute personal blame to a man of whom we think highly, and whose head is hardly covered with the turf which hides all frailties; but simply to express our sentiments upon his having followed the fashion of the times when at the head of an important concern; and added another to the list of those establishments which the lust of gain, the debtor and creditor habits of Britain, have engulfed, by transforming from their original natures into pure business speculations—sacrificing the sciences, arts, honours, literature, and still graver, if not higher objects, all to the *Balance Sheet*.

At the Haymarket, the two or three poor performers, and the dozen supernumeraries, have continued to bear the season towards its close. As we are not querulous critics, we have found no fault; but as the Green Man says, the "plain fact" is, that except having a little stage and little auditory they have done less than little for the drama. With the advantages the Haymarket possesses for genuine acting, it ought to have overwhelmed its inconveniences in the parts allotted to the company (we mean the visitors, not the manager's company); but it has for years past achieved nothing, as estimated with reference to its capabilities, and especially to its powers of contrast with the winter houses. Common sense has demanded theatres where seeing and hearing were possible; and the Haymarket, in six actors out of seven, and in nine pieces out of ten, has demonstrated that it was of no consequence whatever whether you either saw or heard.

† Among other reasons for adopting the term *wife*, in place of *wife* or *spouse*, may be mentioned, that it may and may not imply, that the parties are married, according to circumstances. The latter terms are only applicable to peasants, or others with whom marriage still constitutes a binding obligation,

## FOREIGN DRAMA.

## THEATRE ROYAL ITALIEN.

*Il Fazzoletto* (the Handkerchief) a comic opera, in two acts; the music by M. Garcia.

The subject of this opera is the well known adventure attributed to *Lady Montague*. It has already been dramatised under the title of *Le Mouchoir*, at the Gaieté, and *L'Anglaise à Bagdad*, at the Vaudeville. Though the dialogue of *Il Fazzoletto* is superior to the general run of Italian operas, yet its success must be attributed wholly to the excellent music of M. Garcia. We might, perhaps, occasionally wish for more expression, but the most graceful melody prevails throughout the whole opera, embellished by the richest accompaniments. In the first act there is rather too much of recitative and chorus; but we remarked a *duetto*, admirably sung by Madame Ronzi Debegnia and Garcia, and a delightful *quintetto* and *finale*. The second act contains an air, *Ala! se voi concessa*, which is charmingly adapted to the clear and pure voice of Madame Ronzi Debegnia. Madame Garcia played the *soubrette* with great spirit. The scenery, decorations, and dancing, are of the most superb description.

## VARIETIES.

The late Sir Boyle Roche, in Ireland, was usually set down as the author of all descriptions of bulls in his time; and he really used to make a great many. He however vented some tolerable witticisms, and in fact, it was pretty generally suspected that the bulls were very often designedly made, to amuse his companions in the Irish House of Commons. One of his puns is perhaps worth preserving. It was argued in his presence, whether Dante or Milton was the superior poet. "I think," said he, "Horace, a very competent judge of poetry, has decided against Dante long ago." "Horace!" said one of the disputants, expecting a new bull; "when could Horace say any thing about Dante?" "Don't you recollect," replied Sir Boyle, "that he asserts most roundly *Dante minor*? Ep. I. xvi. 22."

*Anecdote.*—The silver coins of the Czar Iwan were, during the reign of the Empress Elizabeth, prohibited in Russia, under very severe penalties; at which period a carpenter, a native of Germany, who had worked several years in St. Petersburg, intending to go back to his native country, provided himself with a regular passport, and embarked at Cronstadt, in a vessel bound for Lubeck. Just as the ship was about to sail, an officer of the government came on board, and forbade him to take any silver, especially silver coin; asking him whether he had any? Without hesitation, the carpenter answered that he had none, except a few silver roubles, with which he intended to pay the captain for the passage. He was desired to show these roubles. He did so; and there was found among them one rouble with Iwan's effigy. He was asked from whom he had received this coin? To this he could not give any satisfactory answer, as he had laid by these roubles at different times for his voyage, without particularly noticing

them. He was dragged to prison, from thence to Petersburg; and, notwithstanding all his asseverations of innocence and ignorance of offence, he was sent to Siberia.

*Original Anecdotes of the late Sir Peter Parker, Bart.*—The late Sir Peter Parker, who was killed on board the *Menelaus*, in America, in 1814, was a brave and very skilful officer, but uncommonly wild and thoughtless. He was once on a cruise up the Mediterranean; and after having been some months at sea, went on shore at Malta, there, happening to be greatly gratified by a band of instrumental performers that he casually met with, he ordered them to go on board his ship: they did so, and he speedily followed, and sailed off with them on a cruise for six or eight months, when he unshipped them at the place where he took them on board. This lively freak nearly lost him his commission. His father, who was Admiral of the Fleet, was so provoked at his numerous irregularities, that he determined to hold no communication with him, further than what was absolutely necessary in his public capacity as Commander in Chief. While sailing at the head of a numerous fleet in the Atlantic, he received a communication from his mother, in which she desired to be remembered to her son, which he effected in the following manner:—"Make a signal (said the Admiral) for the *Menelaus* to lay to:" this was done. "Now make the signal for the Captain to come on board:" this was done also, and Captain Parker, in his boat, proceeded to the Admiral's ship, which, when he had gained the deck of, he was met by his father, who saluted him with the following laconic speech—"I have received a letter from your honoured mother, dated (so and so); she is perfectly well, and desires to be remembered to you.—Now pack off; I've nothing more to say to you."

## SOLON'S GRAVE.

*From a German Journal.*—"It is well known that we have hitherto been uncertain where the great Grecian legislator, Solon, was buried. A writer at Berlin has now received from the Deserta of Siberia, a letter, containing authentic information, that Solon's grave had happily been discovered between the river Argun and the little river Urlungus, on the frontiers of Russia and China. The letter contains also a drawing of the monument over the philosopher's grave, in the form of an obelisk, the top of which is probably damaged by the effects of time; with an inscription as simple as it is remarkable: '*Here lies Solon, who gave us laws. Men like him!*' The inscription is in the Mongol language; it has been translated by various Chinese literati, each separately, and upon comparison all the translations were found to be identical. Professor Gubitz is engaged in engraving this monument on wood, which, together with the written communication, he will insert in his Journal, called the *Companion*." This must be some blunder: we always understood that Solon died and was buried in Cyprus!—Ed.

Dr. Wade, agricultural professor to the

Dublin Society, sometimes lectures his class in the fields, among the productions on which he is lecturing. As he was thus employed one day, treating on potatoes in the beds themselves, he took occasion to speak in favour of this practice. Why, doctor, said one of his auditors, I think you are very right to lecture here by the side of the beds; for you know the faculty always recommends students to attend *clinical lectures*.

## NORTHERN EXPEDITIONS.

Letters from Quebec, 16th August, state that intelligence has reached there, from the over-land expedition under Lieut. Franklin. It had arrived safely at Fort Chippawain, in the Athabasca country.

*Parisian joke.*—On the day of the eclipse, when all the inhabitants of Paris were without doors, provided with heliostopes and pieces of smoked glass, an Englishman was seen driving furiously in a fiacre along one of the principal streets. "Where does my lord wish to go to?" said the driver. "To see the eclipse," exclaimed the Englishman, thrusting his head out of the coach window; "only drive up as near to it as possible, for I am short-sighted."—*French paper.*

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

SEPTEMBER, 1820.

Thursday, 28.—Thermometer from 38 to 64.

Barometer from 30, 25 to 30, 60.  
Wind S. W. 4.—Generally clear till noon; the rest of the day cloudy.

Rain fallen, 2 of an inch.  
Friday, 29.—Thermometer from 47 to 60.  
Barometer from 30, 18 to 30, 37.

Wind N. and N. E. 4.—Cloudy, till noon. The rest of the day clear.

Rain fallen, 1 of an inch.  
Saturday, 30.—Thermometer from 35 to 65.  
Barometer from 30, 29 to 30, 20.

Wind N. 4, and S. W. 2.—Clouds generally passing, sunshine at times. A misting rain in the morning.

## OCTOBER.

Sunday, 1.—Thermometer from 46 to 58.

Barometer from 30, 28 to 30, 45.  
Wind N. W. 14, and W. 4.—Generally clear.  
Rain fallen, .05 of an inch.

Monday, 2.—Thermometer from 45 to 56.  
Barometer from 30, 53 to 30, 62.

Wind W. 1, and N. W. 4.—Morning clear; clouds generally passing the rest of the day.

Tuesday, 3.—Thermometer from 49 to 57.  
Barometer from 30, 68 to 30, 72.

Wind N. E. 3, and N. 1.—Generally clear.  
Wednesday, 4.—Thermometer from 32 to 56.

Barometer from 30, 68 to 30, 63.  
Wind N. E. 2 and 4.—Generally clear till the evening, when it became cloudy and rained. A white frost in the morning.

On Monday the 9th at 26 minutes, 22 seconds after 7 o'clock, the 1st Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

On the same day, at 40 minutes, 30 seconds after 10, the 3d Satellite of Jupiter will immerse into his shadow, and will emerge at 46 minutes 47 seconds after 1 in the morning.

In our next, the time of an occultation of the Moon and Jupiter will be inserted.  
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

*Erratum.* In the imitation of *Horace's Epistle to Bullatius*, in our last—in the first line, for "*Horace*" read "*Florence*."

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say on Eloquence. 22. Rums. 23. Ode, composed while  
the Sun was under Eclipse, 7th September, 1829. 24.  
Recollections. No. VIII. Mark Macfarlin, the Ca-  
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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

### HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

*The History of the Anglo-Saxons: comprising the History of England from the earliest period to the Norman Conquest.* By Sharon Turner, F.A.S. London, 1820. 8vo. 3 vols.

Considering Mr. Sharon Turner's history of our Anglo-Saxon progenitors to perhaps the most interesting and important work that has been published our times, it was with no small degree of satisfaction that we saw this convenient and moderate-priced edition of the work from the press. Were we at setting out to deliver our opinion of the author, we are sure we should expose ourselves to the charge of flattery; for our admiration of the indefatigable diligence, unconquerable zeal, the extraordinary talents, and, above all, the straightforward, honest, impartial judgment he has displayed, could not be expressed without employing a phraseology of flatterer more than can pass without suspicion for truth in these jealous days. It may be that even a feeble execution of the design which we project, namely, that of giving a careful analysis of his excellent performance, will be at the same time a more acceptable service to our readers, and a more tangible illustration of the merits of the author. We are, that if we succeed in furnishing any thing like a condensed abstract and connected view of his labours in the compass of a few of our numbers, we shall be rendering to him most effectual eulogy, and supplying to the public the most gratifying of information, while leading us to consult the original.

It is now fifteen years since the first edition of this very valuable production was issued in parts. Mr. Turner was, happily, contemporaries and country, induced to devote his attention to the Anglo-Saxon, which lay unexamined in so many libraries, by perusing the *Quida* or *Death of Ragnar Lodbrok*; and thus to revive, by almost say to create, that spirit of research into these memorable antiquities, which not only his own industry and ability, but his example, has converted from obscurity into light, and from obscurity into a literary splendour. How peculiarly

curious, how nationally interesting, how universally instructive, the intelligence gathered from the records of our ancestors is, it would be supererogatory to dilate upon; suffice it to say, that it is here we have to look for the germs of our constitution, and the grand sources of our habits, customs, and feelings as a people. And we shall but further add, that the author seeming to make Gibbon his model for style, is himself a model of sound unbiassed mind, candidly stating every matter deserving of record, and wedded to no hypothesis or theory to which (that common curse and bane of historians) facts are tortured and reality sacrificed.

The inquiry is divided into books, and these again into chapters. The first book treats of men in their earliest social forms, civilized and nomadic nations. It then investigates the first population of the west of Europe, and especially of Britain, by the Kimmurian and Celtic tribes; the arrival of the Phenicians and Carthaginians, the acquaintance and intercourse of the Greeks, and the invasion and conquest by the Romans.

To this book we shall at present confine ourselves, and endeavour to produce a synopsis of what Mr. Turner has collected on the subject from the older writers most worthy of belief.

The true history of ancient Europe may most rationally be derived from the distinction between the *Celtic* and *Gothic* nations, suggested by Dr. Percy fifty years ago. From the language of the former may be traced the ancient Gaulish; ancient British, whence the Welsh, Armorican, and Cornish; and ancient Irish, with its derivatives the Irish, Erse, and Manx: from the latter, spring the old or Anglo-Saxon, whence the English, Lowland Scotch, Belgic, and Præcic; the Franco-theories, whence German, Saxonian, and Swiss; and the Cumbrie or old Icelandic, whence Icelandic, Norwegian, Danish, and Swedish. But to these two general languages, Mr. Turner finds it necessary to add a third, the Slavonian or Sarmatian; and these three indicate to us the great stocks of the people who originally occupied, and whose descendants, with few later intermixtures, now occupy the western regions of Europe.

The population of our quarter of the globe, as far as tradition and fair inference can be brought in aid of history, seems to have flowed from the east (the fountain of all emigration by which the world has become inhabited) in three great streams, following each other at distinct intervals, and speaking different tongues. The earliest comprised the Kimmurian and Celtic race; the second, the Scythian, Gothic, and German tribes; and the last, the Slavonian and Sarmatian nations.

The inhabitants of England are descended from the first two genera; most of the modern continental nations from the second; and the natives of Russia, Poland, Bohemia, and the adjacent countries, from the third.

It is very easy, because very natural, to conceive the various causes which in the earliest ages produced the separation of families and tribes from the civilized family of mankind in the east, and taught them to roam towards other parts in search of food, independence, territory, or dominion. As wave succeeds wave, so must the human flood have rolled on, till the whole earth was covered. We are most concerned in the motions of the nomadic Kimmurians and Kelta, who from the Asiatic Bosphorus gradually overran Europe, the former proceeding chiefly to the north-west, the latter towards the west and south.

These nations were ignorant of Grecian and Roman literature, and of the sciences of Egypt, in consequence of their early separation from the civilized communities before these intellectual improvements were attained, and their subsequent loss of intercourse. The human race was thus divided into two classes; the settled and enlightening, and the roaming and barbarous. Their collisions, in after times, have created all the varieties which we now behold. Knowledge, refinement, inventions, on the one hand, and vigour, activity, and force on the other, have been infused in different proportions as circumstances controuled, till the national compounds of the age in which we live have been formed and completed.

Leaving the first nations of which we have any notice in a civilized state, the Egyptians, Phenicians, Assyrians, Chinese, and Babylonians, and their later offshoots the Carthaginians, Greeks, Persians, Hindus, and Romans; we turn to our nomadic or wandering ancestors, whose migrations by land preceded those by sea, and consequently must have rolled inland from the east, till the frozen regions of the north and farthest shores of ocean on the west were peopled.

Language is one of the two surest guides for tracing the descent of nations; and in many cases, particularly when the remotest antiquity is involved, it appears to us to be superior to the other great means, corporeal form and feature. There can, at least, be no doubt that the three languages which we have mentioned, the Celtic, Gothic, and Slavonic, (otherwise called from the names of the nations Kimmurian, Scythian, and Sarmatian) distinctly indicate the three main streams of population, of which the first two (as we have observed) flowed to the north and west, and the last impinged upon the eastern frontier of Europe. Yet these tongues, and all their ancient and modern



variations, are so obviously related to each other, as to show that they spring from the same parent stock.

The first entrance of the Kimmerians into Europe is an event lost in the deepest antiquity. The Scythians, in the time of Herodotus, were in their turn impelling them from the Danube *inwards*; and Homer alludes to them as dwelling on the Pontus at the extremities of the ocean, enveloped in mists, clouds, and *darkness* (whence, in all probability, the *Euxine or Black Sea*). These dates carry us back above 2,500 years, or to from six to eight centuries before the christian era.

Attacked on the European side of their Bosphorus by the Scythians, the Kimmerian nations then, if not before, seem to have retreated westward towards the German Ocean; and, gradually dispersing, spread over Europe. We have no certain tradition of the way in which this occupation was effected; for barbarians, in a nomadic state, have no records to light our enquiries. About a century before Cæsar, however, we find the Kimmerians alarmingly known to the Romans under the appellation of Cimbrî. At this period a great body of them quitted their settlements on the Baltic, entered the Hyrcanian forest which covered the largest part of ancient Germany, and being repulsed by the Boiæ, descended on the Danube. Within a few years they penetrated Noricum, Illyricum, and even Gaul and Spain, defeating Narbo and other Roman consuls in many battles. The Celtiberi drove them from Spain into France, where they formed a junction with the Teutones, another eruption from the Baltic, and, under their kings or leaders Boius, Bojorix, and Teutobochus, burst into Italy with tremendous force. Marius and Sylla destroyed two or three hundred thousand of them, and nearly the whole of the desolating horde was annihilated. From this period the Kimmerian power declined in Europe; and those tribes which originally marched from Thure to Jutland, covering Europe in their intermediate course, were in the time of Claudian nearly limited to their settlements on the German ocean; on those coasts of the Elbe and its vicinity which presented the greatest facilities for emigration into England and Scotland. Indeed it is evident that the Kimmeri, or Kimbri, soon after reaching these shores, found their way across, in their rude vessels, to Britain. The most ancient inhabitants of our island, all investigation teaches us, were the Cymri (pronounced Kumri), by which name their descendants continue to be called in Welsh literature, the most pure of any that has been derived from an ancient period. The name of Cumberland, Cumbria, is also very favourable to this presumption; but the Welsh traditions are unquestionably its most important auxiliaries. The first Triad declares, that when Pryddin (Britain) first assumed that name and adopted a settled government, "there was no tribute to any but to the race of the Kymry, because they first obtained it; and before them there were no men alive in it, nor any thing else but bears, wolves, beasts, and the oxen with

high protuberances;" and the fourth Triad derives the Kymry themselves under Hu Gadarn (Hu the Strong) from the country of Summer, called Deffrobani, where Constantine is.

The Kimmerians, thus presumed to be our progenitors, dwelt in subterraneous habitations. In battle they wore a head-piece representing some horrible animal gaping, or other fearful figure, and added a high floating crest to enhance the terror of their appearance. They used white shining shields and iron mail; and fought with the axe or long-sword: thinking it honourable to die in the field, and base to perish of disease. Human sacrifices were part of their religious rites.

Upon closely investigating the remains of antiquity, we discover another ancient people, a branch of the Kimmerians, placed in some of the western regions of Europe at the era when Greek history begins. These were the Kelts, calling themselves *Celta* or *Kelta*, the *gæls*, and afterwards *Gælatæ* of the Greeks; and the Galli of the Romans. These occupied Gaul, Spain, and the southern parts, probably contemporaneously with the occupation of the north and north-west by their brethren the Kimmeri, whose progress we have just been following. Their invasions of Greece, Italy, and Rome, are familiar to every reader of history. There can be no doubt but that the intercourse between Gaul and Britain led to many settlements of the Kelts in our island, and that from them, as well as from the more northern Kimri, the population of the country ensued. The Kelts, owing to their position on the maritime regions more within the reach of the civilized nations of antiquity, began to be civilized anterior to the Kimri; and the Phœnic colony at Marseilles, four hundred and fifty years before the christian era, tended greatly to diffuse among them commerce, literature, and the arts. In their warlike expeditions, also, the Kelts acquired a knowledge of many beneficial improvements, which they carried back, together with their plunder, into their own territories. Their diffusion in Spain further brought them into contact with the more intellectual Phœnicians and Carthaginians; and therefore, we may fairly presume, that the descendants of the Kelts in Britain, rude as they were, were more refined than the descendants of the Kimmerians. But it is likely that there was a portion of the people of these isles superior in civilization to either; we allude to the offspring of these very Phœnicians and Carthaginians, who, in the pursuit of their commercial enterprises, visited Britain. Inscriptions in their language have been found at Malta; and since Mr. Turner's publication appeared, we have recorded a remarkable circumstance which points to their having reached the Cape of Good Hope. At all events they were in Spain, and founded Cadiz; and therefore it is far from improbable that they sought tin in Britain (their *Coutreides*).

The knowledge of Britain in early ages by the Grecians is obscurely stated by several authors: to what extent it was carried, is not now to be ascertained. After the Roman conquest, however, we arrive at clearer data.

About forty-five tribes are enumerated among the possessors of the country. From Kent to Cornwall, which became the Roman district, Britannia Prima, were the Cantii (Kent with its four kings) Regni, Bibroces, Atrebatæ, Segontiaci, Belgæ, Durobriges, Hædri, Carnabii, Damnonii: In the peninsula of Wales were the Silures, Ordovices, and Dimetæ. Between the Thames, the Severn, the Mersey, the Humber, and the ocean (that district which afterwards formed the Flavia Cæsariensis), were the Trinobantes (whose capital was London) Iceni, Coritani, Cassi, Dobuni, Hwicci, Ancalites, and Carnabii: In the Maxima Cæsariensis of the Romans, our Lancashire, Westmoreland, Cumberland, Yorkshire, Durham, and part of Northumberland, were the Setantii, Volantii, (both occasionally spelt with a instead of e) and Brigantes: The five nations of the Roman province Valentia, comprising the chief part of Northumberland from Hadrian's Wall and to the Wall of Antoninus in Scotland, were the Otadini, Gadeni, Selgovæ, Novantes, and Damnii: Beyond these, in North Britain, were the tribes included in the Roman Vespasiana, the Horestii, Vecturones, Taialii, Vacomagi, Albani, and Attacotti: And in the rest of Scotland were the Caledoni, Cantæ, Iugi, Carnabii, Catini, Merte, Carnoanæ, Cerones, Creones, and Epidii. Cæsar's accounts of many of these tribes, their habits and druidical worship, are too well known to warrant re-capitalization. It would also be superfluous to dwell on the progress of Roman conquest; suffice it to say, that the civilization, dress, language, and learning of that people, gradually spread among the natives; great military roads were constructed, and great military stations were taken up, which in time became our principal towns and cities.

About the beginning of the third century, the Saxons and Angles began their invasions; but as the introduction of these nations forms a memorable epoch in our history, we shall here conclude our epitome of its earliest features, and reserve for our next the view of the Saxons, their origin and connexion with Britain.

#### PARTICULARS OF THE DEATH OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

[Pursuant to our promise, we quote the following from Turner's *Tour in Normandy*, as particularly interesting upon a memorable event in English history.]

"The King's decease was the signal for general consternation throughout the metropolis of Normandy. The citizens, panic struck, ran to and fro, as if intoxicated, or as if the town were upon the point of being taken by assault. Each asked counsel of his neighbor, and each anxiously turned his thoughts to the concealing of his property. When the alarm had in some measure subsided the monks and clergy made a solemn procession to the abbey of St. Georges, where they offered their prayers for the repose of the soul of the departed Duke; and archbishop William commanded that the body should be carried to Caen, to be a-

tered in the church of St. Stephen, which William had founded. But the lifeless king was now deserted by all who had participated in his munificence and bounty. Every one of his brethren and relations had left him; nor was there even a servant to be found to perform the last offices to his departed lord. The care of the obsequies was finally undertaken by Herluin, a knight of that district, who, moved by the love of God and the honor of his nation, provided at his own expense, embalmers, and bearers, and a hearse, and conveyed the corpse to the Seine, whence it was carried by land and water to the place of its destination.

"Upon the arrival of the funeral train at Caen, it was met by Gislebert, bishop of Evreux, then abbot of St. Stephen's, at the head of his monks, attended with a numerous throng of clergy and laity; but scarcely had the bier been brought within the gates, when the report was spread that a dreadful fire had broken out in another part of the town, and the Duke's remains were a second time deserted. The monks alone remained; and, fearful and irresolute, they bore their founder "with candle, with book, and with knell," to his last home. Ordericus Vitalis enumerates the principal prelates and barons assembled upon this occasion; but he makes no mention of the Conqueror's son, Henry, who, according to William of Jumièges, was the only one of the family that attended, and was also the only one worthy of succeeding to such a father.—Mass had now been performed, and the body was about to be committed to the ground, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," when, previously to this closing part of the ceremony, Gislebert mounted the pulpit, and delivered an oration in honor of the deceased.—He praised his valor, which had so widely extended the limits of the Norman dominion; his ability which had elevated the nation to the highest pitch of glory; his equity in the administration of justice; his firmness in correcting abuses; and his liberality towards the monks and clergy; then, finally, addressing the people, he besought them to intercede with the Almighty for the soul of their prince, and to pardon whatsoever transgression he might have been guilty of towards any of them.—At this moment, one Ascelin, an obscure individual, starting from the crowd, exclaimed with a loud voice, "the ground upon which you are standing, was the site of my father's dwelling. This man, for whom you ask our prayers, took it by force from my parent; by violence he seized, by violence he retained it; and contrary to all law and justice, he built upon it this church, where we are assembled. Publicly, therefore, in the sight of God and man, do I claim my inheritance, and protest against the body of the plunderer being covered with my turf."—The appeal was attended with instant effect; bishops and nobles united in their entreaties to Ascelin; they admitted the justice of his claim; they pacified him; they paid him sixty shillings on the spot by way of recompense for the place of the sepulture; and, finally, they satisfied him for the rest of the land.

"But the remarkable incidents doomed to attend upon this burial, were not yet at an end; for at the time when they were laying the corpse in the sarcophagus, and were bending it with some force, which they were compelled to do, in consequence of the coffin having been made too short, the body, which was extremely corpulent, burst, and so intolerable a stench issued from the grave, that all the perfumes which arose from all the censers of the priests and acolytes, were of no avail; and the rites were concluded in haste, and the assembly struck with horror, returned to their homes.

"The latter part of this story accords but with what De Bourgueville relates. We learn from this author, that four hundred and thirty years subsequent to the death of the Conqueror, a Roman cardinal, attended by an archbishop and bishop, visited the town of Caen, and that his eminence having expressed a wish to see the body of the duke, the monks yielded to his curiosity, and the tomb was opened, and the corpse discovered in so perfect a state, that the cardinal caused a portrait to be taken from the lifeless features.—It is not worth while now to inquire into the truth of this story, or the fidelity of the resemblance. The painting has disappeared in the course of time: It hung for a while against the walls of the church, opposite to the monument; but it was stolen during the tumults caused by the Hugonots, and was broken into two pieces, in which state De Bourgueville saw it a few years afterwards, in the hands of a Calvinist, one Peter Hodé, the goaler at Caen, who used it in the double capacity of a table and a door.—The worthy magistrate states, that he kept the picture, "because the abbey church was demolished."

"He was himself present at the second violation of the royal tomb, in 1572; and he gives a piteous account of the transaction. The monument raised to the memory of the Conqueror, by his son, William Rufus, under the superintendence of Lanfranc, was a production of much costly and elaborate workmanship: the shrine, which was placed upon the mausoleum, glittered with gold and silver and precious stones. To complete the whole, the effigy of the king had been added to the tomb, at some period subsequent to its original erection.—A monument like this naturally excited the rapacity of a lawless banditti, unrestrained by civil or military force, and inveterate against every thing that might be regarded as connected with the Catholic worship.—The Calvinists were masters of Caen, and, incited by the information of what had taken place at Rouen, they resolved to repeat the same outrages. Under the specious pretext of abolishing idolatrous worship, they pillaged and ransacked every church and monastery: they broke the painted windows and organs, destroyed the images, stole the ecclesiastical ornaments, sold the shrines, committed pulpits, chests, books, and whatever was combustible, to the fire; and finally, after having wreaked their vengeance upon every thing that could be made the object of it, they went boldly to the

tomb-hall to demand the wages for their labors.—In the course of these outrages the tomb of the Conqueror at one abbey, and that of Matilda at the other, were demolished. And this was not enough; but a few days afterwards, the same band returned, allured by the hopes of farther plunder. It was customary in ancient times to deposit treasures of various kinds in the tombs of sovereigns, as if the feelings of the living passed into the next stage of existence;—

..... que gratia currum  
Armorumque fuit vivis, que Carlo nitentes  
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

The bees that adorned the imperial mantle of Napoléon were found in the tomb of Childeric. A similar expectation excited the Hugonots, at Caen. They dug up the coffin: the hollow stone rung to the strokes of their daggers: the vibration proved that it was not filled by the corpse; and nothing more was wanted to seal its destruction.

"De Bourgueville, who went to the spot and exerted his eloquence to check this act of violence, witnessed the opening of the coffin. It contained the bones of the king, wrapped up in red taffety, and still in tolerable preservation; but nothing else. He collected them with care, and consigned them to one of the monks of the abbey, who kept them in his chamber, till the Admiral de Châtillon entered Caen at the head of his mercenaries, on which occasion the whole abbey was plundered, and the monks put to flight, and the bones lost.—"Sad doings, these," says De Bourgueville, "*et bien peu reformez!*"—He adds, that one of the thigh-bones was preserved by the Viscount of Falaise, who was there with him, and begged it from the rioters, and that this bone was longer by four fingers' breadth than that of a tall man. The bone thus preserved, was reinterred, after the cessation of the troubles: it is the same that is alluded to in the inscription, which also informs us that a monument was raised over it in 1642, but was removed in 1742, it being then considered as an incumbrance in the choir."

#### LODGE'S PORTRAITS.

##### Parts XI. XII. XIII. and XIV.

In these four parts the portraits are of—Anne Bullen, Sir Anthony Denny, Cardinal Wolsey, Thomas Lord Seymour, of Sudley, and Henry Fitzalan Earl of Arundel, the last of that illustrious name, by Holbein; Robert Devereux Earl of Essex, by Hilliard; Heneage Finch Earl of Notingham, John Graham first Viscount Dundee, and Thomas first Lord Clifford, of Chudleigh, by Lely; Thomas Wriothesley Earl of Southampton, by Merrett; George Carew Earl of Totness, Edward Somerset Earl of Worcester, and Sir Walter Raleigh, by Zuccherro; Dorothy Percy Countess of Leicester, Richard Weston Earl of Portland, William Russell, first Duke of Bedford, Lucius Carey Viscount Falkland, George Gordon second Marquis of Huntley, and Frances Howard Duchess of Richmond, by Vandeyck; Thomas Howard Earl of Arundel, by Rubens; Robert Spencer Earl of Sunderland, by Carlo Maratti;

Francis Bacon Viscount St. Alban, by Van Somer; Lady Arabella Stewart; Francis North first Lord Guildford, by Riley.

Among these, the heads of Lord Dundee and Lord Huntley appear to us to be engraved with distinguished excellence, by Messrs. Agar and R. Cooper. Lady Arabella Stuart has none of the beauty of her race, and there is a very striking resemblance between Seymour of Sudley and the usual portraits of Henry VIII. which is the more curious on account of his marriage with Katherine Par, the monarch's widow.

Many other portraits lately exhibited in the British Institution occur in Mr. Lodge, engraved from pictures in other collections; and judging from the custody of the originals, probably of higher authority for authenticity. It is to be regretted that the plan of the work did not admit of more than one picture of the same person; as in our opinion, various likenesses of the same individual by different masters, when of peculiar eminence, and the portraits possessing more than usual excellence, would form a pleasing comparison of the powers of the painters. An instance of this may be cited in the portrait of Thomas Howard Earl of Arundel, which formed No. 64 in the catalogue of the British Institution, and is undoubtedly one of the finest pictures even of the great Vandike; but the splendid portrait by Rubens of this distinguished patron of the fine arts, was very justly preferred for the purpose of engraving in Mr. Lodge's collection (Part 12) and is, perhaps, the most vigorous and noble specimen of portrait painting extant of this immortal master. It has enriched the walls of the British Institution in a preceding exhibition, from the Earl of Warwick's collection; and we feel so much delight in the recollection of it, that we cannot rest satisfied that it should not have been placed beside the Marquis of Stafford's Vandike, which we also think would be acceptable to the subscribers to Mr. Lodge's work, notwithstanding they already possess Mr. Scriven's admirable engravings from Rubens. It is a fact, perhaps unknown to the majority of our readers, that the late Duke of Norfolk offered the late Earl of Warwick a thousand pounds for this portrait of his ancestor, which, however, was not accepted.

Besides the sources of comparison which we have already mentioned, there is another in existence, well known to the lovers of the fine arts: in the contemplation of which we have enjoyed nearly as much pleasure as in the British Gallery itself. We allude to Mr. Bone's admirable series of enamels, copied, in some instances, from the finest of these originals, and in others, from equally celebrated pictures in the collections of the nobility and persons of ancient family. We are acquainted with nothing that can exceed the beauty and interest of this superb design; which furnishes a proof of the riches which a private artist may accumulate by the exercise of his own talents, at least when those talents are of the high order of Mr. Bone's. Till his successful experiments and exertions were crowned with success, enamel painting in this country had no claim beyond

adorning a locket, or a snuff-box lid. Now it takes a proud place with the other branches of the art; and we have in these large specimens, not only an inestimable perpetuation of the most memorable subjects, but a display of the extraordinary ability which has lifted a delightful source of gratification far above the sphere to which it was before confined.

Of the memoirs, that of Robert Devereux Earl of Essex is so original and well written, that we have been almost tempted to extract it entire; but on reviewing the whole series, and looking as heretofore rather to miscellaneous than to formal explanation, we have finally determined to adhere to our first plan in bringing this magnificent work under the public view. We shall therefore proceed to make a few unconnected selections from the four parts indicated in our outset. In the life of Carew Earl of Totness, who commanded so long in the Irish wars of Elizabeth, there is a curious letter from him to her Majesty, which singularly unfolds the parenthetical and courtier style of that age. It is as follows:

"Sacred and most dread Sovereign,  
"To my unspeakable joy I have received your Majesty's letter, signed with your royal hand, and blessed with an extraordinary addition to the same, which, although it cannot increase my faith and zeal in your Majesty's service, whiche, from my cradle, I thank God for it, was ingrafted in my heart, yet it infinitely multiplies my comforts in the same; and wherein my endeavors and poore merites shall appear to be shorte of such inestimable favours, my never dying prayers for your Majesty's eternal prosperitie shall never faile to the last day of my life. But when I compare the felicitities which other men enjoy with my unfortunate destinie, to bee deprived from the sight of your royal person, which my heart with all loyal affection, injurious to none, ever more attends, I live like one lost to himselfe, and wither out my days in tormente of minde until it shall please your sacred Majesty to redeem me from this exile, which, unless it be for my sinnes, upon the knees of my heart I doe humbly beseech your Majesty to commiserate, and to shorten the same as speedily as may be. Since my time of banishment in this rebellious kingdome, for better than a banishment I cannot esteeme my fortune that deprives mee from beholding your Majesty's person, although I have not done as much as I desire in the charge I undergoe, yet, to make it appear that I have not been idle, I thank God for it, I have now at length, by the meanes of the White Knight, gotten into my hands the bodie of James Fitz Thomas, that archtraitor, and usurping Earle, whom, for a present, with the best conveniencie and safetie which I may find, I will by some trustie gentleman send unto your Majesty, whereby I hope this province is made sure from any present defection. And now that my taske is ended, I doe in all humilitie beseech that, in your princelie consideration, my exile may ende, protesting the same to be a greater affliction to me than I can well endure; for, as my

faith is undivided, and onely professed, as by divine and humane lawes the same is bound, in vassallage to your Majesty, so does my heart covet nothing so much as to be evermore in attendance on your sacred person, accounting it a happinesse unto me to dye at your feet; not doubting, but that your Majesty, out of your princelie bountie, will enable me by some meanes or other to sustaine the rest of my dayes in your service, and that my fortune shall not be the worse in that I am not any importunate craver, or yet in not using other arguments to move your Majesty thereunto then this.—*Assai demanda qui ben serve e face.* So, most humble beseeching your Majesty's pardon in troubling you with these lines, unworthy your divine eyes, doe kisse the shadowes of your royall feet.

"From your Majesty's citie of Corke, this third of June, 1601."

King James and the first Charles raised Carew to the dignities of baron and earl: he died in 1629; but what is most deserving of notice respecting him is, that "Bishop Nicholson says he wrote 42 volumes relating to the affairs of Ireland, which are preserved in the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth, and four more of extracts from the Cotton manuscripts." Harris, in his Irish History, tells us that four large volumes, containing "chronologies, letters, muniments, and other materials belonging to Ireland," are in the Bodleian library; and Dugdale states that several others were sold by his executors to Sir Robert Shirley. Speed incorporated some of his materials, (Reign of Henry V.) in his History of Great Britain; and his principal work, the *Pacata Hibernia*, is well known.

The twelfth Part is various and amusing: a letter from Somerset, Earl of Worcester, to Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, in February 1603, gives, among other things, a lively picture of the preparations of that day for a grand court ceremony—we transcribe a portion of it.

"Nowe, my good Lord, to awnswere your last desier: yt is verie certeyn that his Ma. hath resolved that the Parliament shall begyn the 19 of Marche, and that he will shortly remove to Whithall, but goethe to Royston to hunt, while in the meane space the Queen may remove, and the howsould, and himselfe to retorne thether: from thence to the Tower the 12 of March; the 15 to passe thorough London to Whithall, wihout any fest at all; and this is more then certenly told bee told you, for this day yt was decreed. It is lykewyse resolved that every man shall weare what apparell himself listeth, and we here resolve to ryde upon footclothes, som of one color, som of another, as they lyke; hut the most that I heare of are of purple velvet imbrodered, as fayer as they purse wyll afford meanes. The great Ladys are appointed to ryde in chariots; the Baronesses on horsebake, and they that have no saddles from the King must provide of theyre own: the number provided are 20, wch were provided against the coronation, of crimson velvet; and this is all I can adverte you for that matter.

"Whereas your Lo. sayeth you wear never percuticularly adversted of the maske, I have been at 64 charge wth you to send youe the booke wch wyll enform youe better then I can, having noted the names of the lades applied to eche goddess; and, for the other, I would lykewyse have sent youe the ballet, yf I could have got yt for money; but these booke, as I heare, are all cawled in, and in truthe I wyll not take upon me to set that downe wch wyser then my self doe not understand. This day the King dined abrode wth the Florentine Imbiassadore, who taketh now his leave very shortly: he was wth the King at the play at nyght, and sooped wth my Lady Ritche in her chamber. The Frencbe Queen, as yt is reported, hath sent to our Queen a very fyne present, but not yet delivred, in regard she was not well thes 2 dayes, and can not abrode, therfor I cannot advertess the particulars; but, as I heare, one part is a cabinet, very cunningly wrought, and inlayed all over wth muske and amber grease, wch maketh a sweet savour; and in every box a severall present of flowers for head trying, and Jewells. She hath lykewyse sent to dyverse councellers fayr presents of Jewells, & to mayny ladies: some to those about the King, as Sr Thomas Earskin, Sr James Hey, and others. What the meaning is I cannot conceyve as yet, but tyme wyll discover that wch rarenes maketh a wonder."

The life of Lord Sunderland in the same part affords a perfect example of political profligacy and utter worthlessness: yet he had a principal hand in bringing about our glorious Revolution!

The Earl of Arundel, so famous for his collection of vertu, is an interesting specimen of biography: perhaps the account of the final fate of those treasures may be acceptable to our readers.

"It is somewhat strange, (says Mr. Lodge,) that he should not have taken all possible precautions to fix his unparalleled collection always in the possession of his male heirs; and indeed, his apparent carelessness on that head might lead us to suppose that he rather wished it to be dispersed, as in fact it was within a few years after his decease. He divided his personal estate between his eldest and second surviving sons, Henry Frederic Lord Maltravers, and William, afterwards Viscount Stafford. Henry, second son of the former, and sixth Duke of Norfolk, about the year 1668, gave a part of his moiety, the celebrated Parian Chronicles, as they are called, to the University of Oxford, and the remainder descended to his son Henry, the seventh Duke, and were afterwards mostly possessed, we know not by what means, by his divorced lady. She sold the statues to the Earl of Pomfret, (whose widow gave them also to that University,) and left the gems to her second husband, Sir John Germaine, whose second wife, Lady Elizabeth (Berkeley), owned them in her widowhood, not many years since. Lord Stafford's portion remained with his heirs till 1720, and was in that year sold by auction at his house, called Tart Hall, just without Buckingham Gate, which was then

pulled down. Some curious relics of the collection fell into the hands of the Hon. Charles Howard, ancestor of the present Duke of Norfolk, as residuary legatee to his grandmother, the dowager Countess Althea; and were by him carried to his mansion at Greystock Castle, where they still remain."

In Part XIII. there is a brief but able life of Cardinal Wolsey, in the commencement of which Mr. Lodge shows, that so far from being the son of a butcher at Ipswich, his family belonged to the class of rich and respectable gentry, and the real name Wuley. Indeed, it would not be difficult to vindicate this great man from most of the aspersions with which his memory has been loaded.

In the sketch of the life of Frances Howard Duchess of Richmond, undoubtedly one of the most stately and pompous dames that ever breathed, there are copies of the verses reported to have been penned in his own blood, and sent to her when Lady Hertford, by Sir G. Rodney, previous to shooting himself for love of her, and her ladyship's answer, &c. We need hardly say, that we consider these poetical effusions to be after-productions by some other person; but as they are rather remarkable, we shall copy a few passages. Sir George is made to write—

Sweete poison; precious woode; infectious Jewell:

Such is a ladie that is faire and cruell.  
Howe well could I with ayre, camelon like,  
Live happie, and still gazing on thy cheeke,  
In which, forsaken mee I must thinke, I see  
How goodlie love doth threaten care to mee.  
Why dost thou frowne thus on a kneelinge soule,

Whose fautes in love thou may'st as well controule?

Am I too meane in ranck? I knowe I am,  
Nor can I raise the stocke from whence I came.

I am no Barron's sonne, nor borne so high:  
Would I were lower, soe I were not I:  
As lowe as enry's wishes could impart,  
Soe I could set my sighes beneath my heart.  
Ladie, in breefe, my fates does so intend,  
The period of my daies drawes to an end:  
Tha threat of my mortalitie is spunn, e  
Cancell'd my life, my threat of frailtie runne.  
Death stands before my eies, and says my doome

By destinie to die was not yet come;  
Tells me I might have liv'd, and tells me truth;  
I am not sick yet in my strength of youth;  
But says in such a lamentable case  
I must not live to overlive disgrace;  
And yields strong reasons, for, says death most clearelie,

Such is her pleasure whom thou lov'st most clearelie.

He goes on to speak fairly of the lady's husband as a Seymour; but alludes to his advantage in point of years, and seems to think that if himself had been as nobly born, he would have been a fitter partner;

For youth had then been match'd, a goodlie thinge,  
Not to the aspleas autumn, but the springe.

In good set phrase, he then proceeds to argue for dying, because he had "no hart to live," and adds quaintly enough,

Herein my greifes and I shall well agree:  
I'll bury them, as they have buried mee.

In reply, the lady lays down the case with all the subtlety of a casuist, and professes her resolution to be faithful to her marriage vows, though her lord is *oldish*.

For she says:

My heart is gone;  
You are not hee, and I must have but one.  
To him I have engaged by blithness truth:  
Love is not wise in age; most rash in youth;  
And I applaud my fortune, which have mett  
That fate which grave discretion doth begett.  
T'ermes age the autumn; 'tis a better play,  
To stage in winter than to weep in May.  
Somethinge I know; content is match'd with yeares.

When to wedd younge is as to marry leares.

In conclusion, she almost ridicules his threat to commit suicide.

No, no! I never yet could heare or prove,  
That there was ever any dyed for love;  
Nor would I have you be the man beginne  
The earnest dounce for such a sportive sinne:  
For that would prove a laughter for an age;  
Stuffe for play; fitt matter for a stage.

But the poor gentleman was really in earnest: his final answer is exquisitely ludicrous, on the brink of the grave.

What shall I doe that am undone?

Where shall I flie, myselfe to shunne?

Ah, me! myselfe, myselfe, must kill,

And yet I die against my will.

In starry letters I behold

My death in the heavens enroll'd:

There finde I, wrytt in skies above,

That I, poore I must die for love.

'Twas not my love deserv'd to die;

O, no, it was unworthie I.

I for her love should not have dy'de,

But that I had no worth beside.

Ah, mee! that love such wo procures,

For without her no love endures.

I, for her vertues her doe serve,

Does such a love a death deserve.

Having finished this lamentable composition, Sir George ran himself upon his sword, and so ends this sad eventful history.

#### *Campaspe, an Historical Tale; and other Poems.* Southampton, pp. 40.

This little poem, founded on the surrender of Campaspe by Alexander to Apelles, is the production of a lady whose compositions have more than once been noticed in our columns. It seems to have been written some time, though only now published, and that imperfectly, in a provincial town. We presume, however, that it is to be found with the London booksellers; and quote a passage to exemplify its style. When Alexander announces to the beautiful maiden his resolution to sacrifice his love on the altar of friendship, the story thus proceeds—

With mute indignant pride CAMPASPE heard,  
This strange request from lips so dear prefer'd:  
Restrain'd her tears, repress'd her struggling sighs,  
Nor from the ground once rais'd her burning eyes:

Reply'd with all the stillness of Despair,  
And mark'd the limit of existence there.  
Breathing,—not living,—from that fatal hour  
She sank in slow decay. The vernal flow'r,

Transferr'd by hands unconscious of its worth,  
Thus shines its alike blossoms on the earth.

With calm austerity, and meek delay,  
Still she defers the promise'd nuptial day.  
Her lip no smile bestows, her eye no tear,  
One dead to Hope, insensible of fear ;  
Her chill indiff'rence to each earthly thing,  
To all that pleasure, all that pain, can bring :  
Inspir'd around a strange mysterious awe,  
A being not compris'd in Nature's law.  
A moon-like softness soon usurp'd the place  
Of all her varying eloquence of face ;  
Save when a glancing lustre, wild and high,  
Flash'd sudden from her dark dilated eye.

When those inspiring eyes for ever clos'd,  
One smile of joy on her pale lips repos'd ;  
Her first, her last, reproach—this dying smile—  
With fearful Beauty grac'd her funeral pile,  
And left a sting in ALEXANDER's breast,  
The whirlwind of his future days confest.

Ne'er can the noble mind to bliss aspire,  
That once has quench'd Affection's sacred fire :  
Each pain inflicted on the heart it loves,  
Throbless that heart, a dreadful Hydra proves.  
The Night's companion? Sleep's eternal dream!  
First image offer'd by the morning beam!  
Nought then relieves like the loud clang of arms,

The frantic contest, Danger's dazzling charms :  
Extremes alone a moment's ease bestow ;—  
And in their form what crimes familiar grow !

But scenes like these a bolder touch demand,  
More glowing colours, and a firmer hand.  
Enough for me, in this sequester'd shade,  
To paint the sorrows of a love-lorn maid.

The following is one of the two minor poems, which are inserted at the end : the thought is very pretty, and the expression good.

#### ON A BUSH ROSE.

Pale fragrant Rose, with ev'ry gentle art,  
I'll seek thy frail existence to prolong,  
Press thy last relic fondly to my heart,  
Revive thy memory in plaintive song.  
Nor brilliant color stol'n from morning skies,  
Nor dazzling tints thy modest charms improve,  
Thy snowy leaves each foreign hue despise,  
Save the faint bloom of unrequited Love.  
And that within thy bosom, hapless flow'r,  
Remains conceal'd from ev'ry human eye,  
Till ferid suns oppress thy faint hours,  
Did thee unfold thy secret—blush—and die.  
While weeping Love prepar'd her tomb,  
So sunk this bosom's earliest friend!  
Such was her freshness,—such her bloom,—  
So did her silent sorrows end.

*Tales founded on Facts.* By Mrs. Grant, author of 'Sketches of Life and Manners,' &c. London, 1820. 12mo. pp. 203.

There are four tales in this little volume, viz. Ellen, Glencoe, The Captive, and The Author. They are naturally and pleasingly written, without much effort at style ; and what we might find to censure on the score of carelessness in some parts, and a want of *easiness* in others, is amply compensated by the sound moral tone of the whole, which recommends the book as exceedingly proper for youthful readers. We select

as much as we have room for of the shortest, though not of the best tale, as a specimen.

#### THE AUTHOR.

Paris gave birth to a brilliant genius in De Foissal. At an early period of life he found himself an orphan, with little to depend upon, but the exertion of his talents. These, however, he duly appreciated ; and with all the warm expectation of youth, fondly looked forward to the years of affluent happiness they were to purchase him. The dramatic art was his forte ; and the unbounded applause which he met with from his first efforts, bid fair to realize his hopes. Eited with his success, he communicated the glad tidings to the blooming fair he had destined for his bride, and believing his future fortunes depended upon himself, hastened the consummation of his wishes by leading her to the altar.

De Foissal was an enthusiast :—his writings were distinguished by elegant language and beautiful sentiments ; yet touched by the pen of romance, and wound together in highly-wrought, though interesting and well delineated narratives. To love or friendship he admitted no bounds. He maintained that they were the most exalted, and the most amiable passions the human soul was capable of experiencing ; and that no other should be put in competition with them. His hope was of that sanguine nature, which sinks into despair under the pressure of disappointment : he erected an ideal fabric, without a solid basis, and never dreamed that it might prove the vain chimera of a fanciful imagination.

United to the object of his tenderest affections,—proud of the praises which were heaped in his favor through Paris—and enriched with a temporary supply of money, received as the reward of his labors—De Foissal, with a share of that vivacity which attaches itself to his countrymen, believed he might bid defiance to care. Nevertheless he again employed his pen, and exultingly calculated on the additional fame and increased wealth he should acquire by his second performance—in the mean time he enjoyed all the comforts that could pertain to domestic life.

Madame De Foissal had some pretensions to beauty, and possessed a warm affectionate heart, with a sweetness of disposition, that delighted all who knew her ; but she partook of her husband's enthusiasm.

De Foissal's second play at length made its appearance. All Paris flocked to the theatre ; and the house rung with the applauses of the audience. The trembling author was there incognito ; and language would be poor to express the enraptured feelings he experienced, at the homage which the favorable judgment of the public paid to his talents. The remuneration for this work he expected would be proportioned to its flattering reception ; but he was disappointed. He remonstrated ;—excuses were offered. And at length he was told, that the managers were scarcely repaid for the great expense they were at in bringing

forward his pieces ; and that they could only in future accept them at a more moderate rate. Their terms were far below what De Foissal had calculated upon receiving ; and pride would not suffer him to degrade himself by the acceptance of a reward so inadequate to the support of his family. He retired in disgust.

The flattering visions he had indulged began to fade in the sad reality of evil.—Writing was literally his profession ; and he was at a loss how to turn his talents to any other account. His wife, terrified at the approach of poverty, which threatened to overwhelm them, endeavored to ward it off by exercising her skill at embroidery. But, alas ! the utmost she could earn at this employment could but ill supply the wants of a family. She had two children ; and to fulfil the duties that maternal affection dictated, and yet devote a large portion of time to her needle, she was obliged to encroach upon those hours usually allotted to 'tired nature's sweet restorer, sleep.' The consequence of this practice soon shewed itself o'er her fragile form ;—and her pallid cheeks and wasting strength declared as once her mental anxiety and personal fatigue.

De Foissal, distracted to see the wife of his bosom a prey to ill health, accompanied by all the miseries of pecuniary difficulties, determined to make another effort. He again wrote, and, humbled by suffering, accepted the terms before proposed. He was indignant ; but, alas ! that was a feeling which, while it served to increase his affliction, did not better his circumstances.

Of the many admirers De Foissal gained by his dramatic writings, not one patron stepped forward. It was the fashion to approve of his works, but no one thought of enquiring how far their author was rewarded. In short, his renown, like posthumous fame, was of no real service to him on whom it was bestowed.

No friend assisted the disconsolate De Foissal ; but with the little supply he had received from the sale of his work, he hastened to procure a physician for his beloved wife, and insisted on her giving up her employment for a time. The children, who about this time fell ill of the measles, added to his distress ; and the necessary medical attendance, with the continued wants of his family, soon reduced him to extreme penury. Yet his pride prevented him from making his situation known ; and among his few intimates, not one was acquainted with his pecuniary embarrassments—but they preyed deeply upon his own mind. He renewed his employment of the pen with double ardour, sitting up often whole nights to accomplish his work, reflecting that as he received so little for each performance, the only method left him was to write the more. Madame De Foissal, still languishing under the effects of former exertions, again applied herself to embroidery ; but she sunk under the effort. De Foissal now threw away his pen in despair, and became a prey to despondence, earnestly wishing for death as his only friend. "Yes," he would say in the warmth of his enthusiastic nature, "death

will be our deliverer,—one short struggle will enable us to escape from our earthly prison; we shall then fly this tuncment of clay—and, clad in robes of glory, reach the mansion of bliss."

His unhappy wife participated in his sentiments, and listened to him with melancholy satisfaction; "but our children!" said she, as he was one day declaiming on the sunning prospects of futurity. The idea seemed for a moment to check the currency of his thoughts, and his brow assumed a pensive cast; then, as if suddenly reanimated, he exclaimed, "We will take them with us, my beloved; we will lead them to a happy immortality." Madame De Foissi, weary of a life of suffering, and trembling to look forward to what might be the lot of her innocent babes, left without protection in a pitiless world, acquiesced in her husband's resolves. Yet still they lingered; and day after day passed, till at length their last shilling was expended. They now no longer hesitated; the idea of a violent death was discarded, from the fear that paternal affection would prevent them inflicting it on their children. They therefore adopted the cruel, lingering one, of starving!

The door was carefully secured, and taking the infants in their arms, they lay themselves on the bed. The poor children for some time slept in happy innocence, unconscious of the fate to which their hapless parents had devoted them. At length, awakened by the powerful calls of nature, they cried for bread. The miserable parents soothed, and succeeded in pacifying them. Several persons knocked at the door; and the self-deceiving victims, dreading that their purpose would be discovered, stifled the sobs of their little ones, and scarcely ventured to breathe themselves.

M. Manoir, one of De Foissi's most intimate acquaintance, had called several times. He thought it extraordinary that he could never find any one at home; and at last determined to break open the door. The sight that then presented itself was awfully affecting. De Foissi and his wife lay in a perfect stupor, insensible to every thing around them; the little girl, pale and emaciated, was scarcely able to articulate a sound—but the tears paced down her little cheeks, as she fixed her hollow eyes on her wretched parents. The boy seemed to have most strength, and was pulling the bed clothes, crying incessantly,—“mamma—papa—wake—Lewis is hungry; sister is crying; Lewis is tired of sleep—do awake, pray do.” M. Manoir was mute with horror, and for some moments too much agitated to think what was necessary to be done. Little Lewis, observing him, made an effort to approach; but weakness overpowered his limbs, and he sunk to the ground. This accident recalled M. Manoir's ideas, and he hastened to take proper methods to restore his friends to life and animation. He called in a physician, and then waited upon the benevolent Marchioness of De Pomranco, to whom he told the melancholy tale. She was much affected with the relation—ordered that every requisite attendance should be procured; and

begged to be informed, when they were so far recovered as to be able to converse.—This was soon effected by proper nourishment, administered with caution and tenderness.

M. Manoir then conducted the Marchioness to their lodging. Informed of what this available being had done for them, M. and Madame De Foissi threw themselves on their knees, and burst into tears. “Rise, my friends,” said the Marchioness in gentle accents; “little thanks are due to me, and I come not here to exact them. The deplorable situation to which you have been reduced has greatly shocked me; and I own, I feel inexpressibly hurt at the reflection, that any human being should be exposed to such complicated misery, while I, and many others in this city, are surrounded with affluence: but you must pardon me, while I declare that I attach much blame to both of you. You, M. De Foissi, in particular, I cannot exculpate—I am aware of your laudable yet ineffectual struggles to support yourself and family; yet ought you to have stopped there? Should you have suffered false pride to get the better of nature, and all the best principles of man?—Should you have allowed its baneful influence to operate over your mind, and prompt you to become a murderer? Where was your tenderness as a husband, when by the high coloring of your fallacious arguments, you beguiled the wife of your bosom into a belief that the awful crime of suicide was in your case a virtue; and thus persuaded her to join you in self destruction? Unhappy, mistaken people! how could you look at these helpless innocents, and doom them to a fate so cruel! how could you listen to their plaintive cries, and still remain firm to your fatal purpose! Was there no friend to whom you would deign to confide your distress? Could you suppose human nature so very abandoned, that none would be found to stretch out the hand of benevolence to assist unmerited wants like yours? And, above all, presumptuous man,” added she, sternly, “had you no confidence in your Creator? Know you not that a murderer is marked by God himself, and that eternal misery may be expected to await that unrepentant sinner, who distrusting the mercy of his Redeemer, dares to rush uncalled into his presence!

After further animadversions—

The Marchioness paused. M. and Madame De Foissi acknowledged their guilt with every mark of contrition and repentance, and promised that they would endeavor to atone for it by the purity of their future lives.—The excellent Marchioness, happy in her benevolence, hastened to exert her interest to procure De Foissi a sincere employment; and in a short time he found himself in possession of a handsome independence.

The Marchioness arrived at a good old age—delighted to behold the happiness of her friends, and to afford them continued proofs of her unshaken friendship: and these cherished and ever grateful friends pointed her out to their acquaintance as the amiable

source of all their felicity. Could many of the gay and affluent form an idea of the delightful sensations which then overflowed her heart, they would perhaps be tempted to “go and do likewise.”

*Memoires de M. le Baron Pergami, Chambellan, Chevalier de Malte, Chevalier de Saint Sepulchre, &c. traduits du manuscrit Italien.*

(From a French Journal.)

[At the present period, without entering into the merits of the case, we trust the following translation will be acceptable. It is the only notice of the subject which we have seen, and consequently, the only one we could take. It is, however, but just to say, that it is from a journal hostile to the cause of the Queen.]

The *Sieur Pergami*, alias *Baron Bergami*, who, as all the world knows, has by turns been the courier, steward, chamberlain, and factotum of an illustrious Princess, was of course bound to write his memoirs; that being a tribute which the public naturally expect from all who enjoy celebrity. M. Pergami's memoirs are brief; about sixty pages suffice to relate the secrets of his sudden elevation, which is astonishing even in the present age, and calculated to excite the emulation of all the bearers of dispatches, estafettes, and couriers in Europe.

M. Bergami, it would appear, has been shamefully traduced; his origin is by no means obscure. He is connected with an illustrious house, and has a long line of noble ancestry, like other people; it is pure modesty that deters him from publishing the rank of his family and the place of his nativity. “Besides,” he proudly exclaims, “when Jeanne d’Arc saved her king, did any one dream of enquiring into the particulars of her birth?” Lest the correctness of this comparison should not be fully appreciated, it is necessary to inform the reader, that the *Sieur Pergami* saved the life of the Princess whom he had the honour to serve; and we sincerely hope, for the sake of the cause which Mr. Brougham is so ably defending, that *Sieur Pergami* may resemble the virgin of Vaucouleurs in every other particular.

Young Pergami possessed an ardent and romantic turn of mind. His imagination was influenced by the perusal of the Holy Scriptures, and he had already resolved to become a priest, when a French regiment happened to march through the town where he resided. The rolling of the drums and the din of arms, suddenly proved the means of changing his profession; he contemptuously threw aside the cassock, assumed the military uniform, and entered the ranks as a private soldier. His promotion was rapid. It is not mentioned in what battle or what particular engagement M. Pergami was made an officer; but fate suddenly stopped his military career.

A gossip, whose words were said to emanate from Heaven, at that period made a great noise in Italy; M. Pergami accidentally went to visit her. The inspired air of the sybil, the gloomy cavern in which she announced her prophecies, the sepulchral lamp, and all the attributes of necromancy,

made a deep impression on the mind of the young soldier, and he could not resist the desire of becoming acquainted with his future destiny. "You will degrade yourself to be elevated," said the gipsy; "you will save the life of a great Princess at the hazard of your own; the injustice of man will punish the gratitude of a woman; you will sow the seed of discord in a great Empire, and your name will resound through the whole world." This prophecy almost bewildered Pergami. The delightful hope of saving the life of a Princess, and sowing discord in a great Empire, had well nigh deprived him of his senses. In a short time he obtained his discharge from the army and retired to a cottage. Here he remained for some time; but as no Princess appeared, he thought it advisable to abandon his retreat and mix with society. He soon learnt that a Princess of the family of Napoleon, whose beauty, he gallantly observes, had been immortalised by the chisel of Canova, was to visit the grand theatre of Turin, on her way through that city. Pergami of course repaired to the theatre, and taking his station immediately below the box of the Princess, endeavoured to attract her attention. But, alas! all his efforts were vain! The Princess never once deigned to cast her august eyes on the Sieur Pergami. It cannot be the right one, said he, on retiring from the theatre—the oracle must have spoken truth, and I shall doubtless find her!

Shortly after, the Princess of Wales arrived at Milan. A secret foreboding assured Pergami that the prediction was about to be fulfilled. He endeavoured to get acquainted with some of the persons in the Princess's suite; and at length, applied for a situation in the household of the illustrious traveller. Every post was occupied, except that there was one vacancy for a postillion. A postillion! M. Pergami blushed at the very thought. "My natural pride, he (observes), was shocked at the idea of accepting so low a situation; but recollecting the words, 'You must degrade yourself to be elevated,' I no longer hesitated to apply for it." Pergami did well; a little shame is soon overcome. Besides, did not Peter the Great work as a ship-wright? and even Philopœmen did not disdain to cut wood on an emergency.

"Oh you! (it is the author of the memoirs who is speaking.) Oh you, whose cold hearts have never known the anxiety attendant on the fulfilment of a prediction, how can you imagine the sensation I experienced, when for the first time I had the honour of receiving an order from the Princess's own mouth! How Pergami's heart must have leapt for joy! On the route to Naples, Pergami, as has already been observed, twice saved the life of his royal mistress. But, it will be asked, by what extraordinary accident, could a postillion twice save the life of the Princess of Wales. Did he put to flight a troop of banditti? Did he rescue the Princess from flames? Or did he discover some atrocious conspiracy at the moment when it was ripe for execution? We know not. A mysterious veil covers all

these circumstances, as well as the particulars relating to Pergami's family, the place of his birth, and the battle in which he was made an officer. We are however bound to believe, on the authority of M. Pergami, "that the heroic generosity of the Princess, obliges him to be silent on this subject."

Meanwhile the prediction was gradually fulfilled. One day, when concealed in a cabinet adjoining the Princess's chamber, Pergami heard her Royal Highness, in conversation with King Joachim, pronounce a most flattering eulogium on her courier. On the following day the King granted an audience to the fortunate postillion, questioned him most condescendingly, and smiled at the gipsy's prophecy. This interview excited Pergami's ambition, and his hopes were soon realized by new favours. We shall not follow our hero to the masked ball, where one of the Princess's attendants, enraged at not having succeeded in captivating the heart of the chaste courier, assumed a dress similar to that worn by the princess, with the view of injuring her mistress's reputation. This incident is of little moment. But we must call the attention of the reader to the favours which were successively heaped on Pergami: at Genoa, Milan, Como, and Venice, he received brilliant marks of the kindness of his protectress. At every post he obtained some new proof of her favour. At length the dignity of chamberlain was conferred on him. As to his title of Baron, M. Pergami does not distinctly mention whether it was given him by the Princess, or whether he received it from his mysterious ancestors. Nor is he more precise in informing us how he was created a knight of Malta.

In Palestine, honours of every description were accumulated on the happy Baron. The emotion he experienced in this holy region is indescribable; and very little would have induced him to become a priest once more. Pleased with his ardent devotion, the fathers of the Holy Sepulchre created him a knight of the order which bears that name: and the Princess herself instituted, expressly for her chamberlain and another of her servants, a new order of knighthood, entitled the order of *St. Caroline of Jerusalem*.

The interest of these memoirs is increased by many curious details and anecdotes. For example, to guard against the fatal effects of the excessive heat in Syria, the Baron assures us that the Princess was accustomed to cover her head with the *half of a melon*. This precaution, however, did not succeed quite so well with the Baron, who, together with several others of the Princess's suite, experienced a sort of vertigo; and one day when the cook was preparing dinner, in a sudden fit of insanity he seized the spit, and brandishing it about like a spear, declared that he was the *first Knight of the Crusaders*.

A little girl is now introduced, who is said to be the daughter of Pergami. We cannot help feeling angry at not having been sooner informed that he was married. But as he was constantly travelling from one part of the world to another, he may perhaps say with *Pamphile*:—

En voyageant je l'avais oublié.

Besides, M. Pergami did not write his memoirs to tell us about his wife. The oracle did not announce that by visiting Greece and Palestine, in company with his wife, he would sow discord in a great empire. But to return to little Victorine. She was lively, ingenious, and intelligent. The Princess doated on her. On quitting Syria her Royal Highness asked the child what she would like to carry away with her as a memorial of her journey; "My ass," replied Victorine, and her whim was instantly gratified. These acts of condescension so fully proved the favour enjoyed by Pergami, that the crew of the vessel thought it their duty to prepare a *fête* in honour of his birth-day.

His return to Italy, his residence in the vicinity of Milan, and the Princess's journey to Tyrol, afforded the Baron new opportunities for showing his devotion. Nothing was wanting for the complete fulfilment of the gipsy's prophecy, but to sow discord in a great empire. Every one may judge how far this has been accomplished. The Baron is anxiously awaiting the result of the Queen of England's trial, and if it be necessary, he declares his determination to draw aside the veil which now conceals many of the principal actors in this grand drama. It is probable, therefore, that the second part of his memoirs will neither be the least interesting nor the least scandalous.

## WINE and CHATS.

OR AFTER DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Grey Beard.

CHAPTER V.

Old Home.

I crave indulgence but for this one chapter more about the old premises. You who have good mothers will forgive me for its length. I know not, for all my boasted reminiscence, how long it is since I first threatened to write a book.—It cannot be much less than half a century when she to whom I addressed all my best actions began to rouse my spirit of prostration to an effort, with "Well, my son Ephraim, when are we to expect thy promised volume?" Gentle spirit, I will try my hand, and redeem my pledge. It is a grateful offering due to the shrine of thy memory, when a few pages are left upon its altar, then courteous reader I will tell thee all I know of other good folks,—or rather, all that may be told without offence, of all I've known either by observance or report.

The countenance of her that gave me birth, I can best describe in the language of those who on seeing her, even at first sight, have been heard to say, "she looks benignity."

When old master died it was a sad day in the manufactory. "Sorrow," the undertakers were apt to whisper to the mourners, "Sorrow is dry," and then they handed the wine about. People did as they were bidden on these solemnities, and took it as 'twas offered; yea, they took wine and cake, and cake and wine, and thrust their fingers into mourning gloves, that by hard pulling reached of every finger barely the second joint; they did just as the undertakers bade, but then



they whispered and they bade so courteously, and with obsequiousness so becoming!

Silence reigned in the shops; the workmen, honest souls, were dry—their lips were parched, but their sorrow was only moistened by a tear.—They had to seek other employ. Of old master they ever spoke as one "more sinned against than sinning." But when they spoke of "mistress," whose benignant face they never saw again, the mention was accompanied with a heart-felt sigh. It is likely she outlived them all, as her life was long. Whilst labour and disappointment, poverty and intemperance, thin the prolific recruitings of the more humble ranks; the sand of their glasses ran fast to premature decay. Yes, the memory of "old mistress" was rooted in their hearts; and well it might—she was their best stay; their kind counsellor and friend; the mild rebuker of the men's impiety; the shelter of the women in the convulsions storms too prevalent in humble life; the letter-writer of the deserted wife to her roving helmsman; the guardian of their children; their physician and spiritual guide; the centre of a little community, and the fond object of its veneration.

I could make a volume of her original sayings, and another of her country stories. She was born at a farm-house, wherein butter had been churned for the table of the Plantagenets; in a neighbourhood too where customs were yet in being that have escaped the researches even of the learned Mr. Douce. And I verily could *prick* the air to many an ancient song, recorded by that intelligent chronicler of ancient lore, which the artless minstrelsy of feasts and harvest-homes had chanted to her tuneful ear. Among the most simple, well do I recollect—

On yonder hill there sits a hare,  
And she was overgrown with care,  
Because her form was grown so bare;

So ho!

And there was run sir, run sir, run,  
And there was turn sir, turn sir, turn,  
And o'er the bogs, she lur'd the dogs,  
So ho!

How prettily, when I was a boy, did she sing to *Ephraim*, *Jemima*, *Sarah*, *Jabub*, and tummy little *Zac*.

Hoist! hoist! says Richard to Robin,  
Hoist! hoist! says Robin to Robin,  
Hoist! hoist! says John, all alone,  
Hoist! hoist! says every one.

But the favourite of all, which we rarely could induce her to sing, and then only to us big boys—and O! how musically did her voice chime the bells to

Tom Tower's a-married  
Sing bibberam boam,  
He took him a wife  
He brought her home;  
She made him a cuckold  
Before it was known;  
And the bells shall be muffled,  
Sing ding, dong, ding boam.

I know there are those who would say, "I would not tell this of my mother." To such I may answer, that I would have begged her to sing it, in her artlessness, in the presence of Queen Charlotte of blessed memory,

and she would have loved her for it, as we did, had her majesty known but half her virtues.

How often has she sat upon my bed, when her white hair proclaimed her many winters past that term the "sweet singer of Israel" has assigned to man, and with a cheerful spirit that yielded to my unreasonable love of gossiping, told me new tales of Home, and after the clock had told us 'twas the "witching time of night," with the affection of former days, tucked in the quilt that she sat upon, drawn the curtain, and taking her chamber light, has said "child, child, 'tis time for all sober people to go to sleep."—Why has our holy church prohibited obits for the dead?

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### *A Peep at the Old Metropolitans.*

The first pencil, or rather crayon, that I possessed, was given to me by that right worthy crone of my uncle Zachary, William Hogarth. It was one of those which may be still remembered by "men of my standing," one end was of common commercial black-lead, the other red-chalk, ready pointed, and inclosed in a case of reed. I had made a drawing of a humorous scene, which had been described by Ned the Barber, of a lamp-lighter's funeral, with pen and ink. The great *limner*, for so he was called, was pleased with some of the characters in this juvenile attempt, and presented me with a dozen of these crayons.

Hogarth was very kind and condescending to young folks, and one of those who, unlike too many wags, would bear, as well as perpetrate a joke. My father, among others, had an apprentice, who, if I may use the expression, *unfortunately* looked more wicked than he was, for it was held among the sages in my time, as a "good sign to be better than a body seemed." Kit Sugars, was his name; his father worked in the shop too, and he had the physiognomy of an old sinner, though a decent man enough. Kit had a hanging look, that's certain, and no stranger would venture to give change when he was sent out, even though the guinea was Tower weight. Hogarth, who had sketched many a comical countenance from time to time upon the plastered wall, took one of my crayons, and drew with black and red poor Kit's pliz. It was too like, and required not the title *FILCH*, which the painter wrote beneath.

It was common sixty years ago to designate both male and female by the titles of the characters of the *Beggars Opera*, and

\* It was the custom when a *favorite* lamp-lighter died, for his fraternity to attend the funeral, which was at night. Almost all the lamp-lighters in town walked at this mournful procession, dressed in white jackets and cocked hats, bearing their flaming torches. His son about ten years old, in the same garb, already drunk, acting as chief mourner.

† The *Beggars Opera* had an amazing run. It was brought out in 1728. I remember an old maiden lady, the daughter of a tenant of the Duke of Queensberry, Gay's patron, who attended the representation with the Duchess for several nights in succession. It was the making of Co-

much offence has been given to the pretty maidens who trundled their mops at the street doors early in the morning, by the butchers, fishmongers, and others, young men who were returning from Leadenhall, Stock-market, Billingsgate, and the like bustling scenes of early resort; and many a "drizzling shower" has been trundled on the crisped curls of a grave dyslaster, or an apothecary's wig, intended for some saucy and more active wight, by the mop of a Polly Peachen or a Lucky Lockit.

But to return to Kit;—I have observed before, that Hogarth sometimes met his match. Kit was a clever fellow, and being diligent, was independent—he cared for nobody. He was nettled at the laugh excited by the caricature; so seizing a bit of chalk, he sketched on the inside of a cup-board door, Hogarth and his dog Trump;† and inspired by the satiric spirit of retaliation, wrote underneath "The Two Pugs." There it remained. Kit had too much good temper to affront his master, by a sudden warfare with his friend. And what looker-on volunteers to "put the bell upon the cat's neck?"

This was too *biting* a satire long to remain dormant. Scott, another crone of my uncle Zachary and my father, called in to invite them to see a large picture which he had just completed, of *Old London Bridge*,; with the

vent Garden Theatre, and so injurious to that of Drury Lane, that it did not recover its reputation with the public until Garrick took the management.

It was wittily observed, that the *Beggars Opera* made "Rich gay, and Gay rich."

Perhaps no dramatic piece ever excited so much public interest, or made so much noise, as this. The admirers of *Shakespeare* endeavored to *cry it down*.—The amateurs of music *cried it up*. The *aries* were printed on ladies' fans.—The *modistes* shook their heads at its immoral tendency. Even the magistrates interposed, and wrote to Rich to suppress its performance. Yet so great was the rage for this novelty, that a party of children publicly performed the piece at the theatre in Lincoln Inn Fields, when the managers sent a book of the songs across the stage by a *fly*ing cupid, to Frederick, Prince of Wales. Hence George Hanwell was called for as an antidote to the *Beggars Opera*.

† This favourite dog always accompanied Hogarth. It was named Trump, and was modelled in terra-cotta, as well as its master, by Rou-billiac. Trump is represented too in Hogarth's satirical print of "Churchill the Bruiser."

‡ This very interesting picture of Old London Bridge was exhibited at the British Gallery, among other specimens of the English school, in the spring of 1817, together with the works of Hogarth, Wilson, Zoffany, and the best contemporary painters.

Perhaps no single piece affords to the antiquary so perfect a *bit* of the former state of London. An account of some remarkable inhabitants of these ancient houses, will appear in a future chapter.

Another specimen of this artist's topographic pencil I have lately seen at a picture dealer's in St. Giles's. It is a large piece, and represents the Adelphi Terrace whist building, from the Thames. In this it is introduced what I remember to be most picturesque.—The water-house at the bottom of Villiers-street, and the rude



overhanging tottering houses that had recently been pulled down. "What have we here?" said Scott, looking at Kit's head upon the wall, and turning towards the original, and then again at the portrait—"Why Kit," looking significantly in his face, "do you mean to pocket this affront?" Scott was a mischievous wag. "I have had my revenge, Sir," said my father's apprentice; and then leaving his loom, and begging Mr. Scott to walk into the next shop, he opened the cupboard door, and exhibited his handy work.

Doth any direful ill portend,  
No enemy can match a friend.

Scott screamed with laughter; and rowed the "little wisp should feel this sting." And then he laughed again most boisterously. "Give me the chalk," says Hogarth's friend. The blushing Kit obeyed, for he felt proud of his success; and then Scott wrote over the poignant satire, "*Lex talionis*."

The next day my father, great uncle Zachary, Hogarth, and Scott, all together came stamping up to the old shop. "Well, Filch," said Hogarth. Kit bowed, and sent the shuttle from right to left, and from left to right, quicker than lightning, and his feet ran over the treadsles with monstrous clatter, but not loud enough to deafen the stunning laughter that burst from the other shop.

Hogarth had "seen the sight;" he laughed loudest of the group; when flying back again he exclaimed, "Kit, you dig. I love you from my heart;" and going to the wall, he, in spite of all the efforts of his friends, obliterated his caricature; and turning to him whom it represented, said, "Kit, if you rub out me and my dog, I'll break your bones;" and there it remained upon the cupboard door, until the old premises, like the "baseless fabric of a vision, left not a wreck behind."

Nothing appeared to gratify this great dramatic painter more, than to be told some genuine instance of the moral effects of his prints. He gave my father a set of his "Industrious and Idle Apprentice," in narrow black frames, in the presence of the youths who worked in the shops, and desired they might hang in the "pattern room," as a "pattern to you, young shopmate," looking archly at Kit, said he. The tool box was brought, and he drove the nails in the wainscot, and hung them himself; and such, I verily believe, were the beneficial effects of that pictorial and affecting series, that many a youth of the shop, turned out a good man from the contemplation of these early efforts of the painter's fruitful genius. Fervently do I wish from my heart, that these were faithfully copied, and distributed to every manufactory in His Majesty's dominions. Yea, as the language of painting is universal, that they were distributed abroad too, for the advantage of the youth of the industrious class throughout the civilized world.

The diffusion of these at home would produce more good than a thousand tracts,

houses at Hungerford-stairs; Inigo Jones's Water-gate, and buildings up to Whitehall, many of which have been removed to make way for modern improvements.

which the pious and the philanthropic disperse at vast expence. For here vice is naturally depicted in its most odious shape, and its consequences rendered strikingly terrible; whilst emulation is rationally excited, and the path to happiness and riches made obvious to the meanest perception.

Hogarth, I remember hearing my uncle Zachary say, was stimulated to try his talent at these moral compositions, by reading a translation of the works of a cynical French philosopher, who with Gallic flippancy, maintained that painting was a useless art!!

Hogarth may be included amongst those British worthies who mainly contributed to the improvement of the manners of the last century—a fellow labourer with Addison and Steele, with Hawksworth, and the still more illustrious Johnson, in the cause of PUBLIC VIRTUE.

"In walks of humour, in that cast of style,  
Which, probing to the quick yet makes us smile;

In comedy, his natural road to fame,  
Nor let me call it by a meaner name;  
Where a beginning, middle, and an end,  
Are aptly joined; where parts on parts depend,  
Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,  
So as to form one true and perfect whole,  
Where a plain story to the eye is told,  
Which we conceive the moment we behold;  
Hogarth unrivalled stands, and shall engage  
Unrivalled praise to the most distant age."

This poetic eulogy, candour extorted from an offended contemporary wit. Had the clerical satirist, the brauer Churchill, added "all his conscience had approved," it would not have remained for a more virtuous and a kinder pen to render justice to our worthy artist.

It is delightful to go back to those days, and as it were, to hold converse with such honoured shades. Hogarth's death, I have heard my father say, spread a general gloom. It was the subject of lamentation in every tavern, and all the social clubs were long accustomed to drink to his memory. The sensitive Sterne felt it a dread shock to his fragile frame; and Garrick's sad countenance rendered a while the green-room dull. Sterne brooded over the privation in silent sentiment. Garrick's more active, yet no less tender muse, soothed his affection by dictating this epiphany for his departed friend.

"Farewell, great painter of mankind,  
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;  
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,  
And through the eye correct the heart.  
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;  
If nature touch thee drop a tear;  
If neither more thee, turn away,  
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here."

No man perhaps was ever a greater enthusiast in his art, than he. It was ever premost in his thoughts, and London in the reign of George II., afforded ample subject for his pencil. This was the last epoch for the "development of character."

Whose imagination, however rich, could picture none, the grotesque cast of London's bustling narrow city, even but sixty years ago? Or who that had not perambulated Fleet-street, to wit, midst the thousand

monster signs, swinging and loudly creaking in a wintry wind, joining in concert with the multifarious wares suspended o'er the open shops, and huge projecting bulks, pots, brazen kettles, tongs, and frying-pans, jingling discordant over-head, together with the crowds of oddities jostling each other right and left from off the greasy, quaggy pebbles, against the stubborn posts. Aye, who I ask, could dream of what it was, seeing what it is?

Then the tailor was well known, tho' lacking his symbols of the shears and goose, whilst a stay-maker was distinct from him. A barber could be descried the full length of Cornhill. Then it was each branch of business that a man pursued stood manifest either in his coat, or hat, or wig, his apron, sleeves, jacket, or general *grais*. Then the observant could divine almost as well of what profession, business, trade, place, office, calling, appointment and persuasion any one was as he could tell the commodity sold in every shop, by the significance of its sign.

Then the purblind might discriminate 'twixt an arch-bishop and a prelate subordinate, an arch-deacon and a dean; a vicar and a curate, by outward garb as well as superficial measurement; might know a tavern-keeper from him that did an ale-house keep. No one mistook a pettyfogging lawyer for an undertaker, nor parish-clerk nor sexton for a beadle, nor regular physician for a puffing patry cook, nor apothecary for either. Nor did even a country lord, newly dubbed a peer, after a month's sojournment amidst the ever changing scene, accept a leather-dresser for a persequer, or he for a baker's agent, tho' all the three were white as miller.

All the watch-makers of Clerkenwell, masters, journeymen, apprentices, looked as "like to like," as dial plates. The weavers too of Spitalfields were of the same cut and trim, as tho' each were the manufacture of the loom. Then it was, "O, rare the times!" that matters of exterior appearance were a very personal superscription, and told you in language plain enough, in what street each man lived, and what he did daily to earn his mutton.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A CONCISE VIEW OF THE INCONTINENCE OF THE CLERGY ANTERIOR TO THE REFORMATION.

(Continued.)

The rules respecting the behaviour of the monks and nuns were excessively strict, thus, Lanfranc appointed, in the priory of St. Gregory, Canterbury, "ministros quoque ac custodes, qui modis omnibus observarent ne aliquis eis desesset, neque viris ad feminas, vel feminis ad viros accedendis facultas ulla adesset."\* but these regulations were, I fear, little regarded; for it appears that the nuns of St. Sepulchres, Canterbury, were, at the command of Pope Boniface VIII., in his letters to Archbishop Wicliffe and his suffragans, confined to their cloisters in 1306, for their irregularity and

\* *Engl. Hist. No. 1.*

ill behaviour.† Indeed, we may obtain the clearest view of the manner in which the clergy lived during the 14th century, (allowing for a little exaggeration in the account,) from a pamphlet, printed afterwards in 1531, and entitled, “*The priar and complainte of the plowman vnto Christe written not long after the yere of our Lord 1300*,” in which the writer breaks out into the following complaint:—“*Leue a Lorde, zif good men forsaken the compaignie of woman, and nedes the moten<sup>b</sup> haue the gouernayle of man, then moten they ben<sup>c</sup> yecoupled with schrewes, and therefore thy spoushode, that thou madest in clenesse from synne, it is now ychaunged in to lykynge of the flesch; and Lorde, this ys a gret myschefe vnto thy puple.¶ And yonge prestes and men of religion for defaulte of wikes makeen many ryemen horeu, and drawen thrower hynel<sup>c</sup> to consume many other men to synne; and the ese that they lyuen in, and their welfare, ys a gret cause of this myschefe. And Lorde, we thinke, that these ben quante<sup>c</sup> orlers of religion, and none of thy secte, that *roten taken<sup>c</sup> horeu*, whilke God forfende, and forsaken wyues that God commaundes and gyuen her selfe to ydelnesse, that is the moode of all nouzties.” And in another place, he says, “*Lorde, what herenge<sup>a</sup> ys it to fetch dead menues bones out of the ground there as they schulden kyndelich roten, and schryuen<sup>b</sup> hem in gold and in silver? And suffren<sup>a</sup> the quyke bones of thyne images perishe for defaulte of sustenance, and roten<sup>b</sup> in the hoore house in alomiable lecherie<sup>a</sup>.” Again, “*And Lorde, he that calleth hymself thy eiser<sup>b</sup> up on earth*,” will not suffren prestes to taken hem wyues, for that ys azuisin his law: but Lorde, he will *dispenen with hem to hepen horeu* for a certen sum of mon<sup>a</sup>. And Lorde, all horeuome ys forfended<sup>a</sup> in thy law. And Lorde, this makes puple for the most parte leuen that lecherie ys no synne.” §, A similar character of the above, is observable in the following lines of Robert Laandlag, written towards the close of the (14th) century: after enumerating several clerical vices, he makes a priest speak thus:**

I am occupied euery day, holy day and other  
With idle tales at the ale; and other while  
in churches.  
God’s paine and his passion full slyde<sup>b</sup> I thinke  
I theoreu;  
I visited neuer feble men, ne fettrid folke in  
pitte;

† Walsingham Hist. Angl. Anno 28 Edw. I. & A.D. 1301. Bately’s Edit. of Somner. p. 37. Folio.

‡ This scarce work is reprinted in the Harl. Misc. vol. i. It was this pamphlet that gave rise to the two invectives of Chaucer and Langland.

§ Beloved. <sup>a</sup> They must. <sup>c</sup> Be. <sup>d</sup> People. <sup>e</sup> Evil. <sup>f</sup> Canning. <sup>g</sup> Will take. <sup>h</sup> Worship. <sup>i</sup> Eschirine. <sup>j</sup> Suffer. <sup>k</sup> Rot. <sup>l</sup> The Pope. <sup>m</sup> Money. <sup>n</sup> Forisiden. <sup>o</sup> The Golden Fleece.” by Orpheus Junior, in 1626, which reproves very severely the lives of the *quondam* clergy, are some severely corroborative lines which we may not quote.

¶ Seldam.

I have heer here an harlotrie, or a somer  
gaine,  
Or leasings to laugh at, and bilye my neigh-  
bours,  
Then all that euer Marke made, Math, John,  
And Lucas,  
And Ugiles; and fasting daies, all these let I  
passe,  
And lie in bed in lent, and mi leman in mine  
arnes.

Chaucer, who wrote his poem of “*The Court in Love*,” in 1346, represents a crowd of monks, friars, and nuns, as attending it, and grieving, that they are exiled from it, by being confined in convents, &c. The monks and friars use these words:

Then sode the monkes and freres in the tide,  
Well may we curse our abbe’s and our place,  
Our statutes sharpe to wing in copes wide,  
Chastly to kepe us coule of love’s grace,  
And never to fele no comforte no solace;  
Yet suffre we the hete of love’s fire,  
And after other hapely we desire.

O fortune cournd I why nowe and wharfore,  
Hast thou, they said, beraste us liberte,  
Sith nature gave us &c.

And appetit to love and lovers he:  
Why mote we suffre soche aduante  
Diane to serve, and Venus to refuse?  
Ful often this matter doth us muse. V. 1114.

The author of the Golden Fleece, (already quoted below in a note,) ascribes this unchasteness to their being prevented from marrying; and insinuates, that nunneries were erected by their suggestions, so as to be able, by means of them, to satisfy their irregular inclinations; although this opinion cannot be subscribed to, yet, as the passage is curious, I shall insert it without any apology:—“*For themselves being to continue for ever unmarried, they burned in lust, and left no trick unattempted to beguile wives and maidens. But among all their sleights, they preasayed above all, when they drew men to build nunneries, that they might allure prettie wenchies thither, with whom they might loue the more freely to coole their raging lusts. Insomuch, that the wariest of them, seeing some of their sweet hearts too fruitful, they studied phisic, and gave them drenches to destroy their fruit; or if that wrought not the effect, for the credit of their vtorias, they held it no great sinne to murder it, as soon as ever it came to light: which diuellish acts of theirs since the preaching of the Gospel are daily discovered in pounds and other hidden places, where the skuls of many infants haue bene lately found.”—Page 62. The horrible characters of the religious in those days, are interspersed through all the writings of Chaucer, particularly in his Canterbury Tales, his Plowman’s Tale, &c. &c.; in the last, he thus reprobrates their vanity and incontinence:*

Of scarlet and grene gais gounes,  
That mote be shopen for the newe,  
To clippen and klesse in toones,  
The damozelles that to the dance seue:

Meennis wives thei wolliu bold,  
And though that thei bin right sorry,  
To speke that shull not be so bold,  
For somping to the consistory.

And make them sale with mouthe, I lie,  
Thou that it sawin with their eye,  
His leman holden openly,  
No man so hardy to aske why.

They use horeuom, and harlotrie,  
And couetise, &c.

At the *Notabilis Visitatio de Selburne*, in Hampshire, A.D. 1387, by William of Wykeham, among various irregularities practised in that monastery, was this:

V. Item, quia ostia ecclesie alic; claustris prioratus vestri predicti non seruentur, nec seruantur temporibus debitis, nec modo debito, ut decreuit, sed custodia corundem agitur et omittitur multoties negligenter, adeo quod suspecte persone et alie inhoneste, per ecclesiam et claustrum iustissimum incedunt frequenter in tenebris aut; umbra temporibus eadem suspectis et illicitis indenter; unde dampna et scandala varia pluries procurrent et inopostumer verisimiliter poterant procreare; &c. He likewise complains, that some of the canons, living dissolutely after the flesh, and not after the spirit, had slept naked in their beds without their breeches and shirts, § which was a grievous violation of one of the Augustine rules.

I think I have advanced a sufficient number of authorities, to prove the generality and frequency of this vice among the clergy; their religious duties were in fact a mere mockery; the devotion they displayed was assumed; and exclusively confined to the ceremonious fooleries of the Popish ritual, without either their hearts being engaged, or their minds elevated towards the merest sect of their gracious and beneficent Creator. In short, I cannot conclude this paper with greater truth or propriety than in the words of Malvern, who, in the following quaint lines, tells us in what light he considered religion in those days:

Now is religion a rider, a romer by streate,  
A leader of love days, and a loud beggar;  
A pricker on a palfrey from maner to maner,  
A heape of bounds, &c. Pass. X.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette. ||

Sir,—Having observed in the Literary Gazette of the 7th instant, an anecdote of the late Captain Sir Peter Parker, which I know

† Chaucer, ed. Crry. pp. 173 & 189.

‡ Even so late as the reign of Anne, in all indictments, &c. the term *personae suspectae* was used to signify w.—a.

§ Vid. Gills. White’s Hist. Selburne, in App.

|| X. Item, quod nonnulli canonici domos secundum carnes potumque secundum spiritum dissoluti videntes, &c.—unde jacent in lectis nupque femoralibus, &c.

|| It will readily be believed that we could mean no disrespect to the memory of this gallant sailor, who fell gloriously fighting his country’s battles. The anecdotes (inserted without much consideration) appeared to us to be nothing more than descriptions of eccentricities rather characteristic of our gallant seamen—frolics in no respect discreditible to the brave officer to whom they were imputed, and the recollection of whom we cherish with feelings of the highest sympathy and admiration. Etc.

to be wholly unfounded, I take the liberty of addressing you, with a view to correct the mistake.

From my intimate acquaintance with the family, I can take upon me to assert, that in no instance had he ever incurred the displeasure of either his father or his grandfather. He was the son of Vice Admiral Christopher Parker, who died in 1804, and grandson of Sir Peter Parker, who died Admiral of the Fleet of England in 1811. I can further assure you, that he never served at any time under the command either of his father or grandfather.

I trust, that after this explanation, you will feel the propriety of doing justice to a gallant officer, who lost his life in the service of his country; and remove any unfavourable impression against his memory, which your report may have occasioned, by a frank and candid avowal of the mistake. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,  
VERITAS.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### THE NEW CONTINENT.

We have been favoured with the following extract from the log-book of the brig *Williams*, by a vessel just arrived from Buenos Ayres. It states several particulars respecting the newly-discovered continent of New Shetland, or South Shetland; and as every thing relative to this matter is interesting, we lay it exactly as it has reached us before our readers. There was a map with the packet, but it appears, (with the exception of Dalrymple's chart) to be similar to that in Brewster's Philosophical Journal, which may be referred to.

*Extract from the Brig William's Log Book, on a Voyage from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso. Feb. 19th 1819.*

*1st Track.*—Having sailed round to the eastward of the Falkland Islands, and keeping our reach to the southward and westward, winds variable from south to south west, in lat.  $62^{\circ} 40'$  south, and long.  $60^{\circ} 00'$  west by chronometer. Land or ice was discovered ahead, bearing S. E. by S. distant about 2 leagues, blowing hard gales with flying showers of snow, the day breaking at 6 A.M. wore ship to the northward, at 9 A.M. more moderate and clear; a large field of ice was distant 10 miles; at noon moderate and fine weather; lat. observed,  $62^{\circ} 17'$  south, long.  $60^{\circ} 12'$  west; wore ship and made sail for land again at 2 P.M.; the large body of ice bore west distant 4 miles; at 4 P.M. tacked ship the land or islands bearing S. E. by E. to S. S. E. distant 10 miles; the weather fine and pleasant. It was discovered to be land a little covered with snow; down tacks and steered to N. W. at 6 P.M. the ice E. N. E. distant 1 mile floating about, and whales and seals observed in abundance; afterwards made all sail on our intended voyage.

*From Valparaiso to Montanidio.*—May 12th.

*2nd Track.*—On my arrival at Valparaiso, this land being doubtful from not having

sounded, I determined on looking for it again, and steering in a parallel of  $62^{\circ} 12'$  south for the Islands, when in lat.  $67^{\circ} 00'$  west, on 15th June at 6 P.M. and in the above lat. found the vessel completely beset with broken ice, standing immediately to the north, under easy sail, and going at the rate of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 miles per hour; night very dark; it was found impossible to make further progress this season, in consequence thereof we abandoned the attempt, and stood on for our destined port. On arrival, notwithstanding all the precaution that was observed, the ice had torn off the vessel's bottom several sheets of copper.

*From Montanidio to Valparaiso.*

*3d Track.*—After departing from this place, we were favoured with fine weather and a fair wind, which allowed us to pass Cape Horn in 14 days, the wind then favourable to go to the westward; however, as it was our intention to make the islands, we stood away S. S. E. and on the 15th Oct. at 6 P.M. made them distant 3 leagues, in lat.  $62^{\circ} 30'$  south, and long.  $60^{\circ} 00'$  west; bore up and sailed towards them; at four miles distant sounded in 40 fathoms, fine black sand, islands bearing E. by S. at S. E. by S. sounded again in 60 fathoms, sand bottom. Hauled off during the night to north; at daylight stood in at three leagues distance from the islands; sounded and found 95 fathoms, fine sandy bottom, at 8 A.M. clear pleasant weather; saw the main land bearing S. S. E. distant from the islands about three leagues. Having now as far as the Cape found the land to run off to N. E. coasting to the eastward, sounded and found it similar to the former.

The point which is called North Foreland, bearing E. by S. we looked for in it, and got the island to bear N. W. distant half a league, sounding regular from 20 to 35 fathoms; fine bottom, sand and gravel; finding the weather favourable, sent in the boat and succeeded in landing; it was found to be barren and covered with snow; seals were observed about the shore in abundance. Night coming on the boat returned, when we made sail off the shore for the night; in the morning altered the course so as to keep the land to the southward in view. At 11 A.M. the North Foreland bore E. S. by E. distant five leagues; the land then took a S. E. direction.

After this we hauled to the westward, and proceeded on our voyage.

I again from variable winds made Cape Williams, and perceived some trees on the land to the S. W. of the Cape, stretching in a S. W. direction; the weather became thick and squally; made sail to the westward, having sailed about 150 miles S. W. W. The weather becoming more settled, saw another headland bearing about E. N. E., distant about 10 leagues, very high; by observation, in lat.  $62^{\circ} 53'$  south, and long. per chronom.  $63^{\circ} 40'$ , west of Greenwich, named the Smith's Cape; found the land to extend at the Cape in a southerly direction. Finding it dangerous to proceed further to the southward and in an unknown coast, shaped my course for Valparaiso, where I arrived on 23d Nov. 1819.

It is to be remarked, that the land was

taken possession of in the name of Our Sovereign Lord George III., King of Great Britain and Ireland, and in this name planted the Union, and left a board stating the discoverer, &c.

### TRIGONOMETRICAL SURVEY.

We learn from a northern correspondent, that Dr. M'Culloch, of Blackheath, has been in the Shetland Isles all this summer, by order of the Board of Ordnance, being associated with the trigonometrical survey, under the late General Mudge, and continued by Captain Colby. The leading object of the survey is to ascertain the specific gravity and density of the earth at the stations, and in the circuits where the Zenith Sector was placed; for determining the extreme northern point of the meridional arc begun by the late General Roy, and now continued from Dunoon to Baltia. These corrections are required to determine any eventual errors arising from a deviation of the plumb line, and also the local influences capable of affecting the pendulum, as used by Dr. Gregory and M. Biot, and more lately by Captain Kater. The whole is connected with similar observations, carried on for some years past, on the meridional arc in question as it passes through England and Scotland. This effect on astronomical instruments was first noticed by the French and Spanish astronomers in South America, and applied by Dr. Maskelyne to the problem of determining the earth's density. It is treated at full length in Baron de Zach's work, and the necessity of attending to it was strongly urged by the late lamented Dr. Playfair. The conduct of the Board of Ordnance, in selecting Dr. M'Culloch for an investigation of such importance to science, deserves the highest praise, and is an earnest of the attention they have paid to the due and accurate execution of this important work. Dr. M'Culloch is farther, we are informed, extending his observation, so as to form a geological map of the Shetland Isles, which will be added to the general geological and mineral map of Scotland, in which he has made so great progress, and which, we understand, will be shortly published by the Board of Ordnance in a form corresponding with that of the maps now publishing under their inspection.—(*Edin. Even. Courant.*)

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

TO CINDERELLA.

Sweet Cinderella! thine the graceful skill,  
To wield the housemaid's dirt-destroying broom;  
'Tis thing Archæus' venom'd blood to spill,  
Or weakness drive her from her silken loom!  
I saw thee (well against my ribs might throb  
My heart) as on thy chequer-apron'd knee,  
With ruby arm, and glove-shathed hand the hob  
Thoud'st polliah, 'till reflected thou might'st see  
Well as in Warren's bright-embalmed boot,  
Thy toil, impassioned charms, and humid face;

Nor dream that ought above thy slipper's foot,  
My greedy gaze could mischievously trace.

'Tis thine with pliant wrist to twirl the mop—  
Science refin'd! to untutor'd maids denied;  
The circling wool throws forth the "big round drop,"

And the bright crystal shower scatters wide.

Oh! have I seen thee wanton in the sun,  
And mark with mirthful eye the glitt'ring rays;

Then turn thee quickly round in vengeful fun,  
And aim the rainy torrent in my face!

Think, Cinderella! of the happy day  
When plump I met you on the kitchen stairs,  
I seiz'd a kiss, — and for my amorous play,  
Your wash-hand water took me unawares!

Bethink how oft I have confest to thee,  
My bosom burn'd with thee to rule the roast;  
You'd fondly listen, while you made the tea,  
And laugh for mischief when I burnt the toast.

Oh! as my plate I'd polish, did I swear  
Thou wert more worth than gold and silver too;

That if with me my fortune thou would'st share,  
I'd pawn my soul to Isachou the Jew!

And now thou'lt leave me for the dapper groom  
Who drives you out in Master's new calash:  
Soon will he take Suetonia in your room—  
Cinder! he only wants to "cut a dash!"

He talks of love, of flames, of fire and brimstone,  
And vows that all is true he ever spoke;  
It's all a lie! for his falsehood, I would him  
stone—

The fiery groom you'll find will end in smoke.

I have been constant as the Jack, my Cinder!  
His fickle heart you ne'er can hope to catch;  
My breast soon lit—as sparks soon kindle tinder,  
And all I long and sigh for is a match!

Still I forgive, and should'st thou e'er hereafter  
Find that his vows are false, my heart sincere  
We'll make it up again, in mirth and laughter,  
And thou again shalt find a welcome here.

But should'st thou thou still forget both me and mine,  
Still turn upon me that relentless frown;  
Yet let mine ashes, Cinder! join with thine,  
And—let the dustman have 'em for a crown.

EDGAR.

*Impromptu.—On a Young Lady with an Impediment in her Speech.*

"Now Tom, 'tis your turn—come give us  
your toast."  
"Here's Maria!" "Why she? Not one charn  
can she boast."

"There, sir, you are wrong—to deny it is  
vain;  
Though her face is, her language can not be  
called plain."

#### RUSTICS AND SCHOOLMASTERS.

"O knew he but his happiness, of men  
The happiest he." So whilome Thomson  
sung,

Extolling thereby with his deathless pen  
The blades, who dwelling rural shades among,  
Fatten calf, ram, goose, bullock, cock or hen,  
And grub the earth, and shovel up the dung;  
Set so little happy, that I think  
When Thomson praised them he was much in  
driak.

Good, grossy Jemmy! were you asked to change  
With him of whom you thus bepraise the lot,  
You'd think, I ween, the offer somewhat strange,  
And answer—"Thank you, sir, I'd rather  
not."

And own you much preferred the kitchen range,  
And dulcet murmurings of the well lined pot,  
To any range of starved poetic trees,  
Or happy whisperings of the western breeze.

Elsewhere he gives his praises as he ought,  
Singing or saying to his sounding lute,  
"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot!"

Ay, that's the happiness indeed! which nought  
Surpasses here on earth beyond dispute;  
What do I say? on earth? I'm sure 'tis given  
As a supreme beatitude in heaven.

O tribe of pedagogues supremely blest!  
To whom this most delightful task 'pertains,  
Yours is the tranquil sunshine of the breast,  
And yours the bliss ye bland Arcadian swains:

Although I should contrive to do my best,  
And bite my nails, and beat my head for  
brains,

Yet I should not be able to express  
Your most exalted glorious happiness.

'Tis yours, high seated on exalted throne,  
Armed with awe-striking sceptre in the hand,  
With eye of lordly glance, and haughty tone,  
Order your tiny train to hold command;

And many a dolorous sigh and cowering moan,  
Attends the waving of that magic wand,  
By which you make the elements of speech  
Mount upwards to the cranium through the  
breach,

High is your rule, extending far and wide  
O'er venerable Grammar's gay domain;  
Noun, pronoun, verb, you see on every side,  
Owning the sway despotic of your reign.

'Tis yours to lord in prim prosodial pride,  
O'er long and shorts of hexametric strain,  
And yours the rule, unquestioned as the Pope's,  
O'er rhetoric's figures, and o'er rhetoric's tropes.

"Delightful task!" (I quote it once again)  
Is yours, the young idea to nreap!  
I envy you your lot, you happy men,  
So sweet the pastime, and the toil so dear.

I—but I see my too loquacious pen  
Has tired the reader's eye, and hearer's ear—  
So true to verse,—I go to fill a jorum  
And drink "Salute pedagogicorum!"

M. J. F.

#### LYRICS.

##### I. Love.

In vain you bid my muse aspire  
To sing of loftier themes;  
Nought melts so sweetly from the lyre,  
As love's delicious dreams.

Oh, how can sing but what they feel;  
And I feel only love,  
And Eve's soft hour, when triflers steal,  
A ramble in the grove!

Oh, rather far than feast with kings,  
With Emma would I stray,  
When her eye says ten thousand things  
Her tongue may never say!

In those fond moments, when she turns  
Her amorous lips to mine,  
And all my soul within me burns  
With extacy divine!

Or when she every boon denies  
To make me fonder seek;  
While soft desire lights up her eyes  
And burns upon her cheek.

Oh! these are themes that I can sing,  
For these my passions more;  
My lyre, tho' changed, thro' every string,  
Would only answer love!

#### II. Time's Furlough.

Oh! by the paleness of thy face,  
And wildness of thine eye,  
A lover's eye can quickly trace  
What thoughts beneath them lie.

Then why not gather love's sweet flowers  
Before their bloom is dead?  
They lose their freshness, when the hours  
Of youth's sweet May are fled!

W. G.

#### BILLINGSGATE MUSIC.

Hark! Billingsgate music  
Melts o'er the sea,  
Falling light from some alcoushous,  
Where Kerry men be;  
And fishwomen's voices  
Roar over the deep,  
And waken around us  
The billows from sleep.

Our potatoe boat gently  
Wades over the wave,  
While they call one another  
Rogue, baggage, and knave!  
We listen—we listen—  
How happy are we,  
To hear the sweet music  
Of beauteous Tralce!

Tralce Bay, Sept. 1, 1820.

W. F.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### THE WANT OF A PENNY..

*For want of a penny in one's pocket, it is impossible to conceive the vexations to which one may be exposed in all places, but certainly no where more than in Paris. Nothing can plead more forcibly in favour of economy than the following narrative, which we extract from a French journal, for the benefit of those who visit Paris.*

"Anxious to find the minister from whom I was about to solicit a favour for my best friend, I left home in a hurry, and forgot my purse. The keeper of the Pont-des-Arts", however, soon reminded me of my neglect; and as mere civility is not accounted good payment there, more than elsewhere, I turned back, in order to pass over the Pont-Neuf. One of those artists who take their station on the edge of the foot-path, proposed to brush the dust off my shoes for a penny. I passed on and pretended not to hear him. On reaching his Excellency's house, I learned that he had set out for his country seat about five minutes before, namely, just while I was going round by the Pont-Neuf. My friend was anxiously awaiting his appointment! Vexed by this unlucky accident, I mechanically sought for something to divert my spirits. I drew out my snuff-box; but to my mortification it was empty, and I am not in the habit of running in debt at the tobacconist's.

"I walked slowly on, and a miserable  
There is a toll upon this bridge, and none on the Pont Neuf, which is higher up the river Seine. Eq.

picture soon attracted my notice. A wretched family, stretched on the street, in a state of starvation, implored me to give them a single penny. Alas! I was even poorer than they. Raising my eyes to heaven, I discovered a slight degree of darkness. I was about to enquire the cause, when a little boy begged me to look at the eclipse through his smoked glass, for a penny. In spite of my curiosity, I walked on, and postponed for twenty-seven years the pleasure which I might have enjoyed at the present moment.

"Plunged in melancholy reflections, my attention was suddenly attracted by a man running out of breath, and roaring, *Ulla la lita!* I recollected that I had ventured to purchase a ticket in the lottery; but unluckily I could not, at that moment, conveniently ascertain whether or not Fortune had ceased to persecute me. I continued to walk on, but was soon stopped by a real *Carbonaro*, who was sweeping the streets—*pauses, pauses*, he exclaimed. Being totally unable to fulfil the second condition, I was resolved to evade the first, and I escaped with a hearty laughing.

"Meanwhile as uproar in the street announced the publication of the new ordinance relative to Sub-Prefects, in which one of my old college-companions was deeply interested. I was all anxiety to learn the particulars; but what was my mortification when the fellow who was selling the ordinance, roared out, with Stentorian lungs, that its price was *only one penny*. Vexed beyond all endurance at these successive disappointments, I entered a church, where I hoped to enjoy a little rest, while at the same time I fulfilled a pious duty; but I had not been there more than five minutes, when I recollected that there was to be a collection for the benefit of the poor. I immediately left the church—the museum was at hand; I proceeded thither, but was informed it was necessary to leave my stick at the door. It may naturally be supposed that when I determined to postpone my pleasure till to-morrow, my passion for the fine arts easily accommodated itself to the ill fortune I had experienced throughout the day. Three ladies of my acquaintance arrived at the door in a coach. I ran to assist them in alighting, when immediately four flower women thrust their baskets under my nose, and begged me to buy the ladies a bouquet for *only one penny*. Like a skilful general I turned the position, and accompanied my three friends as far as the vestibule, whence I returned only to fall a prey to the persecutions of the officious fellow who had opened the coach door, and let down the steps. However I soon got rid of him by replying, with the air of a *Cressus*, that I had no change, and the by-standers little suspected the full truth of the assertion.

"I now hastened home; and taking the necessary sum, flew to the *spring-bank*, where I deposited the little capital which will secure to me a revenue of five centimes per

• Equivalent to our excellent Savings Banks; and though the inconveniences of this lively

day, being, by sad experience, too well convinced of the inconveniences that may arise from the want of a penny."

#### FAMILY COMFORT.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir.—I am a young lawyer, and went last Monday to visit a friend, to whom I shall give the name of Barnet. He has long pressed me to quit the turmoil of London, for Halcyon Hall, which he calls his earthly Paradise. He relinquished the bar on marrying a person to whom he was fondly attached, and is the father of a very promising family. With health, talents, prosperity, love, and esteem, mingled in his cup, he seems to have little to do in this world, but thankfully to enjoy, and cheerfully distribute its blessings.

The day after my arrival, when conversing on some interesting topics with Mrs. Barnet, she remarked it was cold.—I disented—and our conversation continued as before: but on her husband's entrance, she repeated the remark, with a sort of childish appeal to his pity in her face. He said it was remarkably warm, one of the warmest days this summer.

She.—(with increasing, and well performed shiverings).—"You may think it warm, who have walked to the farm, like the well-fed mayor, when he visits the prisoners' cold cells; but we, who have been sitting still, find it remarkably cold."

He.—"I have not walked to the farm—I am sure I go very little to the farm—the poor farm—but I assure you 'tis very hot."

She.—"The thermometer was lower in my room to-day than yesterday."

He.—"It's higher now in the shade."

She.—(with chattering teeth).—"I feel it colder—horridly cold."

Mr. Barnet left his coffee cooling, to seek the thermometer; but alas! even this impartial umpire decided nothing, for the debate was continued, as to the different effects of cold, though the degrees might be the same, as it was modified by damps, high winds, health, situation, &c. &c. Physics, metaphysics, illustration, authorities, anecdotes, victimisms, were all pressed into the service with unsparing, but perverted ingenuity, and the debate lasted as long as our time of being together in the morning.

We were talking very comfortably at dinner, when the propriety of giving to one of the children some mutton, very little roasted, being questioned by his mother, and supported by his father, led us a second wild goose chase. The habits of the Greeks and Romans—the practice of our pugilists and running gentlemen—the moral effects of eating raw meat—its property of inspiring cruelty—the opinions of eminent physicians and of fruitful matrons—the danger of a progress from this taste to cannibalism, all passed in review, and the debate was only adjourned

writer are not likely to affect those who may place their money in such receptacle, we trust the lesson may be felt by those to whom a penny is still more valuable. Ed.

by Mrs. Barnet's leaving us for the drawing room.

Conviction, of course, is never produced or even affected; and as to pleasantness, you know how seldom family joys are amusing. They are usually either insipid to indifferent hearers, or sub-acid; and the wastefulness of the joker, that insists on catching that his patient, is to me unspeakably tiresome. In short, I shall take my leave immediately unless they adopt what I now venture to propose, knowing your entertaining paper meets their eye. My plan is, that when we assert an opinion or a fact, and the other differs, the first speaker should have the privilege of making a rejoinder, and then the matter should drop, or be referred to a secret committee. This would leave those powers of conversation my friends eminently possess, free for more agreeable topics, and clear their countenances from a certain anxious expression, for which no other circumstances in their habits or state of mind appear to lay the smallest foundation.

I have the honour to be, Sir, &c. &c.  
Halcyon Hall, Oct. 1.

#### THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.—Nothing of a novel nature has been produced since our last. Indeed it seems to be the system of the Winter Theatres now to begin the season without much effort, and reserve their strength for after Christmas. The old dramas acted here however, *Henri Quatre*, *Rob Roy*, *The Antiquary*, &c., together with the alterations in the house, have drawn full audiences.

HAYMARKET.—At this theatre a Mr. Hicks, who made his debut in that part last year at Covent Garden, has repeated *Hamlet*. His faults are perhaps curable, for they consist most prominently of a stoop, a drawl, and an entire want of marking in the dialogue; and good sense and practice may remedy these defects. In other respects he is a tall, slender, gentlemanly person, with a good eye and expressive countenance. Mild and vigour, if he possess the one and rarely supply the other, may make him a performer or belonging to the superior class: as yet *Hamlet* is above his powers.

#### VARIETIES.

M. St. Martin, the author of *Memoires sur l'Arménie*, &c. has been chosen a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres, in the room of M. Tchern, deceased.—(French Paper).

The King of Prussia has appointed M. Von Tieck, the sculptor, to be a professor of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Berlin.

M. Rabboni, first flute player at the theatre of La Scala at Milan, lately performed at the *Opera Italiana* at Paris. The French critics do not speak very highly of his talents.

The celebrated sculptor Thorwaldsen is about to visit Warsaw, to execute a mo-

nument to the memory of Prince Joseph Poniatowsky.

**SCULPTURE.**—The works of the students who were admitted to compete for the grand prizes of sculpture, have been exhibited in the gallery of the Academy of Fine Arts.

The figures are about four feet high. The subject is *Cain the moment after he has murdered Abel*. Two of the figures particularly merit attention; namely, those marked 5 and 7.

The 5th is remarkable for the simplicity of the attitude, and the correct expression of the head. It is however to be regretted, that the play of the muscles is somewhat too feebly defined in the lower part of the figure, and the feet do not sufficiently participate in the general motion. The idea which is naturally formed of the uncouth figure of Cain, and the terror with which he must have been seized on hearing the voice of the Almighty, sufficiently prove that the subject ought to be treated in the powerful style of which Michael Angelo has furnished so many excellent models.

The 7th would leave almost nothing to be wished for, if the head were rather more youthful. The motion of the body is given with perfect truth, and the whole figure is remarkable for anatomical correctness.

#### French Journal.

**Vaulting Ambition.**—A rope-dancer lately applied to the magistrate of a little town in Switzerland, for permission to perform within his jurisdiction. The magistrate refused, observing that the country was already overrun with mountebanks: "but, (said the dancer) I am not one of the common class; I send a proof of my superiority:" with these words he leaped completely over the head of the magistrate, and this feat of agility gained him the indulgence he applied for.

A number of persons at Darlaston, having read in a Birmingham paper that the Eclipse would be "visible from that town at such an hour, actually left their employment, and went over to Birmingham to see the Eclipse.—*Sheffield Mercury*.

**Egyptian Mummy.**—A mummy, in a high state of preservation, presented to the Hunterian Museum of Glasgow, has recently been examined by several learned persons of that city. An account of the condition of the corpse, &c. has been published in the newspapers but it does not seem to give any important information: indeed one of the remarks is ludicrous, for it is first stated that the face was "apparently female," and then that "there appeared upon the chin not the slightest vestige of hair, but that upon the eyebrows was distinctly and finely arched." Surely, the Glasgow literati, though they may have read of a bearded Venus, did not expect a beard on the chin of an Egyptian lady! The hair upon the head is of a golden colour, which we consider to be rather a remarkable circumstance; but as the nose is also described as Roman, it seems probable that this female was not a native of the land of dark beauties.

**Smoked Sausages.**—There is a disease very prevalent in Wurtemberg, but little known

elsewhere, which is induced by eating smoked sausages, and is most fatal every spring, especially in the month of April. A pamphlet on this subject by Dr. Justus Kerner, has appeared at Tübingen. According to this work, 76 persons were taken ill from eating smoked sausages in a very short time, and in quite different parts of the kingdom; 37 of these died; others, dried up to mummies, carried the poison in them for many years. The liver sausages are the most dangerous; of 24 persons who ate of them, 12 died. It appears by Kerner's discoveries, that this poison is not prussic acid. It is different from all hitherto known poisons, inasmuch as it leaves the brain and the spinal marrow unaffected, but suspends the action of the sympathetic or ganglion system in its whole extent. Hence, a very remarkable result for physiology: Thus, for instance, in a person infected by the sausages, not the slightest pulsation of the heart was perceived for months together; while, notwithstanding this, the pulsation of the arteries remained almost regular. This poison appears, according to Kerner, to have the most resemblance to the venom of the *dipsas serpent*, or to the supposed effects of the aqua tofana.

**French Names.**—The following whimsical period commences an article in one of the Paris journals:—

"Il existe à Londres, aux frais du gouvernement, une école d'arts et métiers, que l'on nomme *Blue Coat* d'où sont sortis des hommes du premier mérite."

Who could suppose that this oddly spelt government institution, which sends out men of the highest abilities in the arts, is Christ's Hospital, or the Blue Coat School?

**Lusus Nature.**—A curious phenomenon at present engages the attention of the inhabitants of Clermont, in France; namely, a little monster, the offspring of a cat and some unknown male animal. It possesses the playfulness of a dog, while its mouth, claws, and teeth, resemble those of a cat. Its hair is soft, brown on the back, and white as snow on the paws and belly. It usually barks, but mews when called by its mother.

There is at present to be seen, at Arbuthnot, a beautiful phenomenon of nature, arising from stagnate water by the late hot weather. In a basin belonging to a salt-work, stopt some time ago from working, the combination of gases, occasioned by the decomposition of the water, has become so powerful that, after dark, its surface appears as if sparkling with fire; and when a stone, or other weighty substance, is thrown in to disturb the fluid, a brilliant bluish flame immediately takes place.—*Provincial Journal*.

**Stockholm, Sept. 8.**—Major Graner, who set sail last year to endeavour to open a trading passage between Chili and the East Indies, by a different course from that which has hitherto been taken, has discovered a groupe of islands, which have not been marked by any navigator. The largest has received the name of the *Isle of Oscar*.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

**The Salic Law.**—Paris, September 2.—M. Carion Nisas, jun.—has just published a French translation of the Salic Law, accompanied with notes. It is strange enough that this oldest code of laws has been long since known to us only by an emunctum which it does not contain, namely, the custom of the Salic Franks, which has become a fundamental principle of the French monarchy—the exclusion of females (and their descendants) from the succession to the throne. This law, founded on custom alone, has never been a written law at any period of the monarchy, and it is erroneously that some commentators and lawyers have thought it to be contained in the 62d chapter of the Salic Law. M. Bignon observes, "A law must have been held in high estimation, to be so strictly observed that it never was necessary to reduce it to writing."

**An Armenian Gazette** is printed in the Armenian Convent, which is situated on one of the Islands in the Lagoon of Venice. The articles are, for the most part, translated from the best Italian newspapers. Numerous copies are sent to Constantinople, and then dispersed over the Levant. Three of them go to the Seraglio of the Sultan. By their aid the political bulletins are controlled which the Hospodars of Moldavia and Wallachia are obliged to send in every week.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

OCTOBER, 1820.

**Thursday, 5.**—Thermometer from 44 to 60. Barometer from 30, 54 to 30, 47. Wind N. E. 4. and 2.—Generally clear; light clouds passing during the morning.  
Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.  
**Friday, 6.**—Thermometer from 43 to 61. Barometer from 30, 42 to 30, 38. Wind N. E. 2 and 4.—Clear.  
**Saturday, 7.**—Thermometer from 43 to 63. Barometer from 30, 37 to 30, 32. Wind N. E. 1.—Generally clear.  
**Sunday, 8.**—Thermometer from 41 to 60. Barometer from 30, 35 to 30, 38. Wind N. E. 1.—Cloudy till noon, the rest of the day clear.  
**Monday, 9.**—Thermometer from 40 to 55. Barometer from 30, 38 to 30, 23. Wind N. E. 4.—Cloudy.  
**Tuesday, 10.**—Thermometer from 42 to 53. Barometer from 30, 32 to 30, 30. Wind N. E. 4.—Cloudy.  
**Wednesday, 11.**—Thermometer from 41 to 57. Barometer from 30, 18 to 30, 14. Wind N. and N. E. 4.—Generally cloudy.  
Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.  
On Monday the 16th at 21 minutes, 58 seconds after 9 o'clock, the 1st Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.  
On Wednesday the 18th, there will be an occultation of the Moon and Jupiter.  
It will begin at 15½ minutes north of the Moon's centre, at 42 minutes 27 seconds after 4 o'clock in the afternoon (clock time), and end 13½ minutes north of the Moon's centre, at 12 minutes 56 seconds after 5.  
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

Erratum.—Page 617, col. 2, 1. 90 from the bottom, for *posters* read *pastors*.

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No. 196.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1820.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

### HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

#### The Saxons.

Having in our last traced the earliest known movements of the human race in Europe, and particularly in Britain, and seen the first settlements of Kimmerians and Kelts, we resume Mr Turner's excellent history\*, in order to give an epitome of the origin of the Saxons, their national state, and their supercession of the Romans in our native land.

The Anglo-Saxons, who transported themselves from the Cimbric peninsula and its vicinity in the 5th and 6th centuries into England, were branches of the great Saxon confederation, which from the Elbe extended itself at last to the Rhine. Before their encroachments the ancient inhabitants and Roman colonists disappeared or submitted, and Saxon laws, language, manners, government, and institutions, overspread the country.

Of this people, the Gothic ancestors of by far the greatest portion of our population, Ptolemy of Alexandria, is the first writer who makes any mention. In his time, namely, the beginning of the 2d century, the Saxons dwelt, on the north side of the Elbe, its three islands, North Strand, Busem, and Heligland, and the neck of the Cimbric Chersonesus, the territory now divided into Jutland, Sleswick, and Holstein: they must therefore have been but an inconsiderable nation, or rather tribe. Tacitus does not notice them. Our author thinks it probable that they were one of the German or Teutonic, that is to say, Gothic or Scythian tribes, who for more than a thousand years, (reckoned before and after Christ,) propelled the more ancient Kimmerians towards the west and south; and that they were descended from the Sakai, or Saka-Sakai-Sunna, or the sons of Sakai, abbreviated into Sakauns, offering a very reasonable etymology of the name Saxon.

Pliny mentions the name Sakai among the most distinguished people of Scythia; and Strabo notices the important fact, that a part of Armenia was called Sakasina, from their conquest of it. This seems to give a geographical locality to our primal ancestors, and to account for the Persian words that occur in the Saxon language, as they must have come into Armenia from the northern regions of Persia. Stephanus speaks of the Saxoi, a people on the Euxine; and it is quite a feasible conjecture,

that a tribe of this parentage and name traversed Europe from Asia, and fixed on the shores of the German Ocean. And we may here advantageously call in, as a corroboration, the recollection of the traditional descent of Odin by Snorre, in the Edda and his history. This great ancestor of the Saxon and Scandinavian heroes is said to have migrated from a city on the east of the Tanais, called Asgard, and a country called Asaland, implying the city and land of the Asæ, or Asians.

A few words of the ancient Scythian language (the probable parent of all the Gothic tongues), have been preserved—*g-ampaios*, sacred ways—*arima*, one—*spou*, an eye—*oior*, a man—*pata*, to kill—*grouca-sum*, white with snow: and their chief gods were Tabiti, Papaio, Oitosuros, Artimpasa or Arrippasa, Thamimasadas, and Apia, wife of Papaio, whom Herodotus compares with the Vesta, Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, Neptune, and Earth of the Grecian mythology. They had also a warlike deity, like Mars, to whom they annually sacrificed horses, sheep, and prisoners, but the name is lost. They were famous bowmen; drank the blood of their enemies, especially of the first whom they slew; scalped the dead, and either presented the heads to their kings, or converted the skulls into drinking cups. They had many diviners, who used willow rods for their predictions. In these customs our Gothic progenitors resembled them.

Seated on a very limited district on the Elbe, as we have described the Saxons to have been in the time of Ptolemy (say Anno Domini 141); we learn from the next mention of them, by Eutropius, that they had made rapid strides towards power within the ensuing century, and were then commencing, on a larger scale\*, that career of maritime depredation, which speedily rendered them so famous and so terrible. As the Roman dominion declined in Germany posterior to the bloody victories of Germanicus, the Saxons, and other independent northern nations, grew rapidly strong. In the beginning of the 3d century, in the reign of Caracalla, we find these tribes dwelling on the North Sea, sending an embassy to Rome, to offer peace for a certain sum of money, which was paid. Maximin, the savage Thracian Emperor, dreadfully avenged this insult, by desolating Germany; and Spenser, in a recent publication, very naturally

\* Gennasus, one of the Batavi, but who had become a leader of the Chauci, began this plan of warfare, which the Saxons afterwards so eagerly pursued, in A.D. 47, when, with a fleet of light ships from the Batavian marshes, he invaded Lower Gascony, and plundered Gaul.

and very happily supposes, that his barbarities paved the way for that important confederation of the inhabitants of the Lower Rhine and the Weser, which, under the name of Franes, withstood the Roman arms, and preserved the liberties of Germany. Western Europe was, on the overthrow of the Roman empire, parcelled out by these warlike spoilers, whose improved posterity now occupy and govern our quarter of the globe. It was behind this barrier of the Franes, between them and the Romans, and through their naval expeditions, that the Saxons gathered superior strength. The events which first led to extended maritime piratical enterprise among our barbaric ancestors, were the return voyage of a numerous body of Franes, &c. whom Prolus had transported to the Euxine; and the usurpation of the purple by the Meonassian pilot Carausius, A.D. 287. He, to maintain his authority in Britain and on the coasts of Gaul, entered into alliances with the Germans, Saxons, and Franes; and being a skilful sailor, imitated the latter two in navigation and the art of naval war, besides giving them ships and experienced officers. Thus taught and encouraged, their pre-disposition acquired fresh force: and a subsequent alliance with Magnentius, the murderer of Constantine, about 60 years later than Carausius, tended materially to enhance their consequence, and develop their propensities for plundering on the ocean.

By these means, and nourished by a succession of propitious circumstances, about the beginning of the fourth century, the Saxons united with states both to the north and south of them, for predatory purposes. These additions of strength (whose nominal distinctions of Chauci, Frisii, Chamavi, Batavi, Toxandri, Morini, Cimbr, Jutes, Angles, &c. merged into the general appellation of Saxon), augmented their fleets, gave new terror to their hostility, and recruited their losses with perpetual population. This tremendous league lasted till the Saxon expedition to Britain: and then began to dissolve.

The connection of the Saxons with the Jutes and Angles was the most important in its consequences as to Britain; and we shall therefore bestow a few words upon that subject. The Jutes inhabited that part of Jutland formerly called South Jutland, the modern duchy of Sleswick. Hence came the little invading band under Hengist and Horsa. The Angles, whose locality does not appear to be correctly ascertained, were a neighbouring tribe in the north of Germany.

At the era when the Saxons first attacked the coasts of Britain, other enemies, the Picti, Scoti, and Attacotti attacked the coun-

\* Of the Anglo-Saxons, &c. 3 vols. 8vo.  
VOL. IV.

\* Vide Notit. Gera. lib. iv. p. 338.



try on the north and north-west sides. But they were generally defeated, and the sanguinary struggle continued till the beginning of the fifth century, when Alaric and his Goths subdued the western empire of Rome, and the Alani, Suevi, Vandali, &c. ravaged the western world.

The Britons of this epoch, A.D. 407-409, asserted their independence; and the Armenians across the Channel instantly followed their example. Our island, it may be presumed, retained nearly the same form which it possessed in the later periods of the Roman residence: viz. was divided into five provinces containing two Municipia, nine Colonie, ten Civitates, with the Latio Jure, twelve Stipendiarie, and many other towns. England may be conceived to have consisted of thirty independent Civitates at the time it resumed its liberties; and these would, on that occasion, become thirty independent states or republics. A letter addressed by the Emperor Honorius to the Civitates of Britain, is a sort of evidence of an arrangement of this nature. After A.D. 410 these separate governments had each its chief magistrates or *duumviri*, their senate, their subordinate decurions, and inferior senate or curie, for civil affairs; and their bishop and clergy for ecclesiastical concerns, but commonly extending to lay business.

Contests arising, the island, according to Gildas (no good authority except where corroborated by others or having his representations strengthened by the consideration that they could hardly in the nature of things fail to be true), becomes a prey to civil wars: and St. Jerome mentions Britain as being at this era "fertile in tyrants;" which Procopius confirms. The royal chiefs were at last so numerous that we read of kings of Devonshire, Cornwall, Kent, Glastonbury, Deira, Bernicia, several kings of Cumbria, several of Wales, and others in the north and west of England, about the time of the Saxons. We find Malgoune styled by Gildas the de-throner of many tyrants; and Nennius states the Saxons to have fought, and Arthur to have marched, with the Kings of the Britons.

This was the state of things.—Britain was invaded by the descendants of the Kinnemras, Kelts, with the Phenician and Roman additions; and had for two centuries maintained a desultory warfare with the Scotti and Picti, and the Saxons, when a more permanent invasion ensued in 449, and Hengist and Horsa, with three Saxon cycles or vessels, appeared on the coast, at Ebbsfleet in the Isle of Thanet, near Richborough. The party under these leaders could hardly amount to more than 300 men, and they were retained by the British king Gurrethyr, or Vortigern, and his chiefs, as subsidiary soldiers, to assist them against their Irish and Scottish enemies. As usually happens, the mercenaries soon began to usurp authority. In the seventh year after his arrival, Hengist is stated, in the Saxon Chronicle, to have begun his Kentish Kingdom. The Angli almost entirely, and the Jutes and continental Saxons in great numbers, poured in, and flocked to the standard of the successful Hengist. The

Britons resisted these encroachments, and at first successfully, but the Saxons ultimately prevailed; and Hengist firmly established, and transmitted to his posterity, a kingdom in Kent. Ella, another Saxon chieftain, encouraged by his example, in like manner founded a kingdom in Sussex; and Cerdic, beginning with Hampshire in the south part of Britain, that of Wessex; which finally absorbed all the others.

It was against the latter that the renowned King Arthur fought so long and so valiantly. His efforts limited the invaders to Hampshire, and some contested parts of Somersetshire; and it was not till after his death, that the junction of the nation of the Angli with the Saxon colonists led to the subjugation of Britain. The invasion of the Angles, however, is too important a point to be taken up at so advanced a page; and we therefore break off here, to commence with an account of it in our next historical sketch.

*A History of New York, from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty, &c.* By Diedrich Knickerbocker, &c. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 520.

As we had the pleasure of introducing the Author of the Sketch-Book (Mr. Irving) to the British public, we feel a sort of friendly interest in the success of that ripened acquaintance which he has since cultivated with it. We were, therefore, glad to see the present volume as an English publication, though in point of fact (we believe) it preceded, as an American one, the earliest labours of Geoffry Crayon; and the voice of fame across the Atlantic had long apprised us of its merits and popularity. It exhibits very considerable talents, and is throughout a lively and grotesque performance. Much humour, neat observations on men and on human actions, a drolling way of treating subjects of every kind, and a sportiveness of fancy mingled with some originality, and a good deal of aptness for the ridiculous, are its characteristic traits. May it not seem paradoxical to add, that we have been fatigued by the perusal of this clever volume? But we have experienced that sensation; and while we could not help saying towards the writer, "I like thy wit well in good faith;" neither could we help feeling, at the same time, that he did ill in giving us so tremendous a quantity of it. Nearly 600 honest octavo pages of jest and play, is entertainment beyond the stretch of human faculties to relish. Laughter is a very fatiguing exercise, and cannot be carried on so long. Rich dishes cloy sooner than plain fare. We may have too much even of a good thing. In short, Mr. Diedrich Knicker-

bocker's history wants relief. It may be amusingly taken up by fits and starts; but no mental powers can withstand so continuous and so strenuous a claim to attention, especially in the shape of irony and joke, which are the most potent exhausters of the mind.

Owing to this cause we have felt ennuie while perusing the pleasantest parts of these lucubrations. Had Mr. Irving contented himself with such bounds as De Foe, as Swift, as Voltaire, prescribed to themselves, we think he would have been more effective: in so far as he has exceeded them, though he may have displayed to greater extent the fecundity of his imagination and scope of his abilities, he has not added to the recreation of his reader, since brevity is the soul of wit, and tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes.

We hope we are understood not to speak this disparagingly, for we have prefaced it with a candid character of the work, and shall fortify that opinion with several extracts, to show that the author is all that we have said in his praise. But first we shall state what the general nature of his production is. There is a whimsical introduction, giving an account of the fictitious author, his habits, adventures, reception in society, and destiny. Then beginning *ab ovo*, the history, throws a rapid but philosophical coup d'œil over the creation of the world (discussing cosmogony and cosmography too with a degree of skill worthy of the Cosmogonist in the Vicar of Wakefield), and the circumstances, some of them real but most of them conjectural, of its pristine population. Descending to more modern times, Noah's flood is recorded with several new features; and we arrive logically enough, at the peopling of America. Here we shall take our first quotation.

#### CHAPTER IV.

*Showing the great difficulty Philosophers have had in peopling America.—And how the Aborigines came to be begotten by accident—to the great relief and satisfaction of the Author.*

The next inquiry at which we arrive in the regular course of our history is to ascertain, if possible, how this country was originally peopled—a point fruitful of incredible embarrassments; for unless we prove that the Aborigines did absolutely come from somewhere, it will be immediately asserted in this age of scepticism that they did not come at all; and if they did not come at all, then was this country never populated—a conclusion perfectly agreeable to the rules of logic, but wholly irreconcilable to every feeling of humanity, inasmuch as it must syllogistically

prove fatal to the innumerable Aborigines of this populous region.

"To avert so dire a sophism, and to rescue from logical annihilation so many millions of fellow creatures, how many wings of geese have been plundered! what oceans of ink have been benevolently drained! and how many capacious heads of learned historians have been addled, and for ever confounded! I pause with reverential awe when I contemplate the ponderous tomes, in different languages, with which they have endeavoured to solve this question, so important to the happiness of society, but so involved in clouds of impenetrable obscurity. Historian after historian has engaged in the endless circle of hypothetical argument, and after leading us a weary chase through octavos, quartos, and folios, has let us out at the end of his work just as wise as we were at the beginning. It was doubtless some philosophical wild goose chase of the kind that made the old poet Macrobius rail in such a passion at curiosity, which he anathematizes most heartily, as 'an irksome agonizing care, a superstitious industry about unprofitable things, an itching humour to see what is not to be seen, and to be doing what signifies nothing when it is done.' But to proceed.

"Of the claims of the children of Noah to the original population of this country I shall say nothing, as they have already been touched upon in my last chapter. The claimants next in celebrity are the descendants of Abraham. Thus Christoval Colon (vulgarly called Columbus), when he first discovered the gold mines of Hispaniola, immediately concluded, with a shrewdness that would have done honour to a philosopher, that he had found the ancient Ophir, from whence Solomon procured the gold for embellishing the temple at Jerusalem; nay, Colon even imagined that he saw the remains of furnaces of veritable Hebraic construction, employed in refining the precious ore.

"So golden a conjecture, tinged with such fascinating extravagance, was too tempting not to be immediately snapped at by the gudgeons of learning; and accordingly there were divers profound writers ready to swear to its correctness, and to bring in their usual load of authorities, and wise surmises, wherewithal to prop it up. Vetalibus and Robertus Stephens declared nothing could be more clear—Arius Montanus, without the least hesitation, asserts that Mexico was the true Ophir, and the Jews the early settlers of the country. While Possevin, Becan, and several other sagacious writers, lug in a *supposed* prophecy of the fourth book of Esdras, which being asserted in the mighty hypothesis, like the key-stone of an arch, gives it, in their opinion, perpetual durability.

"Scarce, however, have they completed their goodly superstructure, than in trudges a phalanx of opposite authors, with Hans de Laet, the great Dutchman, at their head, and at one blow tumblers the whole fabric about their ears. Hans, in fact, contradicts outright all the Israelitish claims to the first settlement of this country, attributing all those equivocal symptoms, and traces of Christianity and Judaism, which have been said to be

found in divers provinces of the new world, to the *Demil*, who has always affected to counterfeit the worship of the true Deity.

"A remark," says the knowing old Padre d'Acosta, 'made by all good authors who have spoken of the religion of nations newly discovered, and founded besides on the authority of the *fathers of the church*.'

"Some writers again, among whom it is with great regret I am compelled to mention Lopez de Gomara and Juan de Leri, insinuate that the Cannanites, being driven from the land of promise by the Jews, were seized with such a panic that they fled without looking behind them, until stopping to take breath, they found themselves safe in America. As they brought neither their national language, manners, nor features with them, it is supposed they left them behind in the hurry of their flight—I cannot give my faith to this opinion.

"I pass over the supposition of the learned Grotius, who, being both an ambassador and a Dutchman to boot, is entitled to great respect, that North America was peopled by a strolling company of Norwegians, and that Peru was founded by a colony from China—Manco or Mungo Capac, the first Incas, being himself a Chinese: nor shall I more than barely mention that father Kircher ascribes the settlement of America to the Egyptians, Budbeck to the Scandinavians, Charon to the Gauls, Jufredus Petri to a skating party from Friesland, Milius to the Celts, Mariusculus the Sicilian to the Romans, Le Comte to the Phoenicians, Postel to the Moors, Martin d'Angleria to the Abyssinians; together with the sage surmise of De Laet, that England, Ireland, and the OrCADES, may contend for that honour.

"Nor will I bestow any more attention or credit to the idea that America is the fiery region of Zipangri, described by that dreaming traveller, Marco Polo, the Venetian; or that it comprises the visionary island of Atlantis, described by Plato. Neither will I stop to investigate the heathenish assertion of Paracelsus, that each hemisphere of the globe was originally furnished with an Adam and Eve: or the more flattering opinion of Dr. Romayne, supported by many nameless authorities, that Adam was of the Indian race—or the startling conjecture of Buffon, Helvetius, and Darwin, so highly honourable to mankind, that the whole human species is accidentally descended from a remarkable family of monkeys!

"This last conjecture, I must own, came upon me very suddenly and very ungraciously. I have often beheld the clown in a pantomime, while gazing in stupid wonder at the extravagant gambols of a harlequin, all at once electrified by a sudden stroke of the wooden sword across his shoulders. Little did I think at such times, that it would ever fall to my lot to be treated with equal discourtesy, and that while I was quietly beholding these grave philosophers, emulating the eccentric transformations of the hero of pantomime, they would on a sudden turn upon me and my readers, and with one hypothetical flourish metamorphose us into beasts! I determined from that moment not

to burn my fingers with any more of their theories, but content myself with detailing the different methods by which they transported the descendants of these ancient and respectable monkeys to this great field of theoretical warfare.

"This was done either by migrations by land or transigrations by water. Thus Padre Joseph d'Acosta enumerates three passages by land—first by the north of Europe, secondly by the north of Asia, and thirdly by regions southward of the straits of Magellan. The learned Grotius marches his Norwegians, by a pleasant route, across frozen rivers and arms of the sea, through Iceland, Greenland, Estotiland, and Narenberga: and various writers, among whom are Angleria, De Horna, and Buffon, anxious for the accommodation of these travellers, have fastened the two continents together by a strong chain of deductions—by which means they could pass over dry-shod. But should even this fail, Pinkerton, that industrious old gentleman, who compiles books, and manufactures Geographies, has constructed a natural bridge of ice, from continent to continent, at the distance of four or five miles from Behring's straits—for which he is entitled to the grateful thanks of all the wandering Aborigines who ever did or ever will pass over it.

"It is an evil much to be lamented, that none of the worthy writers above quoted could ever commence his work without immediately declaring hostilities against every writer who had treated of the same subject. In this particular, authors may be compared to a certain sagacious bird, which, in building its nest, is sure to pull to pieces the nests of all the birds in its neighbourhood. This unhappy propensity tends grievously to impede the progress of sound knowledge. Theories are at best but brittle productions, and when once committed to the stream, they should take care that, like the notable pots which were fellow-voyagers, they do not crack each other.

"My chief surprise is, that, among the many writers I have noticed, no one has attempted to prove that this country was peopled from the moon—or that the first inhabitants floated hither on islands of ice, as white bears cruise about the northern oceans—or that they were conveyed hither by balloons, as modern aeronauts pass from Dover to Calais—or by witchcraft, as Simon Magus posted among the stars—or after the manner of the renowned Scythian Alarix, who, like the New England witches on full-blooded broomsticks, made most unheard of journeys on the back of a golden arrow, given him by the Hyperborean Apollo.

"But there is still one mode left by which this country could have been peopled, which I have reserved for the last, because I consider it worth all the rest: it is—*by accident*! Speaking of the islands of Solomon, New Guinea, and New Holland, the profound father Charlevoix observes, 'in fine, all these countries are peopled, and it is *possible* none have been so *by accident*. Now if it could have happened in that manner, why might it not have been at the same time, and by the

same means, with the other parts of the globe?" This ingenious mode of deducing certain conclusions from possible premises is an improvement in syllogistic skill, and proves the good father superior even to Archimedes, for he can turn the world without any thing to rest his lever upon. It is only surpassed by the dexterity with which the sturdy old Jesuit, in another place, cuts the Gordian knot—"Nothing," says he, "is more easy. The inhabitants of both hemispheres are certainly the descendants of the same father. The common father of mankind received an express order from Heaven to people the world, and accordingly it has been peopled. To bring this about, it was necessary to overcome all the difficulties in the way, and they have also been overcome!" Pious logician! How does he put all the herd of laborious theorists to the blush, by explaining, in five words, what it has cost them volumes to prove they knew nothing about!

"From all the authorities here quoted, and a variety of others which I have consulted, but which are omitted through fear of fatiguing the unlearned reader—I can only draw the following conclusions, which luckily, however, are sufficient for my purpose—First, that this part of the world has actually been peopled, (Q. E. D.) to support which we have living proofs in the numerous tribes of Indians that inhabit it. Secondly, that it has been peopled in five hundred different ways, as proved by a cloud of authors, who, from the positiveness of their assertions, seem to have been eye-witnesses to the fact—Thirdly, that the people of this country had a variety of fathers, which, as it may not be thought much to their credit by the common run of readers, the less we say on the subject the better. The question therefore, I trust, is for ever at rest."

After some further caprichios, we have the author's version of the discovery of America, from which we select the commencement, as happily illustrative of his style and manner.

This right being fully established, we now come to the next, which is the right acquired by cultivation. "The cultivation of the soil," we are told, "is an obligation imposed by nature on mankind. The whole world is appointed for the nourishment of its inhabitants: but it would be incapable of doing it, was it uncultivated. Every nation then is obliged by the law of nature to cultivate the ground that has fallen to its share. Those people, like the ancient Germans and modern Tartars, who, having fertile countries, disdain to cultivate the earth, and choose to live by rapine, are wanting to themselves, and deserve to be exterminated as savage and pernicious beasts."

Now it is notorious that the savages knew nothing of agriculture, when first discovered by the Europeans, but lived a most vagabond, disorderly, unrighteous life,—rambling from place to place, and prodigally rioting upon the spontaneous luxuries of nature, without tasking her generosity to yield them any thing more; whereas it has been

most unquestionably shown, that heaven intended the earth should be ploughed and sown, and manured, and laid out into cities, and towns, and farms, and country seats, and pleasure grounds, and public gardens, all which the Indians knew nothing about—therefore they did not improve the talents Providence had bestowed on them—therefore they were careless stewards—therefore they had no right to the soil—therefore they deserved to be exterminated.

It is true the savages might plead that they drew all the benefits from the land which their simple wants required—they found plenty of game to hunt, which, together with the roots and uncultivated fruits of the earth, furnished a sufficient variety for their frugal repasts;—and that as heaven merely designed the earth to form the abode and satisfy the wants of man, so long as those purposes were answered, the will of heaven was accomplished.—But this only proves how undeserving they were of the blessings around them—they were so much the more savages, for not having more wants; for knowledge is in some degree an increase of desires, and it is this superiority both in the number and magnitude of his desires, that distinguishes the man from the beast. Therefore the Indians, in not having more wants, were very unreasonable animals; and it was but just that they should make way for the Europeans, who had a thousand wants to their one, and therefore would turn the earth to more account, and by cultivating it, more truly fulfil the will of heaven. Besides—Grotius, and Lauterbach, and Puffendorf, and Titius, and many wise men besides, who have considered the matter properly, have determined, that the property of a country cannot be acquired by hunting, cutting wood, or drawing water in it—nothing but precise demarcation of limits, and the intention of cultivation, can establish the possession. Now as the savages (probably from never having read the authors above quoted) had never complied with any of these necessary forms, it plainly followed that they had no right to the soil, but that it was completely at the disposal of the first comers, who had more knowledge, more wants, and more elegant, that is to say, artificial desires than themselves.

In entering upon a newly discovered, uncultivated country, therefore, the new comers were but taking possession of what, according to the aforesaid doctrine, was their own property—therefore in opposing them, the savages were invading their just rights, infringing the immutable laws of nature, and counteracting the will of heaven—therefore they were guilty of impiety, burglary, and trespass on the case,—therefore they were hardened offenders against God and man—therefore they ought to be exterminated.

But a more irresistible right than either that I have mentioned, and one which will be the most readily admitted by my reader, provided he be blest with bowels of charity and philanthropy, is the right acquired by civilization. All the world knows the lamentable state in which these poor savages

were found: not only deficient in the comforts of life, but what is still worse, most piteously and unfortunately blind to the miseries of their situation. But no sooner did the benevolent inhabitants of Europe behold their sad condition, than they immediately went to work to ameliorate and improve it. They introduced among them rum, gin, brandy, and the other comforts of life—and it is astonishing to read how soon the poor savages learnt to estimate these blessings—they likewise made known to them a thousand remedies, by which the most inveterate diseases are alleviated and healed; and that they might comprehend the benefits and enjoy the comforts of these medicines, they previous introduced among them the diseases which they were calculated to cure. By these and a variety of other methods was the condition of these poor savages wonderfully improved; they acquired a thousand wants, of which they had before been ignorant; and as he has most sources of happiness who has most wants to be gratified, they were doubtless rendered a much happier race of beings.

(To be concluded in our next.)

*Tragic Tales. Coningsby, and Lord Brekenhurst.* By Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1820.

Remembering Sir Egerton Brydges's zealous exertions on the subject of the Copyright Act, and looking at these tales as the relaxations of a wounded mind, we should be happy were it possible for us to award them our good report. But if we speak truth, we must say that they appear to us to be horrible without sublimity, tragical without pathos, romantic without interest, and altogether a strange mixture of commonplace, morbid sentiment, and flightiness. The first story ends in the assassination of the hero by the father of the heroine: the second paints the utmost depravity, murder, incestuousness, and idiocy, without one gleam of relief. We can imagine no one useful or moral purpose which such performances could effect. It is with regret we say so; but we must earnestly submit to the author the expediency of a more becoming and laudable exercise of his talents;—our ancient writers offer him still a fine field for cultivation, and his labours in that branch of literature will reflect infinitely greater lustre upon him than such productions as these.

Having thus candidly and honestly delivered our opinion, we shall select some examples from Sir Egerton's work, though not so much with the view of justifying them, as for the sake of exhibiting what we may rather approve than condemn.

The heroine in Coningsby is a poet-

cal enthusiast; the following neat little piece is given as one of her compositions :

*On Poets.*

"It is an idle trade, this poet's trade:  
So the stern sage, who takes the pompous name  
Of Man of Science, calls it: with wise saws  
He shakes his head, and swears, 'tis but an art  
Of forming clouds into fantastic shapes:  
And building airy castles, that each wind  
Will sweep away!—O leave him to himself:  
He deals in nothing but material forms;  
The spiritual world is mantled from his sight.  
He scorns, and gibes at what he cannot see;  
And takes his blindness for superior wit.

There are also, though we do not subscribe to all its dicta, both fine lines and fine thoughts in an

*Ode, on Dante.*

What constitutes the Poet? Not the trick  
Of rhyme, nor yet th' array  
Of imagery, as thick  
As heaven star-cluster'd, nor the play  
Of skillful words, that dance in coruscation gay.  
But the deep, solemn, elevated thought,  
That scorcs the ornament  
Of language, and is wrought  
By the high enthusiasm, bent  
On dreams that bound beyond this earthly orb's  
extent.

In nakedness of majesty it throws  
Its awe-inspiring charm  
On him, whose bosom glows  
With sympathetic grandeur warm,  
While groups of human ills retreating take th'  
alarm!

Such once was Dante, whose up-lifted soul,  
Borne on immortal wings,  
The stream of Song could roll  
Exhaustless from ethereal springs,  
That yet through countless tracts of years its  
echo rings.

He took the harp, that Heaven had made his  
boon;  
And, as his raptured hand  
Began the strings to tune,  
Celestial sounds at his command  
The flame, while fancy work'd a new creation  
faun'd.

Contrasted with the forms, his mental eye  
Saw trooping round about,  
The never ceasing sight  
Burst forth; and to the dismal route  
Of mortal griefs his song the knell of Death  
rung out.

He had no need of artifice: each note,  
Full in itself, was woe,  
Or majesty, or fraught  
With such a super-human glow  
Of virtue, that no art could such a charm bestow!

We wish the prose were unanswerable to these specimens of the verse; but the subjoined will show that it is of a far inferior character. Adelinde the poetess goes, in her father's absence, to meet her lover, whom she had permitted to keep a book of hers on their first interview.

"She grew pale by fits; her courage  
failed her; the tears came into her eyes.  
Her heart beat: she could not see: 'Oh!'  
said she to herself; 'for the quiet of bosom  
that I possessed a week ago!'. A figure was

seen at a distance advancing over the rise of the heath: it came nearer: a gun was in his hand: two dogs ran before him: it was Lord Drayton.

"He approached: the book was in his hand: he held it forward: 'You see,' he cried, 'I perform my promise, Miss Coningsby!—but will you permit me to keep this treasure?'—'Do not distress me so! I entreat you, Lord Drayton!' she answered: 'do not keep a record of my nonsense?'—'If it was nonsense, Miss Coningsby, I would not keep a record of it! But it is your writing; and that alone is a security, that it is not nonsense.'—'Lord Drayton,' she replied, with a look somewhat between an arch smile, and a blush of angry distress, 'You must lay aside your fashionable flattery, when you come into these tramontane regions!'—'I never,' he said, 'was a flatterer, Miss Coningsby! Here it would be worse than useless!—He looked in her face: she saw that his soul was bursting from his eyes: there was a flame in them, from which she turned, as from an over-dazzling fire! He offered the book: she put forth her white hand tremblingly: he kissed it with devotion: she withdrew it in an agony.—'Keep the book then,' she said almost indistinctly; 'and forgive its nonsense!'

"Lord Drayton put the precious volume within his waistcoat, next his bosom; and for a few moments was silent.

"The silence increased Adelinde's distress: she resolved to exert herself to break it. 'Now, Lord Drayton,' she said, 'I am entitled to ask a favour of you! I long to hear about my relations in England. Do you know my aunt, Lady Jane Falconer?'—'I am well acquainted with her,' he answered; 'she is an admirable woman; worthy to be your aunt! She has talents; accomplishments; disposition; and has not even lost her beauty: but early in life she was disappointed; and you know that she has refused every future offer of marriage. I will not say that she has not an occasional glance of the same expression. But who can be like you? Who ever had half the beauty you are gifted with? Who?—Adelinde interrupted him.—'Spare me, Lord Drayton! I fear you take me for an idiot of the woods, that you may flatter; and then laugh at!'—'Laugh at Miss Coningsby!' said he earnestly; 'I am not of the laughing sort; but, if I were, I could not laugh at an angel!'—'Lord Drayton, forgive me for entreating you to consider me as a rational being; not as a silly girl, for whom no compliments can be too high-flown! This solitude has taught me to be jealous of flattery; and pleased only with kindness!'

"Lord Drayton was somewhat confounded by these words: he knew how little flattery was meant by his expressions: how much in earnest he was; and how entirely his feelings equalled the warmth of his language. Never was any thing so charming as Adelinde. The variety of passionate or delightful feelings, that she had experienced in this interview, had still given new animation of her speaking countenance; the delicacy of her complexion; the soft tints of her light

brown hair; the symmetry of her form; the tender tones of her voice, all pierced the enthusiastic soul of this lover. He knew not how to convey to her the admiration with which he was struck. He felt awe! He would have pressed her to his bosom, if he had dared: would have fallen at her feet. But there was a divinity about her, that repressed liberties; and told him they would be ungenerous and unmanly insults!

"A longer continuance of this interview at present might endanger their future meeting. Both were almost instinctively convinced of this without naming it to each other. Had Coningsby known that Lord Drayton was sojourning in this neighbourhood, his person would not have been safe: such was the inveteracy of Coningsby's hatred to the very name."

This is very weak and very trite gossiping; but the graver objection is to its improper tendency. No virtuous daughter could act as Adelinde is made to act; and we must reprehend that laxity of expression, if not of principle, in other passages, which describes her mother as "unfortunate" in having committed adultery, and speaks of opposite conduct as the result of "dull prudence!" There is throughout a great deal too much of weeping, starting, and extravagance; but we are fain to take leave of our task, and in doing so beg to conclude with an extract of much practical force and justice, though rather severely applied to our senate.

"Lord Drayton had energies, for which the insipid course of fashionable life afforded no play. He was now three and twenty; and he had attended one session of parliament, as representative for a borough in his father's interest. But he had not sat in the senate a week, before he found it an arena little suited to his taste. He observed with astonishment, the time and even attention occupied by hard, vulgar, and illiterate men, whose mere insensible audacity alone could have made them persevere." This has recently been copiously exemplified.

*Fables from La Fontaine, in English Verse.* London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 370.

Report, we know not how truly, assigns this production, with the exception of four of the fables, to the pen of Mr. Croker. It is not unworthy of his talents: and there are certain passages in it more likely to be derived from his known political feelings, than to be considered as congenial with the spirit of La Fontaine. We could have wished it otherwise: for politics warp such a book out of its natural sphere, by converting instruction into satire, and pleasantry into bitterness. The all-pervading curse of our times infects society enough without being inwoven into our amusements, and inlaced with our literature. Expediency, wisdom, and virtue, private tranquillity and public happiness, demand that it should, as

far as possible, stand by itself, the prodigy, the disgrace, and the bane of the age. We are sorry that it has found its way into this otherwise admirable performance; and that instead of translations of the original, we should have imitations, opening the way to allusions and comparisons widely departing from the amiable character of their prototypes, and inconsistent with their fine quality of general, and not individual correction.

La Fontaine's distinguishing excellence, that in which he surpassed Gay and equalled Æsop, is the universal applicability of the sweet reflections scattered over his unaffected narratives. The exquisite nature and simplicity of his manner, the truth with which his animals speak and act, the grace and refinement of his language (a perfect model of the art of concealing art), and his charming wit, do not altogether recommend him so much to the world's applause, as the genuine goodness and kind heartedness with which every passing remark in the shape of advice is addressed, not to particular persons or affairs, but to mankind. It was this which obtained esteem, as well as celebrity for his fables on their first appearance; it was this which rendered them most beneficial for youth, while they were most delightful for mature years; it was this which inspired benevolence by example, while it taught wisdom by precept; and we do regret, that this has been in any degree abandoned by his very able imitator.

Having with due diffidence submitted these preliminary opinions, we proceed to exemplify the ingenious and entertaining manner in which the writer has executed his own design. The volume contains between sixty and seventy Fables; together with the French, on which they are founded. The latter are so generally read, that it is only requisite to notice, that those here reprinted consist of the most popular stories, such as the Wolf and the Lamb, the Dog and his Shadow, the Daw in borrowed Plumes, &c. The former, which are dedicated to Lord Sidmouth, may be appreciated by the following specimens. *La Fontaine's "Contre ceux qui ont le Dieu Difficile"* is thus rendered.

## TO THE CRITICS.

Had once the wit-inspiring Muse  
Smell'd on my birth with placid eye,  
For so with genius she imbues  
Her chosen, favour'd votary,

Then Æsop had adorn'd my song,  
With sweet Fontaine's gay fictions vying;  
Such subjects to the Muse belong—  
For verse was ever link'd to lying.

But sparingly on me the Nine  
Bestow their gifts:—weak Mistrust I!  
Nor hope my lays like his to shine—  
I've done my best, let others try.

Yet have I cloth'd in English dress  
Many a quaint tale of beast and birds;—  
Nay trees and plants their thoughts express,  
Blent with the magic gift of words.

"Friend," cries a Critic, "I'm afraid  
You give your work too much parade:  
Dull is the head which is not able  
To hitch in rhyme a childish fable!"

Had I but known, fair Sir, your taste  
Not thus my labour would I waste.  
Henceforth to subjects more sublime  
I'll dedicate my toil and time.

Instead of Brutes let better seek  
A Turk, or Moor, or monster Greek?  
Or tho' the classic theme I urge ill—  
Borrow a word'rous tale from Virgil?  
Censors no longer shall complain,  
So here begins the Epic strain.

While ten long years the Greeks their pow'r  
employ

To gain the walls of heav'n defended Troy,  
Rang'd on each side the Gods with armour  
strove;

Here Juno labours, there the Queen of Love,  
At length the foil'd besiegers call in aid  
For arts and arms renowned, the blue-eyed  
Maid:

Minerva's skill exceeds their bootless force.  
Prompted by her, they frame a monstrous  
horse

Of mountain size!—and in it's hollow side  
Glad in bright brass, her cowering heroes hide.  
Ulysses, great in council and the field;  
Stout Ajax, master of the seven-fold shield;  
Tydides—"Prithce babblers blast!

O spare us thy pedantic list—  
This mountain horse all credence shocks,  
Outdoes the Raven and the Fox!  
Your awkward stilts but make one smile,  
So Ill they suite your Muse's style."

Well then, again I'll change my plan,  
And write to please you if I can.  
From war and heroes pleas'd I turn  
To pay a more delightful duty.

To mighty Love I'll incense burn,  
And worship at the shrine of Beauty.

With old Anacreon gallly sport  
Where black or azure eyes pierce thro' one,  
Or else to eastern climes resort,

And flit 'mongst Houris with the new one:  
Where spicy breezes fair ones fan  
In the magic bower of Gennistan;  
Where Araby's Jasmies fragrant join  
With Sura's rose a garland to twine!—

"Stop, friend, that rhyme's not neeable!  
Your measure is slovenly;—mend your strain—  
Those few lines you must melt again  
In your Parnassian crucible."

Critic! since thus you turn the tables,  
Let me proceed to write my Fables  
In my own style and manner.  
Altho' to imitate is vain

The simply elegant Fontaine,  
Still let me rhyme beneath his banner!

There is all Fontaine's archness in the following, (from *La Lice et sa Compagne*.)

## THE TWO BITCHES.

A bull dog's lady, following nature's law,

'Could find no place to lay her cumbersome  
load;  
No kennel, hut, or hovel fill'd with straw,  
Where her blind brood might wait for  
eyes.

And their limbs gain a proper size  
To venture safely on a walk abroad.  
In this distress she visited a neighbour,  
And begg'd she'd lend a lodging for her labor.

Her neighbour, Mrs. Mastiff, was kind-  
hearted,  
Who said, "Tho' ladies I'm not us'd to  
lodge any,

My hut for once is yours;" and she departed,  
Wishing her toil a lucky minute,  
When'er she happen'd to begin it,  
And offer'd vows for safety of her progeny,  
Praying that fortune on them never frowning,  
Would save the pretty precious pupa from  
drowning.

After the month, the landlady just hinted  
The place might now conveniently be  
quitted.

Dame Pag-nose, much unwilling to be staid,  
Observ'd, her babes were still but tender,  
And as Dame Mastiff chose to lend her  
The hut, and kindly her condition pried,  
She hop'd to meet indulgence something fir-  
ther—

To turn out such poor sucklings would be mu-  
ther.

Dame Mastiff to this urgent plea consented,  
Week follow'd week—the tenants never  
stirr'd:

Her own necessities she represented:  
"Here," said the ungrateful Bitch, "I'm  
suted,

"Nor can my claim be well disputed:  
"Possession is nine-tenths of a law, I've heard  
"In short, my whelps have teeth, their limbs  
are stable—

"Now then eject us, if you think you're able!

To Mother Britain, as a dutiful son,  
I'm loth with her to use a filthy war;  
Else, I must needs confess, my Fable done,  
There's something moves me much to say,  
That Britain and America,

The first for soft good nature puff'd by fam-  
ous riches—  
The last once weak, whom commerce now en-  
riches—

Bear great resemblance to this brace of Bitches!

We select the remainder, rather as ac-  
count of their length and consequent fitness  
for our columns, than for their possessing  
any peculiar beauty:

## THE WALLEY.

Love once assembling all his creatures,  
Proclaim'd, "who'er dislik'd his lot,  
As far as outward form and features,  
Might have them mend on the spot.

Amongst the rest he saw the Ape—  
Thought him fit subject for beginning:  
But Jacko faultless found his shape,  
And saw the graces in his grinning.

Said Jack, "you might have pick'd a wou-  
"Sire, in the crowd that's here attending!  
"There's brother Bruin's half-lick'd person—  
"May need, I think, some little mending."

The Bear not wishing to complain,  
Said,— "That pert Jackanapes must do,  
"How many beasts desire in vain,  
"The comforts of this shaggy coat.

"Yon Elephant, oh height o'topping,  
"In clammy bulk perhaps is stronger—

"But sure his ears require some cropping—  
"Should not his tail be somewhat longer?"

The Elephant these changes scouted;—  
The same vain notions e'en prevail  
In his wise head; he rather doubted  
If not too large was fat dame Whale.

Contented was my lady Whale;  
While mistress Ant believ'd miss Mite  
Was made on much too small a scale,  
She thought her own dimensions right.

Not one there was in all the crowd  
Wish'd to be larger, smaller, straighter;—  
The ugliest monster there was proud  
Of the fair gifts bestow'd by nature.

Above the rest conspicuous Man  
Appear'd, than other creatures vainer.  
Great Jove contriv'd a simple plan  
To make this obvious truth the plainer.

At his command men Wallets bore:  
For holding faults was made the sack.  
One end, as usual hung before,  
The other close behind his back.

Each to his own dear failings blind,  
To find another's error labours;  
Packs up his own faults snug behind,  
And trains the front pouch with his neighbour's!

#### MAN AND HIS LIKENESS.

Once a lover there was, and he loved in strange  
fashion;  
The flame from his breast other feelings  
could drive all:

Himself was the object ador'd, and this passion  
Reign'd fix'd in his heart, without dreading  
a rival.

Our Dandy Narcissus, of comical shape,  
Was warp'd all awry, and his head was an  
ass's.

His mirror still shew'd him the face of an ape,  
But he always believ'd that the fault was  
the glass's.

Other mirrors repeated, alack! the same story;  
He swore that the world had together conspired

To spoil of his beautiful person the glory;  
So he made them his bow, and in dudgeon  
retired.

Removed from all glasses a fair lake he found,  
Which shew'd the same image most faithfully

frivolous,  
Yet so bright the reflection, so charming the  
ground,  
He could not help owning the view was de-  
lightful.

Now who do you think is this whimsical elf?  
I'll explain, lest you think me a mere idle  
prater.

'Tis the Mind;—'tis you, Reader—the Poet  
himself—

And our friends are the mirrors, which shew  
us as nature.

The Lake—the age maxims of one shrewd  
adviser,  
Who shews all the follies our hearts which  
envision:

Roehefoconsult may make most of us better  
and wiser—

Let Harold hold up his dark mirror to Byron.

#### THE HORSE AND THE WOLF.

When Nature, releas'd from the cold icy tram-  
mels,  
Which winter had form'd, all her lustre re-  
gains,

When the gold of the cowslip each meadow  
enamels,  
And the amethyst blends with soft emerald  
hues;

At this sprightly season of love and of joy,  
A Horse from his stable was sent by his  
master,  
In freedom these holiday hours to employ,  
And graze at his ease in a rich verdant  
pasture.

A wolf who was prowling in search of adven-  
tures,  
The glossy, plump animal joyfully spies:  
With caution the paddock's enclosure he enters,  
In hopes of possessing so tempting a prize.

"Ah! wert thou, stout beast," cries the thief,  
"but a mutton—  
"In a moment that carcass I'd seize as my  
own:

"As it is, some disguise I must artfully put on,  
"Before I can tear thy fat flesh from the  
bone."

So gravely saluting, he questioned the Steed—  
"Are you here, my fair Sir, for your health  
or your pleasure?"

"From the symptoms I fear you're a great  
invalid,  
"For in health men allow their poor nags  
but small leisure.

"As a pupil of Galen accept my assistance;  
"By feeling your pulse I shall find what  
your state is;

"I have travell'd thus far, from a very great  
distance,  
"To give the afflicted my best advice gratis.

"Very choice are the wise in selecting their  
food,  
"For plants that are noxious the functions  
disturb all,

"As Solomon knew well the bed from the  
good,  
"I can point out each root in old Culpeper's  
herbal."

The Horse Igrimm's character knew by repute,  
And plainly perceiv'd what the traitor de-  
sign'd:

So he says, "Learned Doctor, my pains are  
acute,  
"An abscess is form'd in my off-foot-behind."

"A delicate part!" quoth the Leech, "and  
indeed  
"In the choice of a surgeon 'tis well to be  
wary;

"Allow me to touch it, and then I'll proceed  
"Like a perfect adept in the art veter'nary.

"But first of your pain let's examine the  
cause—  
The horse launch'd his heels, and no kick  
could be kinder,

It crush'd to a mummy the hypocrite's jaws,  
And dash'd from their sockets each holder  
and grinder.

"All this I deserve," said the Wolf full of  
saddness:  
"In the trade of a butcher I'd been quite at  
home, ah!

"To change my profession was absolute mad-  
ness—  
"Who dares kill a patient without a diploma!"

We have only to add, that there are  
some smart notes, of a political de-  
scription.

*The Italian School's of Painting, with  
Observations on the present State of the  
Arts.* By the Rev. J. T. James.  
London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 307.

The Arts, though they mingle themselves  
more and more with the objects of our tran-  
sient and permanent regards; and though they  
are allowed, by every reflecting mind,  
to be as essential to the improvement of national  
taste, as requisite with commercial advan-  
tages, are yet far too generally considered as  
gratuitous ornamental appendages, exhibited  
among the sights and amusements of the day,  
to be enjoyed at a small expence, and for-  
gotten, like the rest of the routine of fashion-  
able time-killing.

This species of show, it has been observ-  
ed, brings us acquainted with works of art,  
and gives a stimulus to the talents of the  
native artist; and in aid of this, works tend-  
ing to illustrate the principles of painting,  
or to make us acquainted with the history of  
its professors, have occasionally appeared.  
Mr. James's work, with some introductory  
observations on the present state of painting  
at home and abroad, is principally confined  
to the rise and progress of the arts in Italy,  
interspersed with anecdotes of the different  
masters of the Italian schools, which schools  
are divided into those of Florence, Sienna,  
Rome, Naples, Venice, Mantua, Modena,  
Parma, Cremona, Milan, Bologna, Ferrara,  
Genoa and Piedmont, and Savoy.

By a work of this kind, it cannot be ex-  
pected that much public interest should be  
excited; though, limited to the artist and to  
the amateur, it will afford much gratifica-  
tion, and many useful hints.

In the arrangements of the different mas-  
ters according to the periods in which they  
flourished, we are brought acquainted with  
the names of some of whose existence we  
had never heard. Yet it is desirable to  
confine the attention to the leading masters  
of the several schools; for, as the author ob-  
serves, each of these gave rise to crowds of  
imitators, more or less successful; and a  
multitude of names and dates, however ne-  
cessary to historical records, adds only to  
the confusion of ideas, instead of affording  
a distinct view of the various styles: indeed,  
this can hardly be obtained without visible  
examples. With something of this practi-  
cal knowledge, the arrangement of the au-  
thor, and the pains he has taken to elass the  
Italian masters under their several dates and  
schools, will not be lost; neither, we trust,  
will the observations thrown out in many  
parts of the work.

One of the causes by which the decline of  
art is marked, is that of imitation, or the  
servile practice of following the manner of  
some particular school or master. It is not  
very easy to fix the bounds by which this  
practice should be regulated, it being, in  
many instances, an involuntary process, in  
which the mind is unconscious of any pecu-  
liar aim; and in some cases, (in opposition  
to the rule) the leading masters themselves  
have derived the greatest advantages from  
adopting the style of contemporary talent.

An able critic has observed, that the English school of painting is little, if at all, shackled with any sort of prescriptive imitation. Its character, like that of its country, follows no guide, but that which is directed by principles, and such only as are necessary to a just and suitable imitation. Hence that variety which distinguishes its exhibitions and galleries, and the consequence of which is that the pleasure of looking upon works of art remains unsated.

At what period the arts in this country will be allowed to have reached their climax, and from whence their decline shall be dated, is not very easy to say, any more than what can render their encouragement permanent. A love and taste for the arts among the opulent must afford something on which to build a hope; and it might be imagined, that when its patrons themselves enter upon its practice, that a proper appreciation of merit would be followed by discrimination and encouragement; unless, indeed, competition should interfere, in which case it may place the artist and the patron in the attitude of rivals, as we have seen in that of a master and his pupil. We do not here speak of the professional practitioner, for in that instance it is a necessary consequence, and only the struggle of emulation. But when the amateur is to divide the praise with the artist, he will not be apt to let any works beside his own interfere with, or break in upon exclusive commendation.

We cannot perhaps better explain this than by an anecdote.

A young lady in the country, from the display of her performances, was considered to be a tolerably good artist. She had received much instruction, and more praise. Her drawings, hung up, were admired by all. They were the theme on which her parents never tired.

"And did your daughter, madam, draw this—and this too—and this, and this?"

"All, all," was answered in the affirmative.

Now it happened on a day, when these praises and anecdotes were going on, that the master was present; and whether his wits or his discretion had taken flight, we know not, but only conclude it must have been so; for he was silly enough to put in for his share of praise, by claiming the greater part of the works as his own.

The result may be easily anticipated. The pupil was rendered insignificant—the instructor dismissed.

The arts may, in some instances, be in this predicament: the practical connoisseur may have no objection to making a collection from the old masters, but he may not so readily admit contemporary talent to mingle with his own.

A knowledge of the principles of the arts, as making a part of polite education, is far more likely to afford a just and adequate patronage.

Mr. James's work concludes with a brief history of the schools of sculpture, with observations on the styles of the different masters, tracing them from the grand and simple of M. Angelo, to the picturesque, (as he

calls it) of Bernini and his imitators, all of whom fell into this false style, with the exception of Du Fresnoy, better known by the name of il Fiamingo, on whose merits, as well as those of Benvenuto Cellini, he might have given more ample details. The works of the former are, perhaps, best compared with the forms of Corregio; and the life of the latter would have afforded great scope for observation and anecdote.

Upon the whole, this volume will be found very interesting for the student's shelf, and useful as a book of reference, both to the artist and amateur. We consider the observations on the effect of climate to be very judicious; and indeed all the strictures are sound and sensible, though in a few instances perhaps theoretical principles are carried too far. For example, when Teniers is cited in support of the general rule, that a momentary stagnation of action is the fittest point for pictorial representation, we cannot help remembering a multitude of his works in which dancing, romping, and the liveliest action is exhibited. The same applies to all battle-pieces—to such subjects as the race of Atalanta—and many others, as well classical as simply natural. Another instance of exaggerating his opinion, and pushing his argument too far, is, we think, given by the author in his Philippe against antiquity and learning, as trammels on modern genius. It is true that invention has not so wide a field to range in, but at the same time knowledge is presented to us in a perfect form, instead of our having the toil and trouble of digging for it. Mr. James assigns far too little consequence to this great advantage, without which all genius, except supernatural, would be as nothing—

So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

We had intended to submit some remarks upon this work in reference to the state of the arts in England at this period; but a strange article in the last Edinburgh Review will furnish an apter ground-work, and enables us, by closing this review, to divide the subject into two notices of reasonable length.

#### MINIATURES.

OR AFTER DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Gray Beard.

#### CHAPTER VII.

*A Morning Walk along the Strand.—Fountain Gardens.*

It was the twenty-ninth of May, when, according to a favourite custom, I took an early walk from my old lodgings in Spring Gardens, to Charing Cross, to see the statue of Charles I. decorated as usual with oak boughs, to commemorate the Restoration. This memento of respect for the unfortunate House of Stuart, has always made a grateful impression on my mind.

I can remember the time, when the surrounding neighbours took a deep interest in the decking of the "Black man upon the black-horse," and it was the first sign they looked for in opening the windows of their

dormitories in this sweet season of the spring. But now, all interest in these customs and observances appears to have died away, and I stood alone, as it seemed to myself, the last remaining leaf of the last branch of that Old Royal Oak Society, which made the latter end of May a social epoch in the smiling year.

Yet were no times more loyal than when we met at the Turk's Head to celebrate the Restoration, and to chat about the days of the "merry monarch," Charles. There was a sentiment in these meetings, to perpetuate the memory of the past epa, which largely tended to the public good. And I am of opinion, with David Garrick, who used to say, "he that had no taste for a Christmas carol nor a Michaelmas goose, is not a man to my taste." Garrick had a great regard for the observance of old English customs.

I looked around me, and what a change! I had recently seen Scott's picture of Charing Cross\*. The long roof of my worthy old colleague Pollock, so long the saddle of our late venerable sovereign, alone remained with the statue, and grey-headed Ephraim, in statu quo.

The surrounding shops † were in Scott's time nearly all open, the woolsen-drapers with their cloths exposed in coloured piles, and the imitative clothes carved in wood, red, yellow, blue, and all the rainbow tints, and the splendid sign of the golden sun, hanging on its curiously wrought iron bearings far into the street; and next to this, a long string of narrow casks, various in colour as a tailor's pattern book, that told an oil and colourman lived there.

The heavy leathern conveniences too, the hackney-coach, and lesser vehicle, the sedan, made the picture interesting to the sight.

Here I could not forego the melancholy satisfaction of ruminating on the past. Alas! poor Charles. On this spot, what turbulent scenes had been performed; a part of the tragedy of thy reign! Here did the infuriated republicans pull down the last gothic cross, unwittingly to make the space for thy illustrious effigy. Yet, "how frail are the imaginations of the evil-doers!" Those, who from this ancient site, viewed thy scaffold before White-Hall, saw the hurdles pass that bore the regicide to his more ignominious doom.

In 1649, the head of the sovereign was held, reeking in its warm blood, by the hand of a masked executioner. In 1660, only eleven years after, retribution stepped

\* This view of Charing-Cross is in water colours; and such its fidelity, that every spot is known by its wares or its sign. A series of engravings, from the many pictures and drawings scattered in different collections, would form an interesting illustration for a History of London. In a future number, I shall give a list of several that I have seen.

† In visiting the shop of Mr. Pollock recently, I looked in vain for an old acquaintance, the tiger, so admirably stuffed to resemble life; and which had terrified many a little squalling brat who is now grown as great a sage as Ephraim.



the heels of the traitors. At the trial of Charles, out of one hundred and thirty judges, only seventy-four sat. Sixty-four were present at the session, and fifty-nine fixed their guilty hands, and seals to his oath warrant. Of these, twenty-four had already been summoned to that dread audit, where no secrets are hidden." Twenty-seven were taken, tried, and condemned; some experienced that clemency of the royal son, they had denied the kingly father. Five of these judges, and five principal vectors of the murder of their sovereign, suffered the penalty of their crimes; whilst sixteen, who sat in judgment on their lord and king fled and finally escaped.

Looking eastward, as I advanced, having it out to pass a long day with that intelligent collector, my excellent friend, Mr. Aker of St. Paul's, I looked to my right, upon Northumberland-House. There I was reminded of one object that has been spared; and onward, the general feature is nearly as

appeared half a century ago. Although receding step by step, even this part bears testimony of the increasing wealth of the top-keepers from that time. Some jutting pper apartments scattered here and there, creep up the picturesque conp-d'ail.

The morning was fine, and I walked down to the river-side, till I stopped at the site of such delight in my early days—to look at the magnificent bridge, named in compliment to the immortal hero of Waterloo. The porter admitted me, and I once more stood on the old "Villier's Walk." § I sat down on the bench, beneath Inigo Jones's later-gate, and looked up at the apartments where I saw poor Hogarth for the last time. Was then about sixteen.

Villier's-Walk was then the summer evening promenade for the good wives and fair daughters of the neighbourhood. On Sundays it was crowded; and imagination brings to my ears the rustling of the silken gowns of Mrs. Lintot § and Mrs. Cadell, when they arrived to the wife of Mr. Goldfrey; ¶ and well I recollect, Garrick mimicking the formal

§ A thousand wagers have been won and st in my younger days at the Turk's-head, upon the question, which way the lion on Northumberland-house turned his tail; and I am ashamed to say, to this hour, I could not venture to declare which way the lion looks, so often have I been bewildered with the subject hen absent from home. Yes, I have sometimes thought the lion is secretly turned about, one obstinate wagger on the looking side, have duly maintained this opinion!

¶ This promenade is now little frequented, although it is pleasant and cool on a summer evening. There are four entrances to it with open gates, all locked; but a porter attends, who is a lodge that commands a view of the bames. For many years, the place of porter was filled by the identical *Strap*, the humble tend of Smollet.

§ Mrs. Lintot, an ancient maiden lady, a relative of Bernard Lintot, Pope's publisher.

¶ The wife of Mr. Godfrey, chemist, the gu of the Phoenix, Southampton-street; in whose family the concern had been carried on more than a century. The first Mr. Godfrey being a disciple of the great Boyle.

how of Dr. . . . (who had that day preached a charity sermon at St. Martin's in the Fields,) to Mr. and Mrs. Drummmond, the silversmith and lanker of Craig's Court, on their complimenting the learned gentleman on his eloquence and success. Garrick made the party laugh, moreover, by a gratuitous specimen of the old doctor's style of oratory; who could hardly give it utterance for very fat. Old Mrs. Cartony, ¶ received a slight bow from the doctor, for her encomiums on his "fine discourse." Garrick asked from the window, of Mr. Squires, "who that comely clergyman might be?" Squires informed him, but I have forgotten his name.

My uncle Zachary had a friend, a virtuoso, who had a suite of apartments at the bottom house the east corner of Buckingham Street, York Buildings; the parlour looked immediately on Villier's Walk, and consequently commanded a fine view of the Thames from Westminster to St. Paul's. The house had been occupied by Peter Czar, ¶ whilst he remained in the British metropolis. Thither I frequently went on a Sunday evening with my indulgent great uncle; and there I have seen almost all the wits of the time.

The events of that memorable evening, when I last saw the "moral painter of mankind," I remember, even to the minute circumstance of what we had for supper. Cold lamb, and some delicious early cucumbers from a garden at Vauxhall, brought by Mr. Tiers, after the cloth was laid; whilst Dr. Zachary § Gray, was at the host's request, being like most distinguished sons of the church, on *fait* at such operations, dressed the salad.

The windows were open, for the evening was sultry though in the beginning of June. The moon was at the full, and with dazzling brightness silvered the edges of the rippling stream athwart from shore to shore. The clouds were magnificently grand, for the sun had set in glorious majesty after the storm. We were all admiring the beautiful effect from the windows, when a boat tacking across, (a dark object o'er the illuminated waves,) flitted by; and the stentorian voice of the mad cap Hayman, shouted, What cheer Ho! The iron gate beneath the rustic arch was unlocked; and behold, the worthy crew were Jonathan Tiers, Hayman, Wale ¶, Monsieur Roquet ¶, Rouilliac, and Beau Ashley. ¶

\* Mrs. Cartony, the wife of the tea-dealer, where most capital grocery was to be had.

† Mr. Squires, an apothecary in the Strand.

‡ A curious fellow, a sort of mountebank philosopher, in those days of oddity, waited upon Peter Czar at this house, and made him an artificial gem for a ring, with a *broom-stick* and a *flint*, which was set in gold, and worn by the illustrious stranger.

§ Dr. Zachary Gray, author of the celebrated edition of Hudibras, with the Doctor's learned and interesting Notes; for which Hogarth designed a series of plates.

¶ Wale and Hayman for many years supplied the graphic illustrations for all the picture books.

¶ Monsieur Roquet, an enamel painter, wrote a curious book on the state of the arts in Eng-

land; it had thundered all Saturday night, and until four o'clock on the Sunday afternoon, so that Tiers had been constrained to dine mump-chance with Mr. Dawson, ¶ at Vauxhall; the bad weather had kept him from his usual journey to his country house. Hence these his protégés and friends had walked over from town, on a speculative visit, hoping to find him at home. The genius of sociality favored their expedition, and they all got into a sailing boat at Vauxhall, and made a pleasant passage down to Buckingham Stairs. Hayman was a capital sailor. Now the party secured all but complete, when in walked Sterne and Caleb Whiteford † on his arm, the youngest of the group except myself; and certainly, the quietest of them all. O! what a coterie of talent, originality, and naïveté. Had it not been Sunday night, I might even now, in this more sober age, have boasted of their having sat it out until the eastern sky promised a beauteous morn—Garrick excepted, who left at twelve, for his house in Southampton Street; saying with his usual gaiety, "Egad, I shall have to tame a shrew to night."

He had entertained us with a circumstantial detail of his conversation with his Majesty in the green-room. The young King and Queen had been at the theatre the preceding week. Roscius, as usual, was a little too egotistical, and Sterne rallied him most playfully. Dr. Gray set the hint a going, and the group accosted him the whole night, and for a long time subsequently, as "Sir David," in anticipation of something that had escaped him about knighthood.

Among other sprightly subjects which I recollect my uncle Zachary to have mentioned many years after—for being amused at that early age to such late hours, I had fallen asleep, was some cross-readings which Caleb Whiteford had made from the newspapers. He was the inventor of that species of whimsical, but witty absurdity; Garrick obtained for his allotment some well merited compliments, by way of compensation for a few pointed *skits* at his vanity. One I particularly remember, for I was awakened by the loud laughter it excited, gave a home thrust at Mr. Jonathan Tiers, and his "bonnie companions every one," for

land; also a descriptive account of Hogarth's prints, in French, for the use of Marshal Belialie, who was a prisoner in England. This also accompanied Hogarth's works abroad, particularly in France, where they were much sought by the cognoscenti.

¶ Beau Ashley was a painter of portraits, a fellow disciple with Sir Joshua Reynolds, under Hudson. He was a bon vivant, and had the good fortune to marry Lady Daniel, whom he survived, and came into an estate by her demise of 5000*l.* per annum. He lived in Pall Mall, in the house built by the Duke of Schomberg.

¶ Mr. Dawson, who established the plate glass manufactory there; and father of Mr. Dawson the banker, of eccentric memory, who had every spoke of his carriage wheels painted a different colour.

† Caleb Whiteford, the factitious Vice-President of the Society of Arts in the Adelpchi, the friend of Dr. Franklin, and a principal promoter of the peace between England and America.



their Bacchanalian revels on the Lord's day. Hayman\* had a taste of his satiric scourge, for his long shanked figures, and his mad frolics. Doctor Zachary Gray read the apocryphal rhodomontade with consummate humour, and poor Laurence Sterne laughed himself into an authentic fit of coughing that almost stopped his breath. These cross-readings, however, were wrapped up in such good humour, that he must have been morose indeed who could have felt offence at honest Catech.

Mr. Jonathan Tiers, to whose spirited exertions are owing the delightful and innocent summer amusements at *Spring Gardens*, the splendid imitation of a night scene in the musings of romance, richly deserved the tide of success that flowed to Vauxhall. He was the friend and patron of the ingenious men of his time. Like King Charles the Second, he mixed the fine gentleman with the bon vivant, possessed a warm and generous heart, and was consequently most liberal to those whose talents contributed to his plans. He was esteemed by the composers who wrote for his orchestra, and did abundant kind offices for his vocal and instrumental performers. The ladies, whose sweet notes silenced the nightingales of his illuminated groves, experienced in him an intrepid protector from the freedoms of the gay bloods and bucks of those less polished times, until every one struck with his gallant manners, emulated his address, and these public favorites were treated with becoming attention and respect.

Vauxhall is noticed as early as June 1732, at which time a *Ridotto al fresco* was the entertainment. About four hundred persons assembled, in the proportion of ten males to one female; hence we may suppose that the general opinion was not in favour of the morality of the meeting. Most of the subscribers appeared in dominoes and masks. They retired by four o'clock in the morning. Such, however, was the licentious spirit of the times—and then even gentlemen's servants wore swords—that a hundred soldiers were necessarily stationed at the entrance, to preserve order.

\* Francis Hayman. The four pictures from Shakespeare, which he painted for the Pavilion of the Prince (the father of our late venerable sovereign) at Vauxhall, were so much esteemed by his patron, Mr. Tiers, that he had them copied, and removed the originals to his own residence. Hayman was President of the Incorporated Society of Painters, and subsequently an R. A. and librarian of the Royal Academy.

† "Tide of success." It was the custom even for genteel parties to go by water to Vauxhall, which opened earlier 60 years ago. Mr. Tiers had two of the boudoirs of the Waterman's Company to attend at Vauxhall Stairs from five to eleven o'clock, to prevent imposition and abuse. In 1738 silver tickets were sold at twenty-four shillings each, to admit two for the season. A single admittance was one shilling. Mr. Tiers presented his esteemed friend Hogarth with a golden ticket of admission, in perpetuity. I have been informed that the venerable Mr. Shield, who has composed "so much and so well" for these gardens, is now the possessor of the singular privilege.

Yet Vauxhall, in spite of the managers, was for many years the occasional scene of sad disorders. Ladies were forced from their parties by drunken bucks into the dark walks, and treated with savage rudeness, which terrified respectable females from remaining in the gardens after midnight.

About the time of the above mentioned meeting, the proprietor of Vauxhall pledged himself to the public, that the dark walks should be lighted; no bad women, known to be such, should be admitted; and watchmen were hired to keep the peace.

Tiers had a country house near Leatherhead, and it was his delight to pass his Sunday, and part of Monday there, during the Vauxhall season, with artists and wits, many of whom he almost supported by his bounty.

The gardens were closed at twelve on Saturday nights, when some of those whom he selected, got into his carriage, and others into a hired coach, and after that late hour set off for his pleasant retreat. There they remained until Monday, when, taking an early dinner, they returned to London in time for the opening of Spring Gardens. Many interesting anecdotes of these parties I remember long ago to have heard from Frank Hayman, whose facetious spirit enlivened every club and society (and they were many) to which he belonged, in that age of tavern meetings.

Hogarth's talent was called in to aid the decoration of Vauxhall, by Mr. Tiers, and so was that of Hayman, then, (such was the deplorable state of painting in England,) considered the best painter of history. Others, ingenious in the inferior departments of art, were liberally rewarded for their assistance in this public place. Roubilliac also found a patron in Mr. Tiers; and the exquisite statue of the great Handel, from his chisel, in Parian marble, remains a record of the virtue and talent of the excellent triumvirate.

He did not confine his patronage, however, to these. The house at Stockwell, built by this munificent gentleman, and now occupied by his respected relative, Mrs. Barrett, displays in an apartment, grand and spacious for the time it was built, a collection of the works of all the best painters of the day. Hogarth, Wilson, Reynolds, (Gainsborough, Barrett, Zoffany, and others, even, amply to repay the connoisseur for a ride to Stockwell.

The last time I went to these beautiful gardens, and contemplated the statue of the modern Orpheus with his lyre, I could not but indulge in a reverie of what he would have felt, on hearing his Messiah performed by the glorious band in Westminster Abbey, or what the liberal Jonathan Tiers would have experienced, on beholding his Elysium splendidly illuminated with nearly forty thousand lamps!

It is worthy of remark, that in an account of Vauxhall, to which was prefixed a view of the orchestra, by that general illustrator, William Wale, it is proudly stated, "When it grows dark, the garden is illuminated almost in an instant, with about 1500 glass

lamps, which glitter among the trees, and render it exceeding light and brilliant.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### GALVANISM AND MAGNETISM.

*Experiments on the influence of the Voltaic Pile upon the magnetic needle, by Mr. J. Chr. Ørsted, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the university of Copenhagen.*

[Translated from the *Bibliothèque Universelle* for August.]

The first experiments on the subject which I now undertake to illustrate, were made in the lectures which I delivered last winter on electricity and magnetism. They showed, in general, that the magnetic needle changed its direction from the influence of the Voltaic apparatus, and that this effect took place when the circuit was formed, and not when it was interrupted, a method which celebrated philosophers had tried in vain several years ago. But as my experiments had been made with an apparatus of small power, the effect of which was not so striking as the importance of the fact to be established seemed to me to require, I requested my friend M. Esmarch, counsellor of justice to his majesty, to join me in repeating them with a more considerable apparatus. We had also associates and witnesses in the Chevalier Vöngel and Messrs. Hanch, Reinhardt (professor of natural history), Jacobsen (professor of physic, and a very able chemist), and Zeise, professor of philosophy. I also made some experiments alone, and when they afforded me any new information I took care to repeat them in the presence of these eminent men of science.

In the following details I shall omit every thing that led me to the discovery, and confine myself to the facts which confirm it.

Our Voltaic apparatus was composed of twenty rectangular copper receptacles, contiguous to each other, the length and the height of which were about twelve inches, and the breadth about two inches and a half. Each receptacle is formed of two plates of copper inclined in such a manner that they can bear the copper rod which supports the plate of zinc in the water of the adjoining receptacle. The water with which the receptacles are filled contains 1/20th of its weight of sulphuric acid, and another sixth of nitric acid. The portion of each plate of zinc immersed in this liquid is a square, the side of which is about ten inches. Less powerful apparatus may be employed; it is sufficient if it be able to heat a metal wire red hot.

The opposite poles of the Voltaic apparatus are made to communicate by a metal

\* We received this paper, written in Latin, and hasten to publish it, requesting, what we are sure we shall receive, the earnest attention of our chemical and philosophical readers to so curious and important a narrative.

\* The following is the original, which is not clear, "Quodvis receptaculum duabus laminis cupreis instructum est, its inclinatio, ut baculus cupreum qui laminam zincum, in aqua receptaculi proxime sustinetur portare possit."

wire, which we shall call, for brevity's sake, the *conducting* wire, and we shall designate the effect which manifests itself in and about this conductor during the Voltaic action, by the epithet of *electric conflict*.

Suppose now that the rectilinear part of this wire be horizontal, and placed above and parallel to the needle of a compass, freely suspended. The apparatus must besides be constituted in such a manner, that the conducting wire may be bent at pleasure, to give to its active part the position which the experiment requires.

In that which we have just supposed the magnetic needle will move, so that under that part of the conducting wire which is the nearest to the negative pole of the apparatus, it will decline towards the west.

If the wire is not more than three quarters of an inch from the needle, the declination of the latter makes an angle of about forty-five degrees. If this distance is augmented the angle decreases in proportion. The absolute quantity of this deviation varies accordingly as the apparatus is more or less powerful.

You may change the direction of the conducting wire towards the east or towards the west, provided it remains parallel to the needle, without any change in the result, except with respect to its extent; whence it follows that the effect cannot be attributed to attraction; for the same pole of the needle which approaches to the conducting wire when it is on the east side, ought to recede from it when it is placed on the west side, if these declinations depended upon attractions or repulsions. The conductor may be composed of several wires or fillets united in a *faisceau*. The kind of metal employed does not change the effect, but it may perhaps have some influence on its extent. We have employed, with equal success, wire of platinum, gold, silver, brass, and iron, fillets of lead, of pewter, and of mercury. When the circuit is interrupted by water, the conductor does not lose its whole effect, unless the interruption takes place for a space of several inches.

The effect of the conducting wire on the magnetic needle takes place through glass, metals, wood, water, resin, vessels of baked earth, and stony substances. All these substances interposed between the conductor and the needle, do not appear sensibly to diminish the influence of the one on the other. It is the same if you interpose between them the disc of an electrophorus, a band of porphyry, a saucer full of water. It is not necessary to remark, that the passage of electricity, whether common or Voltaic, through those divers substances, had not been yet observed. Thus the effects which manifest themselves in the electric conflict, are very different from those which the action of either pole, considered separately, can produce.

If the conducting wire is disposed horizontally below the needle, the effects are of the same nature as those which take place when it is above it; but they are produced in an inverse direction, that is to say, the pole of the needle below which is that part of the

conducting wire which receives the negative electricity of the apparatus, declines then towards the east.

In order more easily to call to mind these results, it may be reduced to this formula; viz. that "the pole above which the negative electricity enters declines to the west; and to the east if it enters below it."

If the conducting wire (always supposed horizontal) is gradually turned so as to form a larger or smaller angle with the magnetic meridian, the declination of the magnetic needle augments if the motion of the wire tends towards the place of the needle; it diminishes, on the contrary, if it recedes from it.

When the conducting wire (being horizontal) is rendered parallel to the needle (balanced by a little running or counter weight), it does not make it decline either to the east or to the west, but it inclines it in a vertical plane, so that the pole next to which the negative action of the pile affects the wire, is depressed when the wire is situated on the west side, and elevated when it is situated on the east side.

If the conducting wire is placed either above or below the needle, in a plane perpendicular to the magnetic meridian, the needle remains at rest, unless the wire be very near to the pole of the needle, for then the pole rises when the entrance (of the electricity) takes place by the western part of the wire, and sinks when it takes place by the eastern side.

When you place the conducting wire perpendicularly opposite to the pole of the needle, and the upper extremity of the wire receives the electricity from the negative side of the apparatus, the pole of the needle moves towards the east; but if the wire is placed opposite a point between the pole and the middle of the needle, it moves towards the west. The phenomena appear in an inverse order when the upper extremity of the conducting wire receives the electricity of the positive side of the apparatus.

If you bend the conducting wire, so as to render the two parts parallel, after bending them it repels or attracts the two magnetic poles, according to circumstances. If the wire be placed relatively to either of the poles of the needle, so that the vertical plane which separates the two parallel sides of the wire be perpendicular to the magnetic meridian, and if then the eastern branch of the wire be joined to the negative extremity of the apparatus, and the western branch to the positive extremity, then the nearest pole of the needle will be seen to be repelled towards the east, or towards the west, according to the situation of the plane of the branches. When the eastern branch

|| This is not very clear: the Latin runs thus: "Filius conjungens in plano horizontali in quo movetur axis magnetica, opae saccinatis equilibrata situm, et acui parallelum, eandem nec orientem, nec occidentem versus deterbat, sed tantummodo in plano inclinationis autare fecit; ita ut poles, penes quem ingreditur vis negativa electrica deprimitur, quando ad latum occidentale, et elevatur quando ad orientale, situm est."

of the wire is made to communicate with the positive side of the apparatus, and its western branch with the negative side, the nearest pole is attracted. When the plane of the branches of the wire is perpendicular to the needle in a point equidistant from the centre and from the pole, the same effects follow, but in inverse directions.

A needle of brass, suspended in the same manner as one of steel, is not put in motion by the influence of the conducting wire. It is the same with a needle made of glass, or of gum lac.

Let us now take a cursory view of the ensemble of these phenomena.

The electric conflict acts only on the magnetic particles of matter. All non-magnetic bodies are permeable to the electric conflict; but magnetic bodies, or more properly speaking, the magnetic particles of these bodies, resist the passage of this conflict, so that they may be set in motion by the action of those forces, which combat each other.

It appears from the facts related, that the electric conflict is not confined within the conducting wire, but that it has a sphere of activity of some extent round it.

We may also conclude, from these observations, that this conflict acts in a rotatory manner; for without this supposition, we could not comprehend how the same portion of the conducting wire, which, when placed below the magnetic pole, carries the needle towards the east, should propel it towards the west when it is above this pole. But such is the nature of the circular action, that the motions which it produces take place in directions precisely contrary at the two extremities of the same diameter. It appears also that the circular motion, combined with the progressive motion, in the direction of the length of the conducting wire, must form a species of action which exerts itself about this wire as an axis. This remark, however, does not at all contribute to explain the phenomena observed.

All the effects, which have just been related with respect to the north pole of the needle, will be easily explained by supposing, that the negatively electric force on matter traverses a spiral, bending from left to right, that it propels the north pole, and that it does not act on the south pole. In the same manner we shall explain the effects on this latter, by giving to this force, or to this negatively electric matter, a motion in a contrary direction, and the faculty of acting on the south pole and not upon the north pole. The agreement of this law with the facts observed will be better comprehended by repeating the experiments, than by endeavouring to develop the explanation more at length. It would have been rendered clearer if the aid of figures could have been used, to point out the directions of the electric forces about the conducting wire.

I shall add only one remark: in a work published several years ago, I demonstrated that caloric and light composed the electric conflict. We may legitimately conclude from the observations which I have just re-

lated, that those effects take place by revolving motions. I am persuaded that these facts may contribute to clear up those which relate to what is called the polarity of light.

J. CHRISTIAN ØRSTED,  
Knight of the Order of Danebrog, Professor of Natural Philosophy at the University of Copenhagen, Secretary to the Royal Society of Sciences.

Copenhagen, 21st July, 1820.

(We shall give in our next number the highly interesting experiments of Professor Pictet of Geneva, on this subject.)

#### NEW DISCOVERED ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

Stockholm, September.—The journal called *Almanna*, contains a letter from Major J. A. Graaner, to his friend and patron, General Baron Björnstjerna, dated July 2d, 1819, from the Island of Bourou, one of the Moluccas. He was upon a voyage from Valparaiso to Bengal, on board a vessel, with a rich cargo of the productions of Chili, viz. 3000 cwt. of copper, and gold and silver bullion to the amount of 350,000 piastres, for the purpose of exchanging them for the rich produce of India. The Major's object both in his many years' residence in South America, and in this voyage, was to promote the Swedish commerce; a plan of which he seems to have entertained the most sanguine hopes. The free importation of Swedish iron being allowed, he says, "in Chili, it will thus find its way to Peru, and all over the continent of South America; and an easy and most profitable commerce may be established between South America and Bengal direct. It was with full confidence of success in this first attempt that he was on his way to India; but unfortunately he did not live to reach his destination. He discovered in the South Sea a numerous group of islands, the largest of which he called Ocar's Island, in honor of the present Crown Prince of Sweden. He gives some account both of the islands which he visited, and the manners of their inhabitants. He paints the system of government of Buenos Ayres and Chili, during Puyredon's administration, as in all respects interested, intriguing, revengeful, and cowardly.

#### METEORIC STONE.

St. Petersburg, 15th September.

A meteoric stone, weighing 40 lbs. fell from the air during a violent thunder storm, at six o'clock in the evening, on the 12th of July, in the village of Listen, in the circle of Dunaburg, and the government of Witbesk. It penetrated a foot and a half in the ground, whence it was dug up by the peasants, and has been chemically analyzed by Dr. Eichler. The Imperial Academy of Sciences commissioned one of its members to examine it, who found the specific gravity of the stone to be 3.718. In the air it weighed 6 oz. 5 dr. 50 gr. and lost in water, of

\* There appears to be some omission here; probably a piece of stone of the weight here specified may have been knocked off, and sent to St. Petersburg for examination.—Ed.

the temperature of 13° 4' Reaumur, 1 oz. 6 dr. 18 gr. in weight; consequently the cubic content of this aerolite was 3.4 English cubic inches, if a cubic inch of water is taken at 253 gr. Notwithstanding the small size, and the few pores that could be perceived, its weight in the water, after it had been dried, had increased 68 gr. A magnetic needle was pretty quickly attracted, as well in an horizontal as in a vertical direction, by all points of its surface, but it did not at all attract iron filings.

Mr. Ackerman's Monthly Repository speaks in the following terms of an ingenious fire-alarm, invented by a Mr. J. G. Colbert.

"This instrument is portable, of the size and general appearance of a timepiece, except that the dial-plate exhibits a semicircle marked with the degrees from 1 to 180. When the index is placed at half or a whole degree, or more, above the heat of the atmosphere at the time, any increase of temperature beyond the degree indicated, sets the alarm in motion, and thus gives notice of the approaching danger. Hence it is obvious, that the principle of the thermometer has been applied to this instrument, which may be placed in any situation, and is sold at prices varying from five to thirty guineas, according to the plainness or elegance of the execution. All those who wish to obtain an additional security against the dangers of fire by night, may have an opportunity of inspecting this contrivance at Mr. Ackerman's."

#### LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, Oct. 14.

On the 7th, the Rev. Frodsham Hodson, D. D. Principal of Brasenose college, resigned the Vice Chancellorship, and the Rev. George Wm. Hall, D. D. Master of Pembroke college, was invested with that office with the usual formalities, and nominated his Pro-Vice-Chancellors, viz.:

The Rev. Thomas Lee, D. D. President of Trinity college; the Rev. Frodsham Hodson, D. D. Principal of Brasenose college; the Rev. Richard Jenkens, D. D. Master of Balliol coll.; the Rev. John Collier Jones, D. D. Rector of Exeter coll.

Congregations will be held on the purpose of granting Graces and conferring Degrees, on the following days in the ensuing Term, viz.—Tuesday, October 10; Thursday, October 26; Thursday, November 16, and Friday, 24; Tuesday, December 5, Tuesday 12, and Monday, 18.

Tuesday, October 10th, the first day of Michaelmas Term, the following Degrees were conferred:—

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Rev. J. Ireland, Queen's College; Rev. W. Prowse, St. Edmund's Hall; Rev. J. Forbes Jowett, St. John's College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—G. Brettell, Esq. and H. Heaton, Esq. Exeter College, Grand Compounders; B. Young, St. Edmund's Hall; J. Hanbury, Christ Church; J. Holcombe, Jesus College.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 6.

The following gentlemen, Bachelors of Arts of Trinity college, were on the 1st inst. elected foundation Fellows of that society:

S. Hawkes, J. Hutton Fisher, T. Thorp, W. Sidney Walker, Horatio Waddington, C. Smith Bird, T. Pell Platt, H. Coddington.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 13.

The following gentlemen were on Tuesday last admitted to degrees:

MASTER OF ARTS.—Stephen Croft, of Trinity college.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—W. Evans, of Jesus college; Woodthorpe Collett, of Catherine Hall; J. N. Davidson, of Queen's coll.; P. Leigh and J. H. Mauderville, of Trin. coll.; Brooke Greiville, of St. John's coll.

There will be congregations on the following days of the present term:

Wednesday, Oct. 25, at eleven; Wednesday, Nov. 8, at eleven; Wednesday, Nov. 29, at eleven; Saturday, Dec. 16, (end of term) at ten.

#### FINE ARTS.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir.—In consequence of reading a paragraph inserted in your Weekly *Literary Gazette*, under the head of Varieties, I observed the following. (See No. 191.)

"The busts of celebrated Italians, which have hitherto adorned the Pantheon at Rome, were lately removed to a gallery prepared for that purpose in the Capitol, where it is in contemplation to form a museum of all the celebrated men that Italy has produced. The writer of an article inserted in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* strongly censures the removal of the busts of Raphael, and of other distinguished men who were buried in the church of the Rotunda (the Pantheon). It is, however, extremely doubtful whether the mortal remains of Raphael were deposited in the church; and, with the exception of *Carlo Maratta*, it is pretty certain that none of the great men, whose busts have lately been removed, were buried there."

It appears to me, that you have been misled in the assertion you have made, "that it is doubtful whether the mortal remains of Raphael were deposited in the church;" and with the exception of *Carlo Maratta*, &c.

It is universally acknowledged, by the Romans themselves, that the mortal remains of Raphael were deposited in the Rotunda, and at the expense of *Carlo Maratta*; under his bust is this distich, composed by Cardinal Bembo.

"Ille hic est Raphael, tumuit quo sospite vinci.

"Rerum Magna Parens, et moriente mori."

It is thus elegantly rendered into Italian by Bellori—

"Questi è quel Raffaël, cui viva vinta.

"Esset tembo Natura, e morto estinta."

The remains of *Carlo Maratta* lie deposited in the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, built by Angelo, on the ruins of the baths of Diocletian. The tomb of *Salvator Rosa* corresponds with it. As *Raphael*'s

omb was erected at the expense of Carlo Maratta, I thought you might have made some confusion, misconceiving the remains of Carlo Maratta to have been buried in the Pantheon, when Raphael's alone were interred there.

I certainly censure the removal of the busts of those distinguished characters, particularly since the immortal Raphael was deposited there; for it is sacrilege itself to separate his bust from his deposit; and no lace can be better adapted for such a purpose than the Pantheon. It is an acknowledged fact, that every artist who studied at Rome is ambitious of having his bust placed at that superb temple. Canova is full with the happiness he is sure to enjoy in that respect.

What a pity, that England should be deficient in such public institutions, where emulation is excited, and merit handed down to posterity! Excuse the liberty I have taken, and believe me your constant reader.

W. V.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

(By Correspondents.)

## SONNET.

To Ismael Fitzadam, the Sailor-Poet, author of the "Harp of the Desert," &c.

laid of the inclement and infertile deep:  
Whose lone harp, cradled on the rushing wave,

Was strung to the loud storm and battle brave,

ounding irregular, as the surges sweep,  
is native sea-notes to the shock, or sleep

Of conscious waters—all unheard, too, save  
By some charm'd ocean-nymph, from pearly cave,

larkening to wonder! Bard, foredoom'd to weep!

thy very name, proscribed and desolate man!  
Bears ominous impress of thy destiny,—  
like the first lunel, an unseasonal ban

Has to the desert driven thy muse and thee;  
but rain, alas! her supplicating cry,  
Vorse than the Hebrew, thou art left to die!

ANNA MATILDA.

## VAUCLUSE.

all rocks begirt the lovely valley round,  
like barriers guarding its sweet loneliness;

louds rested on their summits, and their sides  
burken'd with aged woods, where Iwy twined

ad green moss grew unconscious of the sun:  
lacking in the dwelling place of Death and Night,  
an angry river came; at first it traced

a course in wrath, and the dark caverns rang  
With echoes to its hoarse and sullen roar;

but when it reach'd the peaceful valley, then,  
like woman's smile soothing wild rage away,  
he might light upon its troubled waves—

made the waters, like a curbed steed,  
huffed and foamed angrily, but softly flowed,  
bright unbroken mirror, for the kiss

of the fair children of its fragrant banks,  
and close beside uprose the tree whose form  
had once been beauty's refuge—sacred shade!

Which even the lightning dares not violate,  
he hero's trophy and the bard's reward—  
he faded laurel.—

Vaucluse! thou hast a melancholy charm,  
A sweet remembrance of departed time,  
When love awoke the lyre from its long sleep.  
Unbound the golden wings of poetry,  
And in thy groves the graceful Petrarch sought  
A shelter where his soul might wander free,  
Dwelling on tender thoughts and minstrel dreams,  
All that the bard can feel in solitude.  
Thy name is in his songs, and it will be  
Remembered, when thy woods shall wave no more.

The bee, when varying flowers are nigh,  
On many a sweet will careless dwell;  
Just sips their dew, and then will fly  
Again to its own fragrant cell:—  
Thou too 'thy heart, by fancy led,  
A wanderer for a while may be,  
Yet soon returning whence it fled,  
It comes more fondly back to thee.

L.

"Yesterday the Lord Bishop of Lincoln (late Bishop of this see) preached his farewell sermon at our Cathedral, from Corinth. xv. last verse.—'Be ye steadfast, immovable,' &c.—*Exeter Paper*, Oct. 1, 1820."

## EPIGRAM.

Not what I do, but what I say,  
My brethren should be noted,  
"Be ye immovable," I pray,  
While I move-off promoted.

But good, my Lord, this version looks  
Like novel variation:

Nay, nay, my friends, shut up your books,  
Mine is the true Translation.

JUVENILES.

RETORT COURTEOUS.—Oct. 14, 1820.

"How will your friends at court," quoth Hal to Bob,

Chuckling at ministers' supposed perdu;  
"How will your friends get through this dirty job?"

"I think," quoth Bob, for that they'll send  
for you."

DOT-AND-GO-ONE.

Theodore Borne's Prayer during the Battle,  
composed about an hour before his death: and  
beautifully set to music by Hummel.

(Translated by a Foreigner.)

Father, to Thee I pray!  
Dreadful surrounds me the roaring of battle;  
Awful the destruction of raging metal;  
Disposer of fate, I pray to thee,  
Father, thou guide me!

Father, thou guide me!  
Guide me to victory or to my tomb;  
Lord! from thy hands I accept my doom!  
God, as thou wilt, so conduct me,  
God, still I praise thee!

God, still I praise thee!  
As well to the rustling of leaves that are falling,  
As in the surrounding thunder appalling,  
Thou fountain of bliss, I see thee;  
Father, thou bless me!

Father, thou bless me!  
In thine own hands I now lay my fate,  
Thou may'st now take it—thou giv'st it of late.  
For living, for dying, Oh! bless me,  
Father, I praise thee!

Father, I praise thee!  
We do not contend for ambition, oh Lord!

What's sacred to all, we defend with our swords.  
Thus victorious, or dying I praise thee,  
God, to thee I commend me!

God to thee I commend me!  
When pale death now soon shall sit on my brow;  
When my opened veins for my country shall flow,  
To thee, oh God! Obedience I vow,  
Father, thou bless me now!

On seeing the statues of Hercules and Hygieia over the entrance of a Quack's house.

The empiric has stuck Health and Strength o'er  
his door,  
As, in semblance, he'd say, "Come, and sicked  
no more!"

But in sooth, 'twould be construed much more  
to my mind,

"If you once enter here, you must leave these  
behind!"

## A lame Reason.

A brawny carter pass'd me on a beast  
That seem'd to promise dogs an early feast;

I saw with pity the poor tottering jade  
Thump'd into motion all but retrograde;  
And wond'ring how a limping foundler'd hack  
Could stir with so much "dead weight" on his back,

I spoke my doubts of "thither won't" security,  
He answer'd straight with all his tribe-like  
purity,

And bid me my anxiety abandon—  
"The brute must go,—he ha'n't a leg to stand  
on!"

## SONNET.

"Più luce già quond' i feci! mal sonno,  
Che del futuro m'a squarcio l'velame."

Whilst on the couch of pain and sorrow laid,  
Mourning the past, that ne'er can be recall'd,  
I cast my eyes toward the opening shade  
Of future years—and start, at once, appall'd.

There shadows direful, and dim shapes appear  
Emerging slowly from the spectral gloom;  
Disease, and pale remorse, love, hate, and fear,  
Are seen to drag their victim to the tomb.

The blighted buds of youth that promis'd fair,  
Scath'd by the lightning and the blasts of life,  
Bright hopes and fond desires he scatter'd there,  
The mock and scorn of all these forms of strife.

Thus, in the soul's dark twilight, I behold  
That deadly ray, by many a dream foretold.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## THE DUKE OF BORDEAUX.

The birth of this important child has given great animation to France. As is usual in that country, charities, illuminations, dramas, poems, medals, compositions, and offerings of every kind, celebrate or commemorate the event. As a partial sketch from this picture of national manners, we annex a specimen of some of the poetical effusions. The three following allude to the firing of 24 cannons, which was the appointed signal for the birth of a boy.

Proclame, airain bruyant, les transports de la France  
Un beau lis, en tombant, nous lassait un bouton;

Une nuit de douleur nous légua l'Espérance,  
Une nuit de bonheur nous présente un BOUTAON.

*Le récit d'un royaume écroulé, impromptu.*  
N'j'a douze bons coups, m'écriai-je à l'anore!  
Écoutons... écoutons. le canon tire encore!  
C'est un prince, grand Dieu!... Cette fois, je le  
dis,

Je ne veux désormais plus croire aux *écroulés*.

*Grande peur, grande joie, impromptu* écrit sous  
la dictée d'une pièce de vingt-quatre

Le canon! comptons bien. "Un—qu'on fasse  
silence.

Dieu—chut! *très*—dix encore et Dieu sauve la  
France!

Quatre—ah, grand Dieu! *cinq*—sir—comme le  
cœur nous bat!

*Sept*—console-nous... *huit*—de l'horrible attentat.  
*Nuf*... D'un bon peuple—dix—sance la prière!  
*Onze*—du plus beau jour fais briller la lumière!  
*Douze*—quel effort! *treize*... ô France! l'en-  
tends-tu?

L'enfer nous prit Berri, le ciel nous l'a rendu.

The next verse is from a piece, by M. De  
sangiera, entitled *La France Consolée*.

Gloire, amour au prince éhri,  
Qui vient de nous rendre Berri!  
Béatissime infamorpheose!  
Le ciel a repris son azur;  
Le jour est plus beau, l'air plus pur,  
Le cyprès fait place à la rose.  
De pourpre et de la revêtu,  
Un enfant sourit à la France,  
Et les pleurs d'un peuple abattu  
Sont essuyés par l'innocence,  
Gloire, amour, etc.

The subjoined specimen is also pretty—it  
belongs to a poem by M. Théaulon.

Viens à mon luth, et que ce jour célèbre  
T'arrache enfin au silence, à l'oubli.  
Dépouille-toi de ce voile funèbre  
Où ma douleur t'avait enserpillé.  
Que notre deuil ne pare d'espérance!  
Dans l'avenir, pour nous, rien n'est perdu,  
Chantons encore les Bourbons et la France...  
Berri nous est rendu!!!

The journals, and other periodicals, are  
filled with tributes of this kind. Among the  
medals struck on the occasion are these:—

1. France presenting the young prince to  
Æaculapins, that his health may be preserved  
mid his life prolonged: Minerva covers him  
with her shield. The legend "*Le Prince*  
*est né, nos vœux sont exaucés*." On the  
reverse, the portraits of the Duke and  
Duchess of Berri, surrounded by a wreath of  
immortality.

2. The head of the young prince, with his  
names, titles, and date of his birth. The  
reverse, an anchor shaded by a young lily,  
plant rises majestically on the left: legend,  
"*Présent du Ciel*."

3. Heads of the father and mother. Re-  
verse, the infant in his cradle, strangling,  
like the young Hercules, a horrible serpent  
with each hand. The surrounding motto,  
"*Fata aspera Vinus*."

4. Heads as in the foregoing, but the re-  
verse has, instead of the babe, an emblem of  
him, a new-blown lily at the foot of the  
throne, both protected by the Egede of the  
tutinary Genius of France. The legend is,  
"*Vivez pour le servir, mourez pour le dé-  
fendre*."

5. France filled with love presents a new  
horn infant at the altar—the legend is very  
appropriate and affecting—" *Tu Carolus*  
*Matri, nobis Henricus*."

At 11 o'clock, on the 29th Sept. the an-  
nexed brief petition was presented to Mon-  
sieur—" *Monseigneur, ma femme est ac-  
couchée cette nuit à la même heure que ma-  
dame la duchesse de Berri. Nous sommes*  
*bien pauvres!*"—The immediate reply was  
a present of 1200 francs.

The following anecdote is also worthy of  
preservation:

It was still dark when the order was given  
to notify the auspicious birth of the young  
prince to the inhabitants of the capital. It  
was observed to the Duc de Richelieu, that  
it might perhaps be better to wait for the  
break of day to fire the cannon; to which  
he replied—" *For news so glorious, it is*  
*break of day at all hours*."

A divertimento, entitled "*Dames de*  
*Bordeaux*," has been produced on the oc-  
casion at the Theatre des Variétés. It con-  
sists chiefly of complimentary verses of the  
Dames of the *Halle*, on presenting a cradle  
to the Duchess of Berri, and was of course  
loudly applauded. At the Porte St. Martin  
a similar piece, called "*Paris, le 29 Sep-  
tembre 1820*," has been got up.

## THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN. *Cymbeline*.—On Wed-  
nesday the play of *Cymbeline* was revived  
at this theatre; and although Charles Kemble  
and Macready were, for the first time, the  
Leonatus Posthumus and Iachimo; yea,  
and though Farley was the Cloten, and we  
verily believe, one Mr. Norris the Doctor  
Cornelius, it seemeth that but for its allu-  
sions to the politics of the day, this drama  
would not have been ravished from its  
meritorious quietude. It is not for us to  
maintain that Mr. Brougham's quoting is  
not a sufficient reason for Mr. Harris's act-  
ing; since they are both excellent managers,  
and know very well what they are about.  
But we do with great humility conceive, that  
it is a dangerous and foolish thing in the  
director of a place of entertainment, to de-  
viate so mainly from "the purpose of  
playing, (whose end both at the first and  
now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror  
up to nature; to show Virtue her own  
feature, Scorn her own image," &c.), as to  
take any hint from the present exhibition in  
another house, under the notion of thereby  
pleasing the public. In sober truth, it is an  
unbecoming thing to seek for occasion to in-  
troduce party squabbles into the theatre; and  
we are surprised that Covent Garden, hither-  
to so free from that reproach, should have  
fallen into the ill-judged practice. There is  
nothing in *Cymbeline* itself to induce its re-  
vival. The beautiful passages, which are  
probably Shakspeare's, and the lovely sim-  
plicity of feminine character in Imogen, are  
only delectable in the closet, and the drama  
must for ever remain one ineffective in re-  
presentation. The plot, or rather implica-  
tion of several plots, is artificial; the devel-  
opement of character bizarre and imperfect;

the manners and sentiments unsuited to the  
era to which the story belongs; the incidents  
improbable; the mass of the dialogue below  
the level of poetry; and even where poetical  
(as in the beginning and end of Iachimo's  
soliloquy in the bed room of Imogen) marred  
for delivery by the circumstances in which  
the actor is placed. Accordingly the play  
went off very heavily, and as it was mere-  
ly meant to catch the effervescence of the mo-  
ment, no pains were taken to produce ap-  
propriate scenery and decorations. The  
landscapes presented the old exotic-covered  
canvases, whereon flowers flourished unknown  
to Britain for a thousand years posterior to  
the date of *Cymbeline*; and the worthy  
king's wife, daughter, and courtiers, were  
dressed respectively in glossy play-house  
satin, Glasgow muslin, and bepanopied em-  
broidery! Cloten's serenaders were wrapt  
in the dominos of the maskers in *Romeo*  
and *Juliet*, and every thing belonging to  
these Britons of the age of Augustus Cæsar,  
betrayed but too plainly, that the ground  
upon which *Cymbeline* was brought forward  
at this period was one beneath the credit  
of a respectable theatre to proceed upon.  
Dull as it was, we have very little to say  
about the performances. The wagger scene  
was skilfully managed, by Messrs. Kemble  
and Macready; and the scene in which the  
virtue of Imogen is assayed, admirably done  
by the latter. Still more spirited was that  
where Iachimo convinces Posthumus of his  
wife's infidelity: and we may add as its equal  
those parts of the tedious vidding up, in  
which Posthumus is driven to despair by  
the confession of the Italian. At no other  
time was the slightest sensation excited in the  
auditory, save indeed when passages occurred  
calculated to turn a spot devoted to elegant  
amusement, into a bear-garden and factions  
arena. It is but doing justice to the good  
sense of the people, however, to state, that  
even here the majority evinced no disposition  
to enter into the folly, though the recogniz-  
ing plaudits were loud and tumultuous when,  
among others, the following passages were  
spoken. When in proof of Imogen's adul-  
tery, the bracelet given to her is produced,  
*Philario* says—

— It may be probable she lost it; or  
Who knows if one of her women, being or-  
rupted,  
Hath stolen it from her.

Again, *Pisanio*, alluding to his master's  
suspicions, exclaims—

— What false Italian,  
(As poisonous tongues as hand) has prevailed  
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! no,  
She's punished for her truth, &c.

And again, the noble picture of slander—

— No, tis Slander,  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose  
tongue

Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath  
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie  
All corners of the world.

Kings, queens, and states,  
Maid, matrons, may the secrets of the grave,  
This viperous Slander enters.

These, and a few similar passages, were  
seized by a number of the audience and

judly cheered; thus the design in getting p the play could not be said to fail altogether, but we do not think it will enrich the "usury." Posthumus' speech, in which the a renowned phrase, "as chaste as unsunned now" occurs, was omitted. The sweet glee, Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings, as enclosed; and we have but to sum up, y noticing that Miss Foote was a pretty woman, both as girl and boy, though in ying to be interesting or pathetic, she sometimes looked as if (according to the saying) he could not help it; Farley a thorough but modern Cloten; and Abbott a good blunt 'oloydre. The other performers had no opportunity of distinguishing themselves.

Astley's amphitheatre concluded its amusing diversions on Wednesday, till Easter Monday bids it open its doors again to holiday ecllers.

The Adelphi Theatre has recently renewed a operations, but we have not yet had time o enable ourselves to report upon them.

The Olympic is about to open with a company comprehending several of our best omedians; Munden, Dowton, Wrench, and others.

And last, not least, in theatrical chit-chat, be *Little Theatre*, Haymarket, closed on Saturday. The farewell address alluded to be formation of an *Independent House and Company*; the secret of which allusion we elieve is, that a number of the most eminent performers of the time project the establishment, at the new theatre, when built, f a dramatic concern something on the oting of such matters in Paris, in which ey shall themselves be the proprietors, managers, and principal supports in the way facting. In short, that the company shall e a joint stock company, and have and per-min stock pieces; and controul by an elec-tive executive, and share profits (if any), and rovide for the sick and superannuated, out f whatever overflowing fund overflowing uses enable them to realize. So whispers amour; and it is easy to foresee, that such a event (the patentees will call it a conspiracy) will have a prodigious influence on our ation.] stage.

## VARIETIES.

On the 7th October, at the palace of le French Institute, were distributed the rizes decreed by the Royal Academy of ine Arts, for painting, sculpture, architecture, engraving, and musical composition. he young gentlemen who obtained the ighest honours, will, according to the relations, be pensioned by the King for five ears in Italy or in Paris. Their names are ontant, Jacquot, Villani, Loricchon, and eborne, élèves respectively of Le Gros, osio, Percier, Forster, and Cherubini.

*Curious circumstance.*—On Wednesday, e 27th ult. the wife of a butcher, named pence, residing at Gale, near Hawes, ealsdale, Yorkshire, while paring some

boiled potatoes for dinner, cut off a part of one and ate it; when she discovered a small black spot on the remaining part; and on her applying her knife to take it out, she found the potatoe hollowed in the middle, and a lizard nearly four inches long concealed in it, but without any apparent orifice by which it could have introduced itself. The circumstance was not much noticed at the time, but in about two hours she became alarmingly ill, with all the usual symptoms of being poisoned; and continued so till about ten o'clock at night, when (having previously taken an emetic) she gradually recovered, and is now perfectly well. *Provincial Paper.*

The skin of the elephant, which died some time ago at the *Jardin du Roi* in Paris, has been stuffed and deposited in the Cabinet of Natural History. It affords a perfect representation of the animal.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

The prolific author of *Waverley*, whose second genius seems to be as inexhaustible as it is extraordinary, has announced another romance, the title of which is "*KENNILWORTH*." From this name we presume that it will resemble *Ivanhoe* more than any of the other productions of the same pen; and from the circumstance having transpired, we expect that we may look for its completion soon after Christmas.

The title of Lord Byron's forthcoming tragedy is, we hear, "*The Doge of Venice*." We have before mentioned that it is to be published, not acted.

We hear of no other very remarkable works on the anvil. Belzoni seems to be retarded, like every thing else, till the public mind is more suited to rational objects. The account of the rebellion of 1745 is also delayed; the Fudge Family in Italy stands in need of a new annunciation, to induce us to believe that it will ever appear; and in short, (Heaven mend us the while) the labours of the literary are every where standing still till the labours of the engrossing political press will admit "a rival near the throne."

*Contents of the Journal des Savans for September.*

Art. I. Histoire Littéraire de la France, Tome XV. suite du 12 Siècle. Reviewed by M. Raynouard.

Art. II. Remusat, Histoire de la Ville de Khotan.—M. Silvestre de Sacy.

Art. III. Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, Vida de M. Cervantes Saavedra, &c. —M. Raynouard.

\* I conclude this article, says M. Raynouard, with two remarkable circumstances.

Madrid Seville Lucerne, Toledo, Esquivias, Alenxar de San Juan y Conseptra, pretended to the honor of having been the birth place of Cervantes. It is now acknowledged, that he was born of a noble family at Alcalá de Henares, Oct. 9th 1547. This claim of seven cities to the birth of Cervantes, offers a singular conformity with Homer, whom seven cities likewise claimed. Another circumstance which I think it right to place by the side of the former is, that Cervantes and Shakespeare died on the same day.

Art. IV. Karamsin, History of Russia. (French translation.)—M. Daunou.

Art. V. Grosier, De la Chine.—M. Remusat.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

OCTOBER, 1820.

Thursday, 12.—Thermometer from 35 to 52. Barometer from 30, 20 to 30, 23.

Wind N. 4.—Generally clear.

Friday, 13.—Thermometer from 26 to 52.

Barometer from 30, 18 to 30, 04.

Wind N. and N. W. 4.—Generally cloudy; rain in the morning.

Saturday, 14.—Thermometer from 41 to 54.

Barometer from 29, 96 to 29, 50.

Wind E. 4, and S. E. 3 and 4.—Generally cloudy, with rain at times in the afternoon.

Rain fallen .025 of an inch.

Sunday, 15.—Thermometer from 52 to 64.

Barometer from 29, 11 to 29, 29.

Wind S. W. and S. b. W. 3 and 4.—Cloudy and showery till noon, the rest of the day generally clear.

Rain fallen .225 of an inch.

Monday, 16.—Thermometer from 41 to 52.

Barometer from 30, 35 to 30, 31.

Wind S. W. 1, 3 and 5.—Cloudy, and showery.

Rain fallen .1 of an inch.

Tuesday, 17.—Thermometer from 42 to 59.

Barometer from 29, 00 to 29, 13.

Wind S. W. 3.—Clouds generally passing; showers in the morning.

Rain fallen .125 of an inch.

Wednesday, 18.—Thermometer from 36 to 56.

Barometer from 29, 15 to 29, 25.

Wind W. 4, N. W. 4 and S. W. 1.—Alternate sunshine and showers throughout the day.

Rain fallen .05 of an inch.

On Monday the 23rd at 17 minutes, 40 seconds after 11 o'clock, the 1st Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

On Sunday the 29th, at 26 minutes, 20 seconds after 9, the 4th Satellite of Jupiter will immerse into his shadow, and will emerge at 43 minutes, 46 seconds after 12.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*W'e do not think R. R.'s poem written with sufficient care for insertion.*

*We feel obliged by the letter signed "One of the Trade." In reply to which we have to state, that the Literary Gazette is invariably published before eight o'clock on Saturday morning. Whenever new publications appear to be of importance enough, we give an analysis of them; in other cases merely an opinion and extracts. It would require a Daily sheet to give an analysis of all.*

*A Judge's Lady has certainly taken up a hasty opinion; we have been exceedingly careful that what she mentions should not occur.*

*Very few good novels appear, and we hardly think them worth notice. Such as merit it are reviewed in due course for the gratification of such of our readers as take delight in that species of composition.*

\* *Continuation of the Essay on the Clergy in our next. Also an interesting paper on the important subject of Insanity; No. 1, of Letters from Paris, and several communications from friends.*

*Errata in our last Number.*

Page 671. col. 2. l. 13, for *Kernisweert's* read *Kernis's* nest.

Page 672. col. 2. l. 15, for *Bibliomanie* read *Bibliomania*.

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

#### NEW-INVENTED MEDALLION WATERS.

Messrs. J. and H. THOMPSON, No. 1, Wellington Street, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, beg leave respectfully to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that they have recently invented a new species of **WATERS**, of a very elegant and superior description. They possess all the beauty of the Camel, have the adhesive quality of wax, and close a note or letter with the facility and security of a wafer. Messrs. T. have on sale a considerable number of devices, which, being variously coloured, and on grounds of different tints, exhibit the delicacy and taste of this novel invention to perfection.

#### BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

**THE EDINBURGH REVIEW**; or, Critical Journal. No. XLVIII. Contents:—1. Connotation of Rocks. 2. Plan for a Translation of Tithes. 4. Farington's Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds. 5. Buckard's Travels in Nubia. 6. Edgeworth's Memoirs. 7. Henry's Jacobite Relics. 8. The Sketch Book, by Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. 9. Ancient Laws of the Scandinavians. 10. Krato's Poems. 11. The New Plan of Education for England. Quarterly List of New Publications. Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London. Of whom may be had, all the preceding Numbers.

Handsome printed on foolscap 8vo. price 8s. boards.  
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"Gie me as spark o' Nature's fire,  
That's at the learning I desire;  
Then tho' I drudge thro' dais an mire  
At plough or cart,  
My muse, tho' homely in attire,  
May touch the heart!"

Printed for Scatcherd and Letterman, Ave-Marie-lane; and sold by Ellisell and Crouch, Plymouth; Gray, Stonehouse; and all other booksellers.

#### THE CLASSICAL JOURNAL, No. XLIII.

(Continued Quarterly). Containing a Variety of Classical, Biblical, and Oriental Literature. With Greek, Latin, English, and French Texts interpreted. Contents:—On the Origin, Progress, Prevalence, and Decline of Idolatry. Dr. B. Rahkensi celebri quondam reperto literario. On the Ancient British Language of Cornwall. Notice of "The Enthusiasm in Methodists and Papists considered:" by Bishop Lavington. A Platonic Demonstration of the Immortality of the Soul. Dissertation Historique, Littéraire, et Bibliographique, sur la Vie et les Œuvres de Macrobe. The Iphigenia of Timotheus, a Prize Poem for the J. A. J. On the Knights of Rhodes. On the Theology of the Greeks. On the Different Opinions which have been formed of Cicero. An Inquiry into the Opinions of the Ancient Hebrews, respecting a future Immortal Existence. De Aristophanis Fragmentis. Essay "On the evidence of Scripture that the Soul, immediately after the Death of the body, is not in a state of sleep or insensibility; but of happiness or misery; and on the moral use of that doctrine." Euripidis Phædonia Fragmenta. A. M. Paris. descriptis. Miscellaneous Classics. Cambridge Prize Poems. For 1850. Cambridge Triposes, for 1818. Manuscripts found at the Parthenon. On the PLAGIARISMS of C. J. B. Blandfield. Aristophanis Fragmenta emendata. G. B. Hints to form the Ovidian Dutch. Reply to the Quarterly Reviewer of Stephens' Greek Thesaurus. Adversaria Literaria. Claudian, Carm. 1. 6. Note of Barnes. Alexander the Great. The Egyptian Cabinet. Account of the Library of the University of Göttingen. Oriental Customs. Literary Intelligence. Sold by Sherwood and Co.; Longman and Co. London; and all other booksellers.

A General Index to the first Forty Nos. of the Classical Journal, price 6s. for the use of Libraries as a book of reference. It is intended also to bind up at the end of the 20th Volume.

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**KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK**, from the beginning of the World to the end of the Dutch Dynasty. Bro. 12s. Also, Sketch Book, vol. 1. 2s. 12s.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

KENILWORTH.

As the "inglorious death" of Kenilworth Castle alluded to in the following account is likely to be so soon converted into immortality by the pen of the "mighty Wizzard of the North,"\* we trust that the following historical sketch† of that celebrated place will be deemed more than usually interesting at the present time.

The town of Kenilworth is situate five miles to the south-west of the city of Coventry, and is at nearly the same distance, on the north-east, from the town of Warwick. Sir William Dugdale observes, that, previous to the conquest, Kenilworth was a member of the neighbouring parish of Stoneleigh, being ancient demesne of the crown, "and had, within the precincts thereof, a castle, situate upon the bank of Avon, in the woods opposite to Stoneley Abby. Which castle stood upon a place called *Hom* (Holme) *Hill*; but was demolished in those turbulent times of war betwixt King Edmund and Canutus the Dane." At the time of the Norman Survey, Kenilworth was divided into two parts, one of which was styled *Optane*, and was held of the king by Albericus Clericus, "in pure Almes." The other portion was possessed by Richard the Forester. In the reign of Henry I. the manor was bestowed by the king on Geoffrey de Clinton, who founded here a potent castle and a monastery. But, though a fortified residence and a religious foundation were usually, in the early ages, the harbingers of wealth and consequence to a neighbouring town, Kenilworth does not appear to have ever attained much distinction for greatness of population or traffic.

The Castle which, when firm through all its battlements and courts, and peopled with the baronial pride of the land, formed so fine an ornament to this town, still imparts melancholy grandeur to the neighbourhood by the unusual magnificence of its ruins. These remains, have indeed, powerful claims on the feelings of the examiner. They present one of the most splendid and picturesque wrecks of castellated strength to be found in any English county, and are united with various interesting passages of history—Geoffrey de Clinton, the founder of this structure, is believed to have been a man of mean origin.

\* See the last Literary Gazette for the announcement of a new novel, entitled, *Kenilworth*, by the author of *Waverley*.

† Selected from Brewer's *Beauties of England and Wales*, No. XVIII. Vol. 15—a very reasonable and entertaining work.

VOL. IV.

but his talents and acquisitions were so conspicuous, that he was made Lord Chamberlain and Treasurer to King Henry I. and, afterwards, was appointed Chief Justice of England. The castle, however, shortly passed from his posterity. In the reign of Henry II. it was possessed by the king, who placed here a garrison when his eldest son rebelled against him. The account of the provisions taken up for the use of this garrison is curious, as shewing the great value of money at the period. The following are the articles, and the sums paid for them: one hundred quarters of Bread Corn, 8l. 8s. 2d. (little more than 2d. per bushel.) Twenty quarters of Barley, 33s. 4d. One hundred Hogs, 7l. 10s. Forty Cows, salted, 4l. One hundred and twenty Cheese, 40s. Twenty-five quarters of salt, 30s. It is evident that the large fortified dwellings of the Barons, in these turbulent times, not only afforded a retreat to the more defenceless neighbours, but were probably made, on that account, a source of profit to their owners; for we find that the sheriff, in accounting for the emoluments derived from the ward of this castle, mentions "certain money that he received, in the nature of rent, from such as had their abode therein." In the reigns of King John and Henry III. large sums were expended on such buildings as assisted in rendering the fortress more defensible. The latter king, in the 38th year of his reign, granted the castle to Simon Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and Eleanor his wife, but only for their respective lives. When this Earl took arms against his Sovereign, he appointed Sir John Giffard Governor of the castle thus recently bestowed as a pledge of amity; and it was constituted, for some time, the great place of resort for the insurgent nobles. After the discomfiture and death of the Earl of Leicester, at Evesham, Simon Montfort, his son, continued to shelter himself in this fortress, where he was joined by those friends of the baronial faction that were able to effect an escape from the field of battle. Thus aided, he exercised his power with the ferocity usual in these barbarous ages. He is said to have sent abroad his bailiffs and officers with an affectation of sovereign authority; and bands of soldiery frequently issued from the castle, on predatory excursions, during which they spread the miseries of fire and sword with an unsparring hand.

These scenes of violence were interrupted by the approach of the king, who drew near, in much military pomp, at the head of an army of which the posse comitatus of Warwickshire formed a part. Simon Montfort, so arrogant while unopposed, now proved his cowardice to be equal to his cruelty, and secretly withdrew to France, nam-

ing Henry de Hastings Governor of the castle. Conscious of the great strength of the place, and willing to prevent effusion of blood, the king sent a message of fair promise to the Governor, demanding a surrender; but those within the walls not only rejected this clement overture, but basely insulted and maimed the messenger. The siege now commenced, and the garrison defended themselves with vigour. They were well provided with military engines, among which were some that cast stones; to a considerable distance; and they occasionally ventured on desperate and destructive sallies.

At length, although assured that the besieged were reduced to extremity, the king granted lenient terms, and took possession of the castle, after having lain before it for six months. He shortly bestowed the fortress so tediously acquired, on Edmund his younger son, whom he created Earl of Leicester and Lancaster.

In the seventh year of King Edward I. a costly and gallant tournament was held at Kenilworth. The knights were one hundred in number, and many were foreigners of distinction who entered England for the purpose of displaying their chivalry on this occasion. Robert Mortimer, Earl of March, was the promoter of the festival, and was the principal challenger of the Tilt-Yard. The ladies were, likewise, one hundred in number; and, as an instance of the splendour with which they were attended, it is recorded that they wore *silken mantles*. The exercises began on the eve of Saint Matthew, and continued till the day after the feast of St. Michael. The dances were not less gallantly attended than the lists; and to avoid all painful distinctions that might arise from an attention to precedence, the whole party banquetted at a *Round Table*.

On the attainer of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, son of Earl Edmund, the castle returned to the crown; and was by Edward II. intended as a place of retirement, when he saw danger augmenting on every side. But this ill-fated king was doomed to be brought hither as a prisoner. Henry, Earl of Lancaster, conveyed him to this place; and here he received intelligence of his formal deposition by the Parliament held at Westminster. Shortly after his mournful reply to this information, he was hurried to Berkeley castle, the theatre of his last wretched hours.

In the reign of Edward III. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, obtained possession of Kenilworth, by his marriage with Blanch, daughter of Henry Earl of Lincoln, and Duke of Lancaster. The great aim of those

Several large stones, supposed to be a part of those hurled during this siege, are yet shown in the vicinity of the ruins.



who had hitherto conduced to the buildings of this strong castle, was security: to elegance of domestic accommodation, they were strangers. The reign of the third Edward produced a striking improvement in manners; and convenience and splendour of architectural arrangement were now first cultivated in England. By John of Gaunt large additions were made; and a great portion of the present ruins consist of the buildings raised by his munificence. In the person of King Henry IV. son to this Duke, the castle again became the property of the crown; and so continued till Queen Elizabeth conferred it on Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. This Earl expended great sums in adorning and enlarging the structure; and here he had the honour of entertaining Queen Elizabeth, in a manner so magnificent, that a notice of the festivities has been justly said to form an almost necessary page of the national annals. Her Majesty arrived on the 9th of July, 1575, and the splendid revelry of the season has met with a curious and amusing chronicle in *Laneham*, an attendant on the court. From this writer we learn that the Queen, after dining at Long Itlington, and hunting by the way, "was met in the park, about a slight shoot from the Brayz and first gate of the castl," by a person representing "one of the ten sibills, cumly clad in a pall of white sylk, who pronounced a proper poezie in French rime and meeter." This her "Majesty benignly accepted, and passed fourth unto the next gate of the Brayz, which, for the length, largenes, and use, they call now the Tylt-Yard; where a porter, tall of person, and wrapt also in sylk, with a club and keiz of quantitee according, had a rough speech full of passions, in meeter aptly made to the purpose." When the porter had concluded his harangue, six trumpeters, "clad in long garments of sylk, who stood upon the wall of the gate, sounded a tune of welcum." This strain continued while "her Highness, all along this Tylt-Yard, rode into the inner gate, where a person representing the Lady of the Lake (famous in King Arthurs Book) with two Nymphes waiting upon her, arrayed all in sylk, attending her highness coming." From the midst of the pool, where was a moveable island, "bright blazing with torches," the Lady of the Lake floated to land, and greeted her Majesty with "a well-penned meeter," expressive of "the auncientee of the castl," and the hereditary dignity of the Earls of Leicester.

A burst of music closed this part of the ceremony. Over a dry valley leading to the castle gates "was their frained a fayr bridge; and upon the first payr of posts were set two cumly, square, wyre cages," containing "live bitters, curlux, shoover-larz, hensheavz, Godwitz, and such lyke deinty byrds. On the second payr were two great sylver'd bolle, fealty apted to the purpose, fild with Appyl, Pearz, Oranges, Pounagarnets, Lemmuns," &c. The third pair of posts "in two such sylver'd Bolle, had (all in earz green and gold) Wheat, Barly, Oatz," &c. The fourth post, "on the leaft hand, had grapes in clusters, whyte

and red; and the match post against it had a payre of great, whyte, sylver lyvery Pots, for Wyne." The fifth pair had each "a fair large trey, streawd with fresh Grass," containing various specimens of sea-fish;—a costly presentation, at that period, for a host in an inland situation. The sixth pair of posts sustained a more elevated burthen, and ascended from tokens of good cheer to the dignity of armorial bearings. On them "wear set two ragged stavez of sylver, as my Lord givex them in armz, beautifully glittering of Armour thereupon depending." On the seventh posts, the last and nearest to the castle, were placed various instruments, symbolical "of the Gifts of Phobus;" tropes of the arts which should be raised on the pomp of chivalric bearings, and which were thus justly hinted to form the last result of dignified effort.

Over the castle gate, on a "Table beautifully garnisht above with her Highness Arms," was inscribed a Latin poem, descriptive of the various tributes paid to her arrival by the Gods and Goddesses. This was read to her by a poet, "in a long ceruleous Garment, with a Bay Garland on his head, and a skro in his hand." So passing into the inner court, her Majesty (*that never rides but alone*), there set down from her palfrey, was conveyed up to chamber, when after did follo a great peal of Gunz, and lightning by Fyrwork."

The festivities lasted seventeen days, and comprised nearly every pastime which the resources of the age could produce. The hart was hunted in the park; the dance was proclaimed in the gallery; and the tables were loaded from morn to midnight with sumptuous cheer. The park was peopled with mimic gods and goddesses, to surprise the regal visitant with complimentary dialogues, and poetical representations. More simple amusements were also studiously introduced; the men of Coventry performed their Hocktide play;† the rural neighbours were assembled to run at the Quintin; and a marriage, in strict consistency of country ceremonials, was celebrated under the observance of the Queen. Every hour had its peculiar sport. A famous Italian tumbler displayed feats of agility; Morris dancers went through their rude evolutions, by way of interlude; and thirteen bears were baited for the gratification of the courtiers. During the Queen's stay five gentlemen were honoured with knighthood, and "nyne persons were cured of the peyn-

\* As a proof of the hospitable spirit of the Earl, *Laneham* observes, that "the Clock Bell sang not a note all the while her Highness was there: the Clock stood also still withall; the hands of both the tabul stood firm and fast, always pointing at two a Clock," the hour of banquet!

† Founded on the Massacre of the Danes, in 1002. The actors were led to the spot of performance by Captain Cox, a person of so much humorous notoriety in his day that Ben Jonson names one of his masques, printed in 1640. "A Masque of Owls at Kenelworth, presented by the Ghost of Captain Cox, mounted on his Hobby Horse."

full and dangerous disease called the King's Evil."

Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, died without acknowledged legitimate issue, and bequeathed Kenilworth to his brother, Ambrose Earl of Warwick, for life; but he willed that the inheritance should descend to Sir Robert Dudley, his son, a person whose singular fortunes will meet with notice in our mention of the adjoining lordship of Stoneleigh. Sir Robert Dudley came into possession shortly after the decease of his father; but he quitted the kingdom, under the King's licence to travel for three years, and not returning, his estates were seized for the use of the crown. At this period a survey of Kenilworth was taken by the King's officers, from which we extract a few particulars calculated to convey ideas of the building and dependencies, when perfected by the labour of many ages.—"The circuit within the walls containeth 7 acres, upon which the walks are so spacious and fair that two or three persons together may walk in most places thereof. The castle, with the four gatehouses, are all built of free-stone, hewen and cut; the walls in many places of xv and x foot thickness, some more, some less, the least 4 foot in thickness square. There runneth through the grounds, by the walls of the castle, a fair pool, containing cxi acres, which at pleasure is to be let round about the castle. The circuit of the castle, marmours, parks and chase, lying round together, contain at least six or xx miles, in a pleasant country; the like, both for strength, state and pleasure, not being within the realm of England." Prince Henry, to whom the estate was resigned by the king, avowed his readiness to pay to Sir Robert Dudley the sum of 14,500*l.* for his title to the castle and domains, notwithstanding the legal incapacity to which he had rendered himself subject; but, owing to the death of the prince, not more than 3000*l.* were actually forwarded; and no part ever reached the fugitive Sir Robert. The estate was possessed by the king at the commencement of the last civil war, and it shared the disastrous fortunes of its regal owner. The castle of Kenilworth may figuratively be said to have died an inglorious death. A mighty building, like a mighty chieftain, seems to fall with consonant magnificence when it sinks beneath the pressure of conflict, amid the general havoc of a wide field of chivalry; but this castle crumbled into ruins under the petty assaults of sordid hands,—bannerless, and without one contending hero to sigh over its destruction. Cromwell granted the whole manor to certain officers of his army, who demolished the splendid fabric in order to make a market of its materials. The turrets once dismantled, the relics were open to every spoiler. But the hand of depredation is now stopped, and the fragments, left to the slow mroads of time, are likely to remain the memorials of baronial grandeur, for the melancholy gratification of many a succeeding age.

These ruins are very extensive, and present various combinations of the most romantic and picturesque description. They

are in many parts screened and defended from the rain and winds by nestling shrubs and clinging ivy, which impart a lovely mellowness to the general display. Of the original fortress it is believed that only one portion remains. This comprises three sides of a square tower, popularly termed Caesar's tower, an appellation often bestowed on buildings of a similar construction. The walls of this structure are in some places sixteen feet thick. The additions made by John Duke of Lancaster were large and massive. Considerable parts still remain, in different stages of decay, and they are yet distinguished by the term of Lancaster-buildings. That division of the pile that owes its foundation to the Earl of Leicester was of a magnificent character, and is likewise known by the name of its noble designer. In this part of the castle-runs are to be seen the relics of the great hall of entertainment, a fine baronial room, 86 feet in length and 45 feet in width. The Leicester buildings were composed of a brown flint stone, not well calculated to stand the weather; and this part of the pile, though the last erected, is perhaps the most ancient in appearance. The great Gate-House raised by the Earl is in better preservation. The entrance was formerly through an arched way, now walled in; and the building is at present occupied by a farmer. In one apartment is a large and curious chimney-piece of alabaster, ornamented with the armorial bearings, crest, and motto of the Leicester family. This chimney piece, together with the oaken wainscoting of the room in which it is placed, was removed to its present situation, from one of the principal apartments of the Leicester buildings. The fine lake, which formerly ornamented three sides of the castle, and was the scene of much pageantry during Queen Elizabeth's visit, is now nearly dried up, and has long ceased to be an attractive object.

The Monastery, before noticed as the foundation of Geoffrey de Clinton, in the reign of Henry I. was for canons regular of the order of St. Augustine, and stood to the east of the castle. This religious house was well endowed, and was valued at the Dissolution at 533*l.* 15*s.* 4*d.* clear. The remains are now few, and consist chiefly of some fragments of wall, and the mutilated gate of entrance. On digging in the vicinity of the ruins, about the year 1795, some considerable traces of the foundation, including part of an aisle, or cloister, were discovered.

Such has been and is Kenilworth: unquestionably an admirable scene for exercising the talents of the extraordinary person who has undertaken to delineate its features, at whichever of the important periods of its history he may chuse to paint the portrait, and throw the living colours of his genius over the faint obliterated canvas of its ancient existence.

*Transactions of the Historical and Literary Committee of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting useful Knowledge.* Vol. i. 8vo. pp. 464. Philadelphia. 1819.

In our last and present number, we have indulged freely in the illustration of an American work of very considerable attractions, and which has made some noise on both sides of the Ocean. We now take up another performance, of the same country, with which we do not think the British public has much, if any acquaintance.

This volume, besides an official account of the institution whence it emanates, and of sundry particulars connected therewith, contains several papers of general interest, and as we conceive, of considerable curiosity for English readers. The principal are, "the History, Manners, and Customs of the Indian Natives who once inhabited Pennsylvania, &c." by the Rev. John Heckewelder; and two Papers on the language of the American Indians and of the Lenni Lenape, by that gentleman, and a Mr. Duponceau, the corresponding secretary of the society. It is to the former that we shall chiefly direct attention; but it may be expedient, in setting out, to say something respecting the Historical and Literary Committee itself.

Of this committee, which is indefinite in number, a list of 32 members is given; William Tighman is the chairman; and among the members, we observe the names of Thomas Jefferson, Dr. Logan, the grandson of William Penn's secretary, and Nicholas (we fancy Capt.) Biddle. It is a new, and the 7th branch of the American Philosophical Society\*; its object is to form a collection of annual records and maps, Indian treatises, &c. calculated to throw a light on American, and especially Pennsylvanian history; to obtain correct topographical, antiquarian, and statistical information, and to publish the same when advisable. The work now before us is the first result; and Mr. Heckewelder's account of the Indian nations, &c. (to which we now turn) is its first and most generally interesting ingredient.

The "Six Nations," and other Indian tribes, which were the occupants, though not the original inhabitants of Pennsylvania and the adjoining states when the whites arrived among them, were divided into two rival bodies; the one consisting of the Mengwe, Mingoes, (or Iroquois, or Six Nations, already noticed,) and the other of the Lenape, or as the Europeans called them, the Delawares, Mohicans, Nanticokes, &c.; whose territory being wrested from them, they were forced to wander to the west. Previous to this grand event, they had occupied these territories for centuries; and it is into this portion of

\* Previous to its establishment in 1815, there were but six classes; 1, of geography, mathematics, natural philosophy, and astronomy; 2, of medicine and anatomy; 3, of natural history and chemistry; 4, of trade and commerce; 5, of mechanics and architecture; and 6, of husbandry and American improvements.

their history that the author's enquiry is directed. Into the period, indeed, of their comparative innocence, while they possessed many honourable and virtuous qualities, and before that excessive degeneracy had ensued from their intercourse with civilized people, which has especially during the last half century marked their decadence and degradation. The Lenni Lenape, or Delawares, are Mr. Heckewelder's favourites; and he seems a little inclined to be theorical about them; he also discovers a few prejudices in his introduction, which, were the subject of nice importance, would diminish the weight of his authority; but on the whole, his views are a sufficiently impartial and clear for all the purposes wanted in the history of a savage race.

According to their traditions, the Lenni Lenape resided many hundred years ago in the western parts of America, but were induced by some unknown cause to emigrate eastward, when they stopped on the Namias Sipu, (Mississippi) below a similar settlement of the Mengwe, who had also come from a distant country. Farther east dwelt the Alligewi. Many wonderful things are told of this wonderful people. They are said to have been remarkably tall and stout, and even to have had giants among them. They appear to have built fortifications or encroachments, as the remains of walls and banks of earth, regularly thrown up with ditches on the outside, are still pointed out as their works on the Huron river, and near lakes St. Clair and Erie.

However that may be, a war ensued between them and the migratory Mengwes and Lenapes, who formed a junction in order to force their way across their country; and the Alligewi, being discomfited, fled down the Mississippi; while the Mengwe took possession of the lands in the vicinity of the great lakes and tributary streams; and the Lenapes settled in the parts towards the south. Both grew numerous and powerful; and in process of time, the Lenapes crossed the mountains and peopled the continent to the shores of the ocean, and principally the banks of the Delaware, Hudson, Susquehanna, and Potomac; and the Mengwe did the same by the St. Lawrence; so that they still continued to be neighbouring nations. Hostilities were long carried on between them; and the author is wonderfully anxious to prove, that the Lenapes were only vanquished through treachery, and being persuaded to bury the war hatchet and become women, i. e. no longer warriors. This is, however, of very little consequence; and seems to be insisted on chiefly because the Mengwes or Iroquois were the allies of the Dutch, and afterwards of the English.

The Indian traditions of the arrival of the Europeans, are not inferior in whiteness to Mr. Knickerbocker's enlarged version; and their complaints against the *Yenkees*, (a corruption of *English*, whence probably the nickname of *Yankees*), are as complacently recited as the most jaundiced misanthrope could desire. But our business is rather with their customs and manners than with their history; and passing to these consider-

we shall merely add to the former, that all the remnants of the once potent Lenapes, or Delawares, are now a few insignificant stragglers in Upper Canada, in Ohio, and on the Wabash, in the Indiana territory.

Among the general characteristics of the Indians, we are told, "they are ingenious in making satirical observations, which though they create laughter, do not, or but seldom give offence. For instance, seeing a bad hunter going out into the woods with his gun, they will ask him if he is going out for meat? or say to one another: 'now we shall have meat, for such a one is gone a hunting' (not believing any such thing). If they see a coward joining a war party, they will ask him ironically at what time he intends to come back again? (knowing that he will return before he has met the enemy,) or they will say to one another: 'will he return this way with his scalps.'

"Genuine wit, which one would hardly expect to find in a savage people, is not unfrequent among them. I have heard them, for instance, compare the English and American nations to a pair of scissors, an instrument composed of two sharpened edged knives exactly alike, working against each other for the same purpose, that of cutting. By the construction of this instrument, they said, it would appear as if in shutting, these two sharp knives would strike together and destroy each other's edges; but no such thing: they only cut *what comes between them*. And thus the English and Americans do when they go to war against one another. It is not each other they want to destroy, but us, poor Indians, that are between them. By this means they get our land; and, when that is obtained, the scissors are closed again, and laid by for further use."

"They have a strong innate sense of justice, which will lead them sometimes to acts which some men will call heroic, others romantic, and not a few, perhaps, will designate by the epithet *barbarous*; a vague indefinite word, which if it means any thing, might, perhaps, be best explained by *something not like ourselves*. However that may be, this feeling certainly exists among the Indians, and as I cannot describe it better than by its effects, I shall content myself with relating on this subject a characteristic anecdote which happened in the year 1793, at an Indian village called *La Chine*, situated nine miles above Montreal, and was told me in the same year by Mr. La Ramée, a French Canadian inhabitant of that place, whom I believe to be a person of strict veracity. I was then on my return from Detroit, in company with General Lincoln and several other gentlemen, who were present at the relation, and gave it their full belief. I thought it then so interesting, that I inserted it in my journal, from which I now extract it.

"There were in the said village of *La Chine*, two remarkable Indians, the one for his stature, being six feet four inches in height, and the other for his strength and activity. These two meeting together one day in the street (a third being present,) the former in a high tone made use of some insulting lan-

guage to the other, which he could not well put up with; he called him a coward, said he was his inferior in every respect, and so provoked his anger, that unable any longer to contain himself, the latter instantly replied: 'You have grossly insulted me; but I will prevent you from doing the like again!' and at the same moment stabbed him through the body with his knife, so that he dropped down dead by his side. The alarm being immediately spread through the village, a crowd of Indians assembled, and the murderer having seated himself on the ground by the side of the dead body, coolly awaited his fate, which he could not expect to be any other than immediate death, particularly as the cry of the people was 'Kill him! Kill him!' But although he placed his body and head in a proper posture to receive the stroke of the tomahawk, no one attempted to lay hands on him; but after removing the dead body from where it lay, they left him alone. Not meeting here with his expected fate, he rose from this place for a more public part of the village, and there lay down on the ground in the hope of being the sooner despatched; but the spectators, after viewing him, all retired again. Sensible that his life was justly forfeited, and anxious to be relieved from a state of suspense, he took the resolution to go to the mother of the deceased, an aged widow, whom he addressed in these words: 'Woman, I have killed thy son; he had insulted me, it is true; but still he was thine, and his life was valuable to thee. I, therefore, now surrender myself up to thy will. Direct as thou wilt have it, and relieve me speedily from misery.' To which the woman answered: 'Thou hast, indeed, killed my son who was dear to me, and the only supporter I had in my old age. One life is already lost, and to take thine on that account, cannot be of any service to me, nor better my situation. Thou hast, however, a son, whom if thou wilt give me in the place of my son whom thou hast slain, all shall be wiped away.' The murderer then replied: 'Mother, my son is yet but a child, ten years old, and can be of no service to thee, but rather a trouble and charge; but here am I, truly capable of supporting and maintaining thee: if thou wilt receive me as thy son, nothing shall be wanting on my part to make thee comfortable while thou livest.' The woman approving of the proposal, forthwith adopted him as her son, and took the whole family to her house."

"The chiefs are very careful in preserving for their own information, and that of future generations, all important deliberations and treaties made at any time between them and other nations. Thus, between the years 1770 and 1780, they could relate very minutely, what had passed between William Penn and their forefathers, at their first meeting and afterwards, and also the transactions which took place with the governors who succeeded him. For the purpose of refreshing their own memories, and of instructing one or more of their most capable and promising young men in these matters, they assemble once or twice a year. On these occasions they always meet at a chosen spot in the

woods, at a small distance from the town, where a fire is kindled, and at the proper time provisions are brought out to them: there, on a large piece of bark or on a blanket, all the documents are laid out in such order, that they can at once distinguish each particular speech, the same as we know the principal contents of an instrument of writing by the endorsement on it. If any paper or parchment writings are connected with the belts, or strings of wampum, they apply to some trusty white man (if such can be had,) to read the contents to them. Their speaker then, who is always chosen from among those who are endowed with superior talents, and has already been trained up to the business, rises, and in an audible voice delivers, with the gravity that the subject requires, the contents, sentence after sentence, until he has finished the whole on one subject. On the manner in which the belts or strings of wampum are handled by the speaker, much depends; the *turning* of the belt which takes place when he has finished one half of his speech, is a material point, though this is not common in all speeches with belts; but when it is the case, and is done properly, it may be as well known by it how far the speaker has advanced in his speech, as with us on taking a glance at the pages of a book or pamphlet while reading; and a good speaker will be able to point out the exact place on a belt which is to answer to each particular sentence, the same as we can point out a passage in a book. Belts and strings, when done with by the speaker, are again handed to the chief, who puts them up carefully in the speech bag or pouch."

(To be continued.)

#### HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

##### The Angles.\*

The Saxons having obtained a firm footing in England, adventurers of the Angles in Sleswick soon began to infest the eastern coast. Matthew of Westminster fixes their first appearance about the year 527, when they arrived in East Anglia, Mercia, and Essex, and fought many battles with the natives, while Cerdic the Saxon and his family were contending with Arthur in other quarters. The little kingdom of Essex was founded by them about the year 530, and though inconceivable at first, gradually stretched itself into Middlesex, and obtained the command of London, even then a flourishing town, and destined to become the capital of all the Jute, Saxon, and Angli kingdoms.

The Britons were still bravely fighting their invaders, and still masters of all the island from the Avon to the Cornish promontory on the west, and to the Firth of Forth on the north, when in 547, Ida, with his twelve sons, and forty vessels full of Angli warriors, headed a formidable enterprise which landed on the coast above the Humber. The country from that river to the Clyde was divided into many states, under independent sovereigns, of whom the names of Gall,

\* Abridged from the *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, by Sharon Turner.

† Ekenw is the first king died in 547.

Hyvelled, and Ysgwneil, kings of Deifyr and ryncich, and Urien, king of Reged, and thers nearer the Clyde, have descended to us. Some of the monarchs were also bards; or instance, Aneurin, the chief of Gododin, nother chief called Mynyddawr governed district near the friths at Eidin, which has been conjectured to be the origin of Edinburgh, or the burgh of Edin. The Kymry, most noted Britons, retiring from Saxon conquest, settled in the valley of the Clyde, or Strat Clyde, and there formed a kingdom which was ultimately destroyed by the Dalriads and Picts in the 10th century. *Dumortan* was probably its capital, *Alclyde*, or the heights of Clyde.

The resistance offered to Ida was brave and vigorous; and Talsien the British bard, as portrayed the battles of his countrymen a language very nearly resembling that of basian. The following is a specimen:

Neither the fields nor the woods gave safety to the foe

When the shout of the Britons came,  
like a wave raging against the shore—  
saw the brave warriors in array;  
and after the morning how mangled!  
was the tumult of the perishing hosts;  
The blood springing forward and moistening the ground.

admired the brave chief of Reged;  
saw his reddened brow,  
When he rushed on his enemies at Llecgwen  
Calystan:  
like the bird of rage was his sword on their bucklers;  
it was wielded with deadly fate.

Llywarch Hen, another British bard of the 6th century, also celebrates the valiant and unfortunate King Urien, with rule but yet touching sympathy, that we cannot resist the temptation to extract a part of his rambling poem.

an eagle to his foe in his thrust, brave as generous,  
in the angry warfare, certain of victory  
Was Urien, ardent in his grasp.

bear by my side, a head;  
the head of Urien!  
the courteous leader of his army;  
but on his white bosom the raven is feeding.  
It was a shield to his country;  
his course was a wheel of battle.  
letter to me would be his life than his mead:  
It was a city to old age;  
the head, the noblest pillar of Britain.

bear a head that supported me!  
there any known but he welcomed?  
Voe to my hand!  
Where is he that feasted me?

bear a head from the mountain,  
the lips foaming with blood.  
Voe to Reged from this day.

ly arm has not shrunk  
out my breast is greatly troubled.  
ly heart! is it not broken?  
the head I bear supported me.

The slender white body will be interred to day  
under earth and stones.

He was treacherously slain by an emissary of another native king, Morgant, when besieging successor of Ida in Moly Island.

Woe to my hand!

The father of Owen is slain.

Euryddyl will be joyless to night  
Since the leader of armies is no more,  
In Aber Lleu Urien fell.

Silent is the gale

But long will thou be heard.  
Scarcely any deserve praise,  
Since Urien is no more.

Many a dog for the hunt and ethereal hawk  
Have been trained on this floor,  
Before Eriilon was shaken into ruins.

This hearth! no shout of heroes now adheres  
to it:

More usual on its floor  
Was the mead; and the inebriated warriors.

This hearth! will not settle now cover it?  
While its defender lived,  
More frequent was the tread of the petitioner.

The green sod will cover it now;  
But when Owen and Elphin lived  
Its cauldron seethed the prey.

This hearth! the mouldy fungus will hide it now;  
More usual about its meals  
Was the striking of the sword of the fierce warrior.

Thorns will now cover it;  
More usual once was the mixture  
Of Owen's friends in social harmony.

Ants will soon overrun it;  
More frequent were the bright torches  
And honest festivities.

Swine will henceforward dig the ground,  
Where once the gladness of heroes  
And the horn of the banquet went round:  
It was the solace of the army and the path of melody.

This elegy, at once a picture of the age and a pathetic tribute to a hero who adorned it, has (though not very errantly) diverted us from the thread of our story. The northern Britons prolonged their resistance, and made it more bloody than in any other part of the island. Ida was slain (it is fairly conjectured) in 559, and a multitude of his fellow warriors and successors perished by the sword in battle. Ella, however, one of the latter, while Bernicia was constituted a nation by Adda, son of Ida, also succeeded in establishing a kingdom, called *Deira*, between the Tweed and Humber; and thus in the year 560, there existed in Britain one Jute, three Saxon, and three Angle kingdoms, namely in Kent, Sussex, Essex, Wessex, East Anglia, Bernicia, and Deira. About twenty-six years afterwards another Angle kingdom, divided into north and south by the Trent, was added in Mercia, which became in time only second to that of the West Saxons, who at last subdued it. Among the invaders of Britain the Frisii are frequently mentioned, and it seems as if endless bands of depredators, from every coast of Scandinavia and the Baltic, poured incessantly into the devoted country, the subjugation of which, notwithstanding the courage of its people, was rendered comparatively easy by the dissensions and wars among its native princes. The division and occupation of the country towards the end of the sixth century, may be stated from Bede, thus

The Jutes possessed Kent, the Isle of

Wight, and that part of the coast of Hampshire which fronts it.

The Saxons were distinguished, from their situation, into South Saxons, who peopled Sussex:—East Saxons, in Essex, Middlesex, and the south of Hertfordshire:—and West Saxons, in Surrey, Hampshire (where the Jutes were not), Berks, Wilts, Dorset, Somerset, Devon, and so much of Cornwall as the Britons could not maintain.

The Angles were divided into—East Angles, in Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, the Isle of Ely (it is thought), and part of Bedfordshire:—Middle Angles, in Leicestershire, which appertained to Mercia:—the Mercians separated, as we have noticed, by the Trent, into South Mercians, in the counties of Lincoln, Northampton, Rutland, Huntingdon, the north of Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire, Bucks, Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, Warwickshire, Worcestershire, Herefordshire, Staffordshire, Shropshire; and the North Mercians, in the counties of Chester, Derby, and Nottingham:—the Northumbrians, who were the Deiri, in Lancaster, York, Westmoreland, Cumberland, Durham; and the Bernicians, in Northumberland and the south of Scotland, between the Tweed and the Firth of Forth.

These formed the famous Anglo-Saxon octarchy, near the formation of which having now arrived, we shall take the opportunity of pausing on our labours till another week.

#### THE PERCY ANECDOTES.

The eleventh part of these neat little compilations has appeared: it is devoted to subjects of humour, and has, appropriately enough, a portrait of George Colman for its frontispiece. The selection is amusing, as may be surmised from the following examples, which we have extracted as the least familiar to us, without vouching for their being quite new to the readers of jest-books and *anais*.

*Archbishop Mountain*.—In the reign of George II. the see of York falling vacant, his majesty being at a loss for a fit person to appoint to the exalted situation, asked the opinion of the Rev. Dr. Mountain, who had raised himself by his remarkably facetious temper from being the son of a beggar to the see of Durham. The Doctor wittily replied, "Hadst thou faith as a grain of mustard seed, thou wouldst say to this Mountain (at the same time laying his hand on his breast), be removed, and be cast into the sea (see)." His Majesty laughed heartily, and forthwith conferred the preferment on the facetious doctor.

*Fontenelle*.—The Abbé Reignier, secretary of the French Academy, one day made a collection in his hat of one pistole from every member to defray the current expenses. The abbé did not observe that the president, who was a very avaricious man, had put his pistole into the hat, and presented it to him a second time. "I have given already," said he. "I believe it," said the abbé, "but I did not see it." "And I," rejoined Fontenelle, who was at his side, "saw it, but did not believe it."

*The Plagiarist*.—A young author obtained

permission from the celebrated satirist Piron, to read to him a tragedy which was on the eve of being brought out. At every verse which was pillaged, Piron took off his hat, and bowed; and so frequently had he occasion to do this, that the author surprised, asked what he meant? "Oh," replied Piron, "it is only a habit I have got of saluting my acquaintance."

*A strange acquaintance.*—Lord Kaimies used to relate a story of a man who claimed the honour of his acquaintance on rather singular grounds. His lordship, when one of the justiciary Judges, returning from the north circuit to Perth, happened one night to sleep at Dunkeld. The next morning, walking towards the ferry, but apprehending he had missed his way, he asked a man whom he met to conduct him. The other answered, with much cordiality, "That I will do with all my heart, my lord. Does not your lordship remember me? My name's John —, I have had the honour to be before your lordship for stealing sheep!" "Oh, John! I remember you well; and how is your wife? She had the honour to be before me too, for receiving them, knowing them to be stolen." "At your lordship's service. We were very lucky; we got off for want of evidence; and I am still going on in the butcher trade." "Then," replied his lordship, "we may have the honour of meeting again."

*A severe lesson.*—M. de la Place relates the following amusing anecdote of the late Comte d'Emmont, as delivered to him by the count himself. "I had not been," said he, "more than six months in the Mousquetaires, before enchanted at being released from the trammels of the school, which had for a long time annoyed me exceedingly, I plunged blindly into the vortex of pleasures, in which I saw my young companions enjoying themselves."

"One night, after having dined sumptuously and joyfully with several of my friends, we proceeded to the opera, which we found exceedingly crowded, and where, after having pushed and squeezed ourselves in as well as we could, we obtained standing room in the centre of the pit. There forced to stop, I should, as my companions did, have waited with great patience, if I had not unluckily found directly before me an old gentleman in a brigandier's wig, whose amplitude formed before my eyes a species of screen, which totally concealed from me any thing that was going forward on the stage, and especially prevented me from seeing a young dancing girl, in whom I felt a great interest."

"After having begged and prayed the gentleman, whom I was already incommoding exceedingly, to allow me a glimpse of the stage, by a certain change of position, which he drily answered, was impossible; irritated by his coolness and my own awkward situation, at which, to crown my misery, my neighbours, and especially my young companions, were heartily laughing, I took from my pocket a pair of scissors, with which I set to work, not only to prune away the superfluous branches and foliage, if I may use the expression, which annoyed me, but also the thick clubs which served to ornament its tail."

"The bursts of laughter which my revenge excited, having awakened my gentleman from the species of apathy in which he had till then seemed buried, he perceived the state to which I had reduced his perriwig. 'My young friend,' said he, turning round as well as he could, 'I expect you will not leave the house without me.' This little civility, continued the Comte d'Emmont, and especially a certain glance of the eye by which it was accompanied, by making me sensible of the whole extent of my folly, moderated, I confess, considerably the pleasure I had felt in committing it! however, the wine was poured out, and I felt that I was compelled to drink it. At the conclusion of the opera, my gentleman, without speaking, gave me a sign to follow him."

"After having crossed, not without difficulty, the square of the Palais Royal, and passed through the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, we came under the arcade, where stopping suddenly, 'M. Le Comte d'Emmont,' said he, 'for I have the honour of being acquainted with you, you are young; and I owe you a lesson, for which your late father, whom I knew better than I do you, would perhaps have thanked me: when a man gives a public insult, and especially to an old soldier, he ought at least to know how to fight. Let us see,' continued he, drawing his sword, 'how you will acquit yourself.' Enraged and humiliated by a proposition which seemed to me to border on contempt, I rushed on him with all the impetuosity of which my youth and my indignation rendered me capable; but my gentleman, without being in the least discomposed, as steady as a rock, contented himself with parrying my thrusts by the most insolent parades in the world, and at last made no other return to my attacks than by a quip, which made my sword fly out of my hand to the distance of five or six paces. 'Pick up your sword, Monsieur le Comte,' said he, with the same coolness, 'it is not like an opera-dancer, but like a brave cavalier, with a firm foot and a steady eye, that a man of your name ought to fight; and this is what I now invite you to do.'"

"'You are most cruelly in the right,' answered I, endeavouring to stifle the feelings which were agitating me, 'and I hope soon to prove myself worthy of your esteem.' Fixedly determined rather to perish, than to expose myself to fresh sarcasms from this singular enemy, I placed myself opposite to him, and attacked him with a coolness equal to that which he displayed in defending himself. 'Very well, very well, indeed,' exclaimed, from time to time, this devil in human form, until the moment when, having run me through the sword arm, he said, 'There; that's enough for the present.' So saying, placing me against the wall, and telling me to wait till he came back, he ran to the Palais Royal, brought a coach, bound up my wound with a handkerchief, and telling the coachman to drive up to the Mousquetaires de la Rue de Beaune, he delivered me into the hands of the porter, and took his leave."

"After a confinement of more than six

weeks, which were required to cure my wound, I had not rejoined the world more than a week, when one evening going into the Café de la Regence to look for some of my companions, I recognised my gentleman, who quitted his seat, placed his finger on his mouth, and exclaiming 'Chut!' rose, came towards me, and made me a signal to follow him. Arrived under the same archway, 'You have amused yourself a little at my expense, my dear count,' said he, 'in recounting our adventure, and I have too great a regard for you, not to contribute all in my power to render it still more agreeable, by furnishing a continuation, which you may add to the story when you next relate it. Come, draw your sword.'"

"This second lesson, which was very similar to the first, was followed some months after by a third. This executioner, if I may so call him, at last became so terrible to me, that I hardly ever ventured into public without feeling a sort of shudder, lest I should encounter him, for I had forgot to mention, that the last lesson which he had condescended to give me was on the eve of the carnival, which he had made me pass in the most meagre and laudably manner possible in my bed."

"Judge, therefore, of my joy, as well as gratitude, when a waiter from the Café de la Regence arrived one morning at my lodgings, and said, 'You will pardon me, Monsieur le Comte, but I thought you would not be sorry to hear that Monsieur 'Chut' died last night, and my mistress hopes we shall soon see you again at our house.'"

*Renewing a promise.*—A late noble lord, who was sparing of money and lavish of promises, had given his note to a gentleman for a considerable sum he owed him; it had been long due, and the peer never failed when he met him to make a handsome apology. Tired with promises that were never intended to be realized, the creditor one day, in answer to a new promise, said he had no doubt of his lordship's honour, and that he would pay it at the time he then fixed; but, added he, "in the mean time, as this note is almost worn out, I should be glad if your lordship would take it up, and give me one upon parchment." The peer being a man of wit, could not stand the severity of the rebuke, but paid the money almost immediately.

*Criticisms.*—A journeyman hatter, a companion of Dr. Franklin, on commencing business for himself, was anxious to get a handsome signboard, with a proper inscription. This he composed himself, as follows:

"John Thompson, hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money;" with the figure of a hat subjoined. But he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first he showed it to, thought the word *hatter* tautologous, because followed by the words, "makes hats," which showed he was a hatter. It was struck out. The next observed, that the word "makes" might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats; if good, and to their mind, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He struck that out also. A third said, he thought the words "for ready

money" were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit; every one who purchased, expected to pay. These two were parted with, and the inscription then stood, "John Thompson sells hats." "Sells hats!" says his next friend; "why, who expects you to give them away? What, then, is the use of the word?" It was struck out, and *hats* was all that remained attached to the name of John Thompson. Even this inscription, brief as it was, was reduced ultimately to "John Thompson," with the figure of a hat substituted.

*Bacchanalians*.—A publican blowing the froth from a pot of porter which he was bringing to a customer, the gentleman struck him. Boniface eagerly asked why he struck him? "Why," replied the gentleman, "I only returned blow for blow."

At the breaking up of a tavern dinner party, two of the company fell down stairs, the one tumbling to the first landing place, the other rolling to the bottom. It was observed that the first seemed *dead drunk*. "Yes," said a wag, "but he's not so far gone as the gentleman below."

*"Whereas"*.—A barrister observing the Lord Chancellor, whom he wished to address, very much engaged with the Gazette, said, "I beg your lordship's pardon; I see you are busy with your harvest."

*Learned librarian*.—M. Bantru, a distinguished member of the French Academy in the seventeenth century, travelling in Spain, was presented to the king, Philip III. who asked him if he had seen the Escorial? Bantru answered in the affirmative. "Well, and what do you think of the library?" "I think, sir, that you should make your librarian Minister of Finances," answered Bantru. "Why," asked the king. "Because he has never touched any thing entrusted to his care."

*An expensive job*.—A gentleman passing a church which while under repair, observed to one of the workmen, that he thought it would be an expensive job. "Why, yes," replied he; "but in my opinion we shall accomplish what our reverend divine has endeavoured to do, for the last thirty years, in vain." "What is that?" said the gentleman. "Why, bring all the parish to repentance."

KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK.

(Continued from our last.)

We need not follow the train by which we are conducted through all the details of the original settlement of the Dutch in the New World—their wars—their institutions—their divisions—the portraits of their great men—their foundation of New York—their final overthrow by the English. We shall merely present two passages, which we have chosen from these parts as fair specimens of the whole. The first is from the long and ludicrous argument (of which we gave a portion in our last Number) on the right of taking possession of discovered countries, and conquering and (if need be) exterminating its inhabitants.

But hold; before I proceed another step, I must pause to take breath and recover from the excessive fatigue I have undergone in preparing to begin this most accurate of histories. And in this I do but imitate the example of a renowned Dutch tumbler of antiquity, who took a start of three miles for the purpose of jumping over a hill, but having run himself out of breath by the time he reached the foot, sat himself quietly down for a few moments to blow, and then walked over it at his leisure.

My great grandfather, by the mother's side, Hermanus van Clattercop, when employed to build the large stone church at Rotterdam, which stands about three hundred yards to your left, after you turn off from the Boomkies, and which is so conveniently constructed, that all the zealous Christians of Rotterdam prefer sleeping through a sermon there to any church in the city,—my great grandfather, I say, when employed to build that famous church, did in the first place send to Delft for a box of long pipes; then having purchased a new spitting box and a hundred weight of the best Virginia, he sat himself down, and did nothing for the space of three months but smoke most laboriously. Then did he spend full three months more in trudging on foot, and voyaging in trekschuit, from Rotterdam to Amsterdam,—to Delft—to Haarlem—to Leyden—to the Hague, knocking his head and breaking his pipe against every church in his road. Then did he advance gradually nearer and nearer to Rotterdam, until he came in full sight of the identical spot whereon the church was to be built. Then did he spend three months longer in walking round it and round it, contemplating it, first from one point of view, and then from another—now would he be paddled by it on the canal—now would he peep at it through a telescope from the other side of the Meuse—and now would he take a bird's eye glance at it from the top of one of those gigantic wind-mills which protect the gates of the city. The good folks of the place were on the tiptoe of expectation and impatience—notwithstanding all the turmoil of my great grandfather, not a symptom of the church was yet to be seen; they even began to fear it would never be brought into the world, but that its great projector would lie down and die in labour of the mighty plan he had conceived. At length, having occupied twelve good months in puffing and paddling, and talking and walking—having travelled over all Holland, and even taken a peep into France and Germany—having smoked five hundred and ninety-nine pipes, and three hundred weight of the best Virginia tobacco—my great grandfather gathered together all that knowing and industrious class of citizens who prefer attending to any body's business sooner than their own; and having pulled off his coat and five pair of breeches, he advanced sturdily up, and laid the corner stone of the church, in the presence of the whole multitude—just at the commencement of the thirteenth month.

In a similar manner, and with the example of my worthy ancestor full before my

eyes, have I proceeded in writing this most authentic history. The honest Rotterdamers no doubt thought my great grandfather was doing nothing at all to the purpose, while he was making such a world of prefatory bustle, about the building of his church—and many of the ingenious inhabitants of this fair city will unquestionably suppose that all the preliminary chapters, with the discovery, population, and final settlement of America, were totally irrelevant and superfluous—and that the main business, the history of New York, is not a jot more advanced than if I had never taken up my pen. Never were wise people more mistaken in their conjectures: in consequence of going to work slowly and deliberately, the church came out of my grandfather's hands one of the most sumptuous, goodly, and glorious edifices in the known world—excepting that, like our magnificent capitol at Washington, it was begun on so grand a scale that the good folks could not afford to finish more than the wing of it. So likewise, I trust, if ever I am enabled to finish this work on the plan I have commenced (of which, in simple truth, I sometimes have my doubts), it will be found that I have pursued the latest rules of my art, as exemplified in the writings of all the great American historians, and wrought a very large history out of a small subject—which, now a-days, is considered one of the great triumphs of historic skill. To proceed, then, with the thread of my story.

In the ever memorable year of our Lord, 1609, on a Saturday morning, the five and twentieth day of March, old style, did that "worthy and irrevererable discoverer (as he has justly been called,) Master Henry Hudson," set sail from Holland in a stout vessel called the Half Moon, being employed by the Dutch East India Company to seek a north-west passage to China.

Henry (or, as the Dutch historians call him, Hendrick) Hudson was a sea-faring man of renown, who had learned to smoke tobacco under Sir Walter Raleigh, and is said to have been the first to introduce it into Holland, which gained him much popularity in that country, and caused him to find great favour in the eyes of their High Mightinesses, the lords states general, and also of the honourable West India Company. He was a short, square, brawny old gentleman, with a double chin, a mustiff mouth, and a broad copper nose, which was supposed in those days to have acquired its fiery hue from the constant neighbourhood of his tobacco-pipe.

He wore a true Andrea Ferrara, tucked in a leather belt, and a commodore's cocked hat on one side of his head. He was remarkable for always jerking up his breeches when he gave out his orders, and his voice sounded not unlike the brattling of a tin trumpet—owing to the number of hard northwesterly winds which he had swallowed in the course of his sea-faring.

Such was Hendrick Hudson, of whom we have heard so much, and know so little: and I have been thus particular in his description for the benefit of modern painters and

statuaries, that they may represent him as he was; and not, as curling to their common custom with modern heroes, make him look like Cæsar, or Marcus Aurelius, or the Apollo of Belvidere.

As chief mate and favourite companion, the commodore chose master Robert Juet, of Limehouse, in England. By some his name has been spelled *Cherck*, and ascribed to the circumstance of his having been the first man that ever chewed tobacco; but this I believe to be a mere flippancy; more especially as certain of his progeny are living at this day, who write their names Juet. He was an old comrade and early school-mate of the great Had-on, with whom he had often played truant and sailed chip boats in a neighbouring pond, when they were little boys—from whence it is said the commodore first derived his bias towards a seafaring life. Certain it is, that the old people about Limehouse declared Robert Juet to be an unlucky urchin, prone to mischief, that would one day or other come to the gallows.

He grew up, as boys of that kind often grow up, a rambling, heedless varlet, tossed about in all quarters of the world—meeting with more perils and wonders than did Sindbad the Sailor, without growing a whit more wise, prudent, or ill-natured. Under every misfortune, he comforted himself with a quid of tobacco, and the truly philosophic maxim, that "it will be all the same thing a hundred years hence." He was skilled in the art of carrying anchors and true lover's knots on the bulk heads and quarter railings, and was considered a great wit on board ship, in consequence of his playing pranks on every body around, and now and then even making a wry face at old Hendrick, when his back was turned.

To this universal genius we are indebted for many particulars concerning this voyage; of which he wrote a history at the request of the commodore, who had an unrequitable aversion to writing himself, from having received so many floggings about it when at school. To supply the deficiencies of master Juet's journal, which is written with true log-book brevity, I have availed myself of divers family traditions, handed down from my great great grandfather, who accompanied the expedition in the capacity of cabin-boy.

From all that I can learn, few incidents worthy of remark happened in the voyage, and it mortifies me exceedingly that I have to admit so noted an expedition into my work, without making any more of it.

#### Wine and Walnuts.

OR AFTER DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Grey Beard.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Old Palace at Westminster.

How it has happened no one has yet been kind enough to tell, but certain it is, the art of painting has been the last scientific discovery in every civilized society. Architecture, sculpture, poetry, music, all have

attained honours for their professors, in ages when the art of painting was yet in a state of hideous deformity. When we behold the edifices of the illustrious dead, recumbent on their tombs, we are charmed with the sculptor's skill, and readily conceive the living forms of the beings, their mortal prototypes. Yet on casting but a glance upon a painted portrait of the same prince or knight, or lady fair, we discover enough to prove the imbecility of the attempt, and turn from the subject with disgust.

Had but our painters of old been skilled in depicting with the pencil, as faithfully as our poets with the pen, what an intellectual treat would it have been to us antiquaries to have opened an old copy of the *Canterbury Tales* and other "ryght merye" descriptions of the age of our great Edwards; and have seen the graphic illustrations as characteristically true,—touching with a feeling as congenial, as Wilkie's is to Scott.\*

What magnificent worthies does imagination paint some of our pious monks—what wits and humourists the holy friars—what grand specimens of humanity in our lady abbesses—God preserve their memories, and their three lovely novices and nuns. These observations apply to the deficiencies in the higher reach of painting, that records the wondrous image of man. There is another department, yet less meritorious, but still later in its approximation to truth—namely the art topographic; and this is the more surprising, as half its perfection depends on "line and rule."

How often have I lamented that we had no skillful topographic pencil, in the ingenious hand of some such wight as Sandily,\*\* Rooker,† or Heorne,; before the memorable 1666. Cold indeed must be that breast to

\* To Scott and Burn's too, vide the "Reading of the Will," and Duncan Gray."

\*\* The late venerable Paul Sandily, not unaptly designated the father of Water Colour Painting, was the first English artist who made correct topographical views of the old towns, castles, and other ancient buildings, with pictorial arrangement. The ingenious conscientious Hollar, has left us some interesting etchings of parts of the old metropolis before the Fire of London. Particularly one, invaluable in its way, of Old Palace Yard. He however did not sufficiently understand linear perspective; hence he dared not attempt those bold and more striking positions which Sandily chose for his point of view.

† Rooker was another, whose topographic knowledge has furnished the portfolio of the learned collector with many scenes of the same interesting class. His graver, no less skillful, will perpetuate the magnificence of Oxford long after the restless spirit of modern improvement shall have trampled many more of the labours of the enlightened monks in the dust.

‡ Heorne, the last of this ingenious triumvirate, will be remembered as long as *veritas* has a charm. The elegance of his chaste pencil has raised the fame of England for this species of drawing. John Byrne of worthy memory, his able conditor, has by the assistance of his graver, contributed to spread a general love for topography, and the two together have produced a work of British antiquity, that maintains its celebrity throughout Europe.

feeling, and indifferent to taste that eye, that would not delight in seeing some of the magnificent buildings described so patriotically by Evelyn, as food for the devouring element, rescued from oblivion, as it were, by the magic of art.

What an interesting display of palaces, halls, seats, and other Gothic structures, must have been visible both from the Thames and along the Strand, city-ways between the Old Palace of Westminster, and the Tower of London.

I have an ingenious friend who is deeply skilled in the Gothic of every character, from the excellent period of Henry III. to its decline in the time of Henry VII, VIII; and is truly *versé* in what is aptly termed Domestic Gothic.

He is an adept with the pencil, having studied linear perspective under Kirby, and correctness of delineation under Paul Sandily, who reckoned him the best amateur disciple he had taken in hand. Indeed I know but of few professors who sketch buildings with superior picturesqueness, or character and expression—if I may be allowed the term, touching inanimate objects. This amateur of OLD TOWN SCENERY, has a portfolio of the most amusing sketches, which represent various imaginary peeps at London and Westminster from nominal spots, in which he has introduced the old streets, with occasional religious buildings, mansions, inns and hospitals, conduits, fountains, and crosses. And these compositions he designates his GRAPHIC DREAMS.

It is not to be conceived how admirably he has planned his buildings, nor with what tasteful case he has grouped the figures, in the costume of the times; and how naturally he has employed them! There a portly friar is purchasing at a butcher's shambles, "provision for the convent." Whilst at a neighbouring house, an idle mob is assembled to see a "white baker" carted from his door for making adulterated bread, with a label on his breast, proclaiming him a cheat.—And hard by, in this active age of police, a jolly group of inquest and ale conners, in their magisterial gowns and liveries, sit beneath the porch of the Talbot, joyously drinking with the handsome ale-wife, on fusing "all things right."

These scenes have so much the appearance of identity—of having actually been, (for the character of antiquity is so faithfully preserved, and the circumstances and minutiae of explosives are so entirely fitting,) that those who may perchance see them, when thee and I, gentle reader, are become ancients in our turn—some three centuries hence or so, may contemplate them as specimens of Old London six or seven hundred years ago. For to strengthen the ingenious illusion, he has written on each, what *rien* it represents, and the year in which it was taken, and has added the fictitious name of an artist—"William Lambardie, painter-stayer."

Among others is "A Scheme of the Remaynes of the Palace of Edwarde the Confessor, as y<sup>e</sup> appeared in the yere of grace 1400—Planned from the wyndowe of the Reece Taverne, in New Palace Yard, by me Wylliam Lambardie Paynter Stayer.



"Also, a plane of the maye-pole § in the Straynde looking yesterlye onwardes to Saynte Clements church—neare to wherstood Saynte Mary le Straynde, taken from the highe waye y<sup>e</sup> leady to the Lowden Citie, in my foure score and fyve yre W. L.

In this the deep roots of the road in the Strand are strongly identified, and the covered light waggons, the coaches of that period, are naturally introduced; and one in particular, with several people at the wheels helping it out of a quagmire—traits that give the piece an air of originality, that captivates.

Now this mode of designing, to use the thought of Master Wylliam Lambarde, is such a pretty picturesque way of draughting, that it strikes me our professional topographic painters might take a useful hint from the ingenious practice, and give the lovers of art some delightful pictures of imagination, taken from *thems* nearer home. For who could behold unmoved the magical reveries of Turner<sup>¶</sup> in his "Founding of Carthage," and other works of his poetic pencil; or the mighty Babylon, from the inventive mind of Martin; or the awful Jerusalem of Hoffman? It is in these exclusive flights that the painter exhibits the lofty powers of his genius, and raises our wonder at the creative capacities of his art.

Perhaps it may amuse some, who love to read of customs and social habits remote—of the banquettings and revellings of the Plantagenets and the Tudors, of times that have furnished tales of delight, first heard in the nursery, indulged in the romantic ardor of youth, and remembered in manhood—such it may amuse to ramble with me, over many an ancient site, from the Sanctuary to London's white Tower.

First then, commencing at the venerable palace of our ancient kings, let me open my budget of research, in Old Palace Yard. What a scene for a Canaletti, did this afford, even so late as the time of Charles I. that princely patron of every art!

§ The May-pole near the site of Gibb's over-ornamented the new church, St. Mary le Strand, stood there as late as the reign of Queen Anne. It was one of the tallest in the kingdom. Formerly almost every town and village had its May-pole, though now but few remain. One is yet standing near Workop manor, Nottinghamshire; another is in a village near Henley. In the print of Windsor, by Hollar, a May-pole is represented at the bottom of Peasecod-street. This print is in the folio edition of "Ashmole's Order of the Garter."

¶ The Founding of Carthage, by Turner, was exhibited a few years since at Somerset House: a picture which combined all the higher excellencies of the greatest masters of the old school, superadded to his own unrivalled genius.

¶ Martin. The lovers of painting may (we hear) expect another intellectual treat in the ensuing season of exhibition, in a magnificent design of the Feast of Balhazzar, with the supernatural hand-writing on the wall of his palace, by this artist.

• It is hoped that Hoffman has some grand subject on his easel. His Moonlight last season was beautifully poetic. Such works of imagi-

Opposite the Banqueting Hall of William Rufus, stood a square tower of vast height, in which hung that great bell that has, of late, alas! told a sorrowing people in deep and mournful note, the awful tidings of Death's having torn another and another branch from off the royal tree.

This tower stood before a row of antiquated dwellings, on a terrace, now occupied by modern three storied houses, mere strait walls, perforated with oblong apertures to admit the light.

The south side had the same character of comfortable antiquity, that looked hospitality. A dwarf wall united the north-west tower of the Exchequer to a grand and spacious gate, with carriage way and postern; forming together a complete quadrangle.

In the centre stood a Gothic conduit, highly enriched, which certain modern Vandals and Huns, to their eternal shame, wantonly destroyed, although *this* beautiful remnant of the taste of our forefathers stood not in the way. Be it further known, it was not a republican faction, nor the silent destroyer Time, that urged the spoliation—nor did an earthquake help to throw it down. It was a Board of Works that did the deed, in the beginning of that paroxysm of destructive phrenzy that still continueth; that pulleth down what it hath neither the wish nor wit to build up again—a phrenzy that would not be appeased, had it the indulgence of its froward will, whilst a remnant of ancient art remained.

The chapel of St. Stephen stood insulated in its pristine beauty: opposite which was the Rose Tavern, built in the reign of Edward IV. and removed to clear the site for Henry Vith's Chapel, that gorgeous specimen of the florid Gothic.

What feasts and joyous revelry prevailed in the Royal Palace of Westminster, when the stately courts were kept by the illustrious great, whose monuments yet remain in the neighbouring mausoleum of royalty. Imagination joins in the banquetting that caused the royal kitchen incessantly to smoke,—when the surpliced singing-men taught a synd of cooks to *sol fa*, and prepare the chorus that ushered in the social Christmas feast with the Brawn's head.

Then it was that good cheer was the Englishman's motto, and the feast was the beginning and the ending of every public event.

What would the hospitable progenitors of our kings and nobles have said, had it been prophesied that an age should arrive, when a peep into a royal larlet would scarcely discover enough for the spit to "furnish forth" a breakfast for the maids? of honor to Eng-

nation are honourable to the country, and creditable to the genius of the age.

† The great bell of St. Pauls was removed from the ancient bell tower in Palace Yard, and re-cast to place in that magnificent modern structure. It had tolled to the Judges in Westminster Hall from the time of Richard II. to the early part of the last century.

‡ The household allowance, doled out by the maniple for the breakfast of these sweet

laid's right noble maiden queen? When the Baronial Fire was silent as the grave, and the yawning fire-place cold and dark as the sepulchre. When the household of the descendants of the proud baron, looking famished as gaunt wolves, sat devouring the half-cooked scrap, grudgingly spared out of ill paid board wages. When, O degenerate age! the Genius of Hospitality was preparing to take her flight from the old island, after having mortgaged the land of plenty to the vile co-partnership of Discord, Politics, and Ill-humour!

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A CONCISE VIEW OF THE INCONTINENCE OF THE CLERGY ANTERIOR TO THE REFORMATION.

(Continued.)

I shall now conclude this short and imperfect essay, with a succinct review of the various ecclesiastical officers at the period of the reformation. Although I shall be enabled to offer nothing new on the subject, yet from the following division of it into the respective heads of *abbot, prior, friars, hermits, monks, and nuns*, I trust I shall render it sufficiently interesting and clear to the reader; and *imprimis*, of our *holy father Abbot*. This is a Syriac term, signifying father, and originally, was applied to all monks, especially those who were venerable for their *years and sanctity*; they were afterwards considered as heads of houses. Among the inquiries which the visitors of Henry VIII. were appointed to make, were, whether the abbot was of good living and fame; whether he had the company of any *suspect* person, and what woman was most in his company; and what was his character in the neighbourhood\*. The abbot of Welbeck was described as one, who "vixit et vixit in fornicariæ amplexibus tenendo diversas mulieres."† The abbot of Fountains was thus described by the visitors; "Pleas it your mastershippe to understand, that the abbot of Fountains hath so greatly dilapidated his howse, wasted the woddys, notoriously *keeping* of . . . deffamed a toto populo," &c.‡ And the abbot of Langden Abbey, appears to have followed their example. The manner of catching his mistress is so amusing, that no apology is necessary for giving it at length in the words of the original:—"Whereat, I immediately descending fro my horse, I sent Bartlett, your servaunt, with all my servaunts, to circumspect the abbey, and surely to kepe all backe doors and starting holes, and I myself went alone to the abbots lodging, joyning upon the felides and wode, even like a cony clapper full of starting hollies, a good space, knocking at the abbot's dore, *neq* *vox* *neq* *sensus* *apparent*, maidens, was chimes of roast beef and flaggons of potent ale!

\* The following lines in MS. Harl. 913, f. 4, b. allude to the above.

When the abbot him is eath,  
Yat his monkes firm thei sleep,  
He taketh a maiden of the roue.

† MS. Ashmol. Mus. 1519. f. 28. b.

‡ MS. Cott. Cleop. E. iv. f. 114.



saving the abbot's little dogge, that within his dore fast lokkid, bayed and barkide. I found a short polax standyng heyde the dore, and with yt I dashed the abbot's dore in peissis, *ictu oculi*, and set one of my men to kepe the dore, and about howse I go with that polax in my hande, *no forte*, for the abbot is a dangerous desperate knave, and a hardy; but, for a conclusion, his \* \* \*, al's his gentlewoman, bestyrrede hyr stumpis towards hyr starting holies, and then Bartlett watchyng the pursuit, towke the tendre damoisell, and afir I hade exaymyned hir, I sent her to town, then to mayr to sett hir in the cage or prison for viij daies, and I brought holy father Abbot to come and heyr." § Notwithstanding the abbots appear to have been tinctured with this natural infirmity of humanity, they nevertheless, in their outward conduct behaved very differently; for when they went their visitations, they made statutes requiring ecclesiastics to shun the company of females, and not to keep them in their dwellings; and there were several also made against fornication ||. But quitting this head, we will next proceed to the prior. He was the next officer in dignity to the abbot, and of this personage I have little information to give; we are not however to suppose from my paucity of materials, that he was a whit better than the abbot. The following instance, is sufficient to satisfy us on this point. At Maiden Bradley, says Richard Layton, "is an holy father prior, and hath but six children, and but one daughter maried, yet of the goods of the monasterie trysting shortly to marry the rest. His sones be tall men wayting upon hym, and he, thank God, a none meddler with marrit women, but *all with madens the fierist coulede be gottyn*. The pope, considering his frailtie, gave hym lycens to kepe an \* \* \*, and hath good writyng, *sub plumbo*, to discharge his conscience." † † Friars. Chaucer's friar is a pleasant scoundrel, wanton and merry; full of dalliance and fair language; knew the taverns, hostlers and tapsters in every town, but shunned the beggars; ‡, could toy like a whelp, and lisped somewhat for wantonness, to make his English sweet upon his tongue. It had been well however, if the friars had merely acted up to this insignificant character; but they at last, adding vice to folly, admitted murderers into their society: were great liars and contentious, and obtained money to procure pardons for condemned criminals. Among a variety of other vices, they were in the constant habit of haunting and frequenting suspicious places to enjoy gossiping, of making idle and useless visits to women, and receiving presents from some of them who were of bad character \*;

§ Ibid. f. 127. a.

|| Ibid. f. 369. † † Ibid. f. 249. a.

¶ And how the fryers followed folke that was ryche,

And folke that was pore at lide price they set,

And no cors in hir kirkeyard nor kirke was buried

But quick he bequeth hem ought or quite part of hir debts. *Piers Plowman*, l. lxj.

for it appears, that they were great favourites with the ladies:

"For when the godeman is fro hame,  
And the frere comes to onie dame,  
He spares nought for synne ne shame.  
If women seime of hert full stable,  
With faire behest and with fable.  
Yay can make yer hertes chaungable."

*M.S. Cott. Cleop. B. f. 62.*

*Hermits.* These were men in whom solitude was considered as an essential characteristic; but it appears, they were of a different opinion, and consequently, were as little respected as the rest of their ecclesiastical brethren. Piers Plowman thus mentions them:

In habyte as an hermit, unholle of werkes.

*Fol. i.*

Even in their pilgrimages to the shrines of their several saints, they were accompanied by their mistresses. † Piers Plowman alludes to this in the following lines:

"Hermets on a beape, with hoked staves,  
Wenten to Walsingham, and her wrecches after;  
Great loubes and longe, yt loth were to swinke," &c.

*Fol. i.*

Cutwode, one of our elder English poets, has satyrized this custom of performing pilgrimages, in the following fanciful description of a bee who turned pilgrim:

"He made himself a pair of holy beads:  
The fifty wex were of gooseberries:  
The paternoster, and the holy creeds,  
Were made of red and goodly fair ripe cherries:  
Blessing his maryhold with *ave-marias*,  
And on a staff, made of the fennel stalk,  
The beardless hang, whilst he alone did walk.  
"And with the flower, monkhood, makes a cowl;  
And of a grey dock got himself a gown;  
And looking like a fox, or holy fool,  
He barbs his little beard, and shaves his crown,  
And in his pilgrimage goes up and down;  
And, with a *wobret-leaf*, he made a wallet.  
With scrip, to beg his crumbs, and pick his sallet."

*Cutwode's Catha Portorum*, *Stans*, 116, 117.

Female hermits were also equally faulty. Thus at a part of the abbey of Whally in Lancashire, near the gate, one *Iold Heton*, widow, who had petitioned Henry VI. to be admitted anchoress there, afterwards went away disgusted; and it appears that many recluses had done the same before, and that divers of their servants were with child within the place. It is not improbable that this circumstance happened to themselves; for in the visitation of *Edmundsbury*, it is commanded that the monks do not hold frequent and familiar conversations with the nuns near

\* Insuper firmiter inhibemus ut loca suspecta, fabulationes, visitationes mulierum victuorum, et inutiles penitus caveant. . . . Prohibentes nihilominus ne manuscula suspectis mulieribus capiantur. *M.S. Cott. Nero. A. xii. f. 157. b.*

† *Vide Percy's Ancient Rel. of Eng. Poets.*

‡ *Wobret* or *Woburn* is of Saxon origin, and still used as the common name of the *plantaine* leaf, in some parts of Scotland, particularly in *Terriodale*.

the monastery, with recluses women, that so all ground of suspicion may be taken away. ‡

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### INSANITY.

*Nihil humanum a se alienum putat.*

We are inclined to believe that until lately no subject of rational inquiry was so completely under the influence of delusion, at once unfeeling and disgraceful to humanity, or so entirely absorbed as it were in Gothic darkness, as that of insanity. Heretofore, in contemplating the fate of those afflicted with this disease, who were often the most ingenious and virtuous of their species, we have been incessantly shocked with the selfishness, the want of commiseration, and the brutality, which so invariably enters into its history; but as light has dawned from the impulse given to this department of knowledge by the House of Commons, it is to be hoped that it will be more generally considered and understood, and its attainment consequently held in higher estimation among men. We will take upon us to state, that it requires the highest professional talents to undertake the management of the insane; and this is the opinion of the profession at large, who decline all intercourse with it from feeling that incompetency which is the result of their want of experience.

The majority of medical men may practise the varied branches of their profession, as far as regards corporeal diseases, with success and credit to themselves; but the same latitude does not, as a consequence, extend to the maladies of the mind. It is true that the knowledge of corporeal diseases constitutes the foundation of success in this department of the medical profession; but the superstructure that is to be added to the possession of the knowledge of corporeal diseases is immense, and requiring great experience, great mildness, and decision of character from education and from nature, united to an understanding that is duly cultivated by an attentive consideration of the faculties of the mind, and of the means that influence these faculties in conducing to health and to disease.\*

With these observations, we here again repeat, because anxious to enforce the conclusions to which the analogy leads, that when the human frame is assailed by corporeal diseases, however inveterate in their character or of whatever duration, the prospect of conquering these maladies, by appropriate remedies, prevails not only in the

‡ *Interdicimus et monachis frequentia et familiaria colloquia cum monialibus huic monasterio vicinis cum mulieribus reclusis, ut ita tollatur omnis materia suspitionis.*

*M.S. Cott. Jul. B. f. 159. a.*

\* As advocating generally the cause of this class of men, as attempting to alleviate the extent of suffering arising from this alarming and increasing source of human misery, we will here avow our opinion, that where such qualifications are wanting on the side of the physician, or the medical superintendent, much mischief will assuredly arise, and many will be sacrificed to permanent insanity from such defects.

minds of the patients so attacked, but their friends are influenced by a similar mode of thinking; and were any one to suggest to those labouring under such bodily afflictions, the utility of such remedies, or to dissuade from their application, as almost always takes place in mental derangement, certainly such advice would be regarded as the offspring of debased feeling, or charitably ascribed to something like insanity.

This method of reasoning as to the efficacy of the remedial process in bodily disease, is at once humane and just; and here the patients themselves and their friends all contribute to the same end, that of restoration to health; but in mental diseases, our habits of thinking have been perverted, they have taken a course widely different from that adopted in corporeal diseases, which is so consistent with truth and humanity; and this most erroneous estimate of insanity by medical men and others, is truly singular, when we reflect that the maladies of the mind are either directly or indirectly dependant on bodily derangement for their permanency. Our object, therefore, has been to do what we can to correct this injurious delusion, so unfortunately and so unjustly prevalent as to mental disease, by placing before our readers the cruelties and the difficulties to which this order of our fellow creatures has been subjected, and thus to prove, from obvious and incontestible sources, that its obstinacy has not arisen from its actual nature, but from the treatment to which the sufferers have been subjected.

Here we have no hesitation in stating, that insanity, whether regarded in a preventive or a curative point of view, is much more under the control of diet and of medicine than fever, dysentery, small-pox, measles, gout, or rheumatism, which have been, and which still continue to be the great scourges of human happiness, and the principal sources of destruction to human life. We ask, what would have been the fate of those afflicted with such bodily diseases, had they been treated with the same neglect that has, with few exceptions comparatively speaking, attended the maniac? The answer must be, that in many cases nineteen out of twenty would have perished. The corporeal stamina in mental derangements, when regarded through the medium of muscular vigour, are, generally speaking, not only good, but in some instances surprisingly increased, which shows that the circulation, and also the digestive and assimilating faculties are adequately performed, although always more or less deranged.

The wonderful agency of the mind over the body is strongly illustrated in this most extraordinary malady, as those impressed with it are certainly by no means so susceptible of the afflictions which at once torment and destroy the other parts of society, unless when gross neglect prevails. Tooth-ache, rheumatism, dysentery, fever, are little known among this class of men, when well regulated.†

‡ These curious practical remarks, added to the general philosophy of the Writer's view of the subject, will we trust add to the impressiveness of the arguments a weight which we, as spec-

When not cured, their systems are gradually worn out by the exhausting influence of the mental disease over the powers of the body, and they sink the victims of serous apoplexy or of paralysis. Local diseases excepted, we affirm, that there is no corporeal malady so much within the reach of judicious, moral, and medical treatment, as insanity in its early stages. The influence of diet in curing this disease has never been generally and fairly tried, which is another proof of the apathy that has existed as to the fate of this most unfortunate order of men. By a well-regulated diet the cure as observed, will be invariably expedited, and it is by such arrangements alone that the restoration of mind can be rendered permanent: and here we have to lament that such agency, so important in its tendency, has seldom or never been employed with this view; so that either its importance has not been understood by medical men, or they have yielded to the false humanity of friends, and thus by deplorable and almost criminal weakness, the patients have been as decidedly sacrificed as if they had been subjected to the most brutal treatment.† The treatment of mental derangement presents three distinct characters of establishments—that of public hospitals; that of private hospitals, as those supported by the pecuniary resources of the maniacs or their friends may be called; and lastly, conducting the cure privately, through the medium of a detached cottage.

We here put out of the question domestic treatment, which in this disease is seldom admissible from the patient steadfastly denying the existence of mental alienation as affecting himself; and hence his often rancorous aversion to his immediate relatives—a sentiment of resentment that is not surprising, when his own reflections, which will not admit the presence of disease of the mind are duly weighed, and are contrasted with the measures of restraint he is necessarily obliged to encounter, and which are invariably ascribed by him to the plots and contrivances of these friends. Our object is to advert to those principles which are of general application

culators, could not expect from the public. Indeed, for humanity's sake, we rejoice to find that these essays have produced a very strong sensation. &c.

† The accompanying extract of an account rendered from an insane establishment, to the friends of a lady confined therein, will place this in a remarkable point of view.

S cigars, pipes and snuff .....	5	18	11
Wine, porter, and spirits, 3 weeks .....	5	0	0
Wine, from 12th May 1819 to 15th			
March 1820 .....	28	4	0
Spirits, 5s. 3d. per week, 44 weeks .....	11	11	0
Ale and porter, one pint per day .....	3	17	0
	54	10	11

She is only thirty-six years of age; and considered incurable at the establishment in question, and certainly such indulgence will render such prognosis infallible, as her insanity without the interposition of a miracle, must, under such management, increase—from drunkenness being added to mental disease.

and may be generally understood, leaving to the discernment of those in attendance the selection of such cases as call for deviation. These three varieties of arrangements have each their recommendations; and we may observe, that the advantages of the former two principally arise from the facilities which they give to the prosecution of the cure of those who are deranged in mind, on less expensive principles than the cottage system will admit of. But assuredly, when otherwise considered, these establishments are attended with many circumstances which must be in the highest degree revolting to the feelings of maniacs, in conducting the restoration of their minds; and which will be severely felt by all, but particularly by females during their lucid intervals, and the periods of their convalescence: and besides the distracting scenes that inevitably must be encountered at such institutions, the very idea of having been confined in a madhouse, and exposed to vulgar observation, is not only harassing to the individuals afflicted and so treated, but must also be painful to their relatives who possess a proper sense of character, and who are endowed with just feelings and affections; and we consequently think that where it can be done, these painful circumstances ought to be obviated.

The experiment of private treatment in a detached cottage with a suitable garden for exercise, is therefore certainly due on every principle of justice and humanity, to those afflicted with mental disease whose circumstances are affluent, and therefore competent to this mode of cure; as by this means the mind of the maniac which is generally stamped with a high degree of sensibility, will avoid scenes of such a nature as must, in many instances, have laid the foundation of an incurable malady. The distinction between wholesome restraint, which becomes at times necessary under all modes of accommodating and treating the deranged in mind, and that springing from the want of living force in the character of respectable attendants, is indeed vast. To illustrate these important considerations, and to show what we conceive the maniac is entitled to under the circumstances to which we have adverted, we shall suppose a man of fortune and of high sensibility, afflicted with bodily disease, (leprosy for example) that renders his separation from his friends necessary. Let us further suppose, that hospitals exist for its cure, founded on public beneficence, as well as others, supported by the pecuniary resources of the patients themselves or their relatives, and open to all varieties of moral character and disease, who can pay the stipulated sum demanded for admission. We here ask, would the patient so afflicted have recourse to either of these establishments for his cure, where he must necessarily be compelled to witness the disorder in more aggravated forms than his own; and where his mind could have no repose, but be incessantly tormented with the exposure of the miseries of others as well as his own? Let us carry our illustration still further, by supposing that his relations, or strangers, had during the existence of this bodily disease, the command of his pro-

erty and the disposal of his person; would not these individuals, by enforcing hospital treatment, draw down on themselves the most marked indignation of all possessed of the sense of humanity, aware of the possibility of cure with more delicacy and increased certainty by private means?

This exposure has been too often the fate of the deranged; and that so many should have regained the full powers of their minds under all these disadvantages, must be admitted, as a proof of the highly curable nature of this malady.†

At these general receptacles, the afflicted patient must witness, even where the utmost humanity is practised, the varied ellutions of the complaint in others, with the concomitant coercions, besides other painful inflictions; and to shew their influence, we may state, that when the disposition to insanity exists, the individuals so predisposed should not allow themselves to witness such scenes, as they are likely to evolve the disease; and some examples of this nature are said to have occurred among medical men. When these transient visits afflict so deeply, what will not their constant action do, in permanently establishing the malady among those already afflicted? By conducting the cure in a detached cottage, the patient comes distinctly before the eyes of his physician, and his disorder will appear in its true form, without an aggravating alloy from the mind of the deranged being, tormented by the saturation of miseries, the invariable attendant of a madhouse.

The number of patients, the object of the physician's care, must on the cottage system be limited; and this constitutes another advantage, by giving ample leisure for an attentive consideration of their respective cases. The evils flowing from general principles, without a careful review of the particulars accompanying each case, must always be great, and offer serious obstacles to a cure.

These evils were felt, even where talents of the highest order conducted and presided over the medical department; and are sufficiently illustrated by the examinations before the enquiry into the state of madhouses by a Committee of the House of Commons. The

† The principle of destiny, which attaches to the plague among the Turks, has destroyed numbers beyond all powers of calculation. In our own country, Divine vengeance was not long ago supposed to have originated the venereal disease; its relief was therefore not attempted, and the victims were left to rot alive on some island or remote spot, abandoned by friends and connections.

During the reign of Charles the First, many were tried, condemned, and burnt as witches. These most horrid instances of persecuting a phantom as a reality, in short, of mental derangement, among men who (as maniacs generally are), were penetrated with a high opinion of their own wisdom and discernment, are amply humiliating, and should teach us to feel for the maniac, whose aberrations in many instances, are neither so remarkable, so mischievous, nor so deplorable. We have conquered these delusions; but many remain, of which posterity will judge.—Ed.

requisite attention to diet, to cleanliness, to ventilation, and dress, is in a great measure impossible where so many are assembled. We are certain, that where inclination and the means co-exist, on the side of the patient or of his friends, for following the third plan, the minds of many may be saved that will otherwise be lost by putting them into a madhouse, where the general occurrences are calculated to distract the strongest mind.

In 17, 18, and 19 cases out of twenty of the excited forms of the disease, the mind will be found not utterly lost; its powers are as it were eclipsed, and to be restored by judicious medical and moral treatment. The ancients appear to have been more successful in the treatment of insanity than the moderns; and this success probably arose, from directing their attention almost solely to the body during its treatment. We of the present day are inclined to regard their pathology as not consonant to sound and correct observation; yet their means of cure so deduced, and founded on the varied morbid changes which the blood and bile were supposed to have undergone, led them often to experience the highest enjoyment that can attend the exercise of the medical profession, in restoring their patients to society, to their friends, and to the numerous pleasures of social happiness. Their speculations as to the cause of all maladies, always held some material object and diseased change of structure before their minds, and which was to be remedied by active evacuation. They did not derange themselves by the abuse of metaphysics, in attempting the cure of their patients.

## LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### PUBLIC EDUCATION.

We have received an official Report of the state of public schools in the Netherlands, during 1819, which was presented to the second Chamber of the States-general on the 20th ult.

• The influencing the mind of the maniac, is indeed of high moment; but this is neither to be accomplished by fear, by rally, nor by reasoning.

The maniac, from the very constitution and nature of his disease, is a suspicious being, fond of cross purposes; and therefore, the great consideration for the physician is to imperceptibly direct the attention and stream of thought of the deranged to fresh objects. In health, there is invariably a coincidence between the intellectual operations and those organs of the body conducing to a sound state of mind; and we are also of opinion, that the converse mode of estimating this intricate question will hold good; when these organs, so essential to sound judgment suffer, the mental operations will encounter a diseased change; or when the mind influencing these organs is deranged, such organisation will undergo a morbid coincidence of action.

It is from this view of the malady, which embraces the judicious employment of exercise of both mind and body, of medical and moral means, that success has, we know, arisen.—Ed.

From this Report, it appears, that in the Latin schools and colleges, the number of pupils is rapidly augmenting. In 1817, their number was estimated at 1000, and is now amounts to 1200. The schools in the southern provinces, which are divided into lycées and colleges, contained in the year 1813, 2750 pupils; the same establishments are now attended by upwards of 3800 pupils. A few years back, the study of the Greek languages was almost entirely neglected in the southern provinces; but at present it is taught in almost every college, and in most of them an admirable plan of tuition is adopted. Mathematical instruction is in general attended with the best success; but the regular teaching of ancient geography, ancient history, and mythology, less generally diffused.

At Ghent, the first stone of a new university has been laid. At Leyden, a building has been begun for the same object; and at Liège, the Regency has granted a piece of ground for the establishment of a botanical garden. The celebrated cabinet of natural history, which belonged to the late professor Brugmans, has been purchased for the University of Leyden; and the universities of Louvain, Liège, and Ghent, have obtained collections of mineralogy, natural history, instruments, &c.

The number of students has also considerably increased this year. At the beginning of November, there were 254 at Louvain, 381 at Liège, 201 at Ghent, 315 at Leiden, 205 at Utrecht, and 215 at Groningen.

A numerous meeting took place at Brussels, on the 20th of May, to celebrate the opening of a new public school of mutual instruction.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

*Cure for Fever.*—We learn from the 70 Number of the *Lis*, that the good effects of the newly discovered remedy, the *chinquina*, or *unnona febrifuga* in fevers, and especially intermittent fevers, have been fully confirmed by the experiments, not only of the physicians appointed for the purpose by the Royal Medical Society at Madrid, but also of others. The powder, given in doses of 1 scruple to half a dram every 3 hours, has checked the fever, and wholly cured intermittents of some months standing; which had resisted the Peruvian bark and other approved remedies. It is added, that the only genuine chinquina root is to be had of Dr. Ant. Ring, apothecary, at Madrid, in the street Meson de Parades; and the public are warned of adulterations which have taken place in other expensive medicines disseminated by Dr. A. Ring, and Dr. Joseph Parvo, botanists with the expedition in Peru and Chili in South America.

### HYDROPHOBIA.

In consequence of a petition from Francis William Sieber, (of whom we have had occasion to speak in the *Literary Gazette*), respecting the discovery of a

or the hydrophobia, his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, has signified to him that he has been pleased to grant him for life an annual pension of 500 florins; the half to be continued to his lawful wife after his death, in case he makes known any certain remedy, or any certain mode of cure for the hydrophobia, caused by the bite of a mad dog. This pension is to commence as soon as the efficacy of the means proposed shall be shewn to be proved by experiments made in his Majesty's dominions.

## ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

Contrary to the calculations of most of the astronomers, the late eclipse of the sun was visible at Florence for the space of 1' 14". The end of the eclipse took place in at city at 4h 25' 6", that is, to 34" after the moment predicted by the astronomer Carrini; and 28 after that fixed by Professor nari. Baron Zach, who observed the eclipse at Bologna, will shortly publish his observations on the circumstances which accompanied this phenomenon. These observations are expected to be highly interesting, in respect both to astronomy and geography.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

TO A SISTER IN INDIA.

*On the Anniversary of her Wedding Day.*  
I am met to hail the return of a day,  
Which seal'd a below'd one's doom;  
Should claim a cheerful and sportive lay—  
I mine will be tinged with gloom.

ere is wanting one to the social throng—  
I can we smile and be gay,  
Who inspires people should join the song—  
I oh! she is far away.

I sighs must mix with each lighter sound,  
They cannot be hushed at will,  
I can we forget that the pledge which goes  
round,  
Is the health of the absent still.

we think, when in childhood's happy day,  
Talk'd of the days to come,  
I thy heart and hand should be given away  
I'll thee from thy home.

Id we guess that a stranger would claim thy  
hand,  
I from each early friend;  
I thy faith should be pledged in a distant  
land,  
I in our pray'rs alone could blend.

now to our home to wish thee high  
e to break a heart so fond,  
I dare not wish to dissolve that tie  
th has loosen'd each infant bond.

feel 'tis a tie all others above,  
Ist thou wish the same for me;  
Ist thou seek to part me from him I love,  
Id scarcely pardon thee.

would I could lose each lingering day,  
Memory of its tear,  
In the long long period of absence away,  
I wake and find thee here.  
247A, 1839.

CLARA.

## IMPROMPTU.

*A gentleman whose promptness at impromptu renders him the delight and aversion of all his friends, was baited the other day in a literary society for a specimen of his talent. The conversation had, as usual, run upon the proceedings in the House of Lords; and the person suggesting the theme observed, that it had once been wittily said by a wit under similar circumstances, to whom "the ring" was proposed, that the king was no subject, he therefore gave "the queen." Upon this the party immediately wrote*

From pseudo scholars and a factions press,  
For months I've nothing heard, nor nothing seen  
But one stale topic; which makes me confess,  
The first and chief of subjects is THE QUEEN.

## TRANSLATION

*Of the French Impromptu "Grande Peur, grande Joie;" which appeared in the Literary Gazette of October 21.*

The canon!—count them.—One—let no man speak!

Two—listen!—Three—ten more, and pitying heaven

Hath saved our country.—Four—a son we seek:  
Five—Six—how every heart is beating!—Seven—  
God give us comfort!—Eight—this dread suspense!

Nine—in thy mercy.—Ten—great Providence,  
Fulfill a loyal people's prayer.—Eleven—

And bid upon our sky a bright dawn break!—  
Twelve—terrible pause!—THIRTEEN—France,  
weep no more!—

The Prince a fiend had slain, an angel doth restore.

EDMUND L. SWIFT.

## A word to the wise.

Woe to the fool who keeps his brains  
In travail with a scribbler's pains.  
Still deeper woe to him whose life  
Crouches beneath a talking wife.  
But save me from his days and nights  
Whose wife, in fate's lost malice, writes.

No matter for his wants or wishes,  
My lady's deep in other dishes.  
Has she on earth a wandering cousin  
(If Scotch she has them by the dozen),  
And not a wind blows earth around  
But brings some news of hanged or drowned.

The house may tumble through the windows,  
While she is scribbling to the Hindoos.  
'Tis all the same, or lov'd, or hated,  
A dotard ten removes related,  
A half cast aunt, a pretty sister—  
The Nine are summoned to assist her.

Though modern bards can write their fill,  
Without much trouble to the *Mill*;  
Alike to her, birth, death, or marriage,  
Her muse alone knows no miscarriage,

And as the annual day returns,  
Again her brain prolific burns.  
Not one of them can wed or die,  
But off goes Ode or Elegy.  
Her goose quill trickles smile or tear,  
And hunts her victims through the year.

If to your board you ask a friend,  
No dinner till the stanza's penn'd.  
In vain the cook below is roasting,  
The butter idly round you coasting;

In vain your guest sits making faces  
In hunger's most approved grimaces;  
In vain you grumble, sulk, and ring—  
My lady's at the *muses'* spring.  
Just wrapp'd in all Pegasus vapours,

Her stays unlaced, her hair in papers;  
Five fathom deep in verisifying,  
Her ruff and ringlets by her lying,  
The world's great business must stand still  
While Sappho flourishes her quill.

SOCRATES.

Imitation of Horace, Epist. 20, Lib. 1.

"Vertuuum, Januque liber," &amp;c.

How is't my Book, you turn your eye,  
Towards Murray's shop so wistfully,  
That there for public sale displayed,  
In Davison's best type arrayed,  
And bound in Russia, marble-edged,  
You may no more be idly wedged  
'Mong musty manuscripts, nor lie  
In modest, dull obscurity!—  
Repining that you're shewn to few,  
And greedy of the common view?—  
Oh stay!—'twas not for this that I  
Conceiv'd and brought thee forth!—Well! fly  
Where folly leads thee—but, beware,  
There's no retreating when you're there.  
'Ambitious fool! for this to long!"  
Will be the burden of your song.  
When critic's carp, and reader's fire,  
And thou shalt seek, nor find, a buyer!  
Yet, if my heart forbodes a-right,  
(Unwarped by any angry spite)  
You perhaps may linger on the town  
Till youth and novelty are flown,  
To vulgar eyes ignobly doom'd,—  
By each coarse barrow-woman thumb'd,  
Or feed the bookworm and the moth,  
Reposed for aye in unknown sloth.  
Then I (thy monitor in vain)  
Shall mock and ridicule thy pain,  
As one who could not move his ass

To wind along a mountain's pass,  
So thrust him headlong down the hill—  
Who'd save an ass against his will?  
Each stuttering old pedantic fool  
Shall introduce thee in his school;  
Each village mistress seize on thee,  
To teach the clowns their A B C.  
But if beneath the arbour's shade  
To higher audience thou art read,—  
Then tell them, that though lowly born  
I would not on the great man fawn;  
Tho' from the sparrow's nest I spring,  
I mount upon the eagle's wing.  
Make no deduction from my birth,  
But add as much to grace my worth;  
In time of trouble or of ease,  
Thebest and wisest I could please;  
That Milman, Scott, and gentle Moore  
To none have ever op'd their door;  
My stature—somewhat short; my hair  
Grown prematurely grey with care;  
I bear the sun's most frugal beam,  
Or joy beneath his brightest gleam;  
Am quick to ire—as quickly mild,  
And tractable as any child;—  
Should the more curious seek to learn  
How long this frame of mine has worn,  
Why say—as far as I remember  
I'm near my fifty-eighth December—  
And first saw light upon the day  
When good old George began his sway.

Oct. 16th.

F. L.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE EDITOR'S COOK!

The increasing luxury of the age has been,  
as it ought, bitterly inveighed against by eco-

nomists, moralists, and divines—in pamphlets, books, and sermons. It never, however, was more shockingly exposed than by the confession of the fact which forms our top line. An Editor of a Literary Journal to have a cook!

Rastra et sarcula tantum assueti coquere.

The crime is monstrous, but like other crimes it has brought its punishment; and while we confess the heinous sin, we have to throw ourselves on the clemency of our readers for the disaster it has occasioned. In our last Number we advertised them, that in this publication we should commence a series of original letters from Paris, giving an account of all the belles lettres, transactions, &c. in that lively metropolis. We had the first and second epistles in our hand at the time our promise was given; but lo! the cook (*Popinaria*, whom may the furies fricassee!) having found on our study floor, with which she had so little business that we wish it had been a thrashing floor for her sake, a sheet of paper in your cramped French hand, presumed that it was as unintelligible and useless to all the world as it was to herself. In brief, the day was raw, our fire was low, the slut compassionate; and, oh miserable catastrophe! those pages with which we kind readers, were devoted to light the wool and relume the blaze of our expiring grate. We have written to the capital of France to have the loss repaired; and if the Duke of Bordeaux's cawdle, cradle, and cackle, do not utterly engross the entire mind of France, we may expect that so grave and distressing an accident will obtain the earliest possible remedy.

#### CHESTERFIELDIAN INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG CHESS PLAYERS.

There is not an act in life that can be well performed without confidence: the presumption that we shall succeed in our undertaking, carries us far towards the accomplishments and imparts a chivalric grace even to defeat. At chess this quality is essential. Sit down with an air of insolent superiority, which will daunt and discompose your antagonist; it will also fill the bye-standers with a high sense of your merits, the majority of whom may not stay to witness your defeat; and if they do—courage is a quality that always entitles a man to respect.

2d. Get the first move by assumption or finesse: it is the only part of this game that admits of chance, and consequently permits of cheating; the opportunity, therefore, only once presented, should not be neglected by a player of genius.

3dly. Play out the king's pawn two steps; it is customary, and will show that you understand the rules of the game. After a man has demonstrated that he is acquainted with rules and customs, he may neglect or transgress them with impunity: the world blames us not for doing what is wrong, but for not knowing what is right.

4thly. Having thus far advanced this pawn, leave him to his fate; it is thus that the greatest men deal with their child, and

why should you take more pains about a worthless peg than they do concerning the inheritors of their wealth and titles, who push their offspring like isolated pawns into the world, and trust to the obliquity of their movements for their success and promotion in life. Grovelling players apply their ingenuity to the support of their pawns; but it shows a little mind to be solicitous about little matters.—“Pray you avoid it.”

5thly. Play out your pieces with the utmost dispatch; and remember nothing imposes more on the world than a shew of independence; therefore let them stand by their own merits, and lend them no mutual support: the very word conveys a sense of weakness, which a wise man will be slow to admit, much more to publish.

6thly. Should the fall of a piece be inevitable, permit no symptoms of embarrassment, or thought, as it is commonly called, to escape you, but philosophically wait the event, and when it happens, clamour out, “an oversight!” and exclaim against the *dirty advantage*. Should your opponent propose to give back the last move, the piece being in a posture of irremediable jeopardy, decline the offer with contempt, mingled with insolent defiance; and express a modest conviction that superior skill will yet be more than a match for numbers, though aided by all the mean advantages of which he may be pleased to avail himself. Nothing renders a man more amiable or interesting in the eyes of the fair sex than ill usage, which neither affects his purse nor his honour: indignation, however misplaced, is becoming; and provided you express your indignant feelings with grace and spirit, the world will not scrutinize the propriety of your anger:—thus, instead of winning a game of chess, you may engage the esteem of persons of worth—and a paltry triumph gives place to a nobler ambition.

7thly. Should your foe's Queen find her way into your quarters, and be surrounded and cut off by your pieces, by no means urge her to despair—there is no knowing what that might prompt; but remember to “build a golden bridge for a retreating enemy”—let her escape. I have known Queens who, thus pressed, have by a sudden effort perplexed the schemes and confounded the movements of kings, bishops, and rooks—in no wise let yours do so; reflect that nothing better becomes the sex than a reserved and unobtrusive carriage. I would have your morality shine even in a game, especially in one that is never played for money; therefore give the Queen a private and retired station on the board, or place her before the king, where, being enlaid by a rook, she may fall in the face of day, a pattern of conjugal virtue and fidelity.

A. W.

#### THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN. *The Stranger*, acted on Friday, introduced a young lady to the metropolitan public as Mrs. Haller, and Mr. C. Kemble as the *Stranger*, for the first time. *The debilitate* made a bad choice of part to begin with. Whatever are the demerits of

the German drama case is one of its striking properties; and however improbable the incidents and situations often are, strong passion and bursts of nature almost always distinguish the characters. The artifices do not lie so much in the dialogue and action, as in the division and management of the scenes; and men, women, and children are generally saying and doing what is appropriate under their circumstances, when the fall of the curtain or some other *coup de theatre* reminds us of the author's art and the tricks of dramatic representation. Now the various expressions of ease, passion, and nature, present at all times the greatest difficulties to a performer; and that which the highest abilities, aided by long study, practice, and self-possession can hardly achieve, is not to be expected from the arline, novelty, and restraint of a first appearance. Accordingly we found the new Mrs. Haller declamatory and artificial, instead of being passionate and natural. She spoke in an assumed hollow sepulchral voice (an imitation of the worst quality of Miss O'Neil after the tutoring of London deteriorated her acting); and we did not hear half a dozen of sentences delivered in her real tone. A stiff furrowed muslin gown superadded the outward appearance of formality; and with scarcely an exception, the whole performance suffered mortal injury from the causes which we have assigned. The young lady would have done her talents more justice, and been more likely to succeed, had she attempted one of the more usual casts of tragic heroine. Her figure seemed to be good, but her countenance deficient in intelligence. In a few passages, where she forgot the simulation of voice and the necessity for keeping the muslin gown in its protrusive position unrumpled behind, she displayed tolerable powers; but none to induce a belief that the great blank which is wanted to be filled up on the stage by the coming forth of a first-rate female tragedian has yet any chance of being supplied. Mr. C. Kemble mounted no feather in his cap of fame by his personation of the *Stranger*. His model was evidently his brother—a nobler one he could not take, and it is no mean praise to say that he very frequently elicited the finest resemblance. Upon the whole it was not so *spirituelle* as Mr. J. Kemble's; but where energy and force were wanted, nothing could be more effectual. The glimpses of feeling which flicker through the gloom of misanthropy were often happily marked (in the meeting with Steinfort for instance), and the general traits of mingled feeling and morbid discontentedness were impressively, and occasionally very nicely delineated. The moral of the play is bad and dangerous; the apologies for crime are contradicted by its consequences, and guilt is made so amiable that it throws virtue into the back ground. We should not be sorry were the *Stranger* forever banished from the boards.

*A Race for a Wife*.—Mr. Morton has adapted this extravagant bagatelle from the French *Le Premier Venu*; but either with so little skill, or such bad materials, as to afford no ground for the Race having a long run. It is a poor piece of workmanship, and

s not variety enough even for a farce. A orting baronet (Blanchard) takes the wise solution of marrying his daughter (Miss saumont) to one of two Captains (Jones d Abbott) who starting fair from their quarrels shall arrive first at his mansion. The artifices and jostling of the rivals in this ploit, aggravated by the stratagems of eir common servant (Liston), constitute e whole machinery; and from the beginning e end, it is merely a repetition of the e principle, and almost of the same in- ents. No interest is raised, and there is y little fun to laugh at, though the per- rners did all they could, and those we have ationed, as the public well knows, can do ach with very scanty opportunities. Miss e made her first curtsy at this house in mple character, Phoebe; and was received e kindest manner. Master Longhurst ng a delicious little melody "Fly all away," ich needs but to be published to become extremely popular air.

[Since writing this, we observe the farce is nect: it is hard upon us that we dare hardly e a days) write a dramatic CRITIQUE early e week, without imminent peril of having it, ore the end, converted into an EPITAPH—*Sic transit Gloria pugnatis.*"]

## VARIETIES.

A collection of rare animals has lately been ded at Marseilles, for the Menagerie at ris. Among them are four crocodiles in three to four feet long, an ostrich of lam, and a beautiful marine tiger (*Tigre rin*), the only one in Europe.

*Antiquarian researches.*—M. Cousinier merly Consul of France in Turkey, is ed to be on the point of undertaking a rey into Lower Asia, which will be hly important to the Arts. His intention o study the antiquities of that country, o cause excavations to be made among ruins of the ancient Magnesia, on the ks of the Meander, from which it is hoped t many interesting archaeological discov- ies will be made.

**THE CASTLE OF MARIENBURG IN PRUSSIA.**  
The Castle of Marienburg was built by Knights of the Teutonic order, in the e of their prosperity. This splendid and arkable edifice had suffered severely, not uch by the injuries of time, as by gross ligence, and by being frequently emed for the most common purposes. The ch, if we are rightly informed, used it a magazine, and even converted part o it stabling for their cavalry. As soon, ever, as the Prussian monarchy regained ndependance, it was resolved to restore noble monument of antiquity to its ine splendour, and considerable progress been made in it this summer. They soon proceed to the repair of the great e of the Virgin, which is placed outside e church. It is 25 feet 4 inches high, at of the infant Jesus is nearly 6 feet. in a niche of blue and gold, formed of sic work, as well as the statue. It is a ; unique in its kind, mosaics being ge- ly flat surfaces. It has stood for three

hundred years in the open air without being spoiled, and has still lustre. The mosaic work is composed of pieces of glass an inch square, cut in the form of a wedge, and a plate of gold is laid on them.

*Two dwarfs.*—A man and a woman, natives of Lapland, have arrived at Grenoble: the man, 42 years old, is 3 feet 1 inch in height; the woman, his sister, aged 52, is 2 feet 11 inches high: they are both very well made, and speak the Italian language with great fluency.

**ITALIAN DIALECTS.**—At the present moment, when the subject possesses extra- ordinary public interest, we copy from the *Oxford Herald* the following specimens of the three principal Italian dialects; those spoken at Genoa, at Milan, and at Venice. They differ from the real Italian (spoken by the well-educated) so much, that they might be regarded as very different languages. The specimens consist of the Lord's Prayer, extracted from that learned work of Adelung, of which an account was given in a late Literary Gazette. The proper Italian is as follows:—

*Padre nostro, che sei ne' cieli, sia santificato il tuo nome; il tuo regno venga; la tua volontà sia fatta in terra, come in cielo; dacci oggi il nostro pane quotidiano; e rimettici i nostri debiti, come noi ancora li rimettiamo a' nostri debitori; e non c'indurre in tentazione; ma liberaci dal male.*—Amen.

**GENOA.**—*Poe nostro, che sei ne' ze, u vostro nome seja santificno; regna u vostro regno; si fasa u vostra coente, come in ze, così in terra; u pane nostro quotidiano deeme anche; e perdonez a nui i nostri debiti; e noi perdonemo i nostri debitori; e non ci lascie cadè ne tentazin; ma liberateci da ma.*—Amen.

**MILAN.**—*Padri nes, che sei ne' cieli, cas sia santificau tuo nom; cas regna il tuo Reg; cas faghias la tua volontà, com in ciel, così in terra; pagn nes di ogni di denel inki; e rimeti a noi i nes debet, come noi a nes debitor faghium; e non ec lasè cascà mighia in tentazin; ma liberen dal male.*—Amen.

**VENICE.**—*Parè nostro, che si nel ziolo, sia santifol el nome tuo; regna el regno tuo; sia fatta la volontà tua, siccome in ziolo, così in terra; el pane nostro quotidiano dena ozi; e rimetti a nu i nostri debiti siccome nu li rimettemo a' nostri debitori; e non ne induci in tentazione; ma liberene dal male.*—Amen.

The language of Como and Bergamo is notorious as being the worst Patois in all Italy.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

OCTOBER, 1820.

*Thursday, 19*—Thermometer from 39 to 52. Barometer from 29, 48 to 29, 39.

Wind W. 1.—Morning fair, with sunshine; the rest of the day cloudy, with rain in the evening.

Rain fallen, 125 of an inch.

*Friday, 20*—Thermometer from 35 to 56.

Barometer from 29, 08 to 29, 20. Wind S. W. 2.—Clouds generally passing, with rain in the evening.

Rain fallen, 175 of an inch.

*Saturday, 21*—Thermometer from 40 to 52.

Barometer from 29, 48 to 29, 72. Wind S. W. 1, and 2.—Clouds passing during the morning, the rest of the day clear.

Rain fallen, 025 of an inch.

*Sunday, 22*—Thermometer from 32 to 50.

Barometer from 29, 20 to 28, 88. Wind S. W. 4, and S. 1.—Generally raining till noon; afternoon and evening changeable.

Rain fallen, 05 of an inch.

*Monday, 23*—Thermometer from 41 to 53.

Barometer from 29, 20 to 29, 32. Wind W. 2, and S. W. 3, and 4.—Generally cloudy; rain at times.

Rain fallen, 35 of an inch.

*Tuesday, 24*—Thermometer from 40 to 50.

Barometer from 29, 09 to 29, 88. Wind S. W. 4.—Afternoon clear, the rest of the day cloudy and showery.

Rain fallen, 125 of an inch.

*Wednesday, 25*—Thermometer from 37 to 52.

Barometer from 29, 16 to 29, 49. Wind W. 2, and 4.—Middle of the day clear; morning and evening cloudy.

Rain fallen, 35 of an inch.

On Tuesday 31st, at 52 minutes, 22 seconds after 7 o'clock, the 2nd Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

On Wednesday November the 1st, at 42 minutes, 21 seconds after 7 o'clock, the 1st Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The compositions from Huddersfield (sent by D. B—) seem to have little to recommend them except the distress of the writer, to which we should be happy to administer some slight relief, though we do not feel justified in inserting the verses.

\* Circumstances induce us to postpone the commencement of the series of papers to be called *The Shadow, till the new year*. For that period we have stored several communications. If Satan pleases to keep his word for once, and send his second Epistle, his correspondence shall appear separately in the interim.

Any one in want of a ton of bad poetry, may have it for the price of the paper as waste, at the Literary Gazette Office, 362, Strand. A nearly equal quantity of inferior prose, on the same terms.

N.B. As there are so many persons who like to write such things, there may be persons who like to read them: if any such incline to purchase, we shall expect an advance of 1½ per cent. ad valorem; and the following sample of the wares may be relied on, as literally the conclusion of a long poem received this week upon the theme, "Yours sincerely," at the bottom of a lady's letter.

What then can I, while o'er my morn of life Dull clouded winter holds her surly reign, And cank'ring cares and fears increase the strife My straighten'd wishes in my soul sustain.

What then can I, the words yet doubly sweet Had met those eyes, which vainly must eyes you, Tho' from thy lips themselves, love's fav'rite seat, I'd caught the words fresh with their balmy dew.

Then Juliet, tho' most tenderly, sincerely, Humbly, adoringly, I bend the knee, And swear that swain never shall so dearly Loved, as I am willing to love thee.

If, as she ought, fortune would act fairly, And change as I could wish my destiny; But as it is, heart broken I recline— Old Romeo's fortune it was bliss to mine!



# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the Kingdom : but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we beg to recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 198.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Letters written during a Tour through Normandy, Brittany, and other parts of France, in 1818, &c.* By Mrs. Charles Stothard. London, 1820. 4to. pp. 322.

We could hardly have imagined that a French Tour, after all that have gone before, could have been made so pleasing and so interesting as the present, which does infinite honour to her talents, and has added another of our fair countrywomen to the list of distinguished female writers. Mrs. C. Stothard is the wife of the artist, whom we mentioned in a recent review of Mr. D. Turner's Normandy, as being employed by the Antiquarian Society to copy the famous Bayeux Tapestry, and she accompanied him in his excursion to execute that commission. But besides a residence of two months at Bayeux, our travellers visited many parts of Normandy and Brittany very little frequented by English, though not only extremely curious in a modern point of view, but thick sown with historical recollections of the most striking nature. On these places Mrs. S. has remarked with all the lively acuteness of her sex, and produced a volume of local and historical description of an exceedingly agreeable kind ; in which the entertaining labours of the pen are illustrated by many very beautiful specimens of architecture, costume, &c. from the pencil of her husband. Upon the whole, making allowance for a few slight inaccuracies in style, and one or two short digressions, we have to express our entire admiration of this work ; and announce it to our readers as one eminently calculated to amuse them from its manner, and delight them with its embellishments.

Previous to quoting what appears to us to be most worthy of extract, we shall briefly state the route pursued, and name the principal towns whence the letters are dated. Our charming author landed at Dieppe, and after a trip to Eu, went by Rouen to Paris. At Paris she sojourned a short time ; and though we shall find occasion to transcribe some of her observations there, the mass might have been omitted without injuring the originality of her performance. Indeed this

VOL. IV.

portion of the book is its only trite feature ; for all the rest (not accounting sundry Norman anticipations by Mr. Turner likely to be generally familiar) is replete with novelty. From Paris the tourists went to Bayeux, and thence into Brittany, passing through Coutances, Arranches, Granville, Dol, St. Malo, Rennes, (the capital of Upper Bretagne) Plorhel, Hennebont, Auray, Vannes, Nantes, Angers, Saumur, and back to Paris by Tours and Orleans. During their Bretagne course, in particular, the country and its inhabitants offered a great deal worthy of notice ; and it is here that we feel most forcibly the power of interesting us possessed by the writer. Though somewhat out of order, therefore, we shall commence our selections with matter relative to the Bretons, and conclude with what we may have to say on the subject of Normandy. On the former topic Mrs. Stothard says—

“ We expect much pleasure from our projected excursion into Brittany. A grammar has been lent to me of the language of the people ; many French words have been ingrafted upon it ; but it appears, as far as I can judge, very like the Welsh, and I hear that the inhabitants of Brittany, and of Wales, understand each others' tongue.”

Her first impressions are not, however, of a pleasing sort. The next letter from Rennes proceeds—

“ Surely never were there worse roads, than those we have passed : if they be a specimen of what we have yet to come, I much doubt if we return home without being maimed. Sometimes a sudden jerk threw us from our seats, or tossed our heads against the roof of the carriage, which I never expected to get here without breaking down.”

“ I wrote my last letter to you from Arranches. We quitted that charming place at midnight, and breakfasted the next morning at Dol, en Bretagne, where an entirely new scene presented itself ; for the dirt and misery of the people exhibited a state of existence so comfortable and wretched, that I could scarcely fancy them the inhabitants of a civilized country. Dol is an ancient Gothic town ; the shops still remain in their original state ; their Gothic fronts, supported by short massy ornamented columns, that unite with each other, and form the streets into colonnades. We continued our route, and the carriage after passing through an arm of the sea entered St. Malo, a fine town, adjacent to the island of Jersey. It is surrounded by ramparts and strong towers, that still remain entire ; these were erected more than four hundred years since : they exhibit a very perfect specimen of the strongly fortified, and walled towns of former ages. The view from St. Malo is peculiar, and

striking ; little rocks and fortified islands appear in the midst of the sea, as far as the eye can distinguish distant objects. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, when we once more found ourselves in a comfortable inn at St. Malo ; and at three in the morning we again commenced another tiresome journey. At noon we passed the charmingly situated town of Hédé, where, upon a high rock rising amidst the finest woods, stand the remains of a castle, that formerly belonged to the Duchesse Anne. It was here that I may say, I had the first view of the people of Bretagne, in all their native wildness ; for the carriage rested in the market place, and gave me full time to consider the strange appearance of those who were to us a new race of beings. The wild look which more particularly characterises the men, is greatly increased by their wearing their hair long and loose ; they have a most uncivilized and rude air, and seem in a state of extreme poverty. A boy came up to the carriage, and appeared anxious to induce us to buy the fruit he held in a basket ; as we could not speak to him in his own language (the Patois), we gave him a small piece of money, intending to purchase some fruit ; he looked surprised, and would actually have emptied the whole contents of his basket in return, could we have taken it. I afterwards found, that this would have been less than the value of what we gave him, so extremely cheap are all kinds of fruit and provisions in Brittany ; but this is of little advantage to the people, their labour being paid in the same proportion. We continued our fatiguing journey from Hédé, and at five in the afternoon arrived at Rennes, after having had very little rest from travelling in such dreadful roads, during eight-and-forty hours.”

And again—

“ Since we have been at Rennes, we have remarked how much even the better class of people differ from the French ; they have not the least trait of their complaisance, but address you in a rough and brutal way. We have observed also their excessive dislike of the English ; and I cannot here omit relating a trifling incident that will serve to illustrate the character of gentlemen Bretons, for I believe they are all very much alike. I was yesterday making a sketch of Port St. George, an ancient gateway in the outskirts of the town, when several persons, habited like gentlemen, came up, and very unceremoniously placed themselves about me. I imagine they consider it impossible a foreigner could understand French ; for they were very personal in their remarks, and amused themselves with conjecturing who I might be. At last they agreed I was either Italian or English ; but from my dress they determined the latter, and because all Eng-



fishwomen were little creatures. This remark introduced a conversation upon the general character of our nation, which they closed: 'in good set terms,' without moving from their station. As I resolved to finish my drawing, I mustered up courage sufficient to continue it, without heeding their rudeness; till one of them, wishing to gratify his curiosity by staring me in the face, placed himself between me and the object I was delineating. I motioned with my hand for him to move; but this he did not, or would not understand. I then, in few words, civilly begged him to get out of the way. Immediately one of them exclaimed, 'She speaks French, do all the women in England speak French?' I took no notice in this, determined that I would not give up my English spirit, and be driven from my post by impertinence. These Breton gentlemen then entered into a fresh discourse upon French and English literature, and agreed that all we possessed was borrowed from the French, and that our best editions of Shakespeare, were a translation from Voltaire, who had given him beauties of his own, which the original never possessed. Whilst they were thus displaying their knowledge of these wonderful literary mysteries, a French officer came up, who knew these men, and seemed surprised at their intrusion. He begged them to remove, and politely apologized for their impertinence; assuring me that he was no Breton, and that if I knew the people as he did, I should find them the most brutal mannered, either in France, or in another country.

The excessive dislike the people of Brittany bear towards the English, is to be ascribed, in a principal degree, to the ideas they have formed, and yet entertain, respecting the conduct of England in the affair of the Breton Bay, where our administration, during the war a number of French emigrants to join the royalists. These unfortunate persons were all slaughtered in the course of that ensued, and the French government, always desirous of disseminating hatred against the people a hatred towards the English, caused a report to be circulated, that we had sent the emigrants to the Breton Bay, for the purpose of being there executed. I was walking yesterday with a friend in Rennes, when he stopped at the door of a shop, to examine a large map of Brittany. Mr. S.— looking for Anuray, pointed his finger along the map, till he reached the mark of the celebrated druidical remains; and, turning to me, said, 'There is Anuray.' An officer who chanced to be present at the moment, came up to him, and with a fierce look, placed his own finger upon the map, exclaiming, 'And there is Anuray!'"

The subsequent letter finishes the picture of Breton brutality. Going from Rennes to Anuray, Mr. S. writes—

"I continued our journey in this wildly desolate country, passing through thick woods of chestnut trees, with which Brittany is clothed. By the road's side, or in the open way wretchedly dirty looking women were crouching, with the distaff in their

hands, watching their cows and goats. The Bretons dwell in huts, generally built of mud; men, pigs, and children live all together, without distinction, in these cabins of accumulated filth and misery. The people are, indeed, dirty to a loathed excess, and to this may be attributed their unhealth, and even cadaverous aspect. Their manners are as wild and savage as their appearance: the only indication they exhibit of mingling at all with civilized creatures, is, that whenever they meet you, they bow their heads, or take off their hats in token of respect. I could not have supposed it possible that human nature endured an existence so buried in dirt, till I came into this province. The common people are apparently in the very lowest state of poverty. In some part of Brittany the men wear a goat skin dress, and look not unlike De Foe's description of Robinson Crusoe. The furry part of this dress is worn outside: it is made with long sleeves, and falls nearly below the knees. Their long shaggy hair hangs dishevelled about their shoulders, the head being covered by a broad flapped straw or heaver hat. Some few of the Bretons go without shoes or stockings: but the generally wear slippers, and thrust straw into them, to prevent the feet being rubbed by the pressure of the wood. You frequently see the women, both old and young, sauntering along the fields with the distaff, employed in spinning off the flax. The girls carry milk upon their heads, in a vessel of rather an elegant form, somewhat resembling the common Roman household vessels.

We continued travelling, in the hope of coming into some town or village, where we might obtain refreshment; for, in consequence of leaving Rennes so early, we had not breakfasted, and, unfortunately, my little basket, from neglect, was unsupplied. You may imagine, therefore, that the postillion's announcement of a town being in sight, was most agreeable intelligence to persons numbed with cold, and sick for want of food. Accordingly at noon we arrived at Ploëlan, to us the land of promise, and, like many such lands, afforded only disappointment, augmented by the comfortable hopes we had indulged. The horses, who, from custom, knew their resting-place, jogged on at a full trot, that was soon abated by the mud, through which they had to wade in passing down the village street. Ploëlan consists of a few miserable houses, inhabited by the pallid and dirty natives of Bretagne. Before their doors several children, covered only by a few tattered garments, were paddling for very sport, in the pool of slush that flooded the street; their savage manners and wretched looks, begrimed as they were with dirt, gave them the appearance of little imps appertaining to some lower world.

"We stopped at the entry of what is termed an inn, distinguished by the bush suspended over the door. At most of the inns in this country, they hang out such a signal, to denote that wine is sold within. This custom, now almost obsolete in England, reminds us of the old proverb, 'Good wine needs no bush;' but, if in the inns, they sell

only cyder, it is expressed in Brittany by hanging a few apples to the side of the bush. Here the horses were to rest two hours, during which time we proposed regaling ourselves with something like a dinner. Upon entering the inn, the first view of the interior made me start back; for I had never seen any thing at all similar to it before. Some faggots were blazing in a ruined chimney, by the side of which stood a miserable bed, where an old man sick of the gout was sitting up; the tortures of his disorder (the fit was upon him) gave to a naturally fierce and savage countenance, a malignant and dreadful expression; his complaint burst forth in accents of impatient extravagance, unchecked by the presence of strangers. The curtains of his bed hung in tattered rags, fastened by spindles, that craved about, and made their intricate web upon the pendant shreds of the decayed hangings. A slush pool, in the centre of the room, served the double purpose of a receiving basin for foul water, and a pond for the ducks, who enjoyed themselves by paddling about in it. A hen-roost stood above a ladder of raiment, beneath which a fowl was hatching her young upon a sort of dung-bill. To think of dining was impossible; we begged to be shewn into some other room, and inquired if they could give us bread and coffee. We were ushered into an apartment quite in character with the rest of the house. After insisting that the nearly broken down chairs might be wiped, (a caution very necessary before venturing to sit down,) we ordered a fire, and had at least the comfort of warming ourselves, for all hope of refreshment vanished as soon as the report appeared. The bread was full of sand, that gritted between the teeth, and so sour that I could not taste a second piece; the coffee bore no resemblance to that beverage, excepting the brown coloured tinge, but seemed a mixture of dirty water and sugar. We resigned it after the first taste, and paid for looking at such fare, as we could not be said to partake of it, the sum of four francs; while some French travellers below, were regaled in like manner for twelve sous each. One of these travellers had the charity to give me a bunch of grapes, which, with the addition of some chestnuts that Mr. S.— pulled from the trees as we journeyed on, was all the refreshment we could procure from fire in the morning till ten o'clock the same night when we got into Ploëmel. I cannot but think how useful a moral lesson a day's starvation would be to those who have plenty, and a daily meal; that they may experience the misery arising from the want of food, and learn to pity and feel for the needy who have none."

(To be continued.)

#### AMERICAN INDIANS.

"No chief pays any attention to reports, though they may carry with them the truth of truth. Until he is officially and in due

\* From a historical view of the Indian nations, containing an account of their manners. Read to the American Philosophical Society, by Mr. Hockewelder.

form apprised of the matter, he will, if questioned on the subject, reply that he had not heard it. It will, until then, be considered by him as the *song of a bird which had flown by*; but as soon as he is officially informed, through a string of wampum from some distant chief or leading man of the nation, whose situation entitles him to receive credit, he then will say: "I have heard it," and acts accordingly."

"Their belts of wampum are of different dimensions, both as to the length and breadth. White and black wampum are the kinds they use; the former denoting that which is good, as peace, friendship, good will, &c., the latter the reverse; yet occasionally the black also is made use of on peace errands, when the white cannot be procured; but previous to its being produced for such purpose, it must be daubed all over with chalk, white clay, or any thing which changes the colour from black to white. The pipe of peace, being either made of a black or red stone, must also be whitened before it is produced and smoked off on such occasions."

"A black belt with the mark of a hatchet made on it with red paint, is a war belt, which when sent to a nation together with a twist or roll of tobacco, is an invitation to join in a war. If the nation so invited smoke of this tobacco and say it smokes well, that they give their consent, and are from that moment allies. If however they decline smoking, all further persuasion would be of no effect; yet it once happened, that war messengers endeavoured to persuade and counsel a nation to accept the belt, by laying it in the shoulders or thigh of the chief, who, however, after shaking it off without touching it with his hands, afterwards, with a stick, threw it after them, as if he threw a snake or rod out of his way."

"The Indians judge with calmness on all occasions, and decide with precision, or endeavour so to do, between an accident and a sinful act:—the *first* (they say) they are all able to commit, and therefore it ought not to be noticed, or punished;—the *second* being wilful or premeditated act, committed with bad design, ought on the contrary to receive due punishment."

"To illustrate this subject, I shall relate few of the cases of this description which have come within my knowledge. One morning early, an Indian came into the house of another who was yet asleep, asking for the loan of his gun for a morning hunt, his own being out of repair; the owner readily consented, and said: "as my gun is not loaded, you will have to take a few balls out of your pouch!" In taking the gun down, it, however, by some accident went off, and lodged the contents in the owner's head, who was still lying on the bed, and now expired. The gun, appeared, was loaded, though unknown to him, and the lock left in such a condition at by a touch it went off. A cry was heard from all sides in the house: O! the *accident*! for such it was always considered to have been, and was treated as such."

"A hunter went out to kill a bear, some of those animals having been seen in the

neighbourhood. In an obscure part of a wood, he saw at a distance something black moving, which he took for a bear, the whole of the animal not being visible to him; he fired, and found he had shot a black horse. Having discovered the mistake, he informed the owner of what had happened, expressing at the same time his regret that he was not possessed of a single horse, with which he could replace the one he had shot. What! replied the Indian whose horse had been killed, do you think I would accept a horse from you, though you had one to give, after you have satisfied me that you killed mine by accident? No, indeed! for the same misfortune might also happen to me."

"An aged Indian who had gone out to shoot a turkey, mistook a black hog in the bushes for one of those birds, and shot him; finding out by enquiry to whom the hog belonged, he informed the owner of the mistake he had made, offering to pay for the hog; which the other, however, not only would not accept of, but having brought the meat in, gave him a leg of the animal, because he thought that the unfortunate man, as well on account of his disappointment, in not feasting on turkey as he expected soon to do when he shot the hog, as for his honesty in informing of what he had done, was entitled to a share of what he had killed."

"Marriages among the Indians are not, as with us, contracted for life; it is understood on both sides that the parties are not to live together any longer than they shall be pleased with each other. The husband may put away his wife whenever he pleases, and the woman may in like manner abandon her husband. Therefore the connexion is not attended with any vows, promises, or ceremonies of any kind. An Indian takes a wife as it were on trial, determined, however, in his own mind, not to forsake her, if she behaves well, and particularly if he has children by her. The woman, sensible of this, does on her part every thing in her power to please her husband, particularly if he is a good hunter or trapper, capable of maintaining her by his skill and industry, and protecting her by his strength and courage."

"When a marriage takes place, the duties and labours incumbent on each party are well known to both. It is understood that the husband is to build a house for them to dwell in, to find the necessary implements of husbandry, as axes, hoes, &c. to provide a canoe, and also dishes, bowls, and other necessary vessels for house-keeping. The woman generally has a kettle or two, and some other articles of kitchen furniture, which she brings with her. The husband, as master of the family, considers himself bound to support it by his bodily exertions, as hunting, trapping, &c.; the woman, as his *help-mate*, takes upon herself the labours of the field, and is far from considering them as more important than those to which her husband is subjected, being well satisfied that with his gun and traps he can maintain a family in any place where game is to be found: nor do they think it any hardship imposed upon them; for they themselves say, that while their field labour employs them at

most six weeks in the year, that of the men continues the whole year round."

"When a couple is newly married, the husband (without saying a single word upon the subject) takes considerable pains to please his wife, and by repeated proofs of his skill and abilities in the art of hunting, to make her sensible that she can be happy with him, and that she will never want while they live together. At break of day he will be off with his gun, and often by breakfast time return home with a deer, turkey, or some other game. He endeavours to make it appear that it is in his power to bring provisions home whenever he pleases, and his wife, proud of having such a good hunter for her husband, does her utmost to serve and make herself agreeable to him."

"The more a man does for his wife, the more he is esteemed, particularly by the women, who will say: "This man surely loves his wife." Some men at their leisure hours make bowls and ladders, which, when finished, are at their wives' disposal."

"In the year 1762, I was witness to a remarkable instance of the disposition of Indians to indulge their wives. There was a famine in the land, and a sick Indian woman expressed a great desire for a mess of Indian corn. Her husband having heard that a trader at Lower Sandusky had a little, set off on horseback for that place, one hundred miles distant, and returned with as much corn as filled the crown of his hat, for which he gave his horse in exchange, and came home on foot, bringing his saddle back with him."

(To be continued.)

#### KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK.

(Concluded.)

The second extract to which we have alluded, is the following description of the Dutch government in the city which they had built in America.

In treating of the early governors of the province, I must caution my readers against confounding them, in point of dignity and power, with those worthy gentlemen, who are whimsically denominated governors in this enlightened republic—a set of unhappy victims of popularity, who are in fact the most dependent, hen-pecked beings in the community: doomed to bear the secret goadings and corrections of their own party, and the sneers and revilings of the whole world beside.—Set up, like geese at Christmas holidays, to be pelted and shot at by every whipster and vagabond in the land. On the contrary, the Dutch governors enjoyed that uncontrolled authority, vested in all commanders of distant colonies or territories. They were in a manner absolute despots in their little domains, lordling it, if so disposed, over both law and gospel, and accountable to none but the mother country; which it is well known is astonishingly deaf to all complaints against its governors, provided they discharge the main duty of their station—squeezing out a good revenue. This hint will be of importance, to prevent my readers from being seized with doubt and in-

credulity, whenever, in the course of this authentic history, they encounter the uncommon circumstance of a governor acting with independence, and in opposition to the opinions of the multitude.

To assist the doubtful Wouter in the arduous business of legislation, a board of magistrates was appointed, which presided immediately over the police. This potent body consisted of a schout or bailiff, with powers between those of the present mayor and sheriff—five burgemeesters, who were equivalent to aldermen, and five schepens, who officiated as scrubs, subdevis, or bottle-holders to the burgemeesters, in the same manner as do assistant aldermen to their principals at the present day; it being their duty to fill the pipes of the lordly burgemeesters—hunt the markets for delicacies for corporation dinners, and to discharge such other little offices of kindness as were occasionally required. It was, moreover, tacitly understood, though not specifically enjoined, that they should consider themselves as butts for the blunt wits of the burgemeesters, and should laugh most heartily at all their jokes; but this last was a duty as rarely called in action in those days as it is at present, and was shortly remitted, in consequence of the tragical death of a fat little schepen—who actually died of suffocation in an unsuccessful effort to force a laugh at one of burgemeester Van Zandt's best jokes.

"In return for these humble services, they were permitted to say *yes* and *no* at the council board, and to have that enviable privilege, the run of the public kitchen—being graciously permitted to eat, and drink, and smoke, at all those snug junketings, and public gormandizings, for which the ancient magistrates were equally famous with their modern successors. The post of schepen, therefore, like that of assistant alderman, was eagerly coveted by all your burghers of a certain description, who have a huge relish for good feeding, and an humble ambition to be great men, in a small way—who thirst after a little brief authority, that shall render them the terror of the almshouse, and the bride-well—that shall enable them to lord it over obsequious poverty, vagrant vice, outcast prostitution, and hunger-driven dishonesty—that shall give to their beck a hound-like pack of catch-poles and bun-bailiffs—tenfold greater rogues than the culprits they hunt down!—My readers will excuse this sudden warmth, which I confess is unbecoming of a grave historian—but I have a mortal antipathy to catch-poles, bun-bailiffs, and little great men.

The ancient magistrates of this city corresponded with those of the present time no less in form, magnitude, and intellect, than in prerogative and privilege. The burgomasters, like our aldermen, were generally chosen by weight—and not only the weight of the body, but likewise the weight of the head. It is a maxim practically observed in all honest, plain thinking, regular cities, that an alderman should be fat—and the wisdom of this can be proved to a certainty. 'That the body is in some measure an image of the mind, or rather that the mind is moulded to

the body, like melted lead to the clay in which it is cast, has been insisted on by many philosophers, who have made human nature their peculiar study—For as a learned gentleman of our own city observes, 'there is a constant relation between the moral character of all intelligent creatures, and their physical constitution—between their habits and the structure of their bodies.' Thus we see, that a lean, spare, diminutive body, is generally accompanied by a petulant, restless, meddling mind—either the mind wears down the body, by its continual motion; or else the body, not affording the mind sufficient house-room, keeps it continually in a state of fretfulness, tossing and worrying about from the uneasiness of its situation. Whereas your round, sleek, fat, unwieldy periphery is ever attended by a mind like itself, tranquil, torpid, and at ease; and we may always observe, that your well fed, robust burghers, are in general very tenacious of their ease and comfort; being great enemies to noise, discord, and disturbance—and surely none are more likely to study the public tranquillity than those who are so careful of their own. Who ever hears of fat men heading a riot, or herding together in turbulent mobs?—no—no—it is your lean, hungry men, who are continually worrying society, and setting the whole community by the ears.

"The divine Plato, whose doctrines are not sufficiently attended to by the philosophers of the present age, allows to every man three souls—one immortal and rational, seated in the brain, that it may overlook and regulate the body—a second consisting of the surly and irascible passions, which, like belligerent powers, lie encamped around the heart—a third mortal and sensual, destitute of reason, gross and brutal in its propensities, and enchaind in the belly, that it may not disturb the divine soul by its ravenous howlings. Now, according to this excellent theory, what can be more clear, than that your fat alderman is most likely to have the most regular and well-conditioned mind? His head is like a huge spherical chamber, containing a prodigious mass of soft brains, whereon the rational soul lies softly and snugly couched, as on a feather bed; and the eyes, which are the windows of the bed-chamber, are usually half closed, that its slumbering may not be disturbed by external objects. A mind thus comfortably lodged, and protected from disturbance, is manifestly most likely to perform its functions with regularity and ease. By dint of good feeding, moreover, the mortal and malignant soul, which is confined in the belly, and which, by its raging and roaring, puts the irritable soul in the neighbourhood of the heart in an intolerable passion, and thus renders men crusty and quarrelsome when hungry, is completely pacified, silenced, and put to rest—whereupon a host of honest good-fellow qualities and kind-hearted affections, which had lain perdue, slily peeping out of the loop-holes of the heart, finding this Cerberus asleep, do pluck up their spirits, turn out one and all in their holiday suits, and gambol up and down the

diaphragm—disposing their possessor to laughter, good humour, and a thousand friendly offices towards his fellow mortals.

"As a board of magistrates, formed on this model, think but very little, they are the less likely to differ and wrangle about favourite opinions—and as they generally transact business upon a hearty dinner, they are naturally disposed to be lenient and indulgent in the administration of their duties. Charlemagne was conscious of this, and, therefore, (a pitiful measure, for which I can never forgive him) ordered in his carucials, that no judge should hold a court of justice, except in the morning, on an empty stomach: a rule which, I warrant, bore hard upon all the poor culprits in his kingdom. The more enlightened and humane generation of the present day have taken an opposite course, and have so managed, that the aldermen are the best fed men in the community; feasting lustily on the fat things of the land, and gorging so heartily oysters and turtles, that in process of time they acquire the activity of the one, and the form, the waddle, and the green fat of the other. The consequence is, as I have just said, these luxurious feastings do produce such a dulcet equanimity and repose of the soul, rational and irrational, that their transactions are proverbial for unvarying monotony—and the profound laws, which they enact in their dazing moments, amid the labours of digestion, are quietly suffered to remain as dead letters, and never enforced when awake. In a word, your fair round-bellied burgomaster, like a full-fed mastiff, dozes quietly at the house-door, always at home, and always at hand to watch over his safety—but as to electing a lean, meddling candidate to the office, as has now and then been done, I would as lief put a greyhound to watch the house, or a race horse to drag an ox-wagon.

"The burgomasters, then, as I have already mentioned, were wisely chosen by weight, and the schepens, or assistant aldermen, were appointed to attend upon them, and help them eat; but the latter, in the course of time, when they had been fed and fattened into sufficient bulk of body and drowsiness of brain, became very eligible candidates for the burgomasters' chairs, having fairly eaten themselves into office, as a mouse eats his way into a comfortable lodgment in a goodly, blue-nosed, skimmed milk, New-England cheese."

We should have been glad to prolong these spirited examples; but the doings of Walter the Doubter, William the Testy, and Peter the Headstrong, the three Dutch governors of New Amsterdam, would lead us into a field so wide that it would expose our review, comparatively, to the same objection of prolixity which we have alledged against the work in hand. To avoid this fault we shall conclude, with one quotation more, from the finale, viz. an account of the terms upon which the city ultimately surren-

dered to its besiegers, thereby terminating the first dynasty.

While all these woful struggles and dissensions were prevailing in the unhappy city of New Amsterdam, and while its worthy but ill-starred governor was framing the above quoted letter, the English commanders did not remain idle. They had agents secretly employed to foment the fears and clamours of the populace; and moreover circulated far and wide, through the adjacent country, a proclamation, repeating the terms they had already held out in their summons to surrender, and beguiling the simple Dutchers with the most crafty and conciliating professions. They promised that every man who voluntarily submitted to the authority of his British majesty, should retain peaceable possession of his house, his vrouw, and his cabbage garden. That he should be suffered to smoke his pipe, speak Dutch, wear as many breeches as he pleased, and import bricks, tiles, and stone jugs from Holland, instead of manufacturing them on the spot. That he should on no account be compelled to learn the English language, or keep accounts in any other way than by casting them up on his fingers, and chalking them down upon the crown of his hat; as is still observed among the Dutch yeomen at the present day. That every man should be allowed quietly to inherit his father's hat, coat, shoe-buckles, pipe, and every other personal appendage; and that no man should be obliged to conform to any improvements, inventions, or any other modern innovations; or on the contrary should be permitted to build his house, follow his trade, manage his farm, rear his hogs, and educate his children, precisely as his ancestors did before him since time immemorial—Finally, that he should have all the benefits of free trade, and should not be required to acknowledge any other saint in the calendar than St. Nicholas, who should thenceforward, as before, be considered the tutelar saint of the city.

These terms, as may be supposed, appeared very satisfactory to the people, who had a great disposition to enjoy their property unmolested, and a most singular aversion to engage in a contest, where they could gain little more than honour and broken heads—the first of which they held in philosophic indifference, the latter in utter detestation. By these insidious means, therefore, did the English succeed in alienating the confidence and affections of the populace from their gallant old governor, whom they considered as obstinately bent upon running them into hideous misadventures; and did not hesitate to speak their minds freely, and abuse him most heartily—behind his back.

Like as a mighty grampus, who, though assailed and buffeted by roaring waves and brawling surges, still keeps on an undeviating course; and though overwhelmed by boisterous billows, still emerges from the troubled deep, spouting and blowing with tempestuous violence, so did the indefatigable Peter pursue, unwavering, his determined career, and rise, contemptuous, above the clamours of the rabble.

*A Day in Autumn; a Poem, by Bernard Barton.* London and Woodbridge, 1820. Small 4to. pp. 31.

In the Literary Gazette of the 22d of last April, we introduced this author to our readers as a Quaker bard of no mean pretensions. Slight as his new work is, in our opinion it will enhance his poetical fame: for it displays many beauties of a fine order, and is stamped throughout with traits of genius a like remote from extravagance and mediocrity. Amiable feeling, a pure sense of nature, a heart right toned, and a head well regulated, are visible in every verse; and it is to us a sincere gratification to find the higher conceptions of the muse thus linked with the better principles of morality; harmony and grace enlisted in the cause of virtue, and our pleasures from an effusion of fancy, not too dearly purchased by the consciousness that while we are delighting our imaginations we are tainting our minds.

But the philanthropy and tenderness, as well as the skill and talent of the author, will better appear from his composition than our commendation; and we proceed to lay specimens of the *Day in Autumn* before the public.

In a dedication to Mr. Southey, Mr. Barton states his view of the subject, and elsewhere, in the poem itself, further says:

I took my pen up, in no formal fit,  
The feelings of a few bright hours to scan;  
And as they rise I trace their course as best I can.

There is however a regular, and what is preferable, a very sweet invocation, with which he commences; and we shall produce it as a truly poetical description of the season which gives the poem its name.

Autumn! soul soothing season, thou who spreadest

Thy lavish feast for every living thing,  
Around whose leaf-strew'd path, as on thou treadest,

The year its dying odours loves to fling,  
Their last faint fragrance sweetly scattering:—  
O! let thy influence, meek, majestic, holy,  
So consciously around my spirit cling,

That its fix'd frame may be, remote from folly,

Of sober thought combin'd with gentle melancholy.

If, in the morning of my life, to Spring

I paid my homage with a heart elate;  
And with each fluttering insect on the wing,

Or small bird, singing to his happy mate,  
And Flora's festival, then held in state;—

H! joyous sympathy with these was mine,  
O! still allow me now to dedicate

To Thee a loftier song:—that tone assign  
Unto my murmuring lyre, which Nature gives to thine.

A tone of thrilling softness, now, as caught  
From light winds sweeping o'er a stubble field;—

And, now and then, be with those breezes brought

A murmur musical, of winds conceal'd  
In coy recesses, by escape reveal'd:—

And, ever and anon, still deeper tone  
Of winter's gathering dirge, at distance peal'd,  
By harps and hands unseen; and only known

To some enthusiast's ear when worshipping alone.

No more of invocation! Bright the day

Arose; as if the glorious sun were bent,  
(Like some proud monarch, whose declining sway

Is still majestic and magnificent.)  
On once more filling his own ornament

With undiminish'd splendour:—

The last image is grand, and indeed the whole passage beautiful, in spite of the expressions upon which we have passed the censure of *italics*.

The kind-heartedness of the writer shines in a comment upon the scriptural account of the woman who poured ointment on the head of Christ.

O! how that action, 'mid the chronicle  
Of darkest crimes, with which the chapter teems,

Shines forth, with lustre inexpressible,  
Uncertainly brightness shedding from its beams,

All unclipp'd of its gentle glory seems  
By the dense clouds that wrap our lower sphere;

We turn to it, from those more painful themes,  
[SCARLET's treachery, and PETER's fear,

The Priest's hypocrisy, the Soldier's cruel sneer;—

From such we turn to it, as to a thing  
Gentle, compassionate, pure, holy, good!

And the heart's better feelings, as they cling  
Unto its memory, lead us, as they should,

To genuine virtue's most congenial mood;  
Not taught by speculative creeds, which draw

The mind's attention from its heavenly food;—  
We feel this truth impress'd, with hallow awe,  
That LOVE is in itself fulfilment of God's law!

Tell me, thou strenuous advocate of creeds,  
Dogmas, and systems; overlooking still  
Those milder charities, and christian deeds  
Without which faith is dead:—with all thy skill

Know'st thou not this—the LETTER can but kill,

The SPIRIT giveth life?—O! far above  
The proudlest theoreticians, does he fulfil

The precepts of our faith, whose actions prove  
That he has learnt aright this truth—that God

is LOVE!

But to return to the *Day*: the following thought, if not now, is prettily turned:

The bright sun threw his glory all around,  
And then the balmy, mild, autumnal breeze  
Swept, with a musical, and fitful sound,  
Among the fading foliage of the trees.

And, now and then, a playful gust would seize  
Some falling leaf, and, like a living thing  
Which fits about wherever it may please,  
It floated round in many a airy ring.

'Till on the dewy grass it lost its transient wing.  
The love of poetry—its means and ends, are well pourtrayed.

The Muses are not innately oppos'd  
To pure religion:—witness Cowper's lyre;  
And those more awful visions once disjoin'd  
To him, the loftiest of our tuneful choir,  
Scrapp'd Milton, whose lips felt the fire  
Caught from the altar's live coal; prompt-  
ed whence,  
In verse which, although numerous, could not  
tire,

He sang of themes beyond our finite sense,  
And pour'd his heavenly song with holy elo-  
quence.

Not that a Poet by his craft is bound  
To be for ever harping heavenly themes;  
Though palms unfading grow on holy ground,  
And at their feet are everlasting streams,  
And many a spot with holiest vision teems,  
Replete with inspiration: still, we may  
Be more familiar with them than beset  
True reverence; and unguardedly betray  
The cause we wish to serve by our unwearied lay,  
Yet he who scans aright the end for which  
The gift of song, if genuine, was bestow'd,  
Will ever strain its most commanding pitch  
In virtue's praise; and seek to strew the  
road

That leads to her immortal, blest abode;  
With amaranthine flowers:—even when he  
plays  
With lighter theme, in seeming mirthful  
mode,

Or nature's loveliness in song pours, trays,  
His end and aim through all should be the Gi-  
ver's praise,

And inexhaustible the beauties are  
Of this fair universe.—The boundless main;  
Heaven's out-stretch'd cope, begem'd with  
many a star;

And earth's rich loveliness,—the ample  
plain,  
And stream which marks it like a silver vein;  
Mountains, and forest, lake, and water-fall;  
Can minstrel e'er want subject for his strain,  
While such display their charms so pro-  
digious!

Or how, while singing them, forget who form'd  
them all?  
O Foesy! thou dear delightful art!  
Of sciences—by far the most sublime;  
Who, acting rightly thy immortal part,  
Art virtue's handmaid, censor stern of  
crime,

Nature's high priest, and chronicler of time;  
The nurse of feeling; and the interpreter  
Of purest passion:—who, in manhood's  
prime,

In age, or infancy, alike canst stir  
The heart's most secret thoughts.

The mind thus alive to the best purposes  
of poetry, cannot be insensible to the charms  
of creation: the author glows in their des-  
cription.

—We drove  
Through bowering lanes; their lofty trees  
beneath,  
Whose leaves were ting'd with beauty far  
above  
Spring's gayest hues, or brightest freshest  
green:  
Their blending shades of every tint were seen;  
Pale amber, half transparent in the ray  
Of the bright sun; while others, in his sheen,  
Assum'd more gorgeous colours; and others—  
grey,  
Wither'd, and lifeless now, bestrew'd our nar-  
row way.

Nor was the distant scenery aught surpass'd

By nearer objects; there, expanding wide,  
And by unclouded sunshine brightly glass'd,  
Flow'd, Orwell! thy serenely rippling  
tide:

Hemm'd in by gently sloping on every side,  
Whose tufted woods upon its margin break,  
It more resemble'd, as by us descried,  
Some quietly reposing inland lake,  
Than ocean's briny branch, which ebb and flow  
o'erlake.

The farewell to the river Orwell, which  
seems endeared by early recollections, is  
also natural and affecting.

Farewell! then, and for ever! though thou  
must  
Be with me as a thing that cannot die,  
Until my memory shall resign its trust  
Of what life's brightest moments can sup-  
ply,

Hope, friendships, love, that charm'd me  
and pass'd by:  
Though far apart, perhaps, we may not  
sever,

And sometimes I may gaze, with pensive eye,  
Upon thy winding shores; yet never, never,  
Canst thou re-call again enjoyments fled for  
ever!

The sequent lines refer, we presume,  
to some of the friendly party whose amiable  
dispositions and cultivated tastes, induce  
them to regard elegant literature and its  
votaries, with feelings of a more liberal cast  
than the society has credit for.

And now our morning's ride is ended: past  
The hour of dinner,—round us fathers ere:  
And he who frames this legend must, at last,  
Of the kind circle round him take his leave.  
Nor would he foolishly repine, or grieve,  
Though some there be whom he may meet  
no more;

Even should it prove so, why should this be-  
rieve

His breast of some fond thoughts unknown  
before,  
Which friends till then unmet have added to its  
store?

But we have ponched beyond what  
is fair upon so small a manor of the  
Muse; and must depart, especially as

The day is over:—it is night, dark night!  
But such as should succeed a day so fair,  
Nought is there in its darkness to affright;  
No gusty winds of rising storms declare,  
But grateful silence fills the dewy air.

Even such a night as now with voiceless  
spell

Has gather'd round me: can I then forbear,  
Ere to my theme I bid a last farewell,  
The present hour to paint; NIGHT's calm  
delights to tell?

Soul soothing season! period of repose!  
Or introverted thought, which day debars;  
Can language paint, can poetry disclose,  
The magic of thy silence, dews, and stars?

When the loud mirth of day no longer mars  
Our better feelings with its empty sound;  
When we forget, awhile, the cruel jars  
Our souls in worldly intercourse have  
found,

How welcome are thy shades, with peaceful  
quiet crown'd!

One topic more, Still Night! will yet intrude  
Upon my serious thought, while hymning  
Thee:—

Thou art the emblem, type, similitude,  
Of silence yet more awful; although we  
Are loath the approach of Death's dark night  
to see!

Father of mercies! THOU whose goodness  
gave

Thy Son below'd, man's sacrifice to be,  
Grant that in life's last hour my soul may  
crave,

Nor crave in vain, His Love to light me  
through the Grave;

Trusting that our extracts have more  
than justified our praise, we once more  
take leave of the author, whom we con-  
sider to be an ornament and honour to  
the Society of Friends, of which he is a  
member.

#### ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY: *Hebrew Medal.*

The Royal Irish Academy have just pub-  
lished the second part of the 13th vol. of their  
Transactions, which contains the following  
articles. SCIENCE.—On Voltaic Electric-  
ity, by the Rev. T. R. Robinson; on the  
Changes of the Human Skeleton at different  
periods of Life, by W. Wallace, M.D.;  
Method of computing Astronomical Refrac-  
tions near the Horizon, by Professor Brinkley;  
the Inscription of a regular Polygon  
of 17 sides in a Circle, by Rev. Fra-  
s. Sadler; Method of correcting the approx-  
imate Elements of the Orbit of a Comet, by  
Professor Brinkley. POLITE LITERATURE.  
—Essay on the Life and Writings of Ossian,  
by an Analysis of his Cynegetics, by the  
Rev. W. H. Drummmond. ANTIQUITIES.—  
Remarks on a Brass Medal of our Saviour,  
found at Cork, by H. J. M. Mason; Con-  
jectures on the Origin of the Oriental Man-  
ner of Counting from Right to Left, by A. S.  
Sankey; Observations which accompanied a  
Hebrew Medal submitted to the Inspec-  
tion of the Academy, by the Rev. R. Walsh;  
Description of a Rich and Ancient Box,  
containing a Latin Copy of the Gospels,  
found on a mountain in the Co. Tipperary,  
by H. M. Maden; Description of a Drawing  
in the Red Book, of the Exchequer of Ire-  
land, by the same.

It may be remembered, that some time  
ago public mention was made of the Hebrew  
medal above alluded to, as found near Cork,  
the hypothesis raised upon which was, that it  
was coeval with the beginning of the Chris-  
tian era; the head being a bust of our  
Saviour, and the obverse containing an in-  
scription suitable to a record of that des-  
cription. We have recently had an oppor-  
tunity of examining the similar, but more  
perfect medal of the same kind, of which  
the account has been laid before the Royal  
Irish Academy by Dr. Walsh; and as these  
works are extremely curious, we trust that a  
brief notice of this specimen may be accept-  
able to others besides our numismatological  
readers. It was obtained at Rostock, in  
Lower Saxony, by Dr. Walsh, from a Polish  
Jew, who prized it as an ancient Christian  
amulet; and sold it as a talisman, more pre-  
cious to a Christian than to a Hebrew.  
It seems to be a duplicate of the Cork medal;  
but the profile is finer, and the legend much

plainer. It is distinctly as follows; (we quote the Hebrew characters in English,) *Meshiach malek be heshlam veor neadam gnashui chai. The Messiah has reigned; he came in peace; and being made the light of man, fireth.* No vowel points are discernible. The expression of the countenance is beautiful, and the character so pure as to establish a very high state of the arts at the period the die was struck. It is quite the Raphael or Carlo Dolce portrait of Christ. The metal is of a strange mixed composition, paler than common brass, and in colour resembling pure gold, but its specific gravity is infinitely less than even brass; zinc seems a constituent part. It is the most sonorous coin we ever met with, which is probably owing to the presence of a considerable proportion of tin, which gives the sonorous quality to the bell metal. Similar medals were not uncommon during the middle ages. Fac similis of seven are handed down by authors, between 1605 and 1702; and five originals are known to be in collections at this day; viz. Mr. Corlett's, at Cork, of brass; Mr. Symond's, Ensham, of silver; Dr. Clerk, of Millbank, one of brass, and another of copper, and our present subject, belonging to the Rev. R. Walsh, of Glasnevin. By comparing the plates and these medals, six different impressions are made out. Most of them are, we make no doubt, the fabrication of the latter ages; but we are not sure, that we ought to question the great antiquity of others. An *aleph* on the right of the bust in Mr. Walsh's, has been construed to be the date of the coin, and to signify, that it was struck the year after the resurrection, to commemorate that miraculous event. This proposition we leave for the learned in such matters to determine; and content ourselves with observing, that the execution is admirable, and corresponds better with the age of Agrippa, than with the declining arts from Adrian to Leo. X.

### Gwine and Solitaires.

OR AFTER DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Grey Beard.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### Old Slaughter's.

The Plantagenets and the Tudors, ages since, have passed away—the Stuarts too have gone to their rest, whilst the “new family,” as I remember them called, so imperceptibly, yet so unremittently does the sleepless plodder TIME, turn over year by year a new leaf in fate's volume, are already looking old and congenial upon the pages of British history.

Yes! when we look back to the first George—who the Hanoverians loved, and his adopted subjects revered, regretting only, after a long acquaintance, that he was not a Briton born, and pass to his royal son, who we remember him, feel onwards near approaching that brink, beyond which they have sunk—never more to return.

He, the third monarch of that illustrious house, whose lamp of life was lighted but a short season before Old Ephraim's, is quite burnt out, though lengthened to nature's last

glimmering flame; leaving a sweet odour, that invites us to prepare. And who that knew thy virtues, GEORGE! might not exclaim—O! that a life as pure as thine, thou best of kings, were mine!

It was but yesterday, the anniversary of thy once happy jubilee, I passed thy hallowed court. The creeping shrub that I have watched full many a season up-clinging to thy palace wall, had changed its green leaves to the deep raby and other gem-like hues, various as the painted casements of an ancient church, and seemed a memento of defunct majesty.

There, in thy palace garden, a solitary harp-binger of winter sat and sung, whilst the sudden gust hurled the dying leaves from off thy sanctuary. Sweet Robin! I never heard thy plaintive note chaunted so sad and mournfully.

The thundering of the drums meanwhile reverberated from old St. James's tower; 'twas like the sounds of former days. The loud word of command, was wafted to me in the northern blast. I heard the close heavy tramp of troops in the tower-court. The sound was like the ghosts of grenadiers that erst “carried arms,” dividing off, the loyal centinels—the old king's guard.

Spring shall return, and April showers the creeping shrub shall die a livelier green. The plaintive Robin may tune a sweeter note, and meet another mate; but thy kingly countenance shall never more be seen to smile benignantly from thy crimson throne.

The day cleared up. I rambled onward to see what's going on in the improving way of art, and stood in front of Gibbs's lofty pile, St. Martin's church. Here, said I, when I am gone, will others see its stately portico, rescued from its hiding place, the proud termination of a vista of magnificent dwellings.

Old dusky St. Martin's-lane! and yet it was but t'other day a new street of some consideration; for many a man of rank and condition resided here. It seems but a span beyond the date of some I remember in my infancy, when it was St. Martin's in the Fields.

The younger Richardson told me his grandfather saw Old Stone<sup>a</sup> buried in funeral pomp in that very church,<sup>b</sup> nearly half a century before the architect of the present structure was born.

Richardson had a multitude of sketches that were his father's, old Jonathan's Richardson. Among these were many a curious bit long since perished, no doubt, but which would now fetch a topping price, if brought to the hammer; and raise a mighty

<sup>a</sup> Old Stone was master mason to King Charles I. One of his sons executed his monument, which was a bas-relievo, with tools and implements of sculpture, admirably carved in marble. He and his two sons manufactured more tombstones than any three that England has produced. Old Stone died in 1641.

<sup>b</sup> Old St. Martin's church, built in the time of Henry VIII. was pulled down in 1721.

<sup>c</sup> Jonathan Richardson, a distinguished painter, and author of a learned treatise on that art; the “reading of which,” said the great Reynolds, “induced me to become a painter.”

hurly-burly among the remnant of the connoisseurs and dilettanti, who venture their venerable faces, muffled in fur, as you have seen, trotting against an eastern wind to a March sale.

He had a common-place book too, filled with many a curious scrap, dearly treasured up by this affectionate son.<sup>d</sup> This the senior Richardson had often exhibited at the club at Old Slaughter's. He had crowded it with notes of many matters, apparently of no import to any but himself. The good old man, I've heard my uncle Zachary say, fancied every one equally far gone in the collecting mania; hence he sometimes interrupted better conversation, which made Hogarth impatient, and utter a thousand pishes and phaw's; for “though he loved the man,” as he used to say, “he hated the connoisseur.”

There is a curious story of Jonathan Richardson and Harry Fielding,<sup>e</sup> which I have heard my uncle relate, but it is too long for this chapter. It was about Richardson's notes to Milton, which he used to read to all comers at Old Slaughter's,<sup>f</sup> Button's,<sup>g</sup> and Will's.<sup>h</sup> He seldom rambled city-ways, though sometimes he stepped in at the Rainbow,<sup>i</sup> where he counted a few worthies, or looked in at Dick's<sup>k</sup> and gave them a note or two. He would not put his foot on the threshold of the Devil's,<sup>l</sup> however, for he thought the sign profane; but more of this hereafter. Fielding would run a furlong to escape him; he called him Doctor Fidget.

George Lambert,<sup>m</sup> the landscape painter, I have heard my great uncle say, was the merriest of fellows, without the least buffoonery. He was frolicsome as Rochester, and satirical as Shaftsbury, although he never disgraced himself by obscenity like the one, nor made enemies like the other through ill nature or malice. He could be jocose with his inferiors without vulgarity; differing in

<sup>d</sup> It is said that the father and son, both most amiable men, sketched the countenance of each other, however slightly, every day; and this eccentric, and rare instance of affection, was continued to the father's death.

<sup>e</sup> Henry Fielding (properly *Fiddling*) the celebrated author of *Tom Jones*.

<sup>f</sup> Old Slaughter's coffee-house and hotel, St. Martin's-lane.

<sup>g</sup> Button's, coffee-house, formerly in Great Russell-street, Covent Garden.

<sup>h</sup> Will's coffee-house, near the same spot, both frequented by Pope, Swift, Steele, Addison, Arbuthnot, and other great wits.

<sup>i</sup> The Rainbow coffee-house, celebrated by Dr. Johnson's coterie, near the Temple Gate.

<sup>k</sup> Dick's coffee-house, nearly adjoining.

<sup>l</sup> The Devil tavern, formerly by the Temple.

<sup>m</sup> George Lambert, the best landscape painter of his day, and principal scene-painter of Covent Garden Theatre. He was the founder of the celebrated beef-steak club, the first members of which held their social meetings in the painting room of the theatre. The club was subsequently held in an apartment in the old playhouse; then removed to the Shakespeare tavern; thence again to the theatre; and being burnt out in 1812, the meetings adjourned to the Bedford. At present the celebrated club hold their convivial meetings at the English Opera House, in the St.

that too with some distinguished wisps his predecessors, and others his contemporaries; whilst he was delightfully social with his equals, and perfectly easy with his superiors in rank. His manners, according to my uncle's testimony, whose discernment was seldom called in question, were most engaging. Indeed I can readily believe all I have heard in Lambert's praise, for he must have possessed extraordinary powers of fascination that could draw the nobility who were used to eat their macaroni off gorgeous plate, to come to the scene room of Covent Garden to partake of a chop or steak, cooked on the top of a German stove.

He ruled at Old Slaughter's, a jovial king; and the landlord, himself a character, yielded to all the waggeries of him and his colleagues, the members of the club, composed of literati, painters, wits, antiquaries, and virtuosi, who had met there twice a week from the opening of the house. The sagacious tavern keeper! his yielding manners brought custom to the bar. Besides using a hamper of claret, burgundy, and old rhenish had "mine host" sent home to noble peers and men of high sounding title, name, and office, brought thither to taste his prime stock by the gay founder of the *Beef Steak Club*.

I could spin out a volume of stories of this club, related by my great uncle, which would amuse my readers, could I tell them with his naïveté. How many times he has made us laugh at the bickerings between Georgy, as he called him, and old "Grecian,"<sup>a</sup> Old Slaughter's cook. His manner of relating the broiling scene was so delectable, that Garrick, who had listened to it many years after the death of the principal parties, nearly choked my lord bishop of Peterborough by reciting it at Lord Exeter's table at Burlington. The bishop was eating fry-fish; a small bit of shell went the wrong way, and turned his lordship black in the face. Roscius was alarmed, and so were all the company; but the worthy prelate, on recovering, kindly urged him to proceed, and the whole party had another hearty laugh. Garrick mimicked the cook to admiration, and seasoned the dialogue with his own piquant sauce.

It seems the old cuisinier became mortally jealous of the reputation of the scene-room, which all the world were talking of at the expense of Dolly's and other places, as the *ne plus ultra*, for the choice cookery of a steak. Grecian was so sore upon the subject that it kept him awake o' nights, and fretted him at least a stone a quarter. In fact his jolly cheeks began to hang loose about him, which induced Hogarth to call him a *drapery* faced Greek. Lambert ironically told him he would take him to the "*House*," and give him a lesson on the broiling art. This

was too much—"Why, Mr. Lambert," said the old cook, almost bursting with suppressed anger, "do you take me for a turn-brooch—a scullion—a water-wag-tail—a goose-grubber—a pot-waloper—an ass—a fool! This is very ill usage, gentlemen! Suppose you I am to be taught the science by any dirty drizzle-tailed scullion of Covent Garden?—It will be high time for the devil to bring his gridiron, and brimstone hell to boil the pot, when I go to school to the ploughouse to take a lesson.—I thus sucked the culinary art with my mother's milk.—Ask master there, pointing to Old Slaughter—ask mistress there, pointing to his wife,—wasn't I a child of the queen's privy kitchen—godson of Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth to the queen, and favourite disciple of Patrick Lamb her majesty's first master cook? Wasn't I?" Here he was interrupted by Friar Pine's painter, whose glory was to be at the head of a frolic. He took up the cudgels for Grecian, and patting him on the bald pate, for the old boy had taken off his cap, and was rubbing it with his white apron,—"Never dinch, old Trojan," said he, "challenge him to a broiling match, as he boasts so loudly of his art." This proposition cooled cookey's heat a few degrees: "Will you dare try your skill, sir?" said he to Lambert: "What man dares—that dare I," replied the scene-painter, with the utmost gravity. "It is a match then," said the cook; "Yea!" said Lambert. Cookey wiped his hot hand, and respectfully offered it to Lambert, who shook him heartily and cried "*done*—your place against mine, my jolly old Grecian!" "When is the match to commence?" said the cook, "*all eager for the fight*."—"To-morrow—or to-day," said Lambert; "the time present is the best." "So be it, sir," said the smiling Greek, conscious of victory. "Aye, have a good blaze at four," said Lambert. "Trust me for that," said the old boy, and rubbed his hands with ecstasy.

Old Grecian was determined to have his say out, so he began again, "I should like to see your noted beef-steak broiler get up three courses of four and twenty, Mr. Lambert," "drawing his knife from his belt, and flourishing it about: "I should like to see him blunder at a turtle, or brawn's head, a fricassée, fricande or ragout, a bechémelle or maitre, garbure, or gâteaux de mille feuilles."

"A fig for your friends and fricassées, your French kickshaws, and buttered verri-grease, enough to make an Englishman sick. Can you broil a steak with Lambert? That's the question." Cookey was dumb-founded at being thus cut short in his scientific colloquy by his ally, and turning round with a grin, answered with petulant gravity and mock respect, bowing as low as his fat would let him, "Mister Edge Pine, I humbly trust I can." "That's spoken like a Trojan," said Pine: "prepare your fire by times, and you shall have fair play." Be it known Old Slaughter's harder never lacked a fine rump

<sup>a</sup> Robert Edge Pine, dubbed Friar Pine, though after this period, in consequence of having stood for the fat friar in Hogarth's Gate of Calais.

of beef. The company quitted the kitchen, and the cook was left to prepare the field for action.

This dialogue took place about noon, just as the fat Grecian waddled up with the bill of fare for the day, to give it to the bar, when some stragglers of the club had called in to get the morning whet. Martin Folkes was coming down the stairs with Gostling to the coffee room; and hearing the party talk loudly of the broiling match, inquired of Harry Fielding, who generally breakfasted there, "what iron is on the anvil now?" "O!" said the wit, "here's friend Lambert going to rehearse a new opera, the Rival Cooks, with an after-piece of Just in Pudding Time. Now, sir, if you wish to take a scientific steak, cooked according to the antique, come at five, and you have nothing to bring but a keen appetite; for Lambert pays the piper."

Georgy was not best pleased with Fielding's flippancy, but being a hero he put the best face upon it; so when the time arrived he tucked on a clean white apron and sleeves, and the favourite toast of the club, *pretty Kitty*, Old Slaughter's niece, pinned her cambric handkerchief round his brow by way of cap. "Now St. George is the word," said he; "I will defend this token like a true knight;" then kissing her fair hand, he marched to the scene of action.

Not even the kitchen of the renowned Edward, when William of Wykeham was chief clerk, ever was visited by more illustrious guests. Total had hobbled his rounds, Hogarth had mustered half a score, and old George Simpson was dispatched east of Temple Bar; in short, fame had blown her trumpet, and all the members that were in town hastened to rendezvous at the old spot, to witness the sport.

My great uncle Zachary, and Friar Pine, were chosen umpires—both experienced connoisseurs, knowing to a hair's breadth to what stratum a rump of beef would cut a prime steak; and I have listened to many a philosophic dissertation, whether the plate were best rubbed with garlic or shallotte. Pine was for the first, my uncle preferred the latter.

The match was proclaimed by the umpires for three *heats*, a pound cut for each. Lambert, on looking at the fire, whispered my uncle—two *heats* I should think would suffice for a salamander; the devil himself could not stand a third.

To work they went, and each did his steak. It was a most scientific heat; Lambert wielded the tongs like a master, and turned the delicious morsel with marvellous dexterity. Old Grecian sickened at the applause bestowed on his rival, and began to blow with envy, when suddenly he "won the victory" by a *rase de guerre*. He gave the fire

† Martin Folkes, a friend and patron of Hogarth, and acquainted with all the superior wits and men of talent his contemporaries. A gentleman of elegant manners, and President of the Royal Society.

‡ The Reverend William Gostling, the author of "A walk round Canterbury," a work held in high esteem by the antiquaries.

<sup>a</sup> Old Grecian, The cook at Slaughter's was nicknamed Grecian—one of that name being a turnbrooch in Queen Anne's privy kitchen. Centlivre and Patrick Lamb held appointments in the same kitchen. Grecian's real name could never be discovered, though it is supposed he formerly had held a menial office in the Queen's kitchen.

such an infernal, such a preternatural poke, that poor Georgy retreated several times, and thus quitting his post, sounded a parley—in short he gave it up.

The cook thus saved his reputation by his wit. The umpire proclaimed Georgy a good tactician, who led on gallantly to the charge, and only retired from the too heavy fire of the enemy's works. Lambert shook hands with the old Grecian, complimented him on his generalship, adding, "I yield the palm of victory, thou man of fat! more worthy of a golden chain than Wolsey's mighty cook!"

(To be Continued.)

### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A CONCISE VIEW OF THE INCONTINENCE OF THE CLERGY ANTERIOR TO THE REFORMATION.—(Concluded.)

Monks, were men whose duty it was "to pray, groan, and weep for their faults; to subdue their flesh; to watch and abstain from pleasures; to bridle their tongues, and shut their ears from vanities; to guard their eyes; to labour with their hands, exult with their lips, and rejoice at heart in the praises of God, &c." How far they conformed to these directions will be shewn in the sequel. One *William Gloucester*, a monk, is described "as staying out all night, *libendo et risando*. Another monk, postquam incaluerat inero, timens ne *per continentiam morbus periret ad vitalla*, went out to find some one to cure his languor, and at length meets with a fair female.† The monks likewise, took the advantage of meal times to receive the visits of women; who were in the habit of coming after dinner; and the statute made for the correction of this abuse, permitted them to come with license of the abbot or in his presence; and makes at the same time, an exception with regard to noble women, as to season and time, as seemed fit to the superior.‡ Among the inquiries of Henry's visitors to the Cisterians and Premonstratensians, were, "whether women usith and resortyth myche to this monastery by backewayes or otherwise." ¶ And one of their own body in folio 161 a. of the same MS. observes, that "all fowhwe our owne sensalitye and pleser, and this religyon, as I suppose, ys alle in vayne glory."

When the visitors of Henry VIII. inspected the religious houses, although they discovered many irregularities, yet in some of them, the monks would disclose nothing. Thus, one of them says, "I fermanly beleve and suppose, that they had confedered and compacted together before our coming, that they should disclose nothing; and yet it is

confessed and proved, that there was here *suche frequencie of women coming and resortyng* to this monastery as to no place more.¶ And again in the same MS. fol. 131. b. "The abbey (of Newark) here is confederde we suppos, and nothing will confesse; the abbot is an honest man and doth vray well; but he hath here the most obstinate and factious canons that ever I knewe. This morninge I will objecte against divers of them; . . . and adulterie, *et sic specialiter descendere*, wiche I have lerned of thir, but not of any of them." &c.

The following anecdotes with which I shall conclude this head, will shew the remarkable fondness of the monks for dancing and women.

A certain man making a journey upon a feast-day about noon, heard the sound of people dancing; upon his looking towards the opposite side of the road, he saw four monks coming towards the dance, who on his enquiring of them whence they came? replied from their church, which was in a wood just by, and that they were going to see the dance.

A certain knight, a prudent and discreet man, a pilgrim to St. James of Compostella, went to a dance on a feast-day, in a certain town of a distant province. It happened, that a young woman sat by his side, and he asked her, whether she had a sweet-heart? to which she replied in the affirmative. On being further asked, who he was? She told him, a certain monk who was sitting near to see the dance, and often cast his eyes upon her. The knight surprised, concluded his enquiries, with demanding, whether the monks of that country in general had mistresses? to which she answered, *they had, openly and every where*.

A certain monk, who was rambling about from a cell in the remote parts of England to another in Wales, lest he should be alone in his journey, took a companion with him; not a *he* one, but a *she* one; three or four times he was most unluckily detected, and at last put into goal by some Castellans of that neighbourhood, whilst his poor lady was exposed to all the insults and indecencies of the rabble.\*

Nuns were females whose duty it was to be "*verging of thire austre*," and to be engaged in "*holi meditaciuns*;" but it appears from the *inquirenda* in the visitation of nuns, that they were not always very ready to adhere to these duties. The crime of incontinence seems to have been prevalent among them from the earliest periods, in spite of the many statutes made to correct it. Thus a visitor at a convent of Gilbertine nuns near Lichfield, "founde two of the said nunes; one of them impregnant, the othyr a yonge mayd." † Also at another convent called Harwode, there "was ijij or v nunes with the prioresse, one of them had two faire children, another one, and no mo." ‡ It is well known, that the Bishop of Lincoln, about the year 1251, in his visitations, ordered the nipples of the nuns to be

squeezed, in order to be physically convinced of their chastity. And the visitors of Henry VIII. were to enquire, whether they used to have intercourse with strangers, men and women without license especially in secret places; and in the absence of their sisters; whether used to go any where without the gates; whether they have any familiarity with religious or secular priests, not near kinsmen. Item, whether any of them use to write any love letters, or *lascivious fashions* to any person, or receive the same, and have any privy messengers coming and resorting to them with tokens or gifts from any secular persons or others; whether they talked without leave with any manner of persons, "*by gratia or backe windows*;" whether any of them were suspected of *incontinentes*, or given to voluptuousness or sloth. Respecting the communication between them and secular persons, *Alfred* of Rievesley observes, "I do not like a b \* \* d of an old woman, mixed among the poor bringing praises, and whispering soft words to you from some monk or clerk, lest she should insinuate poison, when she kisses your hand for alms received. Care too is to be taken lest the nun occasion any burdensome hospitality in the reception of religious women. For often among the good some very bad ones come, who sitting down before the nun's window, after prefacing with a few pious speeches, run off to secular affairs. Thence she begins to frame love-matters, and pass the night without sleep. Never let any messengers run to and fro between you and any man, as if for the sake of shewing kindness or inviting affection, or courtting intimacy or spiritual friendship; neither receive their presents nor letters, nor direct yours to them, as is usual with many who send girdles or purses varied with different kinds of straw or in a case, and things of this kind; to young monks or clerks." ¶

*Bertram Walton*, in his invective against nuns, says:

"But there was a lady, that hist dame Pride in grete reputation they her toke,  
And pore dame Meekness aste beside,  
To her unethys any wolde loke,  
But all as who seyth I her forsake,  
And set not by her nether most ne leste,  
Dame Ypocrisie loke upon a boke,  
And bette herself upon the brest:

¶ Vide *Monast. Angl.* li. 898.—"Item, that non of your sisters bring in, receive or take any layman, religious or secular, into the chambers of any secret place day or night, nor with thaim in such private places to commune, etc or drinke, without lycense of your prioresse." *Monast. Angl.* li. 910. It seems from the 7th item of the constitutions of the nuns of *Sopwell*, that the *tailors* of the house were the *favourite mortals*, thus invited into private places. ¶ In *Monast. Angl.* li. 896, there is mention made of "*nunes having keys of the pastore door*," and "*moche coming in and oute at un-lylle tymys*."

¶ Gold, silver, cloaths, shoes and knives, were common presents. *Monast. Angl.* li. 786. The Gilbertine nuns were not to make purses except of white leather, and without coloured silk. *Monast.* li. 784.

¶ *MS. Cott. Nero, A. li. f. 96. Ibid. f. 6. b.*

\* Cardinal Wolsey's master cook wore a crimson velvet dress with a collar of gold chain.

† *MS. Ashmol. Mus.* 1519. f. 39. a.

‡ *MS. Harl.* 913. f. 58.

¶ Nullus et monachus habet colloquium cum muliere cognata aut extranea, in temporibus debitis sicut prandii, et coenam, et horae meridianae, aut tempore potus assignati.

*MS. Cot. Jul. D. 2. f. 159. a.*

§ *Mat. Paris.* 1096.

|| *MS. Cott. Cleop. E. iv. f. 146.*

¶ *Ibid.* f. 120. b.

¶ *MS. Cott. Tiber. B. 13.*

† *MS. Cott. Cleop. E. iv. f. 131.*



I wolde have sene dame Dewotte  
 And she was but with few of that route,  
 For dame Selowth and dame Vayne Glory  
 By vilens had put her owte.  
 And than in my harte I was full sorry,  
 That dame Envy was there dwelling,  
 The which can selth strife in eay state,  
 And another ladye was there wonyng  
 That hight dame Love inordinate,  
 In that place both erly and late;  
 Dame Lust, dame If antonnes, and dame Fye,  
 They were so there enhabited, I wotte  
 That few tokened to Goddy's service."

It was also usual to keep in nurseries various amulets for pregnant women: thus the nuns of *Gracedieu*, had part of St. Francis's coat, *quæ, et creditur parturientibus conducit*. The nuns of *St. Mary of Derby*, had part of the shirt of St. Thomas, in veneration *apud multosque pregnantas*. Those of *Wreton*, *apud Menev*, had the girdle of Bernard, *pregnantibus aliquando vestitum*. The nuns of *Yorkshire* took potatoes, *ad prolem conceptum opprimendum*! Sometimes indeed the children were murdered, of which barbarity, the following is a shocking instance of reiterated acts of incest and murder!—"Hic, cum juvenis esset, decorus formæ, instincta antiqui hostes, sorem suam illico amore concupivit, et ex ea prolem procreavit; propriis manibus suffocavit, ne ad homines incestus ipsius succederet, et reversus sic ad peccatum suum secundo et tertio de eodem fratre concepit, atque partus suffocavit!" But as the present subject is growing painfully disgusting, I shall now bring it to a close. The preceding lines have, I hope, satisfactorily developed the errors and vices with which monachism was infected; that these crimes were ultimately the cause of bringing down the Divine vengeance on the heads of its guilty professors, and that the unprincipled Henry, notwithstanding his brutality and rapaciousness, was merely a passive instrument in the hands of a wise and beneficent Being, there can be little doubt. The preceding observations could have been entirely extended to a greater length than they really are, but it is presumed, a sufficiently enlarged view of the subject has been here exhibited; the intention of writing it has been completely answered, if it has amused the reader, or excited his curiosity or interest.

CAUS.

\* Cott. MS. ut supra, f. 115. b.  
 † MS. Harl. 2385. f. 56. Some of the laws against this crime were as follow:—To carry off a nun was 120s. fine. Leg. Aluredi, l. 31. Whoever unduly handled her breasts, if she was unwilling, double the penalty (3s.) of doing so to a lay-woman. Id. c. 33. In the penitentiary canons of Edgar, a guilty nun was punished with a twenty years imprisonment; and among the Gilbertines, with perpetual penance and imprisonment, with very severe discipline. By the 13th of Edw. I. it was three years imprisonment for carrying off a nun, besides satisfaction made to the convent. Sir Robert Gifford, for stealing two nuns out of *Wilton Abbey*, was ordered never again to enter a nunnery; nor be in the presence of a nun without leave of his diocesan; to go thither naked in his shirt and breeches to *Wilton Church*, but not in the presence of the nuns; and be each

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

**DISCOVERY SHIPS.**—We have infinite pleasure in stating from Lloyd's Books, that the Northern Discovery ships, the Hecla and Griper, were spoken with by two Aberdeen whale ships, *all well*, in lat. 68° long. 60° and on their return home, having wintered in Lancaster sound, lat. 75° long. 115°. Consequently they penetrated several hundred miles further than the preceding expedition; and report says, but we doubt its truth, they have ascertained the magnetic pole.

## EXPERIMENTS RELATIVE TO THE EFFECTS OF ELECTRICITY ON THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.

From the *Bibliothèque Universelle*.  
 (Concluded from No. 196.)

## ADDITION OF THE EDITOR.

We have had occasion to repeat most of the curious experiments detailed above, by means of the powerful voltaic battery of our learned colleague, Professor De la Rive,\* which he had put in action on the 19th of this month, (August), to shew to a company of amateurs, and among them to one of the most distinguished members of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, (M. Arago,) the magnificent experiments of the incandescence which appears between two points of charcoal, placed (either in the air or in vacuum,) in the voltaic circuit. We took advantage of this opportunity to place, (as the author prescribes) a compass needle, alternately below and above a wire of platina four or five inches long, which closed the circuit, and which the voltaic action made red hot.

This conducting wire was in the magnetic meridian: as soon as the needle was placed below it, at the distance of about an inch, it declined nearly 45 degrees to the east of the meridian; and about as much to the west when it was placed above—the effect was immediate and indubitable.

We tried two needles; one made of a watch-spring, and with a brass chape—it was three inches long: the other a steel parallelopipedon, three inches nine lines long, and two lines of a side. Both were equally affected: the latter, though much heavier than the other, seemed to be much more energetically changed in its direction by this singular action of the pole.

This influence is the more extraordinary, as it becomes null in cases where it should seem that it ought to be greatest; that is to say, when the needle is placed in such a manner, that itself forms the circuit: then

time beaten, and so likewise in Salisbury Market and Shaftesbury Church; not to wear the insignia of knighthood, but russet with lamb or sheep fur, and calf leather shoes, nor use a shirt after he was beaten; and this, until he should have been three years in the Holy-Land, or the King recalled him.

\* Of 360 pair, of six inches square.

it remains in perfect repose, whether the voltaic poles be placed in the prolonged direction of the magnetic poles, or whether they are presented laterally in a direction perpendicular to the axis of the needle.

The following effects were obtained in subsequent experiments, in which, instead of the great battery of thirty-eight troughs, (*auges*) of ten pair each, a single trough, constructed by M. Selligie, and formed of twelve receptacles (*loges*), of copper, in each of which there was a plate of zinc, was employed.

And first, this single trough instantly heated red hot, for a length of three inches and more, the platina wire which closed its circuit.

We tried the influence of this conducting wire upon needles of copper, brass, and wood: it was not sensible; whereas it was very powerful on magnetic needles of steel. The influence acted on the latter through a plate of glass of pretty considerable thickness.

It took place in the vacuum of the air-pump with perhaps more energy than in the air; the conducting wire became there also more promptly incandescent, and melted several times.

When we placed the conducting wire horizontally, parallel to the magnetic meridian, but in a vertical plane, passing by the side of the needle; and when this wire was placed successively in a plane above that of the needle, in the same plane, or in a plane lower than the needle, the deviation produced took place in opposite directions, in the first and last of those positions; and not at all in the intermediate position, that is to say, when the wire was in the plane of the needle, and beside it.

We afterwards made a series of experiments, always placing the conducting wire vertically, but alternately varying two circumstances—1st, the relative position of the voltaic poles, and of the extremities of the wire, that is to say, making those poles answer the positive to the top of the wire, and the negative to the bottom; and placing, in each of these positions, the wire, sometimes to the east, sometimes to the west, of the south extremity of the needle; and 2d, repeating the same experiments upon the northern extremity of the same needle: the following are the results—

## First Series.

The positive voltaic pole being at the top, and the negative at the bottom of the conducting wire, retained in a vertical position. The wire being brought to the } attracts it.  
 west of the south pole }  
 To the east } repels it.  
 To the west of the north pole } repels it.  
 To the east } attracts it.

## Second Series.

The positive pole being at the bottom, and the negative at the top of the wire: The wire being brought to the } repels it.  
 west of the south pole }  
 To the east } attracts it.  
 To the west of the north pole } attracts it.  
 To the east } repels it.

The wire was afterwards placed horizontally above the needle, and its two extremities were put alternately in communication with the two poles of the trough. The following effects were obtained :

The *negative* pole of the trough being on the side of the *south* pole of the needle, this pole deviated to the *east*.

The *negative* pole being on the side of the *north* pole of the needle, this pole deviated to the *west* : that is to say, the needle takes the same direction as in the preceding case. Lastly,

The *positive* pole answering to the south extremity of the needle, it goes to the east ; and to the west when the positive pole answers to the north pole of the needle.†

It is proper to say that all these motions are prompt, decisive, without the smallest uncertainty respecting their direction.

These results may be expressed in a more simple and shorter manner by saying that the needle continues to move, in each of the *bilateral* positions of the conducting wire on the side towards which it is conducted by the voltaic influence, resulting from the situation, (higher or lower,) of the poles of the circuit.

Every attempt to form a system on this insulated discovery would seem premature. It is a great fact, which will perhaps be connected with others already known, or hereafter to be discovered, and which will multiply the relations between the magnetic, electric, caloric, and luciferous forces. What is essential for the present is, that there may remain no doubt, no illusion, respecting the principal fact, and after what we have seen and endeavoured to report accurately, this condition seems now to be obtained.

## LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### PETRARCH ON LAURA'S DEATH !

In the Ambrosian Library at Milan, a copy of Virgil has been discovered, containing manuscript notes by Petrarch, among which is the following, which certainly has but little reference to Virgil :—

" Laura, propriis virtutibus illustris, et meis longum celebrata carminibus, primum oculis meis apparuit sub primis adolescentie meae tempus anno Dni. 1327, die 6 mensis aprilis, in culena Sancte Clare Avinionensi hora matutina. Et in eadem civitati, eodem mense aprilis, eodem die 6, eadem hora prima, anno autem Dni. 1348, ad hoc luce lux illa substracta est ; cum ego forte Veronae essem, heu fati mihi nescius ! Rumor turban infelix per litteras Lodovici mei Parme reperiit anno eodem, eodem mense maji, die 19 mane. Corpus illud eantissimum ac pulcherrimum in loco fratrum minorum repositum est ipsa die mortis alio vesperem. Annon quidam ejus, ut de Africano ait Seneca, non cœlum unde erat, redidisse mihi persuadere. Nec autem alio acerum rei memoriam amara uiam dulcedine scribere visum est, hoc

+ Unless there is some error of the press here, it appears that the negative and positive poles produce the same effect.—ED. L. G.

potissimum loco qui sæpi sub oculis meis redit, ut cogitem nihil esse debere quod amplius mihi placiat in hac vita, et attracto majori laqueo, tempus esse de Babylone fugiendi, crebra horum inspectione, ac facissimae testis aestimatione commovear. Quod prævia Dei gratia, facile erit præteritis temporis curas supervacuas, spes inanes, et inexpectatos exitus acriter ac viriliter cogitant."

*Oriental Literature.*—Mr. Denmanne and Mr. Gaultier, secretary adjunct in the School of Oriental Languages, have just made a discovery which will have very great influence on the civilization of the east. At a late sitting of the Academy of Sciences and Belles-Lettres, these gentlemen presented the result of a process by means of which they have succeeded in imitating oriental manuscripts, so as to deceive the most experienced eye. They have obtained certificates signed by several distinguished professors and learned orientalists, which can testify the importance of their invention to the study of languages, and to the progress of knowledge in the Levant. They have just published a prospectus in which they announce the select works of Saadi, the most ingenious of the Persian poets.

## FINE ARTS.

### THE BRITISH ARTS AND EDINBURGH REVIEW.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir.—Permit me the insertion of a few remarks suggested by the perusal of an article in the last Edinburgh Review, in which the life of Sir Joshua Reynolds is made a vehicle for an illiberal attack upon the merits and talents of British artists.

It might have been imagined, that an unprofitable and uncertain profession, like that of painting, would have been permitted to follow an *ignis fatuus* through all the anxieties, delusions, and difficulties that attend its course. That having struggled into existence, and shed a ray on literature, given amusement, and opened a field of employment in the ornamental decorations of polished life ; the arts and their professors would have been left to the barren privilege of a pursuit which gathered little but empty praise, without coming under the lash of censure, or suffering from the shafts of concealed criticism. But unfortunately the same disposition which tends to find fault with and calumniate whatever belongs to the present order of things, is alike prone to detract from contemporary merit, whether it appears in arts, science, or literature ; and the state of society upon which we are fallen seems to make it necessary to indulge the malignant passions, rather than to foster the kindlier feelings, for the purpose of obtaining the public attention.

It is not my design, Mr. Editor, to speak of this practice as exclusively belonging to the writer of the article alluded to ; it may be divided with many, and there is always a sufficient stock in hand for all the uses of trading Criticism. Neither is this blindness

to contemporary merit confined to our own times. Of Milton it was said, by one in his day, that the old blind school master had written a poem, which, if its length was not its merit, there was nothing else to recommend it ; and Gray, speaking of the poet Thomson, casually observes, that a poem had appeared, called the Castle of Indolence, in which there were some good stanzas.—I may not have quoted the precise words, as they may be found in Hurd's Dialogues and Gray's Correspondence, but such is their sense.

I have no wish to enter the lists in favour of the Royal Academy :—I know nothing of its cabals. Nor shall I contend whether capacity is only another word for genius ; much less that success is not an important ingredient towards the composition of staidity of temper. I only know that sound judgment and candid criticism are essential both to the growth and well being of the fine arts, and that there should be a *breadth* in the one as well as in the other ; instead of which, little can be gathered from those who advise or condemn, but, that one thing is not another. It surely needs no oracle to tell us, that Hogarth did not paint like Raphael ; or that scenes of humour, domestic life, or pastoral landscapes, are not the sublime in art :—but is nothing estimable that falls below the standard of history ?

It frequently happens, too, that this unattainable excellence is only the unconnected ideas floating in the brain of the half practised amateur, whose imagination mounts in proportion to his want of skill in the executive part of painting, and who just sees enough to pester the profession with his untangible theories. In short, the spirit of modern criticism, more particularly as it affects painting, may be defined in parodying two well known lines—

Not to admire is all the art I know,

To make men critics, and to keep them so.

This, with the properties of overlooking and forgetting, are the essential, (and oft-times the only) qualities to be found in the self-constituted and self-conceited censor ; and though it cannot be denied, that much sound judgment, and many useful hints, are mixed up in the article to which I refer, yet there is so little candour, and so much of that overlooking and forgetting system, that it is impossible to mistake the purpose of the writer, to deteriorate and bring into contempt the native talent of the country.

There is, however, some consolation, that in his notions of the exalted in art, the works of Rubens and Rembrandt are alike excluded from the superlative, at which it is his aim to prove we never can arrive ; only, in what relates to the genius and capacity of this country, he goes still further, by inferring that, because we are a *thinking*, plodding, and a warring nation, we are neither a dancing, a musical, nor a painting nation.

Of the writer's forgetfulness, or ignorance of facts, a striking instance appears in what is said about the late B. West : merit is indeed allowed him in grouping and composition ;—" In these respects nothing can be

better, as we see, in the *print* of General Wolfe; but for the rest, he might as well have set up a parcel of figures in wood, and then painted them over with a sign-post brush, and copied what he saw, and it would have been just as good." This is a tolerably sweeping conclusion to come to; but in mentioning the General Wolfe, might not Penn's Treaty with the Indians, or the picture of Lear, or that of Regulus, or that of St. Paul in the chapel at Greenwich, or that of the Stoning of St. Stephen, in the church at Walbrook, &c. have occurred to his recollection? It is to be regretted that this great artist, in some of his latter works, should have painted out much of his former reputation.

Of our annual exhibitions there is much forgotten, and also much laid to their charge. If however, they have served to nourish the growth of artists in an earlier period, it must be acknowledged that of late their members have done all in their power to stop this growth, by exclusion and neglect. Agreeing with the writer, that nine tenths of those who look at pictures know nothing of the principles of art, we contend that in this may be seen an apology, and a reason why that abstract perfection of which he speaks is not attained. "Ingulphed in politics and commerce as (Mr. Shee observes) every other subject in this country is, it is rather a matter of surprise that so much has been effected;" and it is certainly a qualification of no great credit, to be blind to the merits which have distinguished the artists of the present day. For then we must be wilfully unjust, or not be able to appreciate the talents and taste of Lawrence; the versatility and grace of Stothard; the powers of Wilkie; the expression of Mulready, or the colouring of Etty. It would not be difficult to extend the list; but these have been singled out rather to refresh the memory, than to convince the judgment of the fastidious critic.

The merits of our portrait painters are overlooked as unworthy of regard, because (it may be supposed) they do not paint history. Yet, if the portrait of Sir W. Grant in the last exhibition, and that of a gentleman in a Highland dress by Mr. Shee, or Sir W. Beecher's Duke of Sussex in a former, together with others by Phillips, Jackson, and Owen, were introduced into an historical subject, would they not make some approach to fine painting? Could not the energetic pencil of Opie, in his Death of David Rizzio, rise to the memory, as some redeeming quality in British art? It may have happened, that Richter's drawing of the School Boys has not met the eye of the writer; and it is still a matter of wonder that it does not appear among our English subjects, as a print—certain that it would be valued and enjoyed by every one whose views and understanding were not confined within the narrow compass of *calculated art*.

Surely the author of the partial article in the Edinburgh Review must know, that more than half the pleasure arising from a collection or exhibition of pictures is from their contrast and variety, both in style and subject; and that an exclusive collection of what

is called the exalted in art, would, by its monotony of character, destroy much of its interest.

In allowing something to the merits of subordinate subjects of art in the productions of Mr. Wilkie, it is done with such obvious reluctance, and so ill a grace, that it may be called damning with faint praise; nor can this dole be dealt out but at the expense of the whole exhibition—"and how unlike are all the rest."

But to step out of the exhibition into the gallery of Sir John Leicester: although neither Stothard, Wilkie, nor Mulready are there, is there nothing to bless? must all be cursed? is there no redeeming clause to be found in Turner's picture of the Dutch coast, Gainsborough's cottage, Hilton's Europa, &c. &c. I can these efforts of native talent be accidental or worthless; the hasty productions of careless and uncertain imitators.

Something also (though with the usual drawbacks) of credit is given to our painters of local scenery:—"Portraits of places, and it cannot be denied that there are many of these that have a true and powerful look of nature; but then, as if this was a matter of great indifference, and nobody's business to see to, they are seldom more than bare sketches, hastily got up for the chance of a purchaser, and left unfinished to save time and trouble."

If this be true, Mr. Editor, my recollection or judgment must fail me, for I cannot see this splash and dash in the scenery of Calcutt or Collins, of Daniel or Holland, or of Fielding, Arnold, or Jones. I see indeed a diversity of style, more calculated to please than any single style or manner; and I also trace in this diversity some of the genius of the English character—a striking out of the common track.

But the writer goes on to object, that "they are not in general lofty conceptions, or selections of beautiful scenery, but mere common out of door views, relying for their value on their literal fidelity."

What views are to be, and if not out of doors where they are to be taken, requires some explanation. Fortunately however, a clue appears to guide our incapable artists in their bewildered course, and it will be found in following the directions given to Mr. Haydon for finishing his picture of Christ's Entry into Jerusalem; for this work of six years (according to the writer) is only a preparation.

"Let him take his penitent girl for a model—paint up to this standard through all the rest of the figures, and we shall be satisfied." Truly this is coming to some conclusion, otherwise, from the writer's expressions of "softened and trembling hues floating upon the canvas," it might have led to the supposition, that Corregio or Guido might have been recommended as models of imitation, if not some of the tones and tints in pictures of Vandyke, and particularly his head of Gervasius, in the possession of the Earl of Carlisle. It seems also to have been forgotten that from some odd circumstance or other our climate did not prevent a Dobson, a Riley, a Cooper, and an Oliver, from showing

some capacity, some breathing of immortality.

But the worst is yet to come; for we are threatened in a note, whether by the editor of the Review or the writer of the article is not certain; it is, however, in the spirit of the rest—that we are in fact approaching to a period when, "the mind and muscles of the country may be sufficiently relaxed and softened to imbibe a taste for all the refinements of luxury and show; and a century of slavery may yield us a crop of the fine arts, to be soon buried by sloth and barbarism again."

'Tis, to be sure, is very consoling, and may serve to negative the wish for an attainment to be so dearly purchased; but as the writer seems to think that the soil is inimical to such a crop, it may be hoped that the same physical cause which operates against the one, may also prevent the other: but exaggerated phrases are so much in use, that they cease to alarm; and the word slavery, like that of competence, admits of great latitude. This is however a *radical* objection to the fine arts *in toto*—it is new indeed; for civilization, of which they are the sign, has heretofore been held to bestow power, and to consist with liberal and free government rather than with tyranny.

There is much in the critique on Mr. Farrington's book about nature and the Elgin marbles. Of the latter too much cannot be said; they are doubtless models of the most perfect human forms, but rarely to be found in the individual, and may be set up as a mark at which painting should arrive: but if by following nature in painting is meant a deception on the sight, as perfect in its kind as is presented by the Elgin marbles, I am at a loss to discover where it is to be found. Certainly not in the works of Raphael or M. Angelo! What is there to be seen in their works which borders upon the perfect and almost disgusting flesh of Denner, or the truly deceptive materials in A Butcher's Shop, painted by the late Mr. Keyse? Is not grandeur of style and truth of expression paramount to every subordinate quality in art? Few there are at all acquainted with the principles of painting, who do not prefer the intelligence displayed in the sketch of a master to the most laboured productions of a Denner or a Carlo Dolce. It will be well therefore, in commenting upon works of art, that reason rather than sarcasm should be resorted to; and while the highest excellence is proposed, not to shut our eyes to existing merit, nor to the cheap pleasure such merit affords.

I am aware, Mr. Editor, that these remarks bear principally upon the offensive character of the language employed by the writer in discussing the subject. It is for able pens to refute many of his arguments, and to rescue the profession from the charges of negligence and incapacity; these being merely desultory reflections suggested by perusing what cannot but be deemed a censorious and unfounded attack upon the British school of painting.

Yours, &c.

ANTI-JAUNDICE

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

## STANZAS

Written beneath the *Miniature of a deceased Friend*.  
 Thy picture!—it is life—health—love—  
 To gaze upon that eye—that cheek—  
 Those lips which even in fancy move,  
 Which fancy teaches even to speak!

ANON.

Nay, reproach me not, sweet One! I still am  
 thine own,  
 'Tho' the world in its toils hath detained me  
 a-while,  
 The deep vision that spelled my lone bosom is  
 flows,

And—a trust to love—I return to thy smile!  
 It hath ever been thus—when condemned or de-  
 ceived

By the many I scorned—or the few that I lov'd,  
 Whilst I braid'd my contempt—or in silentness  
 grieved,  
 It was bliss to remember whose truth I had  
 prov'd

And the falsehood of friends—the crowd's hollow  
 decree,  
 Served to bind me more fondly and firmly to  
 THEE!

Yes, I still am thine own:—tho' I sometimes  
 may mingle,  
 In lightness of spirit, with fools I despise,  
 In my heart—my dark heart—dwelling silent  
 and single,

Is the thought, of all others, it soothes me  
 to prize;  
 If I join the loud throng in its madness of mirth,  
 I but think how much purer our pleasures  
 have been:—

It glazes on the swift-glancing daughters of earth,  
 'Tis to turn to thy beauties—of beauty the  
 Queen!

And if from man's haunts to lone nature I flee,  
 Glen, mountain, and ocean, seem breathing of  
 THEE!

When a soft soothing ray from the eye of affection  
 Breaks my midnight of gloom with its halo  
 divine,

How surpassingly sweet is the fond recollection  
 Of the passionate love ever beaming from  
 thine!

'Twill beam on me no more:—yet tho' death  
 has bereft me

Of a form such as scapula from heaven might  
 adorn,

In this image—thy features of beauty are left me,  
 And the lines of thy soul in my heart's core  
 of core!

Then look not so sad—thus it ever shall be—  
 If untrue to all else—I'll be constant to THEE!

ARION.

To—

—*Micro, quibus,*  
*Intentata siles.*—HON.

Farewell, for ever—now we part,

Since every joy is flown;

Why would you keep a broken heart,

Which ne'er can be thine own?

Tis true, thine eyes my hopes have nurs'd,

Thy smiles my faith have cherish'd;

But every smile is now accur'd,

And all my hopes have perish'd.

I ask thee nought for months mispent,

Ask nought for years deceiving,—

That passion I must long repent,  
 Which leaves me lone and grieving.

Yet not a sigh shall rend this heart—

For ever I forget thee!

'Tis hope to know we now must part—

'Tis grief that e'er I met thee,

G— C. H.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## QUEL MALHEUR!

Our last Number has brought us into pretty tribulation! Our cook has given us warning, not, as she declares, for exposing her carelessness, but for calling her such an atrocious name as *Papianrin*, in that horrible oath which we swore at; and above all, for that most infamous line,

*Rastra at sarcula tantum assueti coquere,*

which no explanation on our parts can mollify her so far as to induce her to forgive. When we told her it was written by Juvenal about a hundred years ago; she vowed it was a shame that Juvenal had not been hanged at Tyburn for his *willany*. As for its being Latin, she knew well enough from what went before and after, what it meant; and so, at least, for whom she had (pardon the indelicacy) sweated four years, had no business to taunt her with it, any more than with rack-saw, sarks, and taunrums. In vain we protested: such was the translation of our cook, Coquere (who has picked up as well as burnt some learning in our service), and all the world could not persuade her that *rastra*, *sarcula*, and *tantum*, have any other interpretation.

But our next and greater distress has sprung from our offering a *ton of bad poetry* for sale. The writer of the sample verses, dating from that seat of learning, "Oxford," addresses us in superlative fury—he says the Editor has substituted "the" for "tho'," in the last line of the 2d verse; and "by dividing a *Spencerian* stanza into two quartettes, forced upon his readers the conviction that his ignorance is commensurate to his ill-nature." In justice to so promising an author, we request that his lines may have the benefit of these corrections; for, as we ought, whatever Fortune may do, 'ride this *Spencerian* stanza will act fairly, though we are afraid we cannot change the writer's destiny so far as to make a grammarian, far less a poet, of him.—Another (or perhaps the same) signing himself *Scrutator*, threatens us that "it is a proof of courage for a writer so boldly to proclaim war against such a host of his species;" and, half-hinting that we have told "a lie," in stating that we had a whole ton of the article in question, adds, upon the hypothesis that it may be true, "mention, for heaven's sake, at what price you really will dispose of it. You say it is bad, and that it will be sold at the price of waste paper. The one and a half per cent *ad valorem*, in which you appreciate it in your second paragraph, is merely an attempt at witicism, on the felicity of which I cannot congratulate you." Thus adjured in the name of Heaven to name the lowest price, we beg to inform

Scrutator that we can make no abatement: on the contrary, as this bad poetry bids well to excite *quite a rage*, we are not sure that we shall not lay on half-a-crown or three shillings on the ton. But having dismissed these anonymous correspondents, will our readers do us the credit to believe, that not only are their letters *bona fide*, real, existing documents, but that we have actually received from Plymouth, (with a regular signature and address, post paid, and in sober earnest) a letter, of which the following is a transcript:

Plymouth, 30th October, 1820.

Sir,—Observing in your valuable Literary Gazette of Saturday last, under the head of Correspondence, of your having a lot of bad poetry, &c. to dispose of, I wish to know if such is actually the case, if so, I shall feel particularly obliged by your informing me, per return, on what terms you will part, with not a ton, but about 30, 40, or 50 lbs. I am at present confined to my room from ill health, and in all probability will be safely stowed in that situation during the winter, therefore those to-be-expected *very interesting* papers will form a fund of amusement during that period. I should have no objection, if convenient to you, to purchase some of those manuscripts which may be *tolerably good*, such as those taken notice of under the head of "too great a length," "not adapted for the publication," &c. at a moderate price.

I shall feel obliged by your answering me "pro or con," if not too much trouble, per return, addressed "at Mrs. Mary Lawton's, Jubilee-street." I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

HENRY JOHNKNE.

To the Editor of the  
 Literary Gazette, London.

"Oh for a horse with yings!"—Oh for a broad-wheeled waggon without wings, to bear the lumber of two hundred weeks, to our worthy friend in Plymouth! \* Positively we will pack him up 30 or 40lb. at a venture, poor soul! to amuse him during his painful confinement. He shall have sonnets to *Deities* and *Cordeliers*, and all the other *liars* of our Cockney correspondents; he shall have odes five fathoms long, and of as many lines as may twist into a cable for Dock; he shall have elegies to make him laugh even in a paroxysm of suffering; he shall have satires and epigrams that can hurt no one, and therefore will do no injury to his health; he shall have puffs more innocent than pastry for an invalid; he shall have songs such as never were sung; he shall have poems without fancy on the Fancy; and hymns in praise of boxing, as nauseous, and perhaps as efficacious, as a box of medicine; he shall have—in short he shall have all kinds of compositions, (some on Bath paper, equal in his state to the warm or salt-water bath.)

\* We would send more, but the truth must be told; we have just compromised matters with Cook, who has consented to stop, on condition of receiving 20 full aprons-full of the papers which led to the insult, in the way of kitchen-stuff perquisite.

and if he takes it at all without being cured, then will we say he is past the aid of laudanum and poppy-juice, and must try mercury, of which there is not one particle in these innocent mixtures.

In fine, we attribute all our misery to the ease with which poetry (as it is called,) can be written, since the modern fashion of caring neither for rhyme nor metre became prevalent, and spread the scribbling propensity over the "one half world." This mania is charmingly and characteristically alluded to in a never-to-be-published poem written by the Editor, many years before he could have any idea of what he should suffer from the distemper. We quote the passage:

Curst be the man, the first who disobeyed  
The measured rules  
Of ancient schools,  
And spurned the useful bonds on genius laid.  
He ne'er shall boast a name divine  
Who 'twas invented the irregular line,  
And taught the vagrant muse to sport  
In salutory song,  
With one verse  
\* Short;  
The next ('tis tedious to rehearse),  
\* No needless Alexandrine, dragging its slow  
length, by several feet too long.

### THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Elliston has, among his other improvements, reclaimed Drury Lane theatre from the gloveless-handed Beauty's reproach in the Rejected Addresses; Oh! Mr. Whitbread, be upon you, Sir! I think you should have built a colonnade:

For he has liberally erected, if not a very elegant, at least a very convenient portico, to the principal entrance of the House in Brydges Street, which the state of the weather has already proved to be an essential addition to the public comfort. The interior of the theatre has also undergone some alterations; but neither here nor at Covent Garden have the changes of colour been improvements. The box fronts of the former are now a red, far too deep; and of the latter a cold bluish green, instead of the fine warm hue which prevailed last season, and which could hardly be mended. Drury Lane would have done wisely in adopting what the other discarded. A shocking ugly drop-scene, and the brushing up of the scenery in general, complete, we believe, the preparations for the new campaign: to inspect which a numerous company were invited, and assembled last Saturday. Thither, of course, as a magazine editor would, but as a weekly writer dares not without presumption say, some of our august body repaired; and their report of the fete was quite delectable. There were jumbled together on the mimic stage, in the obscene saloon, at the refreshing bars, and round the festive supper tables, managers and actors, literati (heaven help the while!) and artists, editors and other periodical drudges, parliamentary members and vulgar people,

magistrates and doubtful characters, lawyers and tradesfolk, all tanks and degrees talking, whispering, fiddling, singing, dancing, eating, drinking, jesting (and digesting), simpering, smiling, laughing, admiring, criticising, hewing, curtsying, sidding, ogling: there was, in short, a great *to-do*, which every body was *doing* in the most genteel and agreeable manner they could devise and execute; and the whole affair went off with *ecclat*, all the company being, if not satisfied with their neighbours, profoundly and perfectly satisfied with themselves. The manager was attentive to his guests, and seemed to be in the midst of friends, many of them well able to give him a pull in drawing out that encouragement *o* which the reward of his exertions depends.

On Monday the theatre opened with the *Road to Ruin*, and all the parts in approved hands. On Tuesday, the widow of Mr. Rae had a benefit, which we rejoice to hear produced 2000*l.*; as the habits of that performer were not such as are calculated to leave the means of comfort to a wife or children.

ROMEO.—*Mr. Cooper*.—This gentleman, who is of much provincial celebrity, made his first appearance on the London boards as Romeo, on Wednesday. Adequately to sustain the line of characters in which this *debut* may be considered an embarkation, very superior qualities of person, countenance, voice, action, and judgment or talent, are requisite. Mr. C. possesses some of these in an eminent, some in a slight degree. His person is handsome; his countenance good, but not fine; his voice unposh, and deficient in the great charm of pathos; his action unembarrassed and suitable; and his judgment or talent, so far as an opinion may be formed from a part which traditional custom has made purely theatrical, cultivated, and in general, correct. With regard to the particular character in which he appeared, he was, we think we may say, decidedly successful—at any rate, he received so much applause as to induce the manager to announce the play for repetition on Thursday, and they seemed to us to be justified in this; for there were parts of his performance certainly very excellent. His garden scene, and leaning against the porch—

And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this:

and his entry into the tomb of the Capulets, were the best touches; but the dying scene was altogether powerful, and the challenge to Tybalt full of energy. On the other hand, there were several usually striking passages, to which he gave no interest. All his scenes in Mantua were badly acted. The joyful presage of joyful news was told with gloomy sadness; but to balance this, the directions to the servant to hire "post horses," were rendered ludicrous in the delivery. The soliloquy on the starved apothecary was poorly recited, and the colloquy with that meagre wight was farcical. Throughout there was more of vehemence than the part warrants; for Romeo is soft and gentle, and not a tra-

gedy ranter. We shall but farther briefly notice that Mr. Cooper's expression is more suited for animation and spirit, than for woe or any deeper passion. His style of acting resembles the late Mr. Rae's; and his mode of delivery is formed on that of Mr. Keen, avoiding however his principal peculiarities. Upon the whole, we consider him an acquisition to the metropolis in a high grade on the dramatic scale, though far from the top. The plaudits were unanimous; and the only "*Hist, acted*" came from Mrs. West, who acted Juliet—the Miss Chester advertised for that character being invisible.

### COVENT GARDEN.

*Zanga* was played on Monday to an indifferent house. The public are after all tolerably correct in their taste, and we are not surprised that this tragedy should be no longer among their temptations. It had its day—a day of false criticism and affected feeling—a day when an English tragedy was nothing, unless it was a plagiarism from Voltaire; and English poetry nothing unless it was modelled on *Boileau*. All this has gone by; Shakespeare is read, and nature is the standard of our poetry. The stage has still to be reformed; but that time too will come; melodrama, and maudlin sentiment, and tedious affectation, will be no more. But in this censure of the play of *Zanga*, we are far from including the performance on Monday. *Macready* was the hero, and C. Kemble, *Alonso*. No actors could have more surpassed their author. It would be a mere repetition of what we have said so often, and so sincerely, to dilate now on the merits of those excellent performers. *Macready's* power has hitherto been supposed to lie in his pungency, in the solitary bitterness of a fierce and restricted spirit, in the stern and solemn devotedness of a daring and rexed mind to a purpose of evil. *Zanga* is a sketch of this rank of character, enfeebled by the feebleness of the author. *Macready* actually magnified and deepened the proportions and colours of the picture, till he appropriated it to a vigour and magnificence not its own. But he has also a yet almost unopened mine of pathetic power, and he threw in some delicious and almost involuntary touches of melancholy feeling, that gave a mental beauty to his work; like *Rembrandt's* twilight deepening round the fierce architecture of a Moorish fortress. He was greatly applauded. *Kemble's Alonso* was a fine display of an unsuspecting man, torn by those passions which make their natural prey of a generous heart. But here too the character breaks down under the imagination; and the actor is forced to supply the deficiency as he may. *Alonso* is thrown into a perpetual raging of the more violent and open mouthed passions, and his actor is compelled to a perpetual uproar. Notwithstanding this great difficulty against nature, *Kemble* seldom strayed beyond its modesty; he retained his grace even in the whirlwind, and deserved the genuine applause which he received. Still we must protest against the play.

We observe from the Birmingham Gazette

\* The sound should be an echo to the scene.  
Page.

that the theatricals in that town have been of late unusually attractive. Mr. Conway and Mrs. Bunn have taken the lead in tragedy, playing Coriolanus and Volturna, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth; and in comedy, Rob Roy and Helen Macgregor. Madame Vestris, has also been performing at Birmingham. Of the ladies, Mrs. Bunn returns to Covent Garden, Madame Vestris to Drury Lane. We are sorry not to see the gentleman announced for the London boards, for which his qualifications eminently befit him.

## FOREIGN DRAMA.

## THEATRE DE L'OPERA COMIQUE.

First performance of *la Grille du Parc*, or *le Premier Parti*.

This little opera is founded on the plot of the English farce of *How to die for Love*: Both pieces are, we believe, translations from the German.

Count de Belmont, an old nobleman, lives on his estate, with his niece Angelina, whose hand is solicited in marriage by two young gentlemen (named Dericourt and Saint-Leon) at once friends and rivals. The uncle being at a loss how to determine in favour of either of the suitors, declares that he who may, by any stratagem, induce his rival to go beyond the park gate, shall be the happy bridegroom. The gentlemen accept the conditions proposed; but before commencing the attack, each secretly gains over to his interests the valet of his rival. Giovanni, Saint-Leon's valet, persuades Dericourt that Angelina has been carried off by pirates, and the lover is on the point of passing the park gate to sail after the galleys, when unfortunately Pietro, the other valet, discovers the trick. The latter has also arranged his schemes, and Saint-Leon receives a note announcing the death of the aunt of a young lady to whom he had formerly paid his addresses:—this aunt it appears had been his only obstacle in the way of an advantageous union; but Saint-Leon is on his guard; he pretends to be duped, declares his intention of departing, and invites his friend to accompany him. Dericourt agrees to do so, but each has his plan arranged, and the two valets disguised are sent to personate their masters.

After several unsuccessfull stratagems, Dericourt purposely insults Saint-Leon, and the latter challenges him; a pair of pistols are produced, but the cunning Pietro takes care to remove the balls. At the first fire Dericourt falls as if mortally wounded; Saint-Leon, in a fit of despair, rushes out of the park in quest of assistance, when, to his astonishment, the deceased comes running after him to invite him to his wedding.

## VARIETIES.

"A Constant Reader" assures us, that the story related in the Literary Gazette of the 7th ult. as applying to the late Sir Peter Parker, is incorrect in that part only: as the circumstance did literally happen in the Mediterranean Sea, and is well known among the naval officers. The parties were the late Admiral Joseph Payton and his son.

From a comparative estimate of the suicides committed in Paris and its neighbourhood

during the two first quarters of 1819 and 1820, it appears that in the first quarter of 1819, the number of suicides amounted to 84. In the second quarter in the same year to 115: total during the half-year 197. In the first quarter of 1820, the number amounted to 61; in the second to 105. Total during the half-year, 166.

The French journals relate the following melancholy occurrence:

On the 1st instant two butchers of St. Bonnet-le-Chateau, department of the Loire, purchased several cows, one of which died suddenly of an epizootic disease. They circulated a report that the animal had died in consequence of having been gored by the horn of another cow, and the carcass was accordingly cut up and sold. Of three persons who ate of the meat, the first fell ill on the 5th, and was buried on the 10th. The second took to his bed on the 10th, and expired on the 11th. Hopes are, however, entertained of saving the third. The disease of which this cow died is called by veterinarians the *white thorn*; it makes its appearance in pimples resembling those of the swine pox. The poison is of so active a nature, that the body becomes putrid almost immediately after death.

[From the *Percy Anecdotes*, noticed in our last.]

*Country quarters*.—A lady advanced in age, and in a declining state of health, went by the advice of the physician, Dr. Hunter, (who relates the anecdote) to take lodgings in a village near the metropolis. She agreed for a suit of rooms, and coming down stairs observed, that the balustrades were much out of repair. "These," said the lady, "must be mended, before I can think of coming to live here." "Oh no, madam," replied the landlady, "that would answer no purpose, as the undertaker's men in bringing down the coffins would break them again immediately."

*Lord Clonmel*.—The late Lord Clonmel, who never thought of demanding more for an affidavit, used to be well satisfied with a shilling, provided it was a *good one*. In his time the Birmingham shillings were current, and he used the following precautions to avoid being imposed upon by taking a bad one: "You shall true answer make to such questions as shall be demanded of you touching this affidavit, so help you God!!! Is this a good shilling? Are the contents of this affidavit true? Is this your name and hand-writing?"

*Coercing a defeat*.—A. M. Gaubrier brought out in 1753, at the Italian Theatre, Paris, a piece called *Brioche*, or the *Origin of Pappets*, which happened not to succeed. The unfortunate author was pertly asked, how he could think of venturing such a thing on the stage? "Oh!" he replied, "the wits of Paris had all, one after another, quite *ennuyé* me; and I chose this way of assembling them together, and taking my revenge on them in a body."

*Bon Mot*.—Shortly after his late majesty's recovery in 1789, he happened one day, when riding out on horseback, to meet Lord Pyke, on seeing whom he exclaimed, "There comes a man who is neither gambler nor rat!"

His lordship replied, "Your majesty is mistaken; I am the greatest gamester on earth; *for my all is on that horse*."

*Charles James Fox*.—After Byron's engagement in the West Indies, there was a great clamour about the business of ammunition. Soon after this, Mr. Fox had a duel with Mr. Adam. On receiving that gentleman's ball, and finding it had made but little impression, he exclaimed, "Egad, Adam, it had been all over with me, if you had not charged with government powder!"

## LITERARY NOTICES.

We are requested to say that Mr. Washington Irving, the author of the *Sketch-book*, and of *Knickerbocker's History*, is not, as advertised, the writer of the poem entitled *The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle*. That piece is well known in America to be the production of Mr. Paulding of Washington city.

The life of *General Carnot*, written by himself, has just been published at Haderstadt.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

OCTOBER, 1820.

Thursday, 26.—Thermometer from 39 to 52.

Barometer from 29, 51 to 29, 16.

Wind W. & N. W. 1, and S. W. 3.—Generally cloudy, with heavy rain in the morning.

Friday, 27.—Thermometer from 45 to 51.

Barometer from 29, 15 to 29, 47.

Wind S. W. 2, and W. b. N. 3.—Generally cloudy.

Rain fallen, .225 of an inch.

Saturday, 28.—Thermometer from 37 to 53.

Barometer from 29, 71 to 29, 89.

Wind W. 2, and 4.—Generally clear.

Rain fallen, 15 of an inch.

Sunday, 29.—Thermometer from 33 to 48.

Barometer from 29, 71 to 29, 40.

Wind S. b. E. 1, and E. S. E. 2.—Generally cloudy, and raining the greater part of the day.

Monday, 30.—Thermometer from 32 to 53.

Barometer from 29, 59 to 29, 80.

Wind S. W. 2, and 4.—Generally clear.

Rain fallen, .2 of an inch.

Tuesday, 31.—Thermometer from 29 to 49.

Barometer from 29, 69 to 29, 46.

Wind E. 1, and 4.—Generally cloudy; sunshine at times. A white frost in the morning.

NOVEMBER 1820.

Wednesday, 1.—Thermometer from 41 to 48.

Barometer from 29, 54 to 29, 77.

Wind S. E. 1, and S. W. 4.—Morning cloudy, with rain; afternoon and evening generally clear.

On Tuesday 7th at 54 minutes, 3 seconds, after 5 o'clock, the 3rd Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse; and the same day, at 28 minutes, 6 seconds, after 10, the 2nd Satellite will emerge from an eclipse.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Bencher's" *dashing friend* is much mistaken in the information he has given concerning us. Publius will find a letter to that effect.

The fourth historical Sketch of early English History, and several other articles, are of necessity postponed.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

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\* For other very favourable accounts of this Work, see the Monthly Review, British Critic, Anti-Jacobin, &c.

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No. 199.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Jacobite Relics of Scotland &c.* Collected and Illustrated by James Hogg. 12mo. London and Edinburgh, 1819. One of our many purposes, frequently earned and never fulfilled, has been to notice this collection of the Jacobite Relics of Scotland. Perhaps the reason why our design is not executed, though we were at no time minutely sensible of it, was that we could not speak with such entire satisfaction of the work as we wished. Of all the effusions of genius and talent, it is certain that those which party and political feelings give birth to, are the most effervescent. They have their effect and their triumph in the day of their inception; and posterity has generally disdained their acquaintance. But still, when we tend to throw a light upon history, when they are identified with great national feelings on interesting national struggles; when they pourtray the manners as well as the passions of the times to which they belong; they are far from being deservedly ranged from the knowledge of the time to the oblivion of the future. At all events, we were near enough the era of Mr. Hogg's materials to feel more than antiquarian curiosity about the relics which his title led us to expect. Delayed so long, however, it is probable should have waited till the author's projected continuation revived the subject before we took it up, had not several circumstances induced us to allot to it a brief notice. The first and most operative of these, is the notice received from a friendly correspondent, that the several original Jacobite Songs, which we subjoin to this notice. The second is the review of Mr. Hogg's work in the Edinburgh Review, and his defence of it and reconfirmation upon his critic Blackwood's Magazine. The review is scarcely severe; and, considering the character of the Ettrick Shepherd, bitter and derisive. It presumes from the publication, or rather we fancy, it knows from personal intercourse, that Mr. Hogg is a man in his politics; and therefore it takes the poor Jacobite Relics, as if they were embodied hosts of *Cavaliers*, and tries to subvert them with all the fury of *Levelers*. We are not angry with the Edinburgh Review for maintaining its politics on political objects, but we are sorry that any distinguished critical performance should bend entirely to the madness of the hour, as if unable to leave politics out of any thing; and Tory are terms rather consecrated to than understood and applicable; and we are to have their predecessor epigrams made a subject of contention among us as at a loss to imagine; especially review of a poetical compilation, and at OL. IV.

an era when political Quixottes may have their belly full of giants, and windmills, and galley slaves, and goatherds, and showmen, in reformers, and radicals, and grumblers, and theorists, and demagogues. We are but repeating an opinion we have more than once expressed, when we say it is a lamentable thing to find party and even factious feelings, mixed up with science and literature so intimately that the pure enjoyment of either is defeated, and the mind-politic is drugged with poisonous not one iota less deleterious and fatal than those which Mr. Accum has so accurately exposed as mingling with the more solid enjoyments of the body-politic.

With regard to the collection itself, we are equally free to say, that we were disappointed in it. The coarseness of some of its contents may be excusable, because genuine; for no Editor, to use old Lady Duberly's exclamation, can make a silk purse of a sow's ear. But the selection does not appear to be judicious; and we are sure we are, that many of the most beautiful remains of Jacobite versification might have been substituted for much that is inferior in this work. But our main objection is to the quantum of tinkering which we think is evident in these songs. No doubt there are many versions of nearly all of them; and Mr. Hogg may have chosen those which in his opinion were the most original. We have heard some of them however far better than in his copies; and are really afraid that he has been mending the majority, to fit them for modern understandings. What strengthens us in this supposition, is his own extraordinary confession, in reply to the Edinburgh Review; namely, that one of the poems which it praises as replete with sly characteristic Scotch humour, is his own composition! Now, it is very true this is a good hit quoad the critic who was reviling him and eulogizing what he did not know to be his; but how stands the question between him and the public, which received "Donald Macgillivray" (the poem alluded to), like the rest, on his assurance, as a Jacobite Relic! The thing itself is of very little consequence; but as a barefaced literary imposture (we employ the word without attaching a moral imputation to its meaning), it is surely not the most creditable to a person who is publishing what he pretends to have rescued from the moth which is consuming the memorials of a former century.

Having been induced by our subject (now that we have taken it up) to exceed our usual bounds for remark, we shall only quote the song of Macgillivray from Mr. Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*; and state that most of the tunes are noted without the base, which is sufficient to afford a very fair notion of their style and beauty.

Donald's gane up the hill hard and hungry;  
Donald comes down the hill wild and angry;  
Donald will clear the gounk's nest cleverly.  
Here's to the king and Donald Macgillivray.  
Come like a weigh-bank, Donald Macgillivray,  
Come like a weigh-bank, Donald Macgillivray;  
Balance them fair, and balance them cleverly;  
Off wi' the counterfeit, Donald Macgillivray.  
Donald's run o'er the hill but his tether, man,  
As he were wad, or stang'd wi' an ether, man;  
When he comes back, there's some will look merrily;  
Here's to King James and Donald Macgillivray.  
Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillivray,  
Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillivray,  
Pack on your back, and c'wand sac cleverly;  
Gie them full measure, my Donald Macgillivray.  
Donald has foughten wi' rief and rogery;  
Donald has dinner'd wi' bones and beggary;  
Better it were for Whigs and Whiggery;  
Meeting the Deril than Donald Macgillivray.  
Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillivray,  
Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillivray;  
Push about, in and out, thimble them cleverly.  
Here's to King James and Donald Macgillivray!  
Donald's the callan that brooks sac tangleness;  
Whiggery, and priggery, and a' newfangledness,  
They maun be gane; he wians be hankit, man;  
He maun hae justice, or faith he'll tak it, man.  
Come like a cobler, Donald Macgillivray,  
Come like a robler, Donald Macgillivray;  
Best them, and bore them, and lingel them cleverly.

Up wi' King James and Donald Macgillivray!  
Donald was mumpit wi' miris and mockery;  
Donald was blinded wi' blades o' property;  
Arles ran high, but makings were naething, man;  
Lord, how Donald is flyting and fretting, man!  
Come like the Devil, Donald Macgillivray,  
Come like the Devil, Donald Macgillivray;  
Skep them and scaud them that prov'd sac unbrithery.

Up wi' King James and Donald Macgillivray!  
We now turn to the communication of our obliging correspondent Kædæ, who says, "Having lately fallen in with a collection of Jacobite songs, some of which I believe are not generally known, I herewith transmit you a few; and should you deem them worth a place in the Literary Gazette, I may perhaps (on finding a suitable mode of conveyance) send you the whole, from which you might make your own selection."

The following are new to us; and were they nothing more than curious, we should be pleased to give them insertion. But the first and third, though somewhat uncouth in metre, are possessed of eminent poetical sentiment; the second is a whimsical satire; and the fourth (which owing to a want of precision in our friend, and his giving a second signature, we are not sure is not,

\* Donald Macgillivray is here put for the Highland Clans generally.

† We shall esteem it a marked favour. ED.



like Donald Macgillivray a modern production, and rather sent for our original poetry, than as one of the Jacobite specimens) is a very sweet song indeed.

#### THE PRINCE'S WELCOME.

1.  
Thou stem sprung from a noble line,  
And Monarch, in thy Right Divine,  
By the chains which too long have bound us,  
By the light which doth surround us,  
To shew the world what thou art,  
We welcome our Charlie Stewart.

2.  
Thy people's trust and pride,  
With valour at thy side,  
By the joy thy presence yieldeth,  
By the power thy subjects wieldeth—  
Who ever, and still to thee true art,  
We welcome thee, Charlie Stewart.

3.  
Heir of our ancient throne,  
Whom thy country now doth own,  
By the songs glad North is singing,  
And by hopes like flowers up-springing  
To gladden every true heart—  
Welcome! welcome, Charlie Stewart.

#### AIKENDRUM.

1.  
Ken you how a whig can fight,  
Aikendrum, Aikendrum?  
Ken you how a whig can fight  
Aikendrum?  
He can fight the hero bright  
With swift heels and armour light,  
And his wind of heavenly might,  
Aikendrum, Aikendrum!  
Is not Donald in the right,  
Aikendrum?

2.  
Ken you how to court a whig,  
Aikendrum, Aikendrum?  
Ken you how to court a whig,  
Aikendrum?  
Look jolly, blithe, and big,  
Tak his ain blist side, and prir,  
And the poor and fearless whig,  
Aikendrum, Aikendrum!  
For opposition's sake,  
You will win.

3.  
Donald's running round and round,  
Aikendrum, Aikendrum!  
Donald's running round and round,  
Aikendrum!  
But the chief cannot be found,  
And the Dutchmen all are drown'd,  
Royal Jamie now is crown'd,  
Aikendrum, Aikendrum!  
And the dogs will get a stound,  
Aikendrum!

4.  
We have heard of whigs galore,  
Aikendrum, Aikendrum!  
We have heard of whigs galore,  
Aikendrum!  
But we've sought the country o'er,  
Wi' cannon and claymores,  
And still they are before,  
Aikendrum, Aikendrum!  
We may seek for evermore,  
Aikendrum!

Can we forget the bright days gone by,  
Enshrined in our nation's story?

Nor think of the present dark destiny,  
O'er-shadowing all its glory?  
And are such days ever past and gone?  
When like thy strong bulwark unshaken  
Thou remained? Has Honour abjured thy throne?  
Shall the spirit of Freedom ne'er waken?

Lo! the day-star of Hope hath risen afar,  
Its beams shining brightly o'er thee;  
We hear the sullen approach of war,  
Which shall drive the tyrant before thee.

The foemen are gathering many and fast;  
Soon their blood shall darken the water:  
The rav'n'ing birds, greedy for their rich prey,  
Are screaming and swooping for slaughter.

Joy to thee, Scotland, Joy! ere long  
Thy name as it wroth shall betoken;  
Thou't again be the land of peace and song,  
When thy chains are shiver'd and broken.

#### THE RIVER OF LIFE.

1.  
When young Hope's flattering dreams  
We are joyfully pursuing—  
When Fancy's golden schemes  
Our path with flowers is strewing—  
Who hasten not where such beauty gleams?  
(—Its distance deceiveth us ever!)  
Who longs not to plunge amidst its streams,  
And cross Life's shining river?

2.  
Yet when we reach the brink—  
Wildly its waters are flowing—  
When its sparkling streams we drink,  
How cold!—though in sunshine glowing—  
That we shrink back heartless and chill'd,  
(Nor would we venture ever—  
If so we might—) with tremblings fill'd,  
To buffet Life's foaming river!

3.  
For Hope turns faint and dim—  
Sweet Fancy but deceives us;  
And as we onwards swim,  
Joy with Life's current leaves us  
To struggle with the waves which beat,  
Their fierceness increasing ever—  
Left helpless, if Faith should not clate,  
While crossing Life's impetuous river.

4.  
Has Faith e'er failed in time of need  
To strengthen and up-buoy us,  
When we perceive Earth to recede?  
Oh! it cheers us with prospects joyous!  
Scenes changeless and true—what they seem  
to be.

When Life's tumultuous river  
Hath flow'd into Eternity,  
Shall be unweild! and remain ours for ever!  
K. V.

[Should our Correspondent enable us to add to these poems, we flatter ourselves that our readers will not be displeased with the treat.]

*Notes on Rio Janeiro, and the Southern Parts of Brazil; taken during a Residence of Ten Years in that Country, from 1808 to 1818. By John Luccock. London, 1820. 4to. pp. 639.*

We have rarely met with a more ponderous and more miscellaneous volume than the present; which we are ready to confess we have not read through, though we are presuming to

take a public notice of it. At the same time we must say that it is only want of leisure which has prevented our perusing it entirely; for in all the departments we have made, and they have been many and long, we have been highly entertained with Mr. Luccock's lucubrations. He seems to us to be a plain, sensible, well-informed man, to have had excellent opportunities of observing the country; to have made good use of them; and, consequently, to have produced a book like the *Country*, of great magnitude, and with curious matters meeting the reader, as they do the traveller, at every turning. Indeed the mass of information is immense, and the volume exceedingly amusing; though from being ill-arranged, its bulk is rendered more oppressive than if a good system had been adopted. Upon such a view as we have taken of it, we think we may safely say, that it will be found to contain much valuable intelligence, especially to merchants, seamen, and colonists: many singular facts connected with natural history; a good deal of what is interesting to geography; and a fund of agreeable observation and anecdote. From these we draw, almost by a *Sotus Luccockianæ*, the following miscellanies.

"A fish, here called the Bagre, and very common on every part of the coast, we thought the most palatable when taken at its sandy bottom. It is about twelve inches long, formed much like the Dog-fish, has a large head, the bones of which are uncommonly hard; two fins on the side and one on the back, all of them long in proportion to the size of the fish. The anterior ray of the fin is a strong serrated bone, sharply pointed, which it has the power of erecting, and fixing at right angles with the line of the body, so firmly, that, with the utmost force of both hands, I have been unable to change its position. This firmness depends, not on the strength of the muscles employed in its erection, but on the form and hardness of the joint, which is a sort of compound hook, working upon an upright pin, altogether unlike what I have noticed in any other fish. Nature appears to have intended this for defence, and a more secure one it is difficult to conceive. The Bagre, when caught, utters a loud grunting noise, with other apparent signs of anger. It lives long out of the water, and is with difficulty killed by blows. I observed on the plate of the skull, between the eyes, a small aperture, covered with a thin whitish membrane, and imagined that, through this, it might be killed by touching the brain. We accordingly introduced a filament, taken from one of the bass cables, which produced an immediate paralysis, and the fish died without farther suffering. The aperture may, probably, be a distinguishing

mark of the species, which, I believe, has not hitherto been described."

"The name of Charqueados is derived from the Charqued Beef, which the district prepares and exports. When the cattle are killed and skinned, the flesh is taken off from the sides in one broad piece, something like a slice of bacon; it is then slightly sprinkled with salt, and dried in the sun. In that state it is the common food of the peasantry in the hotter parts of Brazil, is in itself by no means to be despised; and as it will keep long forms an excellent sea stock, and would bear carriage to distant parts of the world. Some idea of the immense quantity of beef thus prepared may be formed from the fact that, in one year, an individual, José Antonio dos Anjos, slaughtered fifty-four thousand head of cattle, and charqued the flesh. The piles of bones which lay in his premises, far surpassed my utmost conceptions, and there were thousands of Urubus, the Vulture of South America, flying round, and feeding on the offal.

"During the slaughtering season, it is not uncommon for large packs of dogs to make their appearance, and assist the vultures in picking the bones; and it is said that the ounce will do the same. The bones thus picked, are generally reduced to lime. It is certain that, not in this part of the country only, but in almost every part of Brazil, there are considerable numbers of wild dogs; and that the different species of these animals have acquired distinguishing Indian names. Yet I cannot think that they were aboriginal natives of South America, but believe them to have been introduced, in a domesticated state, by the first European settlers, and to have quickly gone wild."

"The reader has regarded with wonder, perhaps with incredulity, the account before given of the size of the farm of Pellotas; and, indeed, the reported extent of farms in this part of the American Continent can scarcely be mentioned with boldness, by one who has himself little doubt of the truth of the accounts. The smallest are stated at four square leagues, or more than twenty thousand acres; the largest are said to reach to a hundred square leagues, or near six hundred thousand acres. To each three square leagues are allotted four or five thousand head of cattle, six men, and a hundred horses; though, according to circumstances, such as the distance from navigable waters, or from church, there must be a variety in the number of oxen kept for the business of a farm. The proportion of horses will appear a very large one; but it is to be remembered that they cost nothing in keeping, as they are turned out on the plains; that no one about the farm, not even a slave, ever goes to the shortest distance on foot; and that each manager will change his horse two or three times in a day. About a hundred cows are allowed for the supply of milk, butter, cheese, and veal, to a farm of the average size. Hogs are usually found near the houses, as little care is taken of them; they under about, root up the earth, devour refuse, and make a good part of their subsistence on the waste parts of the cattle

slaughtered. There are few sheep, and they are remarkably light and ill made, with a short ordinary wool; which, however, might easily be improved. This wool is, at present, used partly unstripped from the skins, as stuffs-covers and the like, partly for the stuffing of beds and mattresses. The country is so thinly peopled, its inhabitants have so little liking to mutton, and the wild dogs and other beasts and birds of prey are so numerous, that there can be little inducement to increase the flocks.

"In every farm there is at least one enclosed place, called the rodeio, generally on the highest spot; here the cattle are occasionally collected, marked, and treated as circumstances may require. So accustomed are they, particularly the horses, to this practice, that when the servants of the farm ride along, swinging their lassos or their bats, and loudly pronouncing the word rodeio, they all walk slowly to the spot. In a country so little enlivened by variety, this assemblage forms one of its most rural and pleasant scenes."

"On the bank of the St. Francisco was recently found, beneath the surface of the water, a very extraordinary crystal, formed round the root of a tree, and upwards of twenty-four inches long. Next to the wood was a coating, about half an inch thick, white at the surface, and gradually changing toward the wood into the common appearance of flint, but at the bottom somewhat darker. On it stood, in regular order, white and transparent pyramids, half an inch high, each made up of four equilateral triangles, of which pyramids there were about fifteen in every circle. The root was much decayed, and dropped out, leaving a long tube, whose bore was three inches in diameter, and whose internal surface displayed the impression of the knots and marks of the wood, retaining also fragments of the bark attached to it. This crystal was found by four men, who, disagreeing about its value, broke it into many parts, and each took one. William Harrison, Esq. of Rio de Janeiro, became possessed of one of these pieces, and sent it, I believe, to his friends in Liverpool. There were apparent indications of the manner in which this fossil advanced to its full size, by laminae successively laid on the pyramids, and the base thickening in consequence. Not only as it seemed to me, do such fossils grow, but I apprehend that, where the situation and circumstances are favorable, they are produced in a comparatively short period. But how formed, and from what materials, I presume not to say."

"The death of an old governor gave an opportunity of witnessing a curious funeral ceremony. The corpse was dressed in the same full military uniform which the general wore when commanding in a battle remembered with honour in the neighbourhood. An arm-chair supported the body, and the people went to pay it their respects, much the same as to a living governor. This custom is not peculiar to St. Catherine's; through the whole of Brazil a ceremonious visit is usually paid to the dead."

"Here I saw an instance of that singular

malady, the Guinea-worm. The patient was a negro-boy, about fourteen years of age, among whose countrymen the disease chiefly prevails. The animal, if so it may be called, appeared coiled up beneath the skin; after some time, what was said to be the head protruded itself, this was seized with a small forceps, and the worm drawn out to the length of two inches; the extracted part was then wound about a small stick, to prevent its return. In a few hours after another portion was drawn out, and secured in the same way; by a similar process, the greatest care being always used not to break it, the whole was extracted, and then appeared like a thin dry thread of catgut, and was several feet in length. The boy had these worms in every part of his body, had been treated for them in his own country, and was deemed incurable, and, on that account, had been sold by his parents for two yards of checked linen. He remained in the hospital about three weeks, was placed, I believe, in a state of complete salvation, and then discharged cured. For five years afterward, during almost every day of which I saw him, he remained free from the complaint, and proved an excellent servant, often expressing his gratitude to his master in warm and simple terms. "My father in Africa," he would say, "sold me; you are my father, I love you best." I have pleasure in adding, that I met with the lad in Paris, in October, 1819, and that he continued perfectly well. I believe he is now, June 21st, 1820, at Buxton."

"Joining the party on the beach, I was introduced to the servants, by an acquaintance, who said to them,—"this is my friend, if he steal any thing I am accountable for it." To an English ear such an introduction sounded grating; but to a Brazilian, instead of intimating that the person in question is in the least addicted to pilfering, it is equivalent to declaring, that his character for rectitude and propriety of conduct is so established, that no one will believe another who attempts to slander him. This is the sense in which the negroes universally understand the phrase; and such distorted modes of expression are so common here, with persons of all ranks, as to form a very observable feature in a portrait of the country."

"The party left the city by water about four o'clock in the morning of a Dia Santo, carrying provisions and the most essential articles of table furniture. Having landed the servants and baggage, my friends proceeded to a neighbouring chapel and heard mass. Breakfast was taken on their return, and proved a scene of noisy mirth and good humour. Afterward every one exerted himself to promote his own diversion and that of his companions. Both sexes contended in feats of speed, agility, or strength, with unbounded gaiety and frolic, and gave full play to the buoyancy of their spirits. All this, it is allowed, was not very conformable to our measured deportment in society, and by many will be denounced as indecorous. To me the scene presented the playfulness of nature, untrammelled by forms, remote from

prudence and suspicion, from the consciousness of evil committed or intended. And why not be active and airy while nature allows us? Why resolve that all who are so, let their previous customs and habits be what they may, must necessarily be vicious or vulgar?

"When the sun rose too high to admit of continued exertion, conversation, cards, and music, filled up the interval before dinner. The servants, as it was a fish-day, had been employed in drawing the seine, and had procured an ample supply for those of the company who were unprovided with a dispensation. A priest, however, who joined our party, kindly offered his utmost influence with the Creator of all good things, to prevent his being displeased with those who might on such an occasion dine on flesh; yet, agreeable to the established rule, he would not hear of any one mixing flesh with fish in his meal. With a small part of the company I spent an hour in going, in a canoe, to the neighbouring rocks, to draw up from the deep some of those singular animals with which the harbour of Rin abounds, and which, I think, would fully repay the Ichthyologist's minute investigation.

"Our dinner, like its prelude, had too little form to be, in general, pleasing to an English taste, and its modes would hardly chime with our usual conceptions of comfort; but, as is commonly the case here, it proved a hearty meal, and fitted most of us for repose. Few could have the accommodation of a bed; many preferred a siesta out of doors, and for them 'mats were spread under the trees. About four the party re-assembled, seated themselves on the grass, talked, sang, and enjoyed some frolic of a gentler kind, until the hour of Ave Marias. We then entered canoes, attended divine service at the Lazaretto, and retired to our respective homes."

(To be Continued.)

#### HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

##### *The Anglo-Saxon Octarchy.\**

In the year 560, the eight Anglo-Saxon governments which we have particularized in our former Numbers, were established in Britain; and after a contest, which the natives maintained for nearly a century and a half from the landing of Hengist in Kent, the invaders became firmly and generally possessed of the territories described in a former Gazette, imposing their own names on every district, place, and boundary, and speaking only their own language wherever they were spread. The mass of the Britons were forced to submit to the yoke; but some emigrated to Armorica or Bretagne, others to Cornwall and Wales, and some, it is supposed, even to Holland. The traditions respecting the Cwmry who sought refuge in Wales are the

best preserved; and the songs of several of the bards who there predicted the restoration of the British dominions, and animated the fugitives, have been handed down to our day. These prophecies were not fulfilled, though the Saxons going to war with each other afforded a favourable opportunity, had the Britons been strong enough and united. About 568, Ethelbert the fourth successor of Hengist, at the age of sixteen, invaded Ceowlin king of Wessex, who was defeated at Wimbledon, in the first battle that occurred between the Anglo-Saxon sovereigns. Ceowlin, in his turn, was more successful in his designs upon Sussex, which kingdom he seized on the death of its king Cissa in 584, and annexed to Wessex. But his nephew Ceolric conspiring against him, he was defeated at Wodnesborg, Wilts (which village stands on the remarkable dyke called Wansdike), and the domestic feuds that ensued enabled Ethelbert not only to preserve Kent, but at length to gain that insular authority among his fellow kings, which they called the Bretwelda, or Ruler of Britain.

This curious title is given by Bede, in succession, to Ella of Sussex; Ceowlin of Wessex; Ethelbert of Kent; Redwald of East Anglia; and Edwin, Oswald, and Oswy of Northumbria; but the nature of its powers and duties cannot now be ascertained, and we are ignorant whether it was assumed by him who thought himself strongest, or was granted by common consent, in any national council—whether it was an imitation of the British Unbenneth, or a continuation of the Saxon custom of electing a War-cynig.

But whether under a Bretwelda or a simple king, the Britons, in many places, still offered occasional and bloody resistance to their oppressors. Ethelfrith, the grandson of Ida in Bernicia, gave the northern Britons and their sovereign Aidan a terrible overthrow at Degastan (supposed to be Dalston near Carlisle, or Dawson near Jedburgh); and Ceolwulf, the West Saxon king, was almost uniformly victorious over the assertors of their independence. Four or five years after the defeat of Aidan, we find Ethelfrith again engaged in war with the Cwmry. He reached Chester through a triumphant course, and about A. D. 607, or thence to 612, committed the dreadful slaughter of twelve hundred monks of Bangor, whom he discovered away from the protection of the Welsh shore of Brocmawling of Powys, and put to the sword while praying for the success of their countrymen. It was upon this occasion that ancient Bangor was destroyed, and an irreparable injury done to British literature by the demolition of the noble monastery in which the most precious monuments of the ancient Britons, the collection of ages, utterly perished. Now was the condition of the unsubdued part of the population miserable indeed. Subsisting in the most secluded recesses of the island, where rock, or forest, or marsh supplied some means of defence; they were the common butt of all martial and predatory enterprise; and Angles, Saxons, nay even Gwiddelians of Ireland, incessantly assailed and preyed upon the wretched but enthusiastic strugglers for liberty.

About the middle of the sixth century, Procopius relates a fact which proves not only the bold and adventurous spirit, but the increased power of the Scandinavian colonists of England. We allude to the victorious expedition of the East Anglians against the Varni, a nation on the Rhine, whose king Hadiger had slighted the sister of the Angia prince. More than half a century posterior to this romantic and remarkable event, which compelled the monarch of the Varni to repudiate his wife, sister to Theobert king of the Franks, and to marry the lady who he had offended, namely about the year 611, Redwald, one of the Bretweldas above mentioned, king of these Anglians, annexed Deira to Bernicia, and forced its infant monarch Edwin, the son of Ella, to fly into Wales, where he was educated. This Edwin was the cause of a future war between Redwald and Ethelfrith, in which the latter fell, and the highest authority was assumed by his conqueror. Edwin was restored, and finally became Bretwelda; and the Saxon kingdoms were at this period continued by his success, uniting two under his own rule, in their reduced number of a hexarchy. In 633, Edwin was slain in a battle at Hatfield Chase, Yorkshire, where Cadwallon, the son of his ancient protector in Wales, and Penda king of Mercia, defeated his hosts with tremendous carnage. The victors then wasted Northumbria; and its division, once more, into the kingdoms of Bernicia and Deira, restored the heptarchy. Cadwallon secured the Angles and Saxons, and victory in fourteen great battles and sixty skirmishes, seemed to promise the fulfilment of the Cwmry prophecies; but uncertain was the issue of the fight in these tempestuous times: Oswald, who had succeeded to the throne of Bernicia, threw and killed him (A. D. 634), on the banks of the Denise, probably the Eneburn, and the hopes of the Britons were crushed for ever.

Penda, the quondam associate of Cadwallon, continued his career, and raised Mercia to great importance, though he was sixty years of age at the time that Edwin was routed. In 642 he attacked Oswald, and slew the Northumbrian king at Ouseby, Shropshire, in the thirty-eighth year of his age and ninth of his reign. The Mercian conqueror hewed his corpse into pieces, and exposed the mangled remains on stakes. He then attempted to burn the royal city of Bebbanburgh, but a shift in the wind caused the flames to revert upon the besieger. Satiated with ravaging Northumbria, he next turned his arms against the troops of East Angles, under Sigebert son of Rædwald (the supposed founder of that school where the university of Cambridge arose). Sigebert, drawn from his literary and legislative employment in a monastery, which he had founded, and Ecgric his kinsman, to whom he had consigned a portion of the clasp of royalty, were both slain. At the age of eighty, the fierce Penda, the destroyer of five kings, finished his sanguinary life, being beaten by Oswy, the successor of Oswald in Bernicia, at Wimbildred near Leeds. The battle took place in 655, and the Mercian

\* Abridged from Mr. Sharon Turner's admirable History of the Anglo-Saxons.

† Heptarchy was an erroneous appellation, given in consequence of the kingdoms of Deira and Bernicia being classed as one under the name of Northumbria, thus reducing the whole number to seven.

the Mercians died with their veteran and cruel leader. Mercia was joined to the dominions of Oswy, was set aside as illegitimate, and the younger Egfrid repelled an invasion of the Scots, and himself invaded Ireland. That country was miserably spoiled by Boorht, the Northumbrian general; the lands of Bregh were plundered, and many churches and monasteries destroyed. But the natives fought bravely, and the Angles retreated from a country even then celebrated for literature and civilization. Egfrid was killed at Drumnechton, in the following year, while carrying a new war into the territories of the Picts, and the kingdom of Northumbria rose no more to its former eminence—the Irish and Scotch immediately disclaiming its preponderance, and Wessex and Mercia mounting into superiority.

Having now brought the history of the Octarchy to the accession of Alfred, who succeeded his brother, we consider this a fit period for a pause, though we shall have to go back to several princes whom we have already mentioned, in order to describe their connection with that important event, the introduction of christianity.

We ought, before concluding this sketch, however, to record, that in 664, a terrible pestilence desolated Britain and Ireland; and induced many of the natives to emigrate. Among these Cadwaladr, the son of Cadwallon, and the last of the Cwnry princes, accompanied a body of the Welsh to Bretagne, and thence went to Rome and devoted himself to religion. The fabulous histories from Arthur, in the British chronicles, end with him.

#### BRITANNY.\*

"But, to return to my room, suppose me seated by a large old oak chimney, the wood burning upon iron dogs, and casting a red gleam around, that serves to lighten the gloom and dispel the fumes of the apartment. The walls, from united effects of time, smoke, and filth, send forth a disagreeable musty smell. The plate upon which I write, retains the dirt of any generations; the floor is eaten by worms, and inhabited by fleas, that sting disturbers of their mouldy retreat.

"The bed, (which is made by being beaten with an old broom-stick, left constantly upon a bolster,) is the only tolerable accommodation, and even that is rendered obnoxious, blankets of great antiquity, that have no known ablution, and are daily exposed to the tossing of a servant girl, whose face, dress, and apparel, are literally disguised in dirt. This poor simple creature is very grating, and, like a kindly plant that grows up amidst noisome weeds, has much dross in her nature. She has unluckily

taken a fancy to me, which she has expressed more than once in her own manner, by giving me a hug, or a kiss so suddenly, that I could not get out of her way. In the midst of all this we fare very well, with the exception of the sandy sour bread, which is almost intolerable. Our plates, &c. I am obliged to wash before we use them, as cleansing with water is considered somewhat superfluous in Brittany. But to give you a complete idea of a domestic menage in this country, although, perhaps, beneath the dignity of a traveller, you must descend with me into the kitchen or common hall of the inn: if we get down the tottering staircase without falling, it is well; but certainly not without our gowns doing the office of a broom, and clearing away a little of the superabundant dirt. The kitchen has no flooring but the substantial earth. When it rains, the kennel from the street runs over through the door, and makes a soft mud carpeting. Great oaken beams form the ceiling, from which hang depending the spoils of the field, exhibiting all sorts of game, besides fowls, joints of meat, &c. A large chimney, that would hold a dozen people, is filled by black boiling pots, that hang above the burning faggots. Near the fire-side stands the landlady's bed, supported by a hen-coop full of little chickens. In the centre of the room, there is, as usual, a convenient slush pool, and close to it a long oak table, black from time and grease: there the viands are prepared; and whilst many an humble traveller is regaling at this household board, they draw the entrails from fowls, &c. which, to save trouble, are thrown upon a pile of like delectable combination, in one corner of the room. The solitary window retains but two unbroken panes of glass; to supply the rest, rags are hung up to keep out the weather. Assembled in this chaos of filth—this combination of villanous smells, are six or seven women, who all seem cooks, and from their dress and fire-burnt faces, look like so many infernal beings. The little maid is a sort of drudge to the head-cook, a woman nearly eighty years old, who exercises her authority in the querulous tones of peevish age; her decrepit form, and withered arms, (the protruding reins of which are visible in spite of a thick coating of dirt that encircles them, and seem starting through her dry and shrivelled skin,) confer on her the appearance of presiding hag at the midnight orgies of the fiends.

"I am persuaded my illness did not arise merely from fatigue, but more probably from the dangerous practice they have in this country, of making one sleep in linen so extremely damp, a thing to which English people are not accustomed; although, I am convinced, habit may reconcile such a practice without any fear of dangerous consequences; for it is surprising in what a state of humidity the people both of Normandy and Bretagne wear their linen, and receive no injury from it whatever. I do not feel quite comfortable in the prospect of our tour, as I find a certain complaint, called *la gale*, is very general here; but

there is nothing surprising in this, if we consider the manner in which the Bretons live.

"The description I have attempted giving you of their dirty habits, is by no means an exaggerated picture. I can claim no merit in my relations to you, but that of their entire truth; if I am uncertain or doubtful of any point, I pass it over in silence, lest I should assert falsehood, and I know not what pleasure or credit can arise from becoming a detailer of lies. I should deem it not only unworthy in myself, but likewise an affront to the person I addressed, by using my own credit with them to attempt imposing upon their understanding, when they had not the power to satisfy themselves in ascertaining the truth."

We shall conclude with one other extract, the observations applicable in common to all the people of this province.

"The Bretons do not resemble in countenance either the Normans or French, nor have they much of the Welsh character. They are a rude, uncivilised, simple people, dirty and idle in their habits. Their costume is generally a broad flapped hat, beneath which their hair hangs long and loose. a coat lined with scarlet, and sometimes the upper part of the coat of dark mulberry colour, and the other lower half or skirts of the same colour, but of a faded tint, this diversity appearing to be entirely the effect of taste or choice, and not that of necessity; a white waistcoat, lined also with scarlet, and a broad belt round the waist, corresponding with the colour of the lining, or sometimes plaided, like a Scotch cloak. The goat-skin dress is also very commonly worn, particularly in Bas Bretagne. Very few go barefooted; wooden shoes, being generally used by men, women, and children. The women are invariably dressed in the peculiar costume I have described; it differs here and there, but not importantly, in some of the districts. Many of the women of the very poorest kind, wear this dress till it becomes so dirty, patched, tattered, and ragged, that you can scarcely trace what it had originally been; and I have seen several children so wretchedly off for clothing, that they run about almost in a state of nature. The women who appear tolerably respectable, and are dressed decently in their singular costume, look florid and healthy; while those attired in the ragged garments, bear a squalid and meagre aspect: this arises, I am induced to believe, from the greater dirt and poverty of the latter class.

"The chestnut abounds in Brittany; there are many large forests composed entirely of that tree: their produce, boiled in milk, supplying a means of subsistence for the poor during the greater part of the year. The people collect the chestnuts in sacks, and pile them up within their cabins: several families are even so needy, that they seldom taste the luxury of bread; but these are amongst the children of wretchedness in the extreme degree. I am informed that, in the neighbourhood of Brest, the lower orders resort to acorns, as well as chestnuts, for food, which have some nutritious quality when

Continued, from Mrs. Stothard's Tour.

boiled in milk. The Breton houses (excepting in the towns) are generally built of mud, without order or convenience. It is absolutely a common thing, in Brittany, for men, women, children, and animals, all to sleep together in the same apartment, upon no other resting place, than that of the substantial earth, covered with some straw. We once saw, near Josselin, a man drive into his cabin a cow, and a horse, followed by a pig, and afterwards entering himself, he shut to the door.

"I can confidently aver, from my own observation of the Welsh and the Bretons, that the latter are by no means so civilised, so industrious, so rich, or well being, and are in all respects inferior to the Welsh. Indeed, they do not appear as if springing from the same origin, and are but one degree above nature in an almost savage state; while their dirty habits, (too filthy to bear description,) and their wretched manner of living, sink them in a great measure, below the rank of human beings. The Bretons have no bards, no poetic legends, no traditions, like the Welsh, which, however wild or improbable, display the genius and imagination of that simple and venerable people."

Having taken this general glance at our subject, we may now look a little to particulars; and shall begin with the portrait of the abbess of the convent of St. Ives, at Rennes, where young ladies, English as well as French, are received for board and education. Mrs. S. was desirous of seeing this establishment, and gives the following account of her visit:

"I pulled the bell, determined to make an enquiry relative to their terms an excuse for my visit. A nun spoke to me through the little grating, and giving me a key, desired me to proceed along the gallery, and unlock the first door, begging me not to take out the key, and to be sure and shut it after me as soon as I should be in the apartment. I obeyed her injunctions, and found myself in a lofty room, that received light from some iron barred windows immediately below the ceiling: on the opposite side a large iron grating was covered within the bars by a black curtain. Several passages from the Testament were inscribed upon the walls. A solitary table and chair constituted the whole furniture of the room. I read all the texts, looked at the grating, and sat down, wondering no person appeared, as the nun had assured me I should be immediately received by the mother, for so she called the abbess. After waiting very patiently for a considerable time, and no one appearing, I thought of making an unceremonious retreat; but found, to my surprise, that I was fairly a prisoner, for there was no handle to the lock, or any means of opening the door within this apartment. After waiting thus incarcerated more than half an hour, the curtain began to move, and I perceived through the iron bars a figure dressed in white, enveloped with a black veil. I presently understood, that this was the Lady Abbess, who, I conjectured, to increase the awe of her appearance, had kept me so

long expecting her coming. She made me sit down before she unveiled, and was polite enough to say, she was glad to see me, even if I had no other motive than that of coming to pay my respects to the superior of such a convent as hers. She then threw up her veil, and exhibited the countenance of a very cross old lady, who looked more accustomed to scolding than devotion. But, as the law of physiognomy is sometimes rather hard judging, I determined to observe her manner, ere I set down the sharp nose, and contracted brows, as the infallible marks of a scold. Before I left her, I was however confirmed in my physiognomical observations; for the excessive sharpness, and peremptory examination of the mother relative to who I was, &c. convinced me she did not rank amongst the order of gentle devotees. She told me a little of her own history, her misfortunes in the Revolution, and, amongst other things, avowed, that the Virgin Mary had twice appeared to her during her sufferings for the faith. 'The Virgin Mary, madam!' said I, not a little surprised. 'Aye, the Holy Virgin,' replied the old lady; the blessed protector of religious houses; the mother of our Lord, by whose side the nuns will sit in heaven, and the abbesses next to him on his right hand.' This was quite enough for me: I soon bid her good morning, and went away, reflecting how well the old lady had settled the precedence of heaven. But I find such visions and privileges are very common with the superiors of religious houses."

A story of a nun near Vannes will form a fit sequel to this.

"She (another nun, says Mrs. S.) related to me the history of a nun living in a convent near Vannes, who is called a saint elect, but whose adventures appeared very melancholy to me. She was the daughter of a noble family, who consented to give her in marriage to a young gentleman greatly attached to her. A short time before the appointed nuptials her father died, and her mother survived his decease but a few days. The young lady considering this a warning from Heaven, that her marriage was adverse to the will of God, became melancholy, and believing herself chosen a spouse of Christ, determined upon taking the veil. Her lover, disappointed in all his hopes, declared, that if the lady became a nun, he would not survive her loss. She persisted in her design, notwithstanding her own affection and his melancholy state of mind, and the unfortunate man, in a fit of despondency, put a period to his existence. The nun, far from feeling any regret on the subject, gloried in having resigned all her hopes, by devoting herself to God, and at present bears the reputation of a saint, from wearing the hair shirt, to fret her skin, and practising every kind of austerity.

"The Abbess very freely permitted Mrs. S. to converse with any of the old or supernumerary nuns, but the good lady was too cautious to extend this kind privilege to the younger sisters, or to the novices, fearing, I imagine, that the very sight of a young man might make them dream of the

world again; a caution they would willingly have dispensed with, as they did not all gratifying their curiosity by taking a peep at him from behind the columns of the cloister during the time he was employed."

The Romish fashions in Normandy are of a similar stamp.

At Bayeux, Mrs. S. relates—"I was walking with an English lady, this morning, who resides here, when I observed some priests coming out of a baker's shop, with the holy water. I asked my companion if she knew what they had been doing there. The lady said, she had no doubt that they had been sprinkling. When I enquired the meaning of this ceremony, I found that some of the Roman Catholic clergy practise a system of extortion, peculiar to their church, by going into the shops, and sprinkling the holy water, to give a blessing in the master's trade; for which obliging act, they receive a compensation in money. The priests have many other methods of extorting begging. If you go into a church or cathedral and take a chair, even while the mass is performing, they come up to you, and solicit some trifle in payment of your seat; and soon after another priest will present you with a dish, into which you show whatever money you please. To whom these collected sums are given I do not know; but I dare say they are considered too sacred to be suffered to depart from the church."

(To be continued.)

#### CUSTOMS, &c. OF AMERICAN INDIANS.

(Continued from our last.)

"It very seldom happens that a man condescends to quarrel with his wife, or abuse her, though she has given him just cause. In such a case the man, without replying, or saying a single word, will take his gun and go into the woods, and remain there a week or perhaps a fortnight, living on the meat he has killed, before he returns home again; well knowing that he cannot inflict a greater punishment on his wife for her conduct to him than by absenting himself for a while; for she is not only kept in suspense, but uncertain whether he will return again, but is soon reported as a bad and quarrelsome woman; for, as on those occasions, the man does not tell his wife on what day or at what time he will be back again, which he otherwise, when they are on good terms, never neglects to do, she is at once put to shame by her neighbours, who soon suspecting something, do not fail to put such questions to her, as she either cannot, or is ashamed to answer. When he at length does return, she endeavours to let him see by her actions, that she has repented, though neither speak to each other a single word on the subject of what has passed. And as his children, if he has any, will on his return hang about him and soothe him with their caresses, he is, on their account, ready to forgive, or at least to say nothing unpleasant to their mother. She has, however, received by this a solemn warning, and must take care how she behaves in future, lest she shall

time her husband should stay away altogether and take another wife. It is very probable, that if at this time they had no children, he would have left her, but then he would have taken his property with him at the same time.

"On the return of an Indian from a journey, or long absence, he will on entering the house, say, 'I am returned!' to which his wife will reply, 'I rejoice!' and having cast his eyes around, he will enquire, whether all the children are well, when being answered in the affirmative, he replies, 'I am glad!' which for the present is all the conversation that passes between them; nor does he relate any thing at this present time that occurred on his journey, but holds himself in readiness to partake of the nourishment which his wife is preparing for him. After a while, when the men of the village have assembled at his house, his wife, with the rest, hears his story at full length.

"Marriages are proposed and concluded in different ways. The parents on both sides, having observed an attachment between two young persons, negotiate for them. This generally commences from the house where the bridegroom lives, whose mother is the negotiatrix for him, and begins her duties by taking a good leg of venison, or bear's meat, or something else of the same kind, to the house where the bride dwells, not forgetting to mention, that her son has killed it; in return for this the mother of the bride, if she otherwise approves of the match, which she well understands by the presents to be intended, will prepare a good dish of victuals, the produce of the labour of *woman*, such as beans, Indian corn, or the like, and then taking it to the house where the bridegroom lives, will say, 'This is the produce of my daughter's field;' and she also prepared it. If afterwards the mothers of the parties are enabled to tell the good news to each other, that the young people have pronounced that which was sent them *very good*, the bargain is struck. It is as much as if the young man had said to the girl, 'I am able to provide you at all times with meat to eat!' and she had replied, 'and such good victuals from the field you shall have from me!' From this time not only presents of this kind are continued on both sides, but articles of clothing are presented to the parents by each party, by way of return for what they have received, of which the young people always have a share. The friendship between the two families daily increasing, they do their domestic and field work jointly, and when the young people have agreed to live together, the parents supply them with necessities, such as a kettle, dishes or bowls, and also what is required for the kitchen, and with axes, hoes, &c. to work in the field.

"The men who have no parents to negotiate for them, or otherwise choose to manage the matter for themselves, have two simple ways of attaining their object. The first is: by stepping up to the woman whom they wish to marry, saying: 'If you are willing I will take you as wife!' when if she answers in the affirmative, she either goes with him immediately, or meets him at an appointed time and place.

"The other mode of celebrating marriage will appear from the following anecdote.

"An aged Indian, who for many years had spent much of his time among the white people both in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, one day about the year 1770 observed, that the Indians had not only a much easier way of getting a wife than the whites, but were also more certain of getting a *good one*; 'For,' (said he in his broken English,) 'White man court,—court,—may be one whole year!—may be two year before he marry! well!—may be then got *very good wife*—but may be *not*!—may be *very cross*!—Well now, suppose cross! scold as soon as get awake in the morning! scold all day! scold until sleep!—all one; he must keep *him*! White people have law forbidding throwing away wife, be *he* ever so cross! must keep *him* always! Well! how does Indian do?—Indian when he see industrious Squaw, which he like, he go to *him*, place his two fore-fingers close aside each other, make two look like one—look Squaw in the face—see *him* smile!—which is all one *he* say, *Yes*! so he take *him* home—no danger! *he* be cross! no! no! Squaw know too well what Indian do if *he* cross!—throw *him* away and take another! Squaw love to eat meat! no husband! no meat! Squaw do every thing to please husband! he do the same to please Squaw! live happy!'

The Indians pay great respect to old age; of which the following simple story is a fine example.

"In the year 1765, the great body of Christian Indians, after having remained sixteen months at and near Philadelphia, were permitted to return to their own country, peace having been concluded with the Indian nations, who still continued at war notwithstanding the pacification between the European powers. They resolved to open a path through the wilderness from the frontier settlements beyond the Blue mountains directly to Wyoming on the Susquehanna. This path they laid off and cut as they proceeded, two, three, or four miles at a time, according to the nature of the ground and the convenience of water, bringing up their baggage by making two or more trips, as they had no horses to carry it. Having arrived at the great Pine Swamp, then supposed to be about fourteen miles wide, it was found very difficult to cut a passage on account of the thickets and of the great number of fallen trees which encumbered it; they were, besides, unacquainted with that part of the country. An old Indian, however, took the lead, and undertook to be their guide. After a tedious march of near two weeks, attended with much labour, he brought them across the swamp, to the large creek which borders upon it on the opposite side. There they found a very steep mountain, through which no passage could be found either above or below. Discouraged at the prospect before them, they now saw no alternative but to return the same way they had come, and take the route by Fort Allen to Nescopeck, and

so up the Susquehanna to Wyoming, a distance of nearly one hundred miles round. In this difficulty, it fortunately struck their missionary, Mr. Zeisberger, that a certain Indian named David, who was one of their party and had followed them all the way, was acquainted with that part of the country, and might, perhaps, be able to point out to them some better and shorter road. He soon found that he was not mistaken. David was perfectly acquainted with the country, and knew a good road, through which the party might easily pass, but not having been questioned on the subject, had hitherto kept silence, and followed with the rest, though he knew all the while they were going wrong. A dialogue then took place between him and the missionary.

"ZEISB.—David! You are, I believe, acquainted with this country; perhaps you know a better road and a shorter one than that which we are going to take.

"DAVID.—Yes, I do; there is such a road, which we may easily get through, and have a much shorter distance to travel than by that which is proposed; I am sure of it.

"ZEISB.—What, David! we were all going wrong, and yet you are with us?

"DAVID.—Yes, 'tis so.

"ZEISB.—And yet you said nothing, and followed with the rest as if all had been right.

"DAVID.—Yes; the guides are somewhat older than myself; they took the lead, and never asked me whether I had any knowledge of the country. If they had enquired, I would have told them.

"Will you now tell them?

"DAVID.—No, indeed; unless they ask me. It does not become an Indian to instruct his elders.

"The question was then asked him at the instigation of Mr. Zeisberger, when he immediately told them that they must all return to a certain spot, six miles back, and then direct their course more to the north east, which would bring them to a gap in the mountain, where they could pass through with great ease. They did so, and he followed them, and being now desired to take the lead, he did it, and brought them to the very spot he had described, and from thence led them all the way to Wyoming. This difficult part of the road, in the swamp, has been since called *David's path*, and the state road now passes through it."

(To be continued.)

*A Syriac Grammar, principally adapted to the New Testament, in that Language.* By Thomas Yates, author of "Indian Church History." "A Collation of an Indian Copy of the Hebrew Pentateuch," &c. &c. pp. 120. 8vo.

The lovers of Oriental literature must, we think, be highly gratified by this publication of a Syriac and English Grammar, the first, we believe, that has been printed in this country. It appears to have been composed by the author at the request of the late Rev. Dr. C. Buchanan, at a time when he was engaged with that gentleman in preparing an edition of the New Testament, for the use of

\* "The pronouns in the Indian language have no feminine gender."

the Syrian Christians in India. The typography is very beautiful, and the rules of grammar arranged with great perspicuity. The examples are given in Syriac and Roman letters; a practice important in works of this kind. To those who have acquired some knowledge of the Hebrew tongue, the work before us will be extremely valuable, as one by which they may easily obtain a greater insight into these kindred dialects; for they are intimately connected. Among the examples for praxis to exercise the student, we observe copies of letters which passed between the author and the Syrian Archbishop of Jerusalem, during his late stay in London, in the modern Syrian language; a sufficient recommendation of the ability of the author for the volume which he has published. Such works do honour to the British press. Prefixed is a modest dedication to the Right Reverend the Bishop of Calcutta.

### Wine and Mustina.

OR AFTER DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Grey Head.

#### CHAPTER IX.

*Old Slaughter's. (Continued from our last.)*

It would not enter the minds of the young folks in this age of intelligence, when every minor shopkeeper contrives to expend a little fortune on the education of his sons and daughters, that in the unlettered days of their grandfathers, the accidental appearance of a man of superior talent, even at the table of an opulent trader, produced a general silence among the other guests.

This was not the age of science; hence the sounding name of a philosopher was incomprehensible; that of a poet was wrapt in wonder, and the name of a wit was clothed with terror. Reading, the life of intellect, had made little progress; for who could read, when there were no books? and we old folks can remember when the congregated volumes of all the traders in a parish would scarcely suffice to stock a petty circulating library, in one of the half tenanted narrow streets, in Old St. Mary-le-bonne.

It is yet a maxim with some remnants of the old school of curmudgeon ledger-men, that to buy a picture is to "hang your money on the wall." The same narrow notions applied to books—"What, lock your money up on shelves!"

The stock of literature, with those who accumulated *stock*, besides the Holy Bible, usually consisted of John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, the same lively writer's *Holy War*, Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, the *Old Whole Duty of Man*, a mutilated *Baker's Chronicle*, some odd volumes of *Jacob Tonson's duodecimo Spectator*, and *Herman Moll's Geography*, commonly with torn maps, the *Tale of a Tub*, *Milton's Paradise Lost*, (never read,) *Culpepper's Herbal*, or *Every Man his own Physician*, (the good lady's book, under lock and key), the *Complete Letter Writer*, belonging to Miss, with *Robinson Crusoe*, *Robin Hood's Garland*, and the *Seven Champions of England*, the property of *Jem and Jack*.

Yes, gentle reader, reading has made a wonderful revolution in manners: every pretty miss can name the stars; and Newton, Descartes, and Tycho Brahe, are known to have been neither Egyptians, Romans, nor Greeks; and the boys and girls may account for an eclipse, without being checked by papa with, "Such things are presumptuous, child." In short, your magazinists and reviewists, your essayists and journalists, have brought your book-makers into vogue, until, such are the fruits of this scribbling era, "we philosophers, poets, and wits," as a learned friend of mine has said, "no longer make a stir as heretofore in a party, like unto a stone, that, thrown into quiet water, maketh a disturbed circle from bank to bank;"—no, "we make our entrance and our exit much like other harmless folks;" and this *Credite Poster!* in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty!—"So runs the world away."

Doubtless then, sixty or seventy years ago, the club at Old Slaughter, which numbered in its list of members men such as I have named, with many other originals, such as another thousand years may not congregate together again, beneath a tavern roof, could not escape the whispers of the neighbourhood. Every absurd character, every curmudgeon and oddity of St. Martin's parish, stood in awe of these famed *conversers*. Enough got wind of what passed at their merry meetings to scare many a money-scraping rapacious old hux; and Hogarth's satire was ill-naturedly, or at best erroneously applied, to persons whom he neither knew nor wished to know. Indeed his moral pencil was governed by too generous a soul to seek applause by wounding private feeling. His characters, like those of *Harry Fielding*, his beloved friend, though "stamped in nature's mint," were not personal. In truth, there was too much of the *outré*, too much of oddity and humour, in every class of life, in every square, street, alley, and lane of "London town," to stult the club to beat for game in the circumscribed "fields of old St. Martin's."

"Tis true, that our club got a bad reputation," said my uncle Zachary, when he was putting on his mourning to attend the funeral of the last surviving brother member, and not the least in worth—"tis true; but it were false to maintain that the club deserved any man's evil word, saving some two or three who had their frailties, which God in his mercy may forgive—for politics, alas! and then he sighed, the good old man! "has been the bane of many a hopeful genius." I could guess whom he had in mind, for there was one, *Charles Churchill*, whose satirical phrenzy was the cause of much sorrow to other worthies of the old rendezvous, although he never named those "gone to their account," whose memories begot these sorrowful reflections.

In the same strain I have heard my great uncle say, in defending the reputation of the witty fraternity—"No, sir, ill-nature had no seat at our table. It is true that *Fielding*, the lively rogue, would sometimes entertain us at the expense of some well known,

harmless, hum-drum proser, who filled a box in the coffee-room, or others; and above all, some overbearing, purse-proud miscreants, who frequented the house, against whom he indulged an ever increasing antipathy. O! what a look of indignation did he assume immediately, on metamorphosing his features from the vacuity of a grovelling man of wealth back again to his own intelligent countenance, after playing the consequential grub, in the act of asking, when a bright man of letters or genius has been praised, the sickening question—"How much can he earn? What *may* he be worth?"

"There was a group of these," said my uncle, "that always sat in the box nearest the bar, to the annoyance of Mrs. Slaughter and pretty Kitty, who detested the sight of them. These had served for overseer, churchwarden, and presided at the Court of Requests, and other such-like offices, tho' sought by self-important, vulgar, rich money makers, who thereby pry into the secrets of every neighbour's affairs."

These Hogarth determined to draw; and under the disguise of an old farmer, a country cousin of mine host's, procured by connivance of old Slaughter, who delighted in a joke, admittance for a few evenings within the bar: he there, at his ease, obtained capital limnings of every man of them; and surely (for I have seen them) such a group of senseless, malignant plagues, was never sketched but by Hogarth's wondrous hand.

Old Slaughter peeped over the painter's shoulder just as he had given the last touch of his incomparable crayon: but when, in the exuberance of his humour, he wrote in capitals over the "many-headed monster,"

"GREAT HEADS AND LITTLE WITS,  
LITTLE HEADS AND THE DEVIL A BIT—"

The worthy landlord burst into such a proxiom of loud laughter, that nothing could have prevented detection but the sudden falling of a magnum bonum punch bowl, shaken by his fat sides from the shelf, accompanied with at least a dozen pot and pint tumblers, gingerly placed one on another in a broad pyramid.

Mrs. Slaughter was reddening into anger, more from sudden fright than ill humour, for she was an excellent soul, when the angel Kitty, as *Laurel* designated her, from her gentle interference in behalf of the waiters in disgrace, and what can be denied to innocence and beauty, and for some other reasons best known to themselves, held up her finger to her aunt with such a significant look as could not be mistaken. The affair in a moment took a right turn, and Slaughter, his wife, Miss Kitty, and farmer Hogarth, all joined heartily in the laugh.

The grovelling group in the box were astounded; one, with his accustomed phlegm, opened the bar-door to speculate upon the amount of the damage; when picking up a piece of the bowl, he exclaimed, "It's time for landlords to laugh, when a few guinea bowl is dashed to pieces." "We were not laughing at the broken bowl,"

said old Slaughter, sneeringly. "What then canst thou so much mirth?" demand'd another questioner. "We were laughing at the calves' heads," said old Slaughter, "were we not, cousin?" addressing himself to Hogarth. "Ees," said the wag, adding, in a country dialect, "ods boddikins, gentlemen, its a mortal funny story, but cousin Slaughter musn't tell it now."

William Gostling the antiquary, was dubbed Billy Goose-quill by old Thornhill,<sup>a</sup> who without much wit, was witty on every body, finding a nick-name for each member of the club. Gostling, whose affairs frequently called him to London, made old Slaughter's his hotel for many years in succession, and retained a room on the second floor, which was pleasant enough, as the tall green trees in the garden behind bowed against his windows. This apartment was well stocked with black lettered lore, pamphlets, old histories, dramatic works, and other literary treasures, some of which were extremely rare. Many a day have I passed there when a young man, rummaging among his manuscripts and curious tracts, and can remember several scraps of Hudibras written with Butler's own hand; on the margins were sketches of certain characters in pen and ink, stamped with puritanical phrases, such as no modern conventicle could match. Butler, we are told, was no mean artist. Hogarth delighted to look at these, and said that some of the heads, particularly one, supposed to be a caricature of his master, Sir Samuel Luke, was drawn with the spirit of Leonardo da Vinci. Indeed, my uncle Zachary once taken his friend the comic painter, with having taken a hint from one of Butler's puritans, for the clerk, so filthily employed in his celebrated print of the Methodist-chapel. This Hogarth denied, and declared he drew that physiognomy of zealotry and hypocrisy from the life, at a little chapel, on the upper story of a printer's in Bushill Fields. Hogarth, teaucious on the score of originality, gave my uncle a vipe for this, saying, "that right reverend, mitre seeking Gostling has put you on that conceit; but you are both so devilish orthodox, such *bigots* in your way, that I would show you a hundred such gloomy impostors, if you had not sworn never to *open your eyes*, under a "pan-tile preaching-house. So die in ignorance for your pains." This was true enough of my great uncle, for my father used to say, that there were two sins, of commission and omission; that uncle Zac would never have to answer for; namely, for setting his foot in a conventicle, or going to bed, without having toasted "church and king."

Gostling had I know not how many manuscript pages of Mercurius Rusticus, with some other choice matter that never appeared in print, although they relate circumstances more extraordinary than any even in that interesting work—such traits of the times! Such whimsical pictures of the absurdities perpetrated by the religious Jack-puddings and their apostate chief "Old

Noll!" Likely enough, gentle reader, I may some-time afford you a few extracts from certain of these, that could not be perused without amusement; for all that Butler has so happily strung together on his inventive lyre, rare genius as he was, falls short of this liver-veritatis, for sheer absurdity and pious mummeries.

It must be nearly sixty-five years ago; yet though a boy, well do I remember every title of the conversation that once in particular passed at old Slaughter's, between my respected friend William Gostling, and drunken Henley, who kept the mild man on the cold stair case as we were going out together, in a long confabulation, and in a loud hoarse whisper about a quarrel with the bruiser Churchill, who had written a satire upon his nonsensical rant at his chapel in the neighbouring market. You will tell Mr. Bully Churchill from me, that I will kick his br \* ch. Fye, fye! said Gostling, putting his hand gently before his mouth, stifling an oath in his birth; fye Mr. Henley! you are an old man. These quarrels bring disgrace on our holy calling. Henley looked at the good man, less angry than compunctious, and shook his head; his eyes were red with drinking, and he stood mute awhile, an awful personification of frail humanity. Can you spare me the loan of ten shillings, says the orator. Gostling took from his purse a guinea, and put it in his hand. The wretched man looked in his reprover's face with that drunkard's ghastly smile that hides a broken heart. God bless you, said Henley, I'll call and pay you to-morrow. Gostling saw him no more.

Heavenly Father! said my pious friend, and then his voice faltered. I have known these two men, (meaning Churchill for one,) in the meridian of their better days; once innocent and of much promise; men of large perception, and pregnant with wit! Alas! how fallen!

I fear we shall be too late, my young friend, said Gostling, as we quitted old Slaughter's; when looking up at St. Martin's church, and taking out his watch, he observed; bless me Ephraim, I am too fast by half an hour; so he took his time piece into the old shop; in May's Buildings to be set to rights, borrowed another, and off we ported for Buckingham-street, to my uncle Zachary's friend the virtuoso, who was confined with a sciatica, to see a mighty curiosity—the vizor worn by one of the executioners of King Charles.

I cannot describe the cold shuddering I felt on being shown the impression of a thumb, stamped in the blood of the royal martyr on the inside of the mask; a tragical evidence of its being made by the hand that bled the clotted hair, when the murderer's profane tongue proclaimed, "Behold the head of a traitor!" The bloody stamp was obviously impressed, in taking off the cowardly disguise. Gostling, though a zealous anti-jacobite, turned pale as death, and

<sup>a</sup> The notorious brawler, Orator Henley.

<sup>b</sup> The old shop, where the farrier has been shoeing the horse, and the dairy maid churning the butter, for half a century.

pressing the awful memorial to his lips, pathetically exclaimed, "He was despised and rejected! a man of sorrow, and acquainted with grief!"

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

The London Gazette of Saturday, contained a brief dispatch from Lieut. Parry, notifying his return from the Polar Sea, into which he penetrated by Lancaster Sound; and specifying the latitude and longitude which the expedition had reached. His success, to the extent it has gone, has afforded much satisfaction; and the safe restoration of himself and companions, (with the exception of one man who died of a chronic disease,) has, even in the midst of our politics, excited a marked sensation throughout the country. He was immediately raised to the rank of a Captain in the navy; and it must be acknowledged, that he has well merited that distinction; while the absence of casualties during so perilous an undertaking reflects honour upon the Commander and upon the Admiralty, for the providence displayed in the outfit, and for the care with which they looked to the welfare of the gallant fellows sent upon this dreary service.

The details of the voyage, so far as they have yet appeared in the public prints, are as follows:—

The Hecla, Lieut. Parry, and the Griper, Lieut. Soddon, entered by Lancaster Sound, proceeded directly over Captain Ross's special chart of land, and reached in the parallel of 74° or 75°, 114° or 115° west, about 650 miles farther than Captain Ross asserted the Polar Sea to be navigable. In 90° they fell in with islands, which continued successively till they reached the extreme westerly point of one nearly in 115°; here winter overtook them, and they turned back several degrees and wintered in a snug harbour in five fathoms water. On the breaking up of the ice this season, attempts were made to proceed westerly; but immense barriers of ice from the Polar Sea to the northward, shut out all hope of succeeding in the parallel of 74°; and before they could return to the eastward and renew the attempt in a lower latitude, the navigable season, which is confined to August and a few days in September, offered no reasonable chance of succeeding this year; independent of which, provisions would not have held out in so precarious and dangerous a navigation for the winter, and the time they would certainly have been frozen up. The existence of a Polar Sea to the westward of "Heerne's River," is uncontestedly established. Mackenzie saw it still further to the westward; and by reference to the map, you will perceive Icy Cape, which most clearly demonstrates the American line of coast.—Experience has taught these hardy navigators, that in the month of August, such a powerful radiation from the land takes place, as to render a channel sufficient to demonstrate the certainty of the existence of a north-west passage, and that a practicable one, but not open to any possible

<sup>a</sup> Sir James Thornhill, father-in-law of Hogarth.



commercial purposes. In 90° the compasses were useless on board; the attraction of the needle was extreme; in one case, it is said 166°."

To this we may add from private information, that the passage of Lancaster Sound, where Capt. Ross (see his map) laid down what he called *Croker Mountains*, was found to be an open channel forty miles broad!

The cold during the winter was excessive; the thermometer (Fahrenheit's) descending to even 52° below zero. The vessels are entitled to the 5000*l.* reward, from having gone to a longitude beyond 110° west of Greenwich.

The newspapers also furnish the annexed further observations, from Aberdeen.

"The Hecla came into our bay yesterday for provisions, and sailed in the afternoon for Leith Roads. Her gallant and intrepid commander, Capt. Parry, accompanied by his astronomer, came on shore at Peterhead on Monday, and passed through here yesterday, to go by land to London. They parted with the Griper in the North Sea, and she is expected up every hour. The Hecla encountered a heavy gale after parting with the Griper, and sustained some damage. Few particulars of their highly interesting voyage have yet transpired, the officers and crew of the vessel confining themselves to casual observations, until their commander shall have laid his journal before the Lords of the Admiralty. We understand that they wintered in latitude 75° N., and in their attempts to explore a passage to the Western Ocean, were as far as 111° W. They wintered in a snug bay, in Lancaster Sound; and did not get clear of the ice till the 5th of August this year. From October till February, or for about 100 days, they were in darkness; but with abundance of wholesome provisions, and other requisite comforts, they passed the time very agreeably. The crew were amused with games of every kind; and occasionally they acted plays for mutual entertainment. As to the main object of the expedition, the discovery of a north-west passage, we cannot yet speak with much confidence. One of the officers with whom we have conversed, entertains not the least doubt upon the subject; but we must wait for Lieut. Parry's observations before we pronounce with certainty. The country will look with great anxiety for the publication of the journal of this voyage. They have been out for about 18 months, having sailed from Sheerness on the 18th May 1819."

We have to add, that such good haste is making with Captain Parry's Journal of the Voyage, that the public may look for its appearance within a month.

#### LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES

OXFORD, Oct. 28.

The Rev. F. Hudson, D. D. Principal of

\* Upon this point, the very remarkable experiments detailed in our Nos. 196 and 198 will, we think, be found to throw an important additional light; and we recommend them anew to the attention of our philosophical readers. Ed.

Brasenose College, has succeeded to the Regius Professorship of Divinity, void by the resignation of the Right Rev. Dr. Van Mildert, Lord Bishop of Landaff.

Thursday, Oct. 26, the following Degrees were conferred:—

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Rev. J. Hunter, Magdalen College, and Rev. Owen Cleaver, Student of Christ Church, Great compounders; W. H. Darby, Christ Church; J. Netherthorpe Harward, Scholar of Worcester College; Rev. T. Furbank, Lincoln College; Rev. J. Elliott, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. W. Stalman, Fellow of Brasenose College; J. Wither Awdry, Fellow of Oriel College; Baden Powell, and J. Michael Severne, Oriel College; H. F. Sidebottom, and R. Worgan Povah, Fellows of St. John's College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—B. Croft Goodison, Worcester College; D. Keyte Sandford, Christ Church; C. J. Plumer and G. R. Paulson, Balliol College.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 30.

The Scanlonian prize for the present year was yesterday adjudged to E. Bishopp Elliott, M. A. Fellow of Trinity College.—Subject, *The Omnipresence of the Supreme Being*.

#### SERVETUS.

During the period of religious persecution, every thought that brought with it novelty, or appeared even in science to open a path before untrod, was received with suspicion, and often considered as a dangerous innovation; and too often its propagators were exposed to calumny and hatred. Copernicus, Galileo, and other illustrious men whose names adorn the history of mankind, were marked as victims by the unsparing hand of bigotry—yet posterity has bestowed upon them the wreath of immortality. But the name of Servetus, whose melancholy fate excited throughout Europe the deepest sympathy, still sleeps in comparative obscurity; or he is known better as a religious controversialist, than as a contributor to every branch of philosophy. This unfortunate man, a Spaniard, educated as a physician, entered into the list of theological disputants, during the period in which the doctrines of the Reformation spread throughout Europe. His singular notions on the nature of the Trinity excited considerable inquiry, and the enthusiastic Calvin rushed with ardour to a contest with him; but unable to convince his antagonist by the force of argument, or the voice of friendship, he basely betrayed him to the flames, and left a blot upon his own character, which not all his rigid virtue, nor all his inflexible love of truth, could ever efface.

In the year 1553 Servetus was brought to the stake at Geneva, and with him were burnt all the copies of his "*Christianismi Restitutio*," one only copy excepted, which was secreted and saved by D. Colladon, one of the judges. This celebrated volume is now in the possession of Dr. Sigmond, to whom it was bequeathed by the late James Sims, M. D. whose library contained some

most valuable and rare books, and to whom the Medical Society of London is indebted for its excellent collection. This book was purchased at the Duke de Valiere's sale, for 3810 livres, into whose hands it passed from Dr. Mead, who gave nearly 400 guineas for it, and attempted, in the year 1723, to publish a quarto edition; but at the instance of Dr. Gibson, the Bishop of London, all the copies, in an unfinished state, were seized by John Kent and William Squire, messengers of the press, and most of them burnt: one of these, not half completed, was sold, with Dr. Mead's manuscripts, for 8 guineas. The year following, "*An Apology for the Life of Servetus*," was published. It contains some very interesting anecdotes, with one or two extracts upon the circulation of the blood, which excited considerable curiosity; and as it was known that the only copy of the work, was some short time before, in the library of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, it was supposed two existed; but this volume was proved to be the identical one which Dr. Mead had obtained.

The medical and physiological opinions which are advanced, prove this man to have possessed a genius far beyond the age in which he suffered for his attainments. Seventy years before our great Harvey published his discovery of the circulation of the blood, did Servetus give a most accurate description of it; and many of the doctrines in physiology which are even at this day subjects of great discussion, are distinctly stated by him, and amongst others, John Hunter's theory, which has engaged the attention of Abernethy and our modern enquirers—"The life is in the blood," is brought forward, and defended upon the very grounds its present advocates advance it. To introduce into a dry theological discussion the most interesting phenomena of life, the most curious details of natural history, and of general philosophy, requires the mind of no common man; but to succeed in developing the most intricate works of nature, long before the attention of the followers of science has been awakened to the subject, is the province of that genius which sometimes, though rarely, bursts upon the world, to enlighten and improve it. To select the passages which deserve admiration would require time and the greatest attention, lest by an injudicious selection the interest attached to the work might be lessened. Dr. Sigmond (we have been informed) intends printing a few copies for his friends; and probably some one who has time and abilities for the task may make extracts which may merit the public attention, and by avoiding every thing which may appear to encroach upon the boundaries of religious opinions, render a valuable service to the scientific world.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### ROYAL ACADEMY.

On Monday Mr. Henry Edridge was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

## To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Helyon Hall.

Sir.—The following Ballad was written to prove what some had denied, the facility of composing a "Tale of Wonder," nearly as fast as it could be written, when advantage was taken of the usual licence granted in those little poems. The small circle to whom it was read has encouraged the writer to send it to your valuable and entertaining Paper.

J. J.

## THE PLAGUE FIEND.

There raged a plague,  
In the town of Prague,  
And thousands fell dead every day:  
'Twas a fiery death,  
To fall by its breath,  
And moulder like ashes away.

The babe and its mother,  
The sister and brother,  
Were flung in one grave without prayer;  
No psalm could be sung,  
No deathbell be rung,  
No priest holy rites could prepare.

For the corpses came fast  
As the leaves on the blast,  
And the priests were themselves swept away.  
The eye of the morning  
Saw blushes adorning  
Maidens who saw not the close of the day.

O'erlooking the town  
Seven knights of renown  
Groaned and wept in Sir Elmor's tower:  
Says one, as I live,  
My right hand I would give  
This dark plague might no longer devour.

Says another, "I swear  
I would willingly spare  
My castle and forest so fine:  
With my sword in my hand  
I would seek a strange land,  
And make a new heritage mine."

Says Lord Rodolph—"Mine eyes  
I can never despise  
That dwell on the charms of my love;  
Yet I'd give up my sight  
With heartfelt delight  
If the plague fiend I thus could remove."

Lord Elmor sighed  
For he thought on his bride,  
And the sorrows would live in her breast:  
My life I declare  
I would willingly spare  
If thus I could save all the rest."

Lo! the Plague Fiend appears!  
His mouth meets his ears,  
And he shows his long fangs with a grin:—  
He's striped and he's dotted,  
He's freckled and spotted,  
His tongue is half out and half in.

His eyeball so burning  
On Elmor's turning,  
He exclaim'd with despite—  
"My Lord I've a right  
To take you at your word,  
On your offer absurd:

But too proud you would be  
If you ventured with me  
Thus willing and free,  
And as others make proffers,  
[I] consider their offers,  
[I] ho' I seek not their eyes,  
And their wealth I despise,

You are seven I perceive,  
And if I may believe,  
Each would much undertake  
For his country's dear sake;  
Nay, there's one would chuse  
His existence to lose  
In a fit of compassion  
That others may dash on  
In what they call health,  
Which is nothing but stealth  
Of a few years longer,  
For they'll never grow stronger;  
But all die without me,  
As much as they flout me.  
I'll impose no hard task,  
A chance only I'll ask.—  
Draw lots—that's all fair—  
And let him leave this air,  
And with me count his gains,  
Who the blackest obtains.  
On this very night  
You may all by moonlight  
In yon hermitage meet,  
So tranquil and sweet,  
Where a stream glides before  
Just one step from the door;  
On that step will I stand  
To take him by the hand  
Who has drawn the black lot.  
On that sweet soothing spot  
He may walk out the last,  
And when I hold him fast  
Not a word shall I say  
As I whirl him away  
From the confines of day.  
I vow to you here,  
I shall only appear  
On that little space,  
And not sully the face  
Of the smooth gliding stream,  
That gives back the moon-beam:  
'Tis a bulwark of brass  
Which I must not pass:  
Nor the Hermitage enter—  
I don't wish to venture;  
For a holy man's bones  
Lie under the stones;  
And were I to draw near  
I should quiver with fear."

The foul one was right  
In his fiendish spite,  
And keen was his knowledge of ill;  
In liberty's cause,  
For religion or laws,  
'Tis delightful to die by our will.

But to perish by lot  
Something chilling has got  
Most deservedly drenched by all;  
To seem thus to Fate  
An object of hate,  
Full well may the stoniest appeal.

Yet this noble seven,  
Appealing to Heaven,  
Accepted the offer he made;  
Their souls, they were sure,  
From his grasp were secure,  
And till ere'ning they fasted and pray'd.

'Tis the silvery beam  
Of the moon on the stream  
Has made seven brave knights look so pale!  
It is not that there,  
The lots they prepare  
Might give cause to the stoniest to quail.

\* All ballad readers are aware that a supernatural being cannot cross a stream. One of Burns' best ballads is founded on this belief.

As soon as each elf  
Was assured that himself  
Had been spared from so dreadful a doom;  
He turn'd eager eyes  
On Sir Elmor's prize,  
Who flourish'd in life's early bloom.

He had drawn the black lot,  
He alone trembled not,  
But as usual was cheerful and free;  
When Sir Elmor spoke,  
'Twas to please—'twas to joke,  
And his converse was brilliant with glee.

The moon beam was strong,  
And his shadow was long,  
And fully pourtray'd on the wall;  
When his friends had departed  
He came on stout hearted,  
Perhaps the least mournful of all.

He thought it was best  
To meet with a jest  
A fate that no wailing could mend:  
He points to the shade  
So strongly pourtray'd,—  
"There's another still coming, my friend."

The fiend thought him serious,  
And looking mysterious,  
Prepared the last comer to claw;  
While by Cynthia's blest beam  
Leaping over the stream,  
Sir Elmor 'scaped from his paw:

The Fiend snatched at the shade  
So clearly display'd—  
It was all he could carry away:  
And no sign of the plague  
In the city of Prague,  
Has ever been seen from that day.

Tho' the sun may shine warm  
On Sir Elmor's form,  
Not a shadow it casts on the ground:  
Like a creature of light  
He beams on the night,  
And his days are with gratitude crown'd.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## THE TON OF BAD POETRY.

We have had a good deal of amusement, as well as of trouble, from the offer we made of selling a ton of bad poetry, which had been sent for insertion in the Literary Gazette. Murmurs, hopes of exception, witticisms, have flowed in upon us; and it is but fit, that our readers should share our load, bad and good, as it was entirely on their accounts that we offended the *irritabile genus*, and put it

past a doubt,  
All Bedlam or Parnassus had broke out,  
Premising a remarkable fact, namely, that the publication of our proposal has tended to increase our store by an unprecedented influx during the week, of compositions in which the lines all begin with capital letters, (the only capital quality they have,) and do not all go to the outer edge of the paper; and which therefore we presume to be verse; premising, we repeat, this extraordinary circumstance, which proves that no obstacles can smother poetic ardour—that even the press itself cannot repress it,—we proceed to notice a few of the particulars connected with our "humorous melancholy" condition,

(as Jacques has it.) in consequence of this affair.

Among the squibs which have been shot at us, we were rather tickled with the complimentary conceit of the following couplet, to "the Editors who advertised the sale of a ton of poetry."

You're the greatest of critics whate'er people say;

For you give the whole ton to the birds of the day. *Tom. Mart.*

We suspect from the signature, that this is a plagiarist from some volume of *Martial's* Epigrams; but it is tolerably fair for a pun. Our next poetical correspondence bears the post mark of Lymeington, and, for a disappointed bard, could hardly have been better (tempered), had the Old *Well* been *Hippocrene*—so called, as the classical well know, from its rising out of the ground when struck by a horse's foot, and thus more analogous to the pleasant vein of our good humoured "Candidate," than if he had been angry and kicked up his spa with an *on's* hoof.

On seeing in the *Literary Gazette* an offer for selling a ton of unsuccessful poems by contributors.

Pray spare my ode  
Now in the load  
Of poems bad you write of;  
And pray don't burn  
My sonnet to —, nor turn  
It from your pages quite off.  
Alas! I fear,  
These rounds I'll hear,  
"Throw Ode and Sonnet in the fire;  
They'll make a blaze,  
Emt some rays;  
What worthier fate would you desire."  
Oh! Sonnet bright!  
Oh! Ode whose light  
Far streaming like the western sun;  
I little thought  
When you were brought  
Forth with such pains, to be undone!  
O rigid censors,  
Calm dispensers,  
Of threats that blast bright genius' rays,  
May the ghost of each line  
Whom your breath dooms to pine,  
Tease you and haunt you all your sad days.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE.

May Euclid preserve us from the ghosts of lines; for he knew the utter hatred which we bore against the realities, when at school.

Our next correspondent is a furious prose dog. He writes post from the north of Ireland, and threatens to ride post to London to horse-whip "every Editor of us." If we dare to insult him by selling his "Stanzas on Martha Rix's Eyes." As we do not chuse to have any thing to do with their lashes or his hushes, we hereby inform him, that the paper is burnt according to his request, and that the subject and sealing was emitted a lustre equally brilliant.

"One whom we have frequently admitted," trusts that such of his productions as we have by us, may not be among those thrown in to make the prodigious weight, especially as they are all light pieces; and as if in-

consciously infected by a punning contagion, he adds, "he hopes to see them still, because they are of a fugitive nature."

Many grown up ladies and gentlemen, as well as a multitude of boarding-school misses, and a tolerable proportion of their governesses, have reclaimed amatory effusions which they had anonymously and confidentially entrusted to us to publish; as if, instead of intrigues, they had been banis of marriage. But what amazed us most among these, was one called for by the author, "Candidus" in person, which Candidus was a footman and a perfect Negro! Who and what his adored was, we could not get this Othello to disclose, though we absolutely promised to insert his verses, if he would favour us with a glimpse of his Desdemona.

One who signs "Andrew," seems such a slashing fellow, that we advise him to change the *se* into a, and annex the patronymic of Ferrara to his name. He who dates from "Bow-Lane Chespaide" is so abusive, that he must be in constant danger of going in a mistake to Bow-Street Covent-Garden. But the fearfullest of the foes whom this inconsiderate business has stirred up, is Angelina. She swears, (that is, she votes in a hurried hand, which would be swearing if spoken,) that if her 'Invocation to Edward' is not returned by return of post to Hackney, we shall have "to bear the bitter fruit of her hate." Perhaps that may be easier than to support the sweet fruit of her love, which she seems to reserve for the aforesaid Edward; but as she is so violent in these extremities, we shall go to the very bottoms of all our hampers to find her verses, rather than be any further hampered about them.

But it would far exceed all decorous limits, were we to notice in detail the prodigious number of applications and hints which have reached us on this (as it appears) so generally interesting subject. Suffice it to say, that it was the quantity burnt, in compliance with the requests of the writers, and not the great brew-house next street to us, which caused the immense volume of smoke last Wednesday, and the alarm of fire that brought all the engines at full gallop to our door, to our great inconvenience and annoyance. Thus martyrs to the public, we certainly expect it will shew its gratitude, by an increased patronage of the *Literary Gazette*,—a publication which so far from being ill-natured (as is falsely asserted by one of our correspondents), is effectually the best-tempered magazine of criticism that ever dealt in that article so extensively. And to let the world into the secret of this characteristic—it is simply, because we think it misfortune enough, to be the author of an unsuccessful work; and therefore, while we state our opinions honestly, we really do not think it necessary to state them so bitterly as to inflict pain, perhaps for life, on a fellow creature. Failure is pang enough; and unless there is something more objectionable than mere weakness or dullness, we do not conceive that a periodical, whose object is to promote literature, has a right to be smart

and severe, or in other words, to flay and carbonado the unfortunate and unhappy. We have, on the dear topic of self, but one more remark to subjoin. It has been endeavored to be whispered, that we have shown a partiality to particular publishers, merely because our diligence has procured us access to the earliest moment to new works: to refute which, we refer to all our past labours, and beg to affirm that we have never written a line from prepossession, nor one in the correctness of which we did not conscientiously believe; and if self-interest can be any guarantee for public impartiality, we may add, that the conductors of this paper, convinced that no other course has raised it to, or can maintain it at the eminence it has reached, have more at stake in its fair fame and consequent success, than all the bookellers in London could give them, were either parties fools enough to suppose, that any benefit could result from doing aught, but speaking with candour, integrity, and truth. We beg pardon for this grave digression; but

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,  
Thou shalt not 'scape calumny!

and it is occasionally useful in these censorious times for critics as just as Aristotle (errors of the judgment excepted), to defend themselves against misrepresentation. We promise not to be grave again till Christmas; and though our assertion is serious, we hope we have not been too provy *me*.

#### LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[Anxious by every means in our power to show our sense of the unexampled kindness with which the *Literary Gazette* has been received, and advanced to its present and daily increasing circulation, we have procured the correspondence of an eminent literary gentleman at Paris, who is commenced in this Number, and will, we trust, continue to furnish a pleasing variety in literature, science, and anecdote. We now insert two letters, in order to overtake the series, retarded by an accident a fortnight ago.]

#### Letter I. (Translation.)

Mr. Editor.—An old inhabitant of Paris, begs leave to correspond with you respecting the passing events which he may chance to witness in this capital, and to send you information of all novelties in literature, science and art. It is his intention occasionally to mingle anecdotes with his observations, which will refer to the dead as well as to the living. He will be as impartial as it is possible to be in a capital where one party pulls to the right and the other to the left, and where every thing, even the arts and sciences, assumes a political colouring. He will endeavour to pursue a middle course, and above all, will avoid approaching the *Ultrars* of every description. If, in spite of his efforts to the contrary, he should occasionally incur the imputation of dullness or misfortune in which many worthy writers have been involved, you, Mr. Editor, *ne transerez calamo*, spare the readers of the *Literary Gazette* the annoyance of perusing his remarks. Last, however, you shall deem it necessary to exercise your duty

the very commencement, I will here close my preface, and proceed to the matter.

I know not whether you have heard of the plan, which has been agitated by a party of college professors, of building a Latin city in France.\* Probably you will conclude, as many have done, that it is a mere joke. One of our journals has remarked, that as we do not very well understand each other in French, we must of necessity experience greater difficulty in maintaining mutual communication in the Latin tongue. Terms are now used in the French language, such as the *charter*, *civil and religious liberty*, *independence*, *patriotism*, &c. which a portion of the nation either do not, or pretend not to comprehend. The charter itself, though drawn up in such French as was currently spoken six years ago, has already been interpreted in two totally different ways, which would lead to the supposition, that it equalled in obscurity the Greek of Lycophron. But the projectors of the new city are probably of opinion, that in course of time Latin will be generally spoken and understood, and that, in the mean while, they may proceed to build. They announced their project about a year ago; but it appears that their plan has since been materially improved. They have published a prospectus at Toulouse, which I regret I have not been able to procure, for as yet I know nothing of the subject but from hearsay.

This society of professors, who, whether asleep or awake, dream of nothing but Latin literature, imagine they will succeed in reviving the genius of Cicero and Virgil, if they erect, in the south of France, where the climate resembles that of ancient Latium, a city, all the inhabitants of which, from the magistrate to the collier, shall be required to speak the language of the Romans. Socieisms and barbarisms will probably be punished in this new Rome, as severely as he crimes set down in the penal code. I presume the founders are to pronounce judgment on the language of the citizens; but it is to be feared, that in procuring female inhabitants for their settlement, they will be exposed to no less difficulty than was experienced by Romulus. If it be necessary, in the first place, to obtain a diploma from a university, how can it be expected that ladies will take the trouble to qualify themselves for the right of residence in this new city. Love, to be sure, sometimes works miracles; but what legislator, even though he should possess the severity of Draco, can think of requiring that a young woman, before marrying, should produce proofs of her knowledge of Latin, and express herself in the classic language of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi. And, after all, how will it be possible to prevent some barbarous Gaul from finding his way into the city, and causing the language to degenerate, until it become as corrupt as that of the Diet of Hungary. But other objections are urged against this project; for when a project is set on foot, objections are never wanting.

\* It was mentioned in the Literary Gazette some time ago.—Ed.

It is alleged, that the language of Livy, Tacitus, and Horace, was suited to the manners, customs, and opinions of their country; and that it is not easy to conceive how the Latin language of the golden age can be adapted to express ideas in an age, which cannot be termed either golden or silver, except by a fortunate few. The human mind must be restored to the point at which it was in the reign of Augustus, and we must possess neither more nor fewer ideas than the contemporaries of Mæcenas: now this is impossible, for the human mind is continually advancing to perfection by the experience of succeeding ages. But those who start this objection know not what they say. There is a party here exerting every possible effort to make the present generation retrograde to the notions of the 15th century, and prohibiting as contraband every opinion that rises up at the present day; and as some of these worthies confidently hope to bring France back to the mode of thinking which prevailed in the time of Francis I. may not the society of professors hope to limit the citizens of the town they are about to found to the ideas of the Augustan age? The building of the city has not, I believe, yet commenced. Whenever I learn that the foundation stone of the capitol is laid, I shall not fail to inform you of the event.

I have before me the prospectus of another new establishment, to be called the *Prytæneum*, to which one of the public gardens of Paris is to be appropriated. I cannot tell you how much meaning is conveyed in the learned name *Prytæneum*. The person who is at the head of the establishment announces—"that a complete course of civil and medical gymnastics will be observed; that singing, dancing, fencing, riding, and swimming will be taught; that lessons will be given on eloquence and political economy; that literary sittings will take place, and that festivals will be celebrated in imitation of the ceremonies, customs, and mythologies of different nations; so that, says the director, the *Prytæneum*, will include a Gymnasium, a Lyceum, a promenade, a spectacle for summer entertainment." This will indeed be an establishment on the Greek model; and though we shall not perhaps boast of Plato's glorious days of the *Academy* may be again revived. But the plan is, I fear, too good to be carried into effect; and it is probable that the visitors may walk beneath the shade of the plane trees till they are weary, without the felicity of hearing a discussion among the disciples of Socrates. About twelve years ago, M. Jauffret, who is well known for his agreeable works on education, and who was an enthusiast for the revival of ancient customs, endeavoured in vain to restore *Académie Promenades*. He set to work, it is true, in rather a singular way. The lovers of philosophic conversations inscribed their names on his list, each paying the sum of twelve francs; and having collected a sufficient number, he thrust them into *finer*, and drove them to his country residence. There he read them a long discourse, and gave

them a light breakfast. They then botanized for a short time, and the Professor drew from his pocket another discourse as long as the first, which was followed by a repast worthy of the Pythagoreans. The audience again botanized, and returned to town in the evening, highly edified by the Professor's discourses, and well disposed to make a hearty supper at home. This school, which never produced any philosophers, has long since fallen into oblivion.

#### LETTERS FROM PARIS.—No. II.

Paris, Oct. 7th 1820

Travellers who visit France, proceed almost invariably by the post-roads, which are unquestionably to be preferred for the sake of convenience and expedition. But those who wish to observe the manner and customs of the inhabitants of the provinces, and who do not fear encountering a little fatigue, would do well to deviate from the usual course, and visit those districts where the sight of a foreigner is a sort of phenomenon, and where intercourse with great cities is extremely rare. Such is the department of the Upper Alps, respecting which a very interesting publication has recently been produced, by M. de la Dauvette, late prefect of that department. In addition to much valuable information on the subjects of antiquity and natural history, the work contains the following curious particulars, relative to the mountaineers of the Upper Alps, who seem to bear a marked resemblance to those of Savoy and Piedmont.

"The inhabitants of the Upper Alps sow their grain in the months of June or July; but they do not reap until September in the following year; and when the plains happen to be overwhelmed by avalanches, their harvest does not come on until two years after the period of sowing. It will easily be guessed, that the peasantry are not over rich in a country where the harvest occurs only once in a couple of years. But though not wealthy, the farmer of the Upper Alps, lives like a lord in his own house, and the heaviest portion of agricultural labour devolves on his wife. It is no uncommon thing to see a woman yoked to the plough along with an ass, while the husband holds the ploughshare. A farmer of the Upper Alps accounts it an act of politeness to lend his wife to a neighbour who is oppressed with labour; and the neighbour in his turn, lends his wife for a few days work, whenever the favour is requested. Among these mountains an shode may be procured at the rent of 10 francs per annum; the proprietor, it is true, seldom lays out any money in building, for the habitations consist chiefly of cavities dug in the hills and fitted up with rough planks of wood. Owing to the uncertainty of the harvest, the inhabitants adopt the precaution of always making a sufficient quantity of bread to last for 15 or 18 months. Their bread is a kind of hard biscuit; and it is asserted, that one pound contains as much nutriment as four pounds of ordinary bread. They sop it in milk along with potatoes, and it forms their chief article of food, at least

during a great portion of the year. There is a part of the Upper Alps, called Lagrave, where the cold is so severe during the winter, that it is found impossible to dig the graves in the church-yards. The inhabitants have an odd method of disposing of their dead during that season of the year. They hang them up in the barns, or lay them on the roofs of the houses, until the return of spring. The singular customs of the natives of this mountainous region, might in some instances afford a lesson to people more refined. They do not consider it necessary to ratify their engagements by writing, or any other formality. A squeeze of the hand, or a lock of hair given as a pledge, renders the promise sacred and inviolable. In the arrondissement of Euhruin, when a man falls ill, and being without children, is unable to gather in his harvest, the mayor and curate make known his situation to the parishioners, and men women and children go into the fields and cut down his corn.

About 4000 of these mountaineers are annually compelled by poverty to wander to other parts of the country to gain a livelihood. These emigrants follow various trades and occupations. They become porters, labourers, shepherds, and what is still more strange, teachers. The latter go about with a pen fastened in their hats, and instruct children and even grown persons, during the season when there is little work without doors; and they return home to enjoy the produce of their industry and talent.

Notwithstanding the patriarchal manners of the inhabitants of the Upper Alps, domestic quarrels are perhaps more frequent there than elsewhere; and husbands are often punished for beating their wives, and *vice versa*. In some communes, when a husband suffers himself to be chastised by his wife, he is placed on an ass with his face to the tail of the animal, and in this ludicrous position he rides about, while one of his neighbours proclaims with a loud voice the disgrace of the foolish husband. Sometimes the woman who has had the presumption to beat her husband, is paraded in a similar way; she is compelled to drink frequently, and her mouth is wiped with the tail of the ass. This custom is observed in many parts of France. Formerly, the fear inspired by this public punishment was so great, that the criminals have been known to petition the favour of the Sovereign to get it commuted. At Dijon, both husband and wife were mounted on an ass, and the ceremony of punishment for all the offences of the above nature that had been committed throughout the year, usually took place in the month of May. A decree of parliament was necessary to abolish the custom, which was held in high veneration by the people, and which, in former times, served as a check both on tyrannical husbands, and wives who were too ready in the use of their hands."

But these old customs are gradually wearing away; for the frequent conscriptions that have been set on foot since the revolution, by promoting intercourse between the inhabitants of all parts of France, have in a great measure destroyed the prejudices of these mountaineers.

[Our correspondent goes on to state, that the increased demand for the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau, also tends to this result: but these remarks, our inserting two letters in one Number, induces us to omit. He also predicts—]

"In France a revolution is preparing in religious opinions, similar to that which has already taken place in politics;" and as a proof of public opinion beards, "The government experienced considerable difficulty in collecting twelve censors for the press; for few literary men would disgrace themselves by accepting such an office. A physician, named Pariset, was engaged by the ministry; but his friends overwhelmed him with such bitter reproach, that he at length gave in his resignation. The committee of censorship is a curious combination of abbés, poets, &c. A brother-in-law of the Duke de Richelieu has become a member of it. He is a M. Rothe de Nugent, and his literary knowledge is said to be merely confined to dictionaries, of which his library is exclusively composed.

A pamphlet has just been published in Paris, entitled the *Panorama*, in which the twelve censors are introduced in a witty little comedy, at which every body has laughed except the twelve actors, who preserve their gravity as well as they are able.

## THE DRAMA.

**DRURY-LANE.**—On Tuesday, the improbable comedy of *Town and Country* was performed here; the part of Reuben (Glenroy) by the new actor Mr. Cooper. It was upon the whole so very level an effort, that it affords us nothing to say; except that it was inferior to his *Romeo*. Miss Smithson, after two years retirement, resumed her station on the boards, and looked a plump and handsome Rosalie Somers; and a Mrs. Dobbs played Mrs. Trot (being her first appearance), with abilities equal to the important undertaking.

It is strange how matters of consequence, to some at least, slip the memory of those who are not interested. We had forgotten that a new Polly appeared in the *Beggars' Opera* on Saturday, and was superseded by Miss Povey on Monday.

On Wednesday Mr. Cooper played *Othello* in a manner superior to any of his preceding performances. His conception of the character was good, and his execution not over-strained, but judicious and chaste. His bad scenes were those in which Iago works upon the jealousy of his temperment; his least successful, of those which are susceptible of effect, the soliloquies (generally), and the close of the tragedy. Taken altogether, his *Othello* has certainly raised him in the dramatic standard, and displayed higher powers than either his *Romeo* or *Reuben*. Mr. Booth was the Iago, and acquitted himself, we speak it to his praise, most villainously. The notion that this actor is a mere imitator of Keen is, we think, permitted to detract from the histrionic merits which he really possesses. The gentle Desdemona had a representative in

Miss Chester, who gave a sweet image of the unhappy lady. Mrs. Glover enacted Emilia in her usual style; and marked the passages, which at present evoke popular shouts, with one emphasis: they were caught and loudly applauded.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—*Twelfth Night*—Shakspeare's comedy was on Wednesday produced at this theatre, as the *Comedy of Errors* was last year, with an operatic introduction of songs, glees, &c., from other plays and poems of the same immortal author. In the abstract, we cannot approve of this fashion; but the play of Wednesday was so gorgeous and fascinating an exception to the right rule, that we are compelled to pronounce (were it compounded by any other means) an opinion of the most favourable kind upon its attractions. We certainly never saw any thing upon the stage more rich and brilliant, nor ever heard any thing much more harmonious. We have been so entirely accustomed to have the concord of sweet sounds grafted on innuities of contrivance and dialogue, that it seems a breach of established usage to find delightful music combined with admirable comic action. To alternate from Miss Tree to Farren, in *Viola* to *Malvolio*, and in other characters from *Dumstet*, *Pyne*, *Taylor*, and *Timney*, to *Fawcett*, *Liston*, *Emery*, and *Abbott*, is so superior and so distinctly a double enjoyment, that we feel as if we were being entertained too much; or as if we were attending to two plays instead of one; or as if we were at two theatres on the same evening. The best proof, perhaps, that this treat did not satiate, is that though *Twelfth Night* lasted three hours and a half, the attention of the audience never flagged; but the sense of a very crowded house seemed to be charmed to the final drop of the curtain. Where there are so many particulars both in singing and acting to notice, it is inconvenient for us (in this Number) to enter upon details; and we must be guilty of much omission in our brief summary. The music is principally selected by Bishop, from Morley, Ford, Ravenscroft, Saville, Winter and Sterneron. It consists of seven songs, two duets, five glees, overture, and choruses. Some of them are exquisite: one or two might be omitted as falling in where they retard the story of *Malvolio's* mischances. The scenery is altogether splendid, and the *Masque of Juno and Ceres* adapted from the *Tempest*, and introduced in the fourth act applying to *Orsino* and *Olivia*, is beyond description superb. Pugh, Hodgkins, and the *Griefs*, have carried this art to the utmost bounds of excellence. The dress and decorations are in keeping with the scenery. With regard to the acting, it was of a more mixed nature; and though the parts were strongly cast, they did not fulfil our anticipation. *Farren's* *Malvolio* was admirable, and we lost no point, except in the dungeon scene, which was, we thought, slurred over. *Emery's* *Sir Toby* wanted jollity—it was of too formal and severe a cut. *Liston*, after the first scene, seemed to be at a loss what to do with *Sir Andrew*; yet he made us laugh at the duel, and several other parts. *Faw-*

ett's Clown has no fault; but it was not so easy as his clowning it with Aubrey. Miss Tree charmed every one as Casario; she performed well, and sung enchantingly, both in her solos and in her second to Olivia. Her melody is delicious. Miss Green, as Olivia, did not give so much satisfaction: her acting was forced, and nearly all her musical exertions in too high a key. To unsentimental ears, we might say, her tones were loud and flat. Though not of the best, however, her performances were of a very respectable order. Mrs. Gibbs made Maria as piquante as could be; and in conclusion, the comedy was given out for repetition with unanimous approbation.

A new tragedy, entitled *Wallace*, is among the announcements of Covent Garden Theatre. It is, we believe, from the pen of a young gentleman now only nineteen years of age, though the author of the play called *Nigisnar*, which was acted for a few nights about four years ago. His name is Walker, and he is the son of Mr. Peter Walker, who has appeared so often on the political stage, about Westminster.

### VARIETIES.

*Stockholm, 3d Oct.*—It has lately become quite the fashion in Sweden to dig in the ground in search of relics of antiquity, and as it appears, not wholly without success. A farmer lately found near Westerna a large spiral-formed instrument or utensil of gold, neither the use nor the age of which has yet been ascertained. The bailiff of Halland has just reported that a peasant near Halmstad has dug up a very large quantity of silver coins, weighing nearly 500 ounces, and that none of these coins are less than 500 years old. He has sent about 20 of them as specimens, which the government immediately gave to the Academy of Inscriptions, for examination.

*Timbuctoo*.—One of the Paris journals announced the arrival of a young French traveller, M. Mollien, at Timbuctoo, on the same day on which, unluckily for the credit of the story, a letter from that gentleman, dated "Paris," appeared in the *Moniteur*.

M. Compe, the celebrated French conjuror, is exhibiting in Paris two musical prodigies, who, with their hands muffled, perform concertos on the violin in a style of brilliant execution, seldom displayed by performers who enjoy the free use of their fingers.

The newspapers mention that a mechanic of Malmesbury has invented a method, by which he weaves cloth of so close a fabric as to resist the penetration of wet, like skin.

This is certainly the *golden age* of literature. A French author lately sold to a bookseller, for the sum of 500 francs, the manuscript of a comedy which had never been represented. But alas! the result did not realize the expectations either of author or bookseller, and the piece was decidedly undermanned on the first night of performance. y mutual agreement the bargain was an-

nulled, with the forfeit of 170 francs on the part of the bookseller. We believe there are many dramatic writers who would gladly consent to have their productions biased from the stage on such terms.

M. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, the son of the well known French novelist of that name, has just returned to France after a voyage to the Indian Ocean, where he visited the islands which have been celebrated in the charming works of his father.

During a storm which happened in January last, an island near Java, called Fisherman's Island, was *rent asunder*!

A Paris paper contains the following paragraph, and very confidently vouches for its authenticity:

"Madame Catalani is engaged for three months at Drury-Lane Theatre, in London. This is truly a matter of surprise, for Drury-Lane is merely a secondary theatre, at which a wretched musical company has hitherto been engaged. All the best English singers, such as Miss Stephens and Braham, belong to Covent-Garden. We are at a loss to imagine what Madame Catalani will do at Drury-Lane. She cannot hope to get up an opera there, and consequently she must confine herself to singing a few songs, interspersed through an English comedy or pantomime, for pantomimes are frequently produced at that theatre. Certainly this is beneath the dignity of so distinguished a singer. We shall not fail to acquaint our readers with the result of this singular engagement!"

#### THE KING OF PRUSSIA AND THE MAGICIAN.

Extract from a letter written in 1760, by a chaplain in the Austrian army, to the prior of the Franciscan convent at Frankfort on the Maine.—"Reverend Sir! You were certainly much astonished when you heard of the two battles, (of Liegnitz and Torgau,) which the King of Prussia has gained in this campaign. At Liegnitz, the King met with a magician, who persuaded him to promise the devil the souls of 20 Jesuits if he would help him. By the aid of the magician, the King accordingly gained the victory. Beelzebub sent from hell many legions of little devils provided with bellows, and placed them behind the soldiers, whom they drove forward. Some who were blown on so furiously that they got the colic, declared that this forced march was a devilish manoeuvre. The imperial army was compelled to retire, being unable to endure the stench of the brimstone which came from the Prussians. At Torgau, where the victory was gained at night-fall, this evil spirit commanded all the little devils that had pushed the Prussians behind, to place themselves on their noses and to take the form of spectacles. By these means, the impious heretics gained the advantage over the unfortunate Austrians, who could not see any thing."

Collections of natural history have been received for the East India Company's Museum in London, both from Sumatra and Java.

M. Bigio, of Venice, has succeeded in extracting from coffee a green gum lac, said to be useful and beautiful in painting.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.—We have elsewhere mentioned that Captain Parry's voyage may be expected to be published in about a month. Mr. Murray has not, that we have seen, announced his other works for the season; but report speaks highly of several which he has in the press. Among those mentioned to us in the literary circles, besides Belzoni, are Walpole's History of his Own Times, and the Anecdotes of the late King, by the Earl of Waldegrave, both of which naturally excite great expectation. Mr. Colburn has advertised Lady Morgan's Italy, from which a good deal of entertainment is anticipated. The correspondence of Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, edited by Archdeacon Cox, is also announced. Mr. Maturin has, we hear, got sermons, novels, and plays, all forth or forth-coming. Two or three satirical novels are about to appear. The author of the successful novel of the Mystery is again ready. Mr. Godwin has taken up the cudgels against Mr. Malthus. The Edinburgh press is very still at present: we have heard of nothing but Kenilworth.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

NOVEMBER 1820.

*Thursday, 2*—Thermometer from 30 to 49. Barometer from 29.86 to 29.96. Wind S. W. 1. and  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally clear. Rain fallen, 0.25 of an inch.  
*Friday, 3*—Thermometer from 23 to 45. Barometer from 30.00 to 30.06. Wind S. W. and S. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally foggy; at times clear. Ice this morning, almost  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an inch thick.  
*Saturday, 4*—Thermometer from 24 to 48. Barometer from 30.05 to 30.09. Wind E. b. S.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Morning cloudy; the rest of the day generally clear.  
*Sunday, 5*—Thermometer from 23 to 48. Barometer from 30.10 to 29.91. Wind E. 0. and S. b. E. 1.—A thick rime and fog, till 2 in the afternoon, when it gradually went off, and became cloudy. Heavy rain in the evening.  
*Monday, 6*—Thermometer from 48 to 54. Barometer from 29.90 to 29.95. Wind S. W. and W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally cloudy. Rain fallen, .25 of an inch.  
*Tuesday, 7*—Thermometer from 43 to 58. Barometer from 29.94 to 29.97. Wind S.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Cloudy and hazy.  
*Wednesday, 8*—Thermometer from 50 to 56. Barometer from 30.00 to 30.03. Wind E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  and 1.—Generally cloudy. A little rain in the morning.  
On Tuesday the 14th, at 53 minutes, 56 seconds after 6 o'clock, the 3rd Satellite of Jupiter will immerse into his shadow, and will emerge at 55 minutes, 34 seconds after 9. Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Philo Nauticus and I will find letters at our office. Errata.—In our last No. p. 718, col. 2, l. 18, for at, read et; l. 2 from bottom, for *advised*, r. *advised*; p. 718, col. 1, l. 29, for *too*, r. *so*.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Melmoth the Wanderer; a Tale.* By the Author of *Bertram*. Edinburgh. 12mo. 4 vols. 1820.

*Cui bono? Cui bono? Cui bono?* good Mr. Maturin! You regret, in your preface, that necessity compels you to appear before the public in the unseemly character of a writer of Romances: but surely there are many romances of tenor and tendency which it would not be unbecoming in any clergyman to write,.... compositions in which the powers of invention are called in to promote the interests of morality, and the aid of fiction is only employed to serve the cause of truth. True it is, however, had such are neither the ways nor means, the objects nor ends, of the *Diabliana* in which you delight to revel; and never did you revel more errantly from every good purpose than in *Melmoth, or the Wanderer*. Yet "the tint of this tale (says the author) was taken from a passage in one of my Sermons," and is intended to show, that there is no human price at which a man will sell the salvation of his immortal soul. We have heard of the *seria mista scis*, and have often been pleased with that style; but we know of no case in which the *sancta mista profanis* has been given, nor can we surmise a case in which it could give satisfaction. And, after he consulted his understanding, Mr. Maturin must be too sensible a man to believe that his proposition needed the illustration of a tissue of impossibilities; make it out, even were it advisable to speculate through four volumes on so absurd, while at the same time so sacred a question. Limited to probability, a fine novel might have been constructed on similar grounds. "Reason, a rogue, reason!" cries Sir John Ulstaff to Pistol; "Think'st thou I'll danger my soul gratis?" The extent to which the dearest stake of mankind is exposed, not in consequence of rect offers from Satan in person, but directly, through his temptations to be and crime, we could have supposed to be a fitting and useful theme for Clergyman to employ his pen upon, VOL. IV.

if obliged to write novels; but we can form no conception of any justifiable motive to induce him to adopt a fable destitute of instruction, unnatural, and absolutely stinking of the infernal sulphur throughout. His prayers might have taught him to solicit being kept from the Devil, and not to figure the Evil Spirit stirring and at home in all the familiar transactions of life. In short, he might and ought to have avoided the monstrous framework in which he has exhibited this picture, or rather series of pictures, more disgusting and hideous than the poetical demonology of the noble lord, from whom he has borrowed his morbidity, his horrors, his atrocities, and his hellishness, out-Byroning Byron in these unamiable, inhuman, worse than useless, and abominable qualities.

With these general opinions of Mr. Maturin's new romance, it can hardly be imagined that we looked with much complacency to the details and execution. Yet we must say that *Melmoth* possesses a sort of wild interest, which displays great though perverted talent in the writer.

Melmoth is a being who has lived a century and a half owing to a compact with the foul fiend. His descendants reside in Ireland, and a visit which he pays to an old miser, the mortal representative of the family, frightens him to death, and transfers the property to a young student his nephew. Among his uncle's papers he reads the story of one Stanton, who had had numerous struggles with the Devil-possessed Melmoth; and immediately after a Spaniard, one Mongada, who had been similarly exposed, is wrecked on the coast, and becomes an inmate with the young gentleman, to whom he relates his adventures. These consist in his being made a monk, escaping, getting into and out of the Inquisition, and finally taking refuge in the house of a Jew-doctor, who tells him the story of sundry skeletons in his study. This introduces an Indian tale,\* which is hardly finished when the Devil-man, Melmoth senior, arrives at his paternal abode (not hell, nor even St. Patrick's Purgatory, but the Wicklow Lodge of the Melmoths) and prepares for his trans-

formation, or death, we cannot tell which. An account of this event is given, and the fourth volume concludes.

Only further prefacing, that as a composition Melmoth presents many inelegancies, and even grammatical errors; that there is often apparent a facetious vein, not bad *per se*, but very anomalously linked to the matter; and that there is a prevailing tediousness in defining sensations, sentiments, and all sorts of feelings; we shall pursue our customary course in selecting a few passages, most readily separable from a work which it is not our intention to follow minutely, to enable our readers to exercise their own judgment on the pretensions of the author.

Talking of ancient superstitions, we find the relation (as we think) spoilt by the use of fashionable phraseology: the person described is a Wicklow Sybil.

"No one knew so well as she to find where the four streams met, in which, on the same portentous season, the *chemise* was to be immersed, and then displayed before the fire, (in the name of one whom we dare not mention to 'ears polite'), to be turned by the figure of the destined husband before morning. No one but herself (she said) knew the hand in which the comb was to be held, while the other was employed in conveying the apple to the mouth,—while, during the joint operation, the shadow of the phantom-spouse was to pass across the mirror before which it was performed. No one was more skilful or active in removing every iron implement from the kitchen where these ceremonies were usually performed by the credulous and terrified dupes of her wizardry, lest, instead of the form of a comely youth exhibiting a ring on his white finger, an headless figure should stalk to the rack, (*Anglicè*, dresser), take down a long spit, or, in default of that, snatch a poker from the fire-side, and mercilessly take measure with its iron length of the sleeper for a coffin. No one, in short, knew better how to torment or terrify her victims into a belief of that power which may and has reduced the strongest minds to the level of the weakest; and under the influence of which the cultivated sceptic, Lord Lyttelton, yelled and gnashed and writhed in his last hours, like the poor girl who, in the belief of the horrible visitation of the vampire, shrieked aloud, that her grandfather was sucking her vital blood while she slept, and expired under the influence of imaginary horror. Such was the being to whom old Melmoth had committed his life, half from credulity, and (*Hibernicè* speaking) more than half from avarice."

Our modern writers have got into an odd way of imitating the stuff of each other about their hero's eyes; Mr. Maturin's has

\* It is the best part of the book; written in pretty language, but, like the rest, altogether improbable in its conception. The education of the heroine never could have taken place in her hole at the mouth of the Hoogly.



got squinters as super-natural and odd, as any Vampire's among them.

"John's eyes were in a moment, and as if by magic, riveted on a portrait that hung on the wall, and appeared, even to his untutored eye, far superior to the tribe of family pictures that used to moulder on the walls of a family mansion. It represented a man of middle age. There was nothing remarkable in the costume, or in the countenance, but the eyes, John felt, were such as one feels they wish they had never seen, and feels they can never forget. Had he been acquainted with the poetry of Southey, he might have often exclaimed in his after-life, 'Only the eyes had life,

They gleamed with demon light.'—*THALARA.*

"From an impulse equally resistless and painful, he approached the portrait, held the candle towards it, and could distinguish the words on the border of the painting,—*Jno. Melmoth, anno 1646.*"

N. B. This was in 1816, and the portrait was that of the human-satan still alive and ill-doing. The following is a sample of genuine mediocrity, in the original romance-writing manner. John has got Stanton's memoirs to peruse:

"He sunk for a few moments into a fit of gloomy abstraction, till the sound of the clock striking twelve made him start,—it was the only sound he had heard for some hours, and the sounds produced by inanimate things, while all living beings around are as dead, have at such an hour an effect indescribably awful. John looked at his manuscript with some reluctance, opened it, paused over the first lines, and as the wind sighed round the desolate apartment, and the rain pattered with a mournful sound against the dismantled window, wished—what did he wish for?—he wished the sound of the wind less dismal, and the dash of the rain less monotonous.—He may be forgiven, it was past midnight, and there was not a human being awake but himself, within ten miles when he began to read."

As a specimen of the disgusting exaggeration of incarnate diabolism in a man who has cut his father's throat, and exults in it, we may quote the following:—A monk and a novice have been discovered to be of different sexes, whom the warmest passion tempted to disguise and profanation: the paradise (relating the catastrophe in a subterranean dungeon of the convent,) says,

"They were conducted here; I had suggested the plan, and the Superior consented to it. He would not be present, but his dumb nod was enough. I was the conductor of their (intended) escape; they believed they were departing with the connivance of the Superior. I led them through those very passages that you and I have trod. I had a map of this subterranean region, but my blood ran cold as I traversed it; and it was not at all inclined to resume its usual temperament, as I felt what was to be the destination of my attendants. Once I turned the lamp, on pretence of trimming it, to catch a glimpse of the devoted wretches. They were embracing each other,—the light of joy trembled in their eyes. They were

whispering to each other hopes of liberation and happiness, and blending my name in the interval they could spare from their prayers for each other. That sight extinguished the last remains of compunction with which my horrible task had inspired me. They dared to be happy in the sight of one who must be for ever miserable,—could there be a greater insult? I resolved to punish it on the spot. This very apartment was near,—I knew it, and the map of their wanderings no longer trembled in my hand. I urged them to enter this recess (the door was then entire) while I went to examine the passage. They entered it, thanking me for my precaution,—they knew not they were never to quit it alive. But what were their lives for the agony their happiness cost me? The moment they were inclosed, and clasping each other (a sight that made me grind my teeth), I closed and locked the door. This movement gave them no immediate uneasiness,—they thought it a friendly precaution. The moment they were secured, I hastened to the Superior, who was on fire at the insult offered to the sanctity of his convent, and still more to the purity of his penetration, on which the worthy Superior piqued himself as much as if it had ever been possible for him to acquire the smallest share of it. He descended with me to the passage,—the monks followed with eyes on fire. In the agitation of their rage, it was with difficulty they could discover the door after I had repeatedly pointed it out to them. The Superior, with his own hands, drove several nails, which the monks eagerly supplied into the door, that effectually joined it to the staple, *never to be disjoined*; and every blow he gave, doubtless he felt as if it was a reminiscence to the accusing angel, to strike out a sin from the catalogue of his accusations. The work was soon done,—the work never to be undone. At the first sound of steps in the passage, and blows on the door, the victims uttered a shriek of terror. They imagined they were detected, and that an incensed party of monks were breaking open the door. These terrors were soon exchanged for others,—and worse,—as they heard the door nailed up, and listened to our departing steps. They uttered another shriek, but O how different was the accent of its despair!—they knew their doom.

It was my penance (no,—my delight) to watch at the door, under the pretence of precluding the possibility of their escape, (of which they knew there was no possibility); but, in reality, not to inflict on me the indignity of being the convent gaoler, but of teaching me that callousity of heart, and induration of nerve, and stubbornness of eye, and apathy of ear, that were best suited to my office. But they might have saved themselves the trouble,—I had then all before ever I entered the convent. Had I been the Superior of the community, I should have undertaken the office of watching the door. You will call this cruelty, I call it curiosity,—that curiosity that brings thousands to witness a tragedy, and makes the most delicate female feast on groans and agonies. I had an advantage over them,—

the groan, the agony I feasted on, were real I took my station at the door—that door which, like that of Dante's hell, might have borne the inscription, "Here is no hope,"—with a face of mock penitence, and genuine—cordial delectation. I could hear every word that transpired. For the first hours they tried to comfort each other,—they suggested to each other hopes of liberation—and as my shadow, crossing the threshold, darkened or restored the light, they said, "That is he?"—then, when this occurred repeatedly, without any effect, they said, "No,—no, it is not he," and swallowed down the sick sob of despair, to hide it from each other. Towards night a monk came to take my place, and to offer me food. I would not have quitted my place for worlds; but I talked to the monk in his own language, and told him I would make a merit with God of my sacrifices, and was resolved to remain there all night, with the permission of the Superior. The monk was glad of having a substitute on such easy terms, and I was glad of the food he left me, for I was hungry now, but I reserved the appetite of my soul for richer luxuries. I heard them talking within. While I was eating, I actually lived on the famine that was devouring them, but of which they did not dare to say a word to each other. They debated, deliberated, and, as misery grows ingenious in its own defence, they at last assured each other that it was impossible the Superior had locked them in there to perish by hunger. At these words I could not help laughing. This laugh reached their ears, and they became silent in a moment. All that night, however, I heard their groans,—those groans of physical suffering, that laugh to scorn all the sentimental sighs that are exhaled from the hearts of the most intoxicated lovers that ever breathed. I heard them all that night. I had read French romances, and all their unimaginable nonsense. Madame Sevigné herself says she would have been tired of her daughter in a long tete-a-tete journey, but clap me to lovers into a dungeon, without food, light, or hope, and I will be damned (that I am already, by the bye) if they do not grow sick of each other within the first twelve hours. The second day hunger and darkness had their usual influence. They shrieked for liberation, and knocked loud and long at their dungeon door. They exclaimed they were ready to submit to any punishment; and the approach of the monks, which they would have dreaded so much the preceding night, they now solicited on their knees. What a jest, after all, are the most awful vicissitudes of human life!—they supplicated now for what they would have sacrificed their souls to avert four-and-twenty hours before. Then the agony of hunger increased, they shrunk from the door, and grovelled apart from each other. *Apert!*—how I watched that. They were rapidly becoming objects of hostility to each other,—oh what a feast to me! They could not disguise from each other the revolting circumstances of their mutual sufferings. It is one thing for lovers to sit down to a feast magnificently spread.

and another for lovers to couch in darkness and famine,—to exchange that appetite which cannot be supported without duties and labors, for that which would barter a desecrated Venus for a morsel of food. The second night they raved and groaned, (as occurred); and, amid their agonies, (I must do justice to women, whom I hate as well as men), the man often accused the female as the cause of all his sufferings, but the woman never,—never reproached him. Her roars might indeed have reproached him bitterly, but she never uttered a word that could have caused him pain. There was a change which I well could mark, however, in their physical feelings. The first day they clung together, and every movement I felt was like that of one person. The next the man alone struggled, and the woman moaned in helplessness. The third night,—how shall I tell it?—but you have bid me go on. All the terrible and loathsome execrations of famine had been undergone; the disunion of every tie of the heart, of passion, of nature, commenced. In the agonies of their maddened sickness they loathed each other,—they could have cursed each other, if they had breath to curse. It was on the fourth night that I heard the shriek of the wretched male,—her lover, in the agony of hunger, had fastened his teeth in her shoulder;—it bosom on which he had so often luxuriated, became a meal to him now."

"Monster! and you laugh?"—"Yes, I laugh at all mankind, and the imposition they put on me to practise when they talk of hearts, high at human passions and human cares, rice and virtue, religion and impiety; they all the result of petty localities, and artificial situation. One physical want, one sense and abrupt lesson from the untutored and veiled lip of necessity, is worth all the tricks of the empty wretches who have pretended to prate it, from Zeno down to Burdettius. Oh! it silences in a second all feeble sophistry of conventional life, and all titious passion. Here were a pair who did not have believed all the world on their side, even though angels had descended to attest the attestation, that it was possible for them to exist without each other. They risked every thing, trampled on every human and divine, to be in each other's arms. One hour of hunger undid them. A trivial and ordinary want, he claims at another time they have resorted to as a vulgar interruption of their spiritual intercourse, not only by its natural action sundred it for ever, but, before it could, converted that intercourse into a scene of torment and hostility inconceivable, among cannibals. The bitterest enemies on earth could not have regarded each other with more abhorrence than these lovers. I had wretches! you boasted of having them. I boast I have none, and which of us is most by the want, let life decide. My story is nearly finished, and so I hope is yours. When I was last here I had some more to excite me;—talking of those things that employment to one who has been a stranger to them. On the sixth day all was

still. The door was unmade, we entered,—they were no more. They lay far from each other, farther than on that voluptuous couch into which their passion had converted the mat of a convent bed. She lay contracted in a heap, a lock of her long hair in her mouth. There was a slight scar on her shoulder,—the rapid despair of famine had produced no farther outrage. He lay extended at his length,—his hand was between his lips; it seemed as if he had not strength to execute the purpose for which he had brought it there. The bodies were brought out for interment. As we removed them into the light, the long hair of the female, falling over a face no longer disguised by the novice's dress, recalled a likeness I thought I could remember. I looked closer, she was my own sister,—my only one,—and I had heard her voice grow fainter and fainter. I had heard—"and his own voice grew fainter,—it ceased."

Of this horrible complexion are Mr. Maturin's scenes: it is with difficulty one can read another page of such abomination. But he luxuriates in them. Only read the particulars of the murder of an obnoxious individual by a mob.

"This tranquillity of resolved vengeance was the most dreadful indication of its never desisting till its purpose was accomplished. The last ring was broken—the last resistor overcome. Amid yells like those of a thousand tigers, the victim was seized and dragged forth, grasping in both hands fragments of the robes of those he had clung to in vain, and holding them up in the impotence of despair."

"The cry was hushed for a moment, as they felt him in their talons, and gazed on him with thirsty eyes. Then it was renewed, and the work of blood began. They dashed him to the earth—tore him up again—flung him into the air—tossed him from hand to hand, as a bull goes the howling mastiff with horns right and left. Bloody, defaced, blackened with earth and battered with stones, he struggled and roared among them, till a loud cry announced the hope of a termination to a scene alike horrible to humanity, and disgraceful to civilization. The military, strongly reinforced, came galloping on, and all the ecclesiastics, with torn habits, and broken crucifixes, following fast in the rear,—all eager in the cause of human nature—all on fire to prevent this base and barbarous disgrace to the name of Christianity and of human nature."

"Alas! this interference only hastened the horrible catastrophe. There was but a shorter space for the multitude to work their furious will. I saw, I felt, but I cannot describe, the last moments of this horrible scene. Dragged from the mud and stones, they dashed a mangled lump of flesh right against the door of the house where I was. With his tongue hanging from his lacerated mouth, like that of a bated bull; with one eye torn from the socket, and dangling on his bloody clunk; with a fracture in every limb, and a wound for every pore, he still howled for "life—life—life—mercy!" till a stone, aimed by some pitying hand, struck him

down. He fell, trodden in one moment into sanguine and discoloured mud by a thousand feet. The cavalry came on, charged with fury. The crowd, saturated with cruelty and blood, gave way in grim silence. But they had not left a jot of his little finger—a hair of his head—a slip of his skin. Had Spain mangled all her reliques from Madrid to Monserrat, from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar, she could not have recovered the paring of a nail to canonize. The officer who headed the troop dashed his horse's hoofs into a bloody formless mass, and demanded "Where was the victim?" He was answered, "Beneath your horse's feet!" and they departed."

But we will defile our pages with no more; our loathing is only increased by the consideration of the author's abilities.

#### *The Percy Anecdotes. Part XII.—Imagination.*

The Anecdotes in this Part are neither so amusing nor so appropriate as in the last which we noticed. It is however consistent with the preceding volumes, and we quote three of its specimens.

*Entrancing.*—Hieronymus Cardanus, of Milan, writes of himself, that he could pass as often as he pleased into such an ecstasy, as only to have a soft hearing of the words of such as spoke to him, but not any understanding of them. Nor at such times was he in the least sensible of any bodily pain; though troubled with the gout he felt none of its twitches or pullings. The beginning of the transition was at first in the head, and thence it spread all down to the back bone. At first he could find a sort of separation from the heart, as if the soul was departing; and this was communicated to the whole body, "as if a door opened." He adds, that he saw all that he desired with his eyes, and that images of whatever he wished to summon before him, woods, mountains, living creatures, &c. appeared distinctly. Cardanus ascribes this extraordinary faculty to an extreme vivacity of imagination; but something more seems required to account for it. He had probably, in his physical organization, some share of the same transition power which has, in later times, been so memorably exemplified in the case of Colonel Townshend, thus related by Dr. Cheyne.

"Colonel Townshend, a gentleman of honour and integrity, had for many years been afflicted with a nephritic complaint. His illness increasing, and his strength decaying, he came from Bristol to Bath in a litter, in autumn, and lay at the Bell Inn. Dr. Baynard and I (Dr. Cheyne) were called to him, and attended him twice a day; but his vomitings continuing still incessant and obstinate against all remedies, we despaired of his recovery. While he was in this condition, he sent for us one morning; we waited on him, with Mr. Skrine, his

"We are acquainted with a remarkable living instance of this phenomenon, in the person of a not undistinguished artist.—Ed.

apothecary. We found his senses clear, and his mind calm; his nurse and several servants were about him. He told us he had sent for us, to give him some account of an odd sensation he had for some time observed and felt in himself; which was, that, composing himself, he could die or expire when he pleased, and yet by an effort, or some how, he could come to life again: which he had sometimes tried before he sent for us. We heard this with surprise; but as it was not to be accounted for from common principles, we could hardly believe the fact as he related it, much less give any account of it; unless he should please to make the experiment before us, which we were unwilling he should do, lest, in his weak condition, he might carry it too far. He continued to talk very distinctly and sensibly, above a quarter of an hour, about this surprising sensation, and insisted so much on our seeing the trial made, that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first; it was distinct, though small and thready; and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture some time; while I held his right hand, Dr. Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skirne held a clean looking glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any, by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in his heart, nor Mr. Skirne the least soil of breath on the bright mirror he held to his mouth; then each of us, by turns, examined his arm, heart, and breath, but could not, by the nicest scrutiny, discover the least symptom of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could, and all of us judging it inexplicable and unaccountable, and finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far, and at last were satisfied he was actually dead, and were just ready to leave him. This continued about half an hour. As we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and upon examination, found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe gently, and speak softly; we were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change, and after some further conversation with him among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it."

*Peter the Great.*—Nothing was so much an object of antipathy to Peter the Great, as a black insect of the scarabæe, or beetle kind, which breeds in houses that are not kept clean, and especially in places where meat and other provisions are deposited. In the country, the walls and ceilings of the peasants' houses are covered with them, particularly in Russia, where they abound more than in any other part in the world. They are there called *tarascan*; but our naturalists give them the name of dissecting scarabæe.

Although the Russian monarch was far from being subject to childish fears, or wo-

manish fancies, one of these insects sufficed to drive him out of an apartment, nay, even out of the house. In his frequent journeys in his own dominions, he never went into a house without having the apartments carefully swept by one of his own servants, and being assured that there were no tarascans to fear.

One day he paid a visit to an officer who stood pretty high in his esteem, at his country house, which was built of wood, at a little distance from Moscow. The Czar expressed his satisfaction at what was offered him, and with the order he observed in the house. The company sat down at table, and dinner was already begun, when he asked his landlord, "If there were tarascans in his house?" "Not many," replied the officer, without reflecting; "and the better to get rid of them, I have pinned a living one to the wall." At the same time he pointed to the place where the insect was pinned, and still continued to palpitate. Unfortunately it was just beside the Czar, in whom the unexpected sight of this object of his aversion produced so much emotion, that he rose instantly from table, gave the officer a violent blow, and left his house with all his attendants.

*A Learned Discovery.*—Among the discoveries of the learned which have amused mankind, the following instance merits a conspicuous rank. Some years ago there were several large elm trees in the College Garden, behind the Ecclesiastical Court, Doctor's Commons, in which a number of rooks had taken up their abode, forming in appearance a sort of *convocation* of aerial ecclesiastics. A young gentleman who lodged in an attic, and was their close neighbour, frequently entertained himself with thinning this covey of black game, by means of a cross-bow. On the opposite side lived a curious old civilian, who observing from his study that the rooks often dropt senseless from their perch, no sign being made to his vision to account for the phenomenon, set his wits to work to consider the cause. It was probably during a *profligate* time of peace, and the doctor having plenty of leisure, weighed the matter over and over, till he was at length satisfied that he had made a great ornithological discovery. He actually wrote a *trechise*, stating circumstantially what he himself had seen, and in conclusion giving it as the settled conviction of his mind, that rooks were subject to *epilepsy*.

#### HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

THE SAXON OCTARCHY from Alfred the Wise, A. D. 884, to the death of Egbert in 836, and the period of the Danish Invasions.

The history of our Island becomes now doubly interesting. The events are of greater magnitude, and to the chivalry and romance of heroic feats, is super-added the deeply attractive charm of northern literature and mythology. We shall also come more distinctly to the manners, endowments, &c. of our Saxon progenitors; and Mr. Turner's mode of treating these subjects is so excel-

lent, that it will be our disgrace if the sequel sketches are not of a character to merit public approbation.

Alfred, surnamed the wise, the eldest but illegitimate son of Oswy, succeeded his brother Egfrid in Northumbria, in 684. He was, for his learning, the worthy precursor of his greater namesake of Wessex; and the first literary Anglo-Saxon King noticed by the venerable Bede, who calls him, however, Alclifus. His preceptor was Wilfrid, an ecclesiastic, who had studied in Rome and France, and whom he raised to a bishopric, in the second year of his reign, but afterwards banished on imperative grounds. During the reign of his violent brother, he led a life of retirement, study, and piety, in Ireland; and when he mounted the throne without a crime, brought with him the knowledge he had thus cultivated, and the virtues he had thus acquired. It is not one of the least honours to his memory, that even in that age of turbulence and rapine, he was the zealous encourager of literature. Among those whom he patronized, were Arculfus the traveller, and Adamnan his editor. This Arculfus surveyed many holy and remarkable places, Jerusalem, Palestine, Damascus, Constantinople, Alexandria, and the Archipelago. Returning home, a tempest drove him upon the British shores, where the story of his travels found an eager auditor in Adamnan, who committed it to writing. The celebrated West-Saxon scholar Aldhelm, was another of the protégés of Alfred; who closed his peaceful reign about 708-9, respected and admired by all ranks of the people. He was rapidly succeeded by Eadwulf and Oerel: to whom, in 731, succeeded Ceolwulf, the friend of Bede, who retired to the cloister about 737. Eadbert, his successor, after a successful reign of 21 years, followed this example, and was the eighth Anglo-Saxon monarch who exchanged the crown for the cowl. Northumbria after this, 757, became an arena of ambitious usurpation, civil discord, and murder. Before the end of the century, eight or ten kings were assassinated or expelled, and a new revolution marked every short interval of from twenty days to five or six years.

Contemporary with the era, we have so shortly described, Ceadwalla obtained the throne of Wessex, conquered Sussex, took the Isle of Wight, and ravaged Kent. His cruelty to the latter province, was aggravated in consequence of the Kentish men having surprised his brother Mollo with twelve followers, in a cottage at or near Canterbury, whom they surrounded with flames and consumed: 30,000 marks of gold were paid as a mulct for this act in 694, and it was expiated in this way after causing years of devastation and misery. Ceadwalla, in 688, went on a pilgrimage to Rome, where he was baptized Peter, by the Pope, and died in the following week at the age of 30. This pious custom of going to Rome and turning monk, seems to have been common in those days; for Cenred king of Mercia, Offa king of Essex, and the powerful Ina, who succeeded to the throne of Wessex, all followed Ceadwalla's example, within no very remote period; and

their example was in turn followed by thousands.

The name of Ina is famous in Anglo-Saxon history, both for legislation and warlike exploits. His defeat of Geraint the third of that name, British king of Cornwall, and his bloody contest with \* Ceolred king of Mercia, are memorable events; but he is perhaps as generally known in our times from having been the brother of Inigila, who died A. D. 718, the ancestor of Egbert and Alfred and the succeeding Saxon monarchs of England, as by any circumstance peculiar to himself. Yet, Ina rebuilt Glastonbury Abbey and dedicated it to the memory of his brother Mollo; and it was only after a fortunate reign of thirty-seven years, in A. D. 721, that a conformity with the advice of his queen, he consented to retire from worldly, and devote himself to heavenly concerns. The means by which she wrought this change are very characteristic of the age. "One day as he travelled with the king to one of his rural mansions, where a splendid feast was prepared with all the pomp and bustle of royal luxury, he seized the occasion of converting it to a moral lecture on her favorite theme. They left the place after the repast, and a rustic by her orders in their absence, scattered the festive hall with filth and rubbish, and placed a swinish litter in the couch where he had reposed. Before they had advanced two miles on their road, she desired to return, and Ina courteously complied with her request; but when he entered the hall of his festivity, and saw the disgusting change, he contemplated it with silent astonishment and displeasure, till informed that the queen had directed it: he demanded of her an explanation of the strange mystery. She smiled, and answered:—"My lord and husband! this is not indeed the noisy hilarity of yesterday: here are no brilliant hangings, no flattery, and no parasites: here are no tables weighed down with silver vessels: no exquisite delicacies to delight the palate: all these are gone like the smoke and wind. Have they not already passed away into nothingness? And should we not feel alarmed, who covet them so much, because we shall be as transient? Are not all such things, are not we ourselves, like a river, hurrying, heedless and headlong, to the dark ocean of limitless time? Unhappy must we be, if we let them absorb our minds. Think, I entreat you, how disgusting those things become of which we have been so enamoured. See to what filthy objects we are attached. In these outsome relics we may see what our pampered bodies will become. Ah! let us reflect, that the greater we have been, and the more powerful we are now, the more alarmed should be our solicitude, for the greater will be the punishment of our misconduct."

The effect of this lesson on Ina was such, that he resigned his crown to his kinsman Ethelbald, and travelled to Rome, accompanied by a multitude of nobles and plebeians, clergy and laity, men and women.

\* It is of this king, that Boniface (Malinab. 18) relates a dying conversation between him and the devil, who came for him in the middle of a feast.

At Rome, he founded a Saxon school and church, for the instruction of his countrymen who wished to be educated there; and for their support imposed the payment of a penny on every family, which was denominated *Romescot*, and sent to the papal see. He then threw off all pomp, and even laboured for subsistence till his death, about 731.

For the preceding century, the mutations of the Saxon kingdoms had been generally from a heptarchy to a hexarchy; and though they all in turn suffered separately, yet the aggregate of intelligence and power had gone on most rapidly augmenting. At the epoch of Ina's death, there was a hexarchy. Wessex having absorbed Sussex, and Deira and Bernicia being amalgamated in Northumbria. Ethelbald, a descendant of Wybba, reigned in Mercia, to which kingdom Essex, though still nominally independent, was almost an appendage. Eadbert had succeeded Wilfred (whose laws are extant) in Kent; but we find, soon after, several contemporaneous kings in that small district, strikingly illustrating the gavel-kind tenure of lands which still prevails there. And in East Anglia, Selred, the successor of Aldulphus, held the sceptre. The kingdoms and the kings therefore were Wessex, Northumbria, Mercia, Essex, Kent, and East Anglia:—Ethelheard, Oswic who left his crown to Ceolwulf, Ethelbald the founder of Croyland monastery, Suerbricht, the brother of that Offa whom we have mentioned as one of the monarchs who retired to Rome, Eadbert, and Selred.

The wars for the next sixty years, viz. to 800, when Egbert ascended the throne of Wessex, and thence gradually attained universal supremacy, may be briefly dismissed. The struggle for superiority between that kingdom and Mercia vexed the age, in which Offa the Mercian Sovereign was one of the most renowned personages. It was this prince who subdued Kent, and parts of several other states; who founded the Abbeys of St. Albans and Bath; who corresponded with Charlemagne, and is treated by him as a friend: one of his letters, anno 777, (*Du Chesne Scrip. Fr. Vol. ii. p. 620*) notifying the present of a belt, a Hungarian sword, and two silken cloaks. Offa was also a scourge to the Britons, and built an immense dyke for a hundred miles, from the estuary of the Dee to the mouth of the Wye, the remains of which are still visible. This trench and rampart, traversing marsh, mountain, and river, was called *Claudioff*, and was used for ages afterwards as the jealously guarded boundary which determined the confines of England and Wales. Offa's character has been deeply stained however by the murder of Ethelbert, the youthful monarch of East Anglia, who was treacherously slain in Mercia, whither he went to marry Etheldritha the king's daughter; and East Anglia was annexed to the dominions of this perfidious assassin. Within two years of this cruel act, divine vengeance overtook Offa and his race, which became extinct in Egfrid his son, and short-lived successor. About ten years before this, namely in 784, Cynewulf of Wessex was assassinated while

visiting a lady at Merton, Surrey. He was succeeded by Brihtic, a descendant of Cerdic, married to Eadberga daughter of Offa, in 787, the year in which, according to the Anglo-Saxon writers, the Danes first landed on the English shore. Brihtic, long subservient to his abandoned wife, was at last accidentally poisoned by her; and the crown of Wessex passed to Egbert, the son of Alcmund or Ethelmund, the great grandson of Inigila, the brother of Ina, and the only descendant of Cerdic then in existence.

The life of Egbert is so familiar to the readers of history, that we need not dwell on its particulars. His youth was partly spent with Charlemagne, in whose wars he distinguished himself. In 800, when called to the throne, the Saxon monarchies were fast verging into a triarchy—Mercia, Northumbria, and Wessex. The latter, at no great distance of time, predominated over all. Soon after the death of Kenulf, the able ruler of Mercia, in 819, Egbert, who had before extended his power by invading the Britons in Devonshire and Cornwall, came into collision with the Mercians, and in 823, defeated them irremediably at Wilton. He then subdued the Mercian auxiliaries, Kent, and Essex, raised the East Anglians against that state, and finally invaded and imposed a tribute on Mercia itself.

Northumbria, weakened by intestine struggles, next felt his power; and Eanred its king met him at Dore beyond the Humber, and acknowledged his superiority. He also over-ran Wales and Anglesey, and appointed his son Ethelwulf king of Kent; so that the Danes, probably under the famous Ragnar Lodbrog, were the only enemies who gave him trouble, at the period of his death, full of glory, in 836.

#### BRITANNY.

Of a country so near to us, and yet so imperfectly known, we do not fear tiring the patience of our readers by a continuation of the accounts from Mrs. Stothard's amusing volume \*. At page 209 there is a very interesting convent scene, and a long dialogue with some of the Ursuline nuns: it may be a little theatrical for perfect accuracy, but our reason for not quoting it is the space it would occupy. We pass to a narrative equally spirited, and of more general attraction. Mrs. S. writes thus from Josselin:—

"I am now writing to you from a place with which we are delighted, although inhabited by Bretons, and so remote, that we had some difficulty in procuring any conveyance hither. The post-house at Ploermel had horses, but no cabriolet. After some trouble, we engaged the only vehicle that the town could afford, a little cart without springs. Fortunately the journey was short, or we should have left our baggage to the postillion's care, and walked the greater part of the way, as less fatiguing than being so

\* 4to. pp. 322, with some very sweet and characteristic etchings, owing to improvements on which, after we had procured our copy of the work, the publication was retarded till this week.—Ed.

intolerably jolted about. We passed through a most beautiful country, variegated with hills, valleys, woods, and water, till we halted upon a desert heath, to view the spot so celebrated from having been the scene where the memorable battle of Trent was fought, in the time of our Edward the Third. A stone cross was formerly erected in commemoration of the event; the broken fragments now alone remain, as they were left by the Revolutionists, who threw it down. This heath is situated exactly half-way between Josselin and Plœrmel, either town being in view. The former lies in a valley, surrounded by picturesque scenery; and the latter appears rising in the midst of woods, upon the summit of a gentle eminence. Upon the base of the broken cross appears the following inscription:

*À la mémoire perpétuelle de la Bataille de  
Trent, que Mgr le Maréchal de Beaumanoir,  
a gagnée dans ce lieu l'an  
1350.*

"I cannot here pass an action so celebrated without some brief mention of the principal events which distinguished it.

"Sir Thomas Dagworth, an English knight, was killed by the people during his stay in Brittany; an act that greatly exasperated the English, who took every opportunity of revenging it, by devastating their country and burning their towns. Beaumanoir, desirous of preventing a continuance of such outrages, sent to Bembro, an English knight in the Breton service, then stationed at Plœrmel, and entreated a conference with him. In this debate it was agreed, that thirty Englishmen and thirty Bretons should meet at the half-way oak tree, between Josselin and Plœrmel, to decide by combat the grievances of which they complained. The battle was fought in the month of March, A.D. 1350. Bembro's troops consisted of English, Germans, and Bretons; amongst them were Sir Robert Knolles, Sir Hugh Calvely, and a remarkable strong man, named Hulbitt. Beaumanoir had several knights of his party, Geoffrey du Bois, and the Lord de Fautenac; the remainder of his troops were all squares of renown. Before the commencement of the combat, Bembro represented to his adversary, that he had engaged without the permission of their several princes. To this Beaumanoir replied, that such a consideration was now too late, and they would try that day in battle, which had the fairest mistresses. The arms of the combatants were various, for every man had the privilege of using whatever weapon he thought best: the warrior (probably the powerful Hulbitt) bore an iron maul weighing twenty-five pounds. The two chiefs, Bembro and Beaumanoir, encouraged their men both by exhortation and example, and having ranged their several parties in order of battle, the furious onset began, each resolving by a gallant bearing to maintain that day the honour of their cause. The English fought with confidence, inspired by the remembrance of a prophecy of Merlin's, which had predicted their success. The contest was fierce and sanguine; Bembro fell dead upon the

field. Beaumanoir, exhausted with fatigue, and faint from loss of blood, in consequence of the wound he had received, was retiring from the field to drink, when Geoffrey du Bois exclaimed, "Drink thine own blood, Beaumanoir, and thy thirst will cease." The Breton chief, angered by the taunt, returned to the field with unslackened thirst, and there evinced such an undaunted spirit, that terror and dismay followed his steps. The English stood firm, but their ranks became broken, and the Bretons finally triumphed. The combat, however, did not end the grievances of the Bretons, or decide the disputed title of the duchy."

The immediately succeeding contrast of modern manners to this lively sketch of ancient chivalry is highly picturesque.

"We are now (continues the fair authoress) in the very heart of Brittany. The poor inhabitants in the towns talk a kind of French that I am sometimes puzzled to understand; but the country people speak nothing but the Patois or Breton tongue. They wear a singular costume, and, in their manners and appearance, much resemble the idea I have formed of human beings quite in an uncivilized state of society.

"We met a wedding to-day returning from church, the bride and bridegroom were peasants in the vicinity of Josselin. The nuptial train was preceded by a long-haired minstrel, playing upon the bag-pipes: he advanced in a half-dancing step to the accompaniment of his own music, attired in the slangy spoils of the goat: his grotesque air and rude gestures, his furry habit and minstrel trade, gave to his appearance the character of a wild satyr in some sylvan scene. The cavalcade followed, dressed in the fashion of their country, rendered still more gay by the many knots of various coloured ribbands that were placed about their garments.

"They have in this province a most strange custom of celebrating the publication of a contract of marriage, which is affixed to the church door about three weeks before the performance of the ceremony. Last night we were sitting in our inn, enjoying the comfortable warmth of a wood fire, when our ears were suddenly assailed by a strange combination of distant sounds: the noise continued so long, that curiosity at length induced Mr. S—— to ascertain whence it arose; he followed the sound, and perceived in the outskirts of the town thirty or forty men and women assembled together, who, hand in hand, were jumping and dancing like savages, in a ring, to no other music than the accompaniment of a monotonous sing-song repetition of two words, which they all shouted in unison, without the least intermission. They continued this nocturnal rite for nearly three hours, in celebration of a contract that had been made public in the morning.

"If you will grant me the patience to follow me into a Breton cabin, I will present you to a group of these wild beings; such a scene will afford you a better idea of their manners and mode of living than any comments of my own. I yesterday went into the market, at the most busy time, in order to observe the people; when I remarked a girl

attired so completely in the costume of the country, that I thought it would be desirable could I engage her to sit for her picture. She placed some sacks of corn upon her horse, and was about mounting to quit the market, when I spoke to her in French; she answered by shaking her head, and uttered a few words in Patois, of which I could only make out the word *gaelic*. A woman standing at the door of a wretched hatter's shop came forward and offered her services as my interpreter. The affair was soon settled, and the girl consented to sit for her picture. She was from Bignann, a neighbouring town, and as her costume is that of the country in general, I shall here describe it. She was dressed in a petticoat or skirt of white flannel, bordered with a scarlet band above the hem; this skirt is sewed to the body in large flat plaits; the body or jacket was made of scarlet cloth, tight to the shape, and reached nearly up to the throat; the sleeves were of the same colour, sitting close to the arm, and turned up at the wrist with a deep cuff; both the body and sleeves being trimmed with a braiding composed of black velvet ribbon, embroidered with coloured worsteds; her apron was of a deep mulberry colour, fastened with an ornamented sash, tied in a bow at the side; her cap of white linen sat tight to the head, covered with another cap, that served the purpose of a bonnet; this was made of a coarse starched cloth, like brown Holland, the form conical, with two long flaps hanging down her back, or sometimes pinned up at the pleasure of the wearer; her necklace was of amber, and black beads; she wore also, suspended by a velvet string, a little ebony crucifix, with the image of our Saviour upon it, wrought in pure gold; from the appearance of this ornament, I should imagine it must have descended to her as a family relic, as it is certainly of ancient workmanship; her brooch, that fastened her shift in front, was formed of white bugles and green glass beads, put together in a very pretty manner. In her person, this damsel appeared of a thick-set shape, broad backed, and high shouldered; her face round and fat, with a complexion naturally red, and much tanned by the effects of the sun, and field-occupation; the expression of her countenance might justly be termed that of a stupider animal existence, although not more than eighteen years old, (for the Breton women are so unsophisticated as to deny their age) she looked much past thirty. Such was the charming creature I selected for the pencil of Mr. S——, and such are generally the female natives of Bretagne, to whom this picture may be in common apply.

"The girl was in too great haste to go so far as our inn; the woman offered the use of her cabin, and the portrait was immediately commenced; but we were no sooner seated, than a number of Bretons pressed in to see so extraordinary a sight. They all spoke Patois, and were even vociferous in their loud exclamations of surprise, their wild and strange looks, their gestures and voices were like those of half-frantic beings. Many of them appeared so dirty, that I could scarcely see the colour of their skin. They seemed a

have no idea of the distinctions of condition; for some of the girls, in order to examine my dress, turned me round, and with their dirty hands most unceremoniously handled my gown or pelisse. Several Bretons seated themselves upon the ground, to watch the motion of Mr. S——'s hand, others pressed around him, and even attempted to touch the pencil he was using, to ascertain, I imagine, what such a magical little implement could be.

"A party of these Bretons placed themselves at a table, in order to regale, and brought in a large jug of cider, that was handed about, and soon emptied and replenished. The girl, whose sitting to Mr. S. had attracted such a multitude, was plentifully supplied with cider by her companions; and a woman, who seemed to be a person of authority amongst them, ordered another jug of their favourite drink, at the same time pointing towards me. As soon as it appeared, she suddenly jumped up, and throwing herself across the table, seized me so roughly by the arm, that I staggered back a few paces; she violently shouted to me in Patois, as if she thought I could understand her the better by the exaltation of her voice, and thrusting the jug of cider in my face, wanted me to partake of the contents; I turned aside my head, and by signs, made her comprehend I declined her offer; but the fierce look she gave me, and the loud and angry exclamation that accompanied it, convinced me she resented my refusal."

#### LUCCOCK'S NOTES ON RIO DE JANEIRO, &c.

We continue our miscellaneous extracts of what is curious from this work; which, though they can afford only an imperfect idea of it, will, we trust, be found amusing to ourselves.

"Near the venda is the ruin, or rather the unfinished skeleton, of a church founded by the Jesuits. In the midst of it grew the largest Mammon tree, which we had ever seen; we gathered and enjoyed a part of its fruit. Our road now led us over a shady plain, formed by the action of the sea, of a sufficient age to produce much good timber, and afford a site for some considerable farming establishments. Many extensive patches formerly produced indigo, and on them the neglected plant still grows most luxuriantly.

"Numerous are the evidences which the ruins have left, in this part of the country, of the power and splendour of their order, and of its admirable political management. Speaking generally and dispassionately, it may be said, that whatever was well conceived and executed was done by them, and that the common prosperity and happiness have declined since their dispersion. Yet it must be acknowledged, that they were little scrupulous in the use of indirect means to attain their ends. Two circumstances, illustrative of this fact, are related in the neighbourhood.

"The society asked, and easily obtained from Lisbon, the privilege of a tax on *esmagos*, which word, in Portugal, describes

small nails, and the government was well aware that such articles were here little used. In Brazil it means a fastener, and is applied particularly to *Sipó*, the plant twig, which is universally employed to bind together the frame-work of buildings. So established was a thing once brought into general use, that, long after the dissolution of the order, the tax, diverted to a different quarter, is still a subject of complaint.

"The other instance occurred about the time when the society became suspected at court. By a petition it stated, that there was a piece of water belonging to the crown, which would be useful to the house at Santa Cruz as a duck-pond, and prayed for a grant of it. It was not thought expedient to comply without examination, and on enquiry it turned out that the pond was no other than the bay of Angra, containing four hundred square miles of water, and several valuable fisheries. The idea of a duck-pond was probably suggested by the multitude of wroven divers, here called *patois*, which then appeared in the bay, and are still occasionally seen on flat and unfrequented shores."

"No stranger can possibly conceive the number of frogs found on the swampy grounds, nor the noise which they make. It was a common diversion when they issued from their lurking places at night, to procure a forked stick with sharp points, and to strike it on the ground, without any very particular selection of place, until the forked part was full of them; these were stripped off, and the operation recommenced; thus many hundreds were killed in a very short time.—Ants of several species also are a most serious pest. Every house and almost every yard of dry ground is infested with them, and the wounds which they inflict are painful and irritating; arising, I suspect, not from the mere bite, but from some venomous fluid left by them beneath the skin. The wandering Indians who cannot escape them, cultivate in their warriors not only a contempt of such molestations, but a general spirit of stern endurance, by placing them in a nest of these insects. In this country these insects present no lesson of useful labour; they are restless and active, but as it seems to me, to no purpose. I have observed them carrying a heap of sand through a hole in a wall, dropping it on the opposite side, and when the whole is cleared away, carrying it back again with the same air of important occupation.—In the list of country torments must also be placed many various kinds of snakes, mosquitoes, flies, wasps, fleas, and *carapátos*, whose annoyance is unceasing."

The following is a remarkable example of Indian revenge.

"From this spot (on the plains of Oitú) the road advances, nearly sixty miles, to the Parahyba, running through a broken and thinly inhabited country. The principal places lying upon it are Pao Grandé and Uva. Near the latter a circumstance occurred, which shows the Indian character, and the risk attending a settlement on new lands. Two gentlemen having obtained a grant, sent a person, accustomed to the country, to settle upon it.

Probably by some means he offended the Indians remaining in the neighbouring woods; for one day a shot fired at him struck the powder-horn in his waistcoat-pocket, and wounded him in the wrist. Being on horse-back he instantly pursued his assailants, and saw two Indians, who escaped from him in their usual mode. In such cases the fugitive endeavours to reach the brow of a hill little encumbered with wood, where, dropping on his breech, he puts his head between his knees, and his arms round his ankles; in this state, being nearly as round as a ball, he precipitates himself from the brow, and rolls speedily to the bottom. From this circumstance, I apprehend, the Indians take their modern name of *Boiticudies*; or *Butucudies* a barbarous word, half Tupi, half Portuguese, signifying fallers by the breech. The man who had been wounded was obliged to come down to Rio for surgical assistance. On his return he was seriously cautioned against exposing himself to similar attacks. About fourteen days after, as he was riding along the road, followed at some distance by a slave, a shot, fired again by an invisible hand, threw him forward on the saddle, and a second brought him to the ground. Two Indians then came out of the wood, one of whom walked deliberately to the negro, and ordered him to halt, while the other went to their victim, broke his legs, and beat out his brains. Afterwards they shot the horse and decamped. Every search was made for them, but these people are too well acquainted with the forests to want secure lurking places, and defy, if they have any knowledge of the art of justice. The establishment was broken up, and remains neglected, until the natives are so harassed as to induce them to quit the neighbourhood."

Travelling from St. Gonzales, the country declines to the plains of Guaxendiba. "A well-cleared, populous, and fertile region presents itself for several succeeding miles, gradually exchanging tillage for a large extent of pasture, and afterwards for woods, which seem nearly untouched. Among them we meet with many monkeys, parrots, and arapongas, birds which make a harsh noise, like that produced by a blacksmith's hammer, when falling on the anvil, rebounding and striking again. The note commonly proceeds from the higher lauds and resounds through the forests. The swampy plains which succeed these woods, afford nothing worth notice, but that the road across them is formed of the branches of trees, laid transversely over logs placed longitudinally. Such roads are good, while the timber continues sound, and when partly decayed, the cattle of the country traverse them with safety; but become dangerous to horses and mules unused to them.

"Amidst these plains arise many vast detached masses of granite, similar to those noticed before, and of the same singular form. We passed close to one, which though several miles in length, and rising to the height of five or six hundred feet, seemed to be an entire stone, without a fracture, or even a fragment lying at its feet."

A little further on "about four miles from America, we passed over the lake of the same name, at a part which is not more than five or six hundred yards wide, and three or four feet deep. It is nearly eight miles long, and in some places two in breadth. The bottom is a hard sand, yet from the abundance of aquatic plants, it probably contains large patches of mud. Like the other lakes, it has on it multitudes of divers gallinules d'agua, gulls, and urubis. The fishery is claimed by government, and is let to the highest bidder, for a term of three years. Its Tupi name, cururupina, the stinging toad, is manifestly derived from one of the most disgusting inhabitants of the water, which resembles a toad in its figure, with long flexible rays instead of legs, the spines of which it throws out at pleasure, and inflicts with them painful punctures." Onward still, at Ponta Negra, a farm was offered for sale.

"Among the productions of this farm, the owner enumerated Ipecacuanha; but on attempting to show us the plant, found, as he alleged, that the sheep had eaten all the leaves. Doubting the fact, we questioned him closely; yet he persisted in maintaining that the sheep ate it with avidity, and that it did them no harm. There were certainly many of the roots in the ground, for we easily drew out some of them with a knife. I have since found reason to believe that this was the white Ipecacuanha, which is of the mildest species."

The Brazilian porcupine is one not the least singular among its animals. Mr. L. relates, "on a broad sandy plain, north of St. John, which is covered with coarse herbage, and lies between the beach and the mountains, we met with a Brazilian porcupine, and attempted to drive it before us. The animal is naturally slow, and to urge it to greater speed, and prevent its escape among the shrubs, I made use of my hat, a Leghorn one, lined with leather at the back part of the brim. Being released from the office of driver by some boys, who willingly undertook it, and about to put on my hat, I was surprised to find several of the animal's quills sticking in it, which had penetrated the leather as well as the straw. This circumstance induced me to think that they are discharged with considerable force; and this opinion was confirmed by my hearing one of the boys cry out that he was wounded in the leg; a misfortune to which his companions evidently thought themselves liable, and which rendered them cautious. It is probable that the hat might be very near, if not actually touching, the porcupine, when the quills struck the brim, and that, at a greater distance, they might have fallen to the ground. Yet the wound which the boy received showed that they could take effect at the distance of several, if not of many inches. The quills were nearly an inch long, had a hard, sharp, brown point; the other end hollow, of a pale straw, inclining to flesh colour, and the intermediate space had alternate rings of bright yellow and brown. These points appeared perfectly smooth and polished; but their effect on dogs, which

seize the animal in hunting, indicates that they are really barbed, for they work into the tongues and gums of the poor howling creatures, and cannot be extracted without violence. The little wounded boy crying and complaining bitterly, I hastened onward with him, and on my return found that the other urchins had beaten the animal to pieces, and thus avenged their companion and robbed us of a part of our supper; for in eating we had acquired some conformity to the habits of the country. Besides porcupines, there are here many land-crawls, and dogs of a small species, which devour them. We saw also the skin of a boa constrictor, about twelve feet long and nine inches broad; in the inhabited parts of Brazil these formidable reptiles are generally discovered and destroyed before they attain a larger size."

Mr. Langsdorff, the Russian Consul, showed the author a phenomenon in natural history; namely, "a plant which he had discovered in his grounds, having, as he said, the singular property of producing, not only its root and stem, but also its flowers and seed vessels entirely under the surface of the earth. He possessed here also a very fine specimen of the aca, and for several years has been engaged in forming a complete cabinet of Brazilian insects."

Proceeding in a journey northward, "at the end of the plain we crossed a stream from the westward, which bears strong marks of occasional violence, and, a little beyond the bridge, saw some orioles in their pendulous nests upon lofty trees. Just as I had stepped into the low brushwood with which the ground was covered, and put the gun to my shoulder, to bring down a bird, my attention was suddenly drawn downwards; there I saw a large snake passing within a few inches of my toe. To start backward was involuntary. I lowered the piece and wounded him, but he dragged his length across the road and escaped among the bushes, for I thought him an enemy too formidable to be incautiously roused. He appeared to be six or seven feet long, five or six inches round, had a dark brown back and yellowish belly, dashed with black oval spots, which were particularly large on his sides. His eye was exceedingly brilliant, as is the case, I believe, with most of these reptiles, seeming to reflect, as well as to bear, the full splendour of the sun. I have seldom found myself able to look steadily upon them. He moved, as do all Brazilian snakes with which I am acquainted, in horizontal curves, though sometimes represented in British prints, with vertical ones. When we met at the next station, our people complained of having been molested to-day with an unusual number of these reptiles, and supposed that they had been driven from the mountains by the dry weather, and were in search of water."

(To be continued.)

#### CUSTOMS, &c. OF AMERICAN INDIANS. (Continued from last.)

The author relates several instances of high-mindedness or honourable pride among the Indians; of which we select one.

"In the spring of the year 1782, the war chief of the Wyandots of Lower Sandusky sent a white prisoner (a young man whom he had taken at Fort McIntosh) as a present to another chief, who was called the Half-king of Upper Sandusky, for the purpose of being adopted into his family, in the place of one of his sons, who had been killed the preceding year, while at war with the people on the Ohio. The prisoner arrived, and was presented, to the Half-king's wife, but she refused to receive him, which, according to the Indian rule, was, in fact, a sentence of death. The young man was, therefore, taken away, for the purpose of being tortured and burnt on the pile. While the dreadful preparations were making near the village, the unhappy victim being already tied to the stake, and the Indians arriving from all quarters to join in the cruel act or to witness it, two English traders, Messrs. Arundel and Robbins (I delight in making this honourable mention of their names), shocked at the idea of the cruelties which were about to be perpetrated, and moved by feelings of pity and humanity, resolved to unite their exertions to endeavour to save the prisoner's life by offering a ransom to the war chief, which he, however, refused, because, said he, it was an established rule among them, that when a prisoner who had been given as a present, was refused adoption, he was irrevocably doomed to the stake, and it was not in the power of any one to save his life. Besides, added he, the numerous war captains who were on the spot, had it in charge to see the sentence carried into execution. The two generous Englishmen, however, were not discouraged, and determined to try a last effort. They well knew what effects the high-minded pride of an Indian was capable of producing, and to this strong and noble passion they directed their attacks: 'But,' said they, in reply to the answer which the chief had made them, 'among all those chiefs whom you have mentioned, there is none who equals you in greatness; you are considered not only as the greatest and bravest, but as the best man in the nation.' 'Do you really believe what you say?' said at once the Indian, looking them full in the face. 'Indeed, we do.' Then, without saying another word, he blackened himself, and taking his knife and tomahawk in his hand, made his way through the crowd to the unhappy victim, crying out with a loud voice: 'What have you to do with my prisoner?' and at once cutting the cords with which he was tied, took him to his house which was near Mr. Arundel's, whence he was forthwith secured and carried off by safe hands to Detroit, where the commandant, being informed of the transaction, sent him by water to Niagara, where he was soon afterwards liberated. The Indians who witnessed this act, said that it was truly heroic; they were so confounded by the unexpected conduct of this chief, and by his manly and resolute appearance, that they had not time to reflect upon what they should do, and before their astonishment was well over, the prisoner was out of their reach."

The manner in which these people act



owards their enemies is equally remarkable.

"Courage, art, and circumspection, are the essential and indispensable qualifications of an Indian warrior. When war is once begun, each one strives to excel in displaying him, by stealing upon his enemy unawares, and deceiving and surprising him in various ways. On drawing near to an enemy's country, they endeavour as much as possible to conceal their tracks; sometimes they scatter themselves, marching at proper distances from each other for a whole day and more, meeting, however, again at night, when they keep a watch; at other times they march in a what is called *Indian file*, one man behind the other, treading carefully in each other's steps, so that their number may not be ascertained by the prints of their feet. The nearer they suppose themselves to be to the enemy, the more attentive they are to choosing hard, stony and rocky ground, on which human footsteps leave no impression; soft, marshy, and grassy soils are particularly avoided, as in the former the prints of the feet would be easily discovered, and in the latter the appearance of the grass having been trodden upon might lead to detection; for if he grass or weeds are only bent, and have at least mark of having been walked upon, it will be almost certainly perceived, in which the sharpness and quickness of the Indians' sight is truly astonishing.

"In some instances they deceive their enemies by imitating the cries or calls of one animal, such as the fawn, or turkey. They do this so admirably well, that they even draw the dam of the one and the mate of the other to the spot to which they want them to come. In this manner they often succeed in decoying the enemies to the place where they are lying in ambush, or get an opportunity of surrounding them. Such stratagems, however, cannot be resorted to at all seasons; with the turkey, it only answers in the spring, and with the fawn's dam until about midsummer. In the same manner, when scattered about in the woods, they usually find each other by imitating the song of some birds, such as the quail and the cock, and at evening and morning, and particularly in the night, the cry of the owl. By this means they all join each other, though not at the same time, as they are not, perhaps, all within hearing; but the cry of the owl is repeated from time to time until they are all assembled."

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### ANECDOTES OF CURRAN.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir.—In Phillips's life of Curran, we have a vast deal in that gentleman's peculiar style, about the great uncleanliness, and the tender feelings of his hero, concerning his domestic circumstances. There is much mention of the same kind in O'Regan's Memoirs of Curran; but I am very much inclined to think that no such sorrows existed. In Ireland it is very generally believed that Sir Curran was an extremely injured wo-

man, and her family, a highly respectable one, received her with open arms after the verdict obtained against her supposed paramour. Many ugly stories are current with respect to the evidence adduced on that trial; and Curran was so anxious to hinder the proceedings on it from obtaining publicity, that he had notices served on all the newspapers of Dublin, enjoining them not to publish it; and accordingly it never was given to the public.

The reason that inclines me to think that he never felt very severely on his matrimonial misfortune is the great levity with which he was frequently in the habit of speaking about it. A couple of coarse jests on the subject have come to my knowledge; for the accuracy of the first of which I can positively vouch, and the second I have on tolerably good authority.

He was a fine musician, and had frequently concerts in his house in Dublin. At one of these, a young barrister of Cork, a distinguished amateur, bore a part. After the concert had concluded, Curran went up to him, and said, "Well, H. what do you think of that? Do you not think it at least as good as any of your Cork concerts?" "Why," replied his friend, "it was very fine; but in Cork we can procure military music much more readily than you can in Dublin: the want of it was very discernible in your concert; for instance," said he, repeating a passage, "would not the French horn have made a great improvement there?" "Well, H.," said Curran, laughing, "you are the first who has complained of the want of horns in my house."

On another occasion, he and the late Sir Richard Musgrave, the historian of the Rebellion in Ireland, whose lady's frailties were numerous and notorious, met at the house of a common friend. They were decidedly hostile in politics to each other, and had even proceeded to personal altercations. On being summoned up stairs to the dining room, they happened to arrive at the foot of the stairs together, and, as is usual on such occasions, when enemies meet, their behaviour was ceremoniously polite. Weary at length of alternately conceding the *pas*, Sir Richard, assuming an air of familiarity, took him by the arm, and said, "Well, well, let us settle the matter by walking up together." "Pardon me, Sir Richard," replied Curran, "that is impossible; our antlers would entangle." He that could jest thus, could not feel deeply.

I have heard also, that on the day of the trial in which his wife's character was involved, he appeared in an obscure corner of the court, where however he could be seen by the opposing lawyer, and there diverted himself with putting him out during his speech, by erecting his fore-fingers over his ears, making faces, and performing various droll gesticulations, for which he had a peculiar talent. Whether this be true or not, I cannot say; but it is commonly believed; and I am sure that could he hear half the eloquence bestowed on his woes by Phillips, he would laugh outright in his face. That he had not a very high opinion

of his biographer, the following anecdote will evince:—He came into Phillips's room one day while he was writing, and enquired what he was about. "I am writing a speech, sir," was the reply; "and I can tell you that I intend to give your friend, Mr. Grattan, a rating in it." "Never mind it, Charley," said Curran, "never mind it; it would only be a child throwing a stone at the leg of a colossus."

Curran's talents were of the very first order, but they were too often sadly misapplied; and the stern moralist would find much to censure, both in his public and his private life: but he was a highly fascinating man in conversation. His wit, his drollery, his eloquence, his pathos, were all irresistible. The only defect in him in this respect was a love of acting, which made his wit often degenerate into mere buffoonery, and his pathos into canting and overstrained sentiment. It must have been in some of these latter moods that his biographers observed his sensibility; but there never was anything real in it. It was often put on even to convey ill-natured remarks; and as my straggling letter (which has far outstripped the bounds I at first intended), has been little more than a vehicle of jests, I shall conclude by giving another, connected with this splenetic tenderness of heart. At a supper party in Brighton, I believe, he began to lament the desolation of his old age: he was a solitary unfortunate old man, he said, who had not even a child he could call his own. *His son was sitting at table with him at the very time.* This observation created much disgust in the company; and a young barrister who was present, in relating it afterwards to an elder brother of the profession, added, with much vehemence, "By G— if my father had said so in my presence, I would have forgotten all filial reverence, and knocked him down." "Ay," said the senior, "that would certainly prove you were not a natural son."

I have unconsciously intruded on your space, and must conclude by apologizing for it—and subscribe myself your humble servant.

D. O'C.

Dublin, Nov. 4th, 1820.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

We have this week little to add to the statements in our last Number, relative to the expedition which has so fortunately returned from the Polar Sea; but as every particular is interesting, we shall relate such as have reached us, till we are enabled, which we expect shortly to be, to lay a more detailed and comprehensive account before our readers.

After sailing over the Croker Mountains of Captain Ross (as we mentioned last Saturday, thus geographically unshipping a secretary to the Admiralty), Lieut. Parry gave to the continuation of Lancaster's Sound the name of Barrow's Sound.

[A lithographic chart made out at the Admiralty represents the former, according to



the newspapers, as about 150 miles in length and from 20 to 25 in breadth; and the same authorities mention that from the upper end the ships steered, in the first instance, 100 miles to the southward, then returned to the original point and proceeded direct west.]

On the north side of Barrow's Sound, the voyagers discovered a broad channel up which they could not descry any land, though the weather was clear and favourable. To the land bounded on the west by this unexplored channel, and on the south by the Sound, the name of New Devon was given. Nearly opposite the channel, *i. e.* on the south side of the Sound, they met with another broad Inlet (nearly as broad it seemed as the Sound itself) on which the name of Regent's Inlet was bestowed. The expedition sailed up this inlet a considerable way\*. The land opposite to New Devon was denominated New Somerset. Many whales and seals were seen about this part. Other places discovered, received names in honour of Major Rennell, Captain Sabine, and others.

We mentioned the only serious casualty which befel during the wintering of the crews in these high latitudes; nevertheless the cold was so intense that the utmost care was necessary to prevent fatal consequences. An idea of this may be formed from the fact, that a servant of Captain Sabine's, on some alarm of fire ran into the air without covering his hand—it was immediately frost-bitten, and the poor fellow lost three of his fingers.

No natives were seen, nor any traces of human beings.

**Copper-plate printing.**—The *Annales de Chimie* state, that a Mr. Gouard has discovered a method by which he can take impressions of any size, either larger or smaller, from an engraved copperplate, without the aid of another plate. The operation requires only a few hours; and, if the fact be correct, it is certainly a most important invention in the art of engraving, and will save immense expense in enlarging or reducing plates for various editions of works, or for convenient publication in every possible style that can be wanted for science or virtuous curiosity.

**New Globes.**—A Berlin artist, Mr. Charles P. Kummer, has recently published a globe with the mountains boldly executed in relief. This method impresses the subject more forcibly upon the mind than the mode hitherto employed, and is consequently admirably suited for geographical instruction and knowledge.

**Arts and Sciences in America.**—Mr. Randolph, an American chemist, asserts that he has re-discovered the long lost secret of the mortar or cement of the ancients, which was proof against fire, water, and the influence of time. He states, that his composition daily growing harder, becomes more and more solid and unalterable. He has not judged proper to make his secret known to the public.

Mr. Sheldon of Springfield in North Ame-

\* Future expeditions have thus it appears, much to explore besides sailing directly through Lancaster's Sound.

rica affirms, that he has discovered that the bark of the sweet chestnut tree (*Fagus Castanea*) contains twice as much of the substance used in tanning as oak bark, and almost as much dyeing matter as Campeachy wood.

## LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

MR. HOGG AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

An Edinburgh friend informs us, and indeed we observe it stated in a public newspaper, *The Scotsman*, that the letter purporting to be from Mr. Hogg to the Edinburgh Reviewer of his Jacobite Relics, inserted in *Blackwood's Magazine*, is what in England is denominated a *hoax*, the production of the editor of the Magazine. Our friend adds, "the good folks in the North will have a hearty laugh at your simplicity in so gravely quoting the letter as Hogg's," &c. To this we can only say, that we are not ashamed of our simplicity, if it be simplicity to be imposed on by a paper of this construction, which our happy ignorance of the parties and squabbles which disgrace the press of the northern Athens prevented us from understanding in its true light. The wit and waggery of the article was quite lost upon us, and we dare say upon the great majority of its readers; which, we beg to suggest to the writer, is proof that this species of drolling may be carried too far. It is neither consistent with good sense, good taste, nor humorous to be unintelligible smart. But censurable as such misleading representations are, and injurious to any publication prone to them, as tending to cast a doubt on all its contents, and destroy its character for authenticity where it really means to obtain credit; we are infinitely more disgusted with the Billingsgate which has been introduced into the pages of disputing periodicals. If we do not greatly mistake the public feeling, their conductors had better leave their mutual quarrels alone, and stick to matters more useful and agreeable. It is very indifferent to the reading and respectable classes of society, what John o'Nokes thinks of Tom o' Stiles, or what grounds of rivalry exist between Blackwood and Baldwin, or their editors. One paragraph of information or light pleasantry is worth a hundred sheets of their silly disputes; and neither their own interests nor the interests of literature can be promoted by their indulging in invective and vituperation against each other. On the contrary, an amicable intercourse would be both more becoming in them, and more advantageous to the cause of letters, in which they are, or ought to be, engaged. It is always suspicious when publications in the same walk try to persuade the world that the most important service they can render to literature is to write down a competitor. They had better leave their respective merits to be appreciated by public discernment.—*Verbum sat.*

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—Perhaps in your extensive opportunities, you could inform me whether it is true that by Sir Philip Francis's will, a box

containing matters of correspondence, was supposed to contain the *Janus* papers, was sent sealed up to Drummond's bank, with directions that it was not to be opened at a certain distant period; or till now, whether any indications have been left to decide the conjecture, so strongly argued in the pamphlet published by Taylor and Hesley, that he was the author of *Janus*.

I have the honour to be, &c.

AN ANTIQUARY.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

BONNET.

There is a Shape, upon whose wrinkled brow  
Deeds dark and good, in many a line of light,  
Are character'd; and they who read aright,  
Thence learn to live uprightly. You may love  
Him by his murderous scythe, and beard of snow,  
And glittering eye, for piercing is his sight.  
As still in early youth: the blackest night,  
Past, present, and, to come, he looks through.  
He is immortal; yet shall he be sought  
Away and die, when from his heart the soul  
Shall cast its victims, that have soundly slept  
For ages:—then, the judgment flag unfurled  
Shall wave o'er man, and all his worth and crime

Be copied from that brow:—the shape is Time.  
L

EPIGRAM.

At Church, I heard our Parson say,  
We should not work on Sabbath-day;  
But oh! good Lord! with kule and fork,  
At dinner time, how he did work!

[By Correspondents.]

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—The following verses were written by Mrs. Connell, a lady of the Upside-Down in the city of Cork, who died in October 1807. I think they are much too good to be lost; and if you agree with me in opinion, they are at your service. I am, Sir, your humble servant, J. J. W.

Cork, Sept. 30, 1820.

When reflection recalls the lost hours I have  
squandered,  
High swells my sad boom, and fast my  
tears flow,  
A stranger to peace and content, I have  
wandered—  
Can I cease to regret it?—Ah, no, never, no!  
In pursuit of a phantom whole years have I  
wasted;  
I sought it in dress, in amusement, in show,  
But ne'er in those scenes any sweets have I  
tasted,  
Or found but affliction:—Oh, no, never, no!  
At length in religion's sure path have I rested,  
And find all that bliss I can hope for below;  
In my God all my hopes, all my joys are now  
centered—  
Can I ever cease to love him? Oh, no, never,  
no,  
When death with his terrors, shall hang o'er  
my pillow,  
Undimmed at the sight, I shall meet in  
dire blow;  
Resign'd to my fate, I shall lie 'neath the  
willow,  
Where nought shall disturb me: oh, no, never  
no!

an that God, for whose service my all I have  
quitted,  
Who rewards, even here, hundred fold can  
bestow,  
an He let me die all unpardoned, unpitied,  
Or refuse me his mercy? Oh, no, never, no!

## A DREAM.

What—from the grave? And dost thou then  
dare to obtrude upon my sight?  
O dear thy revolting form again,  
how false and heartless parasite!  
—No! hushed is his calumnious tongue,  
’tho thankless as my father’s bread,  
nd, viper-like, his venom flung  
hearest his child—and smiled, and stung  
he heart that loved—the hand that fed:  
—*Safely* he withers with the dewd.

et,—at times—in my troubled sleep,  
hear his curses muttered deep;  
’th the horrid figure stands,  
’th leering eyes and shrunken hands:  
’pright he moves in mortal mould,  
isble as in days of old;  
nd smiles as he was wont to smile,  
et somewhat ghastlier than before:  
nd such a faithless look he wore.  
carless I leave his glance, and turn  
o where those glaring sockets burn;  
nd tell him—*he was false to me*,  
nd how I scorn his memory.

H.

## SONG.

Too like the faded wreath I wear,  
My hapless life has past away;  
And every wither’d blossom there,  
May well soon vanish’d joy pourtray.  
Like hope, this azure harebell hung,  
Supported by a stem as fine,  
On the bleak mountain’s wild brow sprung—  
But died upon this brow of mine.  
Ah! view this rose—its damask blossom,  
Like pleasure, lost its brilliant dyes;  
Some scatter’d petals strew’d my bosom,  
Whence every pleasing image flies.  
Each blending tint has faded now,  
Even the myrtle’s constant green;  
All but this dull dark cypress bough,  
Which had before unnoticed been.  
Thus with the fleeting bloom of joy  
Lore withers, to revive no more;  
And nought but rankling memory  
Twines freshly, changeless as before.

## COUNTRY COMMISSIONS.

*Vide "Mr. Matthews at Home."*

Dear Cousin, I write this in haste,  
To beg you will get for mamma,  
A pot of best Jasmine Paste,  
And a pair of Shoe-buckles for 'Pa,'  
At Exeter Change,—then just pop  
Into Aldersgate Street for the prints—  
And while you are there you can stop  
For a Skene of white Worsted at Flint's.

Fapa wants a new Razor Stop,  
And mama wants a Chinchelli Muff;  
Little Bobby's in want of a top,  
And my aunt wants six pen'orth of Snuff.  
Just call in St. Martin's le Grand  
For some Goggles for Mary (who squints),  
Get a pound of Bees-wax in the Strand,  
And the Skene of white Worsted at Flint's

And while you are there you may stop  
For some Souchong in Monument Yard;  
And while you are there you can pop  
Into Mary-bone Street for some lard;  
And while you are there, you can call  
For some silk of the latest new tints,  
At the Mercer's not far from Whitehall—  
And—remember the Worstest at Flint's.

And while you are there, 'twere as well  
If you'd call in Whitechapel, to see  
For the Needles; and then in Pall Mall,  
For some Lavender-water for me;  
And while you are there you can go  
To Wapping, to old Mr. Flint's—  
But all this you can easily do.  
When you get the white worsted at Flint's.

I send in this parcel from Bet,  
An old Spelling-book to be bound,  
A Cornelian Brooch to be set,  
And some Razors of Pa's to be ground.—  
O dear! what a memory have I—  
Notwithstanding all Debonair's hints,  
I've forgotten to tell you to buy  
A Skene of white Worsted at Flint's.

*Impromptu of a Gentleman of the name of Mills,  
on losing a Tooth.*

And must I then my dinner shun,  
When never Cook was kinder—  
For what are Forts without a Gun—  
What Mills without a Grinder!

QUIZ.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## LETTERS FROM PARIS.—No. III.

Paris, Oct. 22d, 1820.

## THE FRENCH INSTITUTE.

An introduction recently took place at the French Academy. The Marquess de Pastoret was elected a member, in the room of the celebrated Count de Volney, and he accordingly delivered his admission speech. Voltaire, long ago, ridiculed these admission speeches, which were formerly all made up according to one pattern, and in which, now, as well as in the time of Voltaire, the new academicien declares with more or less spirit and elegance, that Cardinal de Richelieu, the founder of the academy, was a great man; that all the members of the establishment are great men; that the president in particular is a very great man; and that the new academicien may probably turn out to be a great man also. The main object of ambition, among the *litterati* of Paris, is to become members of the academy; and no sooner is the death of an old academicien made known, than ten young men are making every effort to succeed to his place. Those who are not fortunate enough to obtain the majority of votes, revenge themselves by writing epigrams.

The epitaph which Piron wrote for himself, is well known:

Ci git Piron, qui ne fut rien,  
Pas même academicien.

Following his example, M. Vigée, an agreeable poet, who had made many useless efforts to gain admission to the academy, wrote the following epitaph.

Ci git qui fit des vers, les fit mal, et ne put,  
Quoiqu'il fut sans esprit, être de l'Institut.

One of the academiciens, however, to prove that it was possible to be witty and yet to belong to the Institute, which includes the four academies, wrote the following quatrain in reply to M. Vigée's epitaph:

Vigée écrit qu'il est un sot;  
Peut-être qu'on le contredise?

Non: l'épithète est si précise.  
Que tout Paris le prend au mot.

The academy has undertaken to edit the great dictionary of the French language. It is now about 50 years since this dictionary was commenced, and I believe the first 6 letters of the alphabet are finished. Thus in about 200 or 250 years hence, we may see, at least, our great grand children may see, the completion of this ponderous work. The cause of all this lingering is, that the gentlemen engaged in preparing this dictionary enjoy a pension, which will cease whenever their labour is concluded; consequently, as long as the academiciens retain any taste for pensions, the dictionary will remain unfinished, and the public must contrive to dispense with it.

But to return to the Marquess de Pastoret: he is the eleventh peer who has been introduced to the academy; and it is to be feared, that that learned body will speedily resemble a Chamber of Peers, rather than a union of literary men. The Marquess de Pastoret, who is celebrated for his legislative knowledge, was previously a member of another academy. Since the revolution however, the four academies have been united together, and are distinguished by the name of the Institute; M. de Pastoret has therefore, been twice elected a member of the same body. But he is not the only person thus singularly situated; M. Cuvier and some others are also double academiciens. This ambition has already been a subject of ridicule; and the public seem to think it is rather too much to aspire to two seats in one learned institution, when many meritorious individuals cannot even get one.

It was an admirable idea of the French republic, to create a single learned establishment, embracing every branch of human knowledge. The Institute was divided into four classes; the first, including the physical and mathematical sciences, the second, the French language, the third, the moral and political sciences, and the fourth, the fine arts. The third class, in particular, was a truly noble design. No government had previously drawn the science of politics from the darkness of diplomatic cabinets, to cultivate and bring it to perfection by a particular class of learned men, and at the same time to connect it with morals, and all that contributes to social happiness. It is lamentable to reflect, that this plan could not be executed in its full extent; and it is still more to be regretted, that that useful and important class of the Institute does not still exist. Under the government of Bonaparte, politics were banished to the camp or the cabinet, or mentioned only in the notes of the *Mémorial*. Instead of the moral and political sciences, the third class of the Institute was directed to turn its attention to literature and ancient history; and it

still has the same destination, though it bears the old insignificant title of *Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres*, conferred on it by Louis XIV., because it was especially charged to compose the pompous inscriptions which were lavished on all the monuments of his reign. What progress must human intellect have made between the reign of Louis XIV. and the establishment of the French Republic, when the *Academy of Inscriptions*, (where compliments were manufactured in Latin verse;) was converted into a philosophic depot for every branch of moral and political knowledge. The Academy of the Fine Arts, has also undergone some modifications, since it has dropped the title of the *Class of the Fine Arts*. It was the wish of the Republican government, that this class should combine representatives of all the imitative arts. Thus it included not only distinguished painters, sculptors, and engravers, but also musical composers, and actors. Some persons, however, suggested that it was not proper to admit actors among the members of the class, apparently because they did not honour the dramatic art with a place among the fine arts; and since that period, no actor has been chosen a member of the class. The academy has not publicly stated its reasons for this regulation; and it still remains to be explained, why a good tragic actor, who frequently creates more than the author himself, should not be styled an artist, as well as a painter or sculptor, who do no more than an actor; namely, copy nature or produce ideal nature. An actor has been compared to a practical musician, who merely plays an instrument without the merit of composing or inventing. This comparison, however, though it may be correct with respect to bad actors, is certainly unjust towards the higher professors of the histrionic art; and if the public have never been informed why the dramatic art is excluded from the *Academy of the Fine Arts*, it is probably because no satisfactory reason can be adduced for such a measure. In the French Academy, great pains have hitherto been taken, to preserve what is styled *classical taste* in poetry; the consequence is, that this classical taste has produced no poets. German literature on the one hand, and Lord Byron on the other, have introduced in France in a contraband way, a taste for the romantic; thus, all the partisans of our old literature exclaim that good taste, the taste for the age of Louis XIV. is visibly declining, and that there will be an end to the purity of poetical doctrine, if the encroachments of foreign taste be not speedily opposed. Lord Byron, in particular, has produced a kind of revolution here for a long period. No foreign poet has been so much read, translated, and imitated. Impartial persons know not what to think of this dispute about *classical* and *romantic taste*; and the French Academy, in order to preserve a clear conscience, has proposed as a subject for the prize of eloquence, to determine what constitutes poetic genius, and how it is to be recognized independently of diversity of languages and forms of versification, and in every different style, from the epopee to the apologue.

Whenever this question shall be resolved, we may hope that the dispute between the *classical* and the *romantic* will end, and that the latter will obtain the right of citizenship in France.

## MIDDLE LIFE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir.—Though I profess to be only a respectable tradesman and an honest citizen, I hope you will not refuse to insert the following sketch of family grievances, that have occurred to me during the last month.

My wife and daughters take in your journal regularly; and as they think very highly of every thing it contains, I wish through your medium to make my sentiments known to them.

I came to London about fifteen years ago, with a wife and young family, having no other prospects than what I might hope from an unimpeached character and careful and industrious habits. I entered into trade, and since that time, through perseverance and constant exertion, have continued to prosper.

I owe my success too, in a great measure, to never having been above my business; to having been content to keep within my own sphere; not associating with those so much above me, as to interfere with my own sober habits, and keeping equally clear of those beneath me. In these sentiments, I have brought up my children; I have educated my daughters well, but plainly, in such a manner as rather to make them sensible wives than figurantes in a ball-room; and my boys I have brought up to industry.

To do my wife justice, I have always had her co-operation; and for upwards of twenty years, I never had occasion to repent of my wedding-day; being of too managing a disposition was always her only fault: thus I have long been as happy a father and husband as perhaps London affords. I am considered to be a good man on the Royal Exchange, and a good man by my friends in another sense of the word. My eldest daughter was to have been married at the beginning of the year, to a respectable young man who has long lived with me, and whom I intended, then, to take into partnership.

So things were situated, till about a month or six weeks ago, we received a formal announcement of the marriage of a country cousin of my wife, to a rich tradesman in St. James's-Street. After a family consultation, it was agreed that my wife and eldest girl should visit the bride and invite her to dinner. They accordingly went, though I must own, I did not much like the sound of St. James's Street; but I have always made a rule of never giving opposition to what did not appear unreasonable. The invitation was accepted, and from that hour I date my misfortunes.

My wife, who gave me a great account of her cousin's grandeur, said she was determined to entertain her genteely, and to shew her that she was not superior to her city relations. I said nothing, though this desire to vie touched me with rather painful forebodings.

At length, after the preparations being discussed till I was tired of hearing of them, the gala-day arrived; but a great omission had been made. My wife had forgot to mention the dinner hour; ours was usually two o'clock, and I proposed that it should not be altered; however, to be on the safe side, half past two was agreed on; long before which we had all assembled in the best parlour in our best attire, to receive the visitors in proper style. Three o'clock struck and they had not yet arrived. I insisted that my wife had mistaken the day, and she herself began to think so too; we waited another half-hour, but still no one came. Every face in the room but my own looked blank, for I was the only one present that did not feel disappointment. My wife lamented her fish, fowls, &c. and I endeavoured to comfort her by telling her how well we could enjoy her good things by ourselves, but all would not do. Waiting longer we all thought useless, so we soon sat down to an excellent dinner, which I was very well disposed to relish. I complimented my wife on her good dishes, and she shortly began to brighten up. When the cloth was removed I took one of my little ones on each knee, to partake of the grand desert; I congratulated myself on seeing my family so comfortably about me, and I filled a bumper to my wife's health, telling her how much of my happiness I owed to her. This compliment quite restored her equanimity, and she had just filled one in return, when we heard a thundering knock at the door; the glass dropped from her hand and was smashed in pieces. We stared at each other, every one exclaiming, what shall be done? Why, what should be done my dear, said I, but to tell the truth? Oh, not for the world! said my wife; as you value me, do not say a word. After such a solemn appeal, I was of course silent. We had scarcely time to make a rush into the best parlour while the visitors were coming up stairs. My daughters, who had not much occasion for rouge, were endeavouring to compose their scattered ringlets, when the bride and her sister entered the room, attired in the very height of the fashion, with flowers and silks and satins, that formed a complete contrast to my wife and daughters' comparatively plain but neat appearance. They were followed by two of the most complete dandies I ever beheld, who were introduced to me as Mr. Fleming and his partner.

The first compliments being over, the bride said she was afraid that they had come too soon; "but," she continued, "as I knew that you citizens are often early people, I was determined to err on the right side, so I insisted on Mr. Fleming getting ready to be here against four, though he said, it was the first time in his life that he had ever gone out to dinner before six." I anxiously waited for my wife's reply, who, as I feared, would not be outdone in gentility. She entreated Mrs. Fleming not to be uneasy, but to consider herself as a relation and not as a stranger; and said, she had no doubt that we should have plenty of interesting conversation to occupy the time.

hours before dinner, which she was sorry would not be ready till past six. Before Mrs. Fleming had time to reply, one of the little girls about five years old, who had overheard what was passing, ran up exclaiming, "Shall we have another dinner, mother?" Her mother reddened, but quickly turned to Mrs. Fleming, saying, "We always make the children dine early you know." "Sure you and my father and we all dined early; and to day we had such nice fruit, because the company did not come." What was to be done? My elder girls looked at each other and then at their mother. They endeavoured to coax the child and turn her attention; but she, accustomed to tell the truth, went on. "May I have some of the other dinner?" "My dear," said my wife to me, "ring the bell for the servant to take the child to the nursery, for it is almost her tea time." "Sure mother, we have no nursery," she replied, "and arn't we to have another dinner before tea?"—worse and worse. I do not know how it would have ended, had not the servant come and taken the poor child away by force, who begged to the last to have some of the other dinner.

It was some time before we all regained our self possession. I perceived by the countenances of the strangers, that they saw through our ridiculous manoeuvres, and would laugh at us behind our backs. So much, thought I, for fashionable visitors.

My wife presently quitted the room to make preparations for dinner; but Mrs. Fleming soon broke the dead pause that ensued, by asking my son and daughters what places of amusement they frequented most. My daughters blushed, not knowing what to say; but she scarcely gave them time to reply, before she went on most volubly. "We go much oftener to the Opera than any where else, because Mr. Fleming has such a fine ear; for my own part, I prefer the drama; but Mr. Fleming does not think Corent Gardeu worth going to since Miss O'Neil left, and he thinks nothing of any other theatre." She then went through all the other places of amusement in rotation; and I was proud, and my son and daughters were ashamed, of scarcely having been at one of them. "Well, 'tis a strange thing to have always lived in London and never to have seen London. But I suppose it is because you reside in the city, so far from every thing of the kind. Mr. Fleming says, that he could not exist without amusement; and really, we feel quite full of the *vapeurs noirs*, as the French say, if we stay at home a whole evening."

Thus she talked on for near an hour, making me heartily sick of her and her fashion, and my poor daughters heartily vexed at being citizens. As for the gentlemen, they never condescended to say more than—"sure"—"indeed"—"very true," &c.

At length my wife returned to the parlour, and at about half-past six dinner was announced. I certainly felt some curiosity to see the dishes uncovered; but what was my astonishment, instead of the good substantial dinner we had left, and which I expected to

have seen re-heated, to behold a parcel of finikin dishes, of not one of which did I know the name; and my poor wife, who, when she sat down, looked the picture of confusion, I perceived to be in the same predicament. As well could she have repeated the Greek alphabet, as the names of the messes on her own table. Hence the most terrible piece of work arose about this dish and that dish, and the dish at the side, and the dish in the middle, and the dish at the corner, for the table was so crowded that it was scarcely possible to distinguish which dish was asked for. Though our visitors put a bold face on it, I believe they were as ignorant as ourselves on the subject. My son, who is a lad of some humour, got out of the scrape very well, by calling the dishes by various French names that came into his head.

At length dinner was blundered through, and the rest of the evening went off tolerably. The company remained till twelve o'clock; but my wife, afraid of being vulgar, did not mention supper, and at length they went away without being offered any refreshment at all. At parting, Mrs. Fleming returned the invitation for that day fortnight, which to my mortification was accepted without my ever being consulted.

When they were gone—"Well my dears," said I, to my wife and daughters, "I think we have seen enough of west-end company." "I am quite of another opinion," replied my wife; "Mrs. Fleming is certainly a very genteel woman, and my girls say learn a great deal of polish from her, which they want." My daughters agreed with their mother in eulogizing the bride and her sister, and it was vain for me to argue against them. I thought it best to let them have their own way, trusting that good sense would soon resume its sway.

The next morning at breakfast, a bill for ten pounds came from the pastry-cook's (a genteel dinner for nine having been sent in according to my wife's order); I showed it to her without making a single observation. She was heartily ashamed of it, and said such a thing should never occur again. I let this pass by, in the hope that it would have the effect of making her yield to me in return. But alas! even in the course of this day, I found my influence to be on the decline. Dinner, without my knowledge, was put off till four; I remonstrated, but in vain; too many voices were against me.

My daughters now occupied themselves from morning till night in making preparations for their intended visit. They had not a single gown fit to appear in; I was of course called upon for money, which I gave unwillingly for the first time in my life.

At length the day arrived, and we all set out in a glass coach; we were punctual to the hour (six), but Mrs. Fleming and her sister did not appear till near seven. At tea there was a large party; and such absurdity and pretension I never before witnessed. But to cut my story short, since that time, the reign of my family comfort has been completely over. My wife and daughters have continued to inter-vist with Mrs. Fleming, whom they endeavour to imitate in every

thing; not only my hours, but my very meals are changed. In place of my snug tea and muffins at five o'clock, I am put off with biscuits and small slices of thin bread and butter at seven; and instead of a comfortable hot supper at nine, I am obliged to eat delicate sandwiches at eleven; even porter, the only drink that I relish, is excluded; so that I, whose boast it was that I never spent a night out of my own house, shall, if things go on at this rate, be forced to go to a coffee-house to get a comfortable meal. But to crown all, my eldest daughter has begun to look cold on her intended husband; for Mr. Fleming's partner has paid her attention, and I would almost as lieve follow her to her grave, as see her married to such a coxcomb. Her poor lover is getting quite low-spirited and unfit for business; he continually makes blunders in the accounts. In fact, I am on the road to ruin.

A CITIZEN.

## THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.—King Lear was played on Wednesday, and the principal character melodramatized by Mr. Booth. Mr. Cooper performed Edgar, a character which tells on the stage, but which affords no scope for the exercise of either superior talent or sound judgment. It differed little from other personations which we have seen, and was decidedly inferior to the Poor Tom of Charles Kemble. Midas was the afterpiece, got up in good style, Madame Vestris, sticking to the male parts, being the Apollo, Miss Smithson a handsome Venus, Munden, most ludicrous Midas, and Harley rather a whimsical Pan.

COVENT GARDEN.—Wallace.—The tragedy announced in our last was performed on Tuesday, and succeeded. The production of a mere boy (speaking with reference to the age of literary adolescence), and of a very young gentleman even in the common count of life, we cannot help considering this as a very signal example of early dramatic genius. We accordingly feel strongly prompted to be lavish in our praise; but the simple fact of a tragedy, capable of delighting thousands of all ranks, being written by an author in his teens, is a volume of eulogy; and we shall better discharge our duty to the public and to this promising individual, by describing simply its merits and its defects: the former will excite just applause; the latter may be of some use in the way of hints for the future, which precocious talent requires perhaps more than any other description of mental endowment.

The difficulty of constructing a sterling play is much augmented by the choice of a historical subject, in which personages famed in the annals of nations are brought as characters upon the stage. The more renowned they have been, the more generally have men formed in their imaginations a picture of them; and whenever a writer or actor fails to coincide with this beau ideal of the fancy, the critic sets it down as a departure from truth and reality, without entertaining the question of which is the true conception.

In this respect the hero Wallace presents an object pre-eminently challenging the utmost skill of the dramatist. In legendary tale, in the scroll of warlike achievements, in the highest romance of enterprising valor, in the noblest records of patriotism, and in the deepest wrongs of human fate, he has been handed down to posterity in colours which no art can surpass: no invention can exceed the wonders of his adventures; no poetic report can outstrip the bravery of his exploits; no descriptive powers can add grace to the gallantry of his bearing; no feeling homage can exalt his devotion to his country, and no pathos can increase the shame and horror of his death. Such a theme it was perilous for a young pen to approach; but Mr. Walker was fortunate in having the Wallace of history softened down to his muse by the altering hand of fiction. He has taken the principal materials of his tragedy from *Miss Jane Porter's* very interesting novel of *The Scottish Chiefs*. Here we had the same characters drawn, most of the incidents, and even some of the language. Indeed the only variation of moment which we can recollect, is his giving the hero a wife in secret (the idea of which, by the way, is anticipated in the *Agnes of Miss Holford's* sweet poem, *Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk*), instead of his dead love Marion, and the Helen, who is united to him on the eve of his execution, in Miss Porter's novel; and making her beloved by his friend Douglas and his foe Monteith. Upon these data, Mr. W. has exerted himself with much effect. He has composed several fine poetical passages; he has conducted the plot regularly; he has contrived a number of excellent dramatic situations; and, commencing with the end of the third act, he has wrought up the catastrophe with extraordinary ability.

The play begins with Edward's offers to the Scotch, and their rejection by Wallace. The dissensions among the Scottish leaders are then exposed. Wallace entrusts the secret of his marriage to the base Monteith, who himself aims at a union with Helen, and who, to accomplish his object, leads Douglas, to whom she had been betrothed, to witness her affectionate parting interview with Wallace, on the eve of his going to battle with the English. This plot however fails; for the brave and noble Douglas is convinced of the integrity of his friend, and sacrifices his own passion on the altar of his country. The Scotch, owing to the treachery of some of their leaders, are defeated, and Wallace, with a few valiant followers, compelled to fly. Monteith is foiled by Douglas in an attempt to carry off Helen; but at last succeeds in betraying Wallace to the enemy. The villain is however slain by Douglas in the very consummation of his wicked design: but the unfortunate captive is taken to London, and doomed to an ignominious death. Helen and Douglas follow him; the former supplicates the king for his pardon, which is granted, on condition that he renounces his country's cause, and swears allegiance to Edward. The distracted wife brings these terms as her lord is hurrying to the scaffold. To her he leaves the determination if he

shall die unstained, or live dishonoured; and after a dreadful struggle she tears and tramples on the insidious offer. Wallace is then led off the stage for execution; she starts from a swoon, reels to the side, and witnesses the last stroke, which also breaks her heart. The curtain falls.

Such is the outline of this tragedy; whence it will be seen that Helen is the Helen Mar of Miss Porter; and in rejecting the proffered mercy, she does precisely what the Earl of Gloucester is made to do in the novel. Douglas is a compound of the novellist's Bothwell in the beginning, and her Sir Edward Bruce in the end. The scene of quarrel among the Chiefs, is drawn from the same source, and the resemblance is throughout unmarked and particular. Even the language, as we have observed, is frequently copied; thus for instance, in the novel, Helen exclaims, (vol. v. p. 224,) "And is there no hope? Ah, conduct me to this lawless king! If tears, if a breaking heart can avail, I will kneel before him; I will die before him, only let Sir William Wallace live!"—which, we think, are almost the precise words Mrs. Bunn, the Helen of the play, utters under the same circumstances. In those parts which we presume are more distinctly attributable to Mr. Walker, there is an unaffected simplicity which merits warm approbation; for turgidity and bombast are almost the inseparable concomitants of youthful composition. He nowhere offends; he has had the magnanimity to despise claps, the sound judgment to avoid unwieldy sentiment, and the discrimination to consult natural incident in marching on to his conclusion. Were he a more mature candidate for the palm, we might condemn him in two or three points; but we will only commune with him as friendly advisers. In our opinion, he would have done better to maintain a little more of the firmness, if not sternness, of Wallace: Wallace ought to shed no tear. Commoner warriors of that age would have been ashamed of such weakness. Again, the effect of irony in his address to his associate leaders, is fine; but it is improper, and loses its effect when repeated to the soldiers flying from battle. Monteith appears to us to be too refined, and too refining a traitor. These were rude and barbarous times; brute force, and not nice manoeuvre, was the weapon to destroy a rival; and even perfidy, when resorted to, was of a rough and rugged cast. Centuries after the time of Wallace, all the machiavellism of all the nobles in Scotland would not have furnished so perfect and complete a designer as Monteith is here delineated. But we will not dwell on these slight specks on a performance which is so honourable to its author. We will not even have the show of finding fault, under the name of advice, where we truly think so remarkable a specimen of early genius is entitled to every species of encouragement from a liberal and a discerning public. With this we will hope to see the sapling a splendid tree; and are happy to have it in our power, by giving a specimen of his composition, to show on what grounds that hope is planted.

#### Act IV.—Scene I.

*A wild and romantic glen. Night, with the murmur of an approaching storm. Wallace discovered bareheaded, reclining against a rock.*

Wal. It will not be—Slumber, thou art leagued

With an ungrateful country to forsake me! Then, welcome storm and darkness! *Travelling*

*Here, nobles!*  
In this drear desert I should dwell alone,  
And, with the Spirit of these mountains, share  
His independence! Here, amid these wilds,  
Whose earliest habitants, yon lusty clans,  
High lift their bold heads to the liberal breeze,  
And mock the tyrant blast!—'tis well; the storm  
Drives on apace.—How lowers yon lightning  
sky!

The very nightbird, with instinctive dread,  
Scared by his ominous aspect, quits her prey,  
And with shrill note outstrips the hurrying raven  
To shriek her 'gainst the tumult—with this  
awe

The wild wolf seeks the covert of his cave!  
Above—around—below—all nature shrinks  
Appall'd—save Wallace!—be alone, with me!  
That mingle in the tempest—woon its rage!

*[Thunder heard.]*  
Aye—roll, ye thunders, roll—terrible  
lightnings,

Flash your forked fires around me—here! 'tis  
all,

And deem your horrors heaven, to that we  
belong!

Of ease—enjoy'd but at a tyrant's will!

Wal. ————— Mark me!  
Thou say'st 'these rocks are desolate'—'tis true,  
And dost thou wonder that a kindred phantom  
Has still its charm?

Mont. ————— This is no answer.  
Wal. ————— No!

Then I will speak thee plainer: this wide circling  
Where solitude hath girt her with a zone  
Of rock on rock—these crags, whose jagged  
spires

High tower to heaven—these rushing currents,  
Majestic monuments of untam'd nature,  
Are free—all free—even as the soul of Wales!  
They hold their rights, not at a despot's will,  
But by primeval charter—unpross'd &  
Since the world was—the air that flows in  
them

Has ne'er been tainted by the breath of slavery—  
The earth that holds them,  
Has ne'er been blasted by the tyrant's tread!  
'Tis here alone, dwells liberty!—and here,  
Would I, apart from man, contemplate her:  
Now, art thou answer'd!

We have left ourselves little room to speak  
of the performers. Macready was admirable  
in *The Wallace*. His stupor on discovering  
the baseness of Monteith, was almost  
the best thing we ever witnessed on the  
stage. His farewell to his native haunts was  
also exquisitely given; and all his final  
scenes towering above each other in dignity  
and pathos. The whole character raised  
him still one step higher in the estimation  
of an approving public. Mrs. Bunn also  
imparted much effect to Helen. Her voice  
is not tuneless, but her person is imposing,  
and her tragic powers great. The commanding  
figure of Mr. C. Kemble was displayed  
to much advantage in the noble Douglas.

nor was his acting less graceful than his form. Alternate boldness, manly feeling, grief, and despair, were pourtrayed with a beauty and accuracy, which left nothing to be wished. Mr. Abbott too deserved the meed of praise, for the ability with which he sustained an uneasy and disagreeable part. The value of such a performer can only be ascertained by beholding inferior talent in such characters as those which he so often renders respectable and effective. The minor Thanes were tolerable, and (to end this sad eventful history) Miss Foote, looking most bewitchingly pretty, spoke a smart epilogue very cleverly.

### VARIETIES.

A few days ago, a woodman, engaged in splitting timber for rail-roads, in the woods close by the lake at Haiste, a seat of Mr. Pringle's, in Selkirkshire, discovered in the centre of a large wild cherry tree, a living bat, of a bright scarlet colour, which, through fear, he foolishly suffered to escape, being fully persuaded (with the characteristic superstition of the inhabitants of that part of the country) that it was a "being not of this world." The tree presents a small cavity in the centre, where the bat was inclosed, but is perfectly sound and solid on each side.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

It is whimsical to read the descriptions which the foreign journals give, not only of our proceedings but of our persons; the following is one of their portraits:

Mr. Brougham, attorney-general to the Queen of England:—This acute, learned, and eloquent advocate, who may perhaps in a few years become Lord Chancellor, is a mean looking figure, as lean as a broomstick, yellow, and fallen away, with a flat nose, a wide mouth, and unpleasant contours; but he has large sparkling eyes which flash fire, and as soon as he begins to speak his countenance is lighted up with a degree of animation, understanding, and self-possession, the effect of which is not weakened by a bad habit (perhaps a nervous affection) of every moment stretching the nostrils, distorting the closed mouth on both sides, and at the same time winking with the eyes. The charm of his eloquence is irresistible to an unprejudiced person, and there is in his manner something which the English call *gentlemanlike*, by which he is very favourably distinguished from the violent fury of his colleague Mr. Denman, the Queen's solicitor-general, who with a terrible bass voice roars in the hall, at the same time thumping on the bar.

Mr. Isaac Jacob, of Waterford, received a letter a short time ago, in the superscription of which the writer had the singular ingenuity to avoid putting a single letter of his correspondent's name, by directing to Eyzek Gekup. This was clever *cacography*.—[*A fact.*]

*Irish Counties.*—During the rebellion of 1798, Ireland was subject to the severe discipline of military law, and sentries were placed in every important situation, with the strictest orders not to let any person pass after

nine o'clock at night without a knowledge of the proper pass-word. The Comte de Clermont, a French emigrant residing in Dublin, had unluckily staid out one night beyond the prescribed hour, and on endeavouring to get into the castle, where he slept, was stopped of course by the sentry, who was inexorable. "Oh, sars," said the angry Frenchman, "you must let me in; je suis—I am the Comte de Clermont." "A county Clare man!" replied the soldier—devil a bit of me would care if you were a county Kerry man, or even come out of the heart of Tipperary like myself: clear my post," continued he, repelling the count, "or you will never see the county of Clare in your days again."

*County of the Chimera.*—A student, from the south of Ireland, in the university of Dublin, who was unfortunately, at the same time, so idle as to stand in need of continual prompting at examinations, and so deaf as to be almost incapable of benefiting by it, was once asked by his examiner, "What was the Chimera?" He instantly cocked his ear to catch a whisper from his neighbour, who, vexed at seeing him so ignorant, said, rather impatiently, "Why, 'tis a monster, man!" The deaf scholar taking the prompt imperfectly, cried out with the utmost confidence, "The chimera, sir, why sure every body knows he is a Munster Man!"

H. Harvey, of Wickham Skeith, Suffolk, states, through the *Gentleman's Magazine*, that he has prepared a model for direction-posts, with painted letters, giving light in such a manner as to be legible in the night time, and retaining that property for several years. This is certainly a humane and useful invention; and it is to be regretted in this respect that the immense aggregate of human inconvenience, disappointment, and suffering, occasioned by the neglect of the most simple expedients, is suffered to exist in a country like England. If we could take into one view all the evils of a single year from the want of direction posts generally, and of the common precaution of having the names of places on the road inscribed conspicuously upon some of the houses, it would lead, we think, to the universal adoption of both practices, and conduce more materially than may at first be supposed to the public comfort and benefit.

*Preservation of eggs.*—The Edinburgh Philosophical Journal recommends the following method for the preservation of eggs, either for zoological or economical purposes:—Varnish them with gum arabic, and then imbued them in powdered charcoal. The gum arabic is preferable to varnish, because it is readily removed by washing in water; and the charcoal is essential for maintaining a uniformity of temperature round the eggs, in transporting them through different climates.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

GERMAN LITERATURE.—DE BARROS'S *Asia*.—M. D. W. Soltaize, of Luneburg, in the kingdom of Hanover, (who has enriched German literature with many excellent trans-

lations from various languages,) has just announced for publication, an abridgement of the important work, "*Asia*, by Soao de Barros," in the German language, under the title of "History of the Discoveries and Conquests of the Portuguese in the East, from the year 1415 to 1639," in five vols. 8vo. The learned translator has the whole work ready in MS.; but has probably been induced by the fear of not meeting with sufficient encouragement, to publish only a part of it.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

NOVEMBER 1820.

Thursday, 9.—Thermometer from 43 to 49. Barometer from 30, 10 to 30, 12. Wind N. E. 1, and 3.—Generally cloudy; sunshine at times.  
Friday, 10.—Thermometer from 40 to 49. Barometer from 30, 16 to 30, 20. Wind N. E. 2, and 3.—Generally cloudy.  
Saturday, 11.—Thermometer from 40 to 46. Wind N. E. 3.—Clouds passing; clear at times.  
Sunday, 12.—Thermometer from 34 to 41. Barometer from 30, 32 to 29, 37. Wind W. b. N. 4, and S. W. 2.—Generally cloudy; rain in the evening.  
Monday, 13.—Thermometer from 35 to 38. Barometer from 29, 71 to 29, 85. Wind N. E. 2.—Generally cloudy, with a misting rain.  
Rain fallen .125 of an inch.  
Tuesday, 14.—Thermometer from 31 to 38. Barometer from 29, 92 to 29, 95. Wind N. E. 2, and 3.—Generally cloudy, with rain at times. A little snow \* for about 10 minutes, at noon.  
Rain fallen .15 of an inch.  
Wednesday, 15.—Thermometer from 31 to 43. Barometer from 30, 67 to 30, 11. Wind N. E. and N. b. E. 2.—Generally clear; clouds passing at times.  
Rain fallen .075 of an inch.  
On Friday the 24th, at 59 minutes, 17 seconds after 7 o'clock, (clock time) the first Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse. Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

\* The first snow this season.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WINE AND WALNUTS omitted for one week in order to verify some data, respecting which the memory of the ancient author was not absolutely precise. An anachronism touching Hogarth thus escaped him in an early chapter, and even thus in his last, the worthy old gentleman wrote "Seven Champions of England," instead of "Seven Champions of Christendom!" We had not space this week for J. G. on the Lottery; nor are we quite clear that, though humourously treated, the subject falls within our plan. W. M.'s letter is obliging. We hope no jesting of our's will deter him from writing to us, nor keep even one indifferent poet from taking the chance of our opinion for an appearance in print. We feel sincerely, that many poor beginnings have grown to a rich harvest; and are disposed to not on this connection.

Errata.—In our last No. Critique on Othello, l. 6, for best scenes, read best scenes. On Twelfth Night, l. 13 from the end, for *Autrey*, read *Autrey*.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

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**LETTERS from Mrs. DELANY** (Widow of Doctor Patrick Delany) to Mrs. FRANCES HAMILTON, from the year 1779, to the year 1789; comprising many unpublished and interesting Anecdotes of their late Majesties, and the Royal Family. Now first printed from the Original Manuscripts.

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†† The merit of this work is that Kutsober is his own biographer, as his very words are often brought forward to substantiate the opinions that are advanced. The whole tenor of his life, and its melancholy end, render a faithful account of him interesting, especially under the advantages just mentioned.—*European Mag. New Monthly Mag.* &c. &c.

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*Literary Gazette*, No. 164."His (Mr. Milia's) lucid and valuable history."—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 37.*Baileus on the German Language.*

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No. 201.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

**MEMOIRS OF THE REBELLION IN 1745 AND 1746.** *By the Chevalier de Johnstone, Aid-de-Camp to Lord George Murray, General of the Rebel Army, Assistant Aid-de-Camp to Prince Charles Edward, &c. &c. Translated from a French MS. originally deposited in the Scots College at Paris, and now in the hands of the Publishers.* London, 1820. 4to. pp. 348.

What general remarks we may wish to offer on this volume, shall be reserved till the conclusion of our critique, (which we purpose to finish next week) and we shall content ourselves in the first instance with simply introducing it to the acquaintance of our readers, while yet steaming from the press. A narrative of the progress of the Rebellion by an eye-witness actively engaged in it, could hardly fail to produce much interesting matter : and accordingly we find here not only a good account of the principal affairs which took place during the eventful period from the Prince's landing to the battle of Culloden, but also some new traits of the leading persons engaged in them, and some characteristic anecdotes not previously known. The adventures of the author are also related in a genuine sort of style, which renders that portion of the book amusing, which can hardly otherwise be thought worthy of Quarto dignity. But as we have promised our observations as a finale, and foresee that some of them will be in the shape of censure, we shall now take up the more agreeable task of description and extract.

Among some rather questionable discussions in a political and historical introduction, the Editor tells us that—

"The Chevalier de Johnstone, the author, was the only son of James Johnstone, merchant in Edinburgh. This family, by descent and alliance, were connected with some of the first houses in Scotland. His sister Cecilia was married to a son of Lord Rollo, who succeeded to the estate and title in 1765. The Chevalier Johnstone appears in his youth to have moved in the best society which the Scottish capital then contained, and to have been on the most intimate footing with the well-known Lady Jane Doug-

las, mother of the present Lord Douglas, who uniformly treated him with all the tenderness and regard of a parent. Educated in episcopalian and jacobite principles, on the first intelligence of the landing of Prince Charles Edward, he made his escape from Edinburgh to Duncrub, the seat of Lord Rollo, near Perth, where he waited the arrival of the prince in that town, and was one of the first low-country gentlemen who flocked to his standard. By the Misses Rollo, his relations, he was introduced to the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, the leaders of the rebel army, the latter of whom invited him to become his aid-de-camp, an invitation which he accepted. He acted for a considerable period in that capacity, and also as assistant aid-de-camp to the Prince himself. From the Prince he received a captain's commission, immediately after the battle of Preston-pans, and worn out with the incessant hardships of his situation of aid-de-camp, that hardly left him one hour in the four and twenty for repose, he immediately began to raise a company, with which, when completed, he joined the Duke of Perth's regiment. He bore a part in all the movements of the rebel army, and after the battle of Culloden, remained for some time in concealment in different places in the north, and then proceeded in disguise to Edinburgh, where he again remained for some time concealed in the house of Lady Jane Douglas at Drumshugh. He made his escape from Scotland to England, in the disguise of a Scots pedlar, and after remaining some time in London, he embarked with Lady Jane Douglas at Harwich, for Holland. It was his intention, on first reaching the continent, to proceed to Russia, where by means of two uncles, Generals Hewit and Douglas, who possessed great influence in that country, he could have established himself to advantage ; but he allowed himself to be persuaded to go to Paris, where he was buoyed up for some years with hopes of another expedition to Scotland. He obtained a share in the fund set apart by the government for Scots exiles, but, tired of an inactive life, he entered the French service, and was sent to the French possessions in North America, from which he returned to France on the conquest of these possessions by the English."

The memoirs appear, from circumstances alluded to in them, such as a recent financial measure of the Abbé Terray, to have been written shortly after the return of the author to France. From the interval which had elapsed between the Rebellion and their composition, and his absence from his native country, the author has occasionally fallen into unavoidable inaccuracy with respect to minor matters. But his impressions,

with respect to all the great transactions of the Rebellion are clear and strong ; and on many of them, such as the retreat from Derby, the meeting of the vanquished Highlanders at Ruthven, and the desertion of Prince Charles, he throws a valuable light. From the confidential situation he filled, he had good opportunities of knowing the characters of the leading personages in the Rebellion ; and his portraits bear every mark of penetration, candour, and impartiality. The future historian of this period cannot, with a due regard to truth, portray Prince Charles Edward, Lord George Murray, or the Duke of Perth, as they actually were, without availing himself of the assistance of our author. His account, too, of the French service, in the reign of Louis XV., towards the conclusion of the work, is by no means the least valuable part of it."

Such is the character drawn of the author and of his work by his Editor, who seems to have so rooted a dislike to Jacobites, cavaliers, and Tories, that it may be presumed even his literary paternity would not bias him on this occasion. But we will let the Chevalier speak for himself ; and our first specimen is from an interesting account of the battle of Falkirk, which differs in some particulars from that of Home's history.\*

"General Hawley drew up his army in order of battle, in two lines, having three regiments of infantry in a hollow at the foot of the hill. His cavalry was placed before his infantry, on the left wing of the first line. The English began the attack, with a body of about eleven hundred cavalry, who advanced very slowly against the right of our army, and did not halt till they were within twenty paces of our first line, to induce us to fire. The Highlanders, who had been particularly enjoined not to fire till the army was within musket-length of them, the moment the cavalry halted discharged their muskets, and killed about eighty men, each of them having aimed at a rider. The commander of this body of cavalry, who had advanced some paces before his men, was of the number. The cavalry closing their ranks, which were opened by our discharge, put spurs to their horses and rushed upon the Highlanders at a hard trot, breaking their ranks, throwing down every thing before them, and trampling the Highlanders under the feet of their horses. The most singular and extraordinary combat immediately followed. The Highlanders, stretched on the ground, thrust their dirks into the bellies of

\* The Editor mentions a remarkable fact connected with this history, viz. that Home regularly sent the proof sheets of his work to be corrected by a member of the Royal Family in London.



the horses. Some seized the riders by their clothes, dragged them down, and stabbed them with their dirks; several again used their pistols; but few of them had sufficient space to handle their swords. Macdonald of Clanranald, chief of one of the clans of the Macdonalds, assured me, that whilst he was lying upon the ground, under a dead horse, which had fallen upon him, without the power of extricating himself, he saw a dismounted horseman struggling with a Highlander: fortunately for him, the Highlander, being the strongest, threw his antagonist, and having killed him with his dirk, he came to his assistance, and drew him with difficulty from under his horse.

"The resistance of the Highlanders was so incredibly obstinate, that the English, after having been for some time engaged pell-mell with them in their ranks, were at length repulsed, and forced to retire. The Highlanders did not neglect the advantage they had obtained, but pursued them keenly with their swords, running as fast as their horses, and not allowing them a moment's time to recover from their fright. So that the English cavalry falling back on their own infantry, drawn up in order of battle behind them, threw them immediately into disorder, and carried the right wing of their army with them in their flight. The clan of Camerons, which was on the left of our army, having attacked at the same time the right of the English army, where there were only infantry, put it also to flight; but the Highlanders, when descending the hill in pursuit of the enemy, received, on their left flank, a discharge from the three regiments placed in the hollow at the foot of the hill, which they did not perceive till the moment they received their fire, which greatly incommoded them. Mr. John Roy Stuart, an officer in the service of France, afraid lest this might be an ambuscade laid for us by the English, called out to the Highlanders to stop their pursuit; and the cry of stop flew immediately from rank to rank, and threw the whole army into disorder. However, the enemy continued their retreat, and the three regiments at the foot of the hill followed the rest; but with this difference, that they retreated always in order, and acting as a rear-guard of the English army, and they continued a fire of platoons on us till their entrance into the town of Falkirk.

"As night began to appear, the English army entered the town, and fires were immediately seen in every part of their camp, from which we all supposed that they had retreated to it, and that we had not obtained a complete and substantial victory. The honour of remaining masters of the field was of little avail to us. We had no reason for believing that we had lost the battle, as the English army had retreated; but as we supposed them still in their camp, we considered it, at most, as undecided, and expected a renewal of the combat next morning.

"Fortunately the enemy did not perceive the disorder which had crept into our army, and of which Colonel John Roy Stuart was the innocent cause, by his excessive precaution and foresight. The Highlanders were

in complete disorder, dispersed, and the different clans mingled pell-mell together; whilst the obscurity of the night added greatly to the confusion. Many of them had even retired from the field of battle, either thinking it lost, or with the intention of seeking a shelter from the dreadful weather. It is often more dangerous to stop the fire and impetuosity of soldiers, of whom the best are but machines, and still more of undisciplined men, who do not listen to any orders, than to let them run every risk in order to carry every thing before them.

"I met, by accident, Colonel Brown, an Irishman, to whom I proposed that we should keep together and share the same fate. He consented, but observed at the same time, that the Prince having made him the bearer of an order, he wished to find him, with the view of communicating an answer. After having sought the Prince for a long time to no purpose, and without finding any one who could give us the least information respecting him, we fell in with his life-guard, in order of battle, near a cottage on the edge of the hill, with their commander Lord Elcho, who knew as little of what had become of Charles as we did ourselves. As the night was very dark, and the rain incessant, we resolved to withdraw to the mansion of Mr. Primrose of Dunipace, about a quarter of a league from Falkirk, having a crowd of Highlanders as guides who took the same road.

"On our arrival at the castle, we found Lord Lewis Gordon, brother to the Duke of Gordon, Mr. Frazer, son of Lord Lovat, and six or seven other chiefs of clans; but none of them knew what had become of their regiments. Other officers arrived every instant, all equally ignorant of the fate of the battle, and equally in doubt whether we had gained or lost it. About eight o'clock in the evening, Mr. Macdonald of Lochgarry joined us, and revived our spirits, by announcing for certain, that we had gained a most complete victory; and that the English, instead of remaining in their camp, had fled in disorder to Edinburgh. He added, in confirmation of this news, that he had left the Prince in Falkirk, in the quarters which had been occupied by General Hawley; and that the Prince had sent him to Dunipace, for the express purpose of ordering all of us to repair to Falkirk next morning by break of day.

"It is impossible, without having been in our situation, to form an idea of the extreme joy, which we derived from this agreeable surprise. As the enemy, in their retreat, had abandoned all their tents and baggage, their camp was soon pillaged by the Highlanders, and the booty carried away, notwithstanding the obscurity of the night, and the badness of the weather. The enemy lost six hundred in killed, and we took seven hundred prisoners. It was Lord Kilmarlock who first discovered the flight of the English. Being well acquainted with the nature of the ground, as a part of his estates lay in the neighbourhood, he was sent by the Prince to reconnoitre the English; and having approached the great road

to Edinburgh, beyond the town of Falkirk, passing by his pads and across fields, he saw the English army panic-struck and flying in the greatest disorder, so fast as their legs could carry them. Lord Kilmarlock immediately returned to the Prince, with an account of this fortunate discovery, who still remained on the field of battle, notwithstanding the dreadful wind and rain; but he then descended from the hill, about half past seven o'clock in the evening, immediately ordered the town of Falkirk, and detached as many troops as he could suddenly assemble to harass the English in their flight, who were yet at a short distance from us.

"The enemy were unable to avail themselves of their artillery during the action, and to carry it with them in their flight; and we found, next day, ten field pieces, half way to the hill, which they had not time to drag up to the top. They lost a great many men in the hollow at the foot of the hill, where the corn-fields were thickly strewed with dead bodies. In their flight they took one prisoner in a very singular manner. Mr. Macdonald, a major of one of the Macdonald regiments, having dismounted an English officer, and possession of his horse, which was very beautiful, and immediately mounted it. When the English cavalry fled, the horse ran off with the unfortunate Mr. Macdonald, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain him, nor did it stop till it was at the head of the regiment, of which, apparently, its master was the commander. The melancholy, not at the same time ludicrous figure, which poor Macdonald would cut, when he thus saw himself the victim of his ambition to possess a fine horse, which ultimately cost him his life upon the scaffold, may be easily conceived."

There is another odd anecdote connected with this battle.

"General Cope is said to have enjoyed with evident satisfaction the news of the defeat of General Hawley. He had, according to the English custom, offered bets to the amount of ten thousand guineas, in the different coffee-houses in London, that the first general sent to command an army against us in Scotland, would be beaten, as he had been at Glendun; and by the defeat of General Hawley, he gained a considerable sum of money, and recovered his honour to a certain degree."

(To be concluded in our next)

#### LUCCOCK'S NOTES ON BRAZIL.

We continue our selections of curious matter from this volume.

In the Minas Geraes, (the author remarks) "Near to the Register we noticed an unusual number of parrots, which filled the air with their noisy screams, and reminded that although the country was so well cultivated, there were in it no *Anas*, a bird which had hitherto been considered as the companion of tillage; instead of them *Toucans* had become common. The people as they came along caught a large *Armadillo*, in which they dined, although the animal appeared very old. His armour had become

so small for him, or to speak more correctly, had not grown in proportion to his body, and was rendered soft by his fat. He was caught while asleep, and with great difficulty could be kept awake."

"Our next is an extract which we must save to the sense of our readers; for though 'travellers see strange sights,' Mr. L. does not represent himself as an eye witness.

"It had been reported early in the morning, that a creature called a Man-of-the-Woods, was seen the evening before, in a distant plantation belonging to the estate, sneaking off the heads of Milho; and carrying them away on his shoulder, in considerable quantities at once. He was represented as having a black face, being about five feet high, covered with hair, without a tail, and walking erect; and as belonging to a class of beings which are numerous in the neighbouring forests. I am not aware that any species of baboon exists in Brazil, and therefore expressed my persuasion that it was either some wretched vagabond of the European stock, driven to stealing, or a native Indian, or else what is called a Caambolo, one of the lowest class of Africans who, escaping as soon as possible from slavery, resume their native habits, run into the woods, and seek there a hard, and probably a precarious subsistence. My explanations however, with all their anxiety, availed nothing; all agreed that it was a mere brute beast, and as that day could be employed in taking him, upon his return to the growing corn, they invited me to be of the party, and convince myself that he was merely a macaco, or monkey; or if I chose to wait where I was, until evening, they hoped to show him to me in captivity or lead.

"The term Caambolo or Calambolo is derived from the manner in which negroes pronounce the Tupi word Caambociro. It signifies a person who is accustomed to wander in the woods, and denotes one of those beings who exhibit human nature in its lowest state of degradation. He sometimes avoids all intercourse even with his own species, lives upon fruit, roots, or any animal, which casually falls into his hands, and eats them all in their crude state, he makes no use of fire, habitation, or clothing; a these respects he does not differ from the rutes, and is timid in the extreme. I once purchased a new slave who proved to be of his class; he left the house, or rather farm, where he was stationed, and returned to the woods. I took great pains to reclaim him; my gentle means gave him confidence in me, and at last succeeded so far as to render him very attentive, though not very active, nor intelligent slave; he served me afterwards for several years, and I never had occasion to chastise him. The other class of Caambolos form societies, clothe themselves, and cook their food, but build no habitations, and never plant; they sometimes descend to the lains to steal, are in all respects a lawless sabbie, and on this account their haunts are perpetually sought after, and frequently broken up, by persons called Capitães do lato, who are appointed by government to scour the forests.

"Here also, as in many other woody parts of Brazil, the people believe in the existence of a pigmy race of men, which are said to be often seen, toward evening, gambolling or basking themselves, in open spaces and near the edges of the woods. They are described as about three feet high, well formed, of the colour of Europeans, and without hair on their bodies; as generally going on all fours, though frequently standing erect. Upon this subject I have spoken to a great many people, and find that their accounts generally agree; yet none ever pretended that he had secured one of them, none would guide me to their haunts; all excused themselves by saying, that it was an extremely difficult task to take them, on account of their activity and shyness; and that we might possibly wait four or five days, and even then be disappointed in our hope of seeing one. As there is little reason to doubt that there must be some ground for such reports, so confidently and generally propagated and believed, I am inclined to think, these creatures are the children of Indians, who in their playfulness expose themselves at the skirts of the woods, while their parents lie concealed because they know that they are in the neighbourhood of "bearded men."

There are, truly, many objects of natural history in these regions, which present the richest stores of that kind yet unexplored, perhaps, in the universe. We are sorry, that Mr. L. was able to give us only general descriptions, and not scientific definitions, of what he met with. For example, he states:

"Among the uncommon objects of natural history, observed by us, was the white Anou, a bird whose feathers are bearded, like those in the tail of the Bird of Paradise. The more compact part of them is of a dark brown colour, while the beard is of a light brown, approaching to white, giving this general cast to the bird. The back is blue, the parts about the joints of the wings a pure white, and the wing feathers a shaded brown. The tail, which is very long, contains four feathers on each side, three of them white with a broad bar of black across them; the fourth, which is the inner one, and covers the others when the bird is at rest, is brown. The bill is straight and strong, the head tufted, the legs slender, with three toes forward and one behind. In size and shape it resembles the Magpie.

"The Merlu of this region is entirely black, and about the size of a lark. It is the Crow of Brazil, and in many places is called Corvo.

"The Ariba Raba, or Cock-tail, is very common, much like the Lark in colour and size, not in habits nor song. Its name is derived from its manner of carrying the tail, which is very long, and in its attitude like that of the Magpie, only much more elevated. Hence when first settling, either on a twig or hillcock, it seems as though it was overweighted forward, and balances itself with difficulty.

"The Ornithology of the table land, in general, quite different from that of the lower districts."

"A snake, called the Jaraná, and held to be highly venomous, was killed this evening near our inn. It was about eight feet long, and, from the dinginess of its blue and yellow skin, was, I suspect, old or diseased. The blow, by which it was destroyed, had exposed the fangs of the lower jaw, in which state it was carelessly left; when a hen of the common domestic kind, with her chickens, approaching the spot, instantly gave the note of alarm, collected the terrified brood behind her, spread her wings, bristled her feathers, and seemed prepared either to fight or fly. Seeing the reptile motionless, she took courage, gradually drew nearer to it, at length made a hasty attack with her bill on the open jaw, and immediately retreated. She continued such attacks until she had taken something from each side of the jaw, and swallowed it. She then appeared to think no farther precaution necessary, but led her chickens to feed close by the carcass. I had frequently observed domestic fowls devouring ants and scorpions, and had watched with interest their battles with centipedes; but never before saw one attack so large a reptile, or seek its food from such a creature. Little did I imagine that the vesicles of poison in the jaw of a snake could be delicious, or even wholesome food for any living thing."

The following information respecting precious stones, may cause some of our fair readers to look doubtfully at their rings and necklaces.

"At Chapon, we visited the gold and topaz mines, the possessors of which are reported to be wealthy; but if they are so, it is in the midst of such a want of comforts as would make a Briton, not over delicate, completely miserable. They produced a large quantity of real topazes, and endeavoured to convince me that a cubical mass of yellow transparent spar, though differing so widely from the usual form, was a stone of that description: when closely pressed, however, they wished to insinuate, that it was composed of parts truly prismatic. We ought to distinguish between precious stones and such spars as these, which abound in the country, are of various colours, and though of almost as little intrinsic value as pebbles, are made to imitate the topaz, the emerald, the amethyst, and even the diamond, and as such are frequently passed off to inexperienced purchasers. The appearance of the imitative topaz is often more imposing than that of the real one of South America, for I never yet saw the latter in a perfect state, but almost invariably fractured at one end, frequently at both. Of the stones sent to Europe, under dazzling names, particularly as topazes, agao-marinas, and amethysts, many are nothing more than pieces of spar found in the beds of rivers, and affected by the common attrition of streams."

*Unedited Letters on the early History of Russia; written by Count Feodor Goloukin.*

You ask me when my *Ancient History of Russia* will be published; a work which has

been so long announced, and on occasion of which, Buonaparte so well explained his principles on the liberty of the press? It will not be published, Sir. The reasons to which I sacrifice my self-love as an author are good; and as I am certain you would approve of them, I feel it is better to suppress them than tire you with the detail. But, since you interest yourself about a nation so little known, and consequently, so ill judged of, I shall take advantage of the circumstance, to give you a sketch of this old history; a sketch very incomplete, indeed, but worthy of some attention, when we seek in matters of historical proof something more certain than the imagination of courtiers, the inspiration of poets, or the bad faith of detractors.

Three very distinct epochs here offer themselves to our view. Russia, having attained by gigantic steps to all the advantages which constitute great empires, and surpassing in every respect the contemporary monarchies; 2, Russia under the yoke of the Mongols; 3, Russia delivered, endeavouring to overtake in their progress the other states of Europe. The first part of the first epoch, and the first part of the third, (I except the latter part of it,) are the most remarkable and the most worthy of study. We will traverse them rapidly, stopping only at those objects which are the least known and the most worthy of being so.

Among the crowd of ambitious or needy adventurers who appeared on the stage in the middle ages, Rurick, the elder of three Norman brothers, who were invited to the assistance of the Slaves of Novgorod, a people till then unknown, founded on the confines of Europe and Asia, the first stationary empire which owed its existence to the great migration; and placed upon this throne, the existence of which is still unknown to most persons, a dynasty which reigned three out of seven centuries. It must be owned, that the first *debut* of this family was very remarkable; and it would be difficult to find another which so suddenly took so important a place in history. The first of them arrives at Novgorod to defend it, and subjugates it. His son (Igor, guided by a skilful tutor, (Oleg), establishes himself about five hundred leagues farther off, under the mild climate of Kieff, in the centre of a country destined by nature to agriculture and commerce; and his grandson, (Ivanitslaff), strong in the resources which his mother, (Olea), has prepared for him, is on the point of governing from Novgorod to Constantinople. The various tribes are already united, and form, as if by enchantment, a great people, which has its language, its laws, its arts, its commerce; which preserves its conquests, friends, cities, and colonies; imposes tribute, concludes treaties, and causes them to be respected. What a picture for the pencil of a historian; especially, when ancient and numerous annals furnish him with the proportions, the features, and the colours. This is what will be proved to you by the particular facts which I am about to communicate.

Valour had founded the empire. Its rela-

tions with Greece had given ideas of civilization, and of the arts which established laws, brought from the north with the yoke; and religion, which came from the south with peace, had subjected the whole to conservative principles, so that without dividing them, (a fatal mania, at that time common to all the monarchies which arose from the great migration,) one knows not when its progress would have stopped.

Kieff, which was civilized so early as the 10th century, and already celebrated for the fickle character of its inhabitants and their inordinate love of novelty, was soon corrupted. When the Poles, whom nothing had been able to stop, had forced its walls in 1020, it became a Capua to them, and luxury and pleasures destroyed an army which valour had not been able to subdue. The grand prince, Isiaslaff, obtained resources from Gregory VII., from the Emperor Henry IV., and from Boleslaus II. of Poland; and purchased them, not only by territorial cessions, but by presents so magnificent, that they excited the greatest astonishment in Europe; which inferred from them, that it could not fix too high a price on the assistance asked by the Grand Prince of Russia, nor take too much pains to render it necessary to him.

At the time of the foundation of the empire, the population was not in proportion to the extent of the territory. The government received or invited a number of foreigners, who were expelled from their own countries by ambition, their crimes, or their misery; and came to introduce them among us, and make us pay very dearly for the arts which they also brought. This mixture of nations, had in it at first nothing offensive. The Russian nation itself, was but a new mixture of Slaves, of Normans, and of aboriginal inhabitants subjected by them at different times. But it is difficult to conceive why the government, which had continual evidence of the serious inconveniences of this system, should have persisted for eight centuries in throwing every door open, and should not have perceived that such guests, who always begin by settling in the cities, and who consequently, have little influence on the population, fix themselves at last in the country as privileged conquerors, to invade with the fruits of their industry the fortune of the native inhabitants. If an irrefragable proof of this is desired, it will be found in the fact, that all the high nobility who are not Russian Princes, and who possess at present at least, the half of the fortunes of the state, are foreigners, who arrived from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century. The cause of the hatred which the Russians bore towards them from the eleventh century, was the difference of religion, which separated them from their neighbours. Placed between the Catholic Poles and Livonians, the Mahometan Tartars and the pagan nations of the north and the east, they saw themselves attacked by as many natural enemies as they knew modes of faith different from their own.

The towns then rapidly became populous. The chronicles inform us, that in 1090, a town which was besides remarkable for an extra-

ordinary and general fertility, an epidemic carried off in forty days 7000 inhabitants in the city of Kieff alone; and that in 1130, a similar distemper swept away 40,000 at Smolensko.

(To be continued.)

#### BRITANNY.

Having concluded our last notice of Mr. Stothard's publication with her account of a Breton marriage, it leads us, by contrast, to commence the present with the brief description of their funerals, one of which, that of a poor person, the authoress witnessed at the small village of Carnac.

"The body was placed within a coffin of rough boards rudely nailed together, and carried to the church door in a cart drawn by two oxen, yoked to each other with bands. The funeral retinue consisted of a few women completely enveloped by long black cloaks."

At this place the following remarks concerning the language also occur.

"The Breton language appears to me, from the number of French words I occasionally hear spoken with it, far more corrupted than the Welsh. I imagine it probably arises from the people of Brittany holding a freer intercourse, and being mixed more with the French, than the Welsh formerly did with the English; this may be accounted for, as Brittany is certainly a country easy of access, nor is it defended or insulated by those barrier mountains that characterise Wales.

"The Bretons do not resemble in countenance either the Normans or French, nor have they much of the Welsh character. They are a rude, uncivilised, simple people, dirty and idle in their habits. Their costume is generally a broad-flapped hat, beneath which their hair hangs long and loose; a coat lined with scarlet, and sometimes the upper part of the coat of dark mulberry colour, and the other lower half or skirts of the same colour, but of a faded tint, the diversity appearing to be entirely the effect of taste or choice, and not that of necessity; a white waistcoat, lined also with scarlet, and a broad belt round the waist, corresponding with the colour of the lining, or sometimes plaided, like a Scotch cloak. The goat skin dress is also very commonly worn, particularly in Bas Bretagne. Very few are barefooted: wooden shoes being generally used by men, women, and children. The women are invariably dressed in the peculiar costume I have already described; it differs here and there, but not importantly, in some of the districts. Many of the women of the very poorest kind, wear this dress till it becomes so dirty, patched, tattered, and ragged, that you can scarcely trace what it has originally been; and I have seen several children so wretchedly off for clothing, that they run about almost in a state of nature. The women who appear tolerably respectable and are dressed decently in their simple costume, look florid and healthy; while those attired in the ragged garments, bear a repulsive and meagre aspect: this arises, I am inclined

o believe from the greater dirt and poverty of the latter class."

That savage manners are not however confined to the lowest orders, but pre-eminently articulated by the upper and educated classes, the following anecdote from Nantes will emphatically testify.

"In the Museum here, which, though small, as a very elegant collection of interesting objects, chiefly of natural history, I could not view, without feelings of horror, the dried skin of a wretched German, suspended upon the walls: he was a royalist, who behaved gallantly in support of the unfortunate Bourbons, but falling at last into the enemy's power, he was *skinned, while yet alive*. In memory of their own cruelty, the people of Nantes now display the dried and extended skin upon the walls of their museum. There was not indeed, throughout all France, a more revolutionary or sanguinary set of people than the citizens of Nantes: to this day, a remnant of their former spirit still exists, evidently betrayed by their conversation and remarks, on deeds long since acted."

Orleans furnishes us with a picture of the French military, more entertaining, though hardly less disgusting.

"We alighted (says Mrs. S.) at our hotel five o'clock in the morning, and entering the large court-yard, to proceed into the house, we were not a little surprised by observing several French officers, magnificently dressed in the military costume, seated upon the stone posts near the entrance, whilst they were undergoing the operation of shaving by the regimental barbers, a view of every person who went along. French officers are generally poor, with a large share of military pride. They are allowed many advantages, which is [are] intended as a help to their scanty pay: for instance, they are admitted into all places of public amusement at half-price, and dine at an hotel in the same terms. One of these gentlemen readily amused us this morning. He breakfasted at five o'clock, in the room where we were sitting. Some of his companions continued smoking in the adjoining chamber. The officer took his seat at the table, before a dish of hot meat, with a large Newfoundland dog by his side. After slipping off the cork of the bottle with his finger and thumb—an action that displayed the vast number of knock diamond rings that adorned his hand, he filled out some wine, and drinking his dog, tossed it off very cheerfully. He then carefully sopped up the gravy in the dish with a piece of bread, which he offered to the dog, who, having first rubbed it with a nose, then licked it, at last turned away a head, when the delicious morsel was immediately swallowed up by his master, who finished his breakfast with a most satisfied air."

At another inn, at Abbeville, the following anecdote, useful to travellers, is related.

"When the bills were given to each individual after dinner, one of the Frenchmen did not sooner examine the contents of that presented to him, than he flew into a violent passion with the landlord, and was so exas-

perated that he literally danced about the room like a madman, swearing that he would not submit to such imposition. The astonished landlord averred it was nothing more than the usual charge, when the incensed traveller threw the bill in his face, immediately upon examining it, the landlord stepped up to the Frenchman and softly whispered something in his ear, but not so softly, but that an English gentleman made out the import, which declared that the garçon in mistake had given the Frenchman, a bill intended for a Monsieur Anglais. The Englishman insisted upon an explanation of the circumstance, to satisfy his suspicions, when it appeared that the bills presented to the English charged eighteen francs per head for the dinner, and those given to the French but five francs each person for the same fare."

It would be disingenuous not to state an occurrence of a different nature. Mr. Stothard with genuine antiquarian feeling, was very anxious to get De Clisson's (see our former Number) head from the tobaccoist's and replace it on the statue: for this purpose he visited the Curé, whose appearance and conduct are thus delineated."

"The Curé is a fine stately old man, remarkably precise and measured in his expressions. We found him seated by the dying embers of a wood fire; a solitary candle burnt upon the mantle-piece of a large old chimney; the oak panels of the apartment were decorated with the portraits of several saints; his rosary and books lay by his side. He was seated in an easy chair, dressed in a long black silk gown, bound round the waist with a broad belt; his venerable silvered hairs covered by a little close black cap: he seemed musing in serious meditation. His housekeeper, whose office was conspicuous by the bunch of keys suspended from her girdle, ushered us into the presence of her master with a stately manner, much resembling his own. The old man raised his head at our approach, and received us with the most formal politeness; although every word seemed weighed and delivered according to the relative importance of each, yet there was nothing forbidding or disagreeable in his manner. Mr. S. opened the conversation by making known his wish; but he had no sooner informed him we were English travellers, than the Curé rose from his seat, and welcomed us with cordial hospitality. The Curé then informed us that he had passed ten years in England during the emigration of the French, and had returned to his own parish of Josselin at the time of the short peace. "You are English people," said the old gentleman; "the English shall ever be welcome to rest in my home: I came into their country when I was driven from my own; I had neither friends, money, or their language, for the first three years; I eat my daily meal at their cost: I then taught them my tongue, and they regarded me as a brother; for ten years I was supported by their notice, and protected by their laws; gratitude opens my door at the approach of any of their nation." The venerable man came forward, seated us closer to

the fire, and ordered more faggots to replenish it. He pressed us to leave the inn, and begged we would take up our residence at his house. This we declined, but promised to breakfast and dine with him the next day, in compliance with his invitation, given in English, that we would take with him *the luck of the pot*. Accordingly the next morning we presented ourselves at the door of Monsieur le Curé, who received us in his state apartment: it was hung with old tapestry, and decorated with a few family portraits, languishing in the full-bottomed wigs of Louis XIVth's time; the oaken floor was so nicely waxed, that I nearly slipped down while Monsieur handed me to the great chair at the upper end of the room, which I found he considered the most ceremonious seat.

"After breakfast the Curé offered to conduct us through the church and some other buildings. We first visited the Penitentiary House he had erected at his own cost. It is calculated to hold five hundred persons. This Penitentiary is designed for those who are desirous of retiring for a short time to meditate upon their sins. The Sisters of Charity take care of the house, and attend upon the penitents. We then proceeded to the church; and while Mr. S. was arranging the mutilated figures, I was engaged in conversation with the Curé, who asked me innumerable questions; and, amongst the rest, if I had any relations in the army and navy? When I told him I had, he seemed pleased, and promised himself some amusement in looking for their names (where he would be certain not to find them), viz. in an old Court Calendar he had brought from England sixteen years since. Monsieur — is a complete character: hospitable, polite, and kind; but his attentions are rendered even painful by a most extraordinary observance of form and etiquette.

"He related to us an anecdote that evinced both his good nature and the extreme simplicity of his character: During the late war, a person belonging to an English ship, induced by motives of curiosity, landed on the coast of Brittany, without apprehending danger; of course he was immediately seized on suspicion of being a spy, and marched up the country. The escort arrived at Josselin with the prisoner, in a most distressed condition, his shoes being actually worn from off his feet; they brought him before Monsieur le Curé, who commenced his interrogations with—"You are an Englishman. What is your name?"

"My name," replied the prisoner, "is B—."

"B—," said Monsieur; "surely I must know that name. Stop a moment. I will return to you immediately." Away went the Curé to consult the old Court Calendar; and there finding Lord B—, peer of the realm, returned back to the ragged prisoner, convinced of his identity with the nobleman in question.

"My Lord," said the old gentleman, "why do you conceal your rank? Of what use can it be? What is your motive for doing so? Your name, you say, is B—."

You are a gentleman; and I find in my Court Calendar, Lord B——, Peer of the Realm. Now, if you are Lord B——, I will furnish you with money and necessities, and use the interest I have with my friends at Paris to get you out of France.

"I thank you, Sir," replied the prisoner. "I am certainly Lord B——, as you say I am; and if you will perform what you have so kindly offered, the money shall be returned when I arrive in England, by any means you may point out."

All succeeded to the prisoner's desire; and the money was honestly returned to the good Curé, who prides himself upon his own sagacity, and the great benefit arising from the old Court Calendar brought from England sixteen years since.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### CUSTOMS, &c. OF AMERICAN INDIANS.

As the volume whence we derive these descriptions is very little if at all known in England, we are in hopes that our continuation of them through so many numbers, at a period when new works of merit are scarce, may be deemed no blameable departure from our more usual routine, of rarely carrying a subject beyond three successive publications.

The following is another wonderful proof of Indian sagacity in tracing an enemy.

"In the beginning of the summer of the year 1755, a most atrocious and shocking murder was unexpectedly committed by a party of Indians, on fourteen white settlers within five miles of Shamokin. The surviving whites, in their rage, determined to take their revenge by murdering a Delaware Indian who happened to be in those parts and was far from thinking himself in any danger. He was a great friend to the whites, was loved and esteemed by them, and in testimony of their regard, had received from them the name of *Duke Holland*, by which he was generally known. This Indian, satisfied that his nation was incapable of committing such a foul murder in a time of profound peace, told the enraged settlers, that he was sure that the Delawares were not in any manner concerned in it, and that it was the act of some wicked Mingoes or Iroquois, whose custom it was to involve other nations in wars with each other, by clandestinely committing murders, so that they might be laid to the charge of others rather than themselves. But all his representations were vain; he could not convince exasperated men whose minds were fully bent upon revenge. At last he offered that if they would give him a party to accompany him, he would go with them in quest of the murderers, and was sure he could discover them by the prints of their feet, and other marks well known to him, by which he would convince them that the real perpetrators of the crime belonged to the Six Nations. His proposal was accepted, he marched at the head of a party of whites and led them into the tracks. They soon found themselves in the most rocky parts of a mountain, where not one of those who accompanied him was able to discover a single track nor would they believe that

man had ever trodden upon this ground, as they had to jump over a number of crevices between the rocks, and in some instances to crawl over them. Now they began to believe that the Indian had led them across those rugged mountains in order to give the enemy time to escape, and threatened him with instant death the moment they should be fully convinced of the fraud. The Indian, true to his promise, would take pains to make them perceive that an enemy had passed along the places through which he was leading them; here he would shew them that the moss on the rock had been trodden down by the weight of an human foot, there that it had been torn and dragged forward from its place; further he would point out to them that pebbles or small stones on the rocks had been removed from their beds by the foot hitting against them, that dry sticks by being trodden upon were broken, and even that in a particular place, an Indian's blanket had dragged over the rocks, and removed or loosened the leaves lying there, so that they lay no more flat, as in other places; all which the Indian could perceive as he walked along, without even stopping. At last arriving at the foot of the mountain on soft ground, where the tracks were deep, he found out that the enemy were eight in number, and from the freshness of the foot prints, he concluded that they must be encamped at no great distance. This proved to be the exact truth, for, after gaining the eminence on the other side of the valley, the Indians were seen encamped, some having already laid down to sleep, while others were drawing off their leggings for the same purpose, and the scalps they had taken were hanging up to dry. 'See!' said Duke Holland to his astonished companions, 'there is the enemy: not of my nation, but Mingoes, as I truly told you. They are in our power; in less than half an hour they will all be fast asleep. We need not fire a gun, but go up and tomahawk them. We are nearly two to one and need apprehend no danger. Come on, and you will now have your full revenge!' But the whites, overcome with fear, did not choose to follow the Indian's advice, and urged him to take them back by the nearest and best way, which he did, and when they arrived at home late at night, they reported the number of the Iroquois to have been so great, that they durst not venture to attack them."

This Duke Holland, the author also adds, "Once found a watch of mine, which had been sent to me from Pittsburgh by a man who had got drunk, and lost it in the woods about fifty miles from the place where I lived. Duke Holland went in search of it, and having discovered the tracks of the man to whom it had been entrusted, he pursued them until he found the lost article, which he delivered to me.

The following is a dreadful story, illustrative of the Indian character.

"In the winter of 1739—40, ever since remembered as the hard winter, when the ground was covered with a very deep snow, a woman with three children, was coming from beyond the Allegheny mountains on a

visit to her friends or relations residing at the great island on the west branch of the Susquehanna. After she had reached that river somewhere about *Achtachangi Clamwi*, which the whites have corrupted into *Chingeleamoose*, the snow fell in earlier than had been before known, to such a depth, that she could not proceed any farther. She began with putting herself and her children on short allowance, in hopes that the weather might become more moderate, or the snow so hard that they could walk over it. She strove to make her little store of provisions last as long as she could, by using the grass which grew on the river's edge, and certain barks as substitutes, which she boiled to make them digestible; but more snow falling, until at last it rose to the height of a foot or six feet, she was deprived even of that wretched food, and the wolves hovering about day and night, often attempting to rush into her little encampment, her whole time was taken up with procuring wood and making fires to prevent herself and her children from being frozen to death, and keeping those voracious animals at a distance by throwing out fire-brands to them. Her situation, at last, became intolerable. Having no alternative but that of sacrificing one of her children, she resolved on destroying the youngest, in order to preserve the others and herself from the most dreadful death. After much hesitation, she turned away her eyes, and with a trembling hand gave the fatal stroke, filling at the same time the air with her loud lamentations.—She now thought she had obtained a temporary relief, and that she might be able to support herself and her surviving children until a change in the weather should take place, so that they could be able to proceed on their journey; but the wolves getting the scent of the slaughtered child, became more furious than before, her danger every moment became more imminent. She now filled the air with her cries and supplications to the Great Spirit that he would look down with compassion on her awful condition, and save them by his almighty power.—But still the danger increased, the horrid food was almost exhausted, and no relief came. Already she contemplated sacrificing another child; she looked at each of them again and again with a mother's eye, now resolving on killing the one, then changing her mind, and endeavoring to determine on the destruction of the other; she hesitated, wept, despaired, and the children, well understanding what she meant, prayed that they might all go together. While in this situation, her husband already lifted to strike the fatal stroke. O ye! of two approaching Indians strikes her ear, and the murderous weapon falls from her hand. The men with rackets to their feet now appear and the dreadful scene is once closed. They had provisions with them. They made a pair of rackets for the woman to walk on, and brought her and her children along in safety to the Big Island, where her informants resided at the time. I can remember whether they told me that she had gone to that spot in consequence of a dream, or of some strong presentiment or

they should find human creatures in distress; certain I am, however, that it was owing to one or other of these causes."

(To be Continued.)

### Wine and Walnuts.

OR AFTER DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Grey Beard.

#### CHAPTER X.

More Worthies of the Club at Old Slaughter's.

"I wonder if there be any one so stupid, in traversing the complicated map of this great dirty town, in casting his eye towards the numberless shops, stocked as they are with the endless wares of that inveterate biped man, has not marvelled at the sight, and, pausing, asked himself, how this multitude of traders pick up a living?—for one cannot but wonder that the avowed spirit of circumspection does not teach them to eat each other up."—This soliloquy burst from Dr. Arbuthnot's one evening at Old Slaughter's, as he was in the act of shaking the ashes from his pipe.

"Yet one sees," said he, "that almost every plodding wight contrives to pay his rent, maintain a hospitable board, send his wife with his boys and girls smartly dressed to church, pull his purse-strings for a summer trip to wash off the London smoke in the salt water, and spare somewhat for a treat to the play, when winter for the tallow-chandler and the coal-merchant drives on a roaring trade."—"I and my cane have often laid our heads together to account for this," said the facetious physician, "but somehow we have come to no satisfactory conclusion; pray what is your opinion of the matter, brother Cheyne," accompanying the ques-

\* Dr. Arbuthnot, a Scotsman, and related to the noble family of that name. "The learning and skill of this great man," said a late author, drew forth the applause of all his contemporaries, amongst whom he seems to have had no enemies; even Pope, with all his spleen, could not withhold his tribute of applause: he used frequently to say of him, that of all the men he had met with or heard of, Dr. Arbuthnot had the most prolific wit, and that, in this quality, Swift only held the second place. He was physician to Queen Anne. His skill in recovering her Majesty from a dangerous illness, was the subject of a pastoral from the pen of his esteemed friend John Gay.

"While thus we stood as in a stound,  
And wet with tears like dew the ground,  
Full soon by bonfire and by bell,  
We learnt our liege was passing well."  
The next couplet would make worthy uncle Zachary smile were he alive now.

"A skillful LURICK (so God him speed)  
They say had wrought this blessed deed;  
This leech Arbuthnot was yeleft,  
Who many a night not once had slept,  
But watch'd our gracious sov'reign still:  
For who could rest when Anne was ill?  
Oh! may at those beneficent sweetly sleep  
Shear, swains, oh! shear your softest sheep."

Dr. Arbuthnot resided in Cork-street, Burlington Gardens.

Dr. Cheyne, also a native of Scotland, an emi-

tion with a gentle slap on the shoulder of that great good-natured Scot, which roused him from his lethargy.

Dr. Cheyne opened his eyes and the lid of his large gold box at the same moment, took a copious pinch, offered it to Arbuthnot, and "legged him to repeat his question, which he did in fewer words, ending with "Do you think there is a fellow so stupidly dull as not to have asked himself how this comes to pass?"

"Toot, toot, mon!" said Cheyne, in his Scottish dialect, at the same time rapping his box with his fat knuckles: "if you mix up your prescriptions as unguardedly as your reflections, the good Lord preserve your patients! How know ye but I may be that dull stupid fellow? I tell ye, Dr. Arbuthnot, that the thought never entered my head, though now you mention it, mon, I think it comical enough;" then turning to my great uncle, he added, "here's Mr. Zachary Hardcastle, who has walked throw London all his life, why did you not put your question to him, mon? His sagacity no doubt would afford ye satisfaction in a trice."

"Well, friend Hardcastle," said Dr. Arbuthnot, "Cheyne is in the right for once; I'll be bound for it you have turned this subject in your thoughts. Come, favour us with your opinion."

Now my uncle Zachary, like his friend old Jonathan Richardson, could not boast of his scholarship; yet, like him, he had read much, and had reflected more, which, with a clear head and quick discernment, fitted him for the society of men of science and men of letters, and others who had the additional advantage of birth. His natural good parts, and the urbanity of his manners, made ample compensation, in the opinions of the wisest of the club, for his deficiency in the knowledge of the schools: indeed his unsophisticated opinions of men and things were always received with attention and respect.

Dr. Johnson sometimes mixed with the coterie at Old Slaughter's; he was a member, and held my uncle in great regard. Not finding him there one evening, he observed, "I hope the old gentleman is well; we cannot spare him, sir," addressing himself to Dr. Hoadley; he is the nucleus of our circle."

Fielding used to say, "when old Zachary

nent physician, and a distinguished writer, came to London when about thirty years old, and mixing with the *bon vivans* of that tavern-going age, from his excesses, increased from a slender make to the extraordinary weight of more than thirty stone. When becoming short-breathed, lethargic, and listless, he changed his habits, and by extreme attention to regimen, reduced himself again to less than twelve stone. He wrote an *essay on Health and Long Life*, another on the *Treatment of the Gout*, other medical works, and *Philosophical Principles of Natural and Revealed Religion*.

Dr. Hoadley, Chancellor of Winchester, a kind and intimate friend of Hogarth's, a lover of private theatricals, and occasionally a visitor at the club at Old Slaughter's.

is absent, Sock<sup>d</sup> is always snuffing the candles to throw a light upon us."

Certain it is, he was a universal favourite there, and Sock, who rarely quitted the room, used to listen for his coming when the club was flat, as a shut-up fond spaniel anxiously waits for his master; and when he heard his footstep, he used (unbidden of course) to whisper the chair, "Sir, I hear Mr. Zachary Hardcastle on the stairs."

But to return to the two worthy doctors, and the question of how the shopkeepers retained their customers. To this my uncle replied, "Why, gentlemen, I humbly ascribe it to that spirit of benevolence which Providence has wisely ordained to proceed hand in hand with civilization; that *kind feeling*, which urges you to return again to purchase your necessities, where you have already conferred an obligation."

"I do not know how it is," rejoined my uncle, "but if I lose my penknife, I bear the inconvenience, and pass by cutlers for days and weeks, impelled to go at last to Russell-court to get another. It was there I parted with my breeches money to purchase the first knife I ever possessed. So it is with my fishing tackle; for though Higginbotham's hooks are considered by the best judges to be of excellent temper, yet I never crossed his threshold; I should feel compunction were I to desert the old Flying Fish<sup>d</sup> in Crooked-lane."

The doctors though frequently opposed in consultations, agreed in this case, and gave my great uncle credit for his solution. Arbuthnot, as all the world knows, was a humourist, and often spoke of his profession by way of joke. "Thou art a sage, friend Zachary," said he; "with half a year's reading, and a month's walk round the quadrangle of St. Bartholomew, Cheyne's ponderous gold box and sagacious wig, though wouldst astonish the college, send him back as thin as he came, to the north, and ride, instead of him, Magnus Apollo, about the town."

"Poor Cheyne! I have heard my uncle say, when, in his latter days, he was in the mood to be talking of his departed friends. "Poor Cheyne! It was unworthy of the wits to run him so hard upon his bodily infirmity. It pleased his maker to give him a superabundance of flesh;" and then he would smile, and place his hands as though his slender fingers would span his own ribs;

<sup>d</sup> Sock, the head waiter at Old Slaughter's, supposed to be an illegitimate son of James Spiller, the comedian, who was founder of a club held in Clare Market, at the Bull's Head, changed after the death of this actor to the Spiller's Head. Several years after the death of Hogarth, an impression from a large silver tankard which he had engraved for the use of this club—a sort of *loving cup*, sold for ten pounds. Such was the rage for any relic of his ingenious graver.

<sup>e</sup> Higginbotham's old shop for fishing tackle, in Fleet-street, near Temple Bar.

<sup>f</sup> The Flying-fish, another celebrated shop, recommended by Isaac Walton, in Crooked-lane, was famous for fishing tackle in the time of Henry VIII.

I shall be no mighty burthen to bear to the grave, that's certain; it is well that I have escaped their waggeries;" and then he would laugh outright. "They could take no hold of me, the mad-caps! I slipped through their fingers. But as for Dr. Cheyne, he of all men should have been spared; for he increased in bulk in the exact ratio of his increasing kindness for his friends. Those who loved not home, seduced him out; he, good-hearted creature, was too social to refuse, until his hours, o'days and nights, were divided 'twixt his patients and the punch-bowl."

"Arbluthnot," the Doctor used to say, "he did not mind; he has a noble soul," said he, "and worthy of his blood; Fielding is a gentleman, his wit hurts not—not it; Monsey is sterling gold: Toot, toot! such wits I love, ye ken me mou; Willey Hogarth too, the playful little loon; I'd wrap him in my cloak, and bauld him near my inmost heart. But touching that heartless mon, that coldly satirizes his friend in dirty print, faugh! I'd not offer him a pinch of snuff," and then the friendly doctor handed his golden box all round.

"No, no," said my uncle; "the witting who assailed poor Cheyne, was sent to Coventry; our club would never recognize the deed. No doubt the satirist duly felt his shame, for though we rarely saw the doctor henceforth at our old haunts, the other did not dare appear where he was used to show his honest countenance. A few old associates retained his friendship, years after he took to his starving regimen, and happily I for one," said my uncle Zachary, "to the last;" and then he added "*ecce signum*," with a sigh, and showed Cheyne's mourning ring.

"It was no uncommon humour with the doctor," said my uncle, "when surrounded by a select few, to be very amusing on himself. Sometimes he would quote the wit of Falstaff, with admirable fitness, which, heightened by his northern brogue, was most mirthful."

"Once, I remember," said my uncle, "having an appointment with him to meet Dr. Monsey, and dine with the curator at the Physic Garden at Chelsea: we were invited to see an American aloe in bloom. Poor Eluret was there making a drawing of an exotic for the Duchess of Portland, when Phil. Miller gave me a curious walking-stick that was his father's, which he cut from

Dr. Messenger Monsey, physician to Chelsea College for many years. A gentleman well known in the coteries at the Grecian, the Mitre, the Bedford, Button's, Wills', and the other taverns, the rendezvous of all the distinguished literati, and others, men of science. He possessed a comprehensive understanding, had a lively genius, and was a wit of the first class. His life extended nearly to a century: his humour, good nature, and vivacity, remained to his last day.

Philip Miller, chief gardener at the Physic Garden, belonging to the apothecaries company, at Chelsea, which appointment he held for half a century. His father filled the same situation before. Philip was author of the celebrated work, the Gardener's Dictionary.

a yew that was torn up by the roots in the great storm in 1703. Miller was then revising for another edition of his valuable Dictionary: he was an intelligent and most obliging man. We took our wine under a magnificent cedar, it was a hot afternoon, and I thought he and Monsey would have died outright, when Cheyne related what had passed on our way thither.

We took a pair of oars at York Stairs, Cheyne, Morrell, and I. The watermen were lively fellows, and away we rowed, when soon we came along-side a west-country barge of extraordinary length. The bargemen<sup>a</sup> no sooner discovered the immense broad back of Cheyne than they began to let loose their ribaldry and wit upon him. "Hoy! trim the boat, cockneys," was the first salute: Cheyne had made it yield on one side by turning round to have a look at them. "Dang it," said one, "there's no mighty matter o'brains wanted to fill such a wig as thine. Hoy! old fatty." "What thou com'st from the tower o' Lunnon, dost 'ee?" bawled out another. "What, thou'rt been vetching an old superannuated elephant to take on to grass?" Cheyne was almost choaked with laughter, and we were afraid he would upset our boat.

The doctor would not allow the watermen to row away; "let the fellows indulge in their humour," said he; "I'll attack them just now"—"and verily he did," said my uncle, "with a vengeance. The countrymen, for all their wit, were beaten outright. Never did bullying bargemen get such a tongue drubbing. The watermen, the cunning rogues, managed the boat with admirable dexterity, and played round them as does the *thrasher*<sup>c</sup> round the whale. In short, the bargemen had no more chance with the doctor than has that unwieldy monster, with his tormenter, that prankish fish.

<sup>a</sup> Dr. Morrell, another worthy friend of Hogarth's, who kindly superintended the *wording* of his very ingenious and original work, the *Analysis of Beauty*.

<sup>b</sup> The up-country bargemen were, in days of yore, famed for their ribaldry and wit—an overmatch even for the watermen. It was customary for those fellows to rate each other; and passengers frequently came in for a share of abuse. The Duchess of Kendal and her suite got a most memorable drubbing, which she complained of at the court of George I. His Majesty had the good sense to laugh at the joke.

<sup>c</sup> In allusion to this readiness of the lower class, the sage Johnson once observed—"Sir, with us, insolence in peace, is bravery in war."

Burton, the celebrated author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, was himself so subject to that fatal malady, that he used to stand for hours to listen to the bantering and wit of the bargemen, at the bridge near Friar Bacon's study at Oxford; he said nothing so contributed to raise his spirits.

Some curious dialogues of these bargemen are to be found among the Harleian MSS. at the British Museum.

<sup>d</sup> The *Thrasher*. This fish, about six or seven feet in length, has a strange antipathy for the whale; he swims around him, springs out of the water a considerable height, and alighting on him, slaps the huge animal with such force, that the report may be heard for two or three miles.

"When we stepped on the shore at Don Seltoro's," said my uncle, "the watermen were so delighted with their fare, for his victory over their annoying rivals the west-countrymen, that they said, 'I hope your honours will return by water; we'll wait till midnight, and row you back for *lore*.'"

At this moment a black cloud, a *diary south-wester*, was travelling fast over Battersea, and threatening the restless waters of Chelsea-reach. "No, no," said Cheyne, pointing to the waves, and patting with both hands his mighty corporation, and assuming the roaring of Falstaff, "I would return with you, my hearty fellows, but I have an *alchemy in sinking*."

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

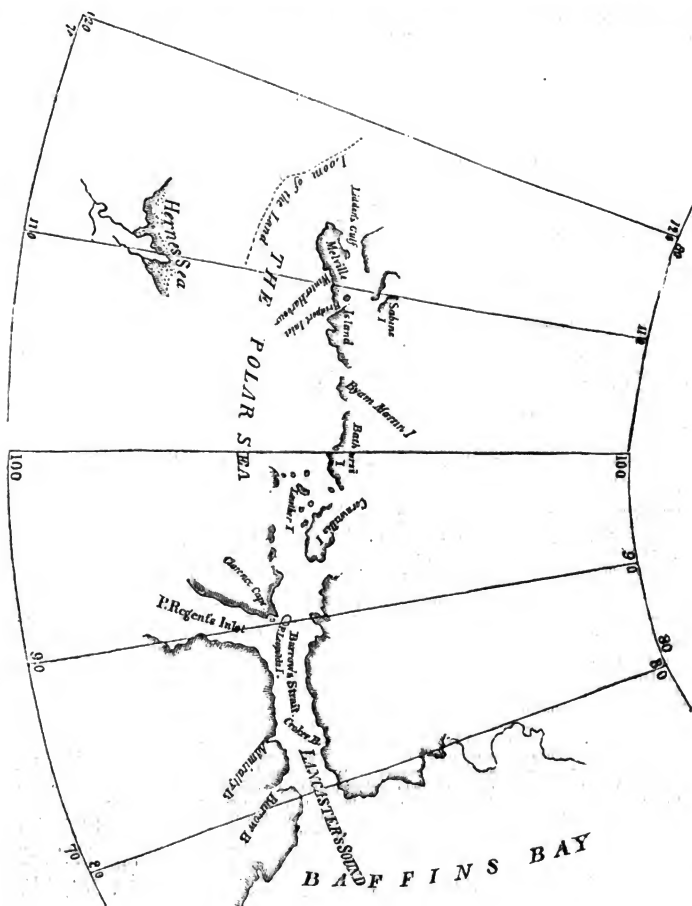
### THE NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

Desirous, for the reasons stated in our last, to supply as much intelligence as we could obtain on the subject of this interesting Expedition, we have copied the Admiralty Chart of its course, &c. in a manner suitable to the Literary Gazette; and have to state the following particulars, on which the public may rely.

It is as certain as important to notice, that there can be no doubt of the vessels having crossed the *Magnetic Meridian*, and entered the *Polar Sea*.

Our readers may remember Captain Scoresby's conjecture with regard to the mean temperature during twelve months at the North Pole, being from ten to twelve degrees above zero. His hypothesis was found to be erroneous; for our navigators ascertained, that even in the latitude where they wintered, the mean annual temperature was two degrees below zero! Owing to this intense cold they endured great hardships; of which it was no small aggravation, that for the last nine months they were upon short allowance of bread, and during the summer months of other necessities, thus adding the cravings of hunger to the pinchings of frost.

It affords a gratifying instance of the right feeling and characteristic perseverance of British sailors, to tell that the men (who could not be buoyed up by the same ideas of future fame which solaced their officers in suffering hardships) bore every deprivation, not merely with patience and equanimity, but with good humour. Frequently, when they had returned from a day of fatiguing and unproductive search for game, they wrapped themselves in their blankets, to try by sleep to forget their exhaustion, and that appetite which they durst not satisfy, lest they should, by





encroaching on their next day's scanty allowance or on their general stock, be in the end confined to these dreary regions starving and without subsistence. Notwithstanding this, never a murmur escaped one of them; but for patience, fortitude, and firmness, they displayed a picture unsurpassed even by the noblest examples of English Seamen.

The following anecdote is worth preserving:—Acting Plays was one of the amusements devised to while away the long night of the Polar Circle. A drama was written by Mr. Parry, solely to please the men, and called "*The North West Passage*." The scenery was painted by Mr. Beechy, and the officers were the performers. The delight of the crews was so great that they not only clapped, but loudly cheered the actors on every favourable impression. One of the latter was so amused with this, that on making an exit he was induced to go into the house, to see how the thing looked. He happened to place himself immediately behind the Boat-swain and another man, who exclaimed with rapture, "Oh, it's beautiful! it's beautiful!" "Beautiful, do you call it," returned the Boatswain, "Beautiful! I say by G—— it's philosophy!"

A curious circumstance in natural history has been mentioned to us. It is stated that one of the she-wolves of the country where the vessels were laid up, formed an intimacy with a ship dog, and almost daily visited him for some time, as if he had belonged to the same species. At last the dog a setter belonging to one of the officers of the Griper, followed his wild companion and was never seen more. Another dog from the Hecla also went off, but returned, though with his throat all mangled.

The wolves were large, and were heard nightly howling in a most disagreeable manner. The other quadrupeds found, when the summer returned, were the musk-ox, of which several were killed, the deer, the fox, and the mouse; the latter remained through the winter, were numerous, and changed from brown to white. The fowls were chiefly the arctic gull, the glaucus, the ptarmigan (which has been called the partridge), and a singularly beautiful duck denominated the king-duck.

The expedition arrived at the entrance of Lancaster Sound, on the 1st of August 1819. On the 7th the ships were in the Regent's inlet (see the chart), and there, in about 90° of long.

the variation of the needle was, we understand, about 120° west. Stopped by ice, they left the inlet, which is supposed either to extend to Hudson's Bay, or trend along the northern shore of America, and resumed their progress up Barrow's Straits, leaving behind them Croker Bay (the Croker mountains of Captain Ross.) They speedily discovered the group of islands, where Lowther Isle is marked, nine in number, and named The New Georgian Isles. Proceeding onward, they observed, when rather more than half way to the ultimate point at which they arrived, that the variation of the needle was above 120° east: thus it appears that the magnetic meridian must lie between that degree and the degree of 90, which we observe from the chart, runs through the inlet, where the variation was towards the west. At sea the compass had been quite useless since the 7th August, and it was only on land that the needle traversed. The greatest dip was above 88°; and our scientific readers, putting these data together, will perhaps agree with us in supposing that the magnetic pole is situated somewhere on the American continent, between the longitudes we have mentioned, and below the latitude of 70°.

On the 7th of September, after encountering many dangers, the vessels were anchored in Winter Harbour, Melville Island. In the beginning of November their night began, and it lasted till the beginning of February 1820, when the sun was seen for a few minutes above the horizon. This luminary gradually prolonged the time during which it rose, till in June it became constantly visible, circling round and making changeless day. On the 1st of August the vessels were released from the ice, nearly as suddenly as they had been overtaken by the winter; and our hardy countrymen with the blessing of Providence, were enabled to pursue a homeward, but still perilous course. Their furthest point was beyond 114° west. The ice all around them in the Polar Sea was above 40 feet thick; and no vessel could by possibility navigate farther in that direction, north, west, or south. It is probable therefore that Regent's Inlet will be more minutely explored by the next expedition, sent into these parts, and that hardly any other attempt will be made to the westward of Liddon's Gulf (so named from the commander of the Griper, not Seddon, as has been erroneously printed). The ships were roofed over dur-

ring the winter, and the crews did not, as reported, erect huts on shore. Melville's Island was however explored by hunting parties, and Capt. Parry cruised it, and was absent for three weeks together. It is reckoned about 140 miles long, and from 30 to 40 broad. It is also supposed that the whole Sea north of the American continent is broken into islands.

To this hasty enumeration of interesting particulars we shall not now add much. We need only notice, that natural history has not been much enriched by the objects obtained. Only one bear was seen during the stay at Melville Island: there were no fish, and no game of any kind till the summer came, when those birds and animals we have mentioned made their appearance. Grass, saxifragium, and poppies, formed the herbage, in patches and tufts, which looked green and gay at a distance, but was very thinly scattered over the marly surface of the earth. In geology, limestone, sandstone, and slate, were most prominent; coarse granite was found in round detached pieces in the ravines, and other mineral specimens were picked up. Some of the isles were amazingly precipitous, rising from 3 to 800 feet above the water. From the entrance of Lancaster's Sound to Melville Island, the land gradually declined, till from towering and pointed rocks, it became gently undulated.

The distance between Winter Harbour and Copper-mine River may be about 150 or 200 miles. The whole distance which the expedition went from the mouth of Lancaster's Sound, was about 500 miles. There were traces of old Esquimaux huts on Melville Island.

We had forgotten to mention, that the Owl, in full beauty of feather, seemed to inhabit this inhospitable place throughout the year.

The lowest temperature was 56° below zero.

These are the chief facts which we have gathered respecting this truly gratifying expedition, which not only reflects honour on all concerned in it, but on the country. Mr. Barrow's presence is happily illustrated by its results, which have so completely established all that he predicated. No is Captain Parry's eulogy to be lightly spoken: his whole conduct has been admirable; and we imagine that this sketch will greatly increase the public anxiety to see the precise details of a

voyage which has opened a new sea to British navigation, and gone far to indicate the very seat of one of the greatest wonders in nature. Upon this subject, we have heard that Sir H. Davy has made some important discoveries by experiments with the galvanic battery at home; and we look with profound curiosity to the further development of the principles of magnetism, electricity, and attraction, to which these circumstances will stimulate and help the scientific world. The tables and other data in Captain Parry's work, must be of immense consequence.

The *Griper* is now at Deptford, having been nearly lost off Sheerness: the *Hecla* has been refitted at Leith, and is daily expected in the river.

#### LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

##### LORD BYRON'S TRAGEDY.

The tragedy about to be published by Lord Byron, naturally excites a degree of expectation and curiosity commensurate with the fame of the author; and we have endeavoured, in some measure, to gratify this feeling, by relating the historical facts on which the plot is constructed. With this view, referring to several works, we found that Sismondi, on the Italian Republics, gave the most copious details; and have accordingly translated his version of the story of *Falieri, or the Doge of Venice*, for such is the name of the play. The following are the remarkable particulars of a conspiracy in which the head of the state was the principal conspirator. After mentioning the death of the preceding doge, Andrea Dandolo, Sismondi thus proceeds:

On the 11th of September 1354, (four days after the death of the doge, Andrea Dandolo) the forty-one electors proclaimed as his successor, Marino Falieri, Count of Val de Marina, a man of seventy-six years of age, whose wealth, and the functions he had exercised, ranked him among the first citizens of Venice.\* Falieri had a young and beautiful wife, of whom he was extravagantly jealous. He in particular suspected Michele Steno, one of the three chiefs of the Quaranti, or criminal tribunal; though Steno was in reality paying his court not to the wife of the Doge, but to one of the ladies of his household. At a public festival, on the last day of the carnival, Falieri remarked the familiar and somewhat indecorous conduct of this woman towards Steno, and he called the latter out of the assembly. Steno, in a fit of passion, wrote on the ducal throne, in an adjoining apartment, two lines, casting a reflection on the honour of the Doge and the fidelity of his wife.†

\* Andrea Nangerio Storia Veneziana. p. 1034. Vettor Sandi Storia civile Veneziana. P. 11, L. V. c. 3, p. 126.

† Marino Falieri dalla bella moglie, altra la gode ed egli la mantiepe.—Sanuto vite de Duchis. p. 631.

This was a mortal offence to the jealous Falieri; he denounced Steno to the Avogadori, to whom he preferred his complaint. He expected to see his insult avenged with exemplary severity by the Council of Ten; but the cause, instead of being submitted to that council, was referred, by the Avogadori, to the Quaranti itself, of which Steno was president. The momentary irritation, the confusion of the festival, and the license authorized by the mask which concealed the criminal, were considered as circumstances tending to palliate the offence, and Steno was condemned only to one month's imprisonment. The Doge, more irritated by this lenity than by the original offence, extended his resentment and his desire of vengeance to the whole Quaranti, for having so ill punished the criminal; and to the whole nobility, for not taking to heart the insult he had received.

Meanwhile there existed among the people of Venice a secret hatred towards the nobility, who had exclusively usurped the sovereignty, and deprived the nation of its rights. The insolence of some young patricians redoubled the popular animosity. They availed themselves with impunity of the protection of powerful friends to introduce themselves into the families of the citizens to seduce their wives and daughters, and afterwards to ill-treat the fathers or husbands whom they had dishonoured.† Israel Bertuccio, a plebeian, the chief of the arsenal, had been insulted in this way. He preferred his complaint to the Doge, against a gentleman of the house of Barbaro. Falieri, while he expressed pity for his misfortune, assured him that he would never obtain redress. "Have I not myself been insulted," said he, "and is not the mock punishment of the criminal a new offence to me, and to the ducal crown?" Plans of revenge now succeeded judicial accusations. Israel Bertuccio made the Doge acquainted with the names of the principal malcontents. The conspirators met for several successive nights in the presence of the chief of the republic, and even within the walls of his palace. Fifteen plebeians, conjointly with the Doge, laid a plan for overthrowing the government.

The conspirators agreed that each of their party should secure forty friends, who should hold themselves in readiness to act on the night of the 15th of April 1355. Least their secret should be divulged, they resolved merely to tell their associates that they intended to employ them to assist in surprising and punishing, by the authority of the *Signoria*, the young gentlemen, whose profligacy had excited the indignation of the people. The signal for action was to be the alarm bell of the palace of St. Mark, which could not be rung without an order from the Doge. The conspirators were to enlist in their party only such citizens as were noted for their hatred of the nobility, so that they might faithfully keep the secret, which was to be in part contained to them. On the ringing of the alarm-bell, the conspirators were to circulate a report that the Genoese fleet was before the

city; they were at the same time to proceed to the square of St. Mark, to occupy all the avenues, and to massacre the nobility as they arrived in the square to tender assistance to the government.‡

Every preparation was complete, and the secret of the conspiracy was faithfully kept until the eve of its execution, when a furrier, named Bertrand, a native of Bergamo, who had been appointed by one of the conspirators to head his forty associates, learnt some particulars respecting the course he was to pursue on the following day, which did not exactly correspond with the supposed orders of the government, in obedience to which he thought he had hitherto been acting. That very evening he revealed to Nicolo Lioni, one of the members of the Council of Ten, the plot in which he had innocently been implicated. Neither the one nor the other suspected that the Doge was at the head of the conspiracy, and they lost no time in acquainting him with the whole affair. Falieri wanted either resolution or address to suppress the discovery; he by turns affected his doubt of the circumstances that were unfolded to him, and declared that he already knew all and had adopted the necessary precautions.||

His inconsistent behaviour excited the suspicion of Nicolo Lioni, who, on leaving the Doge, proceeded to the Council of Ten, and produced the memorandum of the conspirators, which he had received from Bertrand. They were all arrested in their own houses by order of the council. Guards were stationed throughout the city, on the steeples of the churches, and on St. Mark's Tower, to prevent the ringing of the alarm bell. Several of the conspirators were put to the torture; and by their confessions it was ascertained that the Doge himself was at the head of the plot.

Measures having been taken to secure the tranquillity of the city, the criminals were arrested, and the Doge was placed under a vigilant guard in his palace. However, the Council of Ten were not certain that the constitution authorised them to pass judgment on the chief of the state. They summoned twenty gentlemen of the highest rank, to take part in their deliberations on this important occasion; and thus was established a powerful and permanent body, called the *Giunta* or *Zenit*.\* The Doge was arraigned before the Council of Ten, united with the *Giunta*. He was confronted with the principal conspirators, who were afterwards ordered for execution: he confessed the part he had taken in the conspiracy, and after a trial of two days, sentence of death was passed on him. He was beheaded on the 17th of April, 1355, on the grand staircase of the ducal palace, namely, the very spot where the Doges, on entering upon their functions, took the oath of fidelity to the republic. During his execution, the gates of the palace remained closed; but immediately after, a member of the Council

§ Marino Sanuto vite de Dogi. p. 632. Andrea Nangerio Storia Veneziana, p. 1040.

|| Matteo Villani. L. V. c. 13, p. 312.

\* Sandi Storia civile. L. V. c. 3, p. 430.

‡ Matteo Villani. L. V. c. 13, p. 311.

of Ten appeared on the balcony, holding in his hand the bloody sword:—"Justice has been executed on a great criminal," said he to the populace; at the same time the palace gates were thrown open, and the crowd rushing in, beheld the head of Marino Falleri weltering in blood.

Dr. Moore, in his Travels in Italy, throwing a rapid glance over the history of Venice, coincides pretty nearly with the preceding; but is not so correct or circumstantial. He represents Marino Falleri, the Doge, as 80 years of age, and incensed by an affront offered to his wife by a young Venetian at a ball, (by no means so probable a ground for revenge as the horrible passion of jealousy): in conclusion, he adds,

"The Doge, who hitherto had remained under a guard in his own apartments in the palace, was now brought before this tribunal of his own subjects (the Council of Ten, with some co-judges appointed for the occasion). He was dressed in his robes of office. It is thought he intended to deny the charge, and attempt a defence; but when he perceived the number and nature of the proofs against him, overwhelmed by their force, he acknowledged his guilt, with many fruitless and abject intreaties for mercy.—He was sentenced to lose his head. The sentence was executed in the place where the Doges are usually crowned.

"In the Great Chamber of the Palace, where the portraits of the Doges are placed, there is a vacant space between the portraits of Falleri's immediate predecessor and successor, with this inscription—

*'Locus Marini Falleri decapiti.'*

"The place intended for the portrait of Marins Fallerius, who was beheaded."

These are certainly fine materials for a tragedy; and we doubt not they will be rendered powerfully effective in the hands of the noble poet.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

A PETER FINDARIC.

A printer's devil in a country town—  
His name? why whether he had one at all,  
I think is almost needless to set down—  
But say 'twas Peter Pull, or Sammy Haul—  
No matter which—  
Had got the itch;  
(Forgive me, ladies, for so foul a name.)  
A very merry, scratching, gray disease,  
Giving the fingers plenty of good game,  
But which had the misfortune not to please  
Our printer's devil,  
(Although such maladies as it  
For diabolic claws would seem most fit.)  
Chiefly because the lasses look'd unwell,  
And turning up their noses, seem'd to say,  
Sir, keep away,  
We do not like the instrument you play;  
It may be very airy, and all that;  
But pray excuse us, for we do not yearn  
From your fair hands to learn  
The Scottish fiddle gamut, sir—that's flat.

† Marino Samuto Storia civile de Duchi,  
p. 634.—Nangerio Storia Veneziana, p. 1041.

Annoy'd at this, he went to Doctor Slop,  
And from that learned apothecary's shop,  
He got a salve composed of things expedient  
All titillation to drive clean away;

What was the recipe I cannot say,  
But brimstone was, I'm sure, a prime ingredient.  
Being rubbed up, right skilfully no doubt,  
He paid his twopenny, and walked out  
Into the street,

Where he an old acquaintance chanced to meet.  
Pho! pho! exclaimed his friend, you smell  
Just as if newly 'scaped from hell;

What's this, what's this?  
Why, said the anointed man with knowing phiz,  
What is there strange in this affair, I pray?  
You know my trade, and in the name of thunder,  
Where is the wonder,

That I, a devil, should smell of brimstone? eh!  
W. F. P.

### TO MARION.

Thou hast gone to the realms of light—Marion,  
Thou hast gone to the realms of light;  
Thou hast mix'd with those saints, whose spi-  
rits like thine

Are made so bright, and so glorious to shine,  
As to dwell in their Maker's sight—Marion.

I will deeply mourn thy loss—Marion,  
I will deeply mourn thy loss;  
I will think of the time when you'd solemnly  
tell

Of the happy in heaven, and the wicked in hell;  
And like thee I will fly to the cross—Marion.

Thy counsels are dear to me—Marion,  
Thy counsels are dear to me;  
For they've made me with fortitude able to bear  
The hour of our parting—and likewise to fear  
The Power that has caught away thee—  
Marion.

I will meet thee in Heaven above—Marion,  
I will meet thee in Heaven above;  
There sorrow and sadness for ever will cease,  
And joy everlasting will brighten our peace,  
In the bonds of redeeming love—Marion.  
A. H.

### SONNET.

Written over the Death-Bed of an Idle Apprentice.  
See where he lies!—cold, wretched, dying man;  
A mass of loathsome filth and misery;  
Mischief and want still nestle hideously  
Beneath his sunken eyeballs; his short span  
Appears as finished, though but just begun:  
Low on the ground, victim of early crime,  
Like adieu crushed, he lies! I knew the time  
Ere vice and he their course together ran,  
Yet guiltless, when he laboured; poor, but gay,  
Death had for him no terrors; but, alas!  
Errors and follies, thick as unknown grass,  
Hurried his soul from Virtue's path away.  
Onward he went, 'spite of his parent's sighs,  
Beyond the hope of cure—and there he lies!  
W. F. P.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.—No. IV.

Paris, Nov. 12th. 1820.

THE FRENCH JOURNALS.

The *Edinburgh Review*, in its article on English and French industry, commits a great mistake in estimating at only 1800 the number of journals which are every morning dispatched by post from Paris. The fact is,

that there is scarcely a single French journal which has not a circulation beyond the capital, to the amount of 1800. The *Constitutionnel* and the *Journal des Debats* have each from fifteen to sixteen thousand subscribers, of whom not more than one half are residents of Paris; and all the other journals publish from 4000 to 8000. Thus, the number of French journals daily circulated by the post, not only in France but in all parts of Europe, may be fairly estimated at from 24 to 25,000. The French journals being cheaper, and of a less complicated nature than the English, have certainly a great advantage in point of foreign circulation. The London papers are excellent for the inhabitants of London, who are sure to find in them every thing they can possibly wish for, from the court news down to quack advertisements; from the death of the most important person in the kingdom down to that of the obscurest citizen; but when once these enormous papers cross the channel, their first and last pages become totally useless, and only one half of their contents afford any interest to the readers of the continent. Besides, your post-office requires that newspapers should be paid for like letters and packets, while in France, and throughout all the north of Europe, journals are dispatched by the post at a very cheap rate; which enables the news dealers in Paris to send papers to all parts of Europe at almost as low a price as that at which they are originally published. This regulation does not exist in Spain, and hence arises the difficulty of procuring the Spanish journals, which are so interesting at the present moment.

Now that I am on the subject of the Paris journals, it will not perhaps be out of place if I give you a little sketch of each one in particular. The *Moniteur*, you know, is the most extensive of all, at least in size. It has made noise enough since the revolution, particularly during the reign of Napoleon, and even in its style it faithfully retraces the various colours of the times. Thus it may be considered as a curious historical monument; and complete files from its commencement, which are now rarely to be met with, are sold at very high prices. At present, the only remarkable features in this journal are, that it is the first to publish the proceedings of the government; and that it gives fuller reports than any other paper of the sittings of the Chambers. It also occasionally contains long literary articles. It is a curious fact, that M. Soro, the same gentleman who edited the *Moniteur* under the despotism of Buonaparte, still edits it under the constitutional government of the Bourbons. He formerly wrote against the royalists, and he now inveighs with equal facility against the Buonapartists, and even against the Liberals. On the last night of Buonaparte's reign, he went to bed a warm partizan of the Emperor, but next morning he rose a furious Bourbonite, and as good a royalist as any man in the kingdom. This kind of metamorphosis, however, was so extremely common at the time of the restoration, that it was thought nothing of. Though M. Soro's political opinions change as the wind blows, yet, to

do him justice, it must be confessed that he writes very good theatrical articles; and that with respect to dramatic principles, he is at least fixed and unalterable. The other writers for the *Moniteur* are persons of no celebrity, with the exception of those who occasionally furnish literary articles, and who are, for the most part, men of talent. However, these long articles are but ill suited to the vivacity of the French character; the generality of readers consider them dull and soporific, and they are perused only by the studious.

Under the reign of Napoleon, the *Journal des Debats* was the most respectable and the most extensively circulated paper in Europe; and its influence was such as no other public journal ever exercised. The following is a brief history of this journal. At the close of the revolution, when the republican government became more tolerant with regard to political and religious opinions that differed from the reigning system, a party of literary men (who, though very well-informed, were enemies to the new philosophy) joined together to establish a journal, in which they might venture to set forth an everlasting panegyric on the old regime. These malcontents, at that time, formed a kind of opposition, and excited a powerful sensation in the public mind. Their journal was the organ of all who had reason to be attached to the old government, or who had cause to complain of the republic; and as the editors possessed considerable literary talent, it speedily attained an extensive circulation.

When Buonaparte placed himself at the head of the government, he was well pleased to see a respectable journal labouring to restore the old regime, that is to say, all the abuses of power and privileges of the nobility, clergy, &c.; he favoured the journal, which shewed itself very willing to sound forth his praises. The consequence was, that those papers which opposed the principles of the *Journal des Debats* were suppressed; and throughout the imperial regime, this journal was distinguished above all other public prints. Through gratitude to their master, the editors carried their flattery to a pitch of meanness; and every despotic act of the imperial reign was pompously eulogized in the *Journal des Debats*, with the exception of that which Buonaparte exercised towards the journal itself, and which certainly was most odious. The paper had been established by persevering and industrious men, who had embarked all their capitals in the speculation. When, however, the prodigious success of the journal rendered it a source of considerable profit, Buonaparte, under some pretence or other, withdrew the property from the editors, and distributed it among a set of men, who, either from affection or interest, were devoted to his person, and whom he took this means of rewarding, without opening his purse. This gratuitous munificence produced to each of his creatures an annual income of 40,000 francs. Fortunately for the *Journal des Debats*, on its first establishment, its principal editor was the Abbé Geoffroy, the most original character imaginable. He had been a professor of rhetoric, and had served his

apprenticeship in criticism under the celebrated Freron, the enemy of Voltaire. The Abbé adroitly reserved as his domains the *feuilleton*, which still appears as the bottom of the journal. There he indiscriminately criticized theologians and authors, actors and actresses, who were obliged to purchase his good graces by splendid presents. After his death a closet was discovered filled with valuable articles of plate, by means of which actors, actresses, and authors, had bought the privilege of being exempt from the coarse censure which he contrived to deal out in an attractive and original style. There are periodical critics who live by dint of praising; but Geoffroy grew rich by his bitter condemnation; and he was dreaded as a power who could bring irretrievable ruin on the objects of his spleen. These, it is true, occasionally revenged themselves by caricatures and lampoons; and it may be said, that no species of celebrity was wanting to this most whimsical Abbé.

(Continuation in our next.)

#### To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

LETTERS FROM A DISTINGUISHED PERSON\*  
AGE.—LETTER I.

Sir.—Though this is the first communication you ever received directly from me, yet I am certain you cannot be unacquainted with my name; and though I have not the pleasure of being personally known to you, you cannot be ignorant of my character, as the interests of others make it necessary for them to represent it. Trusting to your good nature, (may I add friendship?) I shall take leave, through the medium of your paper, to correct some of the absurd and very mistaken notions which are generally entertained regarding my person and conduct. Were these notions entertained by the vulgar and uneducated alone, I know not that I should trouble myself or you on the subject; but the light in which I am viewed by the higher ranks and educated classes of society, seems to require that, even for my own reputation, I should endeavour to set them right. The untutored Indian may be forgiven for dividing his attentions between the Good Spirit who supplies his wants, and the Evil Principle whose wrath he is anxious to deprecate.—but what shall be said for those who, in your country and in Europe, embody me with powers which belong only to OMNIPOTENCE, and invest me with attributes which are characteristic of HIM alone who formed, amidst other and innumerable worlds, “the earth which you inhabit, and all its gay creation.”

One of the most firmly-rooted prejudices among your countrymen is the doctrine of

\* We have received three letters from the distinguished personage whose signature is attached to this; and, as it is as well not to make the powerful one's enemy, we desire to propitiate his Excellency by inserting his correspondence. The details in our own employment are quite elated with the idea of their great namesake's contributing to our columns; and it is hoped, that the sentiments of the real “Archangel fallen” being on record, will put an end to all the *pseudo disabilities of pretended friends*.—Ed.

my *invisability*; and yet, in opposition to this, there is scarcely a peasant who will not attest that he has seen and often come in contact with me. They assert that I sometimes frighten them in the shape of a bush of furze or broom, or a stool of rushes; embody myself before them in the form of a magpie, a raven, or a toad; flutter round them in the shape of a bat; or stop up their passage in the likeness of a sow or a black dog. I am sometimes seen, if your legends are to be believed, as a tall man in black, but always with the addition of at least one cloven foot; and your judicial records bear witness, as far as human testimony can go, that when I am disposed to be naughty, I solace myself, (no great proof of my taste, you will say) with shrivelled lads, whom age, infirmity, or ill nature, have rendered obnoxious to their village companions. Many of your worthies of a former age have themselves related in the frenzy of a distempered imagination, how they wrestled with, and fairly beat me off, *in propria persona*; and one of your greatest reformers (Martin Luther) has attested the mighty conflicts we have had together, in which, according to custom, he always came off victorious.

It is not necessary, at the present day, to prove that a spirit, such as I am represented to be, cannot be literally and tangibly seen and felt. The very idea of a spirit necessarily excludes that of material texture and form; and notwithstanding the testimony of those who have asserted that they have seen and handled me, I must say, that I never had, nor indeed could have, any material frame of bones and sinews, which should be perceptible to the human eye, or palpable to the human touch. In this sense I always have been, and always shall be, *invisible*. But though not visible in any determinate form, I am nevertheless to be seen, mixing daily in all the transactions of life; and my invisibility as a spirit does not hinder me from embodying myself, so as my presence may be detected, and my features recognised, in the persons of my friends who lend themselves to me for this purpose, by the most careless observer. Though I have long given up the visible possession of the bodies of my followers, for that more delicate contrivance which I possess over their minds, yet is my presence not less certainly to be discovered; and though it is not the custom now for even my most devoted disciples to barter themselves to me for money, which might vanish from their sight, the evidence of their being wholly mine exists in deeds more binding than a parchment traced in blood—the exhibition of passions unrestrained by reason, and of conduct not regulated by religion.

There is not a kingdom or a court—a city or a village—a family or an individual, in which, or over whom, I have not occasionally some influence. I possess more than one seat in the British Parliament, though I am not formally elected; sometimes carry a question, though my name does not appear in the list of the majority; not unfrequently assist at the privy council; and can boast of

having been more than once on the bench of bishops. In the supercilious looks of the churchmen, as well as in the affected humility of the dissenter, the lineaments of my countenance may often be distinctly traced. I am sometimes to be seen beneath the broad brimmed hat of the Quaker,—and all the young men about town must have frequently recognized me in a more alluring form—peeping slyly from under a straw bonnet, or enveloped in the folds of a silk petticoat.

It is I who distort the features into anger, and mould the countenance into the display of contempt. I stiffen the muscles into the expression of revenge, and prompt the action which sets a mark upon the countenance of the murderer. I inspire the miser with his insatiable thirst after riches, to the exclusion of every nobler thought; and I urge the debauchee to the excesses which terminate in the ruin of his health and his fortune. I preside over all the assemblies which meet, under different names, to kill time, and pass unimproved, with less than childish foresight, those moments which were destined as their probation for—(I almost shudder to write the word)—ETERNITY!

Another strong and firmly rooted prejudice of your countrymen is, that I am an object of fear; and this prejudice is so strongly impressed on their minds, that I almost despair of overcoming it. No sooner do your children see the light, and are capable of distinguishing one articulate sound from another, than I am presented to them under a thousand shapes, all calculated to inspire terror; and though I am thus very useful in the nursery, and acquire an ascendancy there which all the education, and all the scenes of future life seldom surmount; yet I feel somewhat reluctant at gaining this advantage, at the expense of being looked upon as an object of affright. Fortunately for me, however, the dark names and fearful shapes in which the nurses of your country exhibit me to your children, are only attributed to me metaphorically, by persons ignorant of my person, my essence, or my nature: and they are thus far useful for the purposes I am supposed to have in view, that they retain the infant mind in due subjection to my sway, till heedless young rushes, with open arms, from these dark illusions, to attractions more suited to my views, and more captivating to theirs. No, the stately port, the majestic air, the alluring graces of one who once was an angel of light, are not yet so obscured, but that, were it permitted me to appear, my followers need not be ashamed of their leader. I hold not out to my friends the thorny paths of unmeaning duty, or the hard to be acquired habits of self-denial,—but the smooth and flowery and unconfined road, that leads to unrestrained pleasure, and to joys which allow no ill-timed reflections to interrupt their current. It is but a poor compliment to a spirit such as I am conceived to be, to fancy that his purpose is only to frighten clowns and children; and I conclude at present with observing, that, for one subject acquired in this manner, I have thousands who devote themselves to my ser-

vice when I approach them in the fascinating smile of female loveliness, or assail them in the deep interests of the gaming table; and tens of thousands more own my sway, when allured from what your philosophers call their true interests and lasting repose, they follow, with exclusive pursuit, the tinsel follies of Time, which lead them to the ruin of their hopes, and then—leave them for ever. I am, Sir, your humble servant and sincere friend.

SATAN.

## THE DRAMA.

**DRURY-LANE.**—On Monday Mr. Wallack, who has been some time in America, signalized his return to this theatre, by performing the part of Hamlet. His figure, face, and manner, were well suited to the character; but it wanted those qualities, without which the Prince of Denmark is nothing—fine intellect, discrimination, and genius. Mr. Wallack omitted few of the traditional starts and gestures which in ordinary hands haunt the character, as their looms adorn old families; but he was never great, never rose above the level of appropriately graceful action and pleasing declamation. From his former efforts we might have anticipated that his danger would have been that of too much animation; but on the contrary, he utterly forgot his own advice, “be not too tame neither;” and was lamentably unimpassioned in many of the most exciting scenes. Upon the whole, mediocrity was stamped in every lineament; and we shall look to recover the traces of an actor, to whom we were rather partial, in some cast more congenial to his powers than Hamlet.

A tolerably humorous farce, called the Wild Goose Chase, has been performed nightly, since Tuesday.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—*The Iroquois, or Canadian Basket Maker.*—This silly piece must have been generated by some melo-dramatic wight; for it is almost too bad for even a bad farce-writer. Our gentle readers know the story of the Marquis and the basket-maker, whom the Indians forced to change their relative positions in society, from the preference which these untutored savages gave to the *Utile* over the *Dulce*. This is the foundation of the Iroquois, in which there is nothing of either the *utile* or *dulce*. The scene opens with one of the *Chinoise ombres* on a large scale, in which the Indians row along the St. Lawrence towards Montreal, where their chief (a European in disguise) goes to look for a son whom he has lost sixteen years, or avenge himself on the French colonists. This son is a basket-maker on one of the isles, and happens to be fond of the governor's daughter, who happens to be destined for the Marquis by her papa. The Iroquois break in upon the nuptial treaties and intrigues, and show their predilection in respect to the prisoners, as above recorded. The puppet-show work is repeated; the savages threaten, dance, and sing; and the *dénouement* would have taken place, only the audience, owing to some accountable circumstance, had been already so

delighted with the piece as to think they were not entitled to have any more of it for the money paid at the doors. They accordingly not only refused to hear it out, but, as if overtaken by a sense of their greediness and injustice in having received so much, they returned a good deal of noise and clamour of their own free motion. Having then balanced accounts, the curtain fell on a very contemptible drama, the fate of which, *Jeune* in all his foppery, Blanchard in all his drollery, nor Durusset in all his melody, could not render doubtful one moment. The late sweet boy, Longhurst, introduced the air, “Fly all away,” of which we expressed our liking in the *afterpiece* *precedingly* &—

## VARIETIES.

It is stated by an Indian Missionary, that the troublesome disorder called a *whitlow*, is effectually cured in a very short time by the application of a poultice made of the roots of the common blue violet.

*Anagrams.*—A wag in the Morning Chronicle has made out the following anagrams:—“Majochi,” (which, by the way, is not the celebrated witness's name, but one like it given by sponsorship newspapers:—“Jachino.”—“In Carlton House,”—“No Caroline then.”—“Castlereagh,”—“Get real cash,”—and “Intrigue,” “I get ruin.”

In removing the library and clearing away the floor and book-cases that have so long encumbered the Lady Chapel of Exeter Cathedral, a discovery has been made of two ancient tombs. The sculpture of both is early. They are placed in Gothic niches of much later date; and appear to be the lids only of sarcophagi, and to have been removed from some other station to that which they now occupy. The material is the Purbeck marble. The most ancient of them is the figure of a prelate with a depressed nose, a beard and mustachios; the first two fingers of the right hand pointing upwards, in the act of benediction; in the left hand a crozier. In spandrils, above the head, are each side cherubs. The feet of the figure and the crozier rest on two birds, which terminate in the centre with a single head, the face of which is human. The sides and ends are wrought in wide flutes, without fillets, like the fluting of the Doric column. The other tomb is likewise the figure of a prelate, and is carved in good style, and in much higher relief than the former. The arms and hands are placed in easy and natural positions on the body, over the staff of the crozier; the head or crook is defaced. The mitre of this figure is of a more recent form than the other; the feet rest on a chimæra, carved in a style of spirit and beauty that would do honour to a period of more refined art. The head is that of a wolf, terminating the body of a serpent, branching off on each side, and scrooping down the sides of the lid, and finally branching off into rich foliage, tastefully arranged by the feet of the figure, between which the head is seen.

At a late assizes in Limerick, a boy was brought forward as a witness for the prosecution in a case of murder. He appeared so

ming and so ignorant, that the judge, (Socitor-General Bushe) thought it necessary to examine him as to his qualifications for a tress, when the following dialogue took place:

Q. Do you know, my lad, the nature of oath? A. An oath! no.

Q. Do you mean to say that you do not know what an oath is? A. Yes.

Q. Do you know any thing of the consequences of telling a lie? A. No.

Q. No! What religion are you of? A. A Catholic.

Q. Do you never go to mass? A. No.

Q. Did you never see your priest? A. Yes.

Q. Did he never speak to you? A. Oh! es.

Q. What did he say to you? A. I met him in the mountain one day, and he bid me old his horse and be d—d to me.

Judge. Go down: you are not fit to be worn.

It is only proper to add, that the boy appeared to be more knave than fool, and that his ignorance was in all probability paid for by the defendant.

It is pretty generally known, that Mr. Socitor General Bushe is to succeed to the Chief Justiceship of King's Bench or of Common Pleas in Ireland, as soon as either comes vacant. Some one in his presence was highly, and most deservedly, praising Chief Justice Downes, who, he asserted, possessed every virtue under heaven. "No," replied Mr. Bushe, "I am sorry to say he does not possess the virtue of resignation."

A letter from Bordeaux says:—"A few days ago were discovered, amongst the ruins of the castle of Castelmain, in Medoc, several silver coins or *Demi-gros* of Aquitaine, which exhibit on one side the effigy of the Prince of Wales, in a ducal attire, armed with a sword, standing under a Gothic canopy; and on the reverse, two *fleurs de lys*, and two leopards, symmetrically separated by a full cross, marked with six points, indicative of the value of the coin. Round the portrait of the Prince is the legend—Ed. Po. Ns. Rso. Aul. B. (*Eduardus primogenitus egis Anglie, B.*) and on the reverse—ACIR. *ancens (Aquitania Princeps).*

*Chios, 26th, July.*—The great Greek colony here continues to flourish, in spite of all obstacles. The branches of knowledge at present taught are natural philosophy and mathematics, the Belles Lettres, the French language, drawing, &c. and it is proposed to found a professorship of Italian music. The drawing master is a young Frenchman of the name of Mangoussae, a pupil of the Normal school at Paris. The number of students is now 476, viz. 400 Greeks and 76 foreigners. Among the latter are three Americans, who are studying the re of Homer on the spot which boasts of being the birth-place of the father of poetry.

ISAAC'S CHURCH AT ST. PETERSBURG.

*Petersburg, 29th September.*  
The first four of the granite columns which

are to be used in the construction of Isaac's church, have lately been brought hither, by water carriage, from Finland. They are of vast size; the shaft of each being eight fathoms in height, consisting of a single piece. Thirty-six similar columns will adorn the edifice. The whole building will be colossal. Under the pediment, which will be of marble slabs, there are to be thirty-two stores to warm the church in the winter: being distributed by means of pipes under the pavement. Each of the above mentioned pillars weighs, in its present state, 13,000 pounds (calculating 36 lbs. English per foot). They are polished by the aid of a steam engine.

Princess Anna Narischkin, who died about half a year ago at a very advanced age, left in her will the sum of 150,000 roubles for the benefit of the establishments for the education of youth, which are under the protection of her Majesty the Empress Maria. Count Romanow (the Chancellor of the empire, nephew and testamentary executor as well as sole heir to the deceased), has now paid this sum into the hands of her Majesty, who has placed it out at interest for ever; for five establishments, viz. the Academy for the Education of Noble Ladies; the schools of the order of St. Catherine at St. Petersburg and Moscow; the Girls School of the Military Orphan-house, and the School for the Deaf and Dumb.

#### To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—The steam boat has sufficiently exhibited its power of making way through a rough sea. But it is desirable to know whether any expedient has been conceived to remedy the sudden carrying away of one of the outer wheels or paddles in a gale—any means of sustaining the impulse of the vessel, so as to prevent her broaching to at once. The time taken for hoisting a sail would probably be too long to put the vessel in a position of safety. I wish to have the question answered by any of your engineer correspondents.

I am, sir, yours,

FABER.

#### To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—About sixty years ago, the idea of making pearls by a peculiar process in the oyster-shell, was general, and Buffon is said to have actually presented to the French King, some specimens of considerable size, though ill coloured, which he had manufactured by pricking the shell while the animal lived. Have any attempts in later years been made? Or are we indebted for any of our modern pearls to this practice in secret?

I am, &c.

MELMOTH.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

The particulars of Kotzebue's voyage, respecting which several epistolary communications appeared in the Literary Gazette last year, are about to be published in Germany. The work, we learn, will form a large

quarto volume, and be accompanied by plates and charts.

We hear that a new volume of poems, by John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant, is in the press, and expected to appear about Christmas. Mr. Scriven is engraving a portrait of the author, from a beautiful painting by Milton.

*Contents of Journal des Savans, October.*

Art. I. Masselin, Géographie de Virgile, &c. reviewed by Mr. Letronne.

Art. II. Humbert, Arabie Antiquité.—M. Clézy.

Art. III. Lettres Edifiantes, &c.—M. A. Remusat.

Art. IV. De la Martiné, Méditations poétiques.—M. Vanderbourg.  
Art. V. Histoire Littéraire de la France, tom. 15.—M. Raynouard.

Art. VI. R. Walpole's Travels in various Countries of the East.—M. Letronne.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

NOVEMBER 1820.

Thursday, 16.—Thermometer from 30 to 41.

Barometer from 30, 11 to 29, 99.  
Wind N. and N. b. E. 1.—Clear till noon; the rest of the day generally cloudy.

Friday, 17.—Thermometer from 24 to 43.  
Barometer from 29, 87 to 29, 78.

Wind S. W. 4.—Cloudy. A little snow in the morning. Heavy rain in the evening.

Saturday, 18.—Thermometer from 29 to 42.  
Barometer from 29, 96 to 30, 09.

Wind N. W. 4.—Generally clear; in the evening foggy.

Rain fallen .3 of an inch.

Sunday, 19.—Thermometer from 30 to 43.  
Barometer from 30, 08 to 30, 14.

Wind N. W. 4, and E. b. N. 4.—Generally cloudy; sunshine at times.

Monday, 20.—Thermometer from 40 to 50.  
Barometer from 30, 16 to 30, 09.

Wind S. b. E. 2.—Generally cloudy.

Tuesday, 21.—Thermometer from 43 to 52.  
Barometer from 30, 07 to 30, 01.

Wind S. 2, and S. b. E. 1.—Generally cloudy; sunshine at times.

Wednesday, 22.—Thermometer from 40 to 48.  
Barometer from 29, 97 to 29, 87.

Wind S. E. 4.—Raining the greater part of the day.

Lat. 51. 37. 32. N.

Long. 0. 3. 51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* \* \* The accounts of the Northern Expedition, the Chert, and the variety of, we trust, attracting as well as original articles, with which we are enabled to enrich this Number of the Literary Gazette, have obliged us to curtail some of our usual heads, and to postpone several matters intended for publication.

The annual Volumes and Quarterly Parts of the Literary Gazette, are to be had through every Bookseller in Town and Country. The Third Part, for 1820, to September, was recently published.

ERRATA.—In our Paris Letter, III, the name of *Figier* should be *Figée*; in the Literary Notice, *Soltan* should be *Soltan*.

**Peruvian Costumes, by Orlovski.**  
THE PUBLIC are respectfully informed, that the ORIGINAL PERUVIAN COSTUMES, drawn on Stone by the celebrated Russian Artist, Orlovski, are introduced into this country by a Gentleman just arrived from St. Petersburg. Artists, amateurs, and collectors of National Costumes, who wish to have the Original Work, are requested to ask for it under the French title, "Costumes Peruvians," published at St. Petersburg. The first number, containing 6 plates, is just issued, price 12s. coloured; a few impressions, plain, may be had, price 12s. Sold by Roosey and Sons, Broad Street, Exchange; Colnaghi and Co. Cockspur Street; and the principal printellers. Orlovski's other Lithographic Works, consisting of Characteristic Scenes in Russia, &c. &c. many of which are on a large scale, may be seen on application.

**BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.**

Second edition, in 4 vols. 12mo. price 11. 8s. boards.  
**CLAN-ALBIN:—A National Tale.**  
A nation famed for song and beauty's charms;  
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;  
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;  
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms!—*Bentley.*  
Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown; Black, Parry, and Co.; H. Colburn; and Thomas Underwood, 22, Fleet Street, London; Maccready, Skelly, and Mackenzie, Edinburgh; and John Cumming, Dublin.

**Hall on the Mimosas—Second Edition.**  
In 8vo. price 7s. boards.  
**A DESCRIPTIVE, DIAGNOSTIC, and PRACTICAL ESSAY ON DISORDERS OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS AND GENERAL HEALTH,** and particularly on their numerous Forms and Complications, contrasted with some acute and insidious Diseases; being an Attempt to prosecute the Views of Dr. Hamilton and Mr. Abernethy, and a second edition of the Essay on the Mimosas, with Additions. By MARSHALL HALL, M.D. F.R.S. &c. &c.  
Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London. Of whom may be had, by the same author.  
**CASES of a Serious MORBID AFFECTION,** occurring principally after Delivery, Miscarriage, &c. in 8vo. 4s. sewed.  
On **DIAGNOSIS,** in Four Parts.—The Phenomena of Health and Disease.—Of the Diseases of Adults. Of Local Diseases.—Of the Diseases of Children, in 8vo. 6s. boards.

**Mr. Mill's Crusades. New Edition.**  
3d edition, in 2 vols. 8vo. bds. price 11. 4s.  
**THE HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES,** for the Recovery and Possession of the HOLY LAND. By CHARLES MILLS, Esq. author of "A History of Muhammadanism." Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.  
"A History of the Crusades was great desideratum in English Literature. Mr. Mill's production, for intelligence, compression, arrangement, and clearness, approaches very nearly to what we consider the requisites of perfection in this species of composition."  
*Literary Gazette, No. 194.*  
"His (Mr. Mill's) lucid and valuable history."  
*Edinburgh Review, No. 67.*

On Monday will be published,  
1.  
**NARRATIVE OF THE OPERATIONS** and RECENT DISCOVERIES within the PYRAMIDS, TEMPLES, TOMBS, and EXCAVATIONS, in EGYPT and NUBIA; and of a Journey to the Coast of the Red Sea, in search of the ancient Berenice, and another to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. By G. BELZONI. 4to. with a portrait, 2s. 2s.  
2.  
**FORTY-FOUR COLOURED PLATES,** Illustrations of the Researches and Operations of G. BELZONI in EGYPT and NUBIA. Folio, 61. 6s. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

**THE MODERN PRACTICE OF PHYSIC,** exhibiting the Characters, Causes, Symptoms, Prognostics, Morbid Appearances, and Improved Method of Treating the Diseases of all Climates. By ROBERT THOMAS, M.D. Sixth edition, revised and considerably enlarged by an Addition of much important Matter, as well as by an English Translation of the Formulae of Prescriptions, rendering the Work thereby of general utility. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown; Cadell and Davies; Higley and Son; J. Callow; E. Cox and Son; Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy; T. and G. Underwood; Anderson and Chase; G. and W. B. Whittaker; and Adam Black, Edinburgh.

**Important Works.**  
Recently published by Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London.  
**NOVELS and TALES of "The Author of Waverley,"** comprising Waverley, Guy Rannering, the Antiquary, Rob Roy, Tales of my Landlord, First, Second, and Third Series; with a copious Glossary. 12 vols. 8vo. 71. 4s.  
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A Geographical and Statistical Description of Scotland. By James Playfair, D.D. Principal of the United College of St. Andrew. 3 vols. 8vo. with a Map of Scotland, 11. 4s.  
A History of the Reformation in Scotland, with an Introductory Book, and an Appendix. By George Cooke, D.D. Minister of Laurencekirk. Second edition, 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 16s.  
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**NO FICTION.** Fourth Edition, in the press, of this interesting Work, founded upon Recent Facts. 3 vols. 8vo. 12s. Boards.  
For a Review of this Work, see *Evangelical Magazine, July, 1819*; *London Christian Instructor, October, 1819*; *New Evangelical Magazine, November, 1819*; *Christian Pocket Magazine, December, 1819*; *Evangelical Magazine, January, 1820*; *Evangelical Magazine, February, 1820*; *Evangelical Magazine, March, 1820*; *Evangelical Magazine, April, 1820*.  
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No. 202.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

### BELZONI'S WORK ON EGYPT.

*Narrative of the Operations and recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Excavations, in Egypt and Nubia; and of a Journey to the Coast of the Red Sea, in search of the ancient Berenice; and another to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon.* By G. Belzoni. London, 1820. 4to. pp. 483. Plates separate, 44 in number, at the price of Six Guineas!

There is a character in one of our modern comedies, whose prominent merit it is to be everlastingly in action, and calling out to those around him to "Push on; keep moving!" We frequently fancy that we bear some resemblance to Young Rapid; for we are whirled about all quarters of the world with inconceivable speed...now freezing at the Pole, now burning at the line; now savage, now civilized in our range; now among the Iroquois, now in Paris; now at the Brazils, now in Africa (inasmuch that our page, like Buck, puts a girdle about the earth in forty minutes); and we are sure that if we could collect our crowd of readers about us bodily, we should be jogging them prodigiously with our elbows, and awailing out "Push on, push on!" and "Keep moving!"

Yet with all our celerity and locomotion, we cannot so far overtake the bulky publication of which the title-page heads this column, as to pronounce entirely upon its merits; and we shall therefore refrain from doing so till we have had time to compare it with preceding works on the same subjects. We have however seen enough of it to be able to state that it is, *per se*, very curious and attractive performance, both with reference to antiquities and to the modern manners and customs of the people among whom the traveller pursued his researches.

These researches occupied the years 1815, 16, 17, 18, and 19; and seem to have been prosecuted with infinite spirit and perseverance, though unfortunately left incomplete.

In consequence of the author's being driven from Egypt through the jealousy and intrigues of parties adverse to him and his aims.

As the public is generally desirous of VOL. IV.

knowing something of the person whose labours interest it, we may state that Belzoni in his Preface (after allowing due praise to Denon, Hamilton, and Burckhardt), informs us that he is of a Roman family, and a native of Padua; that he was driven from his country, where he intended to become a monk, by the troubles in 1800, since which time he has travelled much and met with many vicissitudes. In 1803 he came to England, married, and resided here nine years. He then, taking his wife with him, went to Portugal, Spain, Malta, and finally to Egypt in 1815. The fruits of his toils in discovering antiquities, in opening two of the pyramids of Ghizeh, several tombs of kings at Thebes (one supposed to be that of Psammetichus, an Egyptian monarch who lived nearly 400 years before Christ), and also the temple of Yhsambul, near the second cataract of the Nile,—besides the journeys to the coast of the Red Sea, and the Western Elloah or Oasis, he now submits to the judgment of his contemporaries, certainly at a period when travel and information has qualified many of them to decide with justice on his merits and errors.

There is an ample table of contents, and a lithographic portrait of the author by H. Mandel prefixed to the volume. It affords a good idea of his bearded countenance and remarkable person;—for Belzoni is among the giants of our times, being several inches above six feet in height, and proportionally stout and well formed. We have been told, and it reflects the more honour upon him and his present station, that in his earlier days in London, this athletic strength and noble appearance enabled him to exhibit in a suitable way at Astley's Amphitheatre—the compound Apollo and Hercules of the stage; and we dare to say that he found his imposing stature of still greater value to him among the Fellahs, Bedouens, Arabs, and Nubians of the East. But it is now time to revert to his narrative.

Belzoni's first journey occupies about one third of the volume. He was absent from Cairo five months and a half, and ascended the Nile to the second cataract. In this expedition he secured the head of the Young Memnon at Thebes (now in the British Museum), and brought it back to Alexandria; made some progress in removing the sand from the Temple of Yhsambul; and obtained by excavation several valuable specimens of antiquity at Carnak.\* But it will afford our readers a more perfect notion of

\* It is a singular co-incidence, that our present Number contains an account of some remarkable antiquities in Brittany (see review of Mrs. Stothard's Tour) which are known by the same name—Carnac. What relation existed between the Egyptians and the Celts or Gauls? En-

his operations to follow his route, and inter-mingle the quotation of what is most worthy of notice with brief explanatory comments as we go on.

At Cairo Belzoni met Burckhardt; and he speaks very warmly of that kind, candid, and disinterested individual, who imparted much useful instruction to him. He also tells a longish story of a hydraulic project with which he entertained Mahomet Pasha, and which ended abortively. His other details respecting what happened at Cairo, are entertaining, but have no particular recommendation to extract. Having resolved to ascend the Nile, he relates the circumstances of his intercourse with Mr. Salt; and seems to wish it to be inferred that his labours were more independent of that gentleman than, on his own showing, we think they really were; for Mr. Salt's instructions to him, and supplying him with money, make him very clearly an agent rather than a principal.

The first subject of antiquarian interest that we come to is the Memnonian Bust. It is thus described in the Instructions added to, given to Belzoni at setting out.

"Having obtained the necessary permission to hire workmen, &c. Mr. Belzoni will proceed direct to Thebes. He will find the head referred to on the western side of the river, opposite to Carnak, in the vicinity of a village called Gornou, lying on the southern side of a ruined temple, called by the natives Kossar el Dekaki. To the head is still attached a portion of the shoulders, so that altogether it is of large dimensions, and will be recognized,—1st, by the circumstance of its lying on its back with the face uppermost—2dly, by the face being quite perfect, and very beautiful—3dly, by its having, on one of its shoulders, a hole bored artificially, supposed to have been made by the French for separating the fragment of the body—4thly, from its being a mixed blackish and reddish granite, and covered with hieroglyphics on its shoulders. It must not be mistaken for another, lying in that neighbourhood, which is much mutilated."

Accordingly our traveller found it: he tells us on his arrival at Thebes.—

"As I entered these ruins, my first thought was to examine the colossal bust I had to take away. I found it near the remains of its body and chair, with its face upwards, and apparently smiling on me, at the thought of being taken to England. I must say, that my expectations were exceeded by its beauty, but not by its size. I observed, that it must have been absolutely the same statue as is mentioned by Norden, lying in his time with its face downwards, which must have been the cause of its preservation. I will not venture to assert who separated



the bust from the rest of the body by an explosion, or by whom the bust has been turned face upwards. The place where it lay was nearly in a line with the side of the main gateway into the temple; and, as there is another colossal head near it, there may have been one on each side of the doorway, as there are to be seen at Luxor and Carnak."

Belzoni left Boolak on the 30th of June, accompanied by his Amazonian wife, who when occasion required, stood forward pistol in hand as boldly as her husband, to resist the natives, James Curtin an Irish servant, an interpreter, and a Janizary. The navigation up the Nile is sufficiently known. At Ghout they visited Ibrahim Pasha, the son of Mahomet, of whom the following traits are recorded.

"Ibrahim Bashaw has lately been the terror of the people. When an unfortunate sulpirist was brought before him, after some few questions, he sent him to the Cady to be judged. This was the signal for taking him to a particular cannon, to the mouth of which he was tied; and it was then fired off, loaded with a ball, so that the body was scattered about in pieces at a considerable distance. In the case of two Arabs, who had killed a soldier, not without provocation, this Bashaw had them fastened to a pole, like two rabbits on a spit, and roasted alive at a slow fire. yet this man is now heir to the Government of Egypt on the death of Mahomet Ali."

On the 18th of July they reached Dendersa, which Belzoni very cursorily examined, being anxious to proceed to his destination, Thebes, where he arrived on the 22nd, and landed at Luxor on the opposite bank.

The Cashef of Erments, the Governor of the Fellalis in this province, like all Turks, threw many obstacles in the way of his undertakings; but by management and perseverance he finally overcame them, and got men to work to remove the bust, which the natives called "*Cophany*." They commenced on the 27th, and by getting it towards the river at the rate of from 50 to 400 yards a day, it was safely placed in a situation ready to be embarked, by a singular coincidence, on the 12th of August, our king's birthday.

Having accomplished this Herculean toil, Belzoni went to explore the site of a sarcophagus, which Drouetti the French Consul had discovered, and given him leave to remove if he could find means. The account of this gives so generally applicable a view of the tricks of the natives, that we copy it from the narrative.

"Next day, in the morning, according to my wish, some Arabs came to conduct me to the cave, where the sarcophagus was which Mr. Drouetti had attempted to take out, and had given to me as a present, if I could get it. I was conducted into one of those holes, that are scattered about the mountains of Gournou, so celebrated for the quantities of mummies they contain. The Janizary remained without, and I entered, with two Arabs and the interpreter.

"Previous to our entering the cave, we took off the greater part of our clothes, and, each having a candle, advanced through a cavity in the rock, which extended a considerable length in the mountain, sometimes pretty high, sometimes very narrow, and without any regularity. In some passages we were obliged to creep on the ground, like crocodiles. I perceived, that we were at a great distance from the entrance, and the way was so intricate, that I depended entirely on the two Arabs, to conduct us out again. At length we arrived at a large space, into which many other holes or cavities opened; and after some consideration and examination by the two Arabs, we entered one of these, which was very narrow, and continued downward for a long way, through a craggy passage, till we came where two other apertures led to the interior in a horizontal direction. One of the Arabs then said 'This is the place.' I could not conceive how so large a sarcophagus, as it had been described to me, could have been taken through the aperture, which the Arab now pointed out. I had no doubt, but these recesses were burial-places, as we continually walked over skulls and other bones: but the sarcophagus could never have entered this recess; for it was so narrow, that on my attempt to penetrate it, I could not pass. One of the Arabs, however, succeeded, as did my interpreter; and it was agreed, that I and the other Arab should wait till they returned. They proceeded evidently to a great distance, for the light disappeared, and only a murmuring sound from their voices could be distinguished as they went on. After a few moments, I heard a loud noise, and the interpreter distinctly crying, '*O mon Dieu! mon Dieu! je suis perdu!*' After which, a profound silence ensued. I asked my Arab, whether he had ever been in that place? He replied, 'Never.' I could not conceive what could have happened, and thought the best plan was to return, to procure help from the other Arabs. Accordingly, I told my man to show me the way out again; but, staring at me like an idiot, he said he did not know the road. I called repeatedly to the interpreter, but received no answer: I watched a long time, but no one returned; and my situation was no very pleasant one. I naturally returned through the passages, by which we had come; and, after some time, I succeeded in reaching the place, where, as I mentioned, were many other cavities. It was a complete labyrinth, as all these places bore a great resemblance to the one which we first entered. At last seeing one, which appeared to be the right, we proceeded through it a long way; but by this time our candles had diminished considerably; and I feared, that, if we did not get out soon, we should have to remain in the dark: meantime it would have been dangerous to put one out, to save the other, lest that which was left should, by some accident, be extinguished. At this time we were considerably advanced towards the outside, as we thought; but to our sorrow we found the end of that cavity, without any outlet. Convinced that we were mistaken in our con-

jecture, we quickly returned towards the place of the various entries, which we strove to regain. But we were then as perplexed as ever, and were both exhausted from the ascents and descents, which we had been obliged to go over. The Arab seated himself, but every moment of delay was dangerous. The only expedient was, to put a mark at the place out of which we had just come, and then examine the cavities in succession, by putting also a mark at their entrance, so as to know where we had been. Unfortunately, our candles would not last through the whole; however, we began our operations.

"On the second attempt, when passing before a small aperture, I thought I heard the sound of something like the roaring of the sea at a distance. In consequence I entered this cavity; and as we advanced the noise increased, till I could distinctly hear a number of voices all at one time. Alas! thank God, we walked out; and, to my small surprise, the first person I saw was my interpreter. How he came to be there! I could not conjecture. He told me, that, as he proceeded with the Arab along the passage below, they came to a pit, which they did not see; that the Arab fell into it, and it falling put out both candles. It was then that he cried out, '*Mon Dieu! je suis perdu!*' as he thought he also should have fallen into the pit; but, on raising his head he saw at a great distance a glimpse of the light, towards which he advanced, and then arrived at a small aperture. He then stepped away some loose sand and stones to widen the place where he came out, and went to give the alarm to the Arabs, who were at the other entrance. Being all concerned for the man who fell to the bottom of the pit, it was their noise that I heard to escape. The place by which my interpreter got out was instantly widened; and in the confusion the Arabs did not regard before me see that they were acquainted with this entrance, and that it had lately been shut up. I was not long in detecting this scheme. The Arabs had intended to show me the sarcophagus, without letting me see the way by which it might be taken out, and then to stipulate a price for the secret. It was with this view they took me such a way round about.

"I found that the sarcophagus was not really a hundred yards from the large entrance. The man was soon taken out of the well, but so much hurt in one of his hips, that he went lame ever after."

Waiting for a boat from Cairo to carry away the Memnon, Belzoni determined to extend his voyage in the interior, up the Nile. He accordingly set out, on the 20th of June on the 18th of August; on the 20th at El fu; and on the 22d at Ombos. At El fu the ruins of a superb temple, of which the author says—

"This temple may be compared with the of Tenryn in point of preservation, and superior in magnitude. The propylæon is the largest and most perfect of any in Egypt; it is covered on all sides with colossal figures of intaglio relievato, and contains several

\* This is any reference to Pharus? Ed.

partments in the interior, which receive light by square apertures in the side. We have here one of those curious subjects of inquiry which, in my opinion, have never yet been explained. These square holes, or windows, viewed from the inside of the chambers, appear to have been made for the purpose of giving light to these apartments, or to hold some particular ornaments or emblems, placed in them occasionally on festival days; consequently, it might be concluded that they were made at the same time with the building. Yet, on the outside, these very windows come in contact with the colossal figures which are sculptured on the walls; and part of these appear as if cut off where the windows have been made: so that, from the appearance on the outside, it is to be inferred, that these apertures were formed after the building was finished. For my own part, I think they were cut long after that period, and made to give light to the apartments, which were inhabited by people of a different religion from those who built the temple. The pronas are very wide, and the only one to be seen in Egypt in such perfection, though completely encumbered with Arab huts. The portico is also magnificent; but, unfortunately, above three-fourths of it covered with rubbish. Through some holes in the upper part of the sekos I entered the inner apartments: but they were so obstructed, that I could not proceed far. The Fellahs have built part of their village on the top of it, as well as stables for cattle, &c. The temple is surrounded by a high thick wall, which extends from each side of the propylæon, so as to inclose the whole building. Not only the temple, but every part of the wall, is covered with hieroglyphics and figures. On the side wall of the pronas I observed the figure of Harpocrates which is described by Mr. Hamilton, seated on a full-blown lotus, with his finger on his lips, as in the minor temple at Tenya; and on the west side of the wall is the figure of an unicorn. This is one of the few figures of beasts I observed in Egypt. The elephant is to be seen only in the entrance to the temple of Isis, in the island of Philæ: he horse, as a hieroglyphic, is on the northern exterior wall at Medinet Aboo; and the anubopard is on the wall of the sekos of theoleonium, and on the back of the temple at Ermentia."

The boat got to Assouan on the 24th.

(Continuation in our next.)

Poems. By Thomas Gent. 12mo. pp. 155. London, 1820.

Having formerly put our opinion of Mr. Gent's poetical powers upon record, we are released from the duty of reiterating it upon the present occasion; and especially as several of the pieces here collected together have, under other forms, already received the humble meed of our applause, as well as the sanction of the most judicious of our contemporaries. The volume now published is a very varied and pleasing miscellany, in which the author moves from grave to gay with easy transition, displaying his com-

mand over both styles, and alternately charming us with sweet versification, and tickling our fancy with humorous facetiousness. There are more than fifty subjects, none of them of any great length; and therefore we speak of the work, not as amounting to the heights of Parnassus, but with reference to the character at which it aims, in playing on a spot of some elevation—on the brow of the hill, "the amusements of the leisure hours of a man whose fortune will not favour his inclination to devote himself to poetry." In this point of view we cannot but admire the versatility of talent, the gracefulness in the serious, and the vivacity in the comic, which the writer has shown; and we shall endeavour to impress these sentiments upon our readers by quoting such of the poems as are most original, and best calculated to afford a fair criterion of the merits of the whole. It should also be our task to mention what defects occur to us;—but in truth we have so little fault to find with Mr. Gent, in the station where he claims a place, that we should but waste our time in minute criticism were we to enter upon the discussion. We could rather wish him to attempt a bolder flight; and then our closest endeavours shall not be wanting to bring him to a proper sense of any blunders he may commit. For the present, his modest pretensions and unassuming manners would disarm censure, even if he had not succeeded in setting his muse above the praise with which he assures us he will be contented.

In quoting these poems we cannot do better than commence with the introductory address.

"To sweet in boyhood's visionary mood,  
When glowing fancy, innocently gay,  
Flings forth, like notes, her bright aerial brood,  
To dance and shine in Hope's prolific ray:  
'Tis sweet, unweaving how the flight of years  
May darkling roll in trials and in tears,  
To dress the future in what garb we list,  
And shape ten thousand joys that never may exist.

But he, sad wight! of all that feverish train,  
Fool'd by those phantoms of the wizard brain,  
Most mildly doats, when young ambition stings  
To trust his weight upon poetic wings;  
He downward looking in his airy ride,  
Beholds Elysium bloom on every side;  
Uncertain bliss each thrilling nerve attunes,  
And thus the dreamer with himself communes.  
Yes! Earth shall witness, ere my star be set,  
That partial nature mark'd me for her pet;  
That Phæbus doom'd me, kind indulgent sire!  
To mount his car, and set the world on fire.  
Fame's steep ascent by easy flights to win,  
With a neat pocket volume I'll begin;  
And dirge, and sonnet, ode, and epigram,  
Shall show mankind how versatile I am.  
The buskin'd Muse shall next my pen employ:  
The boxes from their inmost rows shall sigh;  
The pit shall weep, the galleries deplore  
Such moving woes as ne'er were heard before:  
Enough—I'll leave them in their soft hysterics,  
Mount, in slighter brighter blaze, and dazzle with  
Homeric.

Then, while my name runs ringing through  
Reviews,  
And maids, wives, widows, smitten with my  
Muse,

Assail me with platonic *ballet-doux*.  
From this suburban attic I'll dismount,  
With Courts or Harlequins upon an account;  
Rang'd in my mirror, cards with bright gilt  
ems,

Shall show the whole nobility my friends;  
That happy host with whom I chose to dine,  
Shall make set-parties, give his choicest wine;  
And age and infancy shall gape to see  
When'er I walk the street, and whisper "That  
is he!"

Poor youth! he prints—and wakes, to sleep no  
more.

The world goes on, indifferent, as before;  
And the first notice of his metric skill  
Comes in the likeness of—his printer's bill;  
To pen soft notes no fair enthusiast stirs,  
Except his laundress and who values her?  
None but herself: for tho' the bard may burn  
Her nose, she still expects one in return.  
The luckless maiden, all unblest still sighs:  
His pocket toise hath drawn his pocket dry.  
His tragedy expires in peals of laughter;  
And that soul-thrilling wail—to live hereafter,—  
Gives way to one as hopeless quite, I fear,  
And far more needful—how to live while here.  
Where are ye now, divine illusions all!  
Cheques, dinners, wines, admirers great and  
small!

Chang'd to two followers, terrible to see,  
Who dog him where he walks, and whisper  
"That is he!"

"The State Secret," is another short and lively effort.

AN IMPROMPTU.

"Murder will out:—and so will truth some-  
times;

For once I'll prove it in a dozen lines.—

At one of those parties where Julia's sweet face  
Added interest to beauty, and archness to grace,  
Where many fine folk's met; and one very great,  
Proud and stupid, an embryo Minister, sat;  
Like a damper he came to put good-humour  
out,

And it chanc'd that, as Julia's pet-bird flew  
about,

It presumptuously 'lit on this mighty man's  
head;

When her love-laughing sister, sweet Eleanor,  
said,

"Naughty bird! I must cage you for being so  
rude,

On Lord \*\*\*\*\* head, oh! how dare you  
intrude!"

'Let it rest,' replied Julia, with an exultant  
grace,

'Don't frighten it off—for it likes a soft place.'  
We are also much pleased with the following Epigram:

AURI SACRA FAMES

I knew a being once, his peaked head  
With a few lank and greasy hairs was spread;  
His visage blue, in length was like your own  
Seen in the convex of a table-spoon.  
His mouth, or rather gash athwart his face,  
To stop at either ear had just the space,  
A hideous rift: his teeth were all canine,  
And just like Death's (in Milton) was his grin.  
One shilling, and one fourteen-penny leg,  
(This shorter was than that, and not so big),  
He had; and they, when meeting at his knees  
An angle formed of ninety-eight degrees.  
Nature, in scheming how his back to vary,  
A hint had taken from the dromedary:  
His eyes an inward, screwing vision threw,  
Striving each other thro' his nose to view.  
His intellect was just one ray above

The idiot Cymon's ere he fell in love.

At school they Taraxippus called the wight;  
The Misses, when they met him, shrieked with  
fright.

But, spite of all that Nature had denied,  
When sudden Fortune made the cub her pride,  
And gave him twenty thousand pounds a-year,  
Then from the pretty Misses you might hear,  
"His face was not the finest, and, indeed,  
He was a little, they must own, is-headed;  
His shoulders, certainly, were rather high,  
But, then, he had a most expressive eye."  
Nor were their hearts by outward charms inclined:  
Give them the higher beauties of the mind."

Of the author's tenderness, we select a  
gem-like specimen.

#### TO MARY.

Oh! is there not in infant smiles

A witching power, a cheering ray,

A charm, that every care beguiles,

And bids the weary soul be gay?

There surely is—for thou hast seen

Child of my heart, my peaceful dove,

Gladdening life's sad and chequer'd scene,

An emblem of the peace above.

Now all is calm, and dark, and still,

And bright the beam the moonlight throws

On ocean wave, and gentle rill,

And on thy slumbering cheek of rose.

And may no care disturb that breast;

Nor sorrow dim that brow serene;

And may thy latest years be blest

As thy sweet infancy has been.

There is much more that we wish to extract, but the above must suffice; and we can only direct attention to the beautiful lines written in Hornsey Wood (page 92), the sweet stanzas to . . . . . (page 117), the *feu d'esprit* entitled the Runaway (page 132);—public taste will discover many other pieces deserving of eulogy.

*Cheer. Johnstone's Memoirs of the Rebellion, in 1745-6, &c. 4to.*

(Continued from our last.)

Instead of following up their success at the battle of Falkirk, the Jacobites wasted their strength and time in an unwise and fruitless siege of Stirling Castle. Hence the author edifies the ruin of their cause, and apparently on good grounds. After this, the Prince, as is well known, marched to the north; and Mr. Johnstone gives a more probable account than we have before seen of the attempt of Lord Loudon with 1500 men from Inverness, to surprise him at Moy.

"On the 16th, the Prince slept at Moy, a castle belonging to the chief of the clan of Mackintosh, about two leagues from Inverness. Lord Loudon, lieutenant-general, in the service of King George, and colonel of a regiment of Highlanders, being at Inverness, with about two thousand regular troops, the Prince intended to wait the arrival of the other column, before approaching nearer to that town. In the mean time, Lord Loudon formed the project of seizing by surprise the person of the Prince, who could have no suspicion of any attempt of the kind, conceiving himself in perfect security at Moy; and his Lordship would have succeeded in this design, but for the intervention of that invisible Being who frequently chuses to mani-

fest his power in overturning the best contrived schemes of feeble mortals. His Lordship, at three o'clock in the afternoon, posted guards, and a chain of centinels, all round Inverness, both within and without the town, with positive orders not to suffer any person to leave it, on any pretext whatever, or whatever the rank of the person might be. He ordered, at the same time, fifteen hundred men to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning; and having assembled this body of troops without noise, and without alarming the inhabitants, he put himself at their head, and instantly set off, planning his march so as to arrive at the castle of Moy about eleven o'clock at night.

"Whilst some English officers were drinking in the house of Mrs. Baillie, an innkeeper in Inverness, and passing the time till the hour of their departure, her daughter, a girl of thirteen or fourteen years of age, who happened to wait on them, paid great attention to their conversation, and, from certain expressions dropped from them, she discovered their designs. As soon as this generous girl was certain as to their intentions, she immediately left the house, escaped from the town, notwithstanding the vigilance of the centinels, and immediately took the road to Moy, running as fast as she was able, without shoes or stockings, which, to accelerate her progress, she had taken off, in order to inform the Prince of the danger that menaced him. She reached Moy, quite out of breath, before Lord Loudon; and the Prince, with difficulty, escaped in his robe de chambre, night-cap, and slippers, to the neighbouring mountains, where he passed the night in concealment. This dear girl, to whom the Prince owed his life, was in great danger of losing her own, from her excessive fatigue on this occasion; but the care and attentions she experienced restored her to life, and her health was at length re-established. The Prince, having no suspicion of such a daring attempt, had very few people with him in the castle of Moy.

"As soon as the girl had spread the alarm, the blacksmith of the village of Moy presented himself to the Prince, and assured His Royal Highness that he had no occasion to leave the castle; as he would answer for it, with his head, that Lord Loudon and his troops would be obliged to return faster than they came. The Prince had not sufficient confidence in his assurances to neglect seeking his safety by flight to the neighbouring mountains. However, the blacksmith, for his own satisfaction, put his project in execution. He instantly assembled a dozen of his companions, and advanced with them about a quarter of a league from the castle, on the road to Inverness. There he laid an ambuscade, placing six of his companions, on each side of the highway, to wait the arrival of the detachment of Lord Loudon, enjoining them not to fire till he should tell them, and then not to fire together, but one after another. When the head of the detachment of Lord Loudon was opposite the twelve men, about eleven o'clock in the evening, the blacksmith called out with a

loud voice, "Here come the villains, who intend carrying off our Prince; fire, my lads, do not spare them; give no quarter." In an instant muskets were discharged from each side of the road, and the detachment, seeing their project had taken wind, began to fly in the greatest disorder, imagining that their whole army was lying in wait for them. Such was their terror and consternation, that they did not stop till they reached Inverness. In this manner did a common blacksmith, with twelve of his companions, put Lord Loudon and fifteen hundred regular troops to flight. The sifer of his Lordship, who happened to be at the head of the detachment, was killed by the first discharge; and the detachment did not wait for a second."

But the history of the rendezvous at Ruthven, after the defeat at Culloden, is the most interesting part of the work.

"I arrived, (says the writer) on the 18th, at Ruthven, which happened, by chance, to become the rallying point of our army, without having been previously fixed on. There I found the Duke of Athol, Lord George Murray, the Duke of Perth, Lord John Drummond, Lord Ogilvie, and many other chiefs of clan, with about four or five thousand Highlanders, all in the best possible dispositions for renewing hostilities and taking their revenge. The little town of Ruthven is about eight leagues from Inverness, by a road through the mountains, very narrow, full of immensely high precipices, where there are several passes which a hundred men could defend against ten thousand, by merely rolling down rocks from the summit of the mountains.

"Lord George Murray, immediately dispatched people to guard the passes, and at the same time sent off an aid-de-camp to inform the Prince, that a great part of his army was assembled at Ruthven; that the Highlanders were full of animation and ardour, and eager to be led against the enemy; that the Grants, and other Highland clans, who had, till then, remained neuter, were disposed to devote themselves in his favour, seeing the inevitable destruction of their country from the proximity of the victorious army of the Duke of Cumberland; that all the clans who had received leave of absence, would assemble there in the course of a few days; and that, instead of five or six thousand men, the whole of the number present at the battle of Culloden, from the absence of those who had returned to their homes and of those who had left the army on reaching Culloden, on the morning of the 16th, to go to sleep, he might count upon eight or nine thousand men at least, a greater number than he had had at any time in his army. Every body earnestly intreated the Prince to come immediately, and put himself at the head of this force.

"We passed the 19th at Ruthven, without any news from the Prince. All the Highlanders were cheerful, and full of spirits in a degree perhaps never before witnessed in an army so recently beaten, expecting, with impatience, every moment the arrival of the Prince; but, on the 20th, Mr. Macdonald, Lord

George's aid-de-camp, who had been sent to him, returned with the following laconic answer: 'Let every man seek his safety in the best way he can'—an inconsiderate answer, heart breaking to the brave men who had sacrificed themselves for him. However critical our situation, the Prince ought not to have despaired. On occasions when every thing is to be feared, we ought to lay aside fear; when we are surrounded with dangers, no danger ought to alarm us. With the best plans we may fail in our enterprises; but the firmness we display in misfortune is the noblest ornament of virtue. This is the manner in which a Prince ought to have conducted himself, who, with an unexampled rashness, landed in Scotland with only seven men.

"We were masters of the passes between Ruthven and Inverness, which gave us sufficient time to assemble our adherents. The clan of Macpherson of Clunie, consisting of five hundred very brave men, besides many other Highlanders, who had not been able to reach Inverness before the battle, joined us at Ruthven; so that our numbers increased every moment, and I am thoroughly convinced that, in the course of eight days, we should have had a more powerful army than ever, capable of re-establishing, without delay, the state of our affairs, and of avenging her barbarous cruelties of the Duke of Cumberland. But the Prince was inexorable and irremovable in his resolution of abandoning his enterprise, and terminating in this glorious manner an expedition, the rapid progress of which had fixed the attention of all Europe. Unfortunately, he had nobody to advise with but Sir Thomas Sheridan, and their Irishmen, who were altogether ignorant of the nature and resources of the country, and the character of the Highlanders; and who had nothing to lose, but, on the contrary, a great deal to gain on arriving in France, where several of them have since laid the foundations of their fortunes.

"Our separation at Ruthven was truly affecting. We bade one another an eternal adieu. No one could tell whether the scaffold would not be his fate. The Highlanders are vent to their grief in wild howlings and lamentations; the tears flowed down their cheeks when they thought that their country was now at the discretion of the Duke of Cumberland, and on the point of being plundered; whilst they and their children could be reduced to slavery, and plunged, without resource, into a state of remediless distress.

"An accident which took place at Inverness, some days after the battle, might have proved very advantageous to us, if the Prince did not join us at Ruthven. A young gentleman of the name of Forbes, related to Lord Forbes, and a cadet in an English regiment, having abandoned his colours to join the Prince, had the misfortune to be taken prisoner, and was hanged at Inverness, without any distinction, amongst the other deserters. Whilst the body of Forbes was still suspended from the gibbet, a brutal and vulgar English officer plunged his sword into his body, and swore that "all his countrymen were traitors

and rebels like himself." A Scots officer, who heard the impertinence of this Englishman, immediately drew his sword, and demanded satisfaction for the insult done to his country; and, whilst they fought, all the officers took part in the quarrel, and swords were drawn in every direction. The soldiers, at the same time, of their own accord, bent to arms, drew up along the streets, the Scots on one side and the English on the other, beginning a very warm combat with fixed bayonets. The Duke of Cumberland happening to be out of town, information was immediately conveyed to him, and he hastened to the scene of action before this warfare had made much progress. He addressed himself immediately to the Scots, whom he endeavoured to mollify by the high compliments he paid them. He told them that, whenever he had had the honour of commanding them, he had always experienced their fidelity and attachment to his family, as well as their courage and exemplary conduct; and he succeeded at length in appeasing them.

"Thus did Prince Charles begin his enterprise with seven men, and abandon it at a moment he might have been at the head of as many thousands: preferring to wander up and down the mountains alone, exposed every instant to be taken and put to death by detachments of the English troops, sent by the Duke of Cumberland in pursuit of him, and who followed him closely, often passed quite near him, and from whom he escaped as if by miracle, to putting himself at the head of a body of brave and determined men, of whose fidelity and attachment he was secure, and all of whom would have shed the last drop of their blood in his defence. Indeed this was now the only means of saving themselves from the scaffold, and their families from being slaughtered by a furious, enraged, and barbarous soldiery. The Highlands are full of precipices, and passes through mountains, where only one person can proceed at a time, and where a thousand men can defend themselves against a hundred thousand, for years; and as it abounds with horned cattle, of which they sell above one hundred thousand yearly to the English, provisions would not have been wanting. But this partisan warfare it would only have been necessary to adopt as a last resource; for I am morally certain that, in the course of ten or twelve days, we should have been in a condition to return to Inverness, and fight the Duke of Cumberland on equal terms. Whenever I reflect on this subject, I am always astonished that Lord George Murray, and the other chiefs of clans, did not resolve to carry on this mountain-warfare themselves, for their own defence; as nothing can be more certain than what was said by a celebrated author, that, in a revolt, "when we draw the sword we ought to throw away the scabbard." There is no medium; we must conquer or die. This would have spared much of the blood which was afterwards shed on the scaffold in England, and would have prevented the almost total extermination of the race of Highlanders, which has since taken place, either from the policy of

the English government, the emigration of their families to the colonies, or from the numerous Highland regiments which have been often cut to pieces, and renewed during the last war.

"Prince Charles, for several months, was hotly pursued by detachments of English troops; and so very near were they frequently to him, that he had scarcely quitted a place before they arrived at it. Sometimes he was wholly surrounded by them. The Duke of Cumberland never failed to say to the commanders of these detachments, at the moment of their departure, "make no prisoners: you understand me." They had particular instructions to stab the Prince, if he fell into their hands; but Divine wisdom frustrated the atrocious and barbarous designs and pursuits of the sanguinary Duke, whose officers and their detachments, his executioners, inflicted more cruelties on the brave but unfortunate Highlanders, than would have been committed by the most ferocious savages of Canada. The generous and heroic action of Mr. Roderic Mackenzie contributed greatly to save the Prince from those blood-thirsty assassins.

"Mr. Mackenzie, a gentleman of good family in Scotland, had served, during the whole expedition, in the life-guards of Prince Charles. He was of the Prince's size, and, to those who were not accustomed to see them together, might seem to resemble him a little. Mackenzie happened to be in a cabin with the Prince, and two or three other persons, when, all of a sudden, they received information that they were surrounded by detachments of English troops, advancing from every point, as if they had received positive information that the Prince was in this cabin. The Prince was asleep at this moment, and was awakened for the purpose of being informed of his melancholy fate, namely, that it was morally impossible for him to save his life. He answered, "Then we must die like brave men, with swords in our hands."—"No, my Prince," replied Mackenzie; "resources still remain; I will take your name, and face one of these detachments. I know what my fate will be; but whilst I occupy it, your Royal Highness will have time to escape." Mackenzie darted forward with fury, sword in hand, against a detachment of fifty men, and on falling, covered with wounds, he exclaimed aloud, "You know not what you have done!—I am your Prince, whom you have killed!" after which he instantly expired. They cut off his head, and carried it, without delay, to the Duke of Cumberland, nobody doubting that it was the head of Prince Charles. And the barbarous Duke, having now, as he thought, obtained the head of the Prince, the great object of his wishes, set off next day for London, with this head packed up, in his post-chaise."

We find that we cannot conveniently do justice to our review of this work as we purposed, without extending it into another Number; and we shall therefore, once more bring it before our readers.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## BRITANNY.

Our four preceding numbers have so successfully exemplified Mrs. Stothard's tour, that we shall now leave it to the public, with very little further notice. We have already said, that the embellishments are beautifully executed; and the text must have impressed its own character on our readers before they arrived at this page. A little correction would have rendered the style more worthy of praise, and it would have added to the excellence of the volume had the gossip comparisons between the French and English stage and actors been omitted, some of the remarks on Paris retrenched as trite, and a piece of sensibility about a nosegay-seller of that sentimental and heartless capital, utterly suppressed, as in bad taste and out of keeping with the rest of the work.

We imagine that the fair authoress has made a mistake at p. 45, where she speaks so highly of Guerin's picture in the Luxembourg;—when we saw the fine production of that artist, it was not "Telemaachus relating his adventures to Calypso," but Encaes and Dido. We never heard of the other *chef d'œuvre*.

The following anecdote corroborates an old observation. At Eu, Mrs. S. writes—

"In the chamber adjoining mine, separated only by a partition so thin that I could hear every sound, a monsieur, who, I find, unites the professions of tailor and *maître d'agrément*, was instructing a little girl, daughter of his *maîtresse d'hôtel*, in the art of dancing. They jumped so intolerably, that the floor shook at every step. The loud voice of the master rose higher than that [voice] of his violin; and his encouraging expressions to his pupil were so truly diverting, that I could not avoid listening to them:—'*Tournez, Mademoiselle! tournez les yeux vers les cieux!*' A Frenchman's expressions are always upon the grand scale, as Sterne long since remarked: but what, thought I, can a dancing-master have to do with the eyes of his scholar; a plain Englishman would not have carried his instructions beyond the management of the feet, or the arms, at most; but in France the effort which the execution of a thing is to produce, is as much considered as the thing itself: so I imagine, therefore, the management of the eyes is of no small importance in the art of dancing. I was confirmed in my conjecture; for the master dismissed his little pupil with the encouraging exclamation of '*Aller vous-en jolie mignonne, tu seras coquette un jour!*'"

We dare say the prediction would be verified if the lady lived. But we have been profuse in our anecdotes from this volume, and need now to exhibit one or two of its antiquities. The subjoined extract serves our purpose.

"The journey from Josselin to Hennebont lies through a very agreeable country. We passed in our way the abominable and dirty town of Locminé, whence we continued our route till we came to Baud. There the horses rested, and taking a little ragged Breton for our guide, we proceeded to view a curious piece of antiquity in the neighbour-

hood. Descending a steep hill, through a wild and beautiful wood, thickly sown with beech and chestnut trees, we passed by a copse, and at length arrived at the summit of a gentle eminence, where, placed upon a pedestal, stands a naked female figure, carved in stone, with a kind of stole about her neck; the workmanship is extremely rude and barbarous. This figure, together with a large reservoir, or stone bath, was found in the side of the hill called *Castanet*, near Baud. It is, most probably, a Celtic re-  
main, and bears a strong resemblance, in its general character, to Egyptian works. On the base of the pedestal are several modern inscriptions, one of them styling this figure the *Venus of Armorica*."

But the most remarkable remains are at Carnac; and the following is a very interesting account of them:

"We hired a cabriolet, and left Auray early this morning; besides the driver, a man accompanied us, who walked by the side of the voiture, in order to render his assistance in preventing it from being upset by the large, loose and broken rocks that strewed the way, and lie in confused heaps about the road. After travelling three leagues through a desolate and wild country, we arrived at a spot about a mile from the sea-shore, where this curious Celtic antiquity remains a monument at once of the power and insufficiency of man; for his own stupendous work has long outlived all memory of its founder or its history. Carnac is infinitely more extensive than Stone Henge, but of a ruder formation; the stones are much broken, fallen down, and displaced; they consist of *eleven rows*, of unwrought pieces of rock or stone, merely set up an end in the earth, without any pieces crossing them at top. These stones are of great thickness, but not exceeding nine or twelve feet in height; there may be some few fifteen feet. The rows are placed from fifteen to eighteen paces from each other, extending in length (taking rather a semicircular direction) above half a mile, on unequal ground, and towards one end upon a hilly site. The semicircular direction was probably accidental; as, from their situation, it was not possible to see all the ground at once, in order to range them in a straight line. When the length of these rows is considered, there must have been nearly three hundred stones in each, and there are eleven rows: this will give you some idea of the immensity of the work, and the labour such a construction required. It is said that there are above four thousand stones now remaining. We remarked three *tumuli*,—probably the graves of chiefs; they are formed of large stones placed upon each other, on a raised bed of earth. In some places the irregular line of the work is broken, by the ground having been cleared for fields; in others stones that have fallen were broken up and carried away for building. More injury has, perhaps, been done to this stupendous Celtic work by the hand of man than by that of time. The place was peculiarly well chosen for obtaining materials to construct such a monument, as the ground for miles round is

full of rock. We could gain no information from the people, relative to any thing that might have been found; for, in answer to whatever we said to the peasant, we received replies in the Breton tongue, of which we could only articulately distinguish the word *gaelic*, and this was repeated whenever we accented them. I have been informed by a priest, but I know not how it may be correct, that the word *Carnac* signifies literally, in the Breton language, a *field of flesh*: it would be the true meaning of the word, if this led one to conjecture that these stones were placed in memory of some great battle, or as memorials in a common cemetery of the dead. The people have a singular custom whenever their cattle are diseased, of coming amongst these stones, to pray to St. Cornelius for their recovery. Such a practice may be a remnant of Pagan superstition continued in Christian times; but, I must remark, that St. Cornelius is the patron saint of the neighbouring church.

"I cannot learn that the peasants of this country have any traditions about Carnac, and I must here observe, that no relation or accounts, given either by the poor or more enlightened people of Brittany can be relied upon."

The engraving illustrative of these antiquities, helps the reader to a perfect idea of them.

We are sorry that, owing to its length, we cannot find room for the best description of the famous Bayeux Tapestry which has yet been published. A later but curious specimen of the same sort of performance at Saumur is thus described.

"The church of St. Pierre, an ancient and interesting building, contains the curious tapestry, representing the adventures of St. Florent. This work was executed in the fifteenth century; it is long and narrow, like the tapestry of Bayeux. Florent and Florian were brothers and soldiers, who professed Christianity, and who bearing the several persons of the same faith were also suffering martyrdom at Laurick, they resolved to hasten to them, in the hope of affording consolation to their distress. The brothers were seized during their journey and condemned to death. These unfortunate prisoners being tied to a tree, a deep sleep overcame them and their guard, who an angel, appearing in a dream to St. Florent, he was directed to pass into Gaul, and as soon as he awoke, found himself at liberty to depart. Amongst his miraculous adventures during the journey, it is recorded a boat carried him over the Rhone, without having a bottom to it, or any sails or oars. Upon arriving at a cave, near Mount Causse, he found it filled by serpents, which he drove out with his prayers, and then established himself in their former residence. Some time after he chanced to meet an old blind woman, whose son had been drowned three days before. St. Florent bade her not despair, and immediately setting several stones follows to work with their nets, they *fish* up the young man alive and well. The saint sent the youth to his mother, who

res were immediately opened : no wonder ; or surely the very hearing of such a miracle, would open the eyes of any one. This accession of Catholic wonders is worked upon the tapestry, and devoutly gazed at by the old women and little children, who burn their candle-ends in homage to the saint.

Near Saumur is the celebrated Abbey of Fontevraud, one of the grandest religious edifices in France, and of immense extent. It existed from the 11th century to 1793, when the revolution made it a prey, and demolished it. This Abbey, where several of our early kings were buried, was founded by Robert D'Arbrissel, a Breton priest, famous for his success in preaching the first crusade in the time of Pope Urban II. He so founded orders of St. Madeleine for *monks repentants*, and of St. John, for *nuns*.

"Towards the end of his career, he gave up the authority as superior, and invested it in the person of a beautiful lady named Penouille de Chemille, electing her Abbess of Fontevraud, and submitted both himself and all the convents to her supremacy. He died in D. 1117, and was interred near the altar of the great church. His effigy, of white marble, was afterwards removed beneath a monument dedicated to his memory, by Louis de Bourbon, Abbess of Fontevraud in the year 1623. The modern tomb remains ; but whether the revolutionists destroyed the effigy or not when they pillaged the monastery is uncertain : it no longer exists. After the death of Robert, the Pope refused him canonization, in consideration of the outlandish penance to which he frequently devoted himself previous to his dissolution ; for it was the holy man's custom, to show how spiritual contemplations had overcome all worldly feelings, to pass some hours of the night with two of the youngest and most beautiful nuns, who were enjoined to sleep, while the saint prayed by their side.

"It is remarkable that the costume of these monks and nuns never altered from the time of their first establishment, in the seventh century, to that of their abolition in 1793. They were clothed by order of Robert D'Arbrissel, according to the prevailing taste of the time : the men wore black, covered by a long mantle, to which a cowl was tacked ; and, at the bottom of the garment, both in front and behind, appeared a small square piece of cloth, which bore the name of the *Robert* : the nuns were attired in a white petticoat of fine linen, with lawn sleeves nicely plaited ; a black stomacher or belt completed the gown ; the head was veiled with a light black shawl, and the feet in white stockings, and shoes ; the extreme plainness of this costume received considerable embellishment from the full folds of the long and elegant black mantle that they wore during divine service."

The subjoined particulars are historically interesting, and with them we conclude our view.

"When Mr. S—— first visited France during the summer of 1816, he came direct

to Fontevraud, to ascertain if the royal effigies of our early kings, who were buried there, yet existed : subjects so interesting to English history were worthy of the enquiry. He found the abbey converted into a prison, and discovered in a cellar belonging to it, the effigies of Henry the Second and his queen Eleanor of Guienne, Richard the First, and Isabella of Angoulême, the queen of John. The chapel, where the figures were placed before the Revolution, had been entirely destroyed ; and these valuable effigies, then removed to the cellar, were subject to continual mutilation from the prisoners, who came twice in every day to draw water from a well. It appeared they had sustained some recent injury, as Mr. S—— found several broken fragments scattered around. He made drawings of the figures ; and, upon his return to England, represented to our government the propriety of securing such interesting memorials from farther destruction. It was deemed advisable, if such a plan could be accomplished, to gain possession of them, that they might be placed, with the rest of our royal effigies, in Westminster Abbey. The English government failed in this, from the affair having passed through too political a channel. It is probable, that had an application been made in the first instance by the Prince Regent to Louis the Eighteenth, it would have proved successful ; but it is fortunate that the application was made even in this manner, as it has served the purpose of securing these remains from total destruction. \* \*

"Henry the Second was the first English monarch buried at Fontevraud. His tomb was erected in the choir of the great church, according to his desire. His epitaph was as follows :—

Rex Henricus eram, mihi plurima regna subegi,  
Multiplicque modo, duxque, conquesque fui,  
Cui satis ad votum non essent omnia terre  
Climata, terre modo sufficit octo pedum.  
Qui legis hanc, pensa discrimina mortis, et in me  
Humane speculum conditionis habes  
Sufficit huic tumultus cui non succederat orbis."

"In justice to the French hotels we have to state, that a respectable correspondent, who has travelled from 4 to 5000 miles in France, remarking on the imposition related by Mrs. S. as having been practised at Abbeville, assures us that though travelling in an English carriage, and dining in a private *salon*, he has seldom been charged for dinner more than *five francs* a head for his party—sometimes only *four* ; never more than *six* ; and this latter only when having sent a *courier en avant* (it being late at night), he had given extra trouble.—Respecting the *Table d'hôte*, he adds, "I have not often dined at one, but I understand that the price is never more than *three francs* for each person, which includes half a bottle of wine. In two places, at Lyons and Nismes, I paid this. In regard to Abbeville, where this imposition is related as having taken place, I beg to mention, that I have been there no fewer than *six* times ; the last time I was there, which was about six weeks ago, my party was three in number, and, at the *Hôtel de l'Europe* (which I strenuously recommend to English travellers), we had for our *déjeuner à la fourchette, polage ou vernicelle*, two partridges, plenty of *coquilles de moules parades*, a tart, vegetables, fine fruit, confectionary, and coffee, with

## HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

From the Death of Egbert to the Accession of Alfred.

Egbert, to whose death our last Sketch, (*Literary Gazette* Number 200) brought down the early history of Britain, has been represented as the first sovereign who was crowned king of all England ; but Mr. Turner, we think, completely disproves this tradition. Even his grandson Alfred signed himself king of only the West Saxons ; and the father, who had not incorporated East Anglia, Mercia, or Northumbria, could not have assumed so comprehensive a title. In point of fact, Athelstan, who destroyed the Danish sovereignty, was the *primus Monarcha Anglorum*, as he is styled by Alured.

Ethelwulf, the successor of Egbert, did not prosecute his father's ambitious course ; for he was a timid quiet prince, though a pupil of St. Swithun, and of the still more warlike prelate, Alstan, Bishop of Sherborne. Ethelwulf married Osberga, the daughter of Oslea, the king's cup-bearer, a descendant of the chief who obtained the Isle of Wight, in the line of Cerdic ; and in 849 that lady, at Wantage, in Berks, bore him Alfred the Great, after having had three elder sons. It was within a very few years of this period that the Danes, or Northmen, first ventured to winter on our coast ; for hitherto their piratical expeditions always terminated by their returning home in autumn. In 852 these depredators entered the Thames with 350 ships, plundered Canterbury and London, and marched into Mercia, where they defeated its king Bertulf, the last monarch but one of that kingdom. They then turned southward, and entered Surrey ; but here, at Aylesa, a field of oaks, fortune forsook them, and they were routed with dreadful slaughter by Ethelwulf and his son Ethelbald.

The Vikings appeared again in Thanet, in 853, slew the leaders of Kent and Surrey, Eathere and Huda, and obtained an obstinately contested victory. In this year Alfred, being five years of age, was sent by his father to Rome, accompanied by a large train of nobles and others. Indeed, visits to Rome were frequent at this period. Ethelwulf went thither himself in 855, taking his favourite child Alfred with him ; and St. Neot, his son or brother, made no fewer than seven journeys to the Roman capital. It was at this period that the king, with the sanction of his Witenagemot, made that donation to the church which is usually construed to be the grant of its tithes. But, (says Mr. Turner,) on reading carefully the obscure words of the three copies of this charter, which three succeeding chroniclers have left us, it will appear that it cannot have been the original grant of the tithes of all England. These words imply either that it was a liberation of the land of which the clergy had before been in possession, from all the services and payments to which the Anglo-Saxon lands were generally liable, or

a bottle of good wine, for which I was charged, having made no previous bargain, *four francs* a head."

that it was an additional gift of land, not of tithes, either of the king's private patrimony, or of some other which is not explained. The reason for the gift, which is added in the charter, strengthens the first supposition; but the terms used to express the persons to whom the benefit was granted, seem to confine it to monastical persons. But whatever was its original meaning, the clergy in after ages interpreted it to mean a distinct and formal grant of the tithes of the whole kingdom. This is a curious subject, and the clergy seem to have done what all classes of men are apt to do who have obtained grants by deed: viz. try to extend its meaning to the utmost for their own benefit.

Ethelwulf, on his journey to Italy, passed through France, where he was liberally entertained by Charles, the French king, whose daughter Judith he married on his return, though then an old man. His presents to the Pope were very splendid. A crown of pure gold, weighing 4lb., two golden vessels called *bancas*, a sword adorned with pure gold, two golden images, four Saxon dishes of silver gilt, besides valuable dresses, are enumerated by his contemporary Anastasius, in his *Bibliotheca de vitis Pontif.* But one act which he did at Rome is worth all the rest. He saw that the public penitents and exiles were bound with iron, and he obtained an order from the Pope, that no Englishman out of his country should be put into bonds for penance.

To Judith, the queen of Ethelwulf, the country was indebted for more important services than usually belong to a step-daughter's character; for it was she who began the education of Alfred, and implanted in him all his literary taste. But political events of great moment also followed the return of Ethelwulf. The sceptre of Wessex was wrested from his hand by his son Ethelbald, jealous of the partiality shown towards his younger brother, whom Ethelwulf had procured to be anointed and crowned by the Pope, while yet but a child. In five years, *i. e.* in 860, Ethelbert, his father and brother having both died, succeeded to the united provinces of Wessex, Kent, Surrey, and Sussex; and at this era the northern Viking again invaded England, and destroyed Winchester; but chased in their retreat by the earls of Hampshire and Berkshire, they ascended the Seine in 300 vessels, and obtained money from king Charles as the price of their forbearance to plunder. Winter forbidding their return, they settled along the river and adjacent shores, and obliged the Flemings to build those castles and fortified places for their defence, which have ever since formed so memorable a feature in the wars of Europe. In 864 they wintered in Thanet, and in 866 Ethelbert died, after a short reign of six years. Ethelred, the third son of Ethelwulf, succeeded, and the death of the renowned Ragnar Lodbrok, in prison in Northumbria, at this period, was pregnant with terrible consequences to England. The sons of that mighty pirate laid aside their hostilities as sea-kings, and formed a league to avenge his fall. Jutes, Swedes,

Norwegians, Danes, Russians, and other northern flocked to their standard, and an expedition, led by eight kings and twenty earls (all under Halfdan, Ingvar, and Hubba or Ubbo, three of Ragnar's sons) rushed to the invasion of Northumbria; but either through design or error, passed that coast and anchored off East Anglia. They wintered in quiet, but next year, 867, ravaged Yorkshire and all the country to the Tyne. Osbert and Ella, the chiefs of Northumbria, were routed, and the sons of Ragnar inflicted an inhuman measure of retaliation on the latter for their father's sufferings. They divided his back, spread his ribs into the figure of an eagle, and agonized his lacerated flesh by the addition of the saline stimulant. Thus Northumbria ceased to be an Anglo-Saxon kingdom; a fate deserved by a century of revolutionary and bloody struggles for royal power, during which usurper murdered usurper, and a crowd of ghastly monarchs, like those in the vision of Macbeth, passed from the throne to the sepulchre, and hundreds of their subjects were sacrificed. In 876, Ingvar, the Dane, assumed the sceptre of Northumbria from the Humber to the Tyne. At present we have not room for any of the details of their barbarities in over-running East Anglia and murdering its king, St. Edmund; nor in attacking Wessex, and the consequent death of king Ethelred. We may probably be induced, in a future Number, to transcribe Ingulph's account of these atrocities, but having now arrived at the year 870—*i. e.* the accession of the glorious Alfred, it affords a convenient opportunity for concluding this sketch.

### CLINE AND DISTINCTION.

OR AFTER DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Grey Head.

#### CHAPTER XI.

#### Sir Hans Sloane and the Gladiators.

I remember Dr. Arbuthnot once calling upon me late at night, to make an appointment for the next morning to Bloomsbury-square. "I will be with you at eleven," said the doctor, "and take you up. Sir Hans has invited a select party to examine the structure of the heads of some of Fig's gladiators. He desired me to let you into the secret. Fig has promised on the word of a gentleman, to bring the myrmidons; but they are shippery fellows. I would give ten pounds to see the *she-devils*, said the doctor, alluding to the female wretches that fought with swords upon Fig's stage, and hacked and cut each other with infernal vengeance. "I hear they are expected, and that Roubiliac has engaged to take their masks for Sir Hans's museum. O rare!" said the doctor, "and I have won a *magnus bonum* of Monsey—so much for his whimsical systems. I can trust you, friend Zachary," said he; "Monsey would wager with me that the Cornish man would vanquish Broughton." "For why?" said I. "O! I know it by his ear," said he; "a man with such an ear may be bored down by main strength; he may be beaten to death, and consequently

vanquished, that I admit," said he, in his usual way; "but never will such a man with such an ear, cry, '*hold, enough!*'"

"I wonder," added the doctor, "how a man of Monsey's parts can be misled by the visionary ravings of such an ass as that mountain of wig, old . . . . . It was but lately I prevented his falling into a snare of that right noble jack-pudding's, the Duke of Montagu; and but for me and Chasuble he would have outed with a learned treatise upon Mother Tofts, the rabbit-breeder of Godingham—Verily, I'll tickle him for *this*," said the lively doctor, as he stepped after me into his carriage; "'twill be a rarity. Yes, I will be his priest, and give him a pious scourging for his sins."

"As we entered the hall of Sir Hans," said my uncle, "we met Dr. Chayne, talking with three or four fellows, the most biddling visaged ruffians that terror itself could imagine. They looked ferocious, wild, and suspicious, as though they repented of their *condescension* in obeying the summons of Fig their chief. But the lure of money, (and they were to be well paid) induced them to remain. One of the men servants was sent to recruit their spirits with a bumper of comic, to fit them for the review. *Never did audacious culprits seem more down-fallen and abashed*," said uncle Zachary, "on beholding the judges arranged in terrible shone, than did these hectoring brags, as they awkwardly bowed when they entered the drawing room in the presence of this learned, grave looking coterie, seated beneath their ponderous wigs. Arbuthnot whispered, this is the triumph of wisdom over strength, of spirit over matter, friend Zachary; an apothecary's boy would scare them to death with a half pint syringe."

Dr. Monsey endeavoured to coax them into something like humanity. Chayne was ready to laugh at their uncouthness. "Let me feel your head, mon," said he. *Samus* advanced, when the good humoured Sir said, with such original drollery, "I'll not hurt the hair of your head, mon," that the ruffian relaxed his grim muscles into amity. he was bald as a new born babe.

"Chayne is the man to manage them," said Arbuthnot, slyly to Monsey; "he does not take the science by the ear."

Sir Hans smiled, and shook his head. "he had the most venerable philosophic countenance," said my uncle; "and the suavity of his manners corresponded with his look." He enjoyed the wit and playful railery of Arbuthnot. "Come, come, Doctor," said he, "be careful how you direct your shafts at Monsey, or they may place perchance on another." The truth is, Sir Hans was apt to be fanciful in his philosophical speculations, and had been an ally with Monsey touching the mistake of the doctor's ear.

"Arbuthnot generally casts two stones in one jerk of his satirical sling," said Chayne. "But what sin has Monsey been perpetrating against thy orthodox, brother Arbuthnot?" "Why," said the lively physician, "I must refer you to the unsophisticated argument of Broughton's fist." "The

avours of a pun, mon," said Cheyne, "and one of the unhappiest that ever struggled still-born from the womb of thy wit."

"Yet not quite so bad," replied Arbutnot, who was ever superior to his compeers in the retort courteous—"not quite so bad as thy hypothesis, brother Monsey, (taking me worthy Doctor by the hand, and slinking it most cordially the while he spoke,) which Broughton knocked on the head with thy Cornish hero, with the same blow."

"It was with this kind of good humoured adroitness these distinguished geniuses were accustomed to end their scientific differences," said my uncle Zachary: and then he would apostrophize them, and add, "Ah! who but must venerate their honoured dust!"

"But this good humoured railleury did at terminate without another playful hit at Monsey," said my uncle Zachary. "Sir Hans had invited Hogarth to be of the party, Chiselden requested him to oblige him with a sketch of Fig, to place in his book of comparative anatomy. Broughton he had already drawn at a former meeting, for the same purpose. The painter just then made its appearance."

"Sir Hans opened a ponderous interleaved folio, to seek for a head among the Roman portraits," said my uncle, "which he declared to be cast in the same mould with Fig. Among the collection, which was multifarious, was a masque of one of the furies, engraved by Mark Antonio from the antique. It was a most fiend-like visage, and made Cheyne exclaim in a long expiration, feugh! 'tis my life, Sir Hans Sloane, ken ye not that we're told of Æschylus, in that infernal piece, as how his furies made the shrieking Greek women to miscarry, and frightened the qualling bairns to death! Never by my oath, till this blessed moment, did I give credence to that story."

Cheyne, full of his subject, turned to Hogarth, saying, "I'm glad ye are come," then tracing the outline of the mask, with a flourish of his fat fingers, went on—"Look upon it, Willy, you clever rogue, you will ever fetch a scheme like that from the life, never you go farther for it, gude mon! than only Heaven, I hope, will ever send ye."

Hogarth quietly unrolled a paper, and laid on the folio. The party were astonished, it was a head indeed—a sister fury. "Ah!" said Cheyne, "the Lord preserve us mon, there have ye been raking for this imp of lack perdition!" "From the fiery regions of Sir Hans Sloane's kitchen," said the painter; and thereby hangs a tale, which you mayest see, gentle reader, in my next chapter.

Hogarth remembered his promise to Chiselden; and Sir Hans gave him his red-rococo paper case, laid him a pencil and an-knife, and begged him to sit at his desk.

He had the manners of the court of Louis le Fourteenth," said my uncle Zachary. Hogarth smiling, bowed to the worthy night, and observed, "Your courtesy, Sir Hans, would better suit a better genius; I am not often accommodated thus. My portfolio and desk are frequently contained in my glove." This alluded, said my uncle,

to his sometimes sketching a character on his finger nails.

Whilst he sketched Fig, who was bare headed, said my uncle, Monsey held the gladiator's wig upon his cane. "Come," said Cheyne, to Chiselden, who could use his pencil, "come, try your talent, mon, and give friend Hogarth a remuneration in kind, for his Essay on Perri-wigs. We ken a doctor's pate full well you see, by his hairy thatching; a bishop, judge, and a crew of other lige subjects of King George, the Lord defend him! but who could'er divine this little scratch covered the cranium of the mighty Fig?"

Hogarth hit him off before Chiselden had accomplished his attempt at the wig; he had rubbed and corrected a hundred times, when Hogarth, taking his pencil case, archly observed, "it only wants a few of my anatomical touches."

Monsey began a lecture on the sketch—"How wondrous is the imagination; I see the gladiator, by association in that wig," said he, "done nearer to the life than in a thousand portraits."

"Give him the portrait, Willy, if thou lovest me," said Cheyne, "and I will write a dedication." Hogarth consented, and Cheyne inscribed beneath with his pencil—

To my learned friend, Dr. Messenger Monsey, this:

Doctor behold this wig,

(And let thy wearer pass

With face of brass);

It fits the scull of Fig.

'Tis his, even to a hair;

His wig turn not good friend,

'Twill burn your fingers' end,

So Monsey have a care!

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### PHILOLOGY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—I cannot help thinking the speculations of M. Galiffe on the origin and language of ancient Rome as fanciful as they are judicious. I fully coincide with that gentleman's opinion, that Rome was not founded by Italians; for as he observes, it is most improbable that one of their colonies should have departed from their general rule of building on mountains, and have formed a settlement on a low hill surrounded by marshes; which we have classical authority for believing must have been at all times subject to the same physical curse, the *Malaria* that now affects the modern city. The most natural inference to be drawn is, that some adventurers, or a body of warriors, as M. Galiffe calls them (their early history certainly indicates them to have been of a warlike tribe) "who had escaped by sea from some great national disaster, landed near the spot where Rome now stands, and encamped on one of its hills, not as a matter of free choice, but because it was the first place that they found convenient for their purpose."

Having asserted thus much, which every body must allow to be consistent with reason and judgment, Mr. Galiffe proceeds to point

out the original nation of these warriors in a manner which induces me to consider his arguments as far from true, and fanciful in the extreme.

Conjectural etymology, than which no mode of reasoning is in general more delusive, is the system on which Mr. Galiffe has raised his most sanguine hopes.

It is universally true, that new settlers must mix their language with that of the natives; and as new nations are introduced and adopted, one language is formed between them. Suppose then the Latin tongue to have been thus created, and as we find it only used in the capital of Italy, it is clear that at first it was only formed by the union and connection with the founders of that capital and their nearest neighbours, whom they reduced to subjection. Consequently as the Romans extended their conquests, their language was adopted by the conquered, till various dialects thus forming themselves, the pure and original tongue of either, was lost. So difficult must it be to discover which of the two was the original, that I cannot conceive Mr. Galiffe's hypothesis, (of assigning it to the Russian because a resemblance between that language and the Latin is perceptible,) in any other point of view than highly conjectural.

I consider the affinity he has clearly shown to exist between those tongues, to be of infinite value; not that it corroborates or confirms the one to be the origin of the other, but because it is an additional proof of the indisputable fact, that as all nations are descended from one grand parent, so are all languages derived from one primal root, only varied, at the confusion of Babel, in the mode of its pronunciation: in other words, as Mr. Bryant judiciously expresses himself, a confusion of the lip, or a labial failure, not an alteration of language, took place on that catastrophe.

Who would have imagined the Irish characters to be the same with those of Thibet or India? It is a remarkable fact, that Col. Grant was alone enabled to decipher the Thibetian characters on the celebrated Siberian medal preserved in the museum at St. Petersburg, by his knowledge of the Irish tongue. By the medium of a language as strange and as unexpected, may not Roman remains be interpreted?

Mr. Galiffe's conjectures therefore open a new field of inquiry to antiquaries, by which they may discover the meaning of some of the oldest monuments of Rome, as suggested by the writer of an article inserted in your *Literary Gazette* (No. 192) signed "a Conjecturer." I am, however, much more inclined to believe, that were a trial made on the *Sanscrit* the truth might be elicited.

Considering Mr. Galiffe's speculations in this point of view they may be useful; but to believe it confirmed that the Russian language is really the origin of the Latin, I cannot consent. As the observations of Sir W. Jones and Mr. Halhed on the Sanscrit language, (the former the most profound linguist that ever lived, and few persons have perused and analyzed more oriental volumes than the latter), may not be deemed of little



importance as to the true origin of the Latin, I beg leave to insert them at length.

"The Sanscrit language," says Sir William Jones, "whatever be its antiquity, is of a wonderful structure: more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either, yet bearing to both of them a stronger affinity, both in the roots of verbs and in the forms of grammar, than could possibly have been produced by accident: so strong indeed, that no philologist could examine them all three, without believing them to have sprung from some common source, which perhaps no longer exists: there is a similar reason, though not quite so forcible, for supposing that both the *Gothick* and the *Celtick*, though blended with a very different idiom, had the same origin with the Sanscrit; and the old Persian might be added to the same family.

"The characters in which the languages of India were originally written are called Nagari, from Nagara a city, with the word Deva sometimes prefixed, because they are believed to have been taught by the divinity himself, who prescribed the artificial order of them in a voice from heaven. These letters, with no greater variation in their form, by the change of a straight line to curves, or conversely, than the Cufick alphabet has received in its way to India, are still adopted in more than twenty kingdoms and states, from the borders of Cusgar and Khoten to Rama's Bridge, and from the Sindhu to the river of Siam: nor can I help believing, although the polished and elegant Devanagari may not be so ancient as the monumental characters in the caverns of Jarassandha, that the square Chaldaick letters in which most Hebrew books are copied, were originally the same, or derived from the same prototype both with the Indian and Arabian characters: that the Phœnician, from which the Greek and Roman alphabets were formed by various changes and inversions, had a similar origin there can be but little doubt."—Page 26, 1 vol. Asiatic Researches.

Mr. Halhed, in his preface to his grammar, considers that the Sanscrit was current not only over all India in its widest extent, but over all the oriental world; and that traces of it may be discovered in almost every region of Asia. He was astonished to find "the similitude of Sanscrit words with those of Persian and Arabic, and even of Latin and Greek, and that not in technical and metaphorical terms, which the imitation of refined arts and improved manners might have occasionally introduced, but in the groundwork of language in monosyllables, in the names of numbers, and the appellations of such things as would be first discriminated on the immediate dawn of civilization."—Page 3, Halhed's Grammar of the Bengal Language.

"If the Tartars," says Sir William Jones, as we have every reason to believe, had no written memorials, it cannot be thought wonderful that their languages, like those of America, should have been in perpetual fluctuation, and that more than fifty dialects, as Hyde had been credibly informed, should be spoken between *Moscov* and *China*, by

the many kindred tribes or their several branches. What those dialects are, and whether they really sprang from a common stock, we shall probably learn from many indefatigable men employed by the Russian court; and it is from the Russians we must expect the most accurate information concerning their Asiatic subjects. I persuade myself that if their inquiries be judiciously made and sufficiently reported, the result of them will prove that all languages properly *Tartarean* arose from one common source."

M. Galiffe perhaps could inform us what success the Russian court has made in this inquiry: it certainly does appear, as Sir William Jones judiciously remarks, that all languages properly Tartarean arose from one common source, as the Sanscrit and Hebrew: if this be true, there will be very little difficulty in accounting for the affinity between the Russian and Latin. Yet, since this affinity appears, no authority can be adduced in order to affirm the one springing out of the other, or that Russian is the original language of the founders of Rome.

In my humble judgment, therefore, I am of the same opinion with those who assert the Latin to be derived from the same source with the Phœnician and Greek. Diodorus Siculus ascribes the invention of letters to the Syrians, that term being understood to include Chaldean and Assyria. The oldest Syrian and Phœnician letters are allowed to have been the same. The Phœnicians afterwards emigrating under Cadmus, carried letters into Greece; and the striking resemblance both in form, sound, and arrangement, of the latter with the former, indubitably establishes their origin. From Greece the Pelagic colonies carried the Cadmean letters into Italy, evidenced also by the same circumstances of fabrication, arrangement, and sound.

As to their early stories of heroes and of fictitious warriors, the whole partakes so highly of the eastern allegory and fable, as to leave no room to doubt from whence they originated. If all their mythological tales, therefore, were to be analyzed, we should immediately discover the real characters so conspicuous in the early ages of mankind, shadowed out under pleasingly wrought fables, which the immediate preceding nations, the Egyptians and Grecians, taught the first inhabitants of Italy. I say then, if we examine every thing relative to the early establishment of the Roman nation, we shall not hesitate to pronounce it sprung direct from one of the first branches of the central country of mankind, and to renounce the idea of its having migrated, in a circular course, through those hyperborean regions, as Mr. Galiffe has laboured to establish.

If these reflections meet with your approbation, I am most happy in offering them to your notice. I am aware of being totally unworthy in point of composition of claiming your attention to these scattered remarks; but should they be honoured with an insertion in your truly excellent literary journal, which unites the "dullest of stile," I shall remain ever

Your constant reader,

W. V.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### THE NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

We have at present very little to add upon this subject in the shape of narrative; but even a few gleanings and some observations may be acceptable.

It would appear from the hardships with which our countrymen bore the excessive cold to which they were exposed, that a good deal of exaggeration must belong to the accounts previously given of the sufferings endured in frozen regions. We never read of human beings existing at 55° below Zero, at more than 12° below the point at which mercury becomes solid; nor, indeed, at any thing like that temperature, without experiencing far greater inconveniences than seem to have attended our navigators. Captain Sabine's servant, to be sure, lost most of his fingers; and we understand, that another man also was deprived of all the end joints of one hand; ulcers on the face were the effects of incautious exposure; but we bear of no such fatal accidents as are common even in Russia. Our brave fellows stood the extremest weather with mufflers up to their noses and warm caps descending to their eyes and covering their ears; and after a little experience of the climate, they avoided casualties by very simple means. The person *bitten* was himself unconscious of the attack; but each "looking in his neighbour's face" as they went, warned his companion when he saw his nose grow white in consequence of the frost. Turning from the wind, and a few minutes gentle friction with the hand, (or if very much injured with snow,) invariably restored the circulation, and the tone of the part; and unless allowed to go too far, no pain whatever was felt. But when seriously affected, the agony of restoring the circulation was dreadful.

Beer, wine, and spirits became ice; the beer was destroyed, but the wine and spirits were tolerably good when thawed.

The ship's timbers were of the temperature of the surrounding element, and wherever the iron bolts and fastenings ran through, they became studded with rosettes of transparent ice. The most comfortable sleep was obtained by converting the blankets into large bags drawn at the mouth. Into these the slumberer crept, and some comrade, who kept the watch, closed him in by pulling the strings.

The visit of the bear, which we have mentioned, was a grand event. He came smelling up to the Hecla, when Captain Parry got out his gunsmen to dispatch him. Owing to some misconception of their directions they fired in platoon, and only wounded the shaggy monster, who retired growling and bloody. But the sport consisted in the general chase given by the crews of both vessels, who ran

\* Considering Mr. Galiffe's hypothesis as at least eminently curious, we challenged attention to it on reviewing his work; and it affords us pleasure to insert these sensible remarks of our anonymous correspondent. Not only letters, but history may be deeply indebted to philological researches of this nature.—Ed.

after him two or three miles, till he secured himself by crossing some ice. This chase was famous fun for our jolly tars, and enlivened their spirits when below Zero.

We omitted the notice of one very material fact in our last; a fact, which may be considered the most important of any ascertained, in so far as relates to the prosecution of future inquiries in these seas. Throughout the year, the wind blows almost constantly, either from the North, or from Northern points of the compass. And as soon as the sun begins to produce an effect, a radiation of heat from the land ensues, which by the height of summer, July and August, becomes very powerful and active. The result of these two operations of nature, is the loosening and release of the ice on the Northern coasts; and its consequent driving towards the South. Thus, instead of the southern sides of bays, straits, and seas, where navigators would plausibly look for channels of open water (under the supposition that they would be most likely to be found in the milder latitude), it actually happens, that the openings exist on the northern sides, where the radiation of heat, aided by the prevailing north winds, detaches the frozen mass from the shore, and blowing it off, leaves a passage between the ice and the land. On their return up Lancaster's Sound, the expedition reaped the benefit of this discovery, sailing on the north-side while the south was completely blocked up. Vessels hereafter sent to explore the arctic regions will, of course, be guided with reference to this principle; and thus, we doubt not, be enabled to reach more distant points, if not to achieve the famed North-West passage. It has been suggested, that as Cook could not enter Behring's Straits, no other navigators could issue thence; and therefore, that though the Polar Sea was attained from Baffin's Bay, that sea must be the limit of the utmost voyage. For the above reasons, we are inclined to question this theory, and especially as Hearne and Mackenzie both speak of open sea on the northern coast of America, to which, supposing the Prince Regent's Inlet of Parry to lead, there will then be no impediment to a passage into the Pacific except in Behring's Straits themselves; and we see no reason for thinking that these, following the same rules as Lancaster's Sound, may not be as practicable as that Sound, has been ascertained to be, though till now held to be impossible.

We have not many other particulars to state. Captain Parry, when out from the ships for three weeks, went entirely across Melville Island, and beheld the sea on the other side. It is evident, that the icy ocean here contains a mighty archipelago of islands, of which Greenland is probably the greatest. When travelling on land, our gallant countrymen hunted, and rested in tents like those of hucksters at a village fair. They were formed of boarding pikes, &c. and covered with sails and blankets. Sometimes they tried to eat the produce of their guns; but the foxes were very disgusting, and the musk-ox\* resembled the toughest beef stewed

in a musk sauce. The cause of the foxes being so much more distasteful than we have been told they are about Spitzbergen is, we presume, the want of that abundance of food from the seal, morse, &c. which their species finds in the latter country.

During their perbation, the Aurora Borealis was but once or twice slightly visible to the voyagers towards the north. Towards the south it was more vivid; but about the latitude of 60°, seems to be the seat of this phenomenon; and its appearance is not only much more brilliant from Newfoundland, but from the northern Scottish Isles, than from the Arctic Circle. Only one flash of lightning was observed by our sailors.

When the fine weather set in, several of the officers employed themselves in attempting to garden. Forcing under mats, as well as growing in the free air, was tried. One succeeded in getting peas to shoot up 8 or 10 inches; and these green stalks were the only green peas they devoured as vegetables. Radishes got to the second leaf on the soil of Melville Island. Onions and leeks refused to grow. In the ships small salad was produced for invalids; happily, the scurvy never got the ascendancy.

Other officers were engaged in erecting monuments upon the heights to commemorate the extraordinary circumstances of the expedition. Huge cairns, by these means, crown the most obvious hills, and remain the rude but proud monuments of British daring, with inscriptions to tell the date, and inclosing bottles, in which the principal events of the voyage are written and sealed up.

It was on their way home, when far down Davis's Straits, that Captain Parry fell in with two families of Esquimaux, of whose residence he was apprized by a whaler. He accordingly visited them, and they in turn visited the ships. They betrayed none of the terror which filled the tribe seen by Captain Ross; but accepted the beads and knives presented to them with inconceivable joy. Indeed their raptures were so excessive, that it was with the utmost difficulty one of them could be made to sit still while his portrait was sketched. He was continually starting and jumping up, shouting *ugh! ough!* and playing off the most violent contortions of joy; which were participated by his comrades, when they witnessed the picture. Several of the officers accompanied Captain Parry to their huts, where they saw their women and children. The former, instructed by their husbands, who had learnt it from the sailors on their visit to the ships the day before, ran out and shook hands with the strangers. There was one pretty looking girl of twelve or thirteen years of age. The children were horribly frightened, and roared lustily in spite of beads and toys. The whole number of natives was about twenty. They had probably seen or heard of Europeans before. No arms were observed among them; but one of the little boys had a miniature bow and arrow, which showed their acquaintance with this weapon. The skins of the animals they had killed seemed to be pierced with arrows as well as spears.

Taking leave of them about the end of the

first week in September, the expedition steered homeward. The ships were separated by a tempest, and the Griper waited seven days for the Hecla at the rendezvous in Shetland; but the latter suffered so much damage, as to be compelled to steer directly for Leth. They are now both at Deptford.

We hear that a vessel fit for the service has already gone into dock, to be made ready for another voyage of discovery next season.

Editori:

Medicinis peritis.

Salutem.

In ultima Britannorum expeditione adversus *Pindaros*, fertur milites quosdam agrotos, (ex agnine sub ductu *Sir T. Hills*) incidisse in remedium *versu Aërolis* maxime efficax, et quasi specificum, *papaveris Indici*\* grana. Anne species descripta, anne remedium universale, anne narratio ex omni parte vera? Tui observantissimus,

X. Y.

#### LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

*The freedom of the press!*—This invaluable blessing is not only theoretically advocated, but practically illustrated, by the generality of our newspapers. Take an example. The Literary Gazette of last Saturday contained some original accounts of the Arctic Expedition, and of Lord Byron's Tragedy, which have since occupied the pages of almost every print in the metropolis, and, as far as we have seen, in the country. We made no boast of the diligence or means through which we procured such articles, but it will readily be suggested to the public mind, that our work could hardly be furnished with its weekly contents without very considerable exertions in every way. It is therefore somewhat illiberal in journals, appearing only a few hours later, to transcribe into their pages, without acknowledgment, and as *their own*, what has cost us no small pains and expence to obtain. It is almost a scandal to a paper like Bell's Sunday Messenger, for instance, to introduce its copy of our northern communication with "desirous to supply as much intelligence as we could obtain on the subject of this interesting expedition, *see* *hate*," &c. and its transcript of our account of Faleri, with "the tragedy about to be published by Lord Byron naturally excites a degree of expectation and curiosity commensurate with the fame of the author; and we have endeavoured in some measure to gratify this feeling;" and "with this view, referring to several works, we found that Sismondi," &c. Now all these assertions are essentially falsehoods; for it was not Mr. Bell's *Wre*, but *see* of the Literary Gazette, who supplied the intelligence and endeavoured to gratify the public feeling, and waded through many volumes to accomplish that wish. Yet Mr. Bell's *we* wear a black patch on their foreheads, to distinguish themselves from pilferers and imitators; and they have complained lustily against frauds and

\* Qu. Jujubes!—Ed.

\* We have tasted a morsel of this *carion*: it is abominable.—Ed.

impositions of this sort. It was natural, therefore, to expect more just behaviour in them, than in the Observer, whose avowed principle is, get where and how you can, *per fas aut nefas*; or the Herald, which robs us even of our Wine and Walnuts, without allowing us our desert, though these papers were announced as book copyright intended for separate publication; or, indeed, most of the other periodical prints, which on their modest faces entitle themselves to all our dearest labours, though at no trouble beyond sending one of their devils, and six-pence halfpenny (trade price), to our office No. 362, in the Strand. This is part of the *freedom* of the press, which we call on our contemporaries to abridge. The editorial *We*, though convenient and extensive in its peculiar circle, does not of right belong to a congeries of circles; and we protest against being *see-ed* out after this fashion. Especially, as we have some opinion of his honesty, do we call on Mr. Bell, as he values his Sunday reputation, to abstain from these unconfessed sins and trespasses against us; otherwise he will stain his black-browed honours, and seem no better than other knaves, who make the liberty of the press consist in a constant breach of the eighth, and an everlasting oblivion of the tenth commandment (not to mention the fourth, upon the direct contravention of which our sabbath-breaking brethren live and fatten).

#### CURIOUS MANUSCRIPTS IN THE IMPERIAL LIBRARY AT VIENNA.

I have visited, (says a traveller), the Imperial Library at Vienna, where I have seen many curious manuscripts, for instance:

1. *Senatus Consultus de Bacchanalibus* coerced. An ordinance of the police, on a metal plate, relative to the prohibition of the Bacchanalia, written and hung up in Rome, in the year of the city 567; that is, 186 years before the birth of Christ.

2. The Map of the Itinerary of Theodosius the Great, on parchment; of the fourth century: the whole of the known world is represented upon it, stretched out like a long zone. They had not, at that time, the slightest notion of the true position of countries: the Mediterranean Sea is drawn like a narrow river, and Italy like a thin stripe. The far more correct notions of the Greeks in earlier times were wholly forgotten at this barbarous period.—N. B. Pompeii and Herculaneum are marked on this map.

3. Twenty-six quarto leaves of parchment of the first Book of Moses, adorned with many pictures. Written in large letters, in the Greek language; of the fourth century.

4. Latin fragments of the four Evangelists; of the fourth century.

5. *Herbarium Dioscoridis*, in Greek, on parchment, with coloured plants; of the fifth century. The plants (excepting the want of shade) are well and elegantly designed. The learned Hungarian, Angerius Busbeck, who was internuncio (or envoy) at Constantinople for the Emperor Ferdinand I., brought this book to Vienna in the tenth century.

6. The last five Books of Livy; of the fifth century.

7. Fragments of the Gospel of St. Luke; of the sixth century.

8. An *Horarium*, or Prayer-Book, which formerly belonged to Hildegard, consort of the Emperor Charlemagne, who died A. D. 783. The book is on parchment, with golden letters.

9. A parchment Codex, St. Paul's Epistles to the Romans, with Origen's Paraphrases; copied in the eighth century, by one Windbar, and, as the writer says in some Latin verses, corrected by the Emperor Charlemagne with his own hand. Here therefore I have seen the hand-writing of Charlemagne: if it is really his, he wrote a good hand.

10. Mexican Hieroglyphics, painted in Mexico, upon buck-leather, and presented by Ferdinand Cortez to the Emperor Charles V. These hieroglyphics are now as little understood as those of Egypt. Cortez thought they must be devilish emblems, or magic images. I have obtained an impression of them on copper. Humboldt has brought similar things with him, which he shewed me at Berlin in 1806.

11. An *Evangeliarium*, in golden letters, on parchment, with painted initial letters and five miniature pictures representing the lives of the evangelists, executed in the year 1368, by a priest of the name of John of Silesia. The cover is of wrought silver.

12. Two Prayer-Books of the 15th century, with many miniature paintings: they both belonged to Maria of Burgundy, consort of the Emperor Maximilian I. They were written and painted in Flanders.

The Imperial Library is large and handsome, like a lofty church with pillars. There are innumerable books bound in red morocco. There is a reading-room, but it is very small; nobody is permitted to go into the library, nor can any one take a book home with him.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Sir H. Davy was on Thursday elected president of the Royal Society, vacant by the death of Sir Joseph Banks.

The subject of the English poem for the Chancellor's third gold medal for the ensuing year is "*Evening*."—*Can. Chron.*

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents]

##### IMPROMPTU.

On the congregation who visited St. Paul's with the Queen.

Away, ye democrats! now hide your heads;  
Your tongues 'gainst royalty be rais'd no more;  
Own that it has accomplish'd this great end—  
The sending those to church who never went before.

C. J. R.

Yorkshire, Nov. 21st.

Sir,—My London relation having thought proper to send you my letter, I have enclosed one of his, which you will perhaps think as

much too long as it was found too unreasonable by his country cousin.

London.

This morning I sent by the coach,  
Your basket of various wares,  
And trust that I shall not encroach,  
By enclosing a shawl of your aunt's.  
It was sent to be dy'd a deep blue,  
But could not—you need not say why—  
For the fact is (I only tell you)  
'Twas too old and too shabby to dye.

I have put in some stockings to mend,  
And beg you will net me a purse;  
New wristband the shirts which I send,  
Which for wearing are getting the worse.  
Old Debby has plenty of time—  
You're an excellent giver of hints,  
Of garters I thought all the time,  
When I got the white worsted at Flint's.

All your excellent pickles are done;  
I am glad that the season draws near,  
When you think 'of your dear absent one'  
Who cannot partake of your cheer,  
Except in the shape of goose-pie,  
A turkey, or basket of game;  
And such things as one cannot buy—  
In London scarce known but by name—

Such as thick bottled-corn and spice-cake,  
Your wiae-sours, deliciously fine,  
The sweetmeats they tell me you make:  
Not to mention your gooseberry wine,  
Which Sir Thomas, my intimate friend,  
Protested, again and again,  
(As he begg'd for some more I would send,  
Was superior to any Champagne.)

A pot of such raspberry jam  
As your's, I have sought for in vain;  
And sure such a nice little ham  
I never shall meet with again,  
As that which was sent by your ma:  
Bless me! I had nearly forgot  
To beg you will thank your papa,  
For the couple of wild ducks he shot.

I should like you to get me a dog—  
Perhaps you're a good one to spare;  
You can send it by some stupid log,  
That will bring it scot free; but take care  
That he does not expect a spare bed;  
I will give him a dinner or so—  
I got nothing by harbouring Ned,  
Some two or three winters ago.

There's a man that makes nice walking sticks,  
It is not many miles from your farm;  
I wish you'd ride over and fix  
On one like my uncle's at Yarm.  
And get me a skin nicely dress'd—  
A sheep's, buck or doe's, I don't care,  
For rugs they're decidedly best—  
What I purchase in London soon wear.

For my time I have made you no charge,  
Nor coach-hire for popping about;  
But I'll not on such trifles enlarge—  
You will pay me in some way no doubt.  
Your papa may look out for a horse,  
And consult ma,—I must not pay dear;  
He will think it no trouble, of course,  
Remembering for what you send here.

C. E. A.

Epigram modernized.

To a deep scholar, said his wife,  
"I wish I were a book, my life,  
"On me you then might sometimes look.  
"But I would be the very book,

"You would with greatest pleasure see :  
 "Then, say what volume shall I be?"  
 "An almsack," said he, "my dear ;  
 "You know we change them every year."

### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

LETTERS FROM A DISTINGUISHED PERSON-  
 AGE.—LETTER II.

Sir,—In my last letter I pointed out a few of the distinguishing marks by which my followers will be able, in future, to trace in one another's features and conduct, their mutual relation to me, from their subserviency to its purposes I am supposed to have in view. This I did from no motives of vanity, (though princes can boast of subjects so numerous as those who own my sway) as I am aware that the multitude of my disciples is increased by the influence of silent unostentatious example. But in the present state of society, I have no fear that either reason or ridicule will materially lessen the number of those who act on my principles ; and with just confidence in their leader, they may add confidence to all that reason can urge, ridicule expose, or religion threaten. Besides, the display of preponderating force often supercedes the actual trial of strength ; and though I should not decline the contest, it perhaps the less that is said about the principles of those who oppose me, the better for my cause.

Though, from your intercourse with the world, Mr. Editor, you must have been long convinced, even though the clergy had been silent on my exploits, of the vast influence I possess over the minds and bodies of your race, yet perhaps it never entered into your mind over what immeasurable paces, and by what countless millions, I am adored as a Divinity. Among the followers of Mahomet, and even in Europe, how few are there who conscientiously follow the precepts of the Koran, or the infinitely more important doctrines of the Bible ! How few a comparison of those who bow their heads to my diversified shrines. Although no temples rise in your country in honour of my name, yet even there, never was Divinity so extensively worshipped ; and the number of my followers in the very city of London, as proved to a certainty that the essentials of my worship may be continued from age to age, without the formality of legal establishment, or the sanction of a bench of bishops. Wherever human habitations exist, am venerated and adored in a thousand forms. From India to Iceland,—from America to Europe—my votaries appear in numbers which almost darken conception. My rites are so simple, the duties I exact so accommodating to all that man fancies of pleasure, that in my system there is no need of bridles upon conduct nor restraints upon character. The European worships me in its exclusive pursuit of selfish and temporary interests ; and the Indian "sees me in the whirlwind," and recognises me in the storm. How many myriads daily approach me in the temples of *Fanity*, bow down before me at

the altar of *Ambition*, and confess my power in the receptacles for the enjoyment of unhallowed *Pleasure* ! By millions I am figured and revered as the goddess of *Fortune* ; sought eagerly by crowds in the shape of *Fame* ; and in all the courts of law in the world, I am pictured with balances under the form of *Justice*.

It is very well known that I am the patron of all those who hold opinions which tend to represent man as an automaton, and the world as a machine ; but it is not equally notorious, that I give the chief impulse to those hodies, so numerous in every country, who substitute, by my means, their own morbid feelings for the simple precepts of what you call your Sacred Writings. I to them make melancholy and austerity appear the indubitable marks of devotion ; animal feelings the substitute for reason ; and the dreams of a distempered imagination the test of infallible truth. I prompt the spiritual delirium of those who assert that they are buffeted by me ; and I dictate all those discourses which teach the doctrine (my own doctrine certainly) that faith and feeling are superior to reason and revelation. In one word, bigotry and intolerance are mine, whether they proceed from the establishment that raises the cry of "no popery," or the poor uneducated and blinded catholic, who trusts to the Viceroy of St. Peter for admission into the eternal happiness of an immortal spirit.

But to return from this digression, which may make many of my followers think I am turned monk, or methodist, I may observe, that one of my chief amusements is to preside over the ever-varying fashions of female attire. I taught the fairest part of your creation, when excess had tarnished the roses of their cheeks, to substitute, for the colour of health, artificial roses ; for be it known, that *rouge* was first invented by me, to serve a few particular friends, who were anxious to retain the semblance of health and modesty, when the substance had departed from their cheeks for ever. I, in concert with a few devoted admirers, leaders of the fashions of Paris and London, shortened the petticoat, till it had almost ceased to afford the shade of a fig-leaf ; and it was I (with the best intentions in the world you may presume) who first hinted, in an assembly of ladies, all my special acquaintances, that nature never meant their lovely necks and bosoms, or even any part of their bodies, to be concealed by unnecessary envelopes of silk, muslin, or lace ; and I succeeded in convincing them, and the thousands who have since followed their example, that they might as well shroud their faces in handkerchiefs, as conceal a part of their form upon which nature had lavished so much beauty. So kindly were my hints taken, that, had it not been for the affected modesty of the other sex, and some ill-directed effusions of popular feeling, the ladies might, in spite of the climate, have carried their dress, or rather their undress, the length of complete nudity :

" ————— for loveliness  
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
 But is when undress'd, adorn'd the most."

In concert with a fashionable French dress maker, I invented the gown with artificial bosoms, for ladies who are deficient in these becoming prominences—gave the hint for cushions to assist the shape, for those who required bulk in a lower direction :—and invented a pad which, had it been generally adopted, would have made all the ladies in civilized Europe look as "ladies wish to be who love their lords." In short, all those pieces of dress which make the fair seem other than they really are, and are thus intended to deceive, are the fruit of my ingenuity, and meant to forward my purposes ; and I hope you do not think it illogical in me to conclude, that those who adopt the deception assist me in my views. A plume of feathers at a midnight ball has waved more than one pretty lady into my hands ; and the anxiety to display a new bonnet, Spencer, or pelisse, has thrown thousands of the fair into my arms.

I need scarcely say that I am the inventor of all those delightful and interesting recreations, which my enemies have nicknamed gambling ; that balls, routs, and assemblies, are modes in which my worshippers of a certain class pay their homage at my altars ; and that I am the undisputed patron of all those unprejudiced fair ones, who, freed from the fetters with which virtue and religion have shackled their votaries, have, if your legends were true, ruined their present, and forfeited their future happiness.

The establishment of circulating libraries was also a suggestion of mine ; and the information so liberally doled out to young masters and misses from these magazines of instruction, is quite to my taste. The imagination once inspired by passion, and the heart melted by love (and who would subscribe to a library that was not well stocked with tales of love ?) my business is more than half done. If a Damon want a Phillis, I am not long in finding one to his mind ; and if a disconsolate damsel is seized with a sighing for a favourite knight, I take care she shall not long sigh in vain. In fact, I know of no establishments where the knowledge of good and evil is more speedily and practically acquired.

To conclude, I am the patron of all nurses, tutors, and governesses—those necessary and useful classes of people, who so agreeably relieve parents of the charge of superintending their offspring, and of forming their minds for time and for eternity ; for I look upon the sympathies of kindred as a narrow-minded prejudice, and the relations of life, except in so far as self-interest and pleasure are concerned, as little worthy of rigid observance. By the bye, I am not aware that your antiquaries know that the bear which suckled Romulus was really a woman, but metaphorically called a bear, because she was only his nurse, not his natural mother—though I think I once hinted the circumstance nearly three hundred years ago, to Henry Stephens the printer.

I am, dear sir, yours sincerely,  
 SATAN.

## THE DRAMA.

**DEURY-LANE.**—Pizarro was performed on Monday; Pizarro, Booth; Rolla, Wallack; and Alonzo, Cooper. The popular sentiment which gave color to this melo-drama at its origin, has long since subsided; and its intrinsic qualities are insufficient to support it during more than a very few nights in a season, even should it happen to be admirably cast throughout. In the present instance it was not so. Booth's Pizarro was suited to any booth; though we cannot say, that his playing was at all fair. Wallack's Rolla, lingered in all the early stages, but improved much towards the close; and he went through the impetuous scenes with uncommon fire and spirit. This confirms our opinion, that his forte is not the philosophical of Hamlet, nor the pathetic of any tragic hero; but the wild and fierce, which approaches the confines of Bandit chiefs, and of other parts requiring passionate action and energetic delineation. For these, his physical qualifications peculiarly fit him; and in such he must produce vivid effects. Cooper's Alonzo was of the middling order, like the character.

*Justice, or the Caliph and the Cobler.*—We can hardly do justice to this pseudo-musical drama, brought forth on Tuesday. With enough of interesting incident and situation, and enough of humour and equivoque, to constitute a very capital Entertainment, music, dance, procession, and the spinning out of the dialogue, serve only to stretch it out into the regular drama length of three acts, and mar what would otherwise have been exceedingly amusing. It seems as if a Farce had been put on the manager's bed of Procrustes, and dislocated into a first piece; and truly, the music is so bad that it may well pass for the groans and shrieks of the tortured patient. We think it evident, that these additions do not proceed from the pen of the original author, whoever he may be; for report ascribes the play variously to Mr. C. Dibdin, to Mr. Faucit a provincial manager, and to Mr. Jameson, brother to the gentleman who has written several successful dramatic works. The scene is laid in Bagdad. *Haroun Alraschid*, (Cooper,) in one of his nocturnal rambles, picks up a poor Cobler, called *Kaled*, (Harley,) who is denied his love *Monsel*, (M. Vestris,) by her father *Mustapha*, another Cobler, (Gattie,) because he is a foundling without relations; and also another subject, *Abdallah*, (Wallack,) the son of a quondam rich merchant, *Muley Hamet*, who is now impoverished, the victim of a conspiracy, and imprisoned in prison. It happens, that the conspirators are *Khaled Osmia*, *Kayled Hassan*, (Williams and Bromley), &c.; and that the daughter of the former, *Selimia*, (Miss Kelly,) is the constant love of *Abdallah*. The Caliph, with his vizier *Giaffer*, (Footie,) engages in the affairs of his two protegés, *Kaled* and *Abdallah*. The Cobler, he pretends to raise to high ministerial dignity, which procures him a multitude of relations and presents of great value. The young merchant's business

does not go on with so promising an aspect. *Selimia* robs her father of the bond on which *Muley Hamet* is imprisoned; and though both *Abdallah* and his mother, *Zebudah*, (Mrs. Egerton,) reject the blessing dishonourably obtained, the son is arrested for the theft; and appearances are so unfavourable, that the Caliph condemns him. *Selimia*, however, rushes in and confesses the crime; the conspiracy is unfolded, the worthy rewarded, and the unworthy doomed to punishment. The comic portion is smartly carried on by the Cobler and his connections; and the rejection of the bond by the honest family in their utmost wretchedness is a very good specimen of the pathetic. The trade of *Kaled* furnishes puns from the sole to the uppermost works; but the author has augmented the humour by several grotesque situations, and some very sprightly witticisms of a better order. A scene in which old *Mustapha* measures the new minister for slippers, is highly amusing. The performance was generally good on the first night. Harley was full of fun; and did not more than once or twice play the clown, as in sliding off the Ottoman, and descending to tricks of that sort. Wallack was impressive, and looked a handsome Mussulman. Miss Kelly was superbly dressed, and did the little she had to do admirably; and Mrs. Egerton seconded her exertions, as far as her slight character permitted. Cooper was beyond measure pompous and turgid in his Caliph. His declamation in your King Cambyses vein, was alike to the merry and the sad; and the sepulchral tones in which he addressed the Cobler, were quite absurd. To be sure, he had the iniquity of the clap-traps (with which the Drama was stuffed like plums in a pudding,) to deliver, and he meted them out with becoming formality. M. Vestris had but one scene to act in; and the other characters were of inferior consequence. The piece was altogether well received; and a smart Epilogue, pointedly spoken by Miss Kelly, confirmed the decision agreeably to justice. The scenery is pretty: the songs are miserable.—*es. gr.*

## Chorus of Fishermen.

"Amen! and now our prayers are said,  
Our prophet's blest ablutions made,  
And in the wind our white sails set;  
On board my hearts, and ply the oar,  
Nor fear that heaven will bless our store,  
All will be fish that comes to net."

The only comic song is the following, by *Kaled*.

Two clowns once disagreed,  
A ploughman and a sawyer;  
Both trudg'd away and fee'd,  
Old Sly, the village Lawyer.

Quoth Sly, "Boys up your spirits pluck,  
Here, make your whistles moister,  
You're just in time to take pot luck;  
Suppose we have an oyster."

Toi loi de rol, &c.

Away went law and strife,  
Down sat each gaping catfish;  
Sly takes his oyster knife  
And opens a fine fat Native:

"Behold," quoth Sly, "what Law can do,  
"Twill no injustice foister,  
There's a shell for you, and a shell for you,  
And I will eat the oyster."

Toi loi, &c.

Last night I was attack'd,  
And thump'd by drunken Sadi;  
Says I, how shall I act?  
I'll go and tell the Cadi;  
"I'll seek the house where Justice dwells,  
And trounce the swaggering royster."  
But I thought of Sly and his couple of shells,  
And resolv'd to keep my oyster.

Toi loi de rol, &c.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—The only novelty at this theatre has been the revival of *Catherine and Petruchio*, the principals by Mr. and Mrs. C. Kemble. Their performance challenges praise, but no criticism. The Petruchio is the best we have seen on the stage; resembling in excellence the Rob Roy of Macready. It has all the refined roughness which the assumption of a temper not naturally belonging to the character of the person demands, and is as far removed from habitual vulgarity, as truth and discrimination can possibly dictate. The Catherine is portrayed with equal justice, haughty, rebellious, humbled, and rendered affectionate by feeling the predominance of a master spirit. A Mr. Vandellhoff is announced at this theatre. He is of provincial celebrity, and, we understand, a very powerful actor; rather inclining to draw a coarsely vigorous outline of his parts, than to mark them throughout with nicety of tact.

## FOREIGN DRAMA.

The celebrated Oelenschlaeger, author of several much admired Tragedies, and other works, has just completed a new Tragedy, called *Erich and Abel*, which is expected to be shortly represented on the theatre at Copenhagen. A new Tragedy, called *Ezzelino*, written by Professor Kruse, was performed at Copenhagen on the 20th of November.

There has been a sort of O. P. tumult for several nights at the Paris Theatre Français, in consequence of an augmentation of the admission prices. The journals jested on the subject of the rioters bawling out "*our six sous! our six sous!*" when Joad the grand-priest, and Aher, the brave general of the Jews, were upon the stage; as if such petty coins were known in Jerusalem. The malcontents have however carried the point, and the prices have been reduced to the old standard.

There have also been some theatrical disturbances at Naples: the audience at the Grand Theatre turning *non mente*, their backs on the performers, and conversing together as if in a coffee-house.

## VARIETIES.

The Danish sculptor Thorvaldsen passed through Troppau for Warsaw, (where he is to execute a monument to Prince Schwartzenberg,) while the sovereigns were there, and was graciously noticed by the Emperor Francis. "Thus should desert in arts be crowned."

A letter from Cracow mentions that Catalani was present there at laying the

foundation stone of the monument in honour of Kosciusko, and subscribed half the produce of one of her concerts to this patriotic work.

Captain Freycinet, the French navigator, arrived at Havre on the 13th ult. from Rio Janeiro, whither he went after his wreck. The *Panthere* arrived on the same day at Bordeaux, from the Isle of Bourbon, with a collection of objects in natural history.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—In reply to your correspondent's inquiry relative to the formation of pearls, please to receive the following account.

In the Portland Museum, sold by auction in 1786, was a large and fine specimen of the *Mytilus Plicatus* (Solander), a fresh water shell from China, each valve having a row of six pearls, all furnished with stalks, explaining an artifice made use of by the Chinese, in assisting nature in the formation of pearls, by fastening knobbled wires on the inside of the shell, while the animal was living, which was afterwards replaced in the river or other place it was originally in, and in process of time, coated the wires over with the pearly substance of the shell. This specimen (M. P. 3910) was next in the collection of M. De Calonne, sold in London in 1797, and perhaps is now in the British Museum; but of this I am not certain.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,  
Nov. 27, 1820. A. LINCOLNE.

#### IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

The celebrated French chemist, Mr. Gay-Lussac, is stated to have made a very valuable discovery of a means to render the most inflammable substances combustible without flame and without fire. These bodies are consumed without properly catching fire; or in other words, without feeding or propagating the fire. Muslin prepared after the process of the inventor, has been exposed to the flames, and was consumed without producing even a spark. This discovery, though now first publicly announced, is said not to be of recent date.

*Periodical Literature.*—One of our periodical contemporaries (by the bye we intend, some time or other, giving our readers an account of all the family of Journals, Chronicles, Talismans, Indicators, Honeycombs, Londoners, Dégénérés, Registers, &c. &c. of which the Literary Gazette has been the prolific source,) made us laugh at a genuine triple bill in one of his poetic effusions the other day. After narrating the death of the hero, he thus mentions his widow, who comes to hear a "dull-eared voice."

Poor Mathews' wife, a sweet young village maid!  
The same classic authority tells of a person who "thrust all his fingers into his mouth except his—thumb!"

The French National Almanach for 1821 has an epigraph to this effect—"France is the only country in the world which can claim the honour of having produced a celebrated personage on every day in the year!" What a trait of national character!

In a late Number, we noticed a super-scription so lucky as not to contain one letter of the name of the party to whom it was addressed. The same fate happened to the simple word "*usage*," at a village ale-house, where man and horse were assured of having it good: it was spelt "Yowsiah."

One of the performers of the Paris Académie Royale de Musique, lately absented himself without leave: on being remonstrated with on the folly of such conduct, he replied, "You are quite mistaken; a good musician always knows when to indulge in a fugue."

#### CANNIBALISM.

Mr. Leigh, a Missionary recently returned to England, relates the following story of Cannibalism, which occurred during his residence of six weeks at New Zealand. "One day, while Mr. Leigh was walking on the beach, conversing with a native chief, his attention was arrested by a great number of people on a neighbouring hill. He inquired the cause of such a concourse, and being told that they were roasting a lad, and had assembled to eat him, he immediately proceeded to the place, in order to ascertain the truth of this appalling relation. Being arrived at the village where the people were collected, he asked to see the boy. The natives appeared much agitated at his presence, and particularly at his request, as if conscious of their guilt; and it was only after a very urgent solicitation that they directed him towards a large fire at some distance, where they said he would find him. As he was going to this place he passed by the bloody spot on which the head of this unhappy victim had been cut off; and on approaching the fire, he was not a little startled at the sudden appearance of a savage looking man, of gigantic stature, entirely naked, and armed with an axe. Mr. Leigh, though somewhat intimidated, manifested no symptoms of fear, but boldly demanded to see the lad. The cook, for such was the occupation of this terrific monster, then held him up by his feet. He appeared to be about fourteen years of age, and was about half roasted. Mr. Leigh returned to the village, where he found several hundreds of the natives seated in a circle, with a quantity of coomery (a sort of sweet potatoe) before them, and waiting for the roasted body of the youth. In this company were shewn to him the parents of the child, expecting to share in the horrid feast. After reasoning with them for about half an hour on the inhumanity and wickedness of their conduct, he prevailed on them to give up the boy to be interred, and thus prevented them from consummating the most cruel, unnatural, and diabolical act of which human nature is capable."

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

Barry Cornwall, stimulated, we presume, by the recommendations of most of the critics upon his Dramatic Scenes, Marcian Colonna, &c. to direct his attention to the acting drama, for which his genius seemed to be so well suited, has, we learn with pleasure, finished a Tragedy entitled *Mirandola*, and

presented it for representation at Covent Garden. It would be injurious to say how highly report speaks of it. We hear of following tragedies by distinguished writers; but who will produce us that *rara avis*, a sterling comedy, in these dull times?

We noticed in some remarks on periodical publications in our number 200, the superior manner in which such works as the Monthly Magazines are now edited, to what they formerly were. A better proof of honourable rivalry in this respect can hardly be adduced, than by stating, that a gentleman of Mr. Thomas Campbell's talents and celebrity, has undertaken the editorship of one of these—the New Monthly.

We observe in the Newspapers, that Messrs. Colburn and Co. have reclaimed against a pretended publication of *Fanny Morgan's Italy*, announced by Nicolle and Ladvocat, of Paris. They style it a gross imposition, and affirm that not a page of the MS. has yet left the Lady's hands.

Southey's *Life of Nelson* is among the latest Parisian translations from the English. The French writers call our hero the English Suffren.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

NOVEMBER 1820.

Thursday, 23 — Thermometer from 40 to 47.

Barometer from 29, 87 to 29, 69.

Wind E. b. S. 1.—Generally cloudy till the evening, when it became clear. Raining all the morning.

Rain fallen, 45 of an inch.

Friday, 24 — Thermometer from 22 to 43.

Barometer from 29, 68 to 29, 83.

Wind S. W. 4.—A white frost and fog in the morning, and generally cloudy with a little rain. A fine haze formed round the moon, at 6 o'clock this morning.

Rain fallen, 15 of an inch.

Saturday, 25 — Thermometer from 41 to 49.

Barometer stationary at 29, 76.

Wind S. E. 4.—Generally cloudy; sunshine at times.

Rain fallen, 95 of an inch.

Sunday, 26 — Thermometer from 39 to 52.

Barometer from 29, 94 to 30, 09.

Wind S. b. E. 1.—Clouds generally passing; sunshine at times.

Rain fallen, 15 of an inch.

Monday, 27 — Thermometer from 38 to 50.

Barometer from 30, 09 to 30, 15.

Wind S.b. 4.—Cloudy and clear alternately; the changes very rapid in the evening. The upper part of a halo round the moon, between 5 and 6 in the morning.

Tuesday, 28 — Thermometer from 34 to 47.

Barometer from 30, 25 to 30, 36.

Wind N. E. 1 and 2.—Generally cloudy.

Wednesday, 29 — Thermometer from 35 to 48.

Barometer from 30, 43 to 30, 46.

Wind N. E. 4.—Generally cloudy.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Q. P. is widely mistaken in the gist of the letter he mentions: let him read with but common attention, and he will see that the most moral objects are pursued under an amusing disguise.

Our Paris Letter has not arrived this week.

A pressure of matter compels us to postpone notes on the *Brazils*, Count Gólschki's Letters, and many other articles of various descriptions.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

**I.**  
**NARRATIVE OF THE OPERATIONS AND RECENT DISCOVERIES** within the PYRAMIDS, TEMPLES, TOMBS, AND EXCAVATIONS, in EGYPT AND NUBIA: and of a Journey to the Coast of the Red Sea, in search of the ancient Borealis, and another to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. By G. BELZONI. 4to. with a portrait, 2s. 2s.

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**FORTY-FOUR COLOURED PLATES**, Illustrative of the Researches and Operations of G. BELZONI in EGYPT AND NUBIA. Folio, 6s. 6d. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

*Important Works.*

Recently published by Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London.

**NOVELS AND TALES** of "The Author of Waterley," comprising Waterley, Guy Mannering, the Antiquary, Rob Roy, Tales of my Landlord, First, Second, and Third Series; with a copious Glossary, 12 vols. 8vo. 7s. 4d.

*Ivanhoe*, a Romance; by the Author of Waterley. 8 vols. 12mo. 1s. 10s.

The Poetical Eclogues; or, Ten Conversations on English Poets and Poetry, particularly of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I. By J. Payne Collier, of the Middle Temple. 2 vols. 8vo. 1s. 1s.

*Macbeth* Poems. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. 8vo. 1s.

*History of the Indian Archipelago*, by John Crawford, F. R. S. late British Resident at the Court of the Sultan of Java. 3 vols. 8vo. with thirty-five illustrative Maps and Engravings, 12s. 12s. 6d.

An Account of the Arctic Regions, with a History and Description of the Northern Whale Fishery. By William Scoresby, Jun. F. R. S. E. 2 vols. 8vo. with twenty-four illustrative Engravings, 12s. 2s.

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An Account of the Kingdom of Nepal. By Francis Hamilton, M.D. 4to. with engravings, 2s. 2s.

Sermon, preached in St. John's Chapel, Edinburgh. By Daniel Sandford, D.D. 8vo. 12s.

A Description of the Western Islands of Scotland, including the Isle of Man. By J. Macculloch, M.D. F. L. S. 2 vols. 8vo. with a volume of illustrative Engravings in 4to. 3s. 3s.

Geographical and Statistical Description of Scotland. By James Playfair, D.D. Principal of the United College of St. Andrew. 2 vols. 8vo. with a Map of Scotland, 11s. 4d.

A History of the Reformation in Scotland, with an Introductory Book, and an Appendix. By George Cooke, D.D. Minister of Laurencekirk. Second edition, 3 vols. 8vo. 11s. 11s.

A System of Mineralogy. By Robert Jameson, Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh. Third edition 3 vols. 8vo. with numerous plates, 21s. 16s.

Observations on the Use and Abuse of Mercantile Medicines, in various Diseases. By James Hamilton, Jun. M.D. Professor of Midwifery in the University of Edinburgh. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

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**THE LONDON MAGAZINE**, No. 12, for December, published by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, contains the following Articles:—"The Lion's Head. Table Talk. No. V. On the Pleasure of Painting. Exmouth Wrestling. Osmyn, a Persian Tale, Part I. The Quakers. The Two Hares of Men, Borrowers and Lenders. Our America, viz. Batavia, a Tale of the East. Epistle, in Verse.—Redwald, a Tale of Monks, by Miss Constable.—and Memoirs of Henry Hunt, Esq. Newly discovered Letter on the Mad of Orleans. Traditional Literature, No. I. Letters of Foote, Garrick, &c. Sonnets. On Population. Mr. Godwin's Answer to Mr. Malthus's Essay on this Subject. Sketch of the Progress of Vocal Science in England. No. II. Sonnet.—The Moback Magazine. The Drama, No. XI. Literary and Scientific Intelligence. Historical and Critical Summary of Public Events. Commercial Report. No. the usual Literary and Commercial Information, Tables, &c.

**THE BRITISH REVIEW**, No. XXXII, published on the 1st of December, contains, Art. I. Foster on the Evils of Popular Ignorance, 2. Matthews's Diary of an Invalid, being a Tour in Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, and France, 3. D. Yates's Catechism of the Evidence of Christianity, 4. Crawford's History of the Indian Archipelago, 5. State of the Jews, Twelfth Report of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, 6. Present State of Agriculture, 7. Ozley's Expeditions into the Interior of New South Wales, 8. Lingard's History of England, 9. Lady Russell's Life and Letters, 10. History, Manuscripts, Customs, and Present State of the Monteguin's, &c. &c. London: Printed for Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy; and J. Hatchard and Son; of whom may be procured the thirty-one preceding parts, at 6s. each.

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# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

### ALMANACKS FOR 1821.

Accustomed as we now are, to speak freely what we think on all topics of criticism, we confess that it is with sensations of profound apprehension and dread, that we venture to approach the dangerous subject of this essay and review. We have tried the claims of prose writers, and know the peril of angering them: we have examined the pretensions of poets, and experienced the ruthlessness of their fury: we have told painters our opinions, and felt that they could be deaf as an unattentive canvas: we have given good advice to brother scribes in the periodical line, and incurred the pourings out on our innocent heads, of the full phials of their gigantic and intolerable wrath—yea, we have dared “all this, aye more,” patriotically, disinterestedly, nobly, sublimely, for the public weal; and none can tell so well as we, what it is to suffer for our country, and the age we live in. But virtue is its own reward, (we put it in a parenthesis, our encouragement has been yet more solid and tangible) and, thus stimulated, we are not afraid to render a full and true account of the writings of the most potent necromancers of these days; of the prophets of weather and political events; of those whose power is equal to their foresight, and whose foresight is unbounded by time, though limited by space in their annual lucubrations. Be it ours, sustained as we are, to perform this task fearlessly, like knights of old, who dispelled enchantments by boldly walking up to them, and dispatching dragons and hippogriffs with their sharp swords. We shall then cause the castles to vanish, and disclose to the astounded world such a number of imprisoned spells, secrets, and wonders, that we are sure we shall be placed high above the Arthurs, Guys, and St. Georges of authentic fame; and our readers will allow that for their sakes we have encountered and developed more magic than they could have any notion existed in our enlightened era.

Before commencing this awful undertaking, however, we must clear our consciences, by contritely acknowledging, that we are quite ashamed, and repent of having come on for years endeavouring to inform and instruct our contemporaries, although ourselves ignorant of those prodigious stores of intelligence, an acquaintance with which has prompted us to this labour. That without reading the stars, we presumed to pronounce upon the volumes which we read; that we compiled biographies without casting glances at the basis of all genuine knowledge of individual character; that among

all our parts of speech, we paid no regard to planetary conjunctions; that we criticised pictures without looking to signs; and that in all the wide scope of our science, we never thought of pre-science or a homo-scopo.

How much better we are informed now, the public will discern by a glance at what follows. Nor are we without a fond hope, that while we display the charms of our conjuration erudition, we shall at once convey a mass of unimagined intelligence to our readers, and, happily, infect them with a love of occult literature, which may be of the utmost consequence to them through the whole course of their mundane existence. If Amphispæna-like, we have to turn our heads two ways, to the past as well as to the future year; although it may lengthen our tale, we shall take care to be most pointed on that which is most new-fangled; and, while distilling the ink from our pens, to exercise our black art only on what is harmless and amusing.

Perhaps there are few persons in England aware of the number of tomes annually published to warn the population of these realms of all the stellar influences, meteorological phenomena, and destined events with which the womb of the coming year teems: through these we have urged our puzzled way; and are so full of the status of prophecy from the toil, that we have no hesitation in foretelling the immense quantity of pleasure and instruction that must thence result to the million. But presto, presto!—the almanacks for 1821.

First, of the goodly series published by the Right Worshipful Company of Stationers, “*The Gentleman's Diary*,” or the Mathematical Repository; containing many useful and entertaining Particulars, peculiarly adapted to the ingenious Gentlemen engaged in the delightful study and practice of the Mathematics—the 81st Almanack of this kind,” &c. &c. 48 pages, 2s. 3d. stitched. At the threshold of this polite and scientific work, we stumble on a disastrous piece of news. “The Editor is sorry to record the death of two *Diarians*: Mr. George Simpkin of Tinson, and Mr. Jonathan Haslam of West Houghton. Mr. Simpkin has been a contributor to the *Diaries* and other publications of a similar nature, for more than half a century. He died in the 85th year of his age. Mr. Haslam died at the age of 20, and promised to be a good mathematician *in case he had lived*, and pursued his studies in the mathematics.” After this we have the usual monthly almanack, commencing with “January hath xxxi days,” and terminating with December; in which the red letter days, &c. are noted, together with lunar and solar observations in abundance. This is fol-

lowed by answers to questions critical and philosophical; “*Ænigmatology*,” or poetic answers to the last year's enigmas, charades, and rebuses; and these are succeeded by similar riddles, to be answered in 1822. Mathematical answers and queries conclude the whole. As a sample of these, no doubt, entertaining and important speculations, we may mention, that in the first branch, *new* antiquities are produced every year; and the same page tells us that the Pharos of Dover Castle was built by Julius Cæsar 50 years before the Christian era, and yet that the Multangular building leading to Bootham Bar, in York, is probably the remains of the oldest edifice in England, being erected in the time of Severus, about A. D. 208!! The answers to the enigmas are in a higher tone: the author, for example, gives a prize of so many *Diaries* for the superior puzzle—that of 1820 was a *Shell*; and these are among the solutions:

By *Ignotus*.

Spencer, I find your prize this year  
Is nothing but a *shell*,  
Which if bedeviled with due care,  
‘Tis worse than death—‘tis Hell!

By *Mr. Thomas Baker, Nancaton, near Hinchley*.

Grim Death a wealthy miser met,  
And his commission told;  
Which made the miser sorrow fret,  
And closet all his gold.  
Thou fool! said Death, I will thee tell,  
This evening thou must die;  
Then struck as with a bomb or *shell*,  
The miser thus did cry—  
What shall I do? where shall I run,  
To hide the ill that I have done?  
Good Lord my soul deliver!  
Pooh! said the Devil, shake off all fears;  
Come, go with me, and shed no tears,  
For, thou art mine for ever.

It will surprise our readers to learn, that notwithstanding the poetry and morality of Mr. Baker's batch of lines, and the efforts of some fifty other competitors, the reward of nine *Diaries* was adjudged to the splendid *Ignotus*. *Omne ignotum pro magno*! This miscellany is equally great in natural history. One of the inquiries is why “*Gossamers*” are most abundant on misty mornings—the learned Theban never suspecting that they are not more numerous, but only more visible, in consequence of the mist!

As we have a multifarious business before us, however, we must leave the Gentleman's *Diary*, which we should do with still greater reluctance, were it not in our friend Baker's stile to “Come, go—”

Secondly, to *The Ladies' Diary*, or complete Almanack, &c. containing new improvements in arts and sciences, and many entertaining particulars: designed for the use and diversion of the Fair Sex. This is in form, price, and contents, the counter-



part of the preceding, and has quite as vigorous a course of mathematics for the diversion of the parties aforesaid. *Ex. gr.* (and any of our lady readers may answer them if they please and can). "1. Required the declination of that star at which the angular distance of the pole and zenith (P.S.Z.) is a maximum at the moment the star transits a given almucran in a given latitude?"

"2. Given  $f = \frac{a + bx}{c + dx}$ , to find such values for  $a, b, c, d$ , that  $f \sin x$  may be  $= x$ ."

If these are not poetry, the inquisitive Fair may ride the Ladies' Diary, pages 47 and 48, for a dozen more, equally perplexing. We are sorry to observe that almost all the famous names recorded in this work are masculine. The sacred volume itself is however personified as *Diaria* (the Gentleman's being *Diarina*), and so between them, from year to year, wags the world away, the greatest insignia and riddle of all.

The third is the glorious and immortal *For Stellarum*, &c. &c. with "an hieroglyphic adapted to the Times. By Francis Moore, Physician." But we have at length reached inspired ground, and must end all vaniloquy. And indeed the subject is at present unusually solemn, for the prophecies for 1821 are the first vaticinations of the New Prophet who has been appointed by the Stationers' Worshipful Company to succeed in the gift of prognosis the late worthy seer Mr. Andrews, who had conducted this department for many years, and died a few months ago, full of learned honours. To such a personage it was not easy to find a fit heir; and we do fear, on a careful examination, that the prophet's mantle has not descended on one like unto himself. In short, we think that Moore's Almanack, under its new editor, is far inferior to what Moore's Almanack has lately been. It wants that peculiar brilliancy of style, that sparkling manner in astronomy, that startling manner in astrology, and that blunt, friendly, sagacious manner of putting us on our guard against accidents, the day before or the day after, for which the learned Doctor's predecessor was so deservedly celebrated. And it is really distressing to reflect on the afflicting consequences which must ensue from any want of confidence in the forebodings of this publication. How are Kings to govern, if left in the dark as to the "schemes of the heavens"? How are ministers to conduct affairs, if abandoned by the guidance of Moore on the score of benign and malign aspects? How are farmers to plough or sow, or plant or mow, if they cannot rely on the periods when the weather is to be dry or wet, or fine or frosty? In a word, how can the universe continue to roll on, and men to exist, if any cloud obscures this long-established, much-trusted, and hitherto infallible director of their ways and actions? It is a matter of deep interest, of vital and prevailing concernment; and it is with aggravated grief we are in truth com-

\* A little experience will, no doubt, enable him to approach more near to the original perfection of his work.

peiled to say, that Moore is not what he was. There is a lightness in his writing, appallingly inconsistent with the gravity of his subject; may, there are attempts at puns and witticisms, which no alumnus could warrant, and which can only proceed from the most unfortunate planetary trine over the writer's pen. But the matter is too painful to dwell upon. The following miscellaneous extracts are the most striking. "If parliament men would all make short speeches, they would get through more business and do it better too. I hope those peers and commoners who read my almanack, will take this hint kindly, and set a good example in this respect." p. 11. (Mr. Peter Moore ought to be a pattern, were it only for his name's sake.) "Important news from the East Indies may be expected about this time (July). I wish it may be, that the Hindoos have abandoned their superstitions." (What a fine specimen of amphibology!) The oppositions of Saturn and Jupiter to the Sun this month (October) have their meaning. It is not wise always to speak our thoughts in plain English: *Et erunt disceatantes atq. contraria inter homines, et alteraciones, et dimensiones in fide.* This is a shabby trick in the new Editor, to impose on the ignorant by a bit of Latin which means nothing. His illustrious predecessors would not thus have staked the reputation of their mighty work; and such doings will make the public cry out reproachfully, with Hamlet—

Could you on this faire mountaine leave to feed,  
And batten on this Moore!

The poetry is not so quaintly vigorous as heretofore; but the main, and, indeed, it may be called, *par excellence*, the sole feature of the work, is but queerly delineated—use of course allude to the astronomical predictions, the *schemata celi*, and the portentous hieroglyphic. The two *variable* eclipses of the year, we are given to understand, predicate private designs and petty contrivances, "just as *visible* eclipses betoken great and public actions." As for the Judicium Astrologium for 1821, independent of the picture, which is as usual unintelligible to the uninitiated; it is some consolation to find that in the Brunial Ingress, Venus and Mercury are so nearly connected this year, as to be within half a sign of the House of Relations; that the Sun (*qu. Son?*) and Mars are in the House of Children; Jupiter in the occidental angle of the House of Marriage; and Saturn near the upper door of the House of Death. This, though no promising appearance of the Face of the Heavens, may not do so much mischief as is to be feared, because "happily the malevolent planets are far from the ascendant." Old men, however, must look to themselves, as the position of Saturn bodes them no good; and it would not be at all surprising if, in consequence of his approach to the *Death's door*, a good many aged persons died this year. In the vernal quarter, the deuce and all is threatened from conjunctions of Saturn and Mars, and Jupiter and Saturn, although neutralized in some degree by other conjunctions, of Mars and

Mercury, and Saturn and Mercury. The inhabitants of Britain will be glad to hear, that not they, but Spain, Portugal, the Grand Turk, Persia, and China, are most in danger from these aspects. Of the ostival quarter, the principal evil menaced by the planets, is (bless our stars!) that "some marriage" (the author) suppose, between a rich beauty, and a dandy vagabond, who cares more for her money than for her. In the last quarter, the most remarkable occurrence to be anticipated, that owing to "Mars laying down his spear in the House of Piety," a great number of our guardsmen, and officers, and soldiers belonging to other corps, will take Orders—not general, nor brigade, nor regimental, but (Clerical orders); submit their whisks as heads to the tonsure, and turn parsons! This is a change indeed, which will make our true Church Militant.

The fourth Almanack in the volume, is called *Merlinus Liberatus*, by the renowned and long since deceased John Partridge (who will not now deny the fact, as he did formerly). It is on the Moore plan; and we think we have made a discovery, the inference from which is, that the Stationers' Company themselves are the conjurers who, under those various *nommes de guerre*, and modestly concealing their celestial talents, predict the coming weather for twelve months. If erroneous in this conclusion: if they are not the figures in the Dutch barometers who step out and in, to intimate when it is to be fair and foul, we will swear, from the similarity, that they must be the clock-makers. *Eccce signum*, the weather for January next, is to be as follows.

Francis Moore.

2. Rain or snow now about.
6. Cold weather; perhaps sharp frosts.
14. Cloudy, with rain or sleet.
20. Cold winds may be expected to blow.
25. More fine, towards the end.
30. Frosty.

John Partridge.

2. Rain or snow about this time.
  7. Cold weather. Sharp frosts perhaps.
  15. Cloudy, with rain or sleet.
  20. Cold winds may be expected to blow.
  25. Towards the end more fine.
  31. Frosty.
- Thus, when astrologers do agree, the unanimity is wonderful; Henry Season, the author of *Spectrum Auri* (of whom more anon) coincides to a day and letter with Partridge; so does Rider in his *British Merits* with the sense, but not literally, and the same may be said of Moore Improved. So that those interested, may set their hearts quite at ease about the weather—such a cloud of witnesses cannot be mistaken about mist, rain, or sunshine. It is equally delightful to find that no greater doubts hang over political than over meteorological events. For example, Moore assures us that in July "South America far from quiet, and some parts of the German states much agitated;" and Partridge also predicts for the same month, "South America far from quiet; Germany troubled in some parts; Let the Germans look to it. But our friend Partridge shines most in "Genethliacal Astrology;" for he gives us the radix or nat-

city of the Island of Jamaica most minutely east, and upon his veracity, done by a worthy hand before 1655, when the island was taken by the English!" Thus far (quoth he) the manuscript of my ancestor: let those who question the value of astrology be a predictive science, meditate upon these remarks, written more than 160 years ago, and be silent!" Need we add, that every thing so predicted, has since come to pass: let that will not believe let him, as Lord Peter says, die and be damned.

"The fifth Almanack is "Old Poor Robin, part in prose, part in verse; part narrative, part contemplative; part serious, part comic; the 159th edition."

Come, jolly boys, come! bring a brand for the fire,

And draw your stools closer about;

Now join to the faggot that blazes up higher,

And joy to our liquor so stout;

For here comes Poor Robin! huzza, then, my boys!

More fun and philosophy too!

Contemplative—serious—comic, for noise—

Prose—narrative—verse—that will do.

We dare to say this is a very humorous performance, though it does appear to us to be occasionally filthy, and generally silly.

A topline runs along the 48 pages of which it consists, the moiety of which is as follows. "Sir Robin, your most obedient. How obedient? Not at all. Sir Robert! That is not my name. What then? Sir Robin, or Poor Robin, alas! Poor Sir Bob. The renowned knight of the Burnt Island!" There is also a long story about the Emperor of China, which, as we do not comprehend, we do not chuse to describe.

Almanack the sixth is the *Speculum Anni; or Season on the Seasons*. By Henry Season, licensed Physician, and student in the Celestial Sciences, near Devizes.—The author's eighty-eighth impression," same size and price as all the preceding. Besides predictions as to the weather, this philosopher treats, along his ephemeris, of "the way in which the passions of the human mind influence the disposition of the body;" and the result of his investigation is thus laid down. "In brief, let not young men and women, when disappointed in love, fancy they can possibly mend the matter by hanging and drowning themselves: let not men who are given to rage eat much pork, or indulge in drinking spirits: let not persons during seasons of sorrow have recourse to audanum: and let not those who have been in the habit of indulging unreasonable Periwig-worms themselves to read or listen to the rash of ghost and hobgoblin stories." Mr. Season is indeed not only remarkable for such good advice as we have just copied, *pro bono publico*, but for other extraordinary merits. He prophesies as well as Moore himself, for he does it in the same words. His poetry is perhaps superior to that of any other ephemerist—for instance, he verse for August:

Agricola, with the sober ant, grows wise,  
And at this time his harvest soundly plies;  
His crooked razor shaves the bearded field,  
His barus receive what thus the farms may yield.

The beauty of the whole of this is obvious, and the bold figure in the third line must strike every reader of taste, as a most unrivalled.

But Mr. Season, like Hudibras,

Great on the bench, great on the saddle;  
is as eminent in his medical as in his poetical and prophetic capacity. He tells us, "It is best to cut hair when the moon is in Libra, Sagittarius, Aquarius, or Pisces, increasing in light." Though this be in the opinion of many but a trivial thing to observe, yet most of the *Masters* in astrological physic have thought it, and *proposed it to be of no small moment.*" Mr. Season is moreover learned on the seasons: for example—

Signs of rain—

If in the morning, sky or sun be red,

Or at the night, in clouds he makes his bed;

When sun or moon look pale, or seem too great;

Or lamps and lights do spark, and stones do sweat;

If winds do often change, and frogs are crying;

The bees in haste unto their hives are flying;

When *flout* and flies fall sore begin to bite;

And birds and beasts have greedy appetite;

When *crickets* crack, and peacocks cry amain;

Soon after look for tempest or for rain.

The last prodigious quality we have room to notice in this wonderful genius, is his depth in the *Judicium Astrologium*. It is true that he is like the others on the subject of the planets—*medium celi, inum celi, ingressus, &c. &c.*; but there are some earthly matters peculiarly his own. Thus, in the winter quarter, he says, "Let my readers guard against sudden hemorrhages *a posteriora*, gout, tooth-ache, &c. Let your meats be hot and nourishing; and whenever the weather is dry under foot, and fair over head, procure warmth rather from moderate exercise, than from scorching your skin, and burning your nose over the fire. So at least I advise men in the prime of life: as to old gentlemen, they may often reach the coal-scuttle, and stir the fire, if they are too infirm for other exercise!" He confirms the prediction of the dandy marriage in summer, so that must be true.

It is with great reluctance we quit so admirable a writer; but we must go to the *secenth* and last Almanack of the larger series viz. "ΑΛΛΗ ΟΥΡΑΝΟΣ, the Celestial Atlas. By Robert White, Teacher of the Mathematics; the 72d impression."—And fivepence in price higher than its predecessors. This contains more of astronomy than the others. Among its miscellaneous intelligence is a table of our Sovereigns since the Conquest, thus moralized.

Above you view the rise and fall of kings,  
Whose fate sometimes a useful lesson brings.  
Well if all men could profit from the past!  
Each know his duty, each excel the last.  
And justly execute his stated task.

We have now brought the history of the year's almanacks to the end of that catalogue, evidently produced by the same labours, coinciding in all the tenses, past, present, and future, and printed so as to be bound up together. But these are only portions of the numerous productions of this kind; and

\* Qui Amen?

were it not the dread of being tedious, we must have trebled the length of this article, in affording any thing like a fair view of the whole. As it is, we shall now complete the *coup-d'oeil* in the most concise manner.

The eighth Almanack is "The Clergyman's," with the lessons for every day in the year, instead of the predictions of the others; for though priest and prophet went together in the olden times, the reverse is now the case; and the Clergyman's Almanack does not even venture to foretell the weather for next year. It is full on clerical topics, gives accounts of the clergy in every diocese, of the universities, public schools, &c. It has also a digest of ecclesiastical law, costs 4s. 6d. and is compiled and arranged by Richard Gilbert, accountant to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge.

Rider's British Merlin is the ninth on our list. It is stated to be "compiled for his country's benefit, by Cardanus Rider;" and the cost is only half-a-crown, although the book is further "adorned with many delightful and useful verities, fitting all capacities." One of these verities is a gardener's calendar for every month; others consist of the fixed fairs, and several useful tables. Mr. Rider does not prophesy.

The tenth is called "Moore Improved," as if that were possible! This is from the Chiswick press, and the price 2s. 6d. The second title is "Will's Farmer, and Countryman's Calendar," and this explains its object. It has farmers and gardeners' calendars. Its astrological predictions are in a more modern style than the others which dabble in that sublime art; but the most melancholy and distressing point respecting it is, that, awful to relate, it totally differs from the sage Moore, the wizard Partridge, the sagacious Robin, and the immortal Season, in its meteorological predictions. We are thus thrown into a dreadful dilemma; or more properly, it may be said that our weather is quite unsettled. All we can do is to record the appalling fact, and confess *non nostrum tantus comporre litas*. And what adds to our difficulty is, that these authorities also differ upon politics. Season's *Spec. Anni* affirms, in the most comfortable style, that in September, "All things now broken in the continuance of peace in Britain; our intestine babbling of vain and foolish men cease; all will be tranquillity and plenty;"—whereas, and our hearts bleed to think of it, both old Moore and Will's Moore Improved, flatly contradict this auspicious prognostication. The former states roundly, "Divisions and controversies not yet at an end. Some tumults, some scuffles, great sorrow unto many. I hope there will be no great fire." And the latter declares, that "Discussions and divisions are not yet terminated. It appears as if there would also be some tumults of a popular kind, to the detriment and sorrow of peaceable men." We are really quite alarmed at this coalition of prophetic disaster—for we, alas! are peaceable men. But we must leave the question to the grand expounder of prophecies, Time.

The eleventh almanack is Goldsmith's

calculated by John Goldsmith; and though very small, 2s. 6d. in price. It is a miniature of Moore as to ephemeris and meteorology; ventures on forecasting 365 days' weather; and contains lists of Parliament, public offices, and other useful matter of that description.

The *twelfth* is *Will's* complete Clerical Almanack, a small sized, half-crown publication, with the lessons, and other contents similar to the Clergyman's.

The *London Almanack*, (thirteenth.) is copper plate, on the face of a quarto page of paper, and when folded makes a very tiny tome. It has this year a neat engraving of Southwark bridge, and costs 2s. 6d. Besides the almanack part, lists of the city magistracy, and of holidays, are its chief distinctions.

The "*London and Country Sheet Almanack*," on a large sheet, for counting-houses, &c. 2s. 6d.; and *Wing's Sheet Almanack*, on a similar plan, for 2s. Two *Stationers' Almanacks*, the *Evangelical Almanack*, the *Oxford*, the *Cambridge*, the *Commercial*, *Moon's Western Sheet*, and *Moon's Book*, swell the general list to twenty-three. Eight more, called *County Almanacks*, 2s. each, and adapted to particular districts, make the whole number thirty-one. There are also Scotch and Irish publications of the same kind, such as the *Belfast* and *Aberdeen*; and of all these, immense quantities are annually sold. By the 9th of Queen Anne, stamp duties of a penny were laid on every almanack printed on one side, and 2d. on every other. These duties were doubled by the 30th of Geo. II.; and further imposed by 2d. 4d. 4d. and 3d. successively added by acts of the 21st, 37th, 44th, and 55th of Geo. III.; raising the total to a tax of 15d. on every almanack, and producing a very considerable revenue. It is thus evident, that even for an uncertain peep into futurity we must pay ready money. We have not mentioned pocket-books, which are subject to a similar stamp, and almost as numerically extended as almanacks. But assuredly what might be grudged for the one never could cause a regret for the other: and when we consider that for the small sum of half-a-crown, we are enabled to provide against storm and tumult, moral evil and political convulsion, the malignity of sextile, trine, or trimorion, and in short, to defy the malice of the stars, it must be confessed, that of all the authors of the times, the authors of almanacks are the best entitled to our gratitude and admiration. Nor ought the nation to remain in ignorance of the debt it owes to the worshipful Company of Stationers, which is the prime mover of nearly all these invaluable performances, calculated at once to illustrate our literature, advance our science, and instruct our minds in the most recondite matters.

Perhaps we may have a lurking vanity to be thought worthy of some slight acknowledgment, on account of being the first writers, (except the writers of the acts imposing the stamp duties) who have taken a full and fair view of this interesting subject, and thus put distinctly before the public the

variety and extent of its treasures, which, without epiphonema, we wish our best friends heartily and absolutely to enjoy. Therefore have we written an essay, the celestial type of which is of the finest configuration, and the luminous splendour of which never has, and never can be eclipsed.

*Specimens of a Version of Horace's four Books of Odes.* By F. Wrangham, M.A. F.R.S. Only fifty copies printed.

Presuming this writer to be the Rev. Francis Wrangham, he only gives an additional proof that the writing of good latin verse does not include that of English poetry. The present Specimens are in the eight syllable measure, which Scott had raised into such sudden and short-lived popularity. The present author uses it with sufficient variety and command of language; his ear is not defective, and he is in general an accurate translator. This is much; but it is not enough for the English versifier of Horace. The peculiarities of the Roman Poet, lie in his happy choice of single phrases, in his simplicity, and in his graceful and natural transitions from gaiety to the serious and almost painful feelings with which futurity touched a noble mind among the heathen. Mr. Wrangham does not appear to us to be successful in giving those peculiarities, though he has powers, and time and practice may make him equal to the translation. We take the first poem, as an evidence both of the merits and deficiencies of the work.

#### ODE I.

"Odi profanum vulgus et arceo."

"The vulgar mob my soul disdains."

Here "Profanum vulgus" is not "The vulgar mob;" the "arceo;" an important word is omitted: and after all, we are left in doubt whether it is not "The vulgar mob," that "disdains his soul."

"Carmina non prius audita," is harshly translated, "Strains by tongue now first," &c.

"Regum timendorum in propriis greges."

"Their subjects mighty monarchs sway."

Here the peculiar meaning is lost. The "timendorum" is the chief matter of the line; and it is not "mighty."

"Æqua lege necitas  
Sortitur insignes et imos."

"In Fate's black calendar, alas!  
Promiscuous mingle low and high."

The lofty idea in the original, is here degraded into a Newgate Delivery.

"Omne capax movet urna nomen."

"None, none escape that registry."

The melancholy and religious pomp of the great universal urn, is here turned into a registry:—an expression obviously connected with the lower uses of civil life.

The next passage is favourable to our hopes of the author.

—Him, o'er whose guilty neck the sword  
Suspended hangs, Sicilia's board  
Invites in vain. No reliab he  
Finds in her foods: her minstrelsy  
Vainly wooes sleep. Soft sleep repairs

To the low huts of villagers,  
To rustic bank o'erhung with trees,  
And Tempe fann'd by Zephyr's breeze.

This is all pretty as poetry, but it is still not equal to give the peculiar impression of the original. The epithet of the sword—*districtus*, is important, and is omitted.

"No reliab he finds in her foods," does not adequately give "*elaboratam saporem*," phrase of great force and poetry. "Vainly wooes sleep," "non somnum redudent" this essential word is enfeebled. "Soft sleep repairs," "*Somnus lenis non fastidit*." This is not repairs. The words in *Italian* in the poetry, are obviously superfluous. We need not extend this criticism, for it is plain that the translation must be altogether revised. The attempt is too interesting to be repelled with harshness on our part, even if harshness were a habit of our criticism, which it has never been. But *Horace* is so universal a study, that the slightest failure could not escape observation by the public; and so great a favorite, that a failure would be felt as a peculiar offence to public taste.

#### THE PERRY ANECDOTES.

From this month's publication of this neat little selection, No. XIII, entitled *Fidelity*, and ornamented with an engraved portrait of Lord Hastings, we extract two stories as a specimen.

"*Arare legatee.*—Cardinal Pole and a Venetian gentleman named Aloisio Priuli attracted much notice at Rome for their conformity in manners, reciprocal affection, and delightful sympathy, which continued for a period of twenty-six years without interruption. The cardinal falling ill, and being told by his physicians that he would not recover, made his will, by which he made Priuli his sole heir; but such was the generosity of the Venetian, that he distributed the whole of it among the English kindred of his friend, saying, 'While my friend, the cardinal lived, we strove who should render the greatest benefits to each other; but by dying, he has got the start of me in kindness, in enabling me to do so much good to his relations in England.'"

"*Venetian Honour.*—When the republic of Venice was in the height of its splendour one of the many spies whom the jealous system of that government kept in constant occupation, ran to the state inquisitor, with information that a nobleman of the name of Foscarini had connexions with the French ambassador, and went privately to his house every night at a certain hour. The state inquisitor could not believe that a man so whom he had an intimate personal friendship and on whose honour he had the strongest reliance, could be guilty of such treason to the republic. He set another spy to watch Foscarini's motions, who brought back the same intelligence as the first, adding the description of Foscarini's disguise. Still unwilling to proceed without the most undeniable proof against his friend, the inquisitor put on a mask, and went himself to reconnoitre. His eyes confirmed the report of his informants; and a regard to his duty

rising paramount to all private feelings, he sent publicly for Foscarini the next morning.

"Nothing but a resolute denial of the crime could be extorted from the firm-minded citizen, who, sensible at the same time of the weight of proof against him, prepared for that punishment which he knew to be inevitable, and submitted to the fate which his friend was obliged to inflict, no less than imprisonment in a dungeon for life.

"The people, with whom Foscarini was a great favourite, lamented his fate, but their lamentations were vain. The magistrate who condemned him never recovered the shock; but Foscarini was heard of no more, till an old lady died forty years after in Paris; who, in her last confession, revealed that when she resided at Venice, as companion to the French ambassador's lady, she was visited by a nobleman of Venice, whose name she never knew. Thus was Foscarini lost, dying a martyr to love and tenderness for female reputation."

#### BELZONI ON ROYPT AND NUBIA. (Continued.)

Our preceding notice of this work reached Assouan with the traveller, on the 24th of August. At Assouan, are situated the prodigious quarries of granite, whence the ancient Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans, drew the principal materials for their architectural designs. Here there is a fine view of the first cataract. Proceeding up the river, Mr. B. arrived on the 29th at El Kalahe, a village remarkable, however, for a temple like those of Tentyra, Philæ, and Edfu, all, according to the author's opinion, belonging to the later times of the Ptolemies. On the banks hereabouts, are many Greek tombstones and inscriptions; and hence, all the way to Seboua, (two days' voyage) the ruins of antiquity are visible along the whole course of the Nile. By the 6th of September, the boat made Deir, the capital of Lower Nubia, and the farthest point to which old Norden pursued his journey. Messrs. Leigh and Smelt, in our time, got as far as Ibrim, a little higher up; but Mr. B. outstripped them all, and pushed on from Ibrim to the second cataract.

The writer's intercourse with Hassan Cacheff, at Deir, is characteristic of official manners in Nubia, and we quote a portion of the narrative.

"The first question he put to me was, if I had any coffee. I replied we had a little on board for our own use, but that he was welcome to half of it. He next asked for soap, and I made the same reply. Then he inquired if we had any tobacco. I told him we had but a few pipes, and we would smoke it together; with which he was exceedingly pleased. The next question was, if I had any powder. To which I answered, that I had very little, and could not spare any. At this he laughed, and put his hand on my shoulder, saying, "You are English, and can make powder wherever you go." I was glad that he thought so, and deemed it prudent to leave him with this impression; but I told him I did not come there either to make powder or to waste any. By this time

my Janizary had brought me some tobacco from on board; so we began to smoke; and coffee of gryanad was served; but, notwithstanding this, he said my sailors would not advance any farther, for they were afraid to go into the upper country. I told him, that if he gave me a letter to his brother Osseyn, we should be out of any danger. I then showed him the letter of 'Callil Bey at Esne to his brother: on which he observed, that this letter did not mention where I was going. Perceiving that the affair was likely to proceed very dilatorily, I frankly told him, if he meant to let me pursue my journey, I would make him a very handsome present of a fine looking-glass, some soap, and some coffee; on the contrary, if I were to return, he would lose all, and incur the displeasure of the Bey of Esne besides. His reply was, "We will talk of this to-morrow." So I returned to our boat without any positive answer.

"Early in the morning I went to him again. When he asked me for the looking-glass, I replied, that it was ready, if he gave me the letter to his brother at Farra, which at last he did. Previous to our departure from Cairo, I took occasion to obtain all the information possible concerning the country of Nubia, from the natives who came to that city with dates and charcoal; and from them I learned, that a looking-glass and a few Venetian beads would be equal there to silver plate and pearls. Accordingly we took a good stock with us, though I was not certain of entering Nubia. The looking-glass I gave the Cacheff was twelve inches long and ten broad, and was the largest the people there had ever seen. It made a great impression on them. Many, who never came down as far as Assouan, had not seen a looking-glass before, and it astonished them greatly. The Cacheff was never tired of admiring his bear-like face; and all his attendants behind him strove to get a peep at their own chocolate beauty, laughing, and much pleased with it. The Cacheff gave it, not without fear, to one of them, with a strict charge to be careful not to break it.—On my way to our boat I met a very old man, who knew Baram Cacheff, the tyrant of Deir in the time of Norden. He said, that Baram died in his bed, but all his descendants were slain by the Mamelukes; and that he was a boy when Baram died."

From Ibrim to the second cataract, the passage is represented as very difficult.

"I cannot (says Belzoni) omit mentioning the hard labour the barbarian boatmen had on this occasion. They were continually in the water; and though good swimmers, they had great trouble in wading against the current to pull the rope from under the trees, which cover the banks of the Nile in such a manner, that it is impossible to track it along the shore. They are a people living very hardy, and eat any thing in the world. They chew the rock salt, or natron, mixed with tobacco, putting the mixture between the front teeth and the lower lip. The natron is found in several parts of Egypt, and is one of their articles of trade. The Laplanders are said to be very filthy in their food, and I am sure

these people are not unlike them in that respect. When we killed a sheep, I had sometimes the pleasure of seeing the entrails opened, pieces of which, dipped once into the water, were eaten by them raw. The head and feet, with the skin, wool, hoofs, and all, were put into a pot, which is never washed, to be half-boiled, when they drank the broth, and devoured the rest."

On his way, he saw the temples at Ysambul, the great one of which he afterwards opened; and thus describes the natives in its vicinity:

"I perceived a group of people assembled under a grove of trees, who, when I came near them, seemed to be somewhat surprised at the sudden arrival of a stranger. Having desired to see Osseyn Cacheff, for some time I received no answer; but at last was told, that he who sat there was Daoud Cacheff, his son. I saw a man about fifty years of age, clad in a light blue gown, with a white rag on his head as a turban, seated on a ragged mat, on the ground, a long sword and a gun by his side, with about twenty men surrounding him, who were well armed with swords, spears, and shields. A younger brother of much inferior rank and dignity, was among them, who behaved very roughly towards me. Some had garments, others had none, and they all together formed a ragged assembly, by no means of much encouraging aspect. These people have no other employment, than to gather the imposts of their master from the poorer sort of natives. The Cacheff himself has nothing to do but to go from one place to another to receive his revenue; and in every place to which he goes he has a house and a wife. He is absolute master to do what he pleases: there is no law to restrain him; and the life of a man here is not considered of so much worth as that of a cat among us. If he have not what he wants, he takes it wherever he can find it: if refused, he uses force; if resisted, the opponent is murdered: and thus the Cacheff lives."

At this place the value of money was utterly unknown, and barter was the only means of commerce. A very curious consequence of this is related as Belzoni was clearing away the accumulation of sand to obtain admittance to the temple.

"The Cacheff, with his attendants, came to see how we were proceeding, and gave me to understand, that he intended dining with me. I told him I was very glad of his company, but had nothing except boiled rice, unless he would order his people to kill a sheep

• It seems, however, to be a contradiction to say that the natives are unacquainted with the value of money, and yet represent them as so eager to obtain the treasures which they suppose are concealed in the temples. The real fact, we believe, is, that they know the value of money well enough, but would rather be paid in produce or manufactures, in exchange for which they can always procure what they want, while it is not every one who has goods to dispose of that will do so for coin, the country being without a circulating medium, and the coin therefore only available in dealings with strange traders. Soap and tobacco are the great articles in request.—Ed.

for us, which I would gladly pay for. They consulted about who could afford to part with a sheep, and receive piastres in payment, and at last the order was given to an old man, who had five, which was a greater number than any body else possessed. When the sheep was brought to us, the difficulty was to fix the price of it. Being the first ever sold for money in that place, to put a high price on it would have increased the value of sheep in general, and consequently would have been against the interest of the Cacheff; for when he receives his revenue in these animals, he sets them at a very low price, that he may have the more given him. To estimate it at a low price would be worse, for it would be against them all in the exchange of sheep for *dhourra* with the other villages. Finding it a dangerous point to decide, it was at length resolved, that no price at all should be put upon the sheep, but that the man should make me a present of it, and I should give any thing I pleased in return. To prevent any standard being established from what I gave the man, I paid him in soap, tobacco, and salt."

From Ybsambal, after making some arrangements, they ascended to Eshke, Alo-anoris, and Debrons, in a district called Angosh or Sukay, and thence, to Wady Halfa, the last territory below the second cataract. The description of this spot is well worth extracting.

"About nine in the morning we made to the shore, as near as possible to the last cultivated land on the left, which is Wady Halfa. A few of the natives came to see us, whom I requested to bring some asses, that we might ride to the cataract, a request they complied with without any difficulty. Mrs. Belzoni and myself (the Janizary and interpreter advancing before us) proceeded as far as the day would permit us, so as to return in proper time to the bark at night. We had many views of the cataract, and in different directions. I mounted one of the rocks, to have a distant view of the deserts; and as far as I could see it is a flat country, except a few rocks that project here and there, particularly at the river's side, but they are of small dimensions. Towards the desert we saw several wild antelopes, which kept at a great distance from us. As the Nile was high, the current had not so great a fall, as when it is low; but I believe the cataract is not navigable at any time of the year. The rock forming this cataract differs from that of the first, for here is no granite, but a kind of black marble quite as hard. Some say it is black granite, but I cannot consider it as such: the grain of it is too coarse, and not so compact as that of granite.

"We returned to the bark after sunset, and immediately crossed to the island Ma-nary, where we arrived at dusk. We saw fires and people at a distance; but when we arrived we could not find any one. Their huts were left with all they had, which consisted only of dry dates, and a kind of paste made of the same, which they kept in large vases of clay baked in the sun, and covered with baskets made of palm-leaves. A baking-

stone and a mat to sleep on were the whole of their furniture. They had pots and leathern bags to bring water from the Nile to their lands. Their settlement consisted of four men and seven women, with two or three children. They have no communication with the main land, except when the water is low, for at any other time the current, being immediately under the cataract, is so rapid, as to render it impossible to ford it; and boats never go to these islands, seldom passing farther than Wady Halfa. They are poor but happy: knowing nothing of the enticing luxuries of the world, and resting content with what Providence supplies as the reward of their industry. There are a few sheep and goats, which furnish them with milk all the year round; and the few spots of land they have are well cultivated, producing a little *dhourra*, which forms their yearly stock of provision. The wool they spin into yarn; wind the threads round little stones, and thus suspend them to a long stick fixed in an horizontal position between two trees, to form a warp; and by passing another thread alternately between these, fabricate a kind of coarse cloth, with which they cover the lower part of their bodies.

"I visited along with the Reis the whole of the rock, which is about an eighth of a mile in length, and half as much in breadth. It was quite late when we found this poor but truly happy people. They had lighted a fire to make their bread, and it was this fire which directed us to that quarter. They were all hidden in a hole under some ruins of an old castle, which stands on the south side of the island; and when we approached them, the women set up a loud scream through fear. Our Reis, who was a native of the lower part of Nubia, could talk their language, and pacified them: yet, notwithstanding this, we could not entice more than one man out of the place. Their fear was owing to some depredations committed by the robbers of Wady Halfa a few years before, who, at low water, forded over to the island, and did all the injury that could be done to such people."

Our enterprising adventurer, tried to ascend the cataract in his boat, but was nearly lost in the attempt. But they happily succeeded in reaching the shore; and Mr. B. says:

"We landed, and took our route on foot; Mrs. Belzoni, myself, the interpreter, the Janizary, the two men from the island, and four boys belonging to the bark; carrying with us some provision and water. We proceeded, on the rocks, and over a plain of sand and stones, till we arrived at the rock called Aspi, which is the highest in the neighbourhood of the cataract, and commands a complete view of the falls. The prospect from this spot is magnificent. The several thousand islands you see, of various sizes and forms, with as many different falls of water, running rapidly onward, while counter-currents return with equal velocity, exhibit a diversified appearance truly grand. The blackness of the stones, the green of the trees on the islands, intermixed with the white froth of the water, form a fine picture,

which can scarcely be described or delineated.

"Hence you see the four cultivated islands, which lie on the south, or the most remote part of the cataract. They are named as follows: Nuba, Gaunary, Ducally, and Suckey: on the north side are two others, called Dorge and Tabai. These islands are inhabited by a race of people who may be looked on as living in the most primitive state, for no one ever goes to them, nor do they ever quit their island. They are very few in number—in some of the islands not more than five or six; and they live on the produce of the few spots of ground they find on them, which they continually irrigate with the common machine named *hade*, consisting only of a piece of sheepskin and two sticks, by which they draw up the water. They have also a few sheep; and fabricate a cloth from cotton produced in the islands, in the same manner as they make that of wool.

"On the left of the cataract the soil differs from that on the right. It consists of soft whitish stones and sand. From this spot it may be seen, that the course of the river is for a considerable extent among the rocks; and the summits of two high mountains are to be seen at a great distance. This part is not frequented by travellers; for there is no mode of conveyance, and no inhabitants on that side of the cataract. Boats never venture thither: when the water is low, it is impossible; and, when high, it would require a very strong north wind, to stem the rapid current against you."

From this point, the traveller returned down the Nile; stopped at Ybsambal, and commenced removing the accumulated sand from the temple; but owing to want of time, was obliged to leave the operation incomplete; and in good season got back to Luxor.

*Chev. Johnstone's Memoirs of the Rebellion, in 1746-8, &c. 4to.*

(Concluded.)

In introducing our first notice of this work, we anticipated that ere its conclusion we should have occasion to state what "mislike us" in its execution. Perhaps the offence is rather to our feelings than to our judgment; but we cannot bear to have even prejudices removed with too coarse a hand. The misfortunes and fate of the Stuarts have excited a general sympathy in the minds of men; and as time has worn out the impression of their political offences, pity for their sad destiny has gained strength. Obscure shrouds many of the ambitious efforts to exalt the royal prerogative, while we see as clearly as ever, at the end of the long vista of years that now intervenes, the melancholy pictures of exile, of poverty, of frustrated hopes, and of bloody martyrdom. Misfortune has thrown a tender halo over the memory of this hapless race of monarchs—men not only the mightiest in rank for centuries, but many of them distinguished above their era for refinement of taste, love of literature, and knowledge of science.

—and we lament too sincerely the catastrophes, to censure with bitterness the acts of a line of sovereigns, whose dynasty was founded in grief, ran through a course of anarchy, and terminated in wretchedness." Such, we think, being almost the universal sentiment with regard to the unhappy Stuarts, we consider it bad taste in the editor of these memoirs to bore us so much with his "truth of history," or in other words with disquisitions hostile to the principal personage in his canvas. We agree with those who are of opinion, that Editors ought rather to love than have an aversion to the subjects which they choose to bring before the public: allowances may be made for the partialities of friendship and admiration, but it is as indefensible as irksome, to find the enemies of Pope or Pretender taking upon them to give new editions of their poetical adventures, and carping and condemning all the way they go; as if convincing us perforce of the bard's weakness, would give a relish to his productions; or persuading us that the poor prince was a coward, would add an interest to his perilous escapes. In short, we abhor the system of traducing the dead, under pretence of fairness, and with the choop of *flat justice*.

One example of the perversion caused by his sort of spirit is as good as a thousand. The impartial Chevalier Johnstone and his sturdy Whig Editor, (what have Whigs to do with superintending Jacobite memoirs, orories with histories of the Revolution?) relate that the Battle of Culloden was lost a consequence of Lord George Murray's owing no attention to the Prince's repeated orders to place some troops in an inclosure, which would have prevented that English manoeuvre which proved fatal to the clans. We would think that the natural reflection upon this circumstance would be to denounce the scandalous conduct of the officer who thus, by his disobedience, destroyed the cause in which he was engaged, and brought ruin and desolation on all concerned with him; but no,—all the blame is thrown on the unfortunate Charles Stuart; and we are told—

"It was evident our destruction became inevitable, if the English got possession of the inclosure. The Prince saw this from the mince where he was posted, and sent

\* Robert, the first of the race, died broken hearted, his eldest son being murdered by his uncle, and his successor, James, detained a prisoner in England for 19 years;—accident, assassination, and the scaffold, terminated the lives of the majority of the intermediate kings, the flight of James II. of England, and the slight extinction of the family, bereft of dominion, and subsisting on galling bounty in a foreign land.

† The Pope we allude to is Alexander Pope, a edition of whose works by Mr. Bowles has even risen to a stout literary controversy. Mr. Bowles, like the Editor of Johnstone, has no much to stigmatize his subject—we confess not, to our minds, it is most disagreeable to be so laboriously put out of countenance by the poets or matters treated of; and we cannot reconcile the practice to any principle, either of style or propriety.

his aide-de-camp six or seven times, ordering Lord George to take possession of it. He saw that his orders were not executed; but yet he never quitted his place on the eminence. 'This, however, was a critical moment, when he ought to have displayed the courage of a grenadier, by immediately advancing to put himself at the head of his army, and commanding himself those manoeuvres which he wished to be executed. He would never have experienced disobedience on the part of his subjects, who had exposed their lives and fortunes to establish him on the throne of his ancestors, and who would have shed for him the last drop of their blood."

The common sense of mankind must revolt against reasoning like this; and many will agree with us in believing, that the depending answer of the Prince to the confederates at Ruthven, (see our last Number,) was the result of a feeling, that where he was disobeyed by one Murray, and betrayed by another, any further exertions were hopeless.

Having expressed this opinion, we shall abstain from minute animadversion; and briefly note, that the writer is often mistaken in his distances, and sometimes repeats his descriptions; and that the editor seems to us to wage an absurd war with the author of Waverley; as if that exquisite novel, instead of being a fiction founded on real events, was a regular historical work, tied strictly to facts.

We shall now beg leave to release our readers from controversial remark, and finish our critique with a few extracts. The following anecdote, which occurred on the advance of the rebels into England, affords an odd idea of the state of the country. The Chevalier says—

"One of my serjants, named Dickson, whom I had enlisted from among the prisoners of war at Gladsmair, a young Scotsman, as brave and intrepid as a lion, and very much attached to my interest, informed me, on the 27th, at Preston, that he had been beating up for recruits all day without getting one; and that he was the more chagrined at this, as the other serjants had had better success. He therefore came to ask my permission to get a day's march ahead of the army, by setting out immediately for Manchester, a very considerable town of England, containing 40,000 inhabitants, in order to make sure of some recruits before the arrival of the army. I reproved him sharply for entertaining so wild and extravagant a project, which exposed

\* The Secretary, who was a spy in the pay of the enemy, and divulged every plan to the Duke of Cumberland. It may be worth mentioning, that the private papers of this traitor are still in existence, and would, if published, throw great light on the history of the period. If we have been rightly informed, they are in the possession of his grandson, Mr. Murray, the able manager of, and performer at, the Edinburgh Theatre, to whom they devolved from his father, the late respectable actor at Covent Garden, and son of the Secretary. No family feeling could justly be hurt by the publication of these documents.—Ed.

him to the danger of being taken and hanged, and I ordered him back to his company. Having much confidence in him, I had given him a horse, and entrusted him with my portmanteau, that I might always have it with me. On entering my quarters in the evening, my landlady informed me that my servant had called and taken away my portmanteau and blunderbuss. I immediately bethought myself of his extravagant project, and his situation gave me much uneasiness. But on our arrival at Manchester, on the evening of the following day, the 29th, Dickson brought me about one hundred and eighty recruits, whom he had enlisted for my company.

"He had quitted Preston, in the evening, with his mistress and my drummer; and having marched all night he arrived next morning at Manchester, which is about twenty miles distant from Preston, and immediately began to beat up for recruits for 'the yellow haired ladie.' The populace, at first, did not interrupt him, conceiving our army to be near the town, but as soon as they knew that it would not arrive till the evening, they surrounded him in a tumultuous manner, with the intention of taking him prisoner, alive or dead. Dickson presented his blunderbuss, which was charged with slugs, threatening to blow out the brains of those who first dared to lay hands on himself or the two who accompanied him; and by turning round continually, facing in all directions, and behaving like a lion, he soon enlarged the circle, which a crowd of people had formed round them. Having continued for some time to manoeuvre in this way, those of the inhabitants of Manchester who were attached to the house of Stuart, took arms, and flew to the assistance of Dickson, to rescue him from the fury of the mob; so that he soon had five or six hundred men to aid him, who dispersed the crowd in a very short time. Dickson now triumphed in his turn; and putting himself at the head of his followers, he proudly paraded undisturbed the whole day, with his drummer, enlisting for my company all who offered themselves.

On presenting me with a list of one hundred and eighty recruits, I was agreeably surprised to find that the whole amount of his expenses did not exceed three guineas. This adventure of Dickson gave rise to many a joke, at the expense of the town of Manchester, from the singular circumstance of its having been taken by a serjeant, a drummer, and a girl. This circumstance may serve to show the enthusiastic courage of our army, and the alarm and terror with which the English were seized."

The latter part of the volume contains an account of the author's personal adventures. His escapes in the Highlands, and arrival at Edinburgh, are as romantic and extraordinary, as those of his royal leader; and he amuses us by the anxiety which he continually displays, to ensure, either in his wallet or in his stomach, a sufficiency of provision to last for any days of apprehended scarcity. In this respect he resembles the peck-puddings more than the hardy clans.

men. A salutary dread of the gallows seems also to have haunted him throughout.

"I bitterly (says he in one place) regretted that I did not meet my fate in the battle of Culloden, where I escaped so narrowly, and envied the fate of my comrades, who remained dead on the field of battle. The horrible idea of the hangman, with a knife in his hand, ready to open my body whilst yet alive; to tear out my heart and throw it into the fire, still palpitating,—the punishment inflicted on all those who had the misfortune to be taken and condemned,—always haunted my imagination. I could not get rid of the impression that I should also be taken; and the prospect of perishing in this manner on a scaffold, in presence of a cruel and brutal populace, almost tempted me to abridge my days upon the banks of the stream. My life had become a burden to me." At one time he was rowed across the water by two intrepid girls, when no boatman durst touch an oar for a proscribed wanderer. At another he was sheltered in a singular cave near Wemyss in Fifeshire, of which he gives the annexed description.

"This cavern is one of the most remarkable of the antiquities of Scotland, and, according to tradition, was, in former times, a heathen temple. It is dug under a hill. Its entrance is about five feet high, and three wide; and the foot of the hill is about thirty paces from the sea-shore. It is very high and spacious within, and appears to be of an immense depth. An adventure, which happened in this cavern to King James the Fourth of Scotland, has given celebrity to it. The King, who used to amuse himself in wandering about the country, in different disguises, was overtaken by a violent storm, in a dark night, and obliged to take shelter in the cavern. Having advanced some way in it, he discovered a number of men and women ready to begin to roast a sheep, by way of supper. From their appearance he began to suspect that he had not fallen into the best company; but, as it was too late to retreat, he asked hospitality from them till the tempest was over. They granted it, and invited the King, whom they did not know, to sit down, and take part with them. They were a band of robbers and cut-throats. As soon as they had finished their supper, one of them presented a plate, upon which two daggers were laid in form of a St. Andrew's cross, telling the King, at the same time, that this was the desert, which they always served to strangers; that he must choose one of the daggers, and fight him whom the company should appoint to attack him. The King did not lose his presence of mind, but instantly seized the two daggers, one in each hand, and plunged them into the hearts of the two robbers who were next him; and running full speed to the mouth of the cavern, he escaped from their pursuits through the obscurity of the night. The King ordered the whole of this band of cut-throats to be seized next morning, and they were all hanged."

We cannot follow the writer through all his perils till he reached London; nor will we follow him through his amours in that

capital. Suffice it to say, that he finally got to France, where he died in good old age, leaving this memorial of his early life, which will hand him down to posterity after the recollection of most of his companions has perished.

#### CUSTOMS, &c. OF AMERICAN INDIANS.

We now copy a curious account of savageinery in preparing for a ball.

"As I was once resting in my travels at the house of a trader who lived at some distance from an Indian town, I went in the morning to visit an Indian acquaintance and friend of mine. I found him engaged in plucking out his beard, preparatory to painting himself for a dance which was to take place the ensuing evening. Having finished his head dress, about an hour before sunset, he came up, as he said, to see me, but I and my companions judged that he came to be seen. To my utter astonishment, I saw three different paintings or figures on one and the same face. He had, by his great ingenuity and judgment in laying on and shading the different colours, made his nose appear, when we stood directly in front of him, as if it were very long and narrow, with a round knob at the end, much like the upper part of a pair of tongs. On one cheek there was a red round spot, about the size of an apple, and the other was done, in the same manner, with black. The eye-lids, both the upper and lower ones, were reversed in the colouring. When we viewed him in profile on one side, his nose represented the beak of an eagle, with the bill rounded and brought to a point, precisely as those birds have it, though the mouth was somewhat open. The eye was astonishingly well done, and the head, upon the whole, appeared tolerably well, shewing a great deal of fierceness. When we turned round to the other side, the same nose now resembled the snout of a pike, with the mouth so open, that the teeth could be seen. He seemed much pleased with his execution, and having his looking-glass with him, he contemplated his work, seemingly with great pride and exultation. He asked me how I liked it? I answered that if he had done the work on a piece of board, bark, or any thing else, I should like it very well and often look at it. But, asked he, why not so as it is? Because I cannot see the face that is hidden under these colours, so as to know who it is. Well, he replied, I must go now, and as you cannot know me to-day, I will call to-morrow morning before you leave this place. He did so, and when he came back, he was washed clean again.

"Thus, for a single night's frolic, a whole day is spent in what they call dressing, in which each strives to outdo the other.

"When the men paint their thighs, legs, and breast, they, generally, after laying on a thin shading coat of a darkish colour, and sometimes of a whitish clay, dip their fingers' ends in black or red paint, and drawing it on with their outspread fingers, bring the streaks to a serpentine form. The garments of some of their principal actors are singular, and decorated with such a number of gawags

and trinkets, that it is impossible to give a precise description of them. Neither are they all alike in taste, every one dressing himself according to his fancy, or the custom of the tribe to which he belongs."

It is singular to find the owl among the Chippewas, what the sacred geese were to the Romans. "There are," says our author, some animals which, though they are not considered as invested with power over them, yet are believed to be placed as guardians over their lives; and of course entitled to some notice, and to some tokens of gratitude. Thus, when in the night, an owl is heard sounding its note, or calling to its mate, some person in the camp will rise, and taking some *Glimmican*, or Indian tobacco, will strew it on the fire, thinking that the ascending smoke will reach the bird, and that he will see that they are not unmindful of his services, and of his kindness to them and their ancestors. This custom originated from the following incident, which tradition has handed down to them.

"It happened at one time, when they were engaged in a war with a distant and powerful nation, that a body of their warriors was in the camp, fast asleep, no kind of danger at that moment being apprehended. Suddenly, the great 'Sentinel,' over mankind, the owl, sounded the alarm; all the birds of the species were alert at their posts, all at once calling out, as if saying: 'Up! up! danger! danger!' Obedient to their call, every man jumped up in an instant; when, to their surprise, they found that their enemy was in the very act of surrounding them, and they would all have been killed in their sleep, if the owl had not given them this timely warning."

Talking of their wars: "it is (says Mr. Heckewelder) an awful spectacle to see the Indian warriors return home from a successful expedition, with their prisoners and the scalps taken in battle. It is not unlike the return of a victorious army from the field with the prisoners and colours, taken from the enemy, but the appearance is far more frightful and terrific. The scalps are carried in front, fixed on the end of a thin pole, about five or six inches in length; the prisoners follow, and the warriors advance shouting the dreadful *scalp-yell*, which has been called by some the *death-helloo*, but improperly, for the reasons which I have already mentioned. For every head taken, dead or alive, a separate shout is given. In this yell or whoop there is a mixture of triumph and terror; its elements, if I may so speak, seem to be *glory* and *fear*, so as to express at once the feelings of the shouting warriors, and those with which they have inspired their enemies.

"Different from this yell is the *alarm-whoop*, which is never sounded but when danger is at hand. It is performed in quick succession, much as with us the repeated cry of *Fire! fire!* when the alarm is very great, and lives are known or believed to be in danger. Both this and the *scalp-yell* consist of the sounds *ee* and *ah*, successively uttered, the last more accented, and sounded higher than the first; but in the *scalp-yell*,



this last sound is drawn out at great length, as long indeed, as the breath will hold, and is raised about an octave higher than the former; while in the *alarm-scoop*, it is rapidly struck on as it were, and only a few notes above the other. These yells or whoops are dreadful indeed, and well calculated to strike with terror, those whom long habit has not accustomed to them. It is difficult to describe the impression which the *scalp-yell*, particularly, makes on a person who hears it for the first time."

"Much has been said on the subject of the preliminary cruelties inflicted on prisoners when they enter an Indian village with the conquering warriors. It is certain that this treatment is very severe when a particular revenge is to be exercised, but otherwise, I can say with truth, that in many instances, it is rather a scene of amusement, than a punishment. Much depends on the courage and presence of mind of the prisoner. On entering the village, he is shown a painted post at the distance of from twenty to forty yards, and told to run to it and catch hold of it as quickly as he can. On each side of him stand men, women, and children, with axes, sticks, and other offensive weapons, ready to strike him as he runs, in the same manner as is done in the European armies when soldiers, as it is called, run the gauntlet. If he should be so unlucky as to fall in the way, he will probably be immediately dispatched by some person, longing to avenge the death of some relation or friend slain in battle; but the moment he reaches the goal, he is safe and protected from further insult until his fate is determined.

"If a prisoner in such a situation shows a determined courage; and when bid to run for the painted post, starts at once with all his might and exerts all his strength and agility until he reaches it, he will most commonly escape without much harm, and sometimes without any injury whatever, and on reaching the desired point, he will have the satisfaction to hear his courage and bravery applauded. But woe to the coward who hesitates, or shows any symptoms of fear! He is treated without much mercy, and is happy, at last, if he escapes with his life.

"In the month of April 1782, when I was myself a prisoner at Lower Sandusky, waiting for an opportunity to proceed with a trader to Detroit, I witnessed a scene of this description which fully exemplified what I have above stated. Three American prisoners were one day brought in by fourteen warriors from the garrison of Fort McIntosh. As soon as they had crossed the Sandusky river, to which the village lay adjacent, they were told by the Captain of the party to run as hard as they could to a painted post which was shown to them. The youngest of the three, without a moment's hesitation, immediately started for it, and reached it fortunately without receiving a single blow; the second hesitated for a moment, but recollecting himself, he also ran as fast as he could and likewise reached the post unhurt; but the third, frightened at seeing so many men, women, and children with weapons in

their hands, ready to strike him, kept begging the Captain to spare his life, saying he was a mason, and he would build him a fine large stone house, or do any work for him that he should please. "Run for your life," cried the chief to him, "and don't talk now of building houses!" But the poor fellow still insisted, begging and praying to the Captain, who at last finding his exhortations vain, and fearing the consequences, turned his back upon him, and would not hear him any longer. Our mason now began to run, but received many a hard blow, one of which nearly brought him to the ground, which, if he had fallen, would at once have decided his fate. He, however, reached the goal, not without being sadly bruised, and he was besides, bitterly reproached and scoffed at all round as a vile coward, while the others were hailed as brave men, and received tokens of universal approbation."

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### TERRIBLE ERUPTION OF A VOLCANO.

*Butaria, 15th July.*—M. Baumhauer, Dutch Resident in the Island of Banda, in a letter of the 13th of June, reports that two days before, at half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the famous volcano *Goenong Api*, broke out in so dreadful a manner, that every body who was not obliged by his duty to remain in Neira fled to Great Banda. At two o'clock vast red hot stones were propelled with prodigious force into the air, which, on falling, set fire to every thing combustible in the neighbourhood; while the most violent shocks rapidly succeeded each other, so that the houses, and even the vessels in the roads, were shaken. The smoke and ashes thrown out obscured the whole mountain, and sometimes also the neighbouring Lonthoir. In the evening the shocks became more frequent; the stones were projected to an elevation, calculated to be double that of the mountain, which appeared to be half covered with a sheet of fire. The scene was rendered more awful by the shock of an earthquake which was felt in the evening, and by a terrible tempest, so that the whole population passed the night in the greatest alarm, and at day light all the vessels fled from the roads.

During the whole of the 12th the mountain continued to throw out fire and stones, and the smoke and shower of ashes spread over Neira, Lonthoir, to the middle of the plantation of Bogauw. The nutmeg trees are covered with sand, and the wells which were not closed are brackish and useless. Vegetation is destroyed, the ground covered with grey ashes, and some birds and four-footed animals have perished; a new crater had been opened on the northwest side of the mountain, from which stones were rolled down, estimated to be as large as a house in Banda usually is. The most violent eruption, however, and the most fire, issued from the old crater. According to *Valentin*, the eruption of this mountain, which broke out in 1690, continued for five years; and an old man, whose respectable character

renders his testimony worthy of credit, affirms that it burnt from 1766 till 1775. The inhabitants therefore look forward with great apprehension to the future.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### ORGANIC REMAINS.

"The subjoined extract of a letter from Dr. Tytler, dated the 9th instant, appeared in yesterday's Mirror.

"I forgot whether I mentioned to you, that in my late expedition to Kallinger, I picked up a fossil oyster shell on the summit of a high hill above the village of Bheamow; strange to say, this organic remain was in union with granite and basalt rocks. Along with many other circumstances this proves that these hills were formerly all under water. In the bed of a river near Rusa, I also found the fossil remain of the first joint of a human finger. It is evidently the first phalanx of a finger, and I think the first finger of the right hand, but it is more than twice the size of the joint of an ordinary man; ergo, the person it belonged to must at least have been twelve feet high. These two singular curiosities will shortly be dispatched to the Asiatic Society."—*Cul. Gov. Gaz. March 23.*

## LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### OXFORD, Nov. 4.

Yesterday J. B. Yardie Buller, Esq. of Oriel, was elected Fellow of All Souls' College.

### Nov. 18.

On Monday, the 30th ult. Griffith Richards, Esq. of Queen's College, was admitted Master of Arts.

On Wednesday se'nnight A. J. Mure, Fellow of All Souls' College, was admitted Bachelor in Civil Law.

Thursday following the Degrees were conferred:

**MASTERS OF ARTS.**—Rev. G. Ingram Fisher, and Rev. W. Law Pope, Worcester College; Rev. H. A. Beckwith, New College; R. Hasler, University College; H. Hey Knight, Queen's College; Rev. R. Helme Cooper, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. W. Spencer Whitelocke, Balliol College; H. Barrett Curteis, Christ Church.

**BACHELORS OF ARTS.**—F. R. Thresher, Esq. Queen's College, Grand Compounder; J. Bradford, Pembroke College; J. E. Austen, and J. Broadwood, Exeter College; C. J. Bishop, St. Mary Hall; I. Bridgman, St. Edmund Hall; J. Barnes Bourne, and T. Tonken Hulme, Trinity College; J. Garnett Atkinson, and H. Perceval, Esq. Brasenose College; J. Birkett, Christ Church.

### CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 30.

The following degrees were conferred on Wednesday:—

**HONORARY DOCTOR IN DIVINITY.**—The Hon. and Rev. R. Boyle Bernard, of St. John's college, second son of the Earl of Brandon.



HONORARY MASTER OF ARTS.—Sir Gregory A. Lewis of Christ college.

MASTER OF ARTS.—R. Kennet Dawson, Caius college.

BACHELOR OF ARTS.—E. Hemmings Snood, Bennet college.

Nov. 3, the Rev. R. Stevens, of Trinity college, rector of St James's, Garlick Hithe, was yesterday admitted D. D.

10th. The Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, Master of Trinity college, was on Saturday last elected Vice-Chancellor of this university, for the year ensuing.

On Wednesday last, G. Raymond, Esq. of Trinity Hall, and the Rev. G. Bonner, of Emanuel coll. were admitted Bachelors of Civil Law; and R. E. Hankinson, Esq. of C. C. coll. Bachelor of Arts.

At the second meeting, for the present year, of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, on Monday evening last, several new Members were elected Fellows of the Society. Afterwards a paper was read by the Professor of Mineralogy, Dr. E. D. Clarke, upon a remarkable formation of *Native Aragonite*, in Devonshire. The Professor also communicated to the Society a discovery which he had made respecting the supposed Alabaster Sorors brought by Mr. Belzoni from Upper Egypt; and which he had found to consist of one integral mass of *Aragonite*. The Rev. Mr. Cecil, of Magdalen college, also read a very important paper on the application of hydrogen gas to produce moving force in machinery; giving at the same time a description of an engine for that purpose; which was exhibited to the Society.—*Cam. Chron.*

#### MR. ANGELO MAI'S LATEST DISCOVERIES.

The indefatigable Mr. Mai, now chief librarian of the Vatican, has lately made new discoveries of works hitherto unknown. In a Greek Codex, which contained the Orations of Aristides, he found extracts of Constantine Porphyrogenita, taken from the defective or lost books of Polybius, Diodorus Siculus, Dion Cassius, and other ancient authors. The MS. of these works is of the eleventh century, and very legible. In another Codex of the same Aristides, he found a treatise on Politics; and in a Vatican Codex, the second discourse of Aristides in favour of — Lastly, he has found seven complete books of the Physician Oribasius, only two of which were hitherto known; a Compendium of Eusebius, under the title of "Evangelic Questions," works of a Latin grammarian, and of a Latin orator; a Greek collection, in which there are many parts of the lost books of Philo; some hitherto unpublished works of Greek and Latin fathers, who lived before St. Jerome; and some small works of less importance.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### BRITISH GALLERY.

As of our readers as feel an interest in the promotion of the Fine Arts, may remember illustrious portraits, that formed the

last exhibition at the British Gallery; and that on the closing of that highly interesting display of talent, it was noticed, that certain of the finest specimens of Vandeyck and Rubens, were, by the liberality of the king and the noble directors, suffered to remain as examples for the students in the school of painting which they have established.

The term for these studies is now passed, and the ingenious labours of the students, amounting (from a hasty calculation) to nearly one hundred and fifty copies and studies, in oil, miniature, on ivory, and other modes of graphic imitation, were submitted on Saturday last, to the patrons of the Institution, a select number of amateurs, and others, the friends of the parties.

The leading subjects of attraction, and consequently those from which the studies have most generally been made, are portraits of the family of Charles the First. The same Sovereign on the white horse; the Sons of the Duke of Buckingham, and the Earl of Strafford; the Countess of Bedford, the Countess of Devonshire, the Countess of Leicester, and the Countess of Sunderland; all pictures of the highest class, from the imimitable pencil of Vandeyck. The splendid portraits, little more than busts, of Rubens and his wife, have also had a number of imitators. A few other pictures of celebrity comprise the whole collection.

For the greater part of these inestimable specimens, the students are indebted to the munificence of his Majesty, who contributed one-third to the whole collection that was exhibited in the summer season. The Earl of Egremont, with a liberality that is worthy of the true British nobleman, has followed this illustrious example, by depriving his own collection of the portraits of the four Countesses and the Earl of Strafford; invaluable treasures of art.

It cannot fail to be regretted, that so few professors of established reputation have appeared in the *Painting Gallery*; for, with the exception of Messrs. Jackson, R. R. Reinagle the younger, A. Robertson, and Leslie; the others are principally students, whose names are not yet recognized in the memory of the public; although, judging from what they have here produced, it may safely be inferred, that some will attain to eminence and due distinction.

Whatever obligations are owing to the honourable directors of this Institution from the artists, and others who regard the general interests of art, for their zeal in what they have begun, as the foundation of a school of painting; yet much is to be done for the ultimate attainment of so desirable a national object.

It is to be hoped, that a better and more commodious arrangement will be made for the students, as it is painful to behold them crowded together as they were, reduced to their *seats end*, to steal a glance at the picture they were imitating; some so placed, as to obtain only an occasional peep, at an almost telegraphic distance, through a long vista of living heads, at the graphic resemblance of the captivating queen Henrietta, or the lovely graces of the Countesses Devonshire,

Bedford, and Sunderland. Yet with these disadvantages, some pleasing copies and spirited studies have been produced; enough to satisfy the connoisseur, that the same exemplars contemplated under circumstances of due advantage, would be imitated by the same ingenious pencil with admirable fidelity.

Mr. Jackson's practice may be added as an instance of the benefit which the students would derive from the example of superior talent being more frequently mixed in the artistical groups at the Gallery. It would teach the management of the *palette*, and communicate to the intelligent artist the prime feature of art, the catching of the spirit and intention of the prototype. It must be admitted, this painter has a facility beyond his competitors; and it is due to his liberality to mention, that his kind hints and spontaneous superintendence, excited the emulation of the surrounding students. Indeed, such is the energy of his pencil, that he dashed in, with something like the inspiration of Rembrandt, in only two short mornings, a masterly copy of that illustrious painter's portrait by himself. Mr. Jackson's study of the head of Rubens has equal merit, being imitated with the transparency and richness of the original; the lower part of the head particularly, has all the fire of Rubens.

Mr. Reinagle, whose exuberant genius has taken flight to all the regions of art, and extracted sweets from every flower, has also made a study of this head, attentively observing those qualities in the style that he can best apply to his own practice.

Mr. Robertson, distinguished for his superior taste in miniature painting, has made an essay of his talent for oil, in two related copies of Vandeyck's Countess of Bedford, and Countess of Devonshire; the figures in a whole length scale of about twenty inches. These are spirited in touch and delicate in expression; and although the result of much study from the executive difficulties, incompatible with the management of so new a material, yet assume the appearance of being painted with great facility. The draperies, which are exquisitely wrought in the originals, are copied with felicity.

The cultivation of the talent promised in these first attempts, in a series of colour pictures of living beauties painted in the same feeling, would in no small degree augment the reputation of this esteemed artist.

A copy of Vandeyck's Earl of Strafford, a half length in armour by Mrs. Ainsley, could not fail to attract notice, having much of the tone and general effect of the picture. In the original works of this lady, it is not uncommon to discover an energy of style beyond the usual attributes bestowed upon the pencil in the hand of the fair.

We shall probably add to these last sketches, a few observations on the efforts of the students, in our next number.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondence.]

A FARWELL.

Yes,—I will join the world again,  
And mingle with the crowd;

And though my mirth may be but pain,  
My laughter wilderment of brain,  
At least it shall be loud!

'Tis true, to bend before the shrine  
Of heartless revelry,  
Is slavery to a soul like mine;  
Yet better thus in chains to pine,  
'Than ever crouch to thee!

Aye, better far to steep the soul  
In pleasure's sparkling tide;  
Bid joy's unholty sounds control,  
The maddening thoughts that o'er it roll,  
'Than wither 'neath thy pride.

Yet I have lov'd thee—ah, how well!  
But words are wild and weak;  
The depth of that perishing spell,  
I dare not trust my tongue to tell,  
And *averts* may never speak!

The stubborn pride, none else might rein,  
Hath stoop'd to love and thee;  
But as the pine upon the plain,  
Bent by the blast, springs up again,  
So shall it fare with me.

Still whilst I darkly sojourn here,  
Spite of each rain endeavour,  
Thy name through many a future year,  
Will be the knell to my lonely ear,  
Of bliss, gone by for ever!

Though thou hast wrapt me in a cloud,  
Naught now may e'er dispel,  
In silentness my wrongs I'll shroud,  
And love, reproach, pain, passion, crowd  
Into one word—FAREWELL!

'Tis done—the 'task of soul' is taught;  
At length I've burst the spell,  
Which round my heart so firmly wrought,  
'Tetter'd each lovelier nobler thought,  
And now **FAREWELL—FAREWELL!**  
C. R. S.

## TO SUSPENSE.

I'll-hoding hands! how oft thy fiery breath  
Hath stirr'd the storm of passion in my soul;  
Until the waves of thought spurn'd all con-  
troul,

And swell'd to a fierce Phlegmion! Beneath  
The vasty cope of yon eternal sky,

What hath the power to wither the deep heart  
Like thy swift gathering torture? Where the  
start.

Can match the brain-bewildering agony  
Thy presence doth create? My lot through life,  
Demon of dark uncertainty, hath been,  
To have sweet feelings maddened into strife  
By thy bliss-blighting influence; and each  
scene

Of beauty shadowed by thy wing accurst;—  
When shall I baffle thy fangs?—my heart be  
still, or burst!

C. R. S.

## TO BERNARD BARTON.

On the publication of his last Poem, "A Day in  
Autumn.

Though I am wedded to far other love,  
And far severer, than the musc requires;  
Friend—I rejoice in Feeling's every pore,  
At the pure fame of thy devout desires.  
Some Bards have kindled their too brilliant fires,  
At the gross altar, and unhalloved hearth;  
Thou hast been joined to more exalted choirs,  
And, uninspired to sing our second birth,  
Hast poured the ointment of thy praise upon  
the joys of earth.

London. X.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## LETTERS FROM PARIS.—No. V.

Paris, Nov. 26th, 1820.

(The French Journals, continued.)

At present, the *Journal des Debats*, is far from possessing the authority and influence which it enjoyed under its title of *Journal de l'Empire*; but it is still regarded as an oracle in the northern courts. The *Austrian Observer*, and other journals of that class, merely echo the sentiments of the *Journal des Debats*, for no public print is more favorable to existing power. Among the proprietors of this journal, the two brothers, Bertin and M. Laborie, are distinguished. All three incurred the hatred of Buonaparte; a circumstance, which in itself is almost a title to the esteem of every honest person; for Buonaparte always hated those who refused to place themselves among his dependents. One of the brothers Bertin, was even confined in the temple, and subsequently banished by Napoleon; the other brother became Secretary-general of Police, on the downfall of the imperial throne. Unfortunately, he exercised the functions of that post during the most furious period of the regime of the *Ultras*; and consequently, when M. Decazes introduced a milder system of police, M. Bertin was dismissed. M. Laborie, another proprietor of the *Journal des Debats*, was secretary to Talleyrand; since the restoration he also exercised important functions; but he has proved himself a strenuous royalist. He is an extremely active man, and was once at the head of a great paper manufactory. One of his friends wishing to converse with him on some urgent business, and finding him always hurried and ready to fly out of doors whenever he began to speak, one day exclaimed in a fit of passion, "How is this, M. Laborie, are you determined to be always *Papyrus Cursor*?" I shall say but little of the other persons connected with the *Journal des Debats*. Since the death of the Abbé Geoffroy, there are but two abbés among the conductors of this paper; namely, the Abbé Mutin, and the Abbé Feletz, both of whom threw aside their ecclesiastical garb during the revolution; though from *esprit de corps*, they now labour with all their might to revive the period when Abbés were held in veneration. The articles on foreign politics in the *Journal des Debats*, are written, and occasionally fabricated, by M. Malte-Brun, who is a man of talent, a skillful geographer, but a curious politician. After being banished from Denmark, at the period of the revolution, because he defended democracy, he became the champion of the odious imperial despotism at Paris. From this extremity he fell into another; namely, he has become an ultra-royalist, and though a Dane and a Protestant, he writes in favour of the pretensions of the old nobility and the Catholic clergy. He and Bertin manage almost all the political part of the journal; but, I believe, the Abbé Mutin and a bookseller, named Nicolle, also occasionally write an

article. The *Journal des Debats*, is more over anxious to lead the fashion in literature; though it shews quite as much intolerance in that as in religion, and would fain persuade the public that there is no safety except in its own literary, political, and moral principles. It must, however, be confessed, that the *Journal des Debats*, now and then, contains interesting literary articles, which are partly furnished by the Abbé Feletz, whom I have already mentioned; and who is a man of some wit, though a gossipier; and by Hoffman, a dramatic poet, who is also a well informed man.

The *Gazette de France*, is the oldest journal in France, and, I believe I may add, in Europe; for it takes its date from the middle of the 17th century. For a long period France possessed no other public paper. It is rather curious, that the spirit of this journal has scarcely ever varied; for now, as well as formerly, it regards Court news as the object of greatest importance. The *Gazette de France*, gives a faithful account of the motions of every Prince in Europe; the fêtes and ceremonies that take place in the chateaux of the nobility, never fail to excite its admiration, and it gives detailed descriptions of them. But in this respect, it is certainly less prolix than the London journals, which invariably describe the dress of every lady who attends a court party. One of the conductors of the *Gazette*, named Lourdoux, accepted the post of Censor, and the *Gazette* accordingly pronounced several eulogiums on the Censorship; the Editor was, however, some time ago, condemned to pay a fine for an offence against the law of Censorship; and since then, the Censors have not been deemed quite so praise-worthy. The *Quotidien*, does not, like the *Gazette*, crouch before Princes, Dukes, and all who possess power; ultra-royalism is the idol of the *Quotidien*. It moreover assumes a degree of piety, which gives it the appearance of being written for, and by the clergy. It will readily be supposed, that it condemns all improvements brought about by the revolution; and that the old regime is its model of perfection.

The *Journal de Paris*, which, as its name denotes, is especially intended for the inhabitants of Paris, is at present a ministerial paper; but it would appear, that the ministry have not been very generous in rewarding the zeal of this journal.

The *Drapeau Blanc*, somewhat resembles your *New Times*. M. Martainville, was only known as the author of a few farces, performed at the minor theatres of Paris, until he was seized with enthusiasm for the cause of the ultra-royalists.

Since the re-establishment of the Censorship, the constitutional system (equivalent to your opposition) has been defended but by two journals, the *Constitutionnel* and the *Courier Français*; the former has great influence over that part of the nation which is opposed to the *Ultras*. But the conductors, though men of talent, are old partizans of Buonaparte, and are consequently suspected liberals. They are continually pronouncing pompous eulogies on the army of Buonaparte.

and its exploits; and they consider the military profession the finest of all professions. In this respect, the *Constitutionnel* is diametrically opposite to the most of your independent journals, which appear to seize every opportunity of opposing military authority. Such a system of abuse would appear anti-patriotic to our liberals, who fall into the opposite error. The conductors of the *Constitutionnel*, M. M. Etienne, Jay, and Tissot, were the Coryphæi of the Imperial Police. Their conversion, it must be confessed, is too sudden to be depended on, and there is every reason to suspect, that they are liberals only because they can be nothing else. It is unfortunate for France, that the good cause \* is not defended by men who possess purer principles, and who are more respected in society. Jouy, another partizan of Buonaparte, is one of the editors of the *Courier Français*, which, however, has not a very high circulation. Benjamin Constant also writes for the last mentioned paper; and he at first declared, that he would not write a line which should be submitted to the Committee of Censorship; but with all his talent, the conduct of Benjamin Constant, has always been contradictory.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

LETTERS FROM A DISTINGUISHED PERSON.—AGE.—LETTER III.

"What! can the Devil speak truth?"  
Shakespeare.

Sir.—The business of this letter is,—now since what is called the *Great Drama* is finished, and the wars which have desolated Europe for the last twenty-five years, are at an end, to call upon those who chronicle events for the benefit of future ages, to do justice in their narratives to the part I have acted in this great drama. History is often, and not without reason, believed to give but a partial view of human affairs, and false representations of human character; and your race are sometimes magnified to divinities, or degraded to devils, for actions in which, were the truth known, they possessed little the merit or demerit, farther than as instruments in carrying my purposes into effect. How sadly has historical truth been violated, and its unity totally destroyed, by those mortals who have presumed to detail transactions in which I was the prime mover, without giving me even that honour which the clergy have unanimously agreed to concede—namely, the credit of those actions in which the ties of morality and religion are disregarded. History, in short, is a tissue of unconnected and improbable facts, without my agency being allowed and understood; but, viewed in its proper light, how simple and consistent are all the various scenes that have taken place on the earth's surface, and how consonant to all those principles, which regulate what you are pleased to denominate true philosophy!

If the mind, which plans and directs, be superior to the more corporeal force which executes;—if the showman, not the pup-

pets, have the merit of the movements, I trust it is scarcely necessary for me to say more to justify my pretensions in claiming the chief share in all the great transactions which in the course of centuries, have rendered this man a hero or that a patriot;—which have ended in conducting one man to a crown and honour, or another to a halter and disgrace, as circumstances suited; for the end, not the means, is the test of actions; and farther than this, the janglings of philosophers are but a play upon words.

With this key to the actions of men, it is impossible for those who read history to fail in tracing the workings of my hand, from the first fall of man from duty, down to the present convulsions which again threaten to disturb the repose of Europe. All whom evil passions guide, who have ceased to regard the good of their fellow-men in the prosecution of their own selfish objects; or (to use language more agreeable to the ears of my followers) all whom ambition animates, pleasure seduces, or for whom power has charms; whether that ambition, that pleasure, that power involves the happiness of one or of millions, are allowed by your divines to be under my immediate controul; and, of course, I, not they, if history is to be the vehicle of truth, ought to have the merit of the actions to which my disciples have owed their temporary celebrity. With the soul-less few who "do to others as they would have others do to them," and whose names are rarely found in any record higher than the stone which marks the termination of earthly hopes and fears, I profess to have nothing to do. As history forgets them, so let them be forgotten.

Look to the records of the ancient world, and you will recognize me in the omens and prodigies which often directed the counsels of Greece and Rome. I was then, as now, worshipped at the shrines of Bacchus and Venus, revered in the temples of Apollo and Minerva, and the fate of nations often hung upon my responses from the oracle of Delphi. I overthrew the liberties of Greece by my sway over Philip of Macedon, and conquered the world by the agency of his son Alexander. At Pharsalia I procured the extinction of Roman freedom; I planned the conspiracy which planted the dagger of Brutus in the bosom of the first Cæsar; and Brutus himself, as historians record, met me and his fate at Philippi. The celebrated triumvirate, so fatal to Roman independence, were merely my instruments. Cicero was slain at my instigation, to please the wife of Mark Antony; and Antony himself, and the bewitching Cleopatra, fell, when they could no longer serve my purposes. It was at my suggestion that Augustus "waded through slaughter to a throne;" and the succession of emperors (for I was never niggard of titles to my friends) who afterwards graced the imperial purple, have always, with scarcely one exception, been held as acting under my controul.

The dark ages which followed, and all the blood, and treasure, and human happiness, which centuries saw wasted in the decline and fall of the Roman empire, can be attributed to my procurement alone; and in the

crusades which powers called christian, afterwards termed and accounted so holy; I what purpose were they undertaken, what end did they serve, if not to extend misery and bloodshed in which I am mid-delight? More modern times affect to prize the credulity and ignorance which led to the expeditions; but what can they say of the own battles and their thousands slain; how can they be explained to the moralist the christian, otherwise than as victims human depravity immolated on my altars the altars of ambition, and vain-glory, a pride! If war, in its most civilized form ever had, or can be proved to have, any other result than to increase the amount of human misery, and add to the sum of human wretchedness, let my agency be distrusted and let the annals of Europe for the last hundred years be reckoned as fabled narrations.

The reformation of religion demonstrates my ascendancy in the councils of the inflexible father of the christian church; for I can deny, that the immediate cause that change of opinions was owing to the discreet sale of indulgencies,—a plan of expiating human guilt, and supporting the expenditure of the clergy, of which I dare not my enemies to rob me of the merit. The consequences of that event, the persecution, the cruelties, the burnings, could only have their source in my suggestions; and all to show with what deference I am listened to in assemblies of christian ministers, armed with the power of torture and of death. Europeans affect to look with horror on the savage nations who sacrifice human beings to my shrine; but how many christian processions, even in Britain, have had the same termination! And what can be conceived more consonant to my wishes than the not the impalements, or, to sum up all, as *on the day* of the catholic church of the present day?

The French revolution, it will scarcely be disputed, took its rise from a state of manners introduced and supported by me. When higher orders of society forget their duty to their God and to themselves, it is not wonderful that the lower classes should cease to regard them with respect. Luxury of principles may begin, as it usually does the court, but it soon descends to the country; and when there is no fear of a power which I tremble to say it is all accessible, can any brief, and infinitely less authority, make up for the deficiency? So it is in France; and it shall not be my fault, if it is not soon so in Britain.

The wars which followed were either incited, if not planned in all their details by me; and I appeal to the state papers of state policy of all the sovereigns of Europe for the truth of my assertion. Few of the first declarations of war down to the present from Moscow, it is not difficult to trace my preponderating influence over them, which appeared to make murder and war and conquest, if the words please, the chief purpose of a race of beings to term themselves rational, and who were admirably formed for peace and happiness.

\* Our Correspondent is, it appears, one of the Liberals.—ED.

That momentous retreat gave me no less pleasure than it did the opponents of France. Such a congregated mass of human misery has been seldom equalled; and I am not aware that, since the flood, I have witnessed any thing similar:

They ran and cried out—Death!  
Hell heard the sound, and back resounded—  
Death!

I trust, sir, I have said enough to convince even the most sceptical, of my universal agency in the affairs of mortals; and enough to secure my name the chief place in historical records, by every one who aims at the character of an impartial historian. I have, in fine, furnished a connecting link, which will render consistent actions formerly considered anomalous and improbable, and which will save future philosophers and future chroniclers much trouble in attempting to reconcile human motives to human actions, which never can be satisfactorily reconciled without the belief in my agency.

Finally, let the ladies recollect, that when in their parties scandal is the subject, or cards the amusement, I am present by myself or substitutes; that they never can have a *tête-à-tête* or an assignation with a dear friend, without my participation and knowledge; and that she who oversteps in the slightest degree the bounds of matron decorum or virgin modesty, has run into a snare, from which all the prudence of female heads, and all the purity of female hearts, rarely effect an honourable escape. I mention this not to deter my fair readers from those innocent amusements which kill time so agreeably; but the fact is, so many of the fairest forms and unsuspecting minds, swayed by fashions which they only despise, crowd to enter the lists of error, that, however contrary it may seem to my character, I almost pity the delusion which, for the fleeting and fevered enjoyment of a few moments, leads—finally and invariably leads—to those “regions of sorrow, and doleful shades,” (too well known, alas! to me)—

Where peace and rest can never dwell!

One word more, (as my friend Dr. Round-bottom says) and I have done. I trust that he clergy, who are in general so vociferous against me, will in talking of me in future, peak of me as it becomes one gentleman to peak of another. Vulgar abuse ill suits the dignity of their profession, or the importance of my character. Pray what would be their say if there were not, or if there never had been, a Devil. Not less than twenty thousand of them in this country eat their bread illicitly through my means; and if I were once fairly disposed of, it is demonstrable that there could be no farther occasion for tithes. I now I have a good many friends even among the clergy; and in the hope of their still increasing in number, I forbear saying any thing harsh: but let them look to it, for we are or fall together.

I am, sir, your most humble servant,  
and sincere friend,  
SATAN.

#### THE SULTANA VALIDE, MOTHER OF THE PRESENT SULTAN.

Our readers know that nothing is more difficult than to penetrate the mysteries of the seraglio of the Grand Signor. Some remarkable particulars have, however, lately transpired respecting the Sultana Valide, who died not long since. She was of a French family, born at Martinique. Her parents sent her to France at the age of fourteen, on board a merchantman of Marseilles. After passing the Straits of Gibraltar, the vessel was attacked and captured by a pirate, which took the crew and passengers as slaves to Algiers. The beautiful Creole was purchased by a merchant, who carried his valuable acquisition to Smyrna. Meantime news was received in France of the loss of this interesting young person: a relation who filled one of the highest posts in the department of the marine, and who was in high favour with the prime minister the Duc de Choiseul, discovered, after many inquiries, the place where Aline was held in slavery. The minister then commissioned the French consul to offer a considerable sum to ransom the handsome slave, and to restore her to the arms of a mother, who was inconsolable for her loss. The Armenian, satisfied with the ransom, was ready to accept the sum, and the consul already announced the happy result of his zeal and his negotiation, when Aline, from a caprice which her friends were very far from expecting, rendered all the measures useless which they had taken to procure her liberty. It is well known that the negroes, like all ignorant and superstitious people, have great faith in divination and fortune-telling. An old negress, a sybil respected by the blacks, and, it is said, in no little credit with the whites, had predicted to the charming Creole, that she would one day become one of the greatest princesses in the world. Aline recollecting this flattering prophecy, which her looking-glass farther confirmed, resolved to follow all the chances which destiny seemed to prepare for her. It was in vain that solicitations were employed, that remonstrances were lavished, to make her renounce a resolution which could not but appear extravagant: the hope of a crown triumphed over all the considerations that were suggested to her, and Aline re-embarked in slavery, which was to be for her the way to a throne.

The event soon justified her brilliant hopes. A rich and ambitious Turk, struck with her graces determined to purchase her and present her to the Sultan, who very soon noticed the young Odalisque. From the favour of the handkerchief to the honours of the favourite Sultana, the interval was not long; and the birth of a prince whom she gave to the Ottoman empire, in 1784, raised to the highest pitch the power of the Sultana Valide. From that time she enjoyed in the seraglio an ascendancy which she retained till her death, and the influence of which has gloriously extended beyond the tomb, in the person of her son, the reigning Sultan.

Several Frenchmen attached to the embassy of Count Choiseul Gouffier, were ac-

quainted with the origin and the power of Aline; her relations were apprised of her exalted destiny: but the auspicious etiquette of the seraglio always prevented every communication. The grandeur of the Sultana Valide did not change the affection of her family for this interesting branch of it; the memory of Aline has been perpetuated in it; a young person, beautiful as the first Aline, modest as herself, bears this romantic name—without aspiring however to the honours of the seraglio.

#### THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN, *The Warlock of the Glen*.—An after-piece under this title was produced on Saturday: it is from the pen of Mr. Walker, author of *Wallace*; and on Wednesday this youthful poet, yet in his teens, furnished the whole entertainments of the evening at Covent Garden Theatre—a fact in itself sufficiently remarkable to merit a record in our pages. With regard to the *Warlock*, it is of the melo-dramatic cast; and of its genus, one of the most palatable things we have seen. Without any feature of novelty, its familiar materials are well put together; the action proceeds rapidly and directly, and the mixture of serious and sportive, villainous and virtuous, is calculated to amuse the mind from the commencement to the catastrophe. A wicked chieftain has, (he supposes) murdered his brother; and, usurping his honours, aims at the death of his infant nephew the real heir, and a union with his mother. In this design he is defeated by a vassal fisherman, and the *Warlock*, who turns out to be the true Lord saved from assassination. Some of the passages bear a stronger resemblance to scenes already on the stage, than a more experienced author would have dared to venture; but Mr. Walker appears to have gone on fearlessly, if not consciously; and his entire simplicity has secured his success. Yet the part where the *Warlock* issues from his cave upon the lady, child, and countryman, is similar to Octavian in the *Mountaineers*; and the attempted murder of the child is equally conformable in its lineaments to the *Babes in the Wood*: the fisherman is quite another *Walter*. The piece was exceedingly well received, and is indeed interesting, while the Scotch dresses, dances, &c. infuse a liveliness into it which is not its least recommendation. Mrs. Faucit performed the distracted mother with extraordinary effect; Mr. Abbott enchanted the audience as the *Warlock*; Farley (bating a most barbarous attempt at the Scottish dialect) gave a fine rough picture of rude feeling in the fisherman; Blanchard, his son-in-law, showed that there is no part he cannot do something with; and Miss Beaumont was a handsome highland lassie.

Mr. Vandenhoff is announced for *Lea* this evening. We are informed that he is engaged for three months, after which he goes to the Haymarket.

Twelfth Night continues to delight crowded houses. On Saturday, Yates took

part of Sir Toby, the Emery, indisposed. He lapsed into Falstaff in every scene, and walked, talked, and looked, as if he had weighed thirty stone.

On Thursday, the Slave was revived at Covent Garden, and Macready's powerful genius was finely relieved by the sweet tones of Miss Tree, who sang exquisitely in Miss Stephens's part.

On the same evening Julius Cæsar was well got up at Drury Lane: Wallack played Brutus in better style than any character he has yet sustained, and exceedingly raised our opinion of his capacity. Booth was Kean *alter et idem*, in Cassius, and acquitted himself ably. Cooper performed Antony in a very respectable manner; and upon the whole, this striking historical representation was cast in a way superior to our expectations.

Mr. Braham makes his debut to-night as Guy Mannering; and the public will delight in the re-appearance of so admirable a vocalist.

#### FOREIGN DRAMA.

The raising of the prices of admission at the Theatre Français was nightly the subject of a thousand jokes, and the audience laughed heartily at the manager's expense. The price to the pit was raised six sous. A few evenings ago one of the audience rose, and exclaimed with a loud voice: "Gentlemen of the orchestra, pray give us a little musical supplement for our six sous." Upon which another person called out that the combined force of the orchestra could not afford a sufficient compensation. The theatre resounded with laughter; and on this occasion, at least, the audience had no reason to regret the additional charge.

On Saturday last, during the performance of *les Déhors Trompeurs*, all the most favourite actors and actresses were received with loud hisses. *Faure* at length appeared, and a general tumult marked his entrance:—one of the audience exclaimed:—"Gentlemen, you are in the wrong, *Faure* is not one of the Committee." Immediately cries of "*Vive Faure, qui n'est pas du comité!*" were repeated on every side, and the hissing was changed to applause. This not a little astonished poor *Faure*, who is not much accustomed to such a reception.

#### VARIETIES.

**Education**—The Rev. Dr. Waugh, a worthy presbyterian minister, was enlarging the other night at a public Sunday School meeting, on the blessings of education; and turning to his native country, Scotland, for proof, told his auditors the following anecdote: At a board day at the Penitentiary at Milbank, the food of the prisoners was discussed, and it was proposed to give Scotch broth, thrice a week. Some of the governors were not aware what sort of soup the barley made, and desired to taste a specimen before they sanctioned the measure. One of the officers

was accordingly directed to go to the ward and bring a Scotchwoman, competent to the culinary task, to perform it in the kitchen. After long delay, the board fancying the broth was being made all the while, the fellow returned and told their Honours, that *there was no Scotchwoman in the house!*

**Anecdote**—The artist of a country sign tortured himself in vain to form a representation of St. George and the Dragon; he then tried to make a Nag's Head of it, but succeeded only in producing an uncouth unintelligible damb. Being poet as well as painter, however, he was happier in the motto which he affixed:

What this sign means no man can tell;  
But it means that here's good ale to sell.

**Bell's Messenger**, having made the *amende honorable* to the *Literary Gazette* last Sunday, we rescind our censure, and readmit its privilege to wear the Serjeant's coat on its head by way of distinction, as heretofore.

One of the Paris papers asserts it to be a well ascertained fact, that the celebrated iron *masque* was made of *black velvet*.

Le Vicomte Chateaubriand, so well known to the literary circles, has been appointed French Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the court of Prussia.

**Gout**—Many remedies have been proposed and tried for the gout; but a native of Belgium now asserts that he has discovered, in Roman history, the only real cure for that most painful disorder. This new benefactor of humanity observes, that Hannibal, when crossing the Alps, made use of vinegar to melt the rocks; and that the gout being an accumulation of calcareous substances, vinegar, applied to the part affected, must also dissolve them. The only question therefore is, whether the anecdote of the vinegar be not a mere fable; and if all gouty patients are not cured now, *l'ivy* is alone to blame.

**Gymnastics**—There is to be established in Paris an institution for gymnastic education, to be called the *Gymnase civil normal*. The pupils of all the royal colleges will be admitted gratuitously to this establishment, which is to be under the superintendence of M. Anoros. The Gymnasium will also receive the pupils of other public schools, whose parents may think proper to send them.

**Anecdote of the late General Kosciuszko**—This beautifully turned compliment is taken from a Polish journal: a higher eulogy could hardly be pronounced on the hero of the tale: "Kosciuszko once wished to send some bottles of good wine to a clergyman at Solothurn; and as he hesitated to send them by his servant lest he should smuggle a part, he gave the commission to a young man of the name of Zeltner, and desired him to take the horse which he himself usually rode. On his return young Zeltner said that he never would ride his horse again, unless he gave him his purse at the same time. Kosciuszko asking what he meant, he answered,

"As soon as a poor man to the stable off his hat and asks for charity, the horse immediately stands still, and won't stir if something is given to the petitioner; and I had no money about me. I was obliged to make believe to give something, in order to satisfy the horse!"

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. Malthus's Principles of Political Economy have been translated into French by Mr. F. S. Constanco.

M. Pouqueville, late consul-general in France with Ali Pasha of Janina, has now presented the first four volumes of his "*Voyage dans la Grèce*" to the Duc de Nemours.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

NOVEMBER 1820.

Thursday, 30 — Thermometer from 22 to 24. Barometer from 30, 41 to 30, 42.

Wind N. 4; and N. W. 4. — Cloudy all the evening, when it became clear.

DECEMBER 1820.

Friday, 1 — Thermometer from 29 to 31. Barometer from 30, 31 to 30, 32.

Wind N. E. and W. 4. — Generally cloudy.

Saturday, 2 — Thermometer from 30 to 31. Barometer from 30, 31 to 30, 32.

Wind S. W. 4. — Cloudy all the evening, when it became clear.

Sunday, 3 — Thermometer from 30 to 31. Barometer from 30, 31 to 30, 32.

Wind S. W. 4. — Generally cloudy. A little rain in the morning.

Monday, 4 — Thermometer from 31 to 32. Barometer from 30, 31 to 30, 32.

Wind S. W. 4. — Light clouds generally spread.

Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.

Tuesday, 5 — Thermometer from 31 to 32. Barometer from 30, 31 to 30, 32.

Wind S. W. 1, and 3. — Clouds generally passing; sunshine at times.

Wednesday, 6 — Thermometer from 31 to 32. Barometer from 30, 31 to 30, 32.

Wind E. by S. 4, and 4. — Generally cloudy. A missing rain in the morning.

Rain fallen, .05 of an inch.

On Sunday the 10th, at 20 minutes 10 seconds after 6 o'clock, the 1st satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

On Sunday the 17th, at 16 minutes 10 seconds after 8, the 1st satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

JOHN ADAMS.  
Edmonton, Middlesex.

Lat. 51. 37. 32 N.  
Long. 0. 3. 51. W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In our next publication we shall have the pleasure of giving an account of the most interesting literary subject of the present time.

Wine and Walnuts in subsequent Numbers.

Erratum, in the 2d col. of the first page of the last Number, line 26, for "has" read "had."

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE Public is respectfully informed, that the Exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, of Mr. JERRECAULT'S great Picture, (26 ft. by 16) of the WRECK of the MEDUSA FRIGATE, will close in a few days, previous to its being removed to Dublin.

#### Foreign and British Lithography.

THE rapid progress which the beautiful and highly interesting Art of Lithography is making both in this country and on the continent, must render Specimens of its comparative excellence particularly interesting at the present time. Under this impression, Boscay and Sons, 4, Broad Street, Exchange, beg leave to submit to the attention of the Public a List of Select Works lately imported from Munich and Petersburg, together with the choicest Specimens executed in this country, which they have just published gratis. A Catalogue of their extensive Collection of Foreign Engravings, Wood Cuts, and Books of Prints, including the Works of the most eminent Artists, Ancient and Modern, is also just published, gratis.

### BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

In 2 vols. 8vo. price 1l. 1s. bds. with a Portrait engraved by Fittler: the second edition, of the

**LIFE OF WILLIAM, LORD RUSSELL,**  
with some Account of the Times in which he lived. By LORD JOHN RUSSELL. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

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For other very favourable comments on this Work, see the Monthly Review, British Critic, Anti-Jacobin, &c.

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This is the suggestion of His Majesty, and we do not hesitate to say that it is

VOL. IV.

a manly, wise, and noble suggestion. We now throw together, without much order, the ideas which occur to us on the subject.

The polite literature of England has long felt the necessity of a rallying point, of being enabled to come before the country with something of the corporate and acknowledged form which has been found essential to all its leading institutions. Eminently calculated to be a great public agent, it has desired to have the stability and the honours that must give it public power, and excite public emulation. The Sciences have had royal patronage for more than a hundred years; the Arts have had it for half a century. But general literature, in its extent of history, philosophy, poetry, and political writing, is above all other movers of the national mind, and deserves and requires in all intelligent views of the public service, to receive the most liberal and dignified protection. Without this protection, this honourable and solemn summons to the service of the country, literature will be either neutral or adverse. We are not speaking in the confidence of the promoters of the present plan, and thus we implicate no man in our opinions; but we cannot persuade ourselves to draw any other conclusion from its success, than that of turning the genius of England into the current of English loyalty. The process may have been unintentional. There may yet be no result of the kind in the contemplation that formed the society. It may have been a mere generous zeal for the sufferings of obscure merit; and there have been instances of liberality in its illustrious patron, enough to give such a complexion to the design. It may have also been from the enlightened zeal and national feeling, which, knowing that literature is the glory of a kingdom, is desirous of adding that last wreath to all its wreaths of wisdom and valour. We have no knowledge that the idea looked farther. But we are full of the conviction that this measure will be the source of a renovated vigour in constitutional loyalty. The nature of the higher literature is to be tranquil. The poet, or the philosopher, may bear

his part in the hurry of the world, but he bears it reluctantly. His place of triumph is not in the streets and meetings of men, but in his study; his orators, and associates, and counsellors of wisdom, and consolers of misfortune, are his books; he lives among visions, a delighted, but a lonely and unearthly being.

Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless contiguity of shade,  
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,  
Of unsuccessful or successful war,  
Would never reach me more!

His penetration shows him the hollowness and heartlessness of the world, and he gladly turns from it. He despises the vulgar arts by which the vulgar are won, and leaves them to demagogues. He deems justly of the divinity of mind, and in his solitude trains it for victories that are not to perish while man lives upon the earth. He is the *Prospero* in his island, with the wand that summons at a wave all forms of dignity and splendour, and of sportive and winning loveliness, round him from the world of the air, and feels sorrow at parting from them even to resume his crown.

It is remarkable how little the higher literature has mingled itself in the disturbances of late years. The country has been in great agitation. The minor agents of mischief have been busied in dismantling, fragment by fragment, the constitution; the war on morals and the healthful allegiance of the English mind, has been desperate and unrelaxing; it has come, like the battle of the Trojans, with its tumultuary array, trampling and triumphing to the very trench; but no magnificent champion has been roused from his indolence, and come forth; no Achilles has flung down his idle lyre, and shouted, and turned the day. The battle has been nobly fought in the senate; great ability has been united with great zeal, and there has been conquered. But the true place of combat is without the walls of the legislature. It is in the fields and market-places, and highways, and dwellings of the multitude. And this battle must be fought, not by the sword, nor even by the tongue, but by the pen. The few poets who have taken a part in the



heat of the day have been on the disaffected side, and have, to the disgust of all good men, and the disgrace of their art, levelled their chief attacks at the individual to whom duty and feeling should have offered their first homage. The other able writers have kept aloof from the tumult, which they might have subdued, but which they waited for the command to subdue.

We are strong in the belief, that the literary mind of the nation, concentrated by the royal encouragement, would have scorched up and exhausted the malignity which has grown pestilential only by being left unvisited by the light. There is no exaggeration in this belief of the potency of even the gentler literature. History is crowded with examples of the wonders of popular poetry; factions have been beaten down, and thrones sustained by its vigour. In all the great commotions of states, the presence of literature has instantly been felt, as swelling or abating the storm—a mighty and superior influence, that speaking with the voice of man, has more than the power of man, and “it calleth to the winds and the sea, and lo! they obey him.” What this magnificent principle can do under the command of kingly authority, under the encouragement of national honours, with the eyes of the country turned on it, and the pre-eminent cause of morals, loyalty, and patriotism committed to its defence, is yet to be shewn. But by this Institution the first grand advance will have been made. We live in an age of aspiring literature: the poetic mind of England has surrounded itself with a new offspring. But we have yet ascertained no limit to its capacities of production. How many master-minds may be in reserve for the day when literature is to take its place among the honoured of the earth; to wear the emblems of that service which is the proudest freedom; to stand in the shelter of the throne which it secures; and share the national gratitude to the sovereign by whom that throne is filled in honour, and justice, and noble triumph over evil times! What intellectual influx may come when the royal liberality pauses in its orbit above “that tide divine,” and shoots down its ray direct! What chosen multitude may gather from the east and the west, to fill up the seats that are still empty at the great intellectual table! What “mute inglorious Miltons” may be summoned from the mountain and the valley to “vindicate the ways of God to man!”

What mighty spirits may be commanded from the sleep where they have lain as in the grave; to put on wings, and pass over the face of the people in light, and speak with the voice of the trumpet—must be told by time. But to this institution we look for results of which we must not presume to limit the expanse, the duration, or the splendour.

The prospectus at the head of this article, sufficiently details the more important features; and we have but few remarks to add. It strikes us, that the number of the associates is too narrow. It ought to comprehend all who have distinguished themselves in the literature that impresses the general mind, the eminent divine, the poet, the historian, the political writer, the great critic, the master of ancient literature. It ought further to have room for those persons of birth, or rank in the state, whose presence would add to the public respect for the body. Such men will command admission. But on the present scale, it must be by the exclusion of the true objects of election. By confining the number to twenty, literary jealousy may be roused, not conciliated: the excluded will be the hostile. The Institution ought to comprehend every man who has written with merit. The pensions may be but twenty; the honour of admission, with the right of succeeding to the pension, ought to extend to at least a hundred. In twenty, the vacancies will be so rare, and the canvassing so difficult, before a year is past, that a writer unassisted by powerful connexion, might as well expect to become a minister of state. The appointment on its largest scale ought not to wait for the accumulation of funds\*. The pension is valuable as a royal honour, but unimportant as an income. No man with talent enough to live by his pen, can set any serious consideration on an addition of 100 pounds to his revenue. No such writer could place it in competition with the honour; none would chuse to be excluded from the society, till they could receive the pension: all precedent is in our favour. The French Academy had forty members. Yet, even in this extension, the literary men were overwhelmed by the competition of men of rank. Cardinals, and Princes of the Blood, crushed out the life of the society. A hundred seats might have left room for all. The ob-

ject of true importance is to give the scattered genius of England a collective form; to gather it, like the steam, from wasting itself on empty air, and to combine and direct its irresistible ebullition to purposes of grandeur and utility that baffle all other strength. It should not be the prize for a few highly favoured and envied men, but a rational expectation and cherished honour for the whole multitude of accomplished minds; not the pinnacle of a rock to which no new adventurer could climb till the steeper on it was flung from its barren and solitary eminence, but the gate of a temple, into which the whole intellectual pomp might march together, and worship in hallowed and high-thoughted unity. There should be no exception, but for *disloyalty*, or *licentiousness*. The writer of studied insults to the throne, or to religious, or moral order, should be rigorously excluded, whatever might be his ability. And this, not simply for the punishment of the individual, but for a caution to the whole body of candidates. It is of the highest consequence to teach *early circumspection*, to the men in whose genius is laid so large a power of good and evil. Loyalty and morals must be inculcated by hope, till they become habitual from principle. We do not altogether approve of the title of the Institution. “For the encouragement of *indigent merit*, and the promotion of general literature.” We would omit the former clause. It unintentionally throws something like humiliation over the society. Ridicule will be busy, and the associates will be classed among the *indigent*. The justifiable pride of genius may be thus insulted, and the honour of the appointment will certainly be diminished, by the stigma of the title. Disaffection will call them the “King’s Paupers;” and no man is insensible to perpetual popular derision. The title ought to be changed; the object may be equally preserved. It might be fatal to the institution to commence by offending the delicacy of men, generally cautious of appearing to be dependent in proportion as they are humble in fortune; and it is for these, that the society should be constituted.

The encouragement of *indigent merit* is a charitable object. \* But in England the instances of merit totally destitute are rare; and they are never known but

\* It is, however, our earnest advice to every lover of literature, possessed of the means, to step forward promptly and co-operate with the King in this splendid design.

\* That excellent Institution, *The Literary Fund Society*, occupies this ground; and we rejoice to know, that its exertions and success are likely to be greatly increased at the next anniversary.

to be patronized. From *Stephen Duck*, down to *Clare*, there is no instance of a want of public generosity. To give a provision to all the rustics who would demand it on the ground of making rude verses, would exhaust ten times the funds of the society. But by another method, great service might be done. The difficulty with a young writer, is to appear before the public. The expense of printing is beyond his means; and few printers will adventure on an untied name. The society might receive all such works, subject to the decision of a Committee as to their hope of success, and print them; give the profits to the author, with perhaps a small donation, as a prize and an assistance, and thus launch him into the world. Authors of valuable works too costly for the hazards of the publisher, might also be assisted in their publication. This rule would cheer many a venerable labourer in the literary field, while it secured the benefit of his labours to the public. A similar arrangement would be well worthy of the other royal societies.

An important service might be rendered, by taking under their patronage some of those poor and singular boys of genius, who distinguish themselves at school, and superintending their education.

The arrangements of the society would be a matter of further and easy consideration. All the officers connected with its literary concerns, except the president, should be *provisional*, for the first year, or until the society assumes its settled shape. The Secretaries are of the utmost importance: For in a short time all the vital business comes into their hands. They are virtually the directors. They must be of decided literary powers. The French Academy rose or sank with the reputation of the secretaries. The most important part of the readings before the society was of their composition.

D'Alembert's volume of *Discourses on the eminent members*, is a striking monument of the labours of his place. Besides those, he left not less than sixty in manuscript. At all the sittings, it depended on this able and versatile man to sustain the interest of the assemblage. The secretaries must be not mere scholars, nor mere men of business; their chief requisite is eloquence as writers.

It is yet to be settled, whether the society is to have periodical meetings yearly, or within any other limit, to which the public are to be admitted; a

measure which we strongly advocate. Whether candidates are to be allowed to canvass for admission; a mode of which we fully disapprove, as tending to infinite meannesses and dissatisfactions.

Whether memoirs of the deceased members are to be read by their successors, or read at all, &c. &c.; a matter which produced great excitement in the French Academy, but which might be in some degree adverse to our habits. All may be the subject of future discussion. But on all possible *publicity* we insist, as the life-blood of the plan. The nation takes no interest in proceedings with closed doors. Private meetings and consultations are of course necessary; but the public must have the power of being occasionally present, as in the Foreign Academies, or even the spirit of the members perishes. There is some frivolity undoubtedly in these promiscuous admissions, but there is also solid service. The secret of the superior activity of the French Literary Societies, lies in those crowded displays. The object is to bring the nation to feel an interest in this assemblage of its literary champions; and the interest is to be maintained in no other way than by suffering them to be seen. Observations still crowd upon us; but we must have done. If we have an additional satisfaction, it is that of recollecting the source from which this design emanates. It enables us to pay a new homage to the altar and the throne. We have taken no part in the late convulsions of public opinion. Our business is with books; we leave the mob to more ardent ambition. But it is a high gratification to feel that the first work of the Royal mind, after this season of offence, has been to exhibit patriotism in its most unquestioned form, to answer unnamed imputations by kingly liberality, and in the hour when fools and traitors insulted the majesty of the throne, to show its forgiveness in ministering to the present and perpetual glory of the nation. We are also glad to find, that to the detail of this design the aid of the altar has been summoned; and that what was conceived in patriotism, is to be completed in learning, wisdom, and piety. The prelate\* to whom the arrangements are committed, is a man honorable by every title of literature and religion. The civil fabric is thus consecrated. We look to the commencement of this magnificent Institute with strong anxiety. It is the true way to draw off the general mind from petty

discontent, for it points its view to conquests and honours, in the very competition for which a new and muscular energy is elaborated in the mind. The common trophies of empire pass away by the inevitable law of nature. Victories are forgotten in the dimness of years, or reprobated as a melancholy waste of human happiness; but the triumphs of literature are without regrets, and imperishable. They are the generous wealth that may be lavished on all the earth, through all its generations, without diminishing the treasure of the bestower; the great legacy of nations, that makes the giver only the more opulent, and superior to the tomb; the illustrious liberality that falls nowhere in vain, but returns like the rain from heaven, to its original source, after having gone through its mighty round of fertilization†. Attica is a haunt of barbarians, and its triumphal arches are dust and ashes. But what civilized man treads upon the soil, but as on the place of a supernatural presence? The land is haunted to him by the spirits of the mighty; there is a charm in the name of Greece; and its freedom is among the hopes and prayers of all the nobler minds of the world. The day of vicissitude has not come upon England; but she has her trials, and must not abandon a single source of stability and confidence against the future.

Ἰδὲ μοι, μέγιστε, θεῶν τε δαίμων,  
τ' ἄλλοις ἑστῶσι τῶν δ' ἐμὴν ἄχραντον;  
Τὰς μὲν μετὰ τὸν ἥϊον  
Θαῦμα τίς ποτε μῆνιν εὐδότης.

EURIP.

† His Majesty has, we believe, intrusted the formation of the Institution, (The Royal Society of Literature,) which has called forth these remarks, to the learned and eminent Prelate, whose name we have already mentioned, Dr. Thomas Burgess, the Bishop of St. David's. The names of several individuals who have taken part in bringing the design to its present maturity, have been mentioned to us, but we do not feel as yet at liberty to make them public. Suffice it to say, that other branches of the Royal Family have become subscribers; that Ministers give their aid, that many of the most distinguished among the clergy concur in promoting the plan; that the leading members of both the universities are amongst its friends. The funds are already considerable, and we are sure this public notice will raise them considerably; as heretofore, the only question has been "by whom the Society was projected, under whose auspices formed, and where the subscriptions to establish it in splendid sufficiency were to be made?" Having shown that the highest authority not only sanctions but zealously favours the design; that his Majesty may be considered as its *person* as well as *royal founder and patron*; we are certain that men of every rank and station in the community will press forward to have the

\* The Bishop of St. David's.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Amarnthus the Nympholept; Lucy Miford, and other Poems.* 12mo. pp. 232. London, 1820.

There is an American bird of singular qualities. It is called *The Mocking Bird*, and has the power of imitating the notes of every chorister in the grove, from the dulcet twitter of the humming bird, to the harsh scream of the Maraw; while its native song is undistinguished by any peculiar harmony. Were we to imagine a human creature of this genus, we should fancy a poet to whom it was alike easy to assume the chirping of the honourable Mr. S., the melody of Moore, the intensity of Byron, or the swelling tones of Scott; but who, when he attempted original verse, did not produce any thing strikingly different from the more common decencies of the day. Such would be *Mr. Horace Smith*, one of the authors of the justly famed *Rejected Addresses*, and the reputed writer of *The Nympholept*.

*The Nympholept* is a pastoral drama, in three long acts; but before drawing up the curtain, we had better inform our readers what the name means; for the pliancy of Nympholepsy has either become extinct, or is, in our times, attended by other symptoms and results. It seems then that "The Nympholepsy of the Greeks, and the Lymphati or Lymphatici of the Romans, were men supposed to be possessed by the Nymphs, and driven to phrensy, either from having seen one of those mysterious beings, or from the maddening effect of the oracular caves in which they resided. Plutarch particularly mentions, that the Nymphs Spira-

honour of contributing to its endowment and completion.

We have obtained a copy of the first prize questions to be proposed (which, we understand, will soon be officially announced) and take the liberty of anticipating their promulgation; they are as follows.

1st. For the King's premium of one hundred guineas.

On the age, writings, and genius of Homer; and on the state of religion, society, learning, and the arts, during that period, collected from the writings of Homer.

2d. For the Society's premium of fifty guineas. Dartmoor, a poem.

3d. For the Society's premium of twenty-five guineas.

On the history of the Greek language, on the present language of Greece, and on the differences between ancient and modern Greek.

The first has already, if we remember rightly, been a subject of learned discussion, as well as of a recent work, by Mr. Payne Knight. The second is by no means so barren of incident for the highest poetical illustration as its name might seem to import. And the third is replete with interest.

We shall, we trust, be enabled to communicate further details as they arise, respecting a plan so important to British and British literature, in subsequent Numbers of the *Literary Gazette*.

gittides haunted a cave on Mount Citharon, in Boeotia, in which there had formerly been an oracle, and where, from the inspiration they diffused, Nympholepsy became an endemic complaint. According to Festus, it was formerly thought that all those who had merely seen the figure of a nymph in a fountain, were seized with madness during the remainder of their lives."

"It was the popular opinion throughout the whole of Greece, that the nymphs occasionally appeared to mortals, and that the consequences of beholding them were generally to be deprecated: the result among such a superstitious and imaginative people may easily be conjectured. Terror combined with religion in disposing the mind to adopt delusion for reality; and visions became frequent and indisputable in exact proportion to the prevalence of timidity and enthusiasm. Sometimes they were not altogether imaginary in their origin. Partial glimpses of some country girl, tripping, perhaps through the twilight grove to meet her lover, or stealing into the copse at day-break to bathe in its embowered waters, were quite sufficient to inflame the combustible fancy of a Greek. Others, probably, without such excitement of the external sense would sit amid the solitude of the forest, brooding over the tales which peopled it with nymphs, fauns, and satyrs, until they realized them to their mind's eye, and became Nympholepts the more incurable, because no tangible object had deranged their faculties, and they had consequently no means of proving the fallacy of their impressions."

Upon this basis, the author has constructed his drama; in which Amarnthus, a mortal, is seized with Nympholepsy, and cured by (Dryope) a wood-nymph's marrying him, by which act she becomes also mortal, and releases to the sky a nymph of the air, (Urania), whose doom was involved in this event. The other characters are, Theucaria a virgin priestess of Pan; Enome, a Delphic girl, endued with a prophetic spirit; Amarillis, a shepherdess beloved by and loving Phœbidas; Phœbidas; Celadon, a rich Athenian of a vicious character; and one or two other unimportant personages.

In the plot the whole circle of heathen mythology is ransacked, and the scene, "Arcady the blest," is peopled by all the agricultural divinities of early Grecian theology. However, as it is more as a poem than as a play, that Amarnthus presents itself for judgment; we shall refrain from inquiring into its dramatic pretensions, and look at it simply as a pastoral in dialogue.

In this point of view, it appears to us to be of a description, as mixed and full of contrariety as almost any production which we ever read. The gold and the clay are conjoined as in Nebuchadnezzar's image. There are passages of extraordinary beauty, and there are others as mean as possible. The prevailing fault is a decided tendency towards the lowest species of poetical composition of the present period—that which mistakes vulgarity of phrase for simplicity, and affectation for grace; and the use of

the minute, which all true poets have rejected, for originality. We have too much of the "gugglings" of water, and the "gushes" of sound, and the "flashes" of light; and those ridiculous expressions which characterise a school eminently vulgar in poetry, and silly in metaphysics. We have also its "upblings," "up-breathings," "up-soarings," and "up-turnings;" its "out-drings," and "out-thrustings;" "bathing in lush greenness," and similar puerilities. Indeed this sort of phraseology is employed so profusely, that were it not for the general tone of feeling and sweetness in the piece, we should believe that it was intentionally used for burlesque. Such, we are sure, must be the effect of rhymes like Narcissus-T. pariasus; Nepeenthe-sent thee; perpetually-open valley, &c. —and especially when helped on by the mean words which so often occur in the verse, as will be seen a several of our extracts, and of which we therefore offer but a single dogmatic illustration.

Phœbidas and Amarillis!  
Phœbidas and Amarillis!  
By your marriage celebration,  
Pan ordains you to fulfil his  
High and holy declaration.

The versification of the entire drama is of every measure, the transitions being so rapid as they are sometimes "out of all rule." But it is generally smooth, though not a few instances might be quoted in which no musical ear can fail to be offended. A line like the following is intolerable.

"I must haste brief

"Water from the holy well for our lotions!" It is truly surprising to meet with so much sweet poetry, coupled with so many proofs of bad taste—as many clear manifestations of true genius, linked to examples of the merest metrical glibness. We cannot account for it except on the hypothesis, that the author has mistaken his way—which to us appears to be the ludicrous, with bursts of pathos, and not the reverse sentimental. And yet it is in the most familiar scenes that the greatest fault is obvious: they are almost invariably mean, though the serious and higher efforts are some of them excellent, while others are no farther blemished, than by the employment of some poor word or commonplace combination of language.

For example, we are told of "the fall of reverend knees;" of "showering of palm sashes elsewhere;" of persons walking in corn-field being "sown by waving sheaves of gold, embossed with Flora's rich embroidery;" of "fluent lips being tasted;" of "breezes that with beaks resound;" of being in "a shuddering shiver;" of "unfading book of fate;" of a "heart throbbing with" and of a multitude of circumstances which by such forced or concerted epithets and few brief quotations will further expose this preposterous system. Celadon is endeavouring to rouse Amarillis, touching one "plump Tilphosa;" and replies—

Thy poisonous tongue, unseasonably sweeten'd.

ly the dread frown of tower'd Cybele,  
Thou hast belied my Phœbidas; for he  
Is true as is the shadow to the sun,  
Sees to their queen, or swallows to the spring.  
O Celadon, unkind! was this well done,  
Afflicted as I am to sting mine ear  
With thy base fictions? Slanderer, I sing  
Thy falsehoods in thy face.

*Celadon.* Close not that mouth,  
Altho' it scold me, nor let disappear  
Those teeth, whose whiteness makes the lip  
more red,

Like snow-drops set in a carnation-bed.

How blind thou art  
To his known falsehood; but no longer worry  
Thy soul about him. Is not his desertion  
Base? Is not absence infidelity?

And doth it well become a modest maid  
To follow one who holds her in aversion?  
*Amarillis.* Traducer, he does not. O I could  
cry

To hear him thus abused!

This "scorery" is a favourite word. Dry-  
ope, in the most solemn manner, describes  
Amarnythus as

Haunted with nympholeptic dreams, that dull  
His bright conceit, and worry him to madness.

But to pursue the dialogue between Celadon  
and Amarillis—it proceeds and ends in the  
same style.

Back, base man!

Or I will set my dog at thee By Pan!  
If thou hast mov'd a single step, my crook  
Shall feel thee to the earth. Hie, Rover, leap,  
And chase my thirsty flock from yonder swamp,  
That I may guide them thro' the glen to the  
brook

Down in the vale. Thon wealthy wooer, keep  
Thy tales, seductions, gold, and guilty poem  
For city damsels. [*Exit.*]

*Celadon.* Foil'd by a rustic mix!  
Rejected, lectured, and a clumsy clown  
Preferred'd!—"Tis well; but if the vixen thinks  
To 'scape my vengeance, she has little known  
Celadon's nature. In son secret grove  
I'll lie, and plot revenge for slighted love. [*Exit.*]

Nor are the colloquies between the lovers  
one jot more elevated; and we can exhibit  
no clearer mistake of the low for the simple,  
than the following.

*Amarillis.* Gather up your kine!  
For see, my sheep have sought the hazel shades.

*Phœbidas.* Upon this primrose bank I'll sit.  
*Amarillis.* And here

Beside you will I listen to your tale.

*Phœbidas.* When last we parted, Amarillis  
dear,

You know I was a goat-herd in the vale  
Of Hamont, tending curish Cymon's flocks.  
There is a sloping field above the rocks  
Of Homole, where in luxuriance grow  
Wild honeysuckles and cyperus low,  
Which goats delight to browse; there mine I  
drove,

And sat and piped beneath an almond tree,  
Or caroll'd old bucolic songs of love,  
Till gazing on a distant sail at sea,  
I thought upon the shepherds of the deep,  
Who plough the wave, and sometimes only  
reap

The wind. Far happier is the goat-herd's lot,  
Said I, and I far happiest of the clan,  
Could but my Amarillis share my cot;  
And then I gather'd rubies, and began  
To weave a garland for you, intertwined  
With violets, hepaticas, primroses,  
And cory anemone, that we'er yncolore

Her lips until they're blown on by the wind.  
Meanwhile my dog—

*Amarillis.* Stop, Phœbidas, for lo!  
You cow have wander'd, and on Milo's lands  
His olives crops.

*Phœbidas.* Off, Whiteface! down below,  
To the shady glen where yon black heifer stands,  
Whisking the flies off in the rusty brook.  
Ill luck betide the beast, she will not hear!  
O for a stone to throw! Lend me your crook,—  
I'll get near her she shall feel my blow.

*Amarillis.* O hurt her not, poor beast, nor go  
too near,

Least she should gure thee:—recollect the woes  
That Venus proved for her Adonis dear,  
And think of me. See, see, the wanderer goes  
Close to the herd, so, Phœbidas, sit here  
Close by my side, and let me hear the rest.

*Phœbidas.* Where was I, Amarillis?  
*Amarillis.* You were saying  
About your dog.—

*Phœbidas.* Ay; he with heat oppress'd  
Lay fast asleep, by starts and growls betraying  
That he was dreaming like his master. I  
Dreaming of this, in reverie profound,  
My flowery garland wove, smiling to hear  
The cuckoo's note which on the breeze swept by,  
And then was lost again, when oh, sad sound!  
The cough of Cymon grated on mine ear;  
And soon I saw him hobbling up the rock,  
Rage in his face, and curses on his lip.  
Alack! no wonder; for my truant flock  
Had climb'd the fence where his young vines  
were growing,

And nibbled every green and tender tip;  
The while, unseen, a fox had seiz'd my scrip,  
And left me dimmerless. His staff first throwing,  
He smote poor Lightfoot, who, with howling  
snarl,

Limp'd home, and cannot walk even now. On  
me

Next burst his wrath.

This reminds us of the ballad ditty—

When my love was sick and like to die,  
Oh, thither went my dog and I.

We wish however to get to the end of the  
disagreeable part of our task; and, instead  
of pointing out what we cannot help cen-  
suring in this production, indulging in the  
quotation of its beauties. We shall there-  
fore with the utmost brevity advert to the  
remaining blemishes. The following touch  
at simplicity, conveys an idea eminently  
ludicrous: an enthusiast of nature exclaims,

How sweet are the remembered smells  
Of infancy!

We now give an example of a fine image  
being pursued till it becomes absurd.

What! think'st thou that the whistling wind  
Pipes in the storm for nothing? Idle notion!  
'Tis to call up the howling waves, confound  
In the sea's depths. No wave of ocean  
That, in the solitudes of space,  
Upturns its foamy face  
Unto the moon, and, with a gushing sigh,  
Sinks down again to die;  
But is commission'd, and that parting breath,  
Perhaps, a flat bearer of life and death.

Why do the runnels urge their races  
Through the earth's crevices and secret places?  
But that their tongues with nimble guggles  
May scatter orders as they flow,  
And summon from the caves below,  
Agents for the earthquake's struggles.

When on the ground I lay mine ear,

I hear their secret plots  
Come murmur'ing up from the central grotto.—

That, from the sublime to the ridiculous  
is but a step, could not be more aptly illus-  
trated, than by the first half of this pas-  
sage, compared with the last, wherein affec-  
tation supercedes the genuine inspiration of  
poetry. The same error infects the follow-  
ing description of *Love*, in which the noble  
thought of a great bard is ramified into im-  
becille particularity.

Love governs earth and air; the flocks and  
herds

Join to the twitter of the billing birds  
Their hymeneal cries. Love's suit  
Even the dumb inanimates pursue.

The ivy clasps the oak, the vine the elm,  
Pouting her purple lips to kiss his root.  
By touch of blossom'd mouths the flowers re-  
new

Their races odorous. This woody realm  
Is Cupid's bower; see how the trees enwreath  
Their arms in amorous embraces twined;  
The guggles of the will that runs beneath,  
Are but the kisses which it leaves behind;  
While softly sighing thro' these fond retreats,  
The wanton wind woe every thing it meets.

The answer to this declamation is equally  
far fetched. We shall but mention, that the  
author is guilty of some anachronisms, as  
when he makes the shepherds of Arcadia  
talk of "*Lucifer*" as an evening star; and  
a priest of Pan call for his "*Alb and Amice*,"  
the last-mentioned garment being so pecu-  
liarily Romish.

But we now approach pleasant ground.  
The Nympholept is thickly studded with  
gems of the purest lustre; and has many  
splendid parts which breathe the very soul  
of poetry, without an alloying taint. The  
former it is difficult to detach; but we shall  
endeavour to pick out a few of them as ex-  
amples.

Contrast between luxury and nature.  
What pompe can courts and capitals supply  
So gorgeous as the rising of the sun  
Over this vale of Tempe? so sublime  
As the sea's deep-mouth'd voice in harmony  
With woods and winds—an awful union!  
What matins like the larks, who heavenward  
climb,

And pour down lighted music from above?  
What midnight serenade so rapturous  
As the lone nightingale's, whose soul of love  
Out-gushes with her song?—Jewels and rings!  
Is not each dewy blade, and leaf, and flower,  
Hung with a pearl, which, when the sun up-  
springs,

Is dyed to aethurst and ruby?

Lighted music is one of the most exqui-  
site expressions we ever met with.—*Contem-  
plation* is also charmingly painted.

—I have often stray'd,  
At dumbest midnight, to the green-wood glade,  
And in the silence, mark'd with awe profound,  
The boogles, like curtains, hanging stilly round,  
With drowsy vapours from the earth up wreath-  
ing,

As if the grass lay fast asleep, and breathing.

There is perhaps some grandiloquence  
in the annexed comparison, but it is beau-  
tiful. Amarillis expecting her lover, watches  
the usual approach of his dog, and says—

But neither might I hear his voice, nor mark  
His white side bounding o'er the waving grass,  
Like a sail toss'd on Neptune's tumbling green.

*Spring.*

O how delightful is the jolly spring,  
When the warm blood leaps nimbly thro' the  
veins,

And with the budding forth and blossoming  
Of fields and groves, methinks the soul attains  
Fresh life and greenness, wakens in the breeze,  
Sings with the birds, and with the waving trees  
Dances in nelson.

*Nature rejoicing in the God Pan's jocund music.*  
Then Nature laughs outright; the wild flowers  
ding

Their increase up; the cattle leap for glee;  
The jocund trees their branches toss on high,  
As if they clapp'd their hands; the cloudless  
sky

Smiles on the smiling earth, and every thing  
Makes holiday and pranksome Jubilee.

*Longings of an enthusiastic spirit for knowledge.*

O Panophaean dove! be'st me to pierce  
This, only secret. Draw the curtain up  
That hides fatality, or tear it down,  
I care not which, so thou canst ease these fierce  
questionings of my spirit.—

O thou most beautiful pageant of the world,  
O glorious sun and moon, sea, earth, and sky,  
Shall I plod blindly on through life's worn  
maze,

Nor ask by whom your wonders were unfurled?  
Nay! Shall I fix on thee my dying eye,  
Nor e'er have learnt who set thee in a blaze?

Earth! shall I tread upon thee but to be  
Down trodden, and partake man's grovelling  
doom,

Earth-born, earth-swallowed,—eating,—eaten,  
—dust!

*The despair of Nympholepsy.*

The nymphs! the nymphs! O hide me from  
their fury.

They gain upon me. Hark! the hissing air  
Boils in mine ears; earth heaves beneath my  
feet,

And tries to shake me off. Spare, I conjure ye,  
O spare a madden'd wanderer. There, there!  
The sea forsakes its bed, and robs its fleet  
Waves to o'erwhelm me. Lo! the rays of the  
sun

Are angry flames, with forked tongues out-thrust  
To lap me. Hecate's coming; see,  
With her hands she combs her snakes, and every  
one

Spits out its foam at me. Here in the dust,  
Knowing, O gentle shepherds, to thee  
I make appeal. If ever thou didst love,  
Or the soft touches of compassion teach,

If thou dost reverence the powers above,  
And the dread nymphs their ministers below,  
O pour thy pity on a haunted wretch,  
Chaced by the furies,—horror-stricken,—stung  
To madness.— Show me some lair where I may  
stretch.

My fainting limbs, and lie in the dark conceal'd  
From all things and myself.

*An ethereal being's view of humanity.*

Oft as I float above this earthly ball,  
And catch the murmur of its myriad throngs,  
Although to me no sympathy belongs  
With fleeting man, a smiling tear will fall

To think upon the everlasting strife  
Of passions that embroil his little life;  
Their schemes ephemeral, the sad and blithe  
Hotly pursue, and as they smile or weep,  
Up stalks the bony monster with the scythe,

And crops the breathing harvest at a sweep.  
New generations rise to feed his blade,  
And yet, poor insect, only *thou* dost fade.  
The sun and moon look on with changeless eye,  
Age doth not bleach the blueness of the sky;  
And *thou* the winter'd earth was cheeks may  
wear,  
Spring re-appears, her wrinkled brow to smooth,  
Garlands her locks, and o'er her shoulders bare  
Throws the green mantle of eternal youth.

*Figures of natural phenomena.*

Through the azure lake yon parted  
cloud

Swims on to bleach its feathers in the moon,  
Like the swan-god, bridling to alack his proud  
And thrilling down on Leda's breast.

And now the Titan clouds their masses prop  
Into a mountain that may scale the skies;  
And, lo! the moon, soon as it sleeps at rest,  
Steals to the field of lilies on its top,

To bless her Latman shepherd, while the wind  
Blows the black ringlets from his dreaming eyes,  
That she may kiss them softly. Ah! how soon  
All is dissolved, and scattered, unconfined,

For now the clouds, in tufts of fleecy hue,  
Wander, like flocks of sheep, through fields of  
blue,

Cropping the stars for daisies, while the moon  
Sits smiling on them as a shepherdess;  
Floating upon the wings of silence down,  
A dew of light, in silver loveliness

Falls on the earth. The trees stand proudly still  
To have their portraits shadow'd on the ground  
By Dian's pencil, whose creative skill  
Doubles the landscape, copying every trace

In light and shade,—all but her own fair face,  
Which in the brook, as in the heavens, is found  
Painted in light alone.

We could multiply these delicious quotations  
to the end of our paper; but what  
we have transcribed are sufficient to show  
the power and pathos of the author, when  
his muse is liberated from the debasing  
tendencies of Cockney poetry. So delighted  
are we with the perusal of these extracts,  
that we feel we could not have stated our  
objections in the same page with our praises,  
had we not done so in setting out. It now  
only remains for us to give one example of  
the playful; and for this purpose we select  
a ballad, on a well known classical anecdote,  
sung by CEnome.

Hot was the phase  
Through the wilds of Thrace,  
When Rheaen riding the woods among,  
Saw a beautiful oak that toppling hung.

For the earth had sunk  
From the rock, and its trunk  
To the shelving bank in an agony clung.

His horse he stopp'd,  
And he upright propp'd  
The tree, and replaced the earth with care,  
When a young Hæmædrayd, as fresh as air,

Stepping out of the dark  
And yawning bark,  
Cried, "Ask a boon, and I'll grant your prayer."

As he gaz'd on her breast,  
Still hearing distress'd,  
He fondly exclaim'd, with love I burn,  
O beautiful nymph grant yours in return!

She blin'd at his boon,  
But vow'd that soon,  
The hour of his happy reward he should learn.

In his ear, while at dice,  
A bee buzz'd thrice,

'Twas a page from his bride to whisper her ear,  
But he dash'd it aside, and attempted to kill.  
When in anger and shame  
She struck him lame,  
And there he goes limping, limping still.

Of Lucy Milford, and the smaller poem,  
we have not left ourselves room to say  
much; which we the less regret, because  
we think the first rather mediocre. Among  
the latter are some pretty pieces. *Et. gr.*

*On an ancient lance, hanging in an armory.*  
Once in the breezy coppice didst thou dance,  
And nightingales amid thy foliage sang;  
Form'd by man's cruel art into a lance,  
Oft hast thou pierc'd (the while the victim  
rang

With tramp and drum, shootings and battle  
clang.)

Some foeman's heart. Pride, pomp, and circumstance  
Have left thee now, and thou dost silently  
From age to age, in deep and dusty lance,

What is thy change to ours? these gazing eyes,  
To earth reverting, may again arise  
In dust, to settle on the self-same spear;  
Dust, which some eddying, yet unloving, air  
tries

To poison thy wright, may with his hand ether,  
And with his mouldier'd eyes again replace.

Some lines written at Windsor so singularly  
exemplify the author's merits and deficiencies,  
that we are sorry our limits prevent us from  
inserting them: but in reading these, and indeed  
the whole volume, we will venture to say the  
public will enjoy, if not an unmix'd, a very great  
and genuine pleasure.

*A Memoir on the Voyage of D'Entrecasteaux,  
in search of La Pérouse.* By James  
Burney, Esq. R. N. and F. R. S. pp. 21.

This pamphlet embraces a question which  
has always excited so much interest, that we  
felt called upon to specify it (however  
briefly) for public notice. Captain Burney  
recalls to memory, that La Pérouse sailed  
from France on the 1st of August 1785, and  
that the last certain information received  
concerning him was, that he departed from  
Botany Bay on the 10th March 1788, having  
previously signified his intention to revisit  
the Friendly Islands, thence trace the coast  
of New Caledonia to the isle of Santa Cruz,  
pass between New Guinea and New Holland  
to Van Diemen's Land, and reach the isle of  
France in December. The writer then  
details the proceedings of the French Government  
in 1791, when M. D'Entrecasteaux in La  
Recherche of 600 tons, and Capt. Baudouin  
in L'Esperance of the same burden, were  
despatched to follow the track, indicated in  
Pérouse's last letter; and gain intelligence of  
the fate of the expedition. Capt. B. relates  
the minutest of the instructions given to the  
commander; but the principal feature of his  
memoir is that which relates to the inquiry  
respecting the lost voyagers. The supposition  
founded on a story related of Commodore  
Hunter, that Pérouse might have been  
wrecked on one of the Admiralty Isles, is  
discredited; and the notion that the Friendly  
Isles might have been the scene of rest to

event is also dismissed. But a new and curious hypothesis is started.

"The 19th of April (1793) they (the French ships under d'Entrecasteaux, we are told), anchored in Balade Harbour, on the North coast of New Caledonia, a place where Captain Cook had formerly anchored. Nothing relative to the purpose of their search occurred till the 4th of May. Labillardiere had been with others on an excursion into the interior of the Island. He relates, 'we reached the ship on our return, about the middle of the day. Alongside, I observed a double canoe which had two sails. The natives in her spoke the language of the Friendly Islands. They were eight in number, seven men and a woman. They told us that the Island whence they had come, was situated to the eastward, a day's sail distant from our anchorage, and that it was named *Aoueva*. They knew the use of iron, and appeared to us more intelligent than the New Caledonians. I was not a little surprised to see one of the planks of their canoe covered with a coat of varnish. It seemed to have belonged to some European vessel, and I could entertain no doubt of it when I discovered that white lead (chaux de plomb) was a principal ingredient in the composition of this varnish. This plank doubtless came from a ship of a civilized nation, which had been wrecked on their coasts. I desired these savages to recount to us what they knew on this subject: they immediately set sail to the westward, promising us to return the next day to give the account we desired; but they were not faithful to their word, and we did not see them again.'"

"Upon this, Capt. B. remarks, that the impression it is adapted to make, can be no other than that a clue was found which might have led to some discovery concerning the fate of la Pérouse; that this clue was suffered to slip from their hands; and that it was not afterwards pursued or sought after.

"Many years after Labillardiere's history of the *Voyage à la Recherche de la Pérouse* was given to the public, the journal of the commander d'Entrecasteaux, which had been regularly kept till within a few days of his death, was prepared for the press by le Sieur Rossel, who had served in the voyage as lieutenant, and was published under the patronage of the Emperor Napoleon. The account given by M. d'Entrecasteaux, of the canoe of *Aoueva*, or, as it is written in his journal, of *Hohoua*, is as follows:—

"May the 4th, in the harbour of Balade, New Caledonia.—A canoe with two sails, which appeared to us to have arrived from the offing (i. e. from sea) came alongside the *Recherche* in the afternoon. There were in it seven men, but they did not resemble the men of New Caledonia. They were, however, like them, quite naked. Their skin was darker than that of the inhabitants of Balade, and they were more robust, and taller stature. They made us understand that they came from an Island named by them *Hohoua*, and they indicated the direction in which it lay by pointing to the East or North East. We distinguished in their

speech many words of the Friendly Island language. Some inhabitants of Balade came on board whilst they were with us, and they did not exchange any communication with these strangers. I was told that these newcomers, who had arrived late, had testified a desire to pass the night on board the ship, but they had been sent away before their demand was understood. We flattered ourselves that they would return the next day, but we did not see them again." In this, there is no mention of the vanished plank of which M. Labillardiere has spoken. Possibly M. d'Entrecasteaux differed in opinion from M. Labillardiere concerning it; yet he adds, 'Their departure caused me much regret, as I had hoped to have drawn from them lights which we had not been able to obtain from the natives of New Caledonia.'

"The regret and anxiety expressed by the commander, at not having obtained more information from these people, seems to imply that some communication of more importance than what related to a further knowledge of the natives themselves, or of their language, had been expected. There is also a remarkable difference in the two narratives. That of Labillardiere relates that the *Aouevans*, on being interrogated about the painted plank, immediately sailed away: and M. d'Entrecasteaux represents them as having been desirous to remain all night on board the ship, and as having been sent away. On these points, the later publication might have afforded some explanation.

"As it was the intention of M. de la Pérouse, when he left Botany Bay, to go first to the Friendly Islands, and it appears that he did not go there, the most probable conjecture, were it not for the circumstance of the *Aoueva* canoe, would be, that some disastrous event prevented him from fulfilling that intention. But badling and unexpected winds might have disappointed him of reaching the Friendly Islands, and have occasioned him to pass on without touching at them.

"In the present state of the South Sea Islands, and of European navigation in the South Sea, more effective enquiry can be made than was possible in M. d'Entrecasteaux's time, and with much greater facility. Numerous European and American seamen have quitted their ships at different Islands in the South Sea, and resided among the inhabitants such a length of time that they may be said to be naturalized; many of whom are probably as well acquainted with the language spoken at the Island on which they live as the natives themselves. Native Islanders also hire themselves as seamen, and make voyages in European ships. Interpreters of each description could doubtless be engaged, and ships are frequently departing from New South Wales, bound for the China Seas, which afford opportunities with little inconvenience of sending to New Caledonia.

"If a ship should go expressly to make this enquiry, it would be desirable that she should be provided with a New Zealander, a Friendly Islander, a Society Islander, and two or three Europeans, qualified in the

manner above mentioned. Of the New Caledonians, the situation of the Island *Aoueva* might be learnt; and by enquiries made both of the New Caledonians and of the *Aouevans*, would most probably be ascertained, without danger of misapprehension, whether the ships of la Pérouse had been seen at their Island, or at any Island in their neighbourhood, and all the information respecting them which they had to communicate, be obtained.

"Without being very sanguine as to the result, it would be satisfactory to have this matter cleared up, and such examination and enquiry is due to la Pérouse and his companions, or to their memory."

"We have nothing to add to this quotation, which amply explains the writer's views, and re-opens a most interesting inquiry.

#### LECCOCK'S NOTES ON BRAZIL.

[Concluding Notice.]

Having already represented the character of this work (a character which we trust will recommend it to those who are curious for information upon its subject, and have leisure to plod through its miscellaneous and copious contents); and having made frequent extracts to display its fashion and qualities, the rapid influx of literary novelties prevents us from doing more than winding up our review with only two short selections. The following draws an uncommon picture of South American agriculture.

"The reader has regarded with wonder, perhaps with incredulity, the account before given of the size of the farm of Pelotas; and, indeed, the reported extent of farms in this part of the American continent can scarcely be mentioned with boldness, by one who has himself little doubt of the truth of the accounts. The smallest are stated at four square leagues, or more than twenty thousand acres; the largest are said to reach to a hundred square leagues, or near six hundred thousand acres. To each three square leagues, are allotted four or five thousand head of cattle, six men, and a hundred horses; though, according to circumstances, such as the distance from navigable waters, or from church, there must be a variety in the number of oxen kept for the business of a farm. The proportion of horses will appear a very large one; but it is to be remembered that they cost nothing in keeping, as they are turned out on the plains; that no one about the farm, not even a slave, ever goes the shortest distance on foot; and that each manager will change his horse two or three times in a day. About a hundred cows are allowed for the supply of milk, butter, cheese, and veal, to a farm of the average size. Hogs are usually found near the houses, but little care is taken of them; they wander about, root up the ground, devour reptiles, and make a good part of their subsistence on the waste parts of the cattle slaughtered. There are few sheep, and they are remarkably light and ill made, with a short ordinary wool; which, however, might easily be improved. This wool is, at present, used partly unstripped from the skins, as saddle-covers and

the like, partly for the stuffing of beds and mattresses. The country is so thinly peopled, its inhabitants have so little liking to mutton, and the wild dogs and other beasts and birds of prey are so numerous, that there can be little inducement to increase the flocks.

"In every farm there is at least one enclosed place, called the *Rodeio*, generally on the highest spot; here the cattle are occasionally collected, examined, marked, and treated as circumstances may require. So accustomed are they, particularly the horses, to this practice, that when the servants of the farm ride along, swinging their *Laços* or their hats, and loudly pronouncing the word *Rodeio*, they all walk slowly to the spot. In a country so little enlivened by variety, this assemblage forms one of its most rural and pleasant scenes."

Of the present, that is to say, the improving state of Brazil, we find some interesting particulars. The King was rather favourable to the liberty of the press, but was prevented from following his inclination.

"The licensed press, however, has produced some useful works besides these, which relate to military affairs. Among them, we reckon as the most useful, the *Thesouro dos Meunios*, which treats of "Morals, Virtue, and good Manners." It was dedicated, very properly, to Don Miguel, the King's second son, for no boy can require such instructions more than he does; his education has been most limited and unfortunate. A book entitled *Lectures on Philosophy*, contains too much of the dogmas of Aristotle and the dark ages to evince that the author is either enlightened or judicious. We have also the *History of Extravagant Illusions and Supernatural Influence*; the *Commercial Laws of Brazil*; several useful works on Commerce and Navigation, particularly a *Nautical Almanack*, calculated for the meridian of Rio, a work badly executed, but followed by *Tables of the Sun's Declination*, of *Latitudes*, and *Logarithms*; one or two works on Geography, and a *Treatise on the Diseases of Negroes*.

"A private printing press was established at the close of 1816; philosophical lectures were read and attended: the cabinet which formerly belonged to the celebrated Werner was arranged and studied; mineral waters, found in Minas Geraes and other places, had been analysed; and Brazilians boasted of a native discovery, in the composition of gunpowder, but I apprehend without reason, for it consists simply in mixing a quantity of fresh saw-dust with the grains; a patent had been granted for making bricks by machinery, and another for the navigation of the bay by a steam boat; a company had been formed even in Cuyaba, under royal patronage, for improvements in the art of mining.

"The Arabian Camel had been introduced, and two small goats from India, which I imagine to be Cashmerian; if they succeed, both animals will prove useful to the country.

"In 1818, at a sale of books, English works went off well, as did some Latin ones; but few, I believe, fell into Brazilian hands.

French books are in demand; but it was impossible, by any means, to sell the Glasgow edition of *Homer's Iliad*, in Greek; the *Septuagint* and *New Testament* in the same language, *Hederic's* nor even *Schrevelius's* *Lexicons*; nor did a *Hebrew Psalter*, with a *Latin Translation*, find a customer.

"With the sciences, the arts, both mechanic and those which are commonly denominated fine ones, prospered in a high degree; and we had not only blacksmiths, carpenters, and bricklayers, but poets and painters in abundance.

"The state of fashion and taste was displayed by the superior show and decoration of retail shops; and by the puffing advertisements which were published in a style suited to the French capital. In 1816, a *Hair-Dresser* announced himself, and solicited patronage from the circumstance of having had the honour to be employed by *Donna Carlotta of Brazil*, the *Princess of Wales*, and the *Duchess of Angouleme*."

In conclusion, we have to repeat, that Mr. Luccock's work is, though not well digested, a very curious repository of Brazilian intelligence.

#### BELZONI ON NUBIA AND EGYPT.

##### Second Journey.

The second journey of this enterprising traveller is still more interesting than the first, of which we have rendered an account: it occupies about 140 pages of his work. Accompanied by Mr. Beechey, a son of the celebrated artist (who was broiling under an African sun, while his brother froze within the Arctic circle), Belzoni left Bualak on the 20th February, 1817, and once more proceeded up the Nile. At Meimond, the boats stopped to witness an Arabian festival; and the following notice of the native dances possesses an additional claim to notice, from the vehement heat with which that subject has been disputed on a recent memorable trial.

"The performers consisted of about thirty men, all in a row, clapping their hands in concert, so as to form a kind of accompaniment to their song, which consisted of three or four words; and with one foot before the other keeping a sort of perpetual motion, but without changing their positions. Before the men were two women with daggers in their hands, also in continual action, running toward the men, and then returning from them with an extraordinary motion, brandishing their daggers, and waving their garments. In this they persevered for such a length of time, that I wondered how they could support the exertion. This is a sort of Bedouen dance, and is the most decent of all that I ever saw in Egypt;—but no sooner was it ended, than, in order I suppose to please us, they immediately began another, in the fashion of the country, which fully compensated for the extraordinary modesty of the first: but we returned to our boat more disgusted than pleased with it.

After this, the author gives an equally curious description of the maritime power (if we may so term it,) on the river.

"For three days," he says, "we had a strong southerly wind, so that we advanced but a few miles, and did not arrive at Minia till the 5th of March. It was necessary for us to land there, to see Hamet Bey, who has the command over all the boats on the river. He styles himself admiral of the Nile, and thinks himself as great as any British admiral on the sea. One day at a christian party in Cairo, the discourse happened to fall upon Sir Sydney Smith: 'Ah!' said Hamet Bey, 'Sir Sydney Smith is a very clever man, and holds the same rank as myself.' From this great commander we had to maintain a protection for our Reis, to secure him from having his boat pressed while we employed it. We found him sitting on a wooden bench, attended by two or three of his sailors. He complied with our request, and gave a hint for a bottle of rum. We sent him two, and he made a feast in high glee with them."

He is not the only naval commander in the world who likes a good glass of grog! Early in March, Belzoni found that some French agents were a-head, on their way to Thebes, to collect antiquities for Mr. Drouett; upon which he landed and made a haste, travelling on camels and asses, to reach that site of ancient ruins before them. In this he succeeded; but their intrigues, their misrepresentations, and their falsehoods, prevailed with Deftard Bey, the ruler of Upper Egypt; and in the end, the English were prohibited from continuing their researches; and one of the sheiks, supposed to be friendly to them, was cruelly bastinadoed. We hear, perhaps, too much of this discreditable contest; but if the facts which we shall hereafter notice, are founded in truth, it must be owned, that not only M. M. Jaques and Calud behaved like poultry fellows, but that Count de Forbin himself, the director of the French Museum, acted a most disgraceful, unjust, and contemptible part. In spite of all obstacles and squabbles, however, (the details of which are rather tedious,) Belzoni driven from Thebes, was enabled to carry on his operations at Gournou, of which he draws a remarkable picture.

"The people of Gournou are superior to any other Arabs in cunning and deceit, and the most independent of any in Egypt. They boast of being the last that the French had been able to subdue, and when subdued, they compelled them to pay the men whatever was asked for their labour; a fact which is corroborated by Baron Denon himself. They never would submit to any one, either the Maniakes or the Bashaw. They have undergone the most severe punishments, and been hunted like wild beasts, by every successive government of Egypt. Their situations and hiding-places were almost impenetrable. Gournou is a tract of rocks, about two miles in length, at the foot of the Libyan mountains, on the west of Thebes, and on the burial-place of the great city of a hundred gates. Every part of these rocks is cut out by art, in the form of large and small chambers, each of which has its separate entrance, and, though they are very close to each other, it is seldom that there is any interior com-

unification from one to another. I can truly say, it is impossible to give any description sufficient to convey the smallest idea of those subterranean abodes, and their inhabitants. There are no sepulchres in any part of the world like them; there are no excavations, or mines, that can be compared to these truly astonishing places; and no exact description can be given of their interior, owing to the difficulty of visiting these recesses. The inconvenience of entering into them is such, that it is not every one who can support the exertion.

"A traveller is generally satisfied when he has seen the large hall, the gallery, the staircase, and as far as he can conveniently go: besides, he is taken up with the strange horrors he observes cut in various places, and painted on each side of the walls; so that then he comes to a narrow and difficult passage, or to have to descend to the bottom of a well or cavity, he declines taking such trouble, naturally supposing that he cannot see in these abysses any thing so magnificent as what he sees above, and consequently ceasing it useless to proceed any farther. If some of these tombs many persons could at with stand the suffocating air, which often causes fainting. A vast quantity of dust, so fine that it enters into the throat and nostrils, and chokes the nose and mouth to such a degree, that it requires great power of lungs to resist it and the strong effluvia of the mummies. This is not all; the entry or passage where the bodies are, is roughly cut in the rocks, and the falling of the sand from the upper part or ceiling of the passage causes it to be nearly filled up. In some places there is not more than a vacancy of a foot high, which you must contrive to pass through in a creeping posture like a snail, on pointed or keen stones, that cut like glass. After getting through these passages, some of them so or three hundred yards long, you generally find a more commodious place, perhaps high enough to sit. But what a place of rest! surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies in all directions; which, previous to my being accustomed to the sight, impressed me with horror. The blackness of the wall, the faint light given by the candles or torches for want of air, the different objects that surrounded me, seeming to converse with each other, and the Arabs with the candles or torches in their hands, naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, absolutely formed a scene that cannot be described. In such a situation I found myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting, till at last I became inured to it, and indifferent to what I suffered, except from the dust, which never failed to choke my throat and nose; and though, fortunately, am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow. After the exertion of entering into such a place, through a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred, or perhaps six hundred yards, nearly overcome, I sought a resting-place, found one, and con- veyed to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian; it crushed it like a hard-box. I naturally had recourse to

my hands to sustain my weight, but they found no better support; so that I sank altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again. I could not remove from the place, however, without increasing it, and every step I took I crushed a mummy in some part or other. Once I was conducted from such a place to another resembling it, through a passage of about twenty feet in length, and no wider than that a body could be forced through. It was choked with mummies, and I could not pass without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian; but as the passage inclined downwards, my own weight helped me on; however, I could not avoid being covered with bones, legs, arms, and heads rolling from above. Thus I proceeded from one cave to another, all full of mummies piled up in various ways, some standing, some lying, and some on their heads. The purpose of my researches was to rob the Egyptians of their papyri; of which I found a few hidden in their breasts, under their arms, in the space above the knees, or on the legs, and covered by the numerous folds of cloth that envelop the mummy. The people of Gournou, who make a trade of antiquities of this sort, are very jealous of strangers, and keep them as secret as possible, deceiving travellers by pretending, that they have arrived at the end of the pits, when they are scarcely at the entrance."

"The people of Gournou live in the entrance of such caves as have already been opened, and, by making partitions with earthen walls, they form habitations for themselves, as well as for their cows, camels, buffaloes, sheep, goats, dogs, &c. I do not know whether it is because they are so few in number, that the government takes so little notice of what they do; but it is certain, that they are the most unruly people in Egypt. At various times many of them have been destroyed, so that they are reduced from three thousand, the number they formerly reckoned, to three hundred, which form the population of the present day."

They are most cunning and rascally cheats, as the author illustrates, by relating the manner in which he became possessed of two brazen vessels apparently sacred, and sonorous like Corinthian brass, of the most perfect Egyptian antiquity.

Belzoni also contrived to make excavations at Carnak; where, he says,

"I found two small sitting figures of red granite, nearly two feet high, and a stone irregularly shaped, but flat and smooth on the surfaces. It is divided by lines into many little squares of half an inch, in each of which is a hieroglyphic, but all different from each other. This piece, in my opinion, might be of much service to Dr. Young, in his undertaking of the discovery of the alphabet of the Egyptians, particularly in the advanced state at which he has at present arrived. Two other articles were found in this excavation, of which one is a tombstone, and the other an iron sickle, that I think worthy

the attention of the antiquary. It is certain, that the burial-places of the Egyptians were on the west side of the Nile, for not a single place is to be found on the eastern side to indicate there having ever been a burial-ground there: yet among these sphinxes was a tombstone similar to those which are found in the tombs on the other side of the Nile, and probably, therefore, made to be taken to the tomb of some family on the west. But the iron sickle to which I would call the attention, was found under the feet of one of the sphinxes on its removal. I was present; one of the men took it up and gave it me. It was broken into three pieces, and so decayed, that the rust had eaten even to the centre. It was rather thicker than the sickles of the present time, but exactly of the common shape and size of ours. It is now in the possession of Mr. Salt."

We are not aware of any portion of these antiquities dug out of the earth where they have remained more than 2000 years, so well calculated to excite strong emotions, as the common tools and garments of humble men. Through the condescension of Lord Belmore, we have passed some time among the extraordinary and invaluable treasures which he has brought from the banks of the Nile; and our minds have been far more strongly affected by such remains, than by all the splendid relics which littered the tombs of monarchs. The well worn wooden mallet of a mason, precisely resembling those used in Britain at this day, but which had, perhaps, hewed stones for the pyramid of Cheops! the adze of a carpenter, also similar to those of our times, as perfect as when the death of its owner put an end to its employment! the shoes of undistinguished beings, since whose mortal career was closed, seventy or eighty generations of men have passed away, but which are made right and left according to our latest fashions! the hair of beauty, not yet unravelled from its nicest plaits, but hanging, hardly soiled, in long ringlets, though it had lain twenty centuries in the dust! These were the objects in the noble Earl's collection, which most deeply excited our feelings, and induced sensations of wonder mingled with delightful melancholy.

(To be continued.)

#### CUSTOMS, &c. OF AMERICAN INDIANS. [Medicine; Superstitions.]

As the observations in Mr. Heckewelder's memoir are the fruits of a more intimate acquaintance with the American tribes than any with which we are acquainted, and as the work is not to be had by English readers, we shall continue our selections from it for yet a few Numbers. The practice of medicine, it may well be supposed, is in a rude state among so rude a people. Some of their remedies are however as effectual as they are strange. Mr. H. says,

"In fevers the Indians usually administer emetics which are made up and compounded in various ways. I saw an emetic once given to a man who had poisoned himself with the root of the May Apple. It consisted of a

Podophyllum peltatum.



piece of racoon skin burned with the hair on and finely powdered, pounded dry beans and gunpowder. These three ingredients were mixed with water and poured down the patient's throat. This brought on a severe vomiting, the poisonous root was entirely discharged and the man cured.

The following description of the SWEAT OVEN and its uses, is, we think, very curious. "In other complaints, particularly in those which proceed from rheumatic affections, bleeding and sweating are always the first remedies applied. The sweat oven is the first thing that an Indian has recourse to when he feels the least indisposed; it is the place to which the wearied traveller, hunter, or warrior looks for relief from the fatigues he has endured, the cold he has caught, or the restoration of his lost appetite.

"This oven is made of different sizes, so as to accommodate from two to six persons at a time, or according to the number of men in the village, so that they may be all successively served. It is generally built on a bank or slope, one half of it within and the other above ground. It is well covered on the top with split plank and earth, and has a door in front, where the ground is level to go or rather creep in. Here, on the outside, stones, generally of about the size of a large turnip, are heated by one or more men appointed each day for that purpose. While the oven is heating, decoctions from roots or plants are prepared either by the person himself who intends to sweat, or by one of the men of the village, who boils a large kettleful for the general use, so that when the public crier going his rounds calls out *Pimook!* 'go to sweat!' every one brings his small kettle, which is filled for him with the potion, which at the same time serves him as a medicine, promotes a profuse perspiration, and quenches his thirst. As soon as a sufficient number have come to the oven, a number of the hot stones are rolled into the middle of it, and the sweaters go in, seating themselves or rather squatting round those stones, and there they remain until the sweat ceases to flow; then they come out, throwing a blanket or two about them that they may not catch cold; in the mean while, fresh heated stones are thrown in for those who follow them. While they are in the oven, water is now and then poured on the hot stones to produce a steam, which they say, increases heat, and gives suppleness to their limbs and joints. In rheumatic complaints, the steam is produced by a decoction of boiled roots, and the patient during the operation is well wrapped up in blankets, to keep the cold air from him, and promote perspiration at the same time.

"Those sweat ovens are generally at some distance from an Indian village, where wood and water are always at hand. The best order is preserved at those places. The women have their separate oven in a different direction from that of the men, and subjected to the same rules. The men generally sweat themselves once and sometimes twice a week; the women have no fixed day for this exercise, nor do they use it as often as the men." Even the most skillful leeches participate

in a whimsical popular notion respecting medicine. They hold it to be of the utmost importance that they should draw "water up or down the current of a stream, as it is to be respectively employed as a vehicle for an emetic or a cathartic. This singular idea prevails generally among the Indians of all classes. They think that as the one remedy is to work upwards and the other downwards, care should be taken in the preparation to follow the course of nature, so that no confusion should take place in the stomach or bowels of the patient!"

We are sorry to say that the quacks or jugglers have more practice than those of the regular faculty. This arises from the excessive superstition of the natives, of which the following are examples.

"I was once acquainted with a white man, a shrewd and correct observer, who had lived long among the Indians, and being himself related to an Indian family, had the best opportunities of obtaining accurate information on this subject. He told me that he had found the means of getting into the confidence of one of their most noted sorcerers, who had frankly confessed to him, that his secret consisted in exciting fear and suspicion, and creating in the multitude a strong belief in his magical powers. 'For,' said he, 'such is the credulity of many, that if I only pick a little wool from my blanket, and roll it between my fingers into a small round ball, not larger than a bean, I am by that alone believed to be deeply skilled in the magic art, and it is immediately supposed that I am preparing the deadly substance with which I mean to strike some person or other, although I hardly know myself at the time what my fingers are doing; and if, at that moment, I happen to cast my eyes on a particular man, or even throw a side glance at him, it is enough to make him consider himself as the intended victim; he is from that instant effectually struck, and if he is not possessed of great fortitude, so as to be able to repel the thought, and divert his mind from it, or to persuade himself that it is nothing but the work of a disturbed imagination, he will sink under the terror thus created, and at last perish a victim, not indeed, to witchcraft, but to his own credulity and folly.'

"But men of such strong minds are not often to be found; so deeply rooted is the belief of the Indians in those fancied supernatural powers. It is vain to endeavour to convince them by argument that they are entirely founded in delusion and have no real existence. The attempt has been frequently made by sensible white men, but always without success. The following anecdote will shew how little hope there is of ever bringing them to a more rational way of thinking.

"Sometime about the year 1776, a Quaker trader of the name of John Anderson, who among the Indians was called the *honest Quaker trader*, after vainly endeavouring to convince those people by argument that there was no such thing as witchcraft, took the bold, and I might say the rash, resolution to put their sorcerers to the test, and

defy the utmost exertions of their pretended supernatural powers. He desired that two of those magicians might be brought successively before him on different days, who should be at liberty to try their art on his person, and do him all the harm that they could by magical means, in the presence of the chiefs and principal men of the village. The Indians tried at first to dissuade him from so dangerous an experiment; but he persisted, and at last they acceded to his demand; the conjurer was brought to him, who professed himself fully competent to the task for which he was called, but he could not be persuaded to make the attempt. He declared that Anderson was so good and so honest a man, so much his friend and the friend of all the Indians, that he could not think of doing him an injury. He never practised his art but on bad men and on those who had injured him, the great Mannito forbid that he should use it for such a wicked purpose as that for which he was now called upon.

"The Indians found this excuse perfectly good, and retired more convinced than ever of the abilities of their conjurer, whom they now revered for his conscientious scruples.

"The one who was brought on the next day was of a different stamp. He was an arch sorcerer, whose fame was extended far and wide, and was much dreaded by the Indians, not only on account of his great powers, but of the wicked disposition of his mind. Every effort was made to dissuade Mr. Anderson from exposing himself to what was considered as certain destruction; but he stood firm to his purpose, and only stipulated that the magician should sit at the distance of about twelve feet from him, that he should not be armed with any weapon, nor carry any poison or any thing else of a known destructive nature, and that he should not even rise from his seat, nor advance towards him during the operation. All this was agreed to, the conjurer boasting that he could effect his purpose even at the distance of one hundred miles. The promised reward was brought and placed in full view, and both parties now prepared for the experiment.

"The spectators being all assembled, the sorcerer took his seat, arrayed in the most frightful manner that he could devise. Anderson stood firm and composed before him at the stipulated distance. All were silent and attentive while the wizzard began his terrible operation. He began with working with his fingers on his blanket, plucking now and then a little wool and breathing on it, then rolling it together in small rolls of the size of a bean, and went through all the antic tricks to which the power of bewitching is generally ascribed. But all this had no effect. Anderson remained cool and composed, now and then calling to his antagonist not to be sparing of his exertions. The conjurer now began to make the most horrid gesticulations, and used all the means in his power to frighten the honest quaker, who, aware of his purpose, still remain unmoved. At last, while the eyes of all the spectators were fixed on this brave man, to observe the effects of the sorcerer's craft upon him, this

terrible conjurer, finding that all his efforts were vain, found himself obliged to give up the point, and alleged for his excuse 'that the Americans eat too much salt provisions; that salt had a repulsive effect, which made the powerful invisible substance that he employed recoil upon him; that the Indians, who eat but little salt, had often felt the effects of this substance, but that the great quantity of it which the white men used effectually protected them against it.'

"The imposition in this instance was perfectly clear and visible, and nothing was so easy as to see through this sorcerer's miserable pretence, and be convinced that his boasted art was entirely a deception; but it was not so with the Indians, who firmly believed that the salt which the Americans used was the only cause of his failure in this instance, and that if it had not been for the salted meat which Mr. Anderson fed upon, he would have fallen a victim as well as others to the incantations of this impostor."

#### EARLY RUSSIAN HISTORY.

(From Count T. Golowkin's *inedited Letter*.)

The impulse of grandeur and importance which the long and prosperous reign of St. Wladimir had given to his government, withstood for a time the fatal effects of his testament. Notwithstanding the loss of eleven great appanages with which they were obliged to part, the sovereigns of Kieff held for 120 years, with a firm and skilful hand, the chains which attached them to the throne; and perhaps, this power and this splendour would have been perpetuated, if among so many states, separated from each other, the grand principality had not been the most exposed of all to usurpations and subdivisions. I have extracted from the chronicles and archives, a picture, which demonstrates the madness of the system pursued. But the military government founded by Rurick, continued only till the death of Mstislaff the Great, and various causes contributed to its destruction.

The first was indisputably those partitions, which were renewed at the death of every prince, and which it seemed impossible to abolish, as they had acquired by custom the force of law. Continual misfortunes, and dangers constantly increasing, could not fix any bounds to them. Vsevolod III. (1213) and Constantine I. (1218) who may be supposed to have been equally alarmed by the past and the future, shewed how far this deplorable infatuation was carried. In reading their testamentary dispositions, it seems that the only hope, the only consolation they had left, was to see all finish with themselves. The grand Princes had not observed, that in the continual subdivisions, there were two results directly contrary to each other; namely, that in proportion as they were favourable to them in the appanages which they weakened, they were destructive of the authority which it was so important to preserve in the Grand Principality. We cannot help asking, why Iaroslaff and Mstislaff, who were so sensible of their greatness and so skilful in making use of it, especially the first, who had succeeded in re-joining the whole inheritance of

his ancestors, did not establish it as a fundamental law, that the Grand Principality should belong to one only branch of the house of Rurick; that it should be indivisible; and that on the contrary, each appanage should, in case of decease, be always divided into as many parts as there were male heirs.

The second cause of destruction was, the example set by the same Iaroslaff of changing the appanages. Desiring in 1020 to give an advantage to his brother Mstislaff, he gave him, instead of the principalities of Monroma and Tschernigoff, which he possessed, that of Zimoutaracan, which lying on the frontiers and near the seas on the south, was better calculated to favor his ambitious views. From that time, every prince discontented with his lot, perceiving that there was a means of ameliorating it, thought he had a right to ask it; or only waited for an opportunity to demand it.

These changes of princes and of principalities became more frequent, as the Grand Principality, not being attached to a single branch, and belonging by right to the eldest of the whole race, and in fact, to the bravest or the most powerful, these changes became inevitable on every new reign. Among the appanaged princes, there were soon found some, who attempted to rival the head of the state; and as in the pursuits of ambition, the worst that can happen is, not to succeed, each sought to strengthen himself by the aid of the neighbouring people. Hence, the invasions of the Khorazes, the Polovtzy, the Poles, the Teutonic knights; hence, the dreadful yoke of the Mongols and the Lithuanians.

The most powerful of the appanaged Princes then declared themselves the hereditary possessors of the appanages they usurped; and the weakest, always protected by the grand princes, had a permanent pretext to dispute the possession with them. The certainty or the hope of obtaining justice sooner or later, completed the misfortunes of the people. Every one ruined his appanage, in order to obtain the means of purchasing or conquering another; and lastly, as the vain title of Grand Prince, was the secret object of all these ambitious princes, every thing was overthrown to arrive more speedily to an unstable throne. The time when it became necessary to transfer the Grand Principality, was not long delayed. Kieff, too much injured by foreign invasions, too much weakened by the loss of the appanages which had been successively detached from it, could no longer serve as its seat. Youry I. Dolgorouky, established himself at Wladimir, which belonged to him. Shortly after, Moscow became the seat of the Grand Principality. Soon there were two Grand Princes at the same time, or even more, according to the power of each of those who desired to be so; or to the interest of the Mongols who were masters of the greatest part of Russia. At the time of these two great Princes, Rurick II. of Kieff, and St. Youry II. of Wladimir, a noble example was seen of the harmony which love of their country may produce between

two sovereigns, who are both men of honorable principles; but this requires a union of virtues so rare, that Russia enjoyed it but once, and for a moment.

It would however be an erroneous notion, to believe that the power and the energy, the sources and example of which had been bequeathed by the founders, were entirely lost. At various periods, the fittest means were adopted to restore what time and accumulated faults had deteriorated. The reign of Iaroslaff I., so remarkable on many accounts, is particularly so from the successful efforts made by that prince to restore due vigour to the sovereign authority. This noble ambition would probably have been crowned with success, had he not been so eager to act a part in the north; an eagerness, which perhaps originated only in the desire to show the fortunes of the children of Rurick; but which made him neglect the affairs of the south, and afterwards gave the Swedes opportunities to counteract the interests of Russia.

(To be continued.)

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### NEW ELECTRO-MAGNETIC EXPERIMENTS.— BY PROFESSOR J. C. ØRSTED.

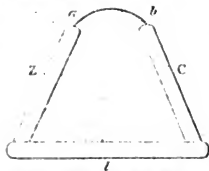
(Second Communication.)

Since the publication of my first experiments on the magnetic action of the galvanic apparatus, I have prosecuted my researches on this subject as far as my numerous avocations have allowed me.

The electro-magnetic effects do not appear to depend upon the intensity of the electricity, but only on its quantity. The discharge of a powerful electrical battery, transmitted by a metallic wire, imparts no motion to the magnetic needle. An uninterrupted series of electric sparks acts upon the needle by the usual electrical attractions and repulsions; but as far as can be ascertained, the sparks do not produce any electro-magnetic effect. A galvanic pile, composed of a hundred plates, (*disques*) of two square inches of each metal, and of paper moistened with salt water, by way of a fluid conductor, is likewise without any sensible effect on the needle. On the other hand, this effect is obtained by a single galvanic arc, (*arc galvanique*) of zinc and copper, which has for its fluid conductor a liquor of a great conducting power; for example, a compound of sulphuric acid, as much of nitric acid, and 60 parts of water. The water may even be doubled without much diminishing the effect. If the surfaces of the two metals are small, the effect is the same; but it increases in proportion as the surfaces are augmented. A plate (*lame*) of zinc, of 6 square inches, plunged in a box, which contains the liquid conductor, of which I have spoken, produces a considerable effect. But a similar system, of which the plate of zinc is 100 square inches, acts upon the magnetic needle with such force, that the effect is very sensible at the distance of three feet, even when the needle is not very moveable. I have not found a greater effect

from a galvanic apparatus, composed of 40 similar parts; and its influence even appeared to me less powerful. If this observation, which I have not confirmed by other experiments, be just, I should be inclined to believe that the small diminution of the conducting power produced by the augmentation of the elements of the apparatus, lessens its electro-magnetic effect.

To compare the effect of a single galvanic arc, with that of an apparatus composed of several arcs, or elements, we must make one reflection.—Suppose that the annexed figure represents a galvanic arc of a piece of zinc *Z*, of one of copper *C*, of a metal wire *ab*, and of a liquid conductor *l*. The zinc always communicates a part of its positive electricity to the water, as the copper gives it part of its negative electricity, which would produce an accumulation of negative electricity in the upper part of the zinc, and of positive electricity in the upper part of the copper, if the communication by *ab* did not restore the equilibrium, by affording an easy passage to the negative electricity from *Z* to *C*, and of the positive, free electricity, from *C* to *Z*. We see then that the wire *ab* receives the negative electricity of the zinc, and the positive of the copper; whereas, a wire which makes a communication between the two poles of a compound pile, or other compound galvanic apparatus, receives the positive electricity of the zinc pole, and the negative of the copper pole.



By paying attention to this difference, we may, with a single galvanic arc, arranged as I have described it, repeat all the experiments which I had at first made with a compound galvanic apparatus. The use of a single galvanic arc is, of itself, a great advantage, as it allows of a repetition of the experiments, with small preparation and expense; but it gives another advantage, which is more considerable; namely, that a galvanic arc may be arranged strong enough for the electro-magnetic experiments, and yet sufficiently light to be suspended to their wire; so that this small apparatus may easily move round the prolonged axis of the wire. Thus we may examine the action of a magnet on the galvanic arc. As a body cannot put in motion another body without being moved in its turn, when it possesses the necessary mobility, it was easy to foresee that the galvanic arc might be moved by the magnet.

The author then proceeds to state, that he made various contrivances to arrange the simple galvanic apparatus, to examine the motion communicated to it by the magnet.

He describes some of them, which do not seem intelligible without the aid of figures. He adds, "I have not yet found means to construct a galvanic apparatus sufficiently free to direct itself spontaneously towards the poles of the earth. The apparatus for such an experiment ought to be excessively invariable."

## LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### ROYAL ACADEMY.

On the 10th, the anniversary of this Foundation, the officers of the last year were re-elected, and silver medals distributed as prizes to Mr. Watts, for the best copy of an *Ostade*, in the school of painting; to Mr. Sharp, for the second best, a copy from the infant *Bacchus* of Poussin; to Mr. A. Norton, for the best drawing from the living model; to Mr. Pitts, for the best model from the same; to Mr. Wood, for the best drawing from an antique figure, one of the dying sons of Niobe; to Mr. R. Williams, for the best model from the same; and to Mr. George Allen, for the best architectural drawing, the plan and elevation of Surgeons College, Lincoln's Inn Square.

Sir T. Lawrence presided. We hear nothing of the academy's going out of the circumscribed bounds to which it has too long limited its operations for the advancement of art.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### To Poetry.

I love thee, spirit of sweet poetry!  
And, with a deep delight that few have known,  
Bend towards thee in my soul's obedience,  
And fain would court and gain thee for my own;  
Yet do I feel thy perilous influence.  
Sweet spirit, well I know thy lineage high,  
And whence are drawn the currents of thy song,  
And where they stream along  
Through the sad shores of Italy,  
Old Greece, or Avon's pleasant pastures near  
Whence Shakespeare's fancy ran and runneth clear

Toward the far seas of immortality.

Not fabled was the story of thy birth,  
As told by poets in the elder time,  
(Though scorned, alas! in these degenerate days,  
And thy green laurel deemed of little worth).  
Oh! then bear me unto thy sunny clime,  
Where few, so few, have been allowed to gaze;  
So may I bask in those eternal rays,  
That seldom yet have visited this earth,  
And with some power celebrate thy praise.

I love thee, sweetest spirit! and I oft  
Have wandered with thee, a companion rude,  
And seldom seen, and never borne aloft

\* Sir H. Davy has allowed the public to have a glimpse at his experiments on the magnetizing influence of galvanism. The results stated in the newspapers are, that the galvanic fluid properly directed, communicates magnetic properties to steel bars. The bars must not be placed in the direction of the magnetic axis, but parallel to the magnetic equator—the west end then becomes the north pole, and the east end the south pole of the new magnet. This effect may be produced at 10 or 12 inches distance from the galvanic current.

Amidst the regions where the poets stray:  
Yet have I bent before thee in my cell,  
And called on thee in solitude,  
And through the varying seasons (chief by night)  
Have felt and lov'd thy shadowy presence well;  
And owned with what a power thou wast endued  
To change, and ah! to beautify  
Whatever wound round object met thy sight;  
And I, with thee, have seen the lightnings play,  
(Touched by thy hand, terrifically bright),  
And seen the young sun tint the skies with grey,  
And marked the painted heavens at evening, grey,  
Or when they, with their thousand eyes of light,  
Look beautiful upon the world below.  
Half of this pleasure to thy help I owe.

It is to thee, sweet spirit! man should bow,  
(All self-abandoned in his love),  
And worship the bright wreath upon thy brow,  
As in those days of past mythology,  
When, on the Olympus hill, thy father Jove  
Sat in his might, and flung his bolts afar;  
(Now fixed amongst the skies a humble star),  
Whilst thou the while, didst haunt the sacred  
spring,

And from prophane touch guard the sparkling  
fount,  
And mark Apollo's laurel blossoming,  
Or roam those woods (crowning the Fieschi  
mount)

That bound the sun-bright plains of Thessaly:  
It is to thee, sweet spirit! men should bow,  
For much to thee they owe:  
To thee man oweth what is bright and fair—  
That he can joy in sights this world above,  
(The heavens—the stars that light the upper  
air)

And thus escape life's mere reality.  
Say how that Avon's child first carried thy love,  
And how thy blind and mighty votary,  
And how they did secure through life thy care:  
For I have fed upon the flowers  
That spring so fresh on Shakespeare's page,  
And, from my tenderest age  
Till now, have passed with him delighted hours:  
And with him (Fancy's high fantastic son)  
Have learned to commune with the visible soul;  
And ah! through many a soft and summer night  
(What time the fair moon lends her clearest  
light)

Have roamed alone, and dwelt in silence on  
Old Milton's matchless tale of Paradise.  
September 1819.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

We are almost sorry for having given publicity to the letters of our pandemonian friend Satan, as their insertion has had the effect of filling our letter-box with communications under the signatures of Diabolus, Lucifer, Belzebub, Asmodeus, and other names of infernal import, in such quantity, that we are disposed to believe the number of wicked spirits at present loose in this country has been much under-rated, as well as their power of disturbing the peace of the community. As we could not promise to insert the half of these communications without printing our whole annual quantum of matter in one day, which would not be perfectly convenient for us, and perhaps, even less so for our readers, we shall commit the whole of them to the flames, as we wish to have no personal communication with the writers, and have no curiosity to know the place of their abode. Many other journals, however, exist in this metropolis, to the Editors of which, if they prove inter-

visible, our invisible friends may transmit their letters; and if it save the future pillaging of our pages, it may be matter of gratulation to all parties.

We have also to acknowledge the receipt of three hundred and fifty-four letters connected with the same subject, but which we have not had leisure to examine minutely, seeming to be animadversions on, answers to, or praises of, the communications addressed to us by Satan. As we cannot promise the appearance of all these, unless we were assured of surviving the present century; and as we wish to pay every attention to the requests of those friends who have taken the trouble to write for our advantage, we shall slip into our portfolio for the home department, and print as many of those which come to hand as will fill a page of our miscellany; trusting that the produce may be as fair a specimen of the remainder, as the samples at Dark Lane are of the grains they represent, or the patches of the clothier the webs which they are meant to typify.

The first comes from the City; and is as follows:

*To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.*

Sir,—Since reading your communications on the Devil, I have not had a moment's comfort. My imagination conjures up demons at every step; and whether seated in my shop or walking in the street; whether at the club or the theatres, I picture to myself the Evil One in every person I meet, and any I detect traits of his character in every eye I see. My wife, who is also a constant reader of the Literary Gazette, suspects, on the same principle, that I am not so good as used to be; I dare scarcely look or speak to a female without being suspected of an intrigue; and though my spouse is a notable roman in many respects, I am afraid, from her attention to our gentlemen customers, that I begin to see evidences in her conduct of the undue influence of the enemy of our race.

My instant determination on reading these letters, was to avoid all appearance of being under the controul of such a master; and accordingly erased the words "goods under prime cost" from my shop-bill, and resolved to ask no more from my customers in future, than I really meant to sell the goods for, without enhancing the value of the bargain, by telling the palpable falsehood (too common in our profession,) that they were considerably under the manufacturer's prices. By this proceeding, I indeed satisfied my conscience; but I find all my customers have left me, although my goods, as may be seen by all at my shop, are of equal quality, and as low in price, as those of my neighbour, Mr. Gobblegoose, who has realized a handsome fortune; though, if his assertions are to be believed, he loses by every thing he sells. In short, Sir, I find that if I act honestly, and keep according to my conscience, I must starve; and that there is no resource for me, but to return to those tricks and deceptions, which, however hurtful to our future happiness, are essentially necessary to our present comfort.

As your paper is very extensively read, I

should wish, for the character of our profession, that you would make my grievances known in your own manner in an early publication. And I shall adhere to my present plan for another week, in the hope that, by your publishing the circumstances, I may, in the return of customers to whose ears truth may be acceptable, be enabled to acquire the means of supporting myself and family; for unless some such thing be done, I must either shut up my shop or my conscience, as there is no possibility of procuring a livelihood by dealing honestly and speaking truth, as things are at present arranged in London. I am, Sir, your most humble Servant.

ABRAHAM MEANWELL.  
Cheapside, Dec. 7th, 1820.

Dear Sir,—Do tell me if the Devil ever takes the shape of a handsome young man, or appears in the uniform of an officer of the guards. I have two admirers, who both of them have sworn a hundred and a hundred times, they love me beyond any thing you could think of; but I must not tell Pa or Ma. Do you tell fortunes? Dear Sir, Yours truly,  
ARABELLA YOUNGLEY.

*Answer by the Editor.*

If a man talks of love, with caution trust him; But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive you.

Sir,—Having read Satan's third letter very carefully, I am convinced that he is right in what he there asserts; and I have to request the favour of your inserting the following notice in your paper, of a work I am about to commence, viz. "Dr. Ebenezer Longhead is at present engaged in writing a *History of the World*, from its beginning to the present time; including a particular account of all those sovereigns, states, and nations, who have acted on systems of polity prescribed by the Devil, and evidently calculated to serve his peculiar purposes. The work will be completed in one hundred and fifty volumes quarto, as nearly as can be conjectured, including a supplemental volume, containing the history of those kings and kingdoms, who have acted on opposite principles." And you may add, as expressive of our own sentiments, "that you have no doubt, from the known learning and abilities of the author, that this will be the most important work ever published in Britain." I am, Sir,  
Your most humble Servant,

EBENEZER LONGHEAD, LL.D.  
Lincoln's Inn Fields, 12th Dec. 1820.

Sir,—If Satan is to be your correspondent, I shall cease to be your reader. Yours,  
Greenwich. THOMAS SHORT.

Mr. Editor,—Have the goodness to send me twelve copies of every Gazette in which the Devil appears, made up in a parcel, and sent by the coach to your humble Servant,  
DAVID DROLL.

Northampton, 5th Dec. 1820.

Sir,—In your Litterary Gazette, or Gimmel of Billies letters as you call it in German, which I ride dully afore it goes up stairs to my Lefe, I seed a litter from the Evil won, as I thinks is mint to satirize our Sacks, thof I cant say I undirstands its porpus completely, and I dnnol see what rite either yow or the Divil has to make a tax on our

petycots or illush'ons to Leda's drays; and if I wer your wife Mr. Idioter, I wold lett yu know that you have no byanes with other pebbles puttycots; or wether they wore stufft guns or not. Mend your own sacks, Sir, I uin the meal sacks; and let me tell you that it is a sham for you in a printit Gurnel to sirkil skaudlous imputashions to the perjulas of chest and vircetws wimmen at the instikashon of the Feather of Lice. And to shoe you that I dont mind your insulashions a cooper varthing, I shell put up my petycots as far as I pleas and farther, and lett them as has not andsome hancles klp them down to consal them for werry obvice raisins.

Yours to command,  
GROSNOR SQUARE. MARTHA BLUNT.  
Dear Ed.—Capital quiz that of Satan's and yours... devilish good idea. Do drive the dear creatures to church—it will be a charming variety in life, and keep the ready in our pockets lost at the pictures. How demure the sly ones will look before the parson. Touch them up about putting a little more stuff in their bosom gear—or say they went naked like Adam and Eve. How would that do? Yours in haste,  
Piccadilly, Tuesday. HARRY SPURD.

Friend,—I see from the late publications that the Evil One, who is called Satan, Beelzebub, and the Old Serpent, has been inditing epistles to thee, and I much marvelled thereat, though I have often evidence of his presence in this great city, in the temptations to which my frail tabernacle is exposed in walking its crowded streets. What he saith to thee about the vanity of women's appareling, and idle amusements, is not far from the truth; and if he had exposed the folly of the creatures whom men call Dandies, and who walk in a vain shew, I should not have been sorry therefore. Also the adorning of dannels with gaudy trappings, and putting coloured earth upon their faces—this also is vanity; though we read of the Jews putting ashes on their heads when they had committed grievous sins. Thou perhaps may be able to say whether this practice is not followed by our fair countrywomen on the same principle. Moreover, the rattling of spotted bones in a vessel, and spending nights in looking at Images on pasteboard, this ought to be reprobated; and his ideas of murder by hired men in red coats, is not far from the opinion entertained by the Society of Friends. But I counsel thee to be on thy guard against the arch deceiver; for wolves sometimes assume the clothing of the sheep, to serve their own purposes; and even Sarah, the wife of my bosom, was quite another thing than she is now, before she was the spouse of  
Thy Friend,  
SIMON PURE.

Cornhill, 7th of the 12th Month.

## THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN.—Mr. Vandenhoff. On Saturday, this gentleman made his London debut in the arduous character of King Lear. This attempt, and the reports circulated in the theatrical world previous to his appearance, marked him out as an aspirant to the

highest honours of his difficult profession. The performance of a single part does not furnish grounds for us to pronounce whether he will accomplish this great object, or fail; but we may safely say, that he has displayed considerable talents, though conjoined with some drawbacks which took away from the full effect of his acting. Mr. Vandenhoff appears to be somewhat taller than Mr. Kean, (who, by the by, has arrived at New York,) of an active and agile form, with a voice of rather strange quality, and the owner of a countenance of indolent expression, though not absolutely bad for the stage. Thus physically constituted, his mental requisites seem to be of a finer cast. He has too much judgment to be an imitator, and too much feeling to be a mannerist, and too much talent to be a drudge. Unquestionably, it is our opinion, that his chief forte is passion. The most exquisite art, without sensibility, seldom or never excites sympathy; and the actor who does not feel strongly, can hardly hope to affect powerfully. The most original of Vandenhoff's markings in *Lear*, arose out of this source. When he merely followed scenic traditional delineation, he was inferior to several of his predecessors; but when cheered by the applause of the spectators, and wrought into an ardour of self-possession, he gave parts in a style of excellence which we have seldom seen surpassed. His vacillation between his two daughters, for instance, was peculiarly natural and forcible. When stung by the viper Goneril, he ran towards Regan, as if the later and sharper sting had obliterated the memory of her unkindness; and then the sudden recollection of that ingratitude palsied his frame, and stiff d'appeal almost bursting from his lips and heart. Torn then with the overwhelming conflict of their double treachery and wrong, he rushed forth, pouring execrations on their unfeeling heads, and exclaiming the more merciful elements. It is not our intention to enter into the minutiae of the play; but we have particularised our instance, to show that Mr. V. is capable of very noble conceptions, and of the vivid execution of them. His voice might occasionally break into a girlish tone; his animation might exceed the bounds of age, even when edified with the supernatural energy of madness; and there might be other objectionable points in his acting; but it would be unjust to press them against him on a first night, and in such a character as *Lear*. We rather hail him as a welcome acquisition to the stage; and are convinced, that he has abilities which will, if he can discard a redundancy of action, and other provincial common place defects, give him a fair chance of becoming a favourite. His Sir Giles Overreach, on Thursday, was inferior to his *L. ar*.

#### VARIETIES.

On the 17th ult. the objects furnished by the *Society of the Friends of Art*, were exhibited in one of the galleries of the *Hotel des Menus Plaisirs du Roy*. The exhibition consisted of forty pictures, on various sub-

jects. *Heloise and Abelard* surprised by the Canon Fulbert, and a scene from the history of the Spanish war, are among the most remarkable pictures. The gallery also contains a beautiful plaster model of *Leda and Jupiter*, in the form of a swan. The exhibition has been much frequented by visitors. — (*French Paper*.)

*Anecdote of George IV.*—The two Owyhee Chiefs were introduced to his Majesty the other day at Carlton Palace. The King was amused with their conversation, through an interpreter, and asked a good many questions. Among other things, the elder Chief told him he had six wives: upon which his Majesty good-humouredly observed—"Notwithstanding which you left your country! well, I have but one, and I find that enough to manage!"

The Conway, Captain Basil Hall, has reached Rio Janeiro. This is the ship sent from England, by the Admiralty, farther to explore the new antarctic land recently discovered, and of which we have given an account as far as has yet been ascertained.

*Oliver Goldsmith.*—The birthday of Oliver Goldsmith was celebrated on the 6th inst. at Ballymation, in Ireland, near which place this fine genius was born on 29th November 1728. An annual observance of the day in the capital is projected, and a monument is about to be erected to this one of *Hibernia's* greatest sons. These national festivals are always to be applauded; they are at once a noble reward and excitement of talents.

Mr. Lewis Grummit, formerly an eminent grazier in Lincolnshire, died a few days ago in that county at a very advanced age. It was from an hospitable joke of this worthy man's that Dr. Goldsmith took the hint of *Melrose* mistaking the house of *Mr. Hardcastle* for an inn, in the comedy of *She stoops to Conquer*. The circumstance was as follows:—Mr. Grummit late one night met a commercial traveller, who had mistaken his road, and enquired the way to the nearest inn or public-house. Mr. G. replied, that as he was a stranger, he would show him the way to a quiet respectable house of public entertainment for man and horse, and took him to his own residence. The traveller, by the perfect ease and confidence of his manner, showed the success of his host's stratagem, and every thing that he called for was instantly provided for himself and his horse. In the morning he called in an authoritative tone for his bill, and the hospitable landlord had all the recompense he desired in the surprise and altered manners of his guest. Many other whimsical acts of kindness are related of him.—*Can. Chron.*

*Cleopatra's Needle.*—This celebrated monument of antiquity has been presented to his Majesty George IV. by the Pacha of Egypt, and is expected to arrive shortly from Alexandria. It is intended to be set up in Waterloo-place, opposite Carlton Palace. The weight of the column is about 200 tons, the diameter at the pedestal seven feet. This magnificent column was obtained through the influence of S. Briggs, Esq. the British Resident at Grand Cairo, with the Pacha of Egypt.—(*Daily Paper*.)

*Curiosity.*—The passion for sights is strongly displayed by the crowds at every execution. In Paris a similar impulse induced multitudes to rush to the *Murges* fortnight ago, to see the dead body of the pretty oyster-girl who was assassinated by a soldier, and whose corpse, it was expected, would be exposed, according to custom, at that place. Happily for decorum, it was owned by her parents, and buried within this ceremony.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

We understand that the literary world is on the eve of being presented with a life of Voltaire, from the maiden pen of a gentleman hitherto more distinguished in the *Melan Hunt* than in the pursuits of literature, and heretofore far better known on the *parc* as the fashionable streets, and in places where *Dandies* lounge, than in *The Row*, or circle of science.

We hear that among Lord Byron's forthcoming labours, the castigation of a *Review* and a Magazine is included: Translation from the Italian, too, will appear, as well as from Ovid's *Epistles*: Two other *Cantos* of *Juan*, &c. &c.!

*Prussian travellers in Egypt.*—The Prussian General Menu Von Minutoli, who has undertaken a scientific tour in Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, and Greece, accompanied by an architect, an orientalist, and two naturalists, has written to his patron (his royal highness Prince Charles of Prussia), a letter from Alexandria, dated the 13th of September, in which he gives an account of an interview with the viceroys of Egypt, Mahomed Ali Pasha, and anticipates the safe and successful prosecution of his object.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

DECEMBER 1820.

Thursday, 7.—Thermometer from 44 to 56. Barometer from 30, 16 to 30, 5. Wind S. W. 1, and 2.—Cloudy till the afternoon, when it became clear, and settled.

Friday, 8.—Thermometer from 46 to 52. Barometer from 30, 24 to 30, 5. Wind S. W. 2, and W. b. S. 4.—Cloudy.

Saturday, 9.—Thermometer from 44 to 51. Barometer from 30, 33 to 30, 5. Wind S. W. 1, and 2.—Generally cloudy till the evening, when it became clear.

Sunday, 10.—Thermometer from 45 to 54. Barometer from 30, 21 to 30, 13. Wind S. W. 3.—Cloudy.

Monday, 11.—Thermometer from 47 to 54. Barometer from 30, 02 to 30, 02. Wind S. W. 1, and 4.—Generally cloudy. A misting rain in the morning.

Tuesday, 12.—Thermometer from 45 to 55. Barometer from 29, 80 to 29, 72. Wind S. W. and S. b. W. 1.—Morning cloudy with rain; afternoon clear, and heavy rain in the evening. Rain fallen, 175 of an inch.

Wednesday, 13.—Thermometer from 45 to 56. Barometer from 29, 56 to 29, 77. Wind S. b. W. 4, and N. E. 3.—Raining all day, and cloudy till the evening, when it became clear. Rain fallen, 5 of an inch.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

Edmonton.—In the lines to *Sageen*, &c. &c. for *lands* read *land*.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Earthquake: a Tale.* By the author of "The Ayrshire Legatees." 3 vols. Edinburgh. 1820.

*The Ayrshire Legatees* is a story, somewhat after the Humphrey Clinker manner, which has been continued through several numbers of Blackwood's Magazine, and possesses so much merit as to have excited in us considerable expectations about any work from the same pen. These expectations have not been fully realized by the volumes before us; for though they display abilities above the common order, they are assuaged by blemishes which detract much from their general merit. Among these we might specify the striking instances of haste and negligence with which the Tale abounds; but our chief objections are of deeper roots, and all springing from the want of nature. We are so tired of having human beings represented as acting from mystical perceptions, and on resistless as they are irrational impulses, on unaccountable sympathies and morbid notions, on imaginary destinies and unaccountable linkings, that the very approximation to such "primitives and primitives" (as Sir Hugh Evans would call them) sickens us to the soul. We would cheerfully allow a large quantum of sensibilities and fated circumstances as any poet or novelist could reasonably ask; but is it not monstrous to be fictions, presumed to be pictures of life and society, entirely founded, and depending in every incident on fripperies of this sort, while common sense and all the ordinary incentives to the actions of mankind are placed *hors de combat*? Certainly *'The Earthquake,'* is very far from being the worst book we have seen of this class; but it belongs to the school, and the school is offensive to our ideas of right reason and adequate motives. The *accus inquit* ought to be applicable in degree only more than in mythological reality, as a sound canon on which to frame a likeness of the affairs of intelligent creatures; and the rule of no effect without a cause, as German in all its extent to morals as to physics. Vague and incomprehensible grounds of action ought therefore, if not discarded, to be sparingly employed in delineating human character; and it is in our opinion, not only absurd, but dangerous, to draw men and things as if they were governed by indefinable and pre-destinated necessity, instead of free-will illumined by the light of the understanding. So much for the principle to which the leading circumstances in this novel may be traced: need we add, that the consequences are improbabilities in the fable, and exaggerated.

VOL. IV.

ration (if not unnatural distortion) in several of the dramatical personae.

The Earthquake at Messina throws, rather forcibly together, a number of personages, who had been previously connected, but separated by the current of worldly adventure. Among these, the most prominent are a Count Corneli, a Sicilian nobleman of large possessions, and a villain and murderer; Castagnello, the son of an English lord and a Neapolitan actress, a voluptuary with good disposition, but led astray by his passions; Lord Wildwaste, his half-brother; Lady Wildwaste, a noble dame; Bellina, daughter of a Neapolitan grandee, and the first love of Castagnello; Baron Alcamo, a pseudo philosopher, whose sister (the wife of Corneli) had mysteriously disappeared; the Baroness Alcamo, a fat lady; Francisco their son, an ingenious young man acting on preternatural fancies; Adeline his sister, a devotee; Alicia, sister to Lady Wildwaste, seduced and poisoned by Corneli; the lady of the same Count, a nun; and his son Ferdinando, whom he stabs to death in the end, mistaking him for Francisco. Robbers and monks, friends, and a score or two of other characters, fill up the canvas.

The story is too complicated for us to unravel within the compass which we can afford to such a task. We shall therefore content ourselves with quoting a few pages to show the abilities of the author in many ways, though obscured, as we think, by the prevailing clouds of carelessness and mysticism. We begin with the Earthquake at Messina.

"Dreadful as the convulsion was which, in the course of less than half a minute, shook the splendid city of Messina into fragments, and buried thousands of the inhabitants beneath the ruins, the silent horrors of the scene next morning were, to the humane heart, still more appalling. During the earthquake the cries and distraction of the people were overwhelmed in the thunder of the falling edifices, and the roaring of the sea that fled and returned with a furious violence. The presence of the destroying angel was veiled in the clouds of dust which filled the mid-day air with suffocating darkness. It was only by looking at the print of his steps when the clouds had rolled away, that the terrors of his might and wrath could be duly appreciated.

"Francisco rose at day-break with the intention of ascertaining what had been the fate of his different acquaintances, and particularly of a young man of the name of Salvatore Pratano, his most intimate companion, who lived in a distant quarter of the town. But the streets were choked with rubbish, and the face of every object so changed that he lost his way, and, after

wandering about for some time, he burst into tears at finding himself a bewildered stranger in his native city.

"He had passed churches which the people dreaded to enter, for the vaulted roofs were riven asunder, and the pillars that supported them overhanging their pedestals in the very act of falling. In one he saw the body of the officiating priest crushed beneath the statue of a saint that had been cast down from its niche while he was elevating the host at the altar. In others, where the people crowded during the convulsion, and from which, while the walls were splitting, they had as madly attempted to escape, he witnessed the most frightful spectacles of the dead and living, so locked and grasped, and kneaded, as it were, into masses together, that in many instances the persons employed in separating them were obliged to cut the dead bodies to pieces, before they could get the survivors extricated. But of all these terrible sights none affected him more deeply than the scene around the corpse of an old man, which his family seemed to have been depositing in a cadaver at the very moment when the city was shaken asunder. The roof had fallen in upon them as they were bringing the bier into the middle of the charnel-house, and all the mourners were killed on the spot, while the body remained uninjured; and the different skeletons stood around unmoved and entire, except one, which a little boy belonging to the funeral had convulsively seized by the leg and drawn across the heap of ruins which had crushed himself to death.

"In several places he passed knots of little children, sitting with their heads together, crying for their parents, and shivering with hunger. In others, he saw helpless old men who had lost their all and survived all their friends. When he first found himself at a loss to know his way, he enquired of a lady who was sitting gaily dressed at a window, and, as she did not answer, he thought she had not heard: he spoke to her again, and she looked at him. He addressed her a third time, but she only glared wildly, and raising her hands, shook them fearfully, and, turning her head away, made no reply.

"In many instances the sufferers were struck with a permanent consternation still more distressing, and he passed an old woman who was dangling the mangled body of her grand-child, and bestowing on it all the epithets of endearment. He stopped fascinated by the perfection of her misery, and she noticed him. In the same moment, an afflicting ray of reason seemed to dart across her mind, and, glancing a terrified look at the corpse to which she was singing so fondly, she dashed it from her with a



scream of horror and disgust, hiding her face in her hands against the refuted walls of her roofless house. Francisco himself ran from the spot, but he was soon stopped by a crowd round a crazed paralytic friar, whom the police patrol were dragging to prison. He had been discovered in the act of robbing a church of the relics of a martyr, celebrated for their miraculous efficacy. They had been enclosed in a golden casket, which the priests belonging to the church accused him of attempting to steal, as he had burst it open; but it was only the sacred bones that he wanted, and he held them still in his hand.

"The emotion arising from so many successive scenes of madness and affliction became insupportable."

The author's great felicity lies in brief introductions of his characters: we have never read a book in which this difficult task was more tersely and happily performed. We take two or three examples. The head of a Sicilian town—

"Signor Corbo, the Prefect, was one of those personages, who have a mighty notion of the importance of office, and especially of magisterial dignity, and he conceived that power was never so wisely administered but in proportion as it was done promptly. Having been once deputed to the capital to obtain the modification of a local tax, in which the members of government took no other interest than as it was productive, they, at his suggestion, changed it to another, but levied both the original tax and the new one next year. This mission, with the official civility that he had met with, turned the head of Signor Corbo, and he fancied himself from that time, qualified to be a minister of state; so that when he returned home, he conducted himself in a manner perfectly suitable to this high conceit, making fine speeches that made himself very ridiculous."

"The Prefect, on seeing the crowd approaching, ordered as many to be admitted, as his saloon could hold, and retired to an inner chamber, where his clerk or secretary was sitting paring his nails, having previously mended his pen, preparatory to the important investigation."

"At the upper end of the saloon, into which the officer dragged the innocent carchin, stood a large marble table, with an inkstand and a brazen lamp on it, at the one end was a chair of state, behind which, and under a canopy, hung the portraits of their Sicilian Majesties, under the right hand side of the table a rush bottomed chair was placed for the secretary."

"When the crowd had waited some time, a servant entered and lighted the lamp, a chamber bell was then heard to ring, and another domestic came from the inner apartment waving his hand as a signal for silence. He was followed by the secretary with a pen, and two or three sheets of paper in his hand; then came the grand personage himself, with an easy and negligent air, which was the more remarkable as it seemed to be put on for the occasion. It is not customary for provincial magistrates of

Sicily, any more than those of other countries, to affect this pompous negligence, but Signor Corbo had experienced the grandeur of its effect in the hollow familiarity of its intercourse with the great of Palermo."

"When Signor Corbo had taken his seat in the chair of state, he threw a glance of supreme discernment at the prisoner, and over the multitude, and turning to the secretary, said with a significant smile, drawing his hand over his mouth, 'A bad countenance,' and in the same breath raising his voice and looking from under his brows, he addressed the prisoner,

"Well, friend, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Father Leonardo, not understanding the import of the question, answered timidly, 'Nothing.'

"'Nothing,' echoed Signor Corbo chuckling—and the clerk recorded the word, 'that is worse than I expected.'"

To match these genuine traits, we give the portrait of a medical practitioner of the same country.

"There lived at this time in Sciacca a little black and yellow apothecary, whom his friends styled Il Medico Gabinetto, but he was more generally known by the epithet of Poty Gabi. His hair was jet black, and it lay as smoothly on his head, as if it had been dressed with some of his own ointment. He commonly wore a purple velvet waistcoat, speckled with gold, green inexpressibles, a sky blue silk coat, with large yellow buttons, and a cocked hat that might have served a grenadier. His watch chain, long and dangling, was adorned with many trinkets, among others with a small shell, on which he set great value, as it had been brought from the West Indies; and when he walked abroad, or to visit his patients, he usually carried a silver headed cane, considerably taller than the man who grasped it by the middle."

"Nobody thought so much of Poty Gabi, as he did of himself: he allowed however that there might have been doctors who treated their patients with more success, but was quite sure none carried to the couch of disease more skill, or sent so much medicine, notwithstanding which many of his patients unaccountably died."

Poty Gabi is robbed of his watch, which accounts for the incidental appearance of another character.

"Among those who most frequently and seemingly most ferrently condoled with Poty Gabi on the irreparable loss which he had sustained, was a young man of the name of Gaminetti, who was not less satisfied with himself than the doctor with his own medical knowledge. Signor Gaminetti was indeed a very remarkable person, or rather, as he thought himself, he possessed a remarkable person, and that a very handsome one. His face was beautiful, and his cheeks were so prettily dimpled, and he knew this so well, that he constantly appeared with a smiling countenance, but his legs were round and not well formed, and, being inclined to corpulency, his belly was larger than became his years. But as he

was not sensible himself of these peculiar drawbacks on his beauty, he rendered them more conspicuous by his fondness for dancing, although he had no natural taste for the art, being destitute of any musical ear, so that what with his blunders as to time in the dance, attracting attention to his legs, and his inordinate conceit of his person, causing him not only to hold his head up but to land it back in dancing as in walking, he was really a very ridiculous figure."

"Signor Gaminetti, like all those who are on good terms with themselves, had a little spice of satire in his disposition, and he was in consequence regarded as agreeable company by many charitable minded ladies and gentlemen of Sciacca, who in a sociable manner delighted to pity the faults and misfortunes of their neighbours; and the story of Poty and his shell had often furnished him with a pleasant topic. It was however observed that although Signor Gaminetti was often invited to parties, he never gave any return; perhaps he thought the invitations but a just tribute to his singular merit."

We consider these to be spirited sketches, and laudable for the naïveté of the touches.

The second volume is the duller of the two, and fatigues the reader with a tedious journal of travels in the regions of Canosa. Here new persons start up, figure, and resemble the shapes of a magic lantern; and they rise without effect, they pass without interest, and disappear without regret as the part of the spectators. We shall not dwell on such visions, but proceed to the third volume, for the purpose of extracting one of the most vigorous and pleasing descriptions in the tale—it is that of Cangello's return to his native place.

"It was about noon when he reached the hotel where he intended to stay, and he felt so overpowered by the heat, that he stretched himself on a sofa and fell asleep. When he awoke the day was far declined, but he was anxious to revisit the well-known haunts of his childhood, he hastily changed his dress and went out. He did not expect to be recognized by any of his former acquaintance, for twenty years had passed since he had seen any of them, nor did he wish to make himself known."

"His first course was towards his mother's villa, which overlooked the town. He was anxious to ascertain if she was still living, but was deterred from going directly to the house by a painful feeling at once delicious and anxious, and reluctant."

"As he walked along, he thought the streets and buildings had universally become of a meaner appearance, and that every thing was touched by the hand of time, and wore an air of decay. He recognized in passing several houses where he had been an occasional visitor, and he lingered as he passed in the hope of seeing some one belonging to them, but the guests that went in, and the inmates that came from them, were strangers."

"In crossing the Corso, he saw at a short distance the palace of the Duke dei Fionchi (the father of Belina) but he could not make a resolution to go towards it. It appears

ed, in all respects, the same as when he left it on the fatal evening of his departure for Rome. Servants, in the same liveries, stood at the portal; the very awnings which were extended from the windows, seemed to be the same. Had he, however, enquired, he would have been informed that the master was changed; but such is the habitual system that grows up with hereditary wealth, that the characteristics of a great family often remain for ages unaltered, while the individuals that compose them fluctuate with the common tide of life, and are lost and forgotten in the general stream that has passed away.

"The first thing that he entirely missed, and it had been long removed, was a little rude shed, attached to a garden wall, immediately without the city, on the road which led to the hill where his mother's residence was situated. Under this shed, an old woman of a singularly neat appearance, and of a mild obliging disposition, was wont to keep a stall for the sale of fruit. She was a great favourite with the neighbouring children, and often in the cool of the shed he had sat in the hot weather with his playmates beside her. But she was dead many years, and a vile assemblage of docks and nettles, and rubbish, occupied the site of this favorite haunt.

"While he was looking at this little scene of desolation, a beautiful girl with a light step, bearing on her head a basket of flowers, came gaily down the hill, singing with the jocund carol of youthful animation. He thought he recognized the voice, and when she came nearer, he was convinced, in the feeling of the moment, that it was Brunetta, the daughter of his nurse, a happy tempered girl, who had often taken pleasure in teasing him while a boy, and he actually ran forward several steps towards her, when he perceived it was another. He, however, spoke to her, and heard, as if it had been a misfortune, that she was the daughter, and not the eldest, of Brunetta. He thought her beautiful, but far less so than her mother, and turned from her abruptly, while she pursued her way to the city, and resumed her song with the gaiety of a bird at liberty amidst its native bowers.

"As he approached the villa, he heard the sounds of elegant music in the garden, performed with all the skill and taste which, in happier days, distinguished the concerts of his mother's little parties, after her retirement from the stage. He listened with inexpressible delight: the whole painful interval since he had last been on that spot seemed cancelled, and when the sonata was ended, he heard his mother call him by name, and chide him as an unruly boy, for having disturbed the performance. But it was another Castagnello, the son of one of his sisters; and it was not his, but the mother of that Castagnello, who chided with so much tenderness.

"The emotion which this little incident and discovery produced, quite overcame him, and he retired to a distance dissolved in tears, but the sound of music was renewed in a cheerful strain, and he acquired self-possession to go to the villa. He did not wish to be known: he was desirous to avoid the congratulations which might naturally be expected on such an occasion, and to shun enquiries that he could not answer without equivocation and shame.

"With a palpitating heart, he went to the gate which led to the garden where the musical party were sitting, in an alcove covered with vines. It was open, but he hesitated to enter: a young man, of a gentle air, however, on observing him, invited him to come in. 'We are celebrating,' said he, 'a little festival in honour of a relation whom we have not heard of for many years. It is his birth-day, and he was my benefactor; as he is among strangers, strangers are with us to-day most welcome; I therefore pray you to join our party.'

"Castagnello recollected that it was his own birth-day, a circumstance which he had forgotten; and he could not be mistaken that the youth before him was the child of his sister, for whose education in England he had provided, when in that country. This was the only moment of pure delight that he had ever enjoyed, and it was at once the just and natural reward of the kindness that he had shown to the orphan.

"He accepted the invitation of his nephew, but he was more than ever resolved to remain unknown.

"The party consisted of about twenty persons, besides a number of boys and girls, the children of his contemporaries. As the sun was set before he reached the gate, when he entered the alcove, it was so obscured by the umbrageous leaves of the vines, with which it was covered, that the faces of the company could not be easily distinguished. This afforded him an opportunity of knowing which of his relations were present, but as he heard nothing of his mother, he began to conclude in sorrow that she was gone to that country from which no traveller ever returns. He observed, however, an aged lady at the upper end of the alcove, seated on an armed chair, which was adorned with evergreens and garlands, and raised on a platform. It was evident that she was the queen of the festival, and when he reflected on the other changes he had seen, he thought that she could be no other than his mother, but she sat silent: no one noticed her, nor did she appear to notice any one.

"Soon after he had taken his seat, the servants distributed coloured lamps amidst the branches of the vines, and by their light he contemplated this figure at leisure. She appeared to be about three-score, and she was bent into a hoop, but with infirmities more than old age. Her figure was meagre, her arms skinny, and her head, which drooped and projected over her withered bosom, shook with palsy. The expression of her countenance indicated the last extremity of imbecility and dotage, and a driving smile, that mocked all mirth, wavered among her features, as she endeavoured to look round on the lamps as they glittered among the leaves.

"Castagnello perceived that her grey hairs were adorned with a coronal of flowers,

and by the rich pendants of diamonds that sparkled in her ears—a tribute that had been paid to the motherless beauty of her youth—he recognized at last his mother. While he looked with anguish of heart on this fantastic spectacle, and saw that her mind, whose fine natural intelligence had once delighted and charmed the most polished spirits of Europe, was even more impaired than her person, he could not suppress his tears. At that moment the boy who bore his name came to her, and on her attempt to caress the child, she seemed to forget who he was, and to address him as her own Castagnello. The boy laughed at her mistake, and with an arch and playful look, asked her to sing one of her airs. The poor weak and vain old woman was pleased with the knavish flattery of the urelin, an illegit to scream one of her once-admired bravuras, which threw the child into an ecstasy of laughter—Castagnello could not withstand this: he started from his seat with indignation, and shaking the boy furiously, darted out of the garden, and ran to his lodgings agitated with the bitterest grief he had ever experienced."

"We need add no other proof of the talents of the writer, if more properly directed, and less crudely developed than in these pages. He appears to us to be a young writer, (though report ascribes the work to Mr. Wilson, the Professor of Moral Philosophy) and his work to have been cast out without undergoing that polish, which deference to the public, and a regard for his own fame, ought to have suggested. A little attention would have prevented the occurrence of such vulgarity as the mention of *ladia setting* on a sofa; of such blunders as *Tartar* for *Tatar*, a Turkish courier; and of such contradictions as that a prisoner was detained 'several hours' in a room where he 'was not allowed to remain long.' (page 269, vol. 2.) These, it is true, are but trifles; but it seems too much the fashion of late, for able writers to fancy that any thing they do is good enough for publication, and therefore they may spare themselves the trouble of correcting errors. Of the graver fault, generated between the heat of the mystagogue and the vapour of the pedagogue, we shall offer but two very short examples. The effects of a religious admonition are thus pointed:—

"His observations however had taken a strong hold of the outcast's mind, which in the whole course of the journey from Calabellotto to La Catholica, wandered as it were in a chaos of conjectures, and vague imaginings. His spirit was like the soul of an Atheist immediately after death, when it finds itself in the eternal regions, and still doubts if the things and elements around are ever-lasting truths, or the phantasma of a dream." (!)

"The resolution to change the character of his actions stood like a beautiful rainbow in the clouds that spread darkness over his future destiny. As often as he thought of the reception which his brother might give him, a fierce glance of despair flickered like lightning over the prospect, and a deep and aimless misanthropy rolled a peal of terrible and universal vengeance."

Yet this misanthropical scoundrel is decked out with a hundred virtues by the author. This mode of Nature's journeymen making men, is of evil tendency; for it perplexes and confounds the palpable relations of innocence and guilt.

We shall say no more, but that in the end all the characters die or are executed, having each reached the respective climax of becoming driveller, recluse, or assassin.

*Picturesque Tour from Geneva to Milan, by way of the Simplon; illustrated with Thirty-six coloured Views of the most striking Scenes, &c.* Designs by the Lorys of Neufchatel: Particulars, historical and descriptive, by F. Shoberl. 4to. pp. 136. London, 1820.

The distinction of a work of this class residing in the plates, it is impossible for us to convey to our readers an adequate impression of its nature. The praise of the pen very imperfectly illustrates the merits of the pencil and graver; and we can only state that these plates are generally characteristic, pleasing, well chosen, and ably executed. The work is therefore recommended by beauty in its ornaments; and indeed nothing of the kind can be more remarkable, nor afford a more distinct idea of the extraordinary scenery and stupendous forms of Switzerland; of the magnificent galleries and bridges belonging to the greatest work of Napoleon Buonaparte; and of the glowing loveliness of Italian landscape, than is here presented.

Mr. Shoberl has also acquitted himself with great ability in the letter press. His recollections are judiciously made, and entertainingly put together, to enhance the interest of the pictures. Of this we shall annex a few instances, and with these recommend the volume to the public. At Geneva, it is stated—

"The Library, which owes its origin to the illustrious Bonnavari, prior of St. Victor, at the time of the reformation. It contains 50,000 printed volumes and 200 manuscripts, among which are 24 volumes of sermons by Calvin, collections of letters of Calvin, Beza, Bullinger, and other reformers; sermons by St. Augustine, written on papyrus, of the 6th century; and a fragment of the accounts of the expenditure of Philip the Fair, of the year 1314, consisting of six small wooden boards covered with a wax-like substance, upon which the letters are engraved. In one of the apartments of the library are deposited optical and mathematical instruments, anatomical preparations, antiquities, among which is a circular silver shield, weighing 34 ounces, with embossed figures, and the inscription:—*Largitas D. N. Valentini Augusti*. It was found in 1721 in the old bed of the Arve. No more than two other shields of silver from the time of the Romans are known to be extant; both are in the royal library at Paris."

The following anecdote relative to the Simplon, is of another character.

"During the march of the army of reserve under Buonaparte, when consul, across the Great St. Bernard, 1,000 French and Helvetic troops were sent on the 27th May, 1800, under General Bethencourt across the Simplon to secure the pass of the Yeselles and Domo d'Ossola. Falls of snow and masses of rock had broken down a bridge, and the way for a space of sixty feet was interrupted by a tremendous abyss. A bold fellow volunteered to make the following hazardous attempt. Setting his feet in the holes made in the perpendicular rock to receive the timbers of the bridge, and stepping from hole to hole he fortunately reached the other side. A rope which he took with him was now stretched at the height of a man against the rock; General Bethencourt was the first who holding by this rope, which was of no great strength, and pursuing the steps of the first adventurer, crossed the chasm. He was followed by all his troops encumbered as they were with their arms and knapsacks. To commemorate this daring enterprise, the names of all the French and Helvetic officers are engraven in the rock. There were five dogs with this battalion. When the last man had got across, all these animals plunged at once into the abyss; three of them were immediately carried away by the impetuosity of the glacier torrent; but the two others were strong enough to contend with the stream and to climb the steep rock on the other side, where maimed and exhausted they made shift to crawl to the feet of their masters."

Near Gondo, (of which a very striking view is given) "The traveller, as he pursues the route, soon observes a large erection of simple but gloomy architecture, which admirably harmonizes with the general nature of the surrounding scenery. This is an inn belonging to the Barons Stockalper, who are the proprietors of several buildings of singular architecture along this route. It is composed of eight stories, but only two of them are habitable; and here travellers overtaken by a sudden storm find a welcome shelter. A chapel, and some inferior buildings, dependent upon and belonging to this inn, form the village of Gondo, which belongs to the Valais, though the Italian language is spoken by its inhabitants.

"A little to the south of this inn, on the frontiers of the Valais, at Zwischbergen, a gold mine was formerly worked by the family of Stockalper. The gold was found in pyrites, embedded in quartz. M. Maffioli has for some years been working three perpendicular veins, and has opened a shaft on the other side of the river, having reason to suppose that the veins are continued so far. The stream which comes from Zwischbergen, and forms a fine cascade opposite to Gondo, carries gold sand along with its current.

"The family of Stockalper, mentioned above, possesses extensive property in the Valais. It is related that one of its ancestors, by erecting buildings on various hills, awakened the suspicions of his countrymen, who were extremely jealous of their independence, and who sentenced him to forfeit

part of his property. In this dilemma, Baron Stockalper had recourse to stratagem: he buried large sums under the altar upon which he was directed to deposit his fortune, and swore that all he possessed was under the hand which he extended over the altar. It would be difficult to decide what degree of credit ought to be given to this tradition; but from a custom formerly prevalent in the Valais, it may be presumed to be founded on fact. When any individual became too powerful, a log of wood was exhibited to the people, and each of those who designed to associate against him who excited their alarm drove a nail into it. The form of this log was subsequently changed; it was carved into the figure of a man, and the head was adorned with cocks' feathers. Such of the citizens as had at heart the maintenance of the liberties of their country carried this statue into a public place. Here they stood round and asked it questions, but finding that it remained silent, they appointed one of their number to be the interpreter of its will. When this was made known, the most eloquent of the company exhorted the people to preserve their ancient customs, and to defend the public liberty; the day of execution was fixed, and if the unfortunate person against whom the storm was gathering, could not find means to appease the fury of those who were leagued against him, or was unable to resist them by force, he was obliged to flee and to leave his possessions at the mercy of the incensed people, who, headed by the wooden statue, the signal of disorder, broke into his house, which they pillaged, and destroyed all his effects. This custom originally instituted for the defence of public liberty, afterwards degenerated and was rendered subservient to personal or party animosity; so that by degrees it fell into disuse."

We shall conclude with only one example more of Mr. Shoberl's performance.

"Somma is interesting to the antiquary as the spot where Hannibal defeated Scipio; its local circumstances at least, so closely correspond with those described by Polybius and Livy, as to give the highest degree of probability to this notion. Castel Seprio is believed to be the *ricca* mentioned by those writers as the capital of the Insubrii; the hills and hillocks scattered over a plain of considerable elevation, the Tessino, which flows beneath, and the Alps whose bases commence here, all appear to prove the identity of this village. In one of the beautiful gardens that surround Somma, is a very aged cypress, the trunk of which is at least sixteen feet in circumference. It is a curious fact that in the upper part of this village water is found in great abundance nearly at the surface of the earth, while the inhabitants of the lower part can scarcely obtain it even by sinking the deepest wells. At Legnano are the remains of the palace of Otto Visconti, and two churches erected after the designs of the celebrated Bramante. Here too is an hospital for persons afflicted with a singular disorder called *pellagra*, which is epidemic in this part of the country. It begins with a slight cutaneous affection, which

is followed by total and absolute debility; and terminates in mental derangement and phrenzy. This disease was scarcely known till within the last fifty years; it spread considerably in 1781, and has since continued; a prize has been offered for the best memoir on the means of curing this disorder, but without effect."

#### BOOKS &c. FOR THE YOUNG.

##### *A Piece of Christmas Reviewing.*

Among the improvements of our age, there is nothing more obvious than the increase of inventions and labours, devoted to facilitate the instruction of youth; and we are convinced that generations succeeding us, will prove the beneficial effects of the pains thus bestowed on an object so vitally important. In former times, a manual or book, was constructed for the use of the heir of some mighty monarchy; but now, the meanest peasant child that can read, enjoys a hundred facilities for acquiring knowledge, such as a century ago no royal pupil could attain. At this season it may be said *mal-à-propos* to notice a few of the latest productions; and therefore, we trust, our mature friends will not quarrel with us for devoting a few columns to the younger branches of the social tree.

##### 1. *The Monarchy of the Bees: a Poem.* pp. 59.

This little book exhibits, pleasantly enough, some of the most remarkable traits in the history of one of the most curious creatures in existence; and is calculated to induce a love for natural history. We quote an episode, as an example of its style.

Two Bees, one morning fair in May,  
Did chase in quest of honey stray;  
The one was profligate and wild,  
The other sober, chaste, and mild.  
They had not travell'd o'er much ground,  
Ere they a wide-mouth'd vial found,  
With honey laden full and sweet,  
As though prepared their wants to meet.  
Th' unthinking profligate alights,  
And his compassion much invites;  
The sober youth, with cautious eye,  
Perceives, or fears, some danger nigh;  
Perhaps, while sipping round the brink,  
He might within the vial sink,  
And thus untimely meet his fate,  
While of the bonied sweets he ate;  
Forewarn'd of ill, he takes his leave,  
With promise to return at eve,  
And searches out an orchard fair,  
Where he procures him ample fare.  
Now sinks in shades the lamp of day,  
And onward bends the peer his way,  
But lest the striding tale should roam,  
He calls, to bid him hasten home;  
Upon the vial's brim he stands,  
But now, alas! too late commands;  
The giddy youth, while round he trips,  
Into the vial's mouth had slip't,  
Immers'd in sweets, he tried in vain  
The treach'rous vessel's brim to gain;  
Clogg'd and enfeebled in his wings,  
The viscid juice around him clings;  
Exhausted, when his friend draws near,  
He dying sinks, appall'd with fear,  
And in faint tones lamenting cries,  
Mourns his untimely end, and dies.

##### 2. *The World in Miniature.* 2 vols.

This is a pretty publication, just commenced by Mr. Ackermann. It contains a description of the manners, &c. of the inhabitants of different countries, and is neatly adorned with coloured engravings of natives in their several costumes. These volumes are assigned to the people of Illyria and Dalmatia, of the great Slavonian, Wende, and Illyrian families, such as Morlachsians, Croats, Montenegrins, &c. &c. Turkey, China, Russia, and Africa, are announced to follow: about one volume monthly. The whole will form a beautiful juvenile present; and we have only to hint to the compiler, to be very guarded in his description of particular ceremonies, so that they may involve nothing improper to be submitted to youthful imaginations.

##### 3. *The National Reader.* By the Rev. T. Clark.

A plainer performance, and sequel to the National Spelling Book. The lessons are judiciously selected, and there is a great deal of information in a cheap form.

##### 4. *Travels through England, Wales, and Scotland, in the year 1816.* By Dr. S. H. Spiker, &c. 2 vols.

These travels of an able foreigner, were not published distinctly as a work for young readers, and are indeed worthy of the favourable regard of persons of every age. But we cannot help considering them as peculiarly fitted, by their particularity and observation upon things (so familiar to seniors as to appear trivial to them), for conveying a just idea of the present state of their native land, to scholars and students of both sexes, not beyond their teens. In this point of view, we could hardly mention a more useful and meritorious book; or one from which a clearer insight into our statistics, manufactures, arts, commerce, &c. &c., may be obtained.

##### 5. *The Family Cyclopædia.* By J. Jennings.

Neither is this publication, strictly speaking, a book for children. It is however, as far as we can judge, from examining the three parts issued (out of Ten projected for its completion), a very useful family compendium of necessary knowledge. It is alphabetically arranged, and comprizes information on the subjects of domestic economy, agriculture, chemistry, medicine, &c. &c. It seems to be carefully and honestly compiled, and will, we think, be reckoned a valuable work by the middling classes, for whose benefit, as a Cyclopædia of reference, it seems calculated.

##### 6. *More Minor Lessons; or an Introduction to the Winter Family: with Aunt Eleanor's Stories interspersed.* 12mo. pp. 304.

A more proper and more entertaining book to put into youthful hands than this, we have rarely seen. The language is good, the sentiments moral; the one without fineness, and the other without affectation. A multitude of apt and interesting anecdotes,

renders the enforcement of sound principles as amusing as it is excellent; and we are sure, that both pleasure and advantage must be derived from the perusal of this well-conceived volume. We select one page easily separable, as a specimen. The following is told among other anecdotes, illustrative of the qualities of dogs.

"A lady, with whom I am acquainted, had two dogs—Perdue and Vixen, the one a spaniel, the other a terrier. These dogs were great favorites, and generally in the lady's sitting-room. Sometimes it happened that they were ordered out of it, and the humour shewn on this occasion was whimsical. If Perdue was first ordered to quit the room, she rose reluctantly, but always went and seized hold of the ear of her companion, Vixen, and so forced her out also; and, if Vixen had the command given her first, she never failed to perform the same ceremony on Perdue, when together, they contentedly sought another place of repose. It so happened that these favorites had puppies at the same time, all of which, except one, were drowned. About this single puppy the mothers were, for the space of a week, perpetually quarrelling; after which they were observed to agree perfectly well. On watching them, it was discovered that one mother nursed the puppy during the day, and then resigned her place to the other, who nursed it through the night."

##### 7. *Geographical Game. The Juvenile County Atlas.*

This is a pack of cards each with an English county upon it, and by playing the game, the geography of the country is taught. We have seen a similar invention in wood fitted together, so that when every piece was laid down, the whole formed England. In this respect, it had an advantage over cards, the blank edges of which do not allow the parts to come close together: but the cards have in turn the advantage of being more readily played, and of not wearing out so soon by frequent joinings.

##### 8. *A synopsis of the Roman History,*

Is what it purports to be, namely an enumeration of the principal events in Roman History, from the foundation of Rome to the extinction of the eastern Empire in 1460, by the Turkish victories over the Comneni and Paleologi. This synopsis is printed on the face of a large sheet of paper, which folds and puts into a case like a map: the whole being brought as it were into one view, tends to impress youthful minds more strongly; and indeed is useful as a convenient index even to the classical historian.

##### 9. *A Genealogy of the Kings of England and their issue, from William the Conqueror to the present time.* By R. Mitchell.

This is a still more generally useful work, engraved on a large sheet, and handsomely executed. It displays at once, in the customary form, the whole royalty of England since the conquest; and the marriages, and issue of all the families which have sat upon the throne. It is clearly devised, and looks

well from the armorial bearings &c., with which it is at once illustrated and ornamented. The copy before us is a third edition, which shows that its utility has been duly appreciated by the public; it is a very clever performance, and valuable for historical and biographical reference to old and young.

10. *The stream of History, showing the rise and fall of Empires, and the progress of the Arts, Sciences, and Literature of every nation in the World, from the earliest ages to the present time; originally invented by Professor Strass, with numerous additions and improvements, by C. Irving, LL. D.*

This admirable design being in truth what it pretends to be, we can only say that a more excellent production for instilling necessary knowledge, is not to be imagined; nor could the most learned among us conceive a better plan for impressing the grand outline of general history upon the mind. Every great people is represented by a stream which rises among the clouds of antiquity at the top of the map, and in descending to the bottom, mingles with other streams, or separates from them, as events require. These being coloured of different tints, the whole is rendered distinct and obvious. The chart is crossed by parallel lines divided into dates, as maps are into latitudes, which denote the eras of the rise and fall of the nations; and on the streams are inscribed the principal names, circumstances, and epochs, which ought to be remembered. Either for schools or libraries, this is a most valuable work.

#### BELZONI ON NUBIA AND EGYPT.

(Second Journey—Continued.)

Our last notice of this work closed with some remarks on the inestimable treasures brought to England from the scene of Belzoni's researches by the Earl of Belmore. That nobleman, we observe from the author, was the foremost to enter the newly discovered tomb of Sennetis, at Gournou; the foremost to explore, when first opened, the recesses of the second pyramid. It is quite delightful to find a man of his rank thus devoted to scientific pursuits; and the respect and admiration of the community will be enhanced when it is told that Lady Belmore shared these perils, and underwent all the fatigues of travelling throughout these eastern regions. The result has been the collection of many of the most extraordinary and valuable remains of the older world.\* Specimens of papyri, which, if any thing can recover a knowledge of the hieroglyphic language of Egypt, will essentially contribute to the accomplishment of that desideratum; and should that never take place, must throw prodigious light upon the mythology of a people from whom nearly all that is curious, interesting, and venerable in the history of mankind, is to be traced. His Lordship is equally rich in subjects calculated to illustrate the literature, the arts,

and the manners of the ancient Egyptians; and the examination of his museum has tended materially to confirm in our minds the theory of the learned Von Hammer, published in the Mines of the East, and translated into our Journal (see the Literary Gazette for 1818, Nos. 55 and 56). But though these antiquities have enlarged our views on the points which they embrace, and greatly increased our pleasure in perusing Belzoni, we must not dwell upon them so long as to detain us irrelevantly from our more obvious task of continuing the narrative of his second journey.

Continuing his excavations at Gournou and Carnak, Mr. Belzoni observed enough of the three modes of embalming the dead to confirm in the main the account of Herodotus, that the corpses of the great were kept from decay with the utmost care; that the richer classes were also disposed of in a costly manner, and that even the poor were obliged to liniments and nitre for a prolonged posthumous preservation. Among other notices the following is worthy of extract, as it may tend to explain the finding of animal bones in the sarcophagus of the pyramid, and indeed furnishes the best general information we have met with respecting Egyptian sepulture.

"I must not omit (says the author,) that among these tombs we saw some which contained the mummies of animals intermixed with human bodies. There were bulls, cows, sheep, monkeys, foxes, bats, crocodiles, fishes, and birds, in them: idols often occur; and one tomb was filled with nothing but cats, carefully folded in red and white linen, the head covered by a mask representing the cat, and made of the same linen. I have opened all these sorts of animals. Of the bull, the calf, and the sheep, there is no part but the head which is covered with linen, and the horns projecting out of the cloth; the rest of the body being represented by two pieces of wood, eighteen inches wide and three feet long, in an horizontal direction, at the end of which was another, placed perpendicularly, two feet high, to form the breast of the animal. The calves and sheep are of the same structure, and large in proportion to the bulls. The monkey is in its full form, in a sitting posture. The fox is squeezed up by the bandages, but in some measure the shape of the head is kept perfect. The crocodile is left in its own shape, and after being well bound round with linen, the eyes and mouth are painted on this covering. The birds are squeezed together, and lose their shape except the ibis, which is found like a fowl ready to be cooked, and bound round with linen like all the rest.

"It is somewhat singular that such animals are not to be met with in the tombs of the higher sort of people; while few or no papyri are to be found among the lower order, and if they occur they are only small pieces stuck upon the breast with a little gum or asphaltum, being probably all that the poor individual could afford to himself. In those of the better classes other objects are found. I think they ought to be divided into several classes, as I cannot confine myself to three.

I do not mean to impute error to Herodotus when he speaks of the three modes of embalming; but I will venture to assert, that the high, middling, and poorer classes, all admit of farther distinction. In the same pit where I found mummies in cases, I found others without; and in these, papyri are most likely to be met with. I remarked, that the mummies in the cases have no papyri; at least, I never observed any: on the contrary, in those without cases they are often obtained. It appears to me, that such people as could afford it would have a case to be buried in, on which the history of their lives was painted; and those who could not afford a case, were contented to have their lives written on papyri, rolled up, and placed above their knees. Even in the appearance of the cases there is a great difference: some are exceedingly plain, others more ornamented, and some very richly adorned with figures, well painted. The cases are generally made of Egyptian sycamore: apparently, this was the most plentiful wood in the country, as it is usually employed for the different utensils. All the cases have a human face, male or female. Some of the large cases contain others within them, either of wood or of plaster, painted. The inner cases are sometimes fitted to the body of the mummy: others are only covers to the body, in form of a man or woman, easily distinguishable by the beard and the breast, like that on the outside. Some of the mummies have garlands of flowers, and leaves of the acacia, or sycamore tree, over their heads and breasts."

"The next sort of mummy that drew my attention, I believe I may with reason conclude to have been appropriated to the priests. They are folded in a manner totally different from the others, and so carefully executed, as to shew the great respect paid to those personages. The bandages are stripes of red and white linen intermixed, covering the whole body, and forming a curious effect from the two colours. The arms and legs are not enclosed in the same envelope with the body, as in the common mode, but are bandaged separately, even the fingers and toes being preserved distinct. They have sandals of painted leather on their feet, and bracelets on their arms and wrists. They are always found with the arms across the breast, but not pressing it; and though the body is bound with such a quantity of linen, the shape of the person is carefully preserved in every limb. The cases in which mummies of this sort are found are somewhat better executed, and I have seen one, that had the eyes and eyebrows of enamel, beautifully executed in imitation of nature."

"Vases are sometimes found containing the embalmed entrails of the mummies. These are generally made of baked clay, and painted over: their sizes differ from eight inches to eighteen: their covers represent the head of some divinity, bearing either the human form, or that of a monkey, fox, cat, or some other animal. I met with a few of these vases of alabaster in the tombs of the kings, but unfortunately they were broken. A great quantity of pottery is found, and also wooden vessels in some of the tombs, as if

\* One of these precious specimens is a perfect roll of papyrus taken from a mummy; it is about nine inches in width, and probably twelve feet in length: the writing is as fresh as when inscribed.

the deceased had resolved to have all he possessed deposited along with him. The most singular among these things are the ornaments, in particular the small works in clay and other composition. I have been fortunate enough to find many specimens of their manufactures, among which is leaf gold, beaten nearly as thin as ours. The gold appears to me extremely pure, and of a finer colour than is generally seen in our own. It is somewhat singular that no instruments of war are found in these places, when we consider what a warlike nation the Egyptians were. What has become of their weapons I cannot conjecture; for in all my researches I found only one arrow, two feet long. At one extremity it had a copper point well fixed in it, and at the other a notch as usual to receive the string of the bow: it had been evidently split by the string, and glued together again.

"Among other articles too numerous to be mentioned, the beetle, or scarabæus, to all appearance a highly sacred animal, is found in the tombs. There are various sorts; some of basalt, verde antico, or other stones, and some of baked clay. They are scarce, particularly those with hieroglyphics on them, which no doubt contain some particular prayers, or the commemoration of striking events in the life of the deceased."

Lord Belmore has more than a hundred of these beetles; some of them in baked clay glazed and coloured more vividly than the highest modern porcelain. Fine linen; leather tanned, stained, and embossed; coarse glass; beads of various sorts; enamelling; gilding of wonderful brilliancy and beauty; copper cast in sheets; a metallic composition like lead, but more tenacious, and similar to that on tea-chests; and silver ornaments (though rare) are among the materials enumerated by Belzoni, as found in the tombs and mummy pits. Precious stones are also obtained from them; and sculpture executed on four sorts of stone, the sandy, the calcareous, breccia, and granite. The author asserts that the Egyptians also understood and practised the turning of arches; but it does not seem to us that his reasoning is conclusive on this question. Nor are his conjectures on matters which require learning worthy of having much weight attached to them: respecting what he has explored and seen we are disposed to give him every credit; but it is evident that he is destitute of those deep endowments which are indispensable to a just critical appreciation of doubtful antiquities. We therefore pass the more willingly from his conjectures to his picture of the Troglodytes of the Sepulchres.

"Their dwelling is generally in the passages between the first and second entrance into a tomb. The walls and the roof are as black as any chimney. The inner door is closed up with mud, except a small aperture sufficient for a man to crawl through. Within this place the sheep are kept at night, and occasionally accompany their masters in their vocal concert. Over the doorway there are always some half-broken Egyptian figures, and the two foxes, the usual guardians of burial-places. A small lamp, kept alive by

fat from the sheep, or rancid oil, is placed in a niche in the wall, and a mat is spread on the ground; and this formed the grand divan wherever I was. There the people assembled round me, their conversation turning wholly on antiquities. Such a one had found such a thing, and another had discovered a tomb. Various articles were brought to sell to me, and sometimes I had reason to rejoice at having stayed there. I was sure of a supper of milk and bread served in a wooden bowl; but whenever they supposed I should stay all night, they always killed a couple of fowls for me, which were baked in a small oven heated with pieces of mummy cases, and sometimes with the bones and rags of the mummies themselves. It is no uncommon thing to sit down near fragments of bones; hands, feet, or skulls are often in the way; for these people are so accustomed to be among the mummies, that they think no more of sitting on them, than on the skins of their dead calves. I also became indifferent about them at last, and would have slept in a mummy pit as readily as out of it."

Here they appear to be contented.

"The labourer comes home in the evening, seats himself near his cave, smokes his pipe with his companions, and talks of the last inundation of the Nile, its products, and what the ensuing season is likely to be. His old wife brings him the usual bowl of lentils and bread moistened with water and salt, and when she can add a little butter it is a feast. Knowing nothing beyond this he is happy. The young man's business is to accumulate the amazing sum of a hundred piastres (two pounds and ten shillings) to buy himself a wife, and to make a feast on the wedding day. If he have any children, they want no clothing: he leaves them to themselves till mother nature pleases to teach them to work, to gain money enough to buy a shirt or some other rag to cover themselves; for while they are children they are generally naked or covered with rags. The parents are roguishly cunning, and the children are schooled by their example, so that it becomes a matter of course to cheat strangers. Would any one believe, that in such a state of life luxury and ambition exist? If any woman be destitute of jewels, she is poor, and looks with envy on one more fortunate than herself, who perhaps has the worth of half-a-crown round her neck; and she who has a few glass beads, or some sort of coarse coral, a couple of silver brooches, or rings at her arms and legs, is considered as truly rich and great. Some of them are as complete coquettes, in their way, as any to be seen in the capitals of Europe."

"When a young man wants to marry, he goes to the father of the intended bride, and agrees with him what he is to pay for her. This being settled, so much money is to be spent on the wedding-day feast. To set up house-keeping nothing is requisite but two or three earthen pots, a stone to grind meal, and a mat, which is the bed. The spouse has a gown and jewels of her own; and, if the bridegroom present her with a pair of bracelets of silver, ivory, or glass, she is happy and fortunate indeed. The house is

ready without rent or taxes. No rain can pass through the roof; and there is no door, for there is no want of one, as there is nothing to lose. They make a kind of box of clay and straw, which, after two or three days' exposure to the sun, becomes quite hard. It is fixed on a stand, an aperture is left to put all their precious things into it, and a piece of mummy case forms the door. If the house does not please them, they walk out and enter another, as there are several hundreds at their command; I might say several thousands, but they are not all fit to receive inhabitants."

From Carnak part of a colossal statue of red granite was carried to the boat at Luxor. An altar with six divinities in alto relievo from a temple at the same place, and a number of other antiquities, were also removed. Mr. Belzoni, after enumerating these articles and dilating on his trouble in securing them, goes into a long trade upon his disputes with the French agents, which appears to me to be much misplaced in his volume; but exceeded in impropriety by the manner in which he treats Mr. Salt, without whose assistance it does not seem at all probable that he could have moved a single step, or made one effectual discovery. We are sorry to say this of a person of so much ardour and enterprise; but it is as impossible in justice to speak otherwise, as to fancy that a traveller in the author's circumstances could have done any thing in such a country as Egypt through his own means and influence. It therefore looks like ingratitude to insinuate even in the slightest degree, any censure upon Mr. Salt, to whom we must think Mr. Belzoni indebted for the foundation of all his achievements.

As nothing more, however, remained to be done near Thebes, in consequence, as is alleged, of the intrigues of the French and the want of support, our author on the 23d of May, set out for Assuan. Thence he went to Philæ, and hastily surveyed the ruins on that island, which he refers to the latest Egyptian era. Mr. Salt having advanced the necessary money, he next proceeded to open the temple at Ybsambul. On his way he was joined by Captains Ibray and Mangles, and the party together celebrated the King's birth day, to the great dismay of the natives round about, who could not conceive that so much powder as they fired off was expended without bloodshed and slaughter.

After overcoming excessive difficulties, in removing the accumulated sand of ages from the temple at Ybsambul: "on the first of August," says Mr. Belzoni, "we entered the finest and most extensive excavation in Nubia, one that can stand a competition with any in Egypt, except the tomb newly discovered in Behan el Malook.

"From what we could perceive at the first view, it was evidently a very large place; but our astonishment increased, when we found it to be one of the most magnificent of temples, enriched with beautiful intaglios, painting, colossal figures, &c. We entered at first into a large pronaos, fifty-seven feet long and fifty-two wide, supported by two rows of square pillars, in a line from the

front door to the door of the sekos. Each pillar has a figure, not unlike those at Medinet Ahoos, finely executed, and very little injured by time. The tops of their turbans reach the ceiling, which is about thirty feet high: the pillars are five feet and a half square. Both these and the walls are covered with beautiful hieroglyphics, the style of which is somewhat superior, or at least bolder, than that of any others in Egypt, not only in the workmanship, but also in the subjects. They exhibit battles, storming of castles, triumphs over the Ethiopians, sacrifices, &c. In some places is to be seen the same hero as at Medinet Ahoos, but in a different posture. Some of the columns are much injured by the close and heated atmosphere, the temperature of which was so hot, that the thermometer must have risen to above a hundred and thirty degrees. The second hall is about twenty-two feet high, thirty-seven wide, and twenty-five and a half long. It contains four pillars about four feet square; and the walls of this also are covered with fine hieroglyphics in pretty good preservation. Beyond this is a shorter chamber, thirty-seven feet wide, in which is the entrance into the sanctuary. At each end of this chamber is a door, leading into smaller chambers in the same direction with the sanctuary, each eight feet by seven. The sanctuary is twenty-three feet and a half long, and twelve feet wide. It contains a pedestal in the centre, and at the end four colossal sitting figures, the heads of which are in good preservation, not having been injured by violence. On the right side of this great hall, entering into the temple, are two doors, at a short distance from each other, which lead into two long separate rooms, the first thirty-eight feet ten inches in length, and eleven feet five inches wide; the other forty-eight feet seven inches, by thirteen feet three. At the end of the first are several unfinished hieroglyphics, of which some, though merely sketched, give fine ideas of their manner of drawing. At the lateral corners of the entrance into the second chamber from the great hall is a door, each of which leads into a small chamber twenty-two feet six inches long, and ten feet wide. Each of these rooms has two doors leading into two other chambers, forty-three feet in length, and ten feet eleven inches wide. There are two benches in them, apparently to sit on. The most subjects in this temple are, 1st. a group of captive Ethiopians, in the western corner of the great hall: 2nd. the hero killing a man with his spear, another lying slain under his feet, on the same western wall: 3d. the storming of a castle, in the western corner from the front door. The outside of this temple is magnificent. It is a hundred and seventeen feet wide, and eighty-six feet high; the height from the top of the cornice to the top of the door being sixty-six feet six inches, and the height of the door twenty feet. There are four enormous sitting colossi, the largest in Egypt or Nubia, except the great Sphinx at the pyramids, to which they approach in the proportion of near two-thirds. From the shoulder to the elbow they measure fifteen feet six inches; the ears three feet six

inches; the face seven feet; the beard five feet six inches; across the shoulders twenty-five feet four inches; their height is about fifty-one feet, not including the caps, which are about fourteen feet. There are only two of these colossi in sight, one is still buried under the sand, and the other, which is near the door, is half fallen down, and buried also. On the top of the door is a colossal figure of Osiris twenty feet high, with two colossal hieroglyphic figures, one on each side, looking towards it. On the top of the temple is a cornice with hieroglyphics, a torus, and frieze under it. The cornice is six feet wide, the frieze is four feet. Above the cornice is a row of sitting wonkeys eight feet high, and six across the shoulders. They are twenty-one in number. This temple was nearly two-thirds buried under the sand, of which we removed thirty-one feet before we came to the upper part of the door. It must have had a very fine landing-place, which is now totally buried under the sand. It is the last and largest temple excavated in the solid rock in Nubia or Egypt, except the new tomb. It took twenty-two days to open it, besides six days last year. We sometimes had eighty men at work, and sometimes only our own personal exertions, the party consisting of Mr. Beechey, Captains Irby and Mangles, myself, two servants, and the crew, eleven in all, and three boys. It is situated under a rock about a hundred feet above the Nile, facing the south-east by east, and about one day and a half's journey from the second catenat in Nubia, or Wady Halfa.

"The heat was so great in the interior of the temple, that it scarcely permitted us to take any drawings, as the perspiration from our hands soon rendered the paper quite wet. Accordingly, we left this operation to succeeding travellers, who may set about it with more convenience than we could, as the place will become cooler. Our stock of provision was so reduced, that the only food we had for the last six days was dhourra, boiled in water without salt, of which we had none left."

On the 4th of August they quitted this interesting spot, and sailed rapidly down the Nile, now at its height.

#### MYTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN INDIANS.

(From *Hoeckwelder's Memoir, in the Transactions of the American Phil. Soc.*)

It is a curious fact, that the American Indians practise the same sort of visionary and supernatural initiation of *all* boys which Eggedo so interestingly describes as the process by which the Greenlanders prepare their Angekoks, or Sorcerers. Concluding this subject the author says, "I once took great pains to dissuade from these notions a very sensible Indian, much esteemed by all who knew him, even among the whites. All that I could say or urge was not able to convince him that at the time of his initiation (as I call it) his mind was in a state of temporary derangement. He declared that he had a clear recollection of the dreams and visions that occurred to him at the time, and was sure that they came from the agency

of celestial spirits. He asserted very strongly, of his own supernatural knowledge, which he had obtained not only at the time of his initiation, but at other times, even before he was born. He said he knew he had lived through two generations; that he had died twice and was born a third time, to live out the then present race, after which he was to die and never more to come to this country again. He well remembered that the women had predicted while he was yet in his mother's womb; some had foretold that he would be a boy, and others a girl, he had distinctly overheard their discourse, and could repeat correctly every thing they had said. It would be too long to relate all the wild stories of the same kind which this otherwise intelligent Indian said of himself, with a tone and manner which indicated the most intimate conviction, and left no doubt in my mind that he did not mean to deceive others, but was himself deceived.

"I have known several other Indians who firmly believed that they knew, by means of these visions, what was to become of them when they should die, how their souls were to retire from their bodies and take their abodes into those of infants yet unborn; in short, there is nothing so wild and so extraordinary that they will not imagine and to which, when once it has taken hold of their imagination, they will not give full credit."

"The Indians consider the earth as their universal mother. They believe that they were created within its bosom, where for a long time they had their abodes, before they came to live on its surface."

"The Indian Mythologists are not agreed as to the form under which they existed while in the bowels of the earth. Some assert that they lived there in the human shape, while others, with greater consistency, contend that their existence was in the form of certain terrestrial animals, such as the ground-hog, the rabbit, and the tortoise. This was their state of preparation, and they were permitted to come out and take their station on this island as the Lords of the rest of the Creation."

"Among the Delawares, those of the *Minsi*, or Wolf tribe, say that in the beginning, they dwelt in the earth under a lake, and were fortunately extricated from the unpleasant abode by the discovery which one of their men made of a hole, through which he ascended to the surface; on which, as he was walking, he found a deer, which he carried back with him into his subterranean habitation; that there the deer was killed, and he and his companions found the news so good, that they unanimously determined to leave their dark abode, and remove to a place where they could enjoy the light of heaven and have such excellent game as abundance."

"The other two tribes, the *Unami* or Tortoise, and the *Unalakchiga* or Turkey, have much similar notions, but reject the story of the lake, which seems peculiar to the *Minsi* tribe.

"These notions must be very far extended



among the Indians of North America generally, since we find that they prevail also among the Iroquois, a nation so opposed to the Delawares, and whose language is so different from theirs, that not two words, perhaps, similar or even analogous of signification may be found alike in both."

The Indians, combined with this mythology, have from the earliest times considered themselves as connected with certain animals, either as friends or foes. "The Tortoise, or as it is commonly called, the *Turtle* ribe, among the Lenape, claims a superiority and ascendancy over the others, because of their relation, the great Tortoise, a fabled monster, the Atlas of their mythology, bears according to their traditions this great island on his back, and also because he is amphibious, and can live both on land and in the water, which neither of the heads of the other tribe can do. The merits of the *Turkey*, which gives its name to the second tribe, is that he is stationary, and always remains with or about them. As to the *Wolf*, after whom the third tribe is named, he is a rambler by nature, running from one place to another in quest of his prey; yet they consider him as their benefactor, as it was by his means that the Indians got out of the interior of the earth. It was he, they believe, who by the appointment of the Great Spirit, killed the deer whom the Monsey found who first discovered the way to the surface of the earth, and which allured them to come out of their damp and dark residence. For that reason, the wolf is to be honoured, and his name preserved for ever among them."

All savage beasts are looked upon as enemies, though one tribe respects the Rattlesnake, which it calls 'grandfather.' The following story will show that the bear is not a equal reptile.

"A Delaware hunter once shot a huge bear and broke its back bone. The animal fell and set up a most plaintive cry, something like that of the panther when he is hungry. The hunter, instead of giving him another shot, stood up close to him, and addressed him in these words: 'Hark ye! bear; you are a coward, and no warrior as you pretend to be. Were you a warrior, you would show it by your firmness, and not cry and whimper like an old woman. You now, bear, that our tribes are at war with each other, and that yours was the aggressor.' You have found the Indians too powerful for you, and you have gone sneaking about in the woods, stealing their hogs; perhaps at this time you have hog's flesh in your belly. Had you conquered me, I would have been with courage and died like a brave warrior; but you, bear, sit here and cry, and disgrace your tribe by your cowardly conduct." I was present (says the author) at the delivery of this curious

\* Probably alluding to a tradition which the Indians have of a very ferocious kind of bear, called the *naked bear*, which they say once existed, but was totally destroyed by their ancestors. The last was killed in the New York state, at a place they called *Hoonick*, which means the *Danin*, or more properly the *Kettic*.

infective; when the hunter had despatched the bear, I asked him how he thought that poor animal could understand what he said to it? 'Oh!' said he in answer, 'the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how *ashamed* he looked while I was upbraiding him?'

Among the miscellaneous traits related by the author, we find the following.

"Though the Indian is naturally serious, he does not dislike a jest on proper occasions, and will, sometimes even descend to a pun. Once at a dinner given at Marietta by the late colonel Sproat, to a number of gentlemen and Indian chiefs of various tribes, a Delaware chief, named George Washington, asked me what the name of our good friend, the Colonel, meant in the Lenape language? It should be observed that Colonel Sproat was remarkably tall. I told him that *Sproat* (for so the name is pronounced) meant in English a shoot, or twig of a tree. 'No, no,' replied the Indian, 'no shoot or twig, but the *tree* itself.'"

"An Indian who spoke good English, came one day to a house where I was on business, and desired me to ask a man who was there and who owed him some money, to give an order in writing for him to get a little salt at the store, which he would take in part payment of his debt. The man, after reproving the Indian for speaking through an interpreter when he could speak such good English, told him that he must call again in an hour's time, for he was then too much engaged. The Indian went out and returned at the appointed time, when he was put off again for another hour, and when he came the third time, the other told him he was still engaged and he must come again in half an hour. My Indian friend's patience was now exhausted, he turned to me and addressed me thus in his own language: 'Tell this man,' said he, 'that while I have been waiting for his convenience to give me an order for a little salt, I have had time to think a great deal. I thought that when we Indians want any thing of one another, we serve each other on the spot, or if we cannot, we say so at once, but we never say to any one 'call again! call again! call again! three times call again!' Therefore when this man put me off in this manner, I thought that, to be sure, the white people were very ingenious, and probably he was able to do what no body else could. I thought that as it was afternoon when I first came, and he knew I had seven miles to walk to reach my camp, he had it in his power to stop the sun in its course, until it suited him to give me the order that I wanted for a little salt. So thought I, I shall still have day light enough, I shall reach my camp before night, and shall not be obliged to walk in the dark, at the risk of falling and hurting myself by the way. But when I saw that the sun did not wait for him, and I had at least to walk seven miles in an obscure night, I thought then, that it would be better if the white people were to learn something of the Indians.'"

## STATISTICS OF EUROPE.

In a statistical work lately published in France, we find a view of the principal powers of Europe with respect to their population, their revenue, and their debt, of which the following is an extract:

FRANCE.—Population 29 millions. Revenue 866 millions (francs). National debt 3 milliards 466 millions, or four times its revenue.

AUSTRIA.—Population 28 millions. Revenue 300 millions. Debt 900 millions, or three times its revenue.

SPAIN (in Europe).—Population 17 millions (13 millions in the colonies). Revenue 160 millions. Debt 3 milliards, or nineteen times its revenue.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Population, in Europe, 17 millions; in Asia, 60; in America, 1 million. Total of the population under the English dominion, 68 millions. Revenue 1 milliard 156 millions. Debt 19 milliards, or eighteen times its revenue.

NETHERLANDS (including the colonies).—Population 6 millions. Revenue 166 millions. Debt 3 milliards and a half, or twenty times its revenue.

PRUSSIA.—Population 11 millions. Revenue 170 millions. Debt 676 millions, or four times its revenue.

RUSSIA (including Poland).—Population 52 millions. Revenue 350 millions. Debt 600 millions, or nearly twice its revenue.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.—Population 12 millions. Revenue 130 millions. Debt 463 millions, or three times its revenue. The author draws the following conclusions:

1. The debts of all the states absorb a part of their revenues, which makes them unable to meet extraordinary and unforeseen expenses, without having recourse to new loans, and consequently to the capitalists—a new power, whose sceptre sways more or less over the whole universe.

2. The powers, or rather the nations, which have attained to the highest degree of civilization, industry, and commerce, are necessarily in a state of comparative decay, with respect to those nations which have yet to advance in any of these three respects. After they have attained their meridian height they can only decline, while others continue to rise.

3. As long wars and foreign enterprises can no longer be undertaken without credit, they become impossible for a government which has none, or has lost it; which explains how modern projects remain unexecuted.

4. England owes nineteen milliards, or eighteen times its revenue; but she is mistress of the commerce of the world; and supposing that she should one day lose it, yet the capitalists, depending on her power, think they may still venture for a long time to risk with her the most extensive speculations.

Austria is poor in money; her maritime commerce is still in its infancy; her continental power constitutes her whole strength, and suffices to preserve herself. Will it suffice her for external enterprises?



Among the great powers, France is that which owes the least; gold abounds there; her bankers take part in foreign loans; her debt decreases progressively; to resume the rank which belongs to her, she has only to proceed upon a judicious plan and with a firm step in the road of the constitutional monarchy, the principles of which completely consolidated and sincerely followed, are the only guarantee of public credit.

We may add, that Spain, so loaded with debts and at war with her colonies, finds every where abroad a credit which she could not have obtained a year ago. It is because in European Spain, restored to a free government, agriculture, industry, and commerce, will rise from their state of lethargy, and capitalists have reckoned on the rapid development of these three sources of national wealth and prosperity.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

Addressed to the Admirers of Alliteration, and the Advocates for Noisy Numbers. (1)

Ardentem Aspicio Atque Anectis Auribus Asto.  
V'rgil.

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed, (2)  
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade: (3)

(1) Alliteration, or Pseudo-Rhythm, as it is termed by Dr. Hickes and Wormius, was the earliest species of harmony known in this country, and preceded the positive invention of Rhythm. It originated with the Skalds or old Danish poets, in their Drotquet, or vulgar song, and was copied by the Anglo-Saxons both before and after the coming of the Danes. Robert Crowley, who printed the first edition of Pierce Plowman's Vision, in 1550 (erroneously dated 1505), says that the author, Robert Langland, "wrote altogether in meter, but not after the manner of our rhymes that write now-a-days, for his verses end not alike; the nature of his meter is to have at least three words in every verse which begin with the same letter." Besides this information, the division of the lives in Pierce Plowman's Visions, evidently denotes that this species of composition was considered in many respects as rhythm, and employed as such by many of the Anglo-Saxon Poets. In the Cotton Library there are two volumes of ancient English poetry, entirely written in this metre. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, this kind of versification began to assume a new form, and rhymes at the end of the couplet were introduced, in addition to the usual system of alliteration (see the old song of "Little John Nobody.") It however was discontinued towards the end of the sixteenth century, although many of our greatest poets seem occasionally to have practised it, with great judgment and advantage. If not pursued to a ridiculous excess, it must be admitted that it creates a sort of adventitious strength in poetry, which no force of imagination or depth of feeling could possibly effect without it. Dryden is full of alliterative lines. Milton sometimes condescended to introduce (although sparingly) this grace into his versification; and Lord Byron, in our own day, has carried his admiration of it, in some instances, to excess. It is most certain, that much of the power and energy for which his poetry is so remarkable, may be referred to

Cossack commanders cannonading come, (4)  
Dealing destruction's devastating doom. (5)  
Every endeavour engineers essay, (6)  
For fame, for fortune fighting—furious fray! (7)  
Generals 'gainst generals grapple,—gracious  
G—d! (8)  
How honest Heaven heroic hardihood! (9)  
Infuriate—indiscriminate in ill—  
Kinsmen kill kindred, kindred kinsmen kill! (10)  
Labour low levels loftiest, longest lines, (11)  
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murderous mines! (12)

this simple origin. Chaucer, although he sneered at alliteration in the lines commencing

'I am a Sotheire man,  
I canot geste, rom, ram, raf by my letter,'  
very frequently adopts it. But we have already very much exceeded the limits of a note on this subject.

(2) Of adamant, and as a centre firm.

Milton's P. L.

Jul. Capitolinus relates that the young Emperor Antoninus Geta, on a particular occasion, ordered an alliterative dinner, viz. a repast composed of dishes the names of which all began with the same letter. But as the passage is curious, and not long, we will transcribe it. "Habebat etiam, istam consuetudinem, ut convivia et maxima prandia per singulas litteras haberet, scintibus servis, velut in quo erat asser, aprugna asca; item pullus, perdris, pavo, porcellus, picia, perna, et que in eam literam generis edulium cederent; et item fasianus, farta, fecas, et talia."

(3) A bold, bad, blundering, blustering, bloody booby.—Attorney on Lord Coddagen.

(4) Huberta Mink, who flourished in the 10th century, wrote a poem consisting of 300 hexameter verses in praise of buildings, every line of which began with e. He addressed the book to Charles the Bald, or Carolus Calvus, the Emperor. It began as nearly as we can recollect, for we have no means of reference to the volume itself, as follows:

Carmina clariorum calvis cantate Cameris  
Comere condonare conabor carmine calvis, &c.  
And Clowns come crowding on, with cudgels armed.—Dryden's Pal. & Tr.

(5) And downwards with diffusive good descends.—Dryden, on Mrs. Anna Killigrew.  
Driving sleets deform the day delightful.

Thomson's Spring.

Now die, die, die, die, die.  
(6) That Europe's lands shall earnestly be wrought,  
And earnest eye shall not last for ever.

Pierce Plowman's Prophecy of Bede.

(7) Beauty plays  
Her idle frocks from family diffused  
To family, as flies the father dust.

Thomson's Spring.

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
Fallen from his high estate.

Dryden's Ode on Music.

(8) For by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,  
Glide glaring ghastly through the gloom.

Shakespeare.

(9) ————— they waste their skill  
On high Aug signs, and earth of homely Ave.

Philips' Fall of Chloë's Jordan.

(10) Brave banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.  
(11) He flies a lifeless load along the land.

Pope's Rape of the Lock.

Who looked like Lent, and had the body lean.  
Dryden's Cock and the Fox.

Now noisy noxious numbers notice sought  
Of outward obstacles, opposing ought.  
Poor patriots!—partly purchased, partly pressed,—  
(13) Quite quaking, quickly "Quarter! quarter!"  
'quest, (14)  
Reason returns, religious right redounds, (15)  
Swarrow stops such sanguinary sounds. (16)

(12) Upon cost, more care, and most efficacious.

Dryden's Theodores and Hectors.

(13) At the conclusion of a volume of Spectator, entitled, *Nugæ Venales*, published at Amsterdam in 1648, is to be found one of the most whimsical alliterative productions we ever met with, viz. a poem of several hundred lines—*"Paragus Porcorum per P. Porcium, Porcum, Porcum pro Protore."* It consists chiefly of a satirical jumble of words aimed at the intolerance of the monks of that period, all of which however begin with the letter P. It would appear from the Amphitheatrum Sapientie Sematicæ of Dornavius, that Petrus Porcius was only a name of guerre. The author's name was Petrus Placentinus. A German writer, who had the impudence to publish this *jeu d'esprit* to his own, although it was known to be in existence at least a century before he was born. The sort of plunder is common among the German Gropiuses. We quote the first lines of the poem. It is an abundantly curious piece of trifling.

Plaudite porcelli, porcorum pictura prope  
Progneditur plures porci pingue ducit  
Pugnantibus pergit, pœdum pars propositum  
Perthabit pœd petrosas plerumque plures.  
Pars portentose populorum prelo prelo.  
Pars punit populo potes, pars pernam plagis

Prætedit punire pares, prostrare parvos, &c.

Addition mentions, in No. 59 of the Spectator, one Tryphonodon, who composed an Odyssey on the adventures of Ulysses, consisting of four and twenty books, having entirely banished the letter A from his first book, which he calls Alpha, the letter B from his second, which he names Beta, for the same reason; and proceeds, in a similar manner, with all the others. We have somewhere seen a hymn to the Virgin Mary, in Latin hexameters, which occupied upwards of six pages, although it consisted only of clappers upon the following eight words:

Tot tibi sunt Virgo dotes, quot sidera cœli.

But we are falling into precisely the error we have been deprecating in this poem; and shall accordingly close it. What Morda has said on the subject may be attended to with advantage.

Turpe est difficile habere sagus,  
Et stultus labor inaptissimus.

Whilst we are at the letter p however, it must not omit to remind our readers of the alliterative death of the Pippin women in *Orphic Trivia*, who retained her taste for this sort of versification some minutes after her last nose severed from her body.

Pippins, ascried, but death her voice o'erwhelm'd,  
And pip-pip-pip along the ice recumb'd.

(14) Quail crush, conclude, and pull.  
(15) Rough repetition roars in robust strains.

(16) Which stir too strongly the soul's rest springs.

Lord Byron

ruce to thee, Turkey!—Triumph to thy  
triumph, (17)  
'twas unjust, unmerciful Ukraine! (18)  
'twas vain, vain victory! Vanish, victory vain! (19)  
'twas wish we warfare?—Wherefore welcome  
were (20)  
(ertes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier?  
'twas yield, ye youths! Ye yeomen, yield your  
yield!  
Zeno's, Zampater's, Zoroaster's zeal,  
attracting all, arms against acts appeal!

## LITERATURE &amp; LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## NEW ROYAL LITERARY SOCIETY.

When we last week redeemed our promise  
to the public, of bringing before it the most  
'interesting literary subject of the present  
times," we did not imagine that any unau-  
thorized opinions of ours could have stirred  
up a spirit of detraction, if not of direct  
opposition, against this noble and beneficent  
design. It appears however, from a letter  
signed Alpha in the Morning Chronicle, that  
the constitutional principle of jealousy of the  
royal prerogative is extended from *politics*  
to *literature*! Alpha seems quite alarmed,  
at the king should become too popular and  
powerful by standing at the head of a Society  
"for the encouragement of indigent  
merit, and the promotion of general literature."  
He reviles this plan as "extra-  
ordinary," and he exaggerates "indigent merit"  
to a new form of "those who are in high  
places." It is a satisfactory matter, to find  
that a person of such potent abilities does  
not intend to crush the New Society in the  
egg by the weight of his genius: he only  
proposes to set up a rival establishment, to  
show that men of his own liberal way of  
hinking are as competent to write essays as  
he most loyal persons in Britain. We beg  
therefore to put him right on one point in  
which he seems to be mistaken. The royal  
ociety is not exclusive: it designates *those*  
*who* are "of distinguished learning, authors  
of some creditable work of literature, and  
men of good moral character," as eligible to  
become members; and we cannot guess what  
bjection Alpha has to these descriptions of  
persons. If the rival project embraces an  
opposite course, we shall see his establish-  
ment composed of ignorant persons, authors

Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs.

Thomson's *Cas. of Indol.*

(17) Then we took down our tents that told  
a thousand.

Old *Ballad*, *Flodden Field*.

(18) Unheard, unhelped, unspitied, unlamented.  
Michael *Dryden's Heroical Epistles*.

Unwept, unobscured, and unsmug.

Scott.

(19) Neu patrie validas in viscera vertite rines.  
Which has been thus translated:  
found not with rigour vast the rituals of the  
weal!

(20) Where France will side to weaken us by  
war.

*Dryden's Annus Mir.*

Of wandering wain the white winged plover  
wheels.

Thomson's *Spring*.

of scandalous works, and men of immoral  
character; and such being the case, perhaps  
it will match the Homeric prize question, by  
one "on the state of religion, society, learn-  
ing, and the arts, during the period in  
which the events are laid of another great  
epic poem, namely, Milton's *Paradise Lost*!"

But it is truly a melancholy thing, that a  
design calculated to throw a lustre around  
the crown, to do incalculable benefit to the  
country, to bring light upon our age, and  
carry honour down to the latest posterity,  
should be made a matter of unreasonable  
and unworthy suspicion. Ever since we  
could conceive an idea, or hold a pen in the  
cause of literature, we have been impressed  
with the conviction that such an Institution  
as the one now forming, was alone necessary  
to upraise and consolidate the dearest in-  
terests of learning. It delights us to find it eman-  
ating from that high quarter, which has all  
the power and influence required to give it  
character, consistency, and vigour: and we  
trust it will be formed on a plan to unite all  
affects.

• Upon this topic, Mr. D'Israeli speaks our  
sentiments, in his *Essay on the Literary Character*.

## OXFORD, DEC. 9.

On Tuesday last the following Degrees  
were conferred:—

MASTERS OF ARTS.—REV. W. REES DA-  
VIES, Scholar of Worcester College; REV.  
Watts Wilkinson, Worcester Coll.; REV.  
W. Thursty, Oriel Coll.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—G. Smalley, Esq.  
Trinity College, Grand Compounder; G.  
Howard Stapleton, Worcester Coll.; J. I.  
Monypenny, Wadham Coll.; Hender Moles-  
worth, Exeter Coll.; J. Parker and J. Sneyd,  
Brasenose Coll.; J. H. Newman, and F.  
Neale, Trinity Coll.; Hon. A. P. Perceval,  
Oriel Coll.; T. Meyler, and R. Smith, Pem-  
broke Coll.; Edmund Robinson, and Cos-  
mo Nelson Innes, Balliol Coll.; F. W.  
Hope, Ch. Ch.; F. Roush, St. John's Coll.

## CAMBRIDGE, DEC. 1.

The Rev. Fenton Hort, of Trinity College,  
was on Friday admitted Master of Arts;  
and Mr. R. Partridge, of St. John's College,  
Bachelor of Arts.

The following gentlemen were yesterday  
admitted to the undermentioned degrees:—

DOCTORS IN DIVINITY.—The Rev. G.  
D'Oyley, of Corpus Christi College, and  
rector of Lambeth; Rev. J. T. Barrett, of St.  
Peter's College.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—J. Foster, and W.  
Hanson, of Queen's college.

BACHELORS IN CIVIL LAW.—G. Hole, of  
Trinity Coll.; G. Walsh Hallam, of Trinity  
Hall.

At the third Meeting of the Cambridge  
Philosophical Society for the present year,  
on Monday week, a further communication  
was made from Dr. Wavell of Barnstable,  
respecting the remarkable formation of *na-  
tive natron*, in the tower of Stoke Church,  
near Hartland, in Devonshire; accompanied  
by one of the stones of the tower. After-  
wards the Vice-President, Dr. Haviland, read  
an account of the dissection of a young man,

who died of fever; which was attended with  
a remarkable case of corrosion of the stomach,  
by means of the gastric fluid, after death.  
Professor Lee also read, from an Arabian  
author of the name of *Nassir-eddin*, a very  
curious demonstration of the doctrine of pa-  
rallel lines.

*Cambridge Observatory.*—The members  
of the *Observatory Syndicate* have made a  
report of their proceedings to the senate,  
recommending a field, near the gravel-pits  
on the north of the Madingley road, as fur-  
nishing the most eligible site for an Observa-  
tory; which selection of the syndicate has  
been approved by the senate, and the syndics  
are now endeavouring to ascertain the pre-  
cise spot for the building, which may have  
the advantage of a very distant meridian  
mark, on the tower, if possible, or on some  
part of Grantchester church.

The Syndics have already ordered astron-  
omical instruments to the amount of near  
2,300*l*.

The present subscriptions amount to up-  
wards of 6,000*l*. exclusive of the 5,000*l*.  
which was voted by the University.

## FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY. Last week the Royal  
Academy lecture room was distinguished,  
(the fashion spreading from theatres and pub-  
lic meetings has at length got to churches  
and grave institutions), by a riot. It is said  
that the lecturer got two stout life-guard-  
men to exhibit or spar for the instruction of  
the pupils in muscular action; but this show  
was so nearly allied to a turn up at the Fives  
Court, that it attracted an unusual number  
of visitors. As all could not be accommo-  
dated, a scene of disgraceful struggle ensued,  
and the theatre of a polite art was converted  
into a bear garden.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Having shown proper respect to yourself and  
the public by steering clear of the angry vitu-  
peration of rival periodicals works, and taking  
no notice of the venomous attacks which origi-  
nate in Editorial bosoms against Editors, and  
are futilized—

"Not that they write so ill, but sell so well;  
I trust you will admit the enclosed *jeu d'esprit*  
as no material departure from the praiseworthy  
system upon which you have acted. Continue,  
sir, to struggle for eminence as you have done,  
by being the first in the race of useful infor-  
mation and delightful literature, and you may sa-  
fely leave it to any of your contemporaries to try  
to raise themselves into notice by malignant per-  
sonalities and scurrilous abuse."

Your friend and constant reader,

RIVAL WRITERS.

Quoth Ding to Dong,  
You write quite wrong;

• We generally erase those passages in cor-  
respondents' letters which speak flatteringly of  
the *Literary Gazette*; but the above is so agree-

Quoth Dong to Ding,  
You lie, you Thing!  
Ding dong; dong ding!

You went stand long,  
Quoth Ding to Dong;  
I will, by jing!  
Spite of thee, Ding!

Ding dong; dong ding  
How vile his song!  
(ries Ding of Dong.  
Ding cannot sing!  
Cries Dong of Ding.

Ding dong; dong ding.  
'Gaiest I'm strong!  
Says Ding to Dong:  
Thou'rt but a Ninc-  
umpoop, fool Ding!

Ding dong; dong ding.  
I'll lay my thong,  
Hawls Ding, on Dong;  
The nose I'll wring,  
Shouts Dong, of Ding.

Ding dong; dong ding.  
Fool knaves among  
The first is Dong:  
No rogue a string  
Deserves like Ding.

Ding dong; dong ding.  
Thus like a gong  
Thumps Ding at Dong;  
And retorts ring  
At Dong from Ding.

Ding dong; dong ding.  
Meanwhile the throng  
Cares nought for Dong;  
The draws of Ding  
No readers bring.

Ding dong; dong ding;  
Dong ding; dong ding.

TOM BELL,  
Late of Lincoln.

Fleet Street, opposite  
St. Dunstan's Clock, the shortest  
day in the year 1820.

#### THE SLEEPERS.

Written in the Sleeping Room of — Academy.

It's silent influence Sleep has shed  
On every little thoughtless head;  
The house is free from noise:  
Their troubles for the day are o'er,  
The tyranny of tasks no more  
Their lightened breasts annoy.

They suffer now their daily death:  
Around is heard the long-drawn breath,  
The heaving coverings rise:  
But yet perhaps each playful brain  
May some strange phantasy contain,  
A favorite sport that pleases.

This runs a race, perhaps, and that  
As earnest grasps the shadowy bat,  
And strikes the airy ball;  
While this, perchance, the fag or scout,  
Unheard is crying, "Put him out!"  
As loud as he can bawl.

The next with open mouth who lies,  
In broken accents stammering tries  
To prove he'll be obeyed;  
This, who in fight his strength may try,

able to our sense of right that we have suffered  
it to remain. It is indeed a sure sign that all  
the better means of attaining popularity are dis-  
regarded, or have failed, when periodical writers  
find no other way to attract notice but by abus-  
ing their contemporaries. En.

Of crimsoned nose or purpled eye  
Will waken half afraid.

Oh! happy souls! Oh! trebly hiest!  
Who thus enjoy a sportive rest,  
By watchful care uncheck'd;  
Whose grief, awake, is but the shower  
That gently bends the tender flower,  
But leaves it more erect.

Der. 8.

LE PREMIER.

#### SONG.

Love is a little runaway,  
That makes each heart his home;  
And when he's had his fun, away  
He flies elsewhere to roam.  
The mansion where his tricks he's played  
Must soon to ruin fall;  
By Love left uninhabited,  
'Tis nothing worth at all.  
If he should take possession,  
Eliza, of thy bosom,  
Trust not each fair profession,  
But chain him, or you lose him.  
Let prudency bar the window,  
And modesty the door;  
Inconstancy to hinder,  
'Tis best to make things sure.

Solo.

J. W.

#### TO A PHYSICIAN WHO TRAGEDYZETH.

Most sapient Doctor, thou dost stand alone  
For killing men in fancy and in fact;  
For though thy muse crowds all her deaths in one,  
Thy physic's *Drama* slays in every act!  
Let me conjure thee by his honoured name,  
(At once the god of medicine and of verse)  
If not quite callous to the voice of shame,  
No longer plays so fatal to *rehearse*;  
For wielding thus a double bolt of thunder,  
Even though we 'scape your muse's "worst  
of ills,"

To *Physic* we must speedily knock under—  
Swallow your verse, or bolt your poisonous  
pills!

Forbear—or all the patients you most prize  
Will die—with laughing at your tragedies!

ABEL DRUGGER.

#### On Time.

To charm's a gift that's always new,  
A bloom that's never blighted;  
And alight's the injury Time can do  
Two hearts by love united.  
The rose that blossoms at mid-day  
Is still at eve worth prizing,  
As rainbows catch a gilded ray  
From Sol's decline or rising.

Nov. 7th.

A. A.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.—NO. VI.

Paris, Dec. 10, 1820.

A society of learned Benedictines formerly wrote a history of Paris, in huge folio volumes; but now-a-days, the French regard folio volumes with horror. Even the quartos, so much in fashion in England, are not relished in France; and all publications are reduced to 8vo., 12mo., or even to 18mo. Didot has lately printed a charming Virgil in 24mo; but unfortunately, it requires the eyes of a lynx to read it. A *History of Paris*, in 8vo. has lately been commenced. It will possess the advantage of being written in a

spirit of philosophy which the worthy Benedictines, before mentioned, probably never dreamed of. This new history is by M. Dulaure, who was originally a curate, but who, during the revolution, seized the opportunity of throwing aside his ecclesiastical robe and getting married. This, to be sure, was only acting in conformity to the laws and customs of the times; but he also had a seat in the national convention, and therefore has eternally to reproach himself with having voted for the death of the unfortunate Louis XVI. M. Dulaure has deeply studied the ancient history of France; and has arranged himself of all the monuments of antiquity which France still retains, to elucidate facts, and to refute the fables and false assertions that have been circulated in previous histories of Paris. In those remote ages, when cities like individuals, laid claim to illustrious origin, search was made among the ancient heroes, for a founder of the city of Paris. It would appear that the original Parisians were a wretched Belgian horde, to whom the Gauls, out of mere pity, granted an asylum on the northern frontier of their territory; little suspecting that this people would one day exceed in wealth and glory the whole of Gaul. We should have known but little respecting the ancient religion of the Parisians, if there had not been discovered, a few centuries back, below the foundation of the cathedral of Notre-Dame, some stones belonging to an ancient altar, all the sides of which were adorned with bas-reliefs, representing deities, with their names inscribed in latin; these are partly local deities, though it is probable they were also worshipped in other parts of Gaul. An inscription on these stones, states that the altar was erected at the expense of the boatmen of Paris. The trade on the Seine must at that time have been more considerable than at present; for the boatmen of Paris are now poor enough, and have but little money to spare for the erection of altars or any other monument.

Paris contains but few traces of the Roman dominion, and these few belong to the close of the Empire. The principal monument is the edifice known by the name of *the Thermæ*. It is a vast, vaulted hall, which was originally attached to an Imperial Palace, now destroyed. Not long back, a cooper had converted this place into a warehouse for casks and tubs; but the government, at the solicitation of every friend of antiquity, at length resolved to purchase the edifice. The old houses, which surrounded and concealed it, are now pulling down, so that the building will be entirely clear, and may be viewed on all sides. It is probable that the bas-reliefs, above mentioned, and all other Parisian antiquities that may be collected, will be deposited within the building; and thus, every object it contains, will be antique. The construction of this palace is generally attributed to Julius Cæsar, who, as he himself relates, passed some time in Paris; but neither Cæsar, nor any other ancient author, says it was he who built the place. Julius Cæsar was an economical prince, an enemy to pomp; and besides he was not sufficiently settled in Paris to think of build-

of a palace. The new history of Paris attributes the erection of this edifice to Constantius Chlorus. It is gratifying to reflect that this remarkable monument, which has for a long period been in the possession of private individuals, has escaped destruction, while many antiquities of more recent date, are successively disappeared in the catastrophes of which Paris has been the theatre various periods. The *Therma* doubtless we their preservation to the solid style in which they are built, which has rendered them useful in modern times.

The early churches of Paris have all been destroyed; the revolution demolished most of them, or so completely changed their destination that they cannot now be recognized. They have in many instances been converted into theatres; and a few years ago, a play was performed at Strasburg, in a church which yet retained its steeple and burial-ground. Respecting the first introduction of Christianity in Paris, a whimsical discovery has been made in late times. According to an ancient tradition, founded on nobody knows what, St. Dennis, the Patron of France, was beheaded on Mont-Martre near Paris, and he carried his head under his arm as far as the city of St. Dennis. This story induced Madame de Cornuel, a woman of considerable wit, to say, "I do not see any miracle in his doing so far; in such a case, the first step is very thing (*il n'y a que le premier pas qui vaille*). The monks of St. Dennis, felt an interest in inducing people to put faith in this legend, and they showed the head of the saint to all who wished to see it; but it was not shown in Paris, and at four other places in France, and finally at Ratisbonne, in Germany. Thus there were no less than seven heads of St. Dennis. But unfortunately for the believers of miracles, it is positively known that St. Dennis was put to death and burnt in Greece, and that he never visited France. Many volumes were formerly written on this important subject, and the monks of St. Dennis stoutly defended their thesis up to the moment when all convents were suppressed throughout the kingdom. It is the festival of St. Dennis is celebrated in the vintage month, and as his name, in Latin *Dyonisius*, is one of the names of Bacchus, has been presumed, with some reason, that when Christianity was introduced in France, endeavours were made to give a Christian colouring to a pagan festival, which the people were in the habit of celebrating. In the little church in Paris, which stood in the centre of a vineyard, a festival was formerly held called *St. Bacchus*, a name for which would be vain to search legends and books of martyrs. These substitutions are not more astonishing than those which took place in Paris during the reign of terror, when Christian worship was abolished. The altars were suffered to remain, but upon them was placed a wheat-sheaf or an image of the goddess of Reason. Only a few years back, there was seen above the door of the Church of l'Oratoire, a picture which, before the revolution, represented a groupe of angels worshipping the Holy Sacrament; during the reign of terror, however, the Host was ef-

faced, and the republican fasces and the axe substituted in its stead, so that the angels were made to worship the fasces of the Jacobins.

The new historian of Paris makes a remark which seems to be confirmed by facts; namely, what a certain party in France styles the *good old time*, never did exist. The further back we go, the more we find people unhappy and institutions barbarous: it is only since a salutary reform has been introduced into civil and religious institutions, that mankind breathe, at least by intervals: for human passions unfortunately produce as much calamity in civilized society as among barbarians.

#### MAGNANIMITY REWARDED.

M. de Cortois was a very respectable clergyman, who endeavoured conscientiously to fulfil the duties of his profession. But he was a very handsome man, and in the prime of life, and was generally known in Paris by the name of "the Abbé with the handsome legs."

This agreeable outside was sufficient for the bishop of Mirepoix to form a very unfavourable opinion of him; and when he waited on him, he sought to humble him, and had firmly resolved never to give him a benefit.

The Abbé de Cortois once made a journey from Lyons to Paris in a stage-coach. He had taken the name of Quincey, which was given him by his family to distinguish him from his brothers, and by which he was known in his native place, Dijon.

There were several passengers in the coach who knew as little of him as he did of them. Most probably they had reason to be dissatisfied with M. de Mirepoix. They spoke of him with much acrimony, and painted him in very unfavourable colours. The Abbé Quincey mixed in the conversation, and defended the bishop very zealously, and with very good arguments. He warmly praised his virtues, his good qualities, his irreproachable character, but without offending his opponents by violent contradiction, and succeeded in silencing the censurers.

Among the passengers there was an old clergyman, who had taken no part in the dispute, and did not even seem to notice it. In fact, he scarcely spoke ten words during the whole journey; but he very attentively observed the Abbé Quincey, and when they had arrived at Paris, and the travellers were getting out of the coach, the old priest familiarly pressed the Abbé's hand, and said to him:

"I beg you, Abbé, to visit me in three days hence, at the convent of the Theatines, where I am a monk. Perhaps I may be so fortunate as to be of service to you, and to show you my gratitude for having taken the part of my brother, the bishop of Mirepoix."

The Abbé de Cortois was much surprised that he had unconsciously acquired so powerful a patron, and did not fail to call on the Abbé Boyer on the third day. The latter cordially embraced him, and said, "Go to my brother, and thank him for having applied

to the King in your favour. His Majesty has appointed you Bishop of Belloy."

The Abbé de Cortois instantly waited on the bishop of Mirepoix, who was much surprised at finding that the Abbé Quincey, who had been so strongly recommended by his brother, was no other than the Abbé de Cortois with the handsome legs, whom he had always viewed in so unfavourable a light, and so often unjustly humbled.

#### THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—*Lord of the Manor*.—On Wednesday, Mr. Braham sustained the part of Truemore, in this pleasing opera. He was in charming voice, and added to the incomparable treat of harmony which his powers elicited from the songs belonging to the part, by introducing "Ah can I e'er forget thee, 'Fame in the battle,'" "The Soldier's gratitude," and other pieces of delightful music. Madame Vestris was a sweet and lively Annette; Misses Cubitt and Povey were commendable Sophias and Peggys. There was a dread drawback in (we were going to say the *male*, but we mean one of the other *female*) parts, owing to the non-appearance of Munden as Moll Flagon; Mr. Williams was his substitute—and so far from being fit for the regular army to which honest Moll was attached, would not do for the militia, volunteers, or City Bands. Harley however, was a good La Nippe, and Knight exerted his talent to make as much of Ralph as possible. Mr. T. Cooke performed Rashley, and sang with taste and science. Barnard was the young Contrast, which was poor compared to the rich and inimitable colouring of Jones, but by no means irreproachable to this very deserving actor.

Pocohontas.—A heldomade is a space of infinite value to the dramatic critic. It allows him opportunity to digest his ideas, should the uncommon occurrence of a modern piece lasting that time, render it necessary to express them; whereas should the reverse happen, and the play expire incontinently, he, while his diurnal brethren so often "waste their sweetness on the desert air," is saved from every sort of water. In this situation are we placed by the late "Pocohontas, or the Indian Princess." This unfortunate offspring of Indian royalty was born on Friday, and died on Tuesday: like Johanna Southcote, she gave out that she would come to life again on Friday, but she has not kept her word; and as this has rendered the public chance of seeing her again ninety-nine per cent worse than ever, we shall not detain our readers by a minute description of her beauties. Regardful at the same time of the humane, though cowardly and sycophantic axiom, of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, we shall abstain from relating her flirtations with one Captain Smith, and other incidents of little importance, except to the parties concerned. The writer is evidently young, for his sentiments belonged to the school, rather than to the play — to his studies rather than to his character.

COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. Vandenhoff, encouraged by his success in King Lear, has been

bold enough to choose Coriolanus as the third character in which to appear on the London stage. It was on Monday last that he attempted to sustain this part; but to our minds the attempt fell far short of success, though he certainly in many parts of the performance evinced very considerable talent. Indeed we are inclined to think so favourably of this gentleman's abilities, that we regret that he has not been more judicious in the choice of his characters. That of Coriolanus is one to which his powers are unequal, or unsuited; and the remembrance of the matchless performance of Kemble is yet too fresh to allow a fair chance of success, even to one more highly gifted than this new candidate. The lofty and swelling pride of the patrician—the fullness and depth of his indignation—the high bearing of his valour, his virtue, and his revenge, are what, (as it seems to us,) Mr. Vandenhoff has not power to express. He was more fortunate in the scene where he solicits the suffrages of the plebeians. There was throughout, (what he could not perhaps avoid,) an imitation of Kemble—but so bad, that we were glad when Yates somewhat indelicately gave the mockery of the first plebeian in a good burlesque of Kemble's style. The audience would not hear the play announced for repetition.

The new Christmas pantomimes announced are, *The North West Passage*, or *Harlequin Esquimaux*, at Drury Lane; and *Harlequin and Friar Bacon*, or *the Brazen Heel*, at Covent Garden. For our friends from all the public schools, we petition the managers to perform these as middle pieces thrice a week for the ensuing month.

## VARIETIES.

In conformity with an ordinance issued by the King of France, on the 25th of November, 1819, arrangements have been made at the *Conservatory of Arts and Trades*, for giving public instruction gratuitously on the application of the sciences to the industrious arts. There will be three courses of instruction, namely:—1st. *Mechanics*; 2d. *Chemistry*, applied to the Arts; and 3d. *Economy in Trade and Manufactures*. The first course will be superintended by M. Charles Dupin, of the Royal Academy of Sciences; the second by M. Clement; and the third by M. Say, author of the *Treatise on Political Economy*.

*Death of Naldi*.—Poor Naldi, the admirable buffo of the King's Theatre, has met with a strange and untimely death at Paris. Going to dine with Garcia, it is stated in the journals, he stopped the valve of a new cooking apparatus, which burst and killed him on the spot. His companion was slightly hurt. A description of the *autoclave* (the machine which proved so fatal) will be found at page 506 of the Literary Gazette for this year.

*Unicorns*.—The Quarterly Review asserts, on the authority of a letter from Major Latimer, that the Unicorn of the Scriptures exists in herds in the hilly country east of Nepal. It is called *tsop'o* in the Thibet language,

and is described at thirteen or fourteen hands high, fierce, and extremely wild. It is seldom caught alive, but frequently shot, and the flesh used for food. The hoofs are cloven, the tail boar-shaped, and the horn long and curved, growing out of the forehead.

*English travellers*.—A singular account of an English traveller of the name of Cochran has been sent from Petersburg, and inserted in the Newspapers. We have just received some interesting particulars from Moscow, which we shall insert in our next.

*Don-not*.—"I am the guardian of my own honour," said one of the leading advocates for reform to his friend, at a late public meeting, in reply to some personal allusions of the ministerial journalists, as to the motives by which he was actuated. "I am exceedingly glad to hear it," was the reply; "you have been long looking for a place, and have at last settled upon a sinecure!"

*Dandy*.—Some one has endeavoured to deduce the etymology of this word from *dandi-prat*, a coin, as Rapiu informs us, struck in the reign of Henry VII. It has been frequently applied as a term of contempt by the early dramatists. Thus Middleton, in his comedy 'More Dissemblers besides Women,' makes Dandolo say of Laccantio's page, "there's no fellowship in this *dandiprat*, this dive-dapper." In the same play, Linquepace says, "Who would be plagued with a *dandiprat* usher," &c. In Massinger's *Virgin Martyr*, Hircius, speaking of the attendant of Dorothea, thus soliloquizes upon him: "The smug *dandiprat* smells us out whatever we are doing." He has just before entitled him a "jackanapes," a "white faced monkey," and a "chitty-faced page." Old Marston, in his 'Scourge for Villanies,' notices the *dandiprat*, and so does honest Master Dekker, in one of his comedies. The term seems to have been in common request in the age of Queen Elizabeth, as an epithet of reproach.

*Anecdote*.—The celebrated Earl of Hardwicke, Chancellor of Great Britain, was the son of an attorney at Dover. During his education for the law, which commenced by his serving a clerkship with an attorney, he was frequently teased by the wife of his employer, a notable housewife, with trifling errands, as foreign to the circumstances of his profession as they were inconsistent with propriety and decorum. He soon took an opportunity to put an end to this, with one positive and peremptory refusal. "As you are going by the Green Grocer's, Mr. Yorke, will you be so good as to buy me a cauliflower?" was the last request he was ever troubled with. At his return the cauliflower was produced, which he observed cost one shilling and sixpence—sixpence for the cauliflower, and a shilling for a sedan chair to bring it home in!

Sir Walter Scott was lately unanimously elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, vice Sir James Hall, resigned. Mr. Brougham was also recently chosen Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.

*Pillory*.—Lord Kenyon's motto, *Magnamiter cratem sustineo*, has been thus appo-

sitely translated.—"I boldly recommitment the punishment of the pillory." It should be remarked, that it was at his suggestion the pillory began regularly to be inflicted upon persons guilty of perjury, &c.

*Learning*.—"No man," says Selden, "is the wiser for his learning; it may augment matter to work in, or objects to work upon, but wit, as well as wisdom, is born with a man."

*Plays*.—In an old account book of Bernard Lintot, the bookseller, the following information respecting the prices usually paid for the copyrights of plays is given. Tragedies were then the fashionable drama, and obtained the best price. Dr. Yerg received for his *Basiris*, 84*l.*; Smith, for his *Phœdra* and *Hipolytus*, 50*l.*; Rose, for his *Jane Shore*, 50*l.*; 15*l.*; and for *Lady Jane Gray*, 75*l.* 5*s.*; and Cibber, for *his Nonjuror*, obtained 105*l.*

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

DECEMBER 1820.

Thursday, 14.—Thermometer from 29 to 41.

Barometer from 30, 03 to 30, 11.

Wind N. E. 4, and N. E. 4.—Generally dry.

Rain fallen, .075 of an inch.

Friday, 15.—Thermometer from 28 to 31.

Barometer from 30, 12 to 30, 01.

Wind S. E. 4, and E. B. S. 2 and 3.—Generally cloudy; sunshine in the afternoon.

Saturday, 16.—Thermometer from 26 to 32.

Barometer from 29, 65 to 29, 72.

Wind E. B. S. 1, and 2.—Cloudy. Snow all

the afternoon and evening.

Sunday, 17.—Thermometer from 28 to 35.

Barometer from 29, 75 to 30, 04.

Wind E. B. N. and N. E. 4.—Generally foggy.

Snow on the ground 3 inches thick.

Rain fallen, 1 of an inch.

Monday, 18.—Thermometer from 35 to 41.

Barometer from 30, 22 to 30, 36.

Wind F. B. N. 1.—Foggy and cloudy. A

misty rain in the evening.

Tuesday, 19.—Thermometer from 40 to 46.

Barometer from 30, 32 to 30, 6.

Wind E. B. S. 1, S. B. W. and W. 0.—Cloudy,

till the evening, when it became foggy. The

upper part of a halo was formed about 8 o'clock.

P. M.

Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.

Wednesday, 20.—Thermometer from 35 to 41.

Barometer from 30, 54 to 30, 41.

Wind S. E. 0.—Morning foggy, and cloudy

all day.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IV. M. asks for the precise address of Mr. A. Meawell, of Chelmside, whose letter we received in our last; and expresses a hope that we may "persuade him to carry on his correspondence more week." Unfortunately, the present trade war was raised by his attempt at levity, and he became a *Dandiprat*. His address will consequently appear in a different form from ours, next Saturday.

"A Mother" will gather from an article of our review written before receiving her letter, that we agree with her in opinion on the subject of female literature; we would rather show our approbation in this way than by entering into discussions with others.

ERRATUM.—In the concluding note of the poet on the New Royal Society, last week, I put the bottoms, for "insipids" read "lappet."

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

*One Hundred Books of Instruction and Amusement, for Christmas Presents.—A Catalogue to be had Gratis.*

**WILLIAM SAMS**, Bookseller to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, attracts the attention of the Nobility and Gentry to the CATALOGUE he has just published, and may be had at his Circulating Library, St. James's Street; containing the best Selection of Books, suitable for Presents. He has also for their Inspection, an elegant Assortment of Pocket Books, Court Calendars, and Albums, for the New Year, in plain and elegant bindings.—Private Boxes for the Theatres, may be had of William Sams, for the Night or Season.

*Omne talis punctum qui miscuit atque dedit.—Hor.*

To be Sold by Auction, by Mr. Saunders, at his Great Room, No. 39, Fleet Street, on Tuesday, Dec. 26th, and Four following days, at half-past twelve o'clock precisely.

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VOL. IV.

are capable of bringing into the field, is estimated at one hundred thousand men. When they are in active service, they receive a ration of flour, millet, or oatmeal, and are paid from twelve to fifteen rubles a year; and as they are obliged to find their own arms, horses, equipments, and subsistence, it is pretty clear that they must live almost entirely at the expence either of their enemies or of their allies. Their dress, which is left to their own choice, is a motley mixture of every colour. They are armed with a carbine, sabre, and pistols - their principal weapon is a pike - from seven to eighteen feet long, which they manage with great dexterity, and which alone is sufficient to render them formidable. But besides these, some of the Cossack corps carry a singular and not less dangerous weapon. This is a rope, from fifteen to eighteen feet in length, with a noose at one end, which they fling with such expertness and rapidity over a flying enemy, that, provided he be within reach, they entrap him in the noose as securely as the lazomen on the river La Plata catch the wild bullocks in precisely a similar mode. In this manner, at the time of the invasion of Russia, the French general Segur was caught, and dragged from his horse, by a Cossack, after he had cut his enemy's lance with two of his sword."

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stealing softly up the steps of the pulpit unobserved by the minister, startled him not a little by tapping him on the shoulder in the midst of his harangue, and inviting him, as well as he could by signs, accompanied with all sorts of grotesque gestures, to descend, and no longer interrupt the gratification which the organist afforded to himself and his companions. Notwithstanding the solemnity of the place, the gravity of the minister and his congregation were not proof against this attack, and it was some time before the former could so far recover from its ludicrous effect as to resume his discourse."

"This fondness for music was displayed on another occasion:

"A young lady, of a respectable family, was seated at her piano-forte, playing and singing. She was heard by a Cossack who was passing under her window. As if enchanted, he followed the melodious sounds, pursued his way up stairs, from room to room, and, after traversing several apartments, discovered the right one. He entered, and stood listening behind the lonely musician, who, half dead with fear on perceiving the figure of her martial visitor in a mirror, would naturally have run away. He detained her, and, in unintelligible language, but with friendly gestures, begged for a *Da capo*; and, without ceremony, fetched his comrades out of the street. The music soon relaxed the joints of the bearded warriors, and in a few moments they struck up a charming Cossack dance in the best room in the house. The trembling girl was obliged to summon up all her courage and strength, that her fingers might not refuse to perform their office in this critical juncture. She returned sincere thanks to Heaven when the dance was over, and was not a little surprised when one of the delighted performers, with the most cordial gestures, laid a piece of gold on the piano-forte. It was to no purpose that the young lady refused it; the donors retired, leaving behind them the piece of money, which the fair owner will doubtless preserve with care, as a memorial of the lovers of dancing and music from the deserts of Asia."

"The *anecdote* of these people were [was] expressed in a very different manner towards another young lady, likewise of a genteel family, who, out of economy, and supposing her guests to be so injured to harshness as to be proof against all sorts of weather, had directed that no fire should be made in the quarters destined for them. Though the almanac had for some days announced the return of all-reviving spring, the Cossacks experienced none of its enlivening effects in their uncomfortable quarters. Dissatisfied with the place, they sallied out in quest of



a warmer lodging. It was not long before they discovered one. This was the apartment of the young lady of the house.—*As! here warm—here good—stay with mamma!* So saying, the reconnoitring party took a strong position against the cold in *mamma's* room; thither all their baggage also was soon transported. *Mamma!* unless she had chosen to turn Cossack too, was obliged to relinquish her apartment to her gallant guests, and to procure in another the climate that she had quitted."

"A servant-maid, groaning under the weight of a large basket of damped linen, met a party of Cossacks. They took the basket from her, convinced her by their gestures that they intended no harm, and intimated by signs to the poor girl, to show them which way she was going. They not only carried the basket to the mangle, but helped to turn it for a whole hour; and, when they had done, desired nothing but a kiss for their pains."

"A Cossack, surrounded by a legion of boys, whom he sometimes took by the hand, and sometimes set a running by throwing his cap for them to bring back again, met a lad selling cakes. He immediately laid an embargo on the whole stock of the itinerant trader, which he divided among his merry companions, reserving for himself about a dozen cakes, which he put into the pockets of his wide breeches. Whilst occupied in housing them, he spied an elegant lady coming towards him, but who was about to turn off to avoid the crowd of boys. The Cossack ran up to her, pulled the cakes three at a time out of his magazine, and offered them to the lady, half dead with fright. *Mamma, good!—Dobro, mamma!* said he, with a friendly smile. When, however, neither kind words nor gestures could prevail on *mamma* to accept the cakes, he thrust them into her ridicule, and respectfully kissed her fair hands, in spite of all her endeavours to disengage them from his grasp. The lady made a precipitate retreat, and the Cossack watched as long as she was in sight with a look of concern."

"The booksellers' shops, where representations of all the Russian nations were to be seen in the windows, were always beset with crowds of Cossacks, who manifested the greatest joy on discovering themselves among them."

"The Cossack colonel, Prince G\*\*\*\*, was quartered with a lady of rank. The footman of the latter, going out of the house one evening about nine o'clock, observed a Cossack before the door, holding two horses. To his utter astonishment, he soon discovered that it was no other than Prince G., his mistress's guest.—'Good God!' said he, 'is your highness holding horses?'—'Yes; a Cossack who did not know me, just as I was coming out of the house, asked me to hold them for a moment. I did not like to refuse him; but the fellow stays rather too long. I have been standing here almost an hour.'—'Let me take the bridle: I will hold the horses.'—'No; I must keep the promise which I have given to the Cossack. A Cossack never breaks his word.' Whilst

the servant was expressing his surprise at this kind of observance of the word of a prince, the Cossack came up, recognized the illustrious horse-holder, and threw himself at the feet of his colonel, who mildly said, as he went away, 'Another time don't stay so long!'

The volume, after the general sketch from which we have taken these extracts, goes more into detail, and gives prints and descriptions of the Don, Ural, Grebenski, Zaporogian, Baschkir, Kirguis, Tcherkasses, (Circassian) Cossacks, and the Nogay and Mongols, who are more distinctly Tartarian. A brief view of the history of each is followed by characteristic anecdotes, of recent dates. Among these, the adventures of Alexander Zemenutin, in London, (whom many of our readers no doubt remember,) are conspicuous. The winter fishery of the Ural tribes in Siberia is curious."

"Before the opening of the four annual fisheries, tickets are given to the Cossacks registered for military service. The attamans receive four, the starchines three, the other civil and military officers two, and the private Cossacks one: but these tickets may be transferred or sold; so that those who are discharged, and not upon the register, who have not a right to fish, may purchase that right for a year. The first of these fisheries is the most important, the most productive, and the most curious, on account of the severity of the season when it takes place, and the manner in which it is conducted."

"About the 3d or 4th of January, the registered Cossacks are assembled: inquiry is made if those who have been absent on business are returned, and where the most fish have been observed; for the sturgeons and belugas begin to ascend the river so early as the middle of autumn. The experienced fishermen, who watch them at the time the ice begins to form, assert, that these fish sport and play about the spot which they fix upon for their winter abode, where they lie torpid on the sand. A day is then fixed for opening the fishery. The wished-for day is ushered in by the discharge of artillery. The Cossacks, provided with tickets, mounted in sledges, and furnished with iron hooks of all dimensions, set out before sunrise, and range themselves in a line as they reach the appointed rendezvous. An attaman, elected for the season, reviews them, and examines if they have their hooks, and their arms to withstand the Kirguises, by whom they are frequently attacked; the *jazzonsis*, or aides-de-camp, recommend order, and the party proceed to the designated spot. The part of the river destined for the winter fishery is about four hundred wersts in length, following the winding course of the Ural. Every day a certain space is set apart for operations. Each Cossack has his place, which he chooses as he arrives, and which he may change with his neighbour if it suits them, or if one of them quits his situation; but none of them can begin to fish till the attaman has given the signal by a discharge of musketry. At this signal each makes a hole, the dimensions of which are nearly defined

in the ice at the spot which he has chosen. He thrusts the largest of his hooks down to the mud of the river, which is sometimes fifteen or sixteen fathoms deep. The fish, roused from its torpor by another hook which the fisherman holds in his left hand, strives to burrow deeper, and falls upon the first hook, which the Cossack instantly pulls up upon the ice. It sometimes happens that two neighbours catch the same fish, or that they have need of assistance to draw up the largest; in such cases they divide the booty. Some of them will catch ten sturgeons a day, several of which weigh as much as five *puds* (a *pud* is thirty-three pounds), and belugas of above eight hundred pounds weight. Others are so unfortunate as not to catch anything for several days; and perhaps do not take altogether sufficient to defray the expenses which their preparations for the fishery have occasioned, and which they often make upon credit. They never fail to ascribe this ill luck to some spell that is set upon them, and if by accident a frog should be brought up by their hook, they immediately desist from fishing, convinced that some fatality would attend them."

Of the Nogays we have the following trait.

"The Nogays profess Mahometanism, but are very negligent in the practice of its ceremonies, with which they mingle many superstitious customs of the Mogols. Hence Selym Guerai Khan's buffoon, when his master wished to persuade him to turn Mahometan, replied, 'As to the Mussulman religion, I cannot embrace it; but to please you, I will turn Nogay.'"

Of the *Baschkirs*—"Pastoral pursuits are still their favourite occupation, though they have been compelled to cultivate the ground. With the Baschkirs the horse is an indispensable animal; they are scarcely ever on foot. Their food chiefly consists of horse-flesh and mare's milk. The hide of the horse serves them for clothing, and with his hair they make ropes. They drink to intoxication of *kumis*, and so general is this practice, that, as I am assured, in the evenings of summer not one sober man is to be found among them. Some of the Baschkirs have camels, and they keep a great quantity of bees. Instead of furnishing them with hives, they merely make holes for them in the trunks of very straight trees. Sometimes they possess from two to five hundred such holes full of bees."

"Extraordinary stories are told of the voracity of the Baschkirs. One man will eat at a meal fifteen pounds of meat, and drink eight quarts of *kumis*. One of their favourite dishes is the *bishbarmark*, or fire-finger dish, so called because it is swallowed by handfuls. It consists of hashed horse-flesh. Baschkirian politeness requires each person to cram a handful of this hash into his neighbour's mouth; and when they have public entertainments, every one strives to introduce a handful into the mouth of the chief, who has nothing to do but digest what he is so liberally supplied with. If the mistress of a house is going to treat her guests with sheep's feet, she throws some

dozens of them on the fire; takes them off when they are half broiled, and brings them up armfuls to the table. With this ravenous disposition, the Baschkirs find themselves rather straightened in winter: it is said that their condition during that season is truly pitiable; that they look like spectres, and do not begin to recover their flesh till spring."

Respecting the Tcherkassian language we find the annexed account.

"Besides the ordinary language, the Tcherkasses have two others, which they use in excursions, and keep secret. One of these is called the *chokobché*, and the other the *tarchipsé*. The first is a totally distinct language; the latter differs in no respect from the vulgar tongue, but in the addition of certain syllables, such as *ré* or *fé* to every word. In Tcherkassian, the ear, for instance, is *tak-ioumah*; in *chakobché*, *bactou*, and in *tarchipsé*, *tarinariguaré*: eye, in Tcherkassian, is *me*; in *chakobché*, *puphe*; in *tarchipsé*, *rinnari*. The proper names of the Tcherkasses are almost all compound substantive nouns. Some of them are very curious: for instance, *Keltchougua*, son of wool; *Meir-imaqua*, son of Friday; *Khammurea*, prince of dogs; *Hadiagua*, little dog without tail. One remarkable circumstance is, that in the Tcherkassian language we meet with most of the Polovtzi names mentioned in the ancient history of Russia. For example, the Polovtzi word *Oenluk* is undoubtedly the name of *Schulak*, belonging to a Tcherkassian family which reigns over the tribe of Beslen; as *Oouroussoba* is the *Oouroutsky* of the Tcherkasses, who denote by this term a prince of the Russians. Many of the nobles speak the Tartar language, which is diffused not only over the Caucasus, but through the whole of Western Asia."

These extracts will serve to show that this volume is entertaining, and with them we take our leave of it.

*Desultory Thoughts in London, Titus and Giappus, with other Poems.* By Charles Lloyd, author of *Nugæ Canoræ*, &c. London, 1821. 12mo. pp. 252.

This author belongs to the class of modern writers, who take liberties with English versification, which are, in our opinion, utterly subversive of all the beauties of poetry. Alike in rhythm and a rhyme, they seem to seek rather than avoid occasions, wherein to show their disregard of all the rules heretofore considered essential to the constitution of verse. But if Mr. Lloyd comes before us as a poet in this objectionable haphazard, he does not so offend by licentiousness of ideas, immorality of sentiments, or depravity of soul as a man, as to render himself obnoxious to that severity of criticism which virtue, justice, and honour, must ever award against one of the productions of the school of which he is a member. His errors are

rather those of style than of heart; rather of bad taste than of a corrupt mind. We may tire of his metaphysical refinements; but they are innoxious in principle and effect. In short, we look upon him to be a well-meaning enthusiast—devoted to the highest imaginative delights, and possessed of far more inclination than power to grasp and enjoy them. Should this opinion, gathered from his writings, be correct, he is too amiable an individual to provoke angry remark; and we shall best consult our private feelings, and discharge our public duty, by confining ourselves to a few extracts from the volume now published.

The work is prefaced by a "Dedictory Sonnet to *Sophia*," commencing thus—

Let it be never said, that I can bring  
A tuneful trophy, and disloyally  
To any one present it but to thee  
Who dost inspire me;.....

but it should seem that poets (who deal in fiction) are, like liars, possessed of short memories; for in the very next page, the *Desultory Thoughts*, &c. are "presented" to another lady. We leave them to pull caps about it, and quote the latter "dedictory lines," which display a prettiness of poetical thought, though deformed by the frequent bad measure, and affected or ridiculous terminations.

To whom, more suitably, can I present

Effusions, London, penn'd in thy deep haunt,  
Than to a friend there, the sole friend fast lost,  
Who canst that homeless, home's peculiar want

I should not feel—not so—that it should daunt  
With sense of loneliness my pining spirit,  
That I no more should have the will to chaunt  
My simple lays? Yes, thou canst boast the merit,  
Though *gift of Joy*, that life did still some *Hope*  
inherit.

'Tis a refreshing thing on thee to think,  
And such as thee, on life's unsolac'd road;  
Who from no one, though failing, e'er dost shrink  
When call'd upon that aught might be be-  
stow'd.

Frank, gen'rous, with a heart where ever  
glow'd,  
And still glows, sympathy's most cheering flame;  
From thee, on every side, there still hath  
flow'd

A tributary stream, whose selfless aim,  
Though it dispense to all, no eulogy doth claim.  
Like to a river, which, thro' covert wild,  
And shrubby underwood, its smooth lapse  
winds;

Or through the wide champagne, blithe as a  
child,  
So unassumingly its passage finds,  
That by the brighter green more various kinds,  
And richer hue of flowerets here and there,  
Where'er its course it takes, kiss'd by the  
winds,

We chiefly guess, munificently fair,  
That where we look, to heaven its bosom it oth-  
bare.

Like to that river too (another cause  
Of its meek imperceptibility)

That 'tis so clear, that to its wave it draws  
A second portrait of what e'er we see;  
A second portraiture most easily  
Confound'd with th' original! Thus thou  
Bear'st on thy flexible countenance and free,  
Whatever impress other's cares there plough,  
And all their joys and griefs are pictur'd on thy  
brow.

Tis their augmented happiness alone,  
Except to the discerning eye of Heaven,  
Which bears an evidence thou movest on;  
Without pretension so, with path so even,  
To thee to be progressive, it is given!  
Thus, like the stream I mention'd, whose guess'd  
way,

The richer hues that round that way have  
thriven,  
So clear and calm it is, alone betray;  
To all around thee, thou mute blessings dost  
convey.

Three stanzas from the principal poem, will show to what excess of absurdity the worst branches of the Della Cruscan art can be carried by the newer votaries of nonsense verse, meaning nothing, and full of abstract words (if we may say so) instead of the higher fully of abstract ideas.

O! had we eyes to see, what spot is there  
In all the world, in which we might not find  
Something of lovely, and perhaps of rare,  
To amuse the various functions of the mind?  
With such profusion of the good, and fair,  
We need not say 'we're gone' (or, like  
moles, blind,  
We well deserve consignment to a warren)  
"From Dan to Beersheba, and found all barren."

See, through you avenue, that mourner stealing!  
To him in friendship's tenderest relation  
Once did I stand: he's written past all healing;  
His wife, by him, without exaggeration,  
Of woman-hardihood, and genuine feeling,  
And generosity,—of any nation  
With proofs most noble and affecting, vies:  
At Portia's faith no more I feel surprise.

They liv'd surrounded by a beauteous flock  
Of children, in conversable retirement;  
A competence had they, and not to mock,  
But say the truth, if ever the requir'd  
Oth' Seasons' Poet form'd a household stock,  
Love, friendship, leisure's free arbitrement  
Of occupation,—they to them seem'd given—  
"Progressive virtue, and approving heaven."

We can conceive nothing more silly, more  
unpoetical, nor more senseless, than this  
rhapsody of dilute sensibility: but we will  
keep our promise, and if we cannot exhibit  
the author in the light we wish, we will give  
from his pen an example of what pleases us  
most. The following recollections of youth  
breathe the fancies of a fine and gentle spirit.

Oh, were the eye of youth a moment ours!  
When every flower that gemm'd the various  
earth  
Brought down from Heaven enjoyment's genial  
showers!  
And every bird, of everlasting mirth  
Prophecied to us in romantic bowers!  
Love was the gariture, whose homeless birth  
Caust'd that each filmy web where dew-drops  
trembled,  
The gossamer's haunt of elves resembled!

We can remember earliest days of spring,  
When violets blue and white, and primrose  
pale,

Like callow nestlings 'neath their mother's wing,  
Each peep'd from under the broad leaf's green  
veil,  
When streams look'd blue; and thin clouds  
clustering  
O'er the wide empyrean did prevail,  
Rising like incense from the breathing world,  
Whose gracious aspect was with dew impar'd.

When a soft moisture, steaming every where,  
To the earth's countenance mellowed hues im-  
parted;  
When silvan choristers self-pois'd in air,  
Or perched on boughs, in shrilly quiverings  
darted  
Their little raptures forth; when the warm glare  
(While glancing lights backwards and for-  
wards started,  
As if with meteors silver-sheath'd 'twere flooded)  
Sultry, and silent, on the hill's turf brooded.

Oh, in these moments we such joy have felt,  
As if the earth were nothing but a shrine;  
Where all, or awe inspir'd, or made one melt  
Gratefully towards its architect divine!  
Father! in future (as I once have dwelt  
Within that very sanctuary of thine,  
When shapes, and sounds, seem'd as but modes  
Of Thee!)

That with experience gain'd were heaven to me!  
Of in the fullness of the joy ye give,  
Oh, days of youth! in summer's noon-tide  
hours,  
Did I a depth of quietness receive  
From insect's drowsy hum, that all my powers  
Would baffle to portray! Let them that live  
In vacant solitude, speak from their bowers  
What nameless pleasures letter'd ease may cheer,  
Thee, Nature! bless'd to mark with eye and  
ear!—

Who can have watch'd the wild rose' blushing  
dye,  
And seen what treasures its rich cups contain;  
Who, of soft shades the fine variety,  
From white to deepest flush of vermeil stain?  
Who, when impar'd with dew-drop's radiance  
Its petals breath'd perfume, while he did  
strain  
His very being, lest the sense should fail  
T' imbibe each sweet its beauties did exale?

Who amid lanes on eve of summer days,  
Which sheep brouse, could the thickest  
wealth behold?

The fragrant honey-suckle's bowery maze?  
The furze bush, with its vegetable gold?  
In every ant's breath that helps to raise  
The fox-glove's cone, the figures manifold  
With such a dainty exquisiteness wrought?—  
Nor grant that thoughtful love they all have  
taught?

The daisy, cowslip, each have to them given—  
The wood anemone, the strawberry wild,  
Grass of Parnassus, meek as star of even;—  
Bright as the brightening eye of smiling child,  
And bathed in blue transparency of heaven,  
Veroica, the primrose pale, and mild;—  
Of charms (of which to speak no tongue is able)  
Intercommunion incommunicable!

The sweet and natural sentiments expressed  
in these lines far more than overbalance any  
defects in their construction. Our only other  
selection shall be a well-turned and well-de-  
served eulogy on a lady, who, acting the  
part of a ministering angel on earth, is at  
once an honour to her sex, to her country,  
and to humanity.

A timid female, arm'd with gospel faith!—  
A timid female, arm'd with gospel love!—  
To haunts hath pierc'd, where, ne'er before  
the path  
To virtue dedicate, led one to move;  
Not only hath confronted vice; (worst scath  
God lays on man) but those whom crimes re-  
move  
From human pity, (healing Fate's last wound)  
She to her heart with ties of love hath bound.

Thy "praise is not of men;" I know full well  
That human lips' approval is to thee  
(E'en though made potent by the daintiest spell  
That art could cull from stores of flattery;  
E'en though its tones like "blare" of trumpet  
should swell)  
But "sounding brass," and solemn mockery.  
Yet as a soul is ead's this boon to bear,  
Accept:—the human soul is thy first care.

Think what it must to those be, only wont  
To hear the ribald song, or oath profane;  
What it must be for those who—vice made gaudy  
By misery, in aspect most obscene,—  
Were used to see; whom chilling scowls did  
daunt,  
Or laughing madness with her clanking chain;  
To hear *the* truth persuasive made by thee?  
In their religion's real charm to see?

The gospel promise is fulfill'd in thee,  
The prisoner is set free; he that is bound  
Hath felt deliverance: for the unity  
Of comprehensive love hath now been crown'd  
By this last test of gospel verity.

For since from prison walls hath gone a sound  
Through all the earth, that they who linger  
there  
Are call'd in Christ, thy chains are snapp'd,  
Despair.

We know not better liberty than this,  
E'en for the veriest freeman upon earth!  
Refuse not then the *unspiced* rad to kiss;—  
And, from it, the blooms of faith bud forth,  
The prisoner's manacle no longer is!

There are no barriers which this *second birth*  
Neither despise: they do but designate  
Another way to an immortal state.

And had not heaven's hand been in this, could  
one,  
A gentle female, thus all prejudice;—  
All preconceptions;—every hindrance thrown  
To bar the way;—each proud hypothesis!—  
And prouder sneers of those who've never known  
The "might of weakness" in a work like  
this:

The wisdom of gown'd delegates countervail?  
And plant a paradise within a jail?

Need we set the name of Mrs. Fry in the  
page with this just tribute? it is unnecessary,  
for the picture is peculiarly her own,  
though her example has inspired and joined  
to her many kindred female spirits in her  
resplendent works of love and charity.  
We shall not lengthen these observations.  
The readers of the volume which has raised  
them, will find it full of blemishes, yet in-  
terspersed with many admirable thoughts.  
We would fain hope, for the future fame of the  
writer, that the faults spring from a mistaken  
poetical creed, and may therefore cease  
when that is adjusted; while his better parts  
flow from a benevolent and warm dis-  
position, and may therefore be improved  
and perpetuated.

*History of the Reign of George the Third,  
completed to the Death of the King.  
By R. Bisset. Supplemental volume.  
8vo.*

The subjects which compose the present vo-  
lume, are the occurrences of the last 19 years,  
in the reign of George III; commencing  
with the meeting of parliament in October  
1801, and terminating with the death of  
that sovereign, in 1820. It professes to be a  
continuation of Dr. Bisset's History, with the  
established merits of which, the public are  
already sufficiently acquainted, and therefore  
they require from us no additional com-  
mendation. From a work, the object of which  
is to converge the rays of many years into  
the focus of a day's perusal, it would be  
beyond our limits to allow of numerous ex-  
tracts;—its character as a literary performance  
can alone be appreciated. That book  
may be considered of universal interest,  
which engages the attention of readers of  
every description; and the events within  
the time comprehended by the continuation,  
are more pregnant with important men-  
oranda than any equal period in the history  
of our species. Within this space we have  
had to lament the departure of eminent  
statesmen and accomplished orators. Dur-  
ing this time there has been a generous  
endeavour to diffuse the holy light of know-  
ledge, natural, civil, and religious, into those  
recesses where it had never penetrated,  
with the confident expectation that its beams  
might cheer the unlettered mass, and direct  
them to the paths of industry: that emerg-  
ing from the obscurity of ignorance, they  
might practise a more enlightened humanity,  
—be convinced that improvement was cal-  
culated to ameliorate their condition, and  
be directed by those moral precepts and wise  
laws which have been founded on the basis of  
the christian system. Time alone can re-  
veal us to reap the fruit of the seed that has  
been sown,—for moral germs are of slow  
vegetation. The same period records an  
instance of towering and turbulent ambition,  
rapid and monstrous in its growth, that  
swept monarchs from their thrones and  
enslaved the people: a grasp of power that  
converted volition into law, supported by  
swarms of legions, whose sanguinary aggres-  
sions made a charnel house of Europe.  
Yet we have lived to see this insatiate em-  
pyre despoiled of his trophies, vanquished by  
the illustrious hero of our own country, and  
deposited as an ignominious fixture, on an  
insulated rock.

—"nostris est farrago libelli."

These are the contents of the work be-  
fore us. As the author of the continuation  
has modestly concealed his name, we cannot  
indict a pang by censuring his performance,  
nor excite a blush by our commendation.  
The arrangement of the work is convenient;  
and it is supplied with a copious index.  
The style is easy, accurate, and perspicuous,  
never floating in the regions of metaphor and  
fancy; but throughout sustained with manly  
propriety of expression and underlying cor-  
rectness. Yet in *these* times it has a fault:

displays none of the restless spirit that animates party, but is fairly impartial throughout, leaning with as little bias as possible to what are called popular opinions. When Mr. Pitt departs from this busy scene he author puts on decent mourning; and he does the same when Mr. Fox expires. To those who only seek for a faithful record and an interesting relation of events, the continuation of Dr. Bisset will be a satisfactory annual. From its perfect candour and the abundance of solid and useful information it conveys, we recommend it to the notice of the intelligent reader. That the error of this continuation may be conceived, that the sample of text does not availate the favourable opinion we have given of the performance, we shall subjoin such extracts as the limits of our journal will permit.

The character of Mr. Pitt is thus sketched: "The total failure of the continental coalition greatly augmented the gloom and Disquietude which had begun to prevail in England in consequence of the alarming illness of Mr. Pitt. At the close of the former session of parliament, this distinguished statesman had been compelled, by the decline of a constitution originally delicate, to relinquish all active share in public business, and retire to Bath; from whence he returned in the commencement of the year, in a state of debility and exhaustion, augmented by anxiety and disappointment. He expired on the 23d of January, in the 47th year of his age, after having directed the affairs of this country for a longer period than any former minister. Under his auspices her maritime supremacy was confirmed by a series of most splendid victories; her colonial acquisitions were greatly extended; but her public burthens were enormously augmented. He laboured successfully to preserve her from the contagion of the revolutionary principles which desolated France, and exerted himself with equal zeal, but with less success, in resisting the military despotism by which that power threatened to subjugate the continent. As a financier, he displayed great ability in the accumulation of public resources; but it may be questioned whether he displayed great political wisdom in the distribution of them. In forming continental alliances he relied explicitly on the influence of money for insuring to Great Britain that ascendancy in foreign courts to which by her generous aid she was entitled. But whatever may have been his errors, he is entitled to the praise of upright, and magnanimous intention; and in reviewing his unwearied exertions for the public service during a period of unexampled difficulty, it may be truly said, '*non sibi sed patrie vixit.*'"

To match this portrait, Mr. Fox is thus delineated, and with the examples this article must be concluded.

"The period was now approaching at which the British nation was to be deprived of one of its brightest ornaments. Mr. Fox, who, on his accession to office, was labouring under indisposition, had been disabled during the summer from attending to public

business: the rapid progress of his disease, a dropsy, baffled all the applications of medical skill, and he expired on the 13th of September, in the 57th year of his age. The public regret for his loss subdued for a time the conflicting prejudices of party, and a unanimous homage was paid to those great and uniaible qualities which won the cordial affection of his friends, and the generous admiration of his adversaries. As a senator, he was distinguished alike for the comprehensiveness of his views, the liberality of his principles, the persuasive and convincing force of his eloquence; as a minister of state, he displayed in the management of public affairs the same noble simplicity which characterised his conduct in private life; and he had sense and spirit to prefer the direct course of English plain dealing to the specious professions, the cautious wiles, the timid unworthy chicanery, the sinister reservations, and the over-reaching craft, which are but too commonly regarded as the perfection of modern diplomacy. Though the sincere advocate of peace, he uniformly deprecated the purchase of that blessing by the slightest sacrifice of national honour; his firm adherence to the principles of the constitution was no less conspicuous than his zeal for the cause of liberty; and he vindicated the rights of the people as the surest basis of the strength and prosperity of his country."

#### *The Octavo Edition of Wordsworth's Excursion.*

We do not usually conceive ourselves called upon to notice second editions of works; especially such as evince no variation from their predecessors, except in size and price. We must however claim the privilege of deviating from our accustomed mode in the case of Wordsworth's *Excursion*. Indeed a quarto, of the price of two guineas, is likely only to be known by report to the majority of readers of poetry; and the consequence is, that though this beautiful poem has been published, we believe, more than six years, it has, from its size and cost, been as inaccessible to numbers, whom its contents would have delighted, as if it had continued in manuscript.

Nothing can be more remote from our purpose, than any idea of entering into an elaborate critique on the poem now before us; for although from its hitherto limited circulation, we might fill column after column with extracts that would probably be new to many of our readers, and must elicit admiration from all; we are not sure that we should be authorized to do this by a work, which, in point of fact, has been already long known to the public by name; and which is now, we hope, likely to be universally read and duly appreciated. But we cannot consent to let the second edition of such a poem only have its appearance announced in the common advertisements of the trade. This would indeed be a lasting disgrace to us as conductors of a Journal, claiming the proud appellation of a Literary Record. Our department in criticism is,

we are sensible, comparatively an humble one: promptitude, and fairness, are the qualities by which we consider our notifications most likely to be rendered really valuable to our readers. We do not pretend either to dictate to the taste of the present age, or to anticipate the judgment of posterity. Exceptions, however, do occur, if they only prove the existence of the general rule; and believing this to be one of them, we are induced to congratulate it's author and the public on the appearance of *The Excursion*, in a form which may enable the lovers of poetry to judge for themselves of it's merits. The result of that judgment we are quite willing to commit to pure taste, and genuine feeling; but we should be equally unjust to the author, and ourselves, did we not express our belief, that if a faith at once meek and sublime; a genius, at the same time pure, lofty, and ennobling; a philosophy, equally comprehensive, and profound; be qualities likely to render the public decision favorable, the *Excursion* has nothing to fear. It is a volume to which the lover of nature may turn with delight, for its enchanting pictures of scenery, and its patriarchal views of character; the admirer of poetry, for almost every better charm which his favorite science can exemplify; the philosopher, for the profoundness and majestic simplicity of many of its speculations; and the christian, for the unaffected piety and devotional sublimity it so abundantly displays.

#### THE DELPHIN CLASSICS, NOS. XXI & XXII.

These two Numbers of this noble work have so recently appeared, that we have only been able to give them a cursory examination. They contain the history of Tacitus, lib. iv and v, his *Germania*, *Vita Agricola*, and *De Oratoribus*, with copious *Notae Variorum*. These parts, as we had reason to expect from what have preceded, seem to us to sustain the high reputation of this edition of the classics. In candour and truth we have no fault to find with them, nor can we look back but with satisfaction at having subscribed to a production which will form a very complete classical library for generations to come; afford us great present pleasure; and be esteemed a meritorious example of British literary enterprise. We trust Mr. Valpy will look diligently to obtaining copies of the numerous portions of ancient writers which are being recovered at this time on the continent; and of several of which the *Literary Gazette* has had specimens as well as notices: all these should be incorporated with the *Delphin*.

#### BELZONI ON NUBIA AND EGYPT.

(Second Journey—Continued.)

Returned from Ysamboul to his old quarters at Luxor, Belzoni found the mummy grounds at Gournou occupied by two French agents, and was thus luckily forced to turn his researches to the valley of Behn el Malook, which is completely separated from Gournou by the chain of mountains that divides Thebes from the valley. Here the experience has

had acquired in ascertaining the sites of tombs was of eminent service.\* He soon observed a spot which presented the appearance of a tomb; excavated, and discovered first, the rock cut into a passage leading downward, and next a wall. In this wall he battered a breach, and his account thus proceeds:—

"We entered, and found ourselves on a staircase, eight feet wide and ten feet high, at the bottom of which were four mummies in their cases, lying flat on the ground, with their heads toward the outside. Farther on were four more, lying in the same direction. The cases were all painted, and one had a large covering thrown over it, exactly like the pall upon the coffins of the present day.

"I went through the operation of examining all these mummies one by one. They were much alike in their foldings, except that which had the painted linen over it. Among the others I found one, that had new linen, apparently, put over the old rags; which proves, that the Egyptians took great care of their dead, even for many years after their decease. That which was distinguished from all the rest, I observed was dressed in finer linen, and more neatly wrapped up. It had garlands of flowers and leaves, and on the side over the heart I found a plate of the metal which I have already described, soft like lead, covered with another metal, not unlike silver leaf. It had the eyes of a cow, which so often represents Isis, engraved on it; and in the centre of the breast was another plate, with the winged globe. Both plates were nearly six inches long. On unfolding the linen, we still found it very fine, which was not the case with the other mummies; for after three or four foldings, it was generally of a coarser kind. At last we came to the body, of which nothing was to be seen but the bones, which had assumed a yellow tint. The case was in part painted; but the linen cloth covering it fell to pieces as soon as it was touched, I believe owing to the paint that was on it, which consisted of various dyes and flowers. The cases were sunk four inches into the cement I have already mentioned."

"The result of my researches gave me all the satisfaction I could desire, of finding mummies in cases, in their original position; but this was not the principal object I had in view; for, as I was near the place where the kings of Egypt were buried, I thought I might have a chance of discovering some of their relics.

"The sacred valley, named *Behan el Malook*, begins at Gournou, runs towards the southwest, and gradually turns due south. It contains the celebrated tombs of the kings

\* Belzoni does not explain this part of his antiquarian craft very distinctly. The secret, (as we have been informed by the nobleman whose collection of Egyptian relics we spoke of in our last Number) consists in observing the difference between the *debris* washed down from the mountain tops and the remains of excavated material: the former is in a state of perished nature, the latter is mixed with perfect specimens of the substances dug out by art in making the caves and chambers.—ED.

of Egypt, and divides itself into two principal branches, one of which runs two miles farther to the westward, making five miles from the Nile to the extremity. The other, which contains most of the tombs, is separated from Gournou only by a high chain of rocks, which can be crossed from Thebes in less than an hour. The same rocks surround the sacred ground, which can be visited only by a single natural entrance, that is formed like a gateway, or by the craggy paths across the mountains. The tombs are all cut out of the solid rock, which is of hard calcareous stone, as white as it is possible for a stone to be. The tombs in general consist of a long square passage, which leads to a staircase, sometimes with a gallery at each side of it, and other chambers. Advancing further we come to wider apartments, and other passages and stairs, and at last into a large hall, where the great sarcophagus lay, containing the remains of the kings. Some of these tombs are quite open, and others incumbered with rubbish at the entrance. Nine or ten may be reckoned of a superior class, and five or six of a lower order."

After commenting on Strabo, and describing some discoveries of less interest, we have the following account of a remarkable sepulchre:—

"Proceeding through a passage thirty-two feet long and eight feet wide, and descending by a staircase of twenty-eight feet, we reached a tolerably large and well-painted room. The ceiling was in good preservation, but not in the best style. We found a sarcophagus of granite, with two mummies in it, and in a corner a statue standing erect, six feet six inches high, and beautifully cut out of sycamore-wood: it is nearly perfect except the nose. We found also a number of little images of wood, well carved, representing symbolical figures. Some had a lion's head, others a fox's, others a monkey's. One had a land-tortoise instead of a head. We found a calf with the head of a hippopotamus. At each side of this chamber is a smaller one, eight feet wide, and seven feet long; and at the end of it is another chamber, ten feet long by seven wide. In the chamber on our right hand we found another statue like the first, but not perfect. No doubt they had been placed one on each side of the sarcophagus, holding a lamp or some offering in their hands, one hand being stretched out in the proper posture for this, and the other hanging down. The sarcophagus was covered with hieroglyphics, merely painted or outlined; it faces south-east by east."

These however were but preludes to the grand discovery of a new and perfect monument of Egyptian antiquity, superior to any other in point of style, grandeur, and preservation.

The rubbish was dug from a tomb eighteen feet below the surface of the ground; and the author proceeds: "The appearance indicated, that the tomb was of the first rate; but still I did not expect to find such a one as it really proved to be. The Fellahs advanced till they saw that it was probably a large tomb, when they protested they could

go no further, the tomb was so much choked up with large stones, which they could not get out of the passage. I descended, examined the place, pointed out to them where they might dig, and in an hour there was room enough for me to enter through a passage that the earth had left under the ceiling of the first corridor, which is thirty-six feet two inches long, and eight feet eight inches wide, and, when cleared of the ruins, six feet nine inches high. I perceived immediately by the painting on the ceiling, and by the hieroglyphics in basso relievo, which were to be seen where the earth did not reach, that this was the entrance into a large and magnificent tomb. At the end of this corridor I came to a staircase twenty-three feet long, and of the same breadth as the corridor. The door at the bottom is twelve feet high. From the foot of the staircase I entered another corridor, thirty-seven feet three inches long, and of the same width and height as the other, each side sculptured with hieroglyphics in basso relievo, and painted. The ceiling also is finely painted, and in pretty good preservation." At the end of this passage a large pit intercepted further progress: "This pit is thirty feet deep, and fourteen feet by twelve feet three inches wide. The upper part of the pit is adorned with figures, from the wall of the passage up to the ceiling. The passages from the entrance all the way to this pit have an inclination downward of an angle of eighteen degrees. On the opposite side of the pit facing the entrance I perceived a small aperture two feet wide and two feet six inches high, and at the bottom of the wall a quantity of rubbish. A rope fastened to a piece of wood that was laid across the passage against the projection which form a kind of door, appears to have been used by the ancients for descending into the pit; and from the small aperture on the opposite side hung another, which reached the bottom, no doubt for the purpose of ascending. We could clearly perceive, that the water which entered the passages from the torrents of rain ran into this pit, and the wood and rope fastened to it crumbled to dust on touching them. At the bottom of the pit were several pieces of wood, placed against the side of it, so as to assist the person who was to ascend by the rope into the aperture."

Belzoni proposes to make a model of this superb excavation, for exhibition in England.

"Immediately within the entrance into the first passage, on the left hand, are two figures as large as life, one of which appears to be the hero entering into the tomb. He is received by a deity with a hawk's head, on which are the globe and serpent. Both figures are surrounded by hieroglyphics; and farther on, near the ground, is a crocodile very neatly sculptured. The walls on both sides of this passage are covered with hieroglyphics, which are separated by lines from the top to the bottom, at the distance of five or six inches from one another. Within these lines the hieroglyphics form their sentences; and it is plainly to be seen, that the Egyptians read from the top to the bottom, and then recommenced at the top. The ceiling

of this first passage is painted with the figure of the eagles. Beyond the first passage is a staircase with a niche on each side, adorned with curious figures with human bodies and the heads of various animals, &c. At each side of the door at the bottom of the stairs is a female figure kneeling, with her hands over a globe. Above each of these figures is the fox, which, according to the Egyptian custom, is always placed to watch the doors of sepulchres. On the front space over the door are the names of the hero and his son, or his father, at each side of which is a figure with its wings spread over the names to protect them. The names are distinguished by being inclosed in two oval niches. In that of Nichao is a sitting figure, known to be a male by the beard. He has on his head the usual corn measure, and the two feathers; on his knees the sickle and the flail: over his head is a crescent with the horns upward; above which is what is presumed to be a flag of various pieces of wood bound together, and by its side a group twisted in a serpentine form. Behind the figure are what are thought by some to be two knives, by others feathers; but as the feathers are of a different form, I for my part think they are sacrificing knives, which may have served as emblems of the priesthood, for we know, that the heroes or kings of Egypt were initiated into the sacred rites of the gods. Below the figure is a frame of two lines drawn parallel to each other, and connected by similar lines, beneath which is the emblem of moving water.

"In the next oval on the right is a sitting female figure with a band round the head fastening a feather, and on her knees she holds the keys of the Nile. Above the head is the globe, and beneath the figure the form of a tower, as it is supposed to represent strength. The faces of both figures are painted blue, which is the colour of the face of the great God of the creation. On each of the oval frames is the globe and feathers, and beneath it two hieroglyphics not unlike two overflowing basins, as they are under the two protecting figures at each side of the frame.

"Next is the second passage, on the right hand side of which are some funeral processions, apparently in the action of taking the sarcophagus down into the tomb, the usual boat, which carries the male and female figures upon it, and in the centre the boat with the head of the ram drawn by a party of men.

"The wall on the left is likewise covered with similar processions. Among them is the sacrahens, or beetle, elevated in the air, and supported by two hawks, which hold the cords drawn by various figures; and many other emblems and symbolical devices. The figures on the wall of the well are nearly as large as life. They appear to represent several deities; some receiving offerings from people of various classes.

"Next is the first hall, which has four pillars in the centre, at each side of which are two figures, generally a male and a female deity. On the right hand side wall there are three tiers of figures one above the other,

which is the general system almost all over the tomb. In the upper tier are a number of men pulling a chain attached to a standing mummy, which is apparently unmoved by their efforts. The two beneath consist of funeral processions, and a row of mummies lying on frames horizontally on the ground. On the left is a military and mysterious procession, consisting of a great number of figures, all looking toward a man who is much superior to them in size, and faces them. At the end of this procession are three different sorts of people, from other nations, evidently Jews, Ethiopians, and Persians. Behind them are some Egyptians without their ornaments, as if they were captives rescued and returning to their country, followed by a hawk-headed figure, I suppose their protecting deity.

"I have the satisfaction of announcing to the reader, that, according to Dr. Young's late discovery of a great number of hieroglyphics, he found the names of Nichao and Psammethis his son, inserted in the drawings I have taken of this tomb. It is the first time that hieroglyphics have been explained with such accuracy, which proves the doctor's system beyond doubt to be the right key for reading this unknown language; and it is to be hoped, that he will succeed in completing his arduous and difficult undertaking, as it would give to the world the history of one of the most primitive nations, of which we are now totally ignorant. Nichao conquered Jerusalem and Babylon, and his son Psammethis made war against the Ethiopians. What can be more clear than the above procession? The people of the three nations are distinctly seen. The Persians, the Jews, and the Ethiopians, come in, followed by some captive Egyptians, as if returning into their country, guarded by a protecting deity. The reason why the Egyptians must be presumed to have been captives is, their being divested of all the ornaments, which serve to decorate and distinguish them from one another. The Jews are clearly distinguished by their physiognomy and complexion, the Ethiopians by their colour and ornaments, and the Persians by their well-known dress, as they are so often seen in the battles with the Egyptians."

We must refer to the work itself for the particulars of the other chambers.

"The Arabs made such reports of this discovery, that it came to the ears of Hamed Aga of Kenneh; and it was reported to him, that great treasure was found in it. On hearing this, he immediately set off with some of his soldiers to Thebes, generally a journey of two days, but such was his speed in travelling, that he arrived in the valley of Belan-el-Malook in thirty-six hours by land. Before his arrival some Arabs brought us intelligence, that they saw from the tops of the mountains a great many Turks on horseback entering the valley, and coming towards us. I could not conceive who they could be, as no Turks ever came near this place. Half an hour after they gave us the signal of their approach, by firing several guns. I thought an armed force was sent to storm the tombs and rocks, as no other object

could bring the Turks there; at last, when this mighty power reached us, I found it to be the well-known Hamed Aga of Kenneh, for some time commander of the eastern side of Thebes, and his followers. Accordingly I was at a loss to conceive what he wanted there, as we were on the west, and under another ruler; but I suppose, in case of a treasure being discovered, the first that hears of it seizes it as a matter of privilege. He smiled, and saluted me very cordially; indeed more so than usual, I presume for the sake of the treasure I had discovered, of which he was in great expectation. I caused as many lights to be brought as we could muster, and we descended into the tomb. What was on the walls of this extraordinary place did not attract his attention in the least; all the striking figures and lively paintings were lost on him: his views were directed to the treasure alone; and his numerous followers were like hounds, searching in every hole and corner. Nothing, however, being found to satisfy their master or themselves, after a long and minute survey, the Aga at last ordered the soldiers to retire, and said to me, 'Pray where have you put the treasure?' 'What treasure?' 'The treasure you have found in this place.' I could not help smiling at this question, which confirmed him in his supposition. I told him that we had found no treasure there. At this he laughed, and still continued to entreat, that I would show it him. 'I have been told,' he added, 'by a person to whom I can give credit, that you have found in this place a large golden cock, filled with diamonds and pearls. I must see it. Where is it?' I could scarcely keep myself from laughing, while I assured him that nothing of the kind had been found there. Seemingly quite disappointed, he seated himself before the sarcophagus, and I was afraid he would take it into his head, that this was the treasure, and break it to pieces, to see whether it contained any gold; for their notions of treasure are confined to gold and jewels. At last he gave up the idea of the riches to be expected, and rose to go out of the tomb. I asked him what he thought of the beautiful figures painted all around. He just gave a glance at them, quite unconcerned, and said, 'This would be a good place for a harem, as the women would have something to look at.' At length, though only half persuaded there was no treasure, he set off with an appearance of much vexation."

Taking leave of this successful speculation, Mr. Belzoni, on returning to Cairo, undertook to open, and was equally fortunate in penetrating the second pyramid at Ghizeh. The details of this affair were, however, formerly published in the Literary Gazette, and it is unnecessary now to dwell upon them. The author is quite querulous on the subject, and angry with every one who ventures to maintain any other hypothesis but his own; namely, that the pyramids are nothing but sepulchres. The dimensions of this stupendous work are, basis 684 feet; apotome or central line down the front, 508 feet; perpendicular, 436 feet; coating from the top to where it ends, 140 feet.

This achievement finishes the researches and operations of the second journey.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### KENILWORTH IN 1819.\*

Report anticipates a high treat in the novel under this title, which we observe is announced for publication about the 2d week of January. We can promise our readers the most early and full notice of it; till then, it may not be uninteresting literary gossip to mention, that it will boast of perhaps the most striking female portrait yet drawn by the potent hand of the author. We are further assured by a northern friend, who has the good fortune to be behind the curtain on these occasions, that Kenilworth is, in his judgment, equally remarkable for incident and interest, as for the delineation of human character. Indeed he thinks its interest unprecedented. The description of the ancient castle is also spoken of in terms of admiration.

It is one not of the least pleasures which the conductors of the *Literary Gazette* have the good fortune to experience, that their work has generated a very kindly feeling towards them among their readers, the advantages of which they are constantly reaping in good offices from those who are personally utter strangers. No week passes in which friendly offers and useful assistance, from unknown individuals, do not cheer them in their labours, and help them to render their task better worthy of public approbation. They gratefully acknowledge this, and beg most sincerely to express their general thanks; while from one favour of this sort they select the following further particulars respecting Kenilworth in its present state:

"The pleasant little village of Kenilworth is situated five miles north of Warwick, on the Coventry road. On the west side of the village is a truly picturesque situation, stands the ruins of the once celebrated and magnificent castle."

"The site is on the rising ground surrounded by a deep moat, capable of being insulated at pleasure: the walls are still discernible all round, and the area which they encompass is seven acres. Five of the towers are still visible; and one of them (now converted into a farm house) is entire: the remaining three are to be easily discovered, by referring to a print taken from a drawing as it stood in 1620. On the south side of the castle there was formerly a beautiful lake (now converted into a fine meadow) containing 112 acres."

"The many remarkable events so intimately connected with the public and private history of this place, attach to it no ordinary degree of interest; so that it is daily visited by many of the nobility, gentry, and curious."

\* See *Literary Gazette*, No. 137, for Brewer's account of this noble pile, in the Elizabethan era, &c.

† Taken from the letters of a gentleman to his brother, in May and August 1819, and politely sent to us at this time, when the subject has become more generally interesting. Ed.

from Leamington, Warwick, and surrounding counties.

"The castle having espoused the cause of Charles, whilst warring with parliament, Oliver Cromwell caused it to be demolished, and it has ever since remained a heap of ruins, without even one apartment habitable (excepting the Gate-Tower before mentioned, which is detached from the castle). There are many beautiful traces of ancient architecture still visible; particularly a large banqueting room, the windows of which are very spacious, and beautifully ornamented with exquisite gothic architecture. The ruins still present enough in bulk and extent to give a fine idea of their once formidable appearance."

"About half-way between Warwick and Kenilworth, the road goes over a small eminence, called Gavestone Hill, from the circumstance of Guy de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, having caused Pierce Gavestone to be beheaded here; shortly after which, a stone was erected on the spot, with the impression of the head and neck, still visible."

An adequate description (says the writer, in another letter from Warwick) would take half a day; but that you may have some idea of its magnificent and stupendous remains, I will give you a rough sketch of Kenilworth.

"The castle is situated at the south-east end of the town, on a fine rocky elevation of hard sand-stone; the whole fabric is also composed of this material; the space occupied by the castle, walls, &c. is three acres; the two principal towers are one hundred and fifty feet high from the river; the one nearest the Avon is called Caesar's, and the other Guy's Tower; they derive their names from the one being (they tell you) coeval with Caesar, and the other, from being built by the famous Guy, Earl of Warwick. All the north side of the building is elevated at least twenty feet above the river; the antiquity of the castle is unquestionably very great (at least many parts of it)—it was first built by a daughter of king Alfred, but has undergone many revolutions in the intermediate ages. It has often been demolished, and as many times has it risen triumphant from its ruins, which circumstances prove the importance of the place. The last attack it sustained was nearly two hundred years ago, when it was closely besieged by the rebels, who were gallantly repelled for three weeks by the deputy governor, until the Earl of Warwick marched from London with a party of troops, and drove the besiegers from their post, and entered his castle in triumph. But it was not till they had made several very bloody attacks on the castle, and the traces of violence are still visible about the grand entrance; and the identical hooks from which wool bugs were suspended, during the siege, still remain. Since that time it has enjoyed tranquillity, and is now in as good repair as it was then; though present antiquarians agree that the castle, in point of grandeur, is second to none in the kingdom, and that it is the first in point of preservation, as it is still entire at every point."

"The daily visitors to view it are very numerous, and it is not uncommon to see from five to ten carriages loitering in front of the porter's lodge at the same time as very few are permitted to drive up to the castle; and indeed it appears to be the great point of attraction in the county. The bridge formerly went across close by the castle; but the late lord, by way of improvement, built another nearly a quarter of a mile to the eastward of it. It is a very handsome stone bridge of one arch, by which is one of the finest views of the park. The park is three miles in circumference. The pleasure grounds are exceedingly beautiful, far beyond the reach of any description I can give. The whole is walled in on the two sides, and the other is bounded by the Avon. The nearest houses to Guy's Tower are at a seventy yards distant, and the intermediate space is most charmingly filled up with plantations, walks, and shrubberies; indeed, the whole of the deep ditch, except a beautiful level walk at the bottom, is closely covered with choice shrubs, trees, &c. which afford shelter all day long for innumerable tribes of feathered songsters. The trees also about the castle possess many very great natural beauties; and the whole are delightfully diversified, which enhances their value to no small degree. Indeed, the *countess's* is so eminently grand and beautiful, that I scarce ever take an evening's ramble without feeling sensations of the most happy description at being so closely encompassed with nature's own enchantments. In the pleasure grounds also is the noble green-house, which commands one of the finest prospects in the world, across the park, river, plantations, &c. In this place, on a marble pedestal, is acknowledged by every curious eye as one of the most rare and exquisite pieces of ancient sculpture: it is a bacchante, one of beautiful marble and capable of containing 160 gallons. All the history is gathered of it, is from the Latin inscription on the pedestal, which states, that it was dug out of the ruins of Hadrian's Villa, about five miles from Rome, and brought to England by Sir W. Hamilton, and bought by the Lord Warwick. The form of it is an eagle, being about six feet long and four broad; at the ends are two beautiful handles composed of vine branches curiously interwoven and trailing along under the beautiful appearance till they meet in the centre of each side. On each side there are also three heads exquisitely sculptured, representing satyrs. From these heads, extending each way to the end, is represented a panther's skin: it begins in the centre of the sides with the head of a panther, and continues till the hind feet are between the vine branch handles at the ends, where they very naturally cross each other, and appear pendant, exhibiting the inside of the foot and leg, as high as the hough. The interior of the castle is quite equal, in point of grandeur, to the majesty of the exterior. The suite of rooms open to public inspection, compose what are very appropriately called the State Rooms. On entering the Great Hall you find yourself in an immense apartment, 70 feet long, 50 broad, and 30 high.

This hall receives light from a range of large ancient windows, on the south side from which are beautiful prospects across the park, woods, &c. with the renowned Aron washing its foundation, 30 feet beneath. The north side of the hall is completely hung with curious ancient armour; such as suits of mail cap-à-pic; rich cuirasses, superbly embossed with figures in gold, with shields to correspond; also swords, spears, gauntlets, and helmets of every description, most of which are of choice workmanship; many of them are of the time of Elizabeth, particularly about a dozen cuirasses, taken from the Spanish Armada. At each end of the hall are suspended the skeletons of two stags' heads, of enormous size, in full preservation; these were dug out of the bogs of Ireland, and are seven or eight feet between their extremities; there are also many other minor curiosities, among which is a curious ancient spur, the rowel being eight inches in diameter. The next room (proceeding west) is completely furnished with rare and ancient furniture, most elaborately inlaid with tortoise-shell, ivory, &c.; it also contains two curious cases of old china-ware, porcelain vases, &c. besides being entirely hung with pictures of the first masters, viz. Charles I., Prince Rupert his brother, Oliver Cromwell, St. Ignatius, Wortley Monague in Persian costume, Warwick (King maker), and many other productions of equal merit, by Vanduyck, Rubens, Wouvermans, &c. &c. The next room is the state bedroom in which Queen Elizabeth slept, when he visited her favourite, Sir Fulke Greville the founder of the present family; all the furniture (bed, &c.) is still in high preservation. There is in this room, a very handsome screen of needle-work, representing a view in the garden of Versailles; this is esteemed a curious *meuble* of ancient industry. The next room is also a very noble apartment, terminating the west end of the stle, and commanding beautiful prospects. In it are many noble pictures, particularly Anne Boleyn, Henry VIII., first Earl Russell, and others of the Bedford mily; old Parr, and old men studying music sketch by Rubens. These last three rooms have polished wainscot floors. The next and last apartment is the armoury, which divided into three parts: the first contains natural curiosities, such as fossils, stones, triflections, chrysalizations, &c. and likewise specimens of cut glass, bronzes, painted windows, &c. The second contains a large collection of Indian curiosities, of ears, knives, lances, arrows, bows, fish ts, cloth, and a long train of et cetera, in which are some of the most Mighty Gods at ever human knee bended to. In this room there is also a complete collection of English arms, from the Conquest to the present times. Amongst other curiosities is a coat of mail, in which Queen Elizabeth viewed her troops at Tilbury Fort: here are also murderous daggers, tremendous swords, poisoned arrows, and guns and pistols the most rare, ancient, and curious description; besides huge battle axes, tomawks, two-handed swords, with terrible

waved blades and two edges, which would not have disgraced the hand of a Goliath; likewise some curious instruments of torture, taken out of the Spanish Armada, among which is one for cutting out the tongue. The next, and last, contains what may be called body armour, consisting of coats of mail, breast plates, cuirasses, helmets, &c. many of which are very ancient, and have very visible proofs of having stood the brunt of the battle, particularly a leathern doublet, in which a former lord was killed at the siege of Lichfield, the blood still adhering to the inside. Indeed the whole of the armour has descended through many generations as an heirloom to the family, and is identically the same in which the valiant Earls of Warwick were wont to equip their vassals in the feudal times. The possessions pertaining to the castle were at one time the most extensive in the kingdom, consisting of no less than 7 or 8 castles, and 108 lordships, in different counties. So great was the power of the ancient lords that it frequently excited the jealousy and fear of the crown; and they have often been elipt of their lands and deprived of their authority, under some colourable pretext. And I am now confidently told, that had it not been for the very extravagant proceedings of the late Earl, the estate would still have yielded a revenue of one hundred thousand pounds per annum, although it now scarcely amounts to thirty thousand. The family of the Grevilles came in at the Conquest, and maintained a noble line of descent down to the present Earl. Their quarters contain the arms of no fewer than seventy-two noble families, among which are Plantagenet, Lancaster, Worcester, Norfolk, Northumberland, Bedford, Dorset, and many others equally illustrious."

#### To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

##### EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

SIR.—We have our Gaelic and our Hibernian Societies, for the Investigation of the Historical and Literary Antiquities of their respective countries. It has occurred to me, that a society on similar principles might be established with good effect to learning and science, taking its name from that nation which is the venerable parent of all that is grand and noble in the arts and sciences of the ancients; whose stupendous monuments are to this day so many touchstones of the integrity of ancient writers, affording inexhaustible data for the exercise of modern sagacity and research. Hitherto each new discovery, instead of becoming a key to unlock this great storehouse of antiquity, only adds, as has been justly observed, a new problem for the ingenuity of the learned to work upon.

The important benefits which Asiatic literature and science have received from the concentration of discoveries, learning, and ideas, through the labours of the society at Calcutta, encourage the hope that a society for the investigation of Egyptian antiquities might produce similar results; particularly as the subject has been so much before the public since the French expedi-

tion, from the publications of the French savans, as well as the researches of several of our distinguished countrymen. Such a society could no doubt be more eligibly established in London than at Alexandria or Cairo, there being no European settlement in Egypt; especially as we have so many men of learning and judgment, who have visited its antiquities, and devoted their talents to their elucidation. An interchange of ideas through the medium of the Literary Gazette, might be the means of forwarding so desirable an object.

Should this meet the eye of any who feel interested in the subject, the writer would suggest that persons who have visited the country with antiquarian or scientific views, and those who have published on its antiquities, history, chronology, mythology, astronomy, &c., as well as those who can come prepared with autographic papers on any of these subjects; should be eligible to attend the first meeting for the purpose of forming the rules and regulations &c. of the society.

The transactions of a society so formed would, if I mistake not, tend to consolidate and elucidate those *gemæ* of antiquity, hitherto the theme of admiration rather than of utility.

The insertion of this letter in your valuable journal will oblige, Sir,

Your constant reader,  
E. Greville.

London, 13th Dec. 1820.

##### ON CHRONOGRAMS.

#### To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR.—The remarks inserted in Number 183, of your highly interesting Journal, induce me to offer the following additional observations on this trifling-laborious species of composition.

On the taking of Briseac by Duke Bernard of Weymer:

1638. INVICTO FORIS CECIDIT BRISACIS ACHILLI;

INVICTVRET TANTO DIGNA VELLA VIRO.

On the raising of the siege of Vienna:

1683. VIENNA AVSTRÆ ꝑ IVLIJ AB ACHMETE II OBSERVA ꝑ SEPT: EX INSPERATO AD KO DESERTA EST.

These proofs of bad taste however were not confined to the Germans, but were prevalent likewise among us; thus, over one of the stalls in the Choir of Winchester Cathedral, are the medallions of Charles I. and his Queen Henrietta, and near them the following chronogram:

1634. SINT DOMVS NVIVS PH REGES NVTRITA REGIN NVTRICES PLÆ.

In a tract entitled "*A Winter Dream*," there is one on the confinement of Charles I. in the Isle of Wight:

1649. QVANDO REX ANGLORVM VROTVICTIVBAT CAPTIVS.

The Jews also frequently made use of chronograms to mark the dates of their books\*; for in the title page of a grammar:

\* Although the introduction of them into



printed at Ferds in Germany, is this passage:

שנת והנה ענינים ראוי כפר  
המר ר אליכס:

The elevated letters of which, added together, produce the year 528, i. e. 1768 of the Christian Era. The words themselves are taken from the 45th chap. of Genesis, and part of the 12th verse; and independent of the date, give a remarkable allusion: the translation is, "Behold your eyes see that it is my mouth that speaketh unto you," where the word *mouth* signifies *language*, and the grammar being composed in Hebrew solves the otherwise senseless quotation.

Another instance occurs in a bible printed at Amsterdam, taken from Psal. cxlvij. 20:

מגיד דברו לעמק הקו ומשפטי  
ישראל:

"—He sheweth his words unto Jacob; his statutes and his judgements unto Israel," where the word *Israel* contains the date 571, which answers to A. D. 1811. In short the Jews are so extremely addicted to this species of folly, that even at the present day, that man is regarded as the most learned amongst them, who can with the greatest facility adapt passages of scripture to particular dates or years. Some of them are excessively ingenious, from their not only pointing out the time, but even being applicable to the person or thing alluded to: thus the following two were lately composed, and given me by my Hebrew master.—A person of his acquaintance marrying a short time since, he sent him the following verse from Prov. xviii. 22.

מָצָא אִשָּׁה מָצָא טוֹב

"Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing;" the whole of the letters of which give the year 579, i. e. A. D. 1819.—On the death of Lord Nelson, he discovered, that God took him because he saw טוב "that it was good," which form the number 47, the exact age of our hero. I have several others in my possession, but shall omit them as they are rather mysterious, and require much explanation: many however have considerable merit; but it must be allowed that the present Jews look upon this practice with too superstitious an eye, and frequently suppose sentences to have a magical influence, which in reality proceed from merely natural coincidence.

CAUS.

books is of modern date, yet they will be found to have been used from the earliest periods, and among all nations. One of the chief divisions of cabalistical learning is the affixing numeral powers to literal forms; and most of the mystical appellations of the sun contain the number 365, implying the period in which he passes through the Zodiac. St. John in Rev. xiii. 18, gives also an example, and for the various opinions and interpretations of which *vide* Faber's Prophecies, vol. 2. pp. 275, et seqq. and 331 to 341.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Captain Leslie, of the American vessel the *George and Susan*, invented in his voyage from North America to Stockholm, the following simple method of keeping the ship's pumps at work, when the sea runs high, and when the crew are not sufficient, or are already fatigued. About 10 or 12 feet above the pump he fixed a spar, or small mast, one end of which projected overboard, while the other was fastened as a lever to the machinery of the pump. To the end which projected overboard, was suspended a water butt half full. By this simple contrivance every coming wave as it raised the water butt, depressed the piston of the pump, and every retiring wave, as the water butt sunk with it, raised the piston again; and thus, without the aid of the crew, the ship was cleared of water in four hours time.

### TRAVELLERS IN BRAZIL.

The celebrated travellers Messrs. Martius and Spix, members of the Bavarian Academy of Arts, who during an absence of some years have traversed Brazil in several directions, and made there several very important discoveries and researches in Natural History, arrived here the day before yesterday, and departed again yesterday. Since their arrival in Europe they have passed some time in Lisbon, Madrid, and in the east of Spain. They came here by way of Perpignan and Lyons without having visited Paris, and are going directly to Munich. They have already sent a part of their collections to Munich. We may expect a detailed account of their travels; to enable them to prosecute which, the King of Bavaria has furnished considerable sums. They have brought with them two young savages, a boy and a girl, between 10 and 12 years of age. The girl is of a very savage tribe, from Terra del Fuego; the boy seems to come from a less turbulent race (from Paraguay); he is tattooed under the nose and round the mouth. The girl, according to the custom of her nation, has the nostrils pierced. They neither of them understand the other's language. The boy has accustomed himself to European cookery, but the girl prefers raw meat to all other dainties. The former inspires universal interest by his physiognomy and his whole appearance; but the girl, on the contrary, is extremely ugly and disagreeable. It has been affirmed, that our travellers left Brazil with eight young savages, who were to be educated at Munich, but that six died on the voyage. We cannot, however, vouch for the accuracy of this statement.

ASTRONOMY.—Copenhagen, Dec. 9.—It is well known, that a Board of Longitude was established here in 1801, by which however nothing remarkable has yet been published. But now, Professor Schumacher has calculated tables of the distances between the Moon and the four planets, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, for the year 1822; and added tables for 1821 and 1822, to determine the latitude by observations of the

Polar Star. They are printed in the form of the English National Almanac, and are published both in Danish and English. They will be of great use to navigation, as they are not in any other book for mariners.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 1.—Captain W. Sibirev, who sailed in July, 1819, from this strait, with the sloops *Okritie* (*Duane*) and *Blagonamereni* (*Meanwell*, or *Goat Intent*), arrived in safety with the first boat in the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul: Kamtschatka, on the 15th of July, this year Captain Schischmarev, who commanded a second ship, discovered, on the 22nd of April, in sailing between the New Hebrides and an island of Fidji, a low island covered with sand and bushes, to which he gave the name of his ship. Some of the inhabitants were of a dark brown colour, approached them in four boats, but did not venture on board. They however grew familiar with iron articles and looking-glasses were shown them; with the latter they were particularly pleased. After making this discovery, a vessel proceeded to Oonalaska on a special mission. The *Okritie* sailed again on the 8th of August to prosecute her voyage.

(From a German Journal.)

The Chevalier Theodore Carcizus, a Piemontese, has invented two kinds of new tables, which he calls geocentric, and heliocentric tables, and by their aid, a person without any knowledge of mathematics may very short time thoroughly observe the course of the stars, and explain the celestial phenomena. Ladies, and youths, who the inventor has instructed in his method, have without much previous knowledge in astronomy, satisfactorily solved various problems respecting the sun, the moon, the planets, fixed stars, eclipses, &c. By means of these instruments, you may, in the open air, obtain a meridian line in a few minutes, and in a journey by land, never miss the direction to the North. You may also learn the hour during the night, without a watch. It is remarkable, that in the country the geocentric table may appear in the shape of an astronomical garden, of whatever size you please. It is to be hoped that the inventor of this new method, of which we have given this imperfect notice, will be able to overcome all the difficulties which usually oppose useful innovations of this kind.

### THE THIBET GOATS.

One division of the flock of Thibet goats imported to France last year by M. M. Ternaux and Jaubert, was placed in a fold among the mountains on the north-east of Toulon. Owing, however, to the excessive heat of the climate, or the resinous quality of the trees with which the hills are covered, they have not been found to thrive so well as those in the royal folds of Perpignan.

Convinced by experience of the advantage produced by a cool climate, on the health of these animals, M. M. Ternaux and Jaubert determined to remove the greater part of the flock to a situation near Paris; and they accordingly arrived on the 23rd of November at M. Ternaux's folds at St. Ouen.

The kids which have been brought forth since the arrival of the flock in France, are thickly covered with the valuable down which is used in the manufacture of Cashmere shawls. They are even more vigorous than the kids of the same age, a circumstance which removes all doubt as to the success of the naturalization.

We have received the following anonymous:—Mr. John Fosbrooke, surgeon, &c., is in possession of a chemical combination, by which buildings, cement, &c., painted or damp surfaces in or out of the external air, may, by simple washing, at small expence, be preserved from the future growth of obscure vegetation, as the green mould, lichens, &c. and even discoloration.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

## A FACT VERIFIED.

A dandy's captivating mien,  
An heiress led to Gretan Green;  
She, in a riding habit drest,  
A beaver hat, a sombre vest,  
And somewhat carelessly arrayed,  
The hurry of her jaunt betrayed;  
While he, in stays was tightly laced,  
With bosom full, and taper waist.  
The puzzled priest, surveying both,  
Said, "I to make mistakes am loth,  
And find it out, I never can,  
So pray—Which of you is the man?"

## THE RADICAL.

Comments on a *Mimener*.

Returning from a masquerade,  
Says Lady Susan to her maid,  
"My *Ridicule* I have mislaid!  
Ask if 'twas in the carriage left."  
The word was on its road bereft  
Of all was foreign in the sound,  
E'er to the coachman it went round,  
And thus the honest driver said,  
Shaking his plump well powder'd head,  
"My lady's *Radical*, you say—  
Why, in the coach he made no stay;  
He spied my lord, and slipped away,  
The same as every other day.  
I always knew my lady's tricks,  
But ne'er, till now, his *Politics*."

## MUSIC.

What passion cannot music raise and quell?

DRYDEN.

Mysterions keeper of the key  
That opens the gates of Memory:  
Oft in thy wilddest, simplest strain,  
We live o'er years of bliss again!  
The sun-bright hopes of early youth;  
Love—in its first deep hour of truth;  
And dreams of life's delightful morn—  
Are on thy seraph pinions borne.  
To the *Enthusiast's* heart thy tone  
Breathes of the lost and lovely one;  
And calls back moments brief as ear,  
When last 'twas wafted on his ear.

The *Erile* listens to the song  
Once heard his native bowers among;  
And straightway on his visions rise,  
Home's sunny slopes, and cloudless skies.

The *Warrior* from the strife retired,  
By Music's stirring strains inspired,  
Turns him to deeds of glory done,  
To dangers 'scaped—and laurels won.

Enchantress sweet of smiles and tears,  
Spell of the dreams of vanished years!  
Mysterious keeper of the key  
That opens the gates of Memory!

'Tis thine to bid sad hearts be gay,  
Yet chase the smiles of mirth away;  
Joy's sparkling eye in tears to steep,  
Yet make the mourner cease to weep!

To gloom or sadness thou canst suit  
The chords of thy delicious lute:  
For every heart thou hast a tone  
Can make its pulses all thine own!

Mr. Editor,

Sir,—Sometime ago I sent you a little song as I composed, addressed to my daughter Nancy, or as we call her "our Nance," having heard my neighbour Tomkins read out of a printed book, a pretty song, written, as he told me, by a poet to his son Johnny, aged six years. Lord! says I to my wife, why I could write a song about our Nance; and forthwith I tried to remember how pretty she looked sucking lollipops, and skipping about; and then I wrote down the song I sent you a good while ago. I am afraid my letter miscarried! but my wife thinks my song is amongst the bad poetry we read about, but I don't; so for fear you have not received, I have copied it out again, which I shall be proud to see in real earnest print:—and neighbour Tomkins will stare when I shews it to him. I am, Mr. Editor,

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM JONES.

Warwick Lane.

Grocer and Tea Dealer.

To Nancy Jones, aged six years.

My little darling Nancy,  
My love, my joy, my fancy;  
You've nasty dirty chops  
A sucking lollipops;  
Go to thy mother, dearest,  
Why, what is it that thou fearest?  
Nay, she will not beat thee,  
But by her side will seat thee,  
And wash thy pretty face—  
Oh now you come with joyous pace  
Expecting me to kiss you!  
Oh Nancy, I shall miss you;  
When you to school must go,  
To learn to write, and read, and sew.  
You are never still nor easy;  
Your brother's love to tease you  
A getting at my plums, Nance,  
And making dirty thumbs, Nance;  
A sitting on the counter top,  
Or running in and out the shop;  
O darling Nan, or Nauncy,  
On my knee I love to dance you.  
You love to make a noise and rout  
And dearly love to run about.  
May all your life be happy;  
Pray always love your pappy,  
Who writes such pretty verses,  
And all your little pranks rehearse.  
And now sweet Nance, adieu—  
Good bye, good bye, to you.

On being told to Remember.

"Remember thee!" yes, when the day  
Begins to chase night's shades away;  
At noon, and night, I'll think on thee;  
Say, wilt thou e'er remember me?

"Remember thee!" yes, should the sun  
Forget to shine, or cease to run;  
E'en then, dear girl, I'll think on thee:  
Sweet! in return, remember me.

Nor halcy sleep, can lull to rest,  
These anxious thoughts within my breast;  
For in my sleep, I dream of thee—  
Sweet! in return, remember me.

Nor shall my thoughts to others stray;  
I'll think of thee when far away;  
And when I bend the pious knee,  
Sweet "Adzias," think on thee.

London, Nov. 1820.

M. R.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## TRAVELLERS.

A letter from St. Petersburg has found its way into several of the daily newspapers, giving an account of a Captain Cochrane of the Royal Navy, travelling in an eccentric manner between the frontiers of Russia and Chinese Tartary, in the direction of the Altai Mountains. This letter describes Capt. C. to be "of the middle size, meagre, and possessed of a constitution fitted to endure the fatigues and hardships of travelling. He does not save himself on his journey; and travels commonly eighty worst each day on foot (near fifty-three English miles); he speaks French and a little Russian; his dress consists of a kind of coat made of skin, a pair of nankeen pantaloons, a sort of stuffed waistcoat, and leather gaiters. He carries with him a pair of shoes to change, a geography in the English language, some sea charts, a small tin box fourteen inches long and one inch thick, in which he keeps his passport, his journal, his pipe and penknife, besides some weapons and provisions." Upon this subject (among others of public interest mentioned in our subjoined correspondence) we have the following particulars.

Moscow, 23d Oct. 1820.

Lord Kinnoul was here lately: he remained but a few days, so that I did not see him. Mr. and Lady Tickell, a niece of Mr. Pitt, also lately passed through Moscow on their way to Tiflis, in Georgia. Travellers going by Odessa to Constantinople, or visiting the Crimea frequently come this way, so that now and then we have a little home news. Among those of our countrymen who have passed this way lately, I have met with a Captain Cochrane, of the navy, a relation of Admiral Cochrane, who is gone on a wild walking expedition to Kantschatka, with a view of passing to America, and making discoveries. It is much to be feared he will perish in the attempt: he was robbed and stripped to the skin between Petersburg and Moscow, and stoned by the people in passing through a village near Nisney Novogorod, where his unusual appearance made the people think he was a Frenchman. We have heard of his arrival at Tobolsk, where he means to winter. Great progress has been made in rebuilding Moscow, and it is much improved; in many places of the town no remains of the late destruction are seen, and the number of houses rebuilt is truly astonishing.

While on the topic of remarkable journeys.

we may mention that we heard, a few weeks since, of a traveller of the name of Gordon, who had reached Calcutta after having traversed the vast portion of the globe from the Russian frontier over the whole table-land of Asia. If we are correctly informed, this is the most extraordinary journey of our times.

### THE DRAMA.

We shall perhaps gain no credit with our more sedate and learned readers, for compressing, as we mean to do, our dramatic criticisms for the week, within a very narrow compass. When it is considered that this is the season of Punch and Pantomime, and that all the recondite science of Friar Bacon, and glorious spirit of our Arctic adventurers, have been brought into visible action, we are sure that more than a brief sketch would be expected from a scientific journal, and one which has so largely dwelt upon the brilliant exploits of the northern navigators. But to confess the truth, though *a priori* well disposed to take up these subjects with all the solemnity and deliberation due to their importance, we must say, *a posteriori*, that we have been so much disappointed in the manner of their treatment, by our esteemed conditors (Messrs. Winston and Farley, of D. Lane and C. Garden), that we have lost every disposition to join them in their attempts to expound Bacon, and elucidate Polarity. Of the Drury Lane pantomime, therefore, of *Harlequin Equimaux*, or the North West Passage, we shall merely state, that it is one of the worst we ever witnessed. The decorative parts are poor; the performances, with little exception, quite contemptible; and the triple action of trick, change, and machinery, miserably contrived and ill-managed throughout. We were quite sorry to see the wretched style in which the piece was got up; for in these enlightened days, so much of a theatre's prosperity depends on an attractive pantomime, that so great a failure in this respect must be very injurious to an establishment which cannot well bear it, and to which every lover of the drama must wish success. At Covent Garden, though inferior to the most popular things of the sort, *Harlequin and Friar Bacon* displays some magnificence, two or three good tricks, a fine panoramic scene, and the incomparable clowning of Grimaldi. These will carry it through the holidays; and with greater chance of profit in consequence of the bad luck of the other house.

Vandenhoff has performed Rolla with some eclat. Wallack, his competitor in this part, plays it with interest and effect. Mr. Cooper does Alonzo as genteelly as white kid gloves permit; and there is a Pizarro, one Mr. Thompson, who has the rare merit of being quite original in the character.

• The Clown was guilty of taking an impudent liberty with the audience on Wednesday evening, by introducing political names: he was justly hissed for his pains, and taught, that as cobblers should not go beyond their last, so neither should Clowns say what is not set down for them.

The new Tragedy of *Mirandola*, will, we hear, be fully rehearsed by next Saturday. Theatrical report, and public expectation, seem to be alive on the subj. et.

*English Opera House*.—A new species of entertainment has been produced here: we have not been able to see it yet, but learn from a critical friend, that it is a better kind of puppet-show. Actors and actresses amuse themselves (if not the audience) behind a transparent curtain: there is some singing, plenty of puns, and other rational entertainments!

The Minor Theatres have burst into new activity. The Surrey, clever as usual; the Olympic, amusing; the Cobourg, so-so; the Adelphi, tolerable. We intend devoting an evening to each, and reporting fairly, for the benefit of the rising generation.

### To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—If the following remarks, on one or two points relating to the stage, appear worth your attention, I shall be obliged by your giving them a place in the *Literary Gazette*. During some months spent on different parts of the Continent, I was, like most travellers, much in the habit of frequenting the theatres of the places in which I made any stay. I could not help observing some trifling particulars in the mechanical part of theatrical management, in which the French, and, following them, the Germans and Dutch, certainly excel us. I need not tell you, that in tragedy and genteel comedy the French writers pay special attention to unity of scene; and, in consequence, that the stage usually represents a chamber, the entrance to which is by folding doors. In the middle of the scene which stretches across the back of the stage and bounds the spectators' view. This scene is either let down from above, or pushed up through a trap-door, and being composed of one piece of canvas, does not present that woeful break "*hincus valde defendus*," down the middle, which always offends the eye on our stage, from the circumstance of the scene being composed of two parts, pushed on from their respective slides. It is really quite ludicrous to see the two halves of what is meant for a portrait, cruelly separated by an awkward scene-shifter, and some stern-looking worthy, or perhaps "my uncle Oliver" as completely clobbered to the briskest as if the sword of Amadis de Gaul had been at work upon him; while the vociferous *Gods* shower down all manner of unedifying upon the bungling servants of the stage. And when the sundered parts, after quivering some time in the air, do contrive to join, the case is not a whit improved; no "healing art" can remove the terrific scar which intersects, not only the face of the unlucky portrait, but the whole of the imaginary wall. But the absence of this absurdity is not the only advantage possessed by the other method: all the actors enter through the folding doors I have described, instead of sneaking in by the side-scenes, as with us. The French do not forget that a room, such as is represented on the stage, has usually only

one door; and being content with this solitary entrance, they convert the side-scenes into what they are intended to be, the walls of the room. Again, it always strikes me that there is much more dignity in advancing in full view of the audience from the bottom of the stage to the front, than in coming in at all parts of the divided wall at the side, where (except in the proscenium) we do not even the apology of a sham door for our admission. I say nothing of the advantage enjoyed by the persons seated in the boxes, and those next it, of seeing and that passes behind the scenes. I say nothing of the power which these favoured individuals enjoy, of marking the exact moment at which the huskied hero, retiring from the scene, relapses into the man; when his measured pace, sustained for a proper distance in his retreat from the stage, gives us the strain of meander mortals; and his scarce length of face is exchanged for a hearty laugh, on receiving the congratulations of his brother actors. Ensclosed in the stage-door at Covent Garden or Drury Lane, I have been an unwilling witness to sundry other occurrences, not meant for the public eye, some of them too insignificant, others of too sinister a character, to bear relation. The last point with which I shall trouble you, is that of the position of the Prompter. In all the foreign theatres I have seen, he is uniformly seated in the middle of the proscenium, below the stage, above which his head only appears. He is not seen at all by the greater part of the audience, being sheltered as it were by a low shelf rising about a foot above the stage, immediately before the raised seat of the leader of the band, which does not impede the view. If an actor is not perfect in his part, instead of shuffling towards the side-scene, and looking one moment at the audience or his fellow-performers, and the next at the prompter seated behind the side-scene, he and his colleague or colleagues advance to the front of the stage, and take a position where he is enabled to receive every word from the prompter, whose voice, as its sound *rises* towards the ear of the actor, is never raised so high as to be heard by the audience, which is certainly not the case on our large theatres, where propriety is sacrificed, either by the retreat of the unfortunate actor to the side-scene, or by the shouting of the prompter, plainly enough to be heard by persons in the boxes near the stage. I am aware that the genius of our drama will not admit of the constant use of the foreign back-scene, which, however, might be introduced on most occasions (in comedy especially) with great advantage. I would also abolish the doors in the proscenium, or space between the lamps of the orchestra and the beginning of the side-scenes; it should, I think, be kept sacred (except in the case of application to the prompter) as a sort of neutral ground between the actors and audience; for

"The distance lends enchantment to the view."

I must request your indulgence for these hasty observations; they are dictated by a wish to see our theatres as pre-eminent for the correctness of their stage management as

they are for the splendour of their architecture and decorations.

I am, sir, yours, &c.  
T. E. C.

Cambridge, 17th Nov. 1820.

## VARIETIES.

*Swift's Battle of the Books*,—was borrowed from a little French volume, entitled *La Guerre des Bêtes, 1671*; and it is most probable that "Il Divortio Celeste," of Fecate Palarichini, furnished the hint for his *Tale of a Tub*."

*Liberty*.—It was the saying of a consul under Nerva, that it was a great misfortune to live under an emperor who would suffer obdily to do any thing; but that it was a still greater to be in a country where every obdily might do every thing they pleased.

*Curious Frontispiece*.—The copperplate engraving which faces the title page of a small edition of Cornelius Nepos, published at Amsterdam, 1783, represents on one side our Saviour on the Cross; and on the other, a figure of the author, from whose mouth a label appears to issue forth, bearing the following inscription: "Lord Jesus, lovest thou me?" which is answered by another label affixed to the mouth of the person addressed, with "Highly famed, excellent, and most learned doctor Seger, imperial poet, and well decorated master of the school at Wittenberg; es, thou knowest that I love thee."!!!

The slight shock of an earthquake was felt in Merionethshire, on Wednesday se'enight.

The Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, were seen on Sunday se'enight, from Croer, in the county of Norfolk.

The lovers of Astronomy will shortly have a favorable opportunity of observing the new planet *Vesta*. By a paper laid before the Astronomical Society of London, it appears that she will be in opposition between *Geminus* and *Cancer* on the evening of the 13th of January. If a line be drawn from *Cantor* through *Pollux*, it will cut two stars in *Cancer*, of the sixth magnitude, situated near to each other, and designated in the catalogues of the Greek letters  $\mu$ . The most northerly of these two stars is called  $1\mu$ , and the other  $2\mu$ ; she will pass close to the latter of these, on the 22nd instant, and proceed nearly in a straight line towards *A*, in *Taurus*; to the north of which she will pass in the 9th of February. By the assistance of a map of the constellation *Geminus*, this planet may be readily found with a good telescope, and her progress watched for upwards of two months.—*Daily Papers*.

*Sheridan*.—No man was readier with a epartee than Sheridan. The relater of this anecdote once encountered him nearly opposite the Adelphi, just at the moment when a cart loaded with long iron rods was passing; and upon casually remarking that the music made was none of the most delightful, Sheridan immediately rejoined, "Music—music?" glancing at the vehicle, "oh, yes

to be sure, ironically speaking! certainly not."

*Warnings*.—The *Journal de Liege* publishes the following predictions of the old Tyrolian Prophet, *Rudolph Wartgarn*, now in his 89th year. The above journal observes, that the prophet foretold the temperature of last year in the most exact way.

*November*.—For the most part cold and damp.

*December*.—During the first half of the month a cold north-east wind will prevail; during the second half, rain and snow.

*January*.—This month will commence with hard frosts, which, however, will not last long; a south-west wind will bring thaw and rain.

*February*.—Excessive cold will prevail throughout the first half of this month; during the latter half, the weather will be mild, with occasional snow.

*March and April*.—During these two months, the temperature will be so extremely mild, that the trees will appear in blossom, and every thing will devote an abundant season.

*Puffing*.—The following modest advertisement is taken from the *Mercurius Publicus* for Nov. 20, 1663. "Newly published, the second part of *Hudibras* (by the incomparable author of the former) which if possible has outdone the first; sold by John Merton and James Allestry, at the Bell, St. Paul's Church Yard." By which it would appear, that the art of puffing was understood and practised as well then as in our own day, by booksellers and authors. Neither was the trick of fishing titles and names totally unknown, as we gather from learned *Anthony Wood*. "It was a usual thing in those days," says he, "to set a great name to a book by the sharking booksellers, in order to make it sell."

*Story*.—Pope was once complaining to Arbuthnot of the attacks to which his character was constantly subjected, when the doctor in reply begged to tell him a story. A gentleman, says he, passing down the Strand, was accidentally dirtied by some scavengers, who were collecting the mud at the road side. Being extremely passionate, he violently abused them, which they bore with silent patience; but their forbearance served only to irritate the bean, who attempted with his stick to throw some of the contents of their load upon the men. "Ah master, if you are for that sport, we'll suit you in a trice, that is our trade!" with these words they returned his unavailing salute, thick and threefold; nor could they be persuaded to desist, until they had entirely covered him with filth from head to foot. Pope saw not, or would not see, the drift of the story; he persisted in pelting, and was pelted the greater part of his life. There are authors living at the present moment, by whom the hint might be applied to very useful purposes.

*Roman Sepulchre in France*.—In the neighbourhood of St. Seurin de Codourme, in the department of the Gironde, (where are seen the ruins of a place called Brion, which existed in very remote ages, and was des-

troyed by the English under the celebrated Talbot), Mr. de Rostaing of Codourme, Chevalier de St. Louis, has found a sepulchre of white marble, of gigantic dimensions. The bas-reliefs, which represent a battle, are in the best taste, and of admirable expression. The athletic forms, the life and spirit which breathe in the whole composition, show a Roman hand, did not the costume and accompaniments bear indisputable evidence of it. The inscription has been impaired; but Mr. de Rostaing has made out what follows.

Fabu.....Germ.....N....VI....  
Debellantem.....mors.

Duce Cesar.

There were found within this sepulchre, a sword, and a coin supposed to be a sestertius.

*LITERARY*.—The troublesome system of duties and drawbacks upon books passing between England and Ireland, has been discontinued by a Treasury Minute, in so far as regards private property. We wish government would revise the law on the subject of duties on works of art, remains of antiquity, &c. imported from abroad. Such things enrich a country, and ought not to cost individuals one penny for bringing them in.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

### NEW EDITION OF PETRARCH.

A new and splendid edition of the Poems of Petrarch, by Professor Antonio Marsand, at Padua, has been published in two volumes royal quarto, on the finest wove paper. This edition is far superior to the numerous editions before published, both in the correctness and beauty of the impression. It is ornamented with a fac simile of the hand writing of the illustrious poet, and several engravings by the best Italian masters, among which are the portraits of Petrarch and Laura, the first by Maura Gaudoli, the latter by the celebrated Raphael Morghen. The literary merit of this edition has received the just tribute of commendation in the discourse held by Professor Meneghelli in the academy of Venice, and in many of the most distinguished journals of Italy and Germany. His Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, has subscribed for a copy for his own library, and for 24 copies for the principal Academies, &c. in the Austrian dominions.

*Contents of the Journal des Savans for November, 1820.*

I. Robert Walpole's Travels in various Countries of the East. Reviewed by Mr. Letronne.

II. Saint Allais, l'Art de Vérifier les Dates.—M. Daunou.

III. H. H. Milman, the Fall of Jerusalem.—Mr. Raynaud.

IV. Quelques Remarques Historiques, sur les Dialogues, dites Socratiques.—Letronne.

V. G. Spurzheim, Essai Philosophique sur la Nature, Morale, &c. de l'Homme.—Abel Rémusat.

VI. Géographie de Strabon (en Français) Raoul Rochette.

• In the possession of the writer.







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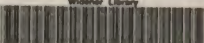
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